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to start up rats and moles were going on—such as wood-cutting, and taking down the corn-stacks, and threshing, and carrying the wheat and corn to mill—I made up my mind that, except for taking a short run around the grounds, just to keep myself from getting stiff and stupid, I would stay with my Helen all the time, and then, if she really were going to leave us all and never come back, I would have more things to remember about her. I explained this fully to Snowball, for I did not wish her to think that I doubted her in any way; and she quite understood it.

Although she was very fond of Helen, she did not, of course, love her half so dearly as I did, for she was not especially Helen's cat: she just belonged to the family in a general sort of way. The children used to call her Phil's cat, but since that Outlaw Cat's child had established herself in the house Phil had taken a wonderful fancy to her, and no longer noticed Snowball much; but instead of making Snowball jealous and unhappy, this change in Phil's affections really pleased her. She said she was glad to escape being hauled about by her ears and hind legs, and even her tail; and when she saw that Tig was perfectly amiable, and would not scratch Phil, she felt entirely satisfied. And she said that if I really preferred to stay with Helen all the time, she would begin to take more exercise, for she was growing uncomfortably fat. I felt a little indignant at first at what seemed to me her want of feeling; but when I came to think it over, I concluded that she showed quite as much feeling, for her, as I did, for me. And I am ashamed to