

that very evening and stay with the old woman if she would have her. I told Snowball afterward that I did not believe she would have yielded to my arguments at all if she had not listened to them with a sick and empty stomach.

So I hurried her off before she had time to change her mind, and, as good luck would have it, the old woman had just opened her door to get some more wood for her fire. I introduced the poor Outlaw to her, and she behaved in the kindest manner. She said the poor thing looked famished, and hunted up a bone, which she gave the Outlaw at once; and when I left them the poor cat was rubbing her head against the old woman's hand and purring delightfully. I may as well finish about her here. She is living with the old woman yet, beloved and respected by all who know her. The old woman calls her Betty, after another cat she once had; and so we call her so too, and have stopped entirely calling her the Outlaw Cat. By my advice, Betty continues to catch rabbits, for I thought that perhaps if she tried to settle down too suddenly or too much, she would break loose again; but she always brings them to the old woman, who is very glad to have them. She cooks them and tans the skins, and Betty told me the other day that they have a large, warm rug of them, which the old woman spreads in front of the hearth every winter, making a comfortable place for her feet and a nice warm bed for Betty.

When Tig heard of her mother's reformation she began to feel ashamed of her own behavior, and, although I am afraid she will