

fired out. The lilacs were just beginning to bloom, and I sank down on the porch, inhaling their fragrance, and wishing there wasn't a tomorrow of drudgery, when mother came out on the steps, all excitement.

"Oh, Florence," she said, "I saw the most terrible thing today. You know the yellow cat that belongs to the big house? Well, I saw it run over to the house next door, that brown one, and a maid lifted the window and poured scalding water on it, and the poor thing just crawled away."

"I suppose you saw this through the glasses. How do you know it was the yellow cat?"

"Why I could see it plain as day, Florence. It's a regular canary yellow."

"Please do not mention this to anyone," I said firmly.

"I only told the grocer boy," she answered meekly. "I couldn't help it, because he said the Evans were worrying over their big yellow cat because it hadn't been home all day, and I told him what I had seen, but I never mentioned it to another soul."

"Of course, the grocer boy was the only one she had seen that day."

"The next night I worked very late, and as I wearily trudged from the station, a voice spoke to me out of the darkness."

"May I take you to your door," it asked politely. "I am your neighbor in the brown house, and you shouldn't be out alone so late at night."

"He talked very friendly to me all the way home, and I just prayed he wouldn't hear of what mother had told the grocer boy."

"When I opened the door, there sat mother, all dressed in her best silk and her cheeks flushed with excitement."

"Oh, Florence," she cried, before I hardly got into the room. "I have had such an exciting day. The grocer boy told Mrs. Evans, the lady in

the big house, what I had seen, and she came over in her automobile and took me to the magistrate's, and I told him just every bit of it."

"Did you tell him how you had seen this?"

"Why, of course. Nobody sees anything wrong in that but you, Florence. He said he couldn't issue a warrant for the Jennings—they're the people in the brown house—but he was as sweet to me as could be. Mrs. Evans was cross, though, because he wouldn't arrest Mrs. Jennings."

"I put her to bed, Jane, and then lay tossing, open-eyed until the morning when I fell into a doze from which I awoke at nine o'clock, when I should have left home at seven. Mother was still sleeping."

"About half past ten I was ready to go to the city, and I stepped out on the porch just as a woman opened the garden gate."

"You are Miss Barbour?" she said, pleasantly.

"I nodded."

"Well, I am Mrs. Jennings. I wanted you to know that Mrs. Evans' cat has come home."

"I murmured something incoherent, but she was smiling."

"You mustn't feel badly, Miss Barbour. My husband says you did not get home until after eleven last night and you look very tired today. Isn't there something I can do for you?"

"I began to cry. You mustn't blame mother, I pleaded. She cannot go out and she is very lonesome—she didn't mean any harm—"

"She stopped me. 'Don't bother explaining, my dear girl,' she said. 'I have my own mother with me, and she is harder to keep out of mischief than my two boys. I was just thinking when Mr. Jennings spoke of how hard you worked, that it is too bad we cannot arrange to have the two mothers know each other, so you wouldn't worry. They would be fine companions because they are of the