

The Adventures

By B. HILL

(Continued from



SHE kept coaxing until Pickaninny gained confidence and crawled down to her. She carried him in her arms along the road asking everyone she met if the kitten belonged to them. No one claimed him so she took him to her own home. She fed him with warm milk and made a bed for him in a box inside the house. Every day she fed him and brushed him well. His fur became glossy and beautiful. One day one of the callers said, "The kitten looks like silk."

"It can't be silk," corrected the little girl, "for he is simply covered with fur."

Pickaninny enjoyed the little girl's good food and kind treatment. He liked to sit under the kitchen stove in a nice warm place. Best of all he liked to coil up on his little friend's lap to purr and sleep while she gently rubbed

his back. However, he did not forget his mother and sister and the home in the barn. He often longed to go back.

One day Pickaninny saw the door open and decided to escape and try to find his way back to the barn. He ran across the yard, crept under the fence and hid by a post trying to think which way to start. He crept slowly through the grass. Soon he saw two boys coming. "I hope they do not see me," said Pickaninny to himself. He crouched close against the ground until they had gone out of sight. Then he made a rush for another fence and followed it to the corner.

Just as he turned, "Meow!" said a huge gray cat with his back and tail bowed up.

Pickaninny was so frightened that he could not say a word, but he felt his hair stand on end. The big cat looked at him for a second and then passed on and seemed disgusted at being frightened by so small a kitten. Pickaninny went slowly on until he came to a road. He wanted to cross the road but there

of Pickaninny

CANOVA

(last month)

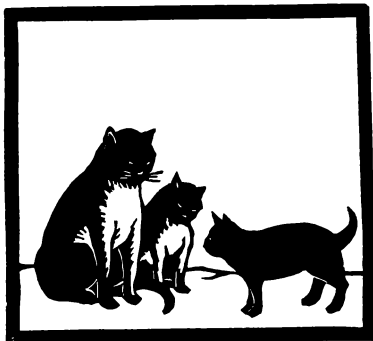
were many cars, trucks, bicycles, and people. He crouched against a dark stone and no one noticed him. Finally he saw his chance and dashed across, barely missing the wheels of a carro-mata.

Just as he was safely across the road, up sprang a dog. The poor kitten was too frightened to know what to do, his feet carried him to a nearby tree just in time to escape the dog. Pickaninny trembled all over. "I wish I had not left the little girl's house. Most of all, I wish I had not left my mother."

The dog remained under the tree barking until night came. When he went away Pickaninny leaped to the ground and started for home. "After all," he thought, "night is the best time for cats to travel." He often looked behind him to see if anything was after him.

Late in the night the mother heard the "meows" of her kitten. She was so happy that she called to her wondering child, "Come up, come up."

Pickaninny felt ashamed. He knew



his mother had been worried. He told her how he had meant only to look over the fence, how the lizard had led him off, and how the little girl thought he was lost and wanted to be kind to him. He trembled again thinking of the narrow escapes he had. Then he told of his frightful trip in returning home.

"You are looking well and fat. Perhaps you caught many nice mice," said the mother.

"No, but the little girl gave me so much fresh milk and brushed me every day. She made me happy except that I wanted to see you so badly."

"She was a wise little girl," continued the mother cat. "No doubt she drinks milk herself and knows that it is good for all growing creatures. It helps to make you healthy. And good health helps you to overcome your hardships."