rats swarmed at night; and in the kitchen he was scolded and beaten every day by the cruel cook.

At length he couid bear her ill-temper no longer, and one morning, early, he left the house, intending to return to his old home.

But when he reached the top of Highgate Hill he felt tired, and sat down on a large stone to rest. From his seat he looked back on London, and at that moment heard Bow Bells ring out. He thought that they said to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London Town."

And as he listened, he made up his mind to go back to his place and bear his troubles patiently, hoping that the bells told truly what his fate would be. So he made haste to return, and quietly took a scolding and a few blows from the cook for playing truant. One day, as he sat on the back doorstep eating his hunch of bread and cheese, a poor, half-starved cat came up to him and mewed pitifully. Dick was sorry for her; he gave her some of his supper, and took her up to his garret, because he knew that if the cook saw her she would drive her away. Puss stayed with him, and that night he found he could sleep in peace, for the cat hunted the rats till not one dared peep out of his hole. Dick was glad to keep her, and grew very fond of her, willingly sharing his food with her—his only friend.

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