

## CHAPTER V.

### PUFF.

PUFF was the roundest, whitest, downiest little kitten that ever ran after a cotton-ball or learned to lap cream out of a silver tea-spoon. We called her Puff because she was so round and white and downy. Mrs. Puff, the mamma, was a tolerably good-looking cat, but by no means equal to her merry, mischievous, amusing little youngest daughter, whose beauty, brightness, restlessness, and inquisitiveness were alternately the pride and plague of the parental heart.

Besides Puff's personal attractions, she was a very sensible kitten. Of course I never thought about her sensibleness when I was amusing myself with her funny capers, or watching the endless tricks and jokes which she used to play with her patient mamma; but since I have grown up into a woman, and accustomed myself to take notice of the ways of little boys and girls, I have thought that they might learn many useful lessons from the example of Miss