

in England, or the lengths of all the rivers in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, put together.

At any rate, Puff's mamma soon taught her one lesson,—not to cry when she was hurt, if the hurt was her own fault. I wish your mammas could teach you that. What a great deal of noise and trouble it would save! Of course Puff cried out when people did not behave properly to her. Kittens have a right to do that, and so have little boys and girls, in a general way; though sometimes, you know, as in that case when Montem forgot himself and ate all our pudding, it is wiser, even when people do not behave properly to you, to be quiet about it. Things will be sure to come right by-and-by, if you keep on doing what is right yourself. But if Puff did what she had been distinctly told not to do, and came to grief in consequence, she never made a noise about it. She knew she had done wrong, and no one was to blame but herself.

One day, when she was a very small child indeed, she climbed up to the top of a high-backed chair in the oriel window. She was very fond of climbing; most kittens are. Her mamma had often told her it was a dangerous amuse-