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ment, and that, if she did not take care, she would one day have a fall, and perhaps break two or three of her legs, or at any rate hurt herself very much. But Puff, like many other little girls, did not pay sufficient attention to what her mamma said. It was so nice to stick her sharp little claws into the velvet cushion of the high-backed chair, and drag herself up, bit by bit, until she had got to the very top, where she could stand quite safely on the narrow ledge, and reach the tassels which hung down on each side, and pat them with her soft paws, and make them wag about in a most amusing manner. Her mamma used to look at her as she did this, and shake her old head, as much as to say,—

‘Take care, Puff; you will fall if you don’t mind.’

But Puff only wagged her little tail and gave the tassels a fresh pat, and laughed merrily enough in her way when they began to shake about. She had never had a fall yet, why should she take care? And it really was such capital fun to watch the red tassel-balls knocking their heads together. It was the best sport she had ever