

had in all her life; and for mamma to look so serious about it, made it better still. So she went on just the same as if she had never been spoken to.

But one day she was balanced on the top of the chair as usual, tapping the tassels with her paw to make them wag about, when a sudden gust of wind caused the door to shut suddenly, with a great noise which so startled poor little Puff that she lost her footing and fell all in a lump on the floor.

It was a long way to fall, especially for such a tiny kitten as Puff, and I am sure it hurt her very much, for she knocked her pretty pink nose against the leg of the chair and made it quite red, besides bruising all her soft little paws. You would have cried if you had had such a fall, and so should I when I was a little girl, and you would have called out for cake, or sugar or kisses, to make you forget how much you had hurt yourself.

Puff did nothing of the sort. She knew she had no business to be climbing up there. Her mamma had told her over and over again that