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it was dangerous, and that, if she did not take care, she would one day have a terrible fall. She felt that she was served quite right for doing what she had been advised not to do; and so, instead of crying out and letting every one know that she had been foolish enough to get into trouble, she rubbed her nose once or twice with her little white paw, trotted quietly back to her mamma, who was asleep on the hearth-rug, laid her head upon Mrs. Puff's shoulder, and after crying for a little while,—for you know she really had hurt herself very much,—she went to sleep, and woke up by-and-by, as cheerful and good-tempered as ever. Now don't you think, if I told you nothing else about Puff, this one story is enough to prove that she was a brave, sensible little person? Next time you happen to hurt yourself, try to be as brave and sensible.

But Puff showed her superiority in many other ways. When she was beginning to be rather grown up, about as old, I should say, as little girls are when they are seven or eight, we had some shrimps for breakfast. Puff always had a newspaper spread on the floor at breakfast-