

time for a table-cloth. When she saw the cups and saucers on the table, and heard the crackling of the paper, she used to come running up as fast as her four little legs could carry her; but if she heard the crackling of paper at any other time, when there were no cups and saucers or plates on the table, she never took any notice of it,—she knew it did not mean anything then.

Well, the first morning that we had shrimps, papa dropped one on Puff's table-cloth. Puff had never seen shrimps before. She did not know that there were such things in the world. There was nothing about them in Puff's edition of the 'Child's Guide to Knowledge,' and perhaps, as it was yet very early in the season, her mamma had not told her that possibly some day she might taste them. She was very much startled when papa dropped the queer-looking thing close to her tail, and she jumped away as if she had been shot. After awhile she came slowly back to look at it, and when she found that it was not going to do her any harm, she patted it gently with her paw, and began to play with it. Then she put her little nose to it, and oh! how delighted she