

was when she found it was something to eat. You know a shrimp was just as good to Puff, just as much of a treat, as plum-pudding, or toffee, or spice-cake is to you. She ate it all very quickly, very quickly indeed, rather more quickly, I think, than such a carefully brought-up kitten ought to have done, and then she looked up as eagerly as could be into papa's face to ask for some more, and she jumped on his knee, and thrust her head into his hand, and tried to paw down some of the shrimps from his plate, and mewed so prettily, as much as to say—'I really must have one more. Do just give me one more, please.'

Papa was so amused with her funny ways that he gave her another, and then another, and then another, until I think she had had nearly a dozen. Then the servant came in to clear away, or I think she would have been quite ready for some more. When she saw that everything was gone, and when her newspaper table-cloth was taken away too, she went and lay down on the lawn in the sunshine to lick her lips.

That was all very well for a little while. I daresay