

Puff enjoyed licking her lips, and so recalling the delicate flavour of the shrimps, as much as any stout City alderman enjoys feasting over again in memory upon the game and fish and wine which he has been despatching at some grand Corporation banquet. But by-and-by she began to feel very poorly, just as you feel sometimes when you have been having a great many good things,—too many, in fact. Her eyes were very heavy, and her paws seemed to have no spring in them at all, they were like little lumps of lead. She did not know what was the matter with her. She had never been poorly in her life before. She tried to skip about and amuse herself by catching a few bits of down which were floating in the breeze, but she was obliged to give over very soon, skipping only made her feel a great deal worse, so she just had to lie still with her poor little legs stretched out, and feeling very uncomfortable indeed. At last she thought, as she got no better but worse, she must really go and ask her mamma what was the matter with her.

Mrs. Puff inquired what her little girl had been eating, and how much of it. Puff told her about the shrimps. Her mamma said she was very foolish to eat