

I know I shall; for grown-up people, as well as little boys and girls, often take what is not good for them, and then have to suffer for it,—suffer long, suffer bitterly, in a way that is much worse than taking a little medicine, or going to bed in the middle of the day. And we say to ourselves, when the suffering and the bitterness come, ‘I will not be such a simpleton again; I will not take the good things next time they are offered to me;’ but when ‘next time’ comes, we are not a bit wiser. We take the plum pudding, or the spice cake, or the jam tart that has deceived us so many times, and we eat it as eagerly as ever, forgetting all about the consequences; and then we have to scold ourselves, if nobody else does the scolding for us, and we have to feel ever so vexed and ashamed. Oh, dear me! I think we are all of us nothing better than foolish little boys and girls, not half so wise as kittens, who never do twice what has injured them once.

When Puff grew a little older, she became very clever in learning tricks. She knew a great many, but I will only tell you one of them. Papa taught her to run after a little ball of twisted paper, and catch it, and then bring it back again to him in her