

mouth. I never saw a kitten do that before, did you? She used to crouch at his feet, quivering all over to the very end of her tail, and looking as eager and excited as possible, whilst he twisted the paper into a ball and prepared to throw it into the farthest corner of the room. She used to be so impatient until it had gone, and then away she darted after it, almost like lightning; wherever it went, over the table, amongst the curtains, under the fender, into mamma's work-basket, was no consequence. Off she set, rooted it out, sprang upon it, stuck her little teeth into it and brought it back to papa, as slowly and demurely as if she knew that she was doing something very important. When she reached papa's chair she shook it out of her mouth, and crouched at his feet, waiting for him to throw it again.

Sometimes, just to tease her, he would wait rather a long time before he threw it, and then Puff used to get very impatient. She would shake herself, and wag her tail, and paw about upon his boots, and look up into his face, and, if he still kept her waiting, she would give a sharp little growl, as much as to say,—

‘Now, then, how much longer do you mean to