

keep me here? Don't you see I am quite ready? Do be quick, and throw the ball somewhere.'

Puff was so fond of playing in this way, that at last, when she heard papa twisting up a bit of paper anywhere, she used to come scampering up to him, thinking of course he must be making a ball for her to play with. Once he took some bank notes out of his pocket and began to fold them up. Puff heard the sound, and jumped up directly and crouched at his feet, looking as keen as a little tiger. She seemed so disappointed when he put the notes into his writing-table, instead of throwing them amongst the curtains for her to bring back to him. When she found there was no chance of a game, she walked away rather sulkily. You know it is very humiliating, when we fancy people are going to pay us attention and amuse us, to find that we are mistaken,—that they have not been thinking about us at all. It makes even grown-up persons bad tempered sometimes.

At last a very sad accident happened to poor little Puff,—we almost thought it would have killed her. One morning, when the bell rung for breakfast, no kitten was to be seen anywhere. We laid