

very good, and said he would try to get me another ; but, even if he did, I was sure it could not be half so pretty and soft and round as my own dear little Puff.

At last, after we had lost her for four days, Puff came back ; but oh ! what a miserable plight the poor darling was in. Mamma was passing the hall door one morning, and thought she heard a faint sound like mewing. She opened the door immediately, and there was our Puff, so thin, so wretched, so dirty, with one of her front paws just hanging on by a little bit of skin. Oh ! how sad it was to see her ! The poor little thing had strayed away and got caught in a trap, which had nearly cut her foot off, and I suppose, after being there for four days, some one had let her out, and she had just strength enough left to crawl home and fall down on the door-step.

Mamma lifted her up very tenderly, and we made a little bed for her on a cushion by the parlour fire. We gave her some warm milk, but she had not strength enough to take it ; we were obliged to open her mouth and pour the milk in. You know the poor thing had had no food for four