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days, and her bones were almost coming through her torn, rough fur. Just think how that cruel trap must have hurt her all the time, and how hungry she must have been.

Papa had to take the poor little paw off, because it would never have healed again. We tied her leg up as well as we could, and kept putting warm milk into her mouth. But Puff seemed to get worse and worse. She could not stand up, she could scarcely open her once so bright, merry little eyes, and, if we moved her, she mewed so piteously. At last, papa said he thought we ought to kill her,—it was only cruel to let her suffer so much, and he was afraid she would never get well again. I begged him to let me nurse her one day longer, only one day. I gave her fresh cream and nice little bits of meat, and stroked her so gently. I did so want her to get well again, but it was no use. The poor thing lay with her eyes shut, and had not even strength to mew.

Next morning papa was going away, not to come back until night. He looked at poor Puff before he set off, and shook his head, and said we would wait till evening, and then—then, if she was no better,—