

I began to cry, for I knew what he meant. So he went away. But what do you think? About noon, Puff opened her eyes wider than she had opened them ever since she came back to us, and when I put some cream into her mouth she actually licked her lips, and looked at me as if she wanted some more, and then she tried to stand up. Of course she soon tumbled down again, but she must have felt better, or you know she would not even have tried to stand. I sat by her all day feeding her, and at night, when papa came home, he said he believed she would get well again.

And so she did. She was always lame, and had to run about on three legs, in a very funny limping way, which made me laugh, even though I was so sorry for her; but I don't think her lame leg hurt her at all, because she very soon began to play again almost as merrily as ever. She was still very fond of running after the paper ball and bringing it back in her teeth, but she could not catch it so quickly as she used to do, for, only having three legs to stand upon, she could not spare one of them to poke about amongst the curtains, or under the fender, or in mamma's work-