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basket, or wherever the ball happened to go. And I don't think she ever caught any birds except very little young ones, who were not wise enough to keep out of her way.

Puff never went out of the garden-gate after her accident. Her friends from the neighbouring houses came to see her sometimes, but she preferred staying at home to going into company. Perhaps she was afraid of being laughed at because she limped about in such a funny way, for cats are sometimes vulgar and ill-natured and disagreeable, just like other people, and make sport of those who are maimed or crippled, instead of being kind to them, and trying to make them forget their misfortunes.

One day Montem came home with an iron trap, which one of the grammar-school boys had given him. I am sure he did not mean to frighten poor Puff, for he was always very kind to her; but, as soon as she saw the trap, she scampered away in such a wonderful hurry, and never stopped until she had reached the farthest corner of the garden, where she stood quite still, with her back set up and her tail as thick as papa's clothes'-brush. We were quite sure then how she had lost her paw. She would not come