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great deal better than that. It would last a great deal longer, too.

Was it a little fire-grate, and poker and tongs and fire-shovel, then, for my dolls' dining-room? I had been wanting them also a very long time. I had had to cut a fire-grate and all the rest of the things out of stiff paper, and paint them black with Indian ink, and they did not look real at all. Was it a fire-grate?

Aunt Mary laughed. Oh! how she did laugh. I think I had never seen her laugh so much before. She said it was something as different as could be from a fire-grate.

Oh, then I knew what it was! It was another kitten like Puff, just as round and white and soft and downy as Puff was when first she came to us. Montem had often said he would try to find me another kitten, for Puff had quite given over being funny now, and walked about the house as steadily as all the rest of the grown-up people. How stupid I had been to guess a fire-grate, instead of a dear, downy little kitten!

No; I was wrong again. It was not a kitten, though aunt Mary said I was coming a little nearer,