

“What are you doing, Molly!” she called. “Come and tell me.” So Molly gathered the flowers, that Snobby had picked, into her pinafore, came into the house and stood beside her mother, her cheeks rosy with the efforts she had been making and the tears still in her sweet gray eyes. “Oh, mother,” she said, “Ailsie’s doggie is dead, her dear, dear little Muff. He was dead when I went there this morning, and when I came home I went upstairs to tell Snobby for I knew he would feel sorry; and at first I couldn’t make him understand. He was so sleepy that I had to tell him a great many times. I said ‘Oh, Snobby, dear little Muff is dead. Do you hear me Snobby? He is dead, dead. He will never come and dance around you and bark little playful barks at you any more! And at last Snobby understood and I know he was dreadfully sorry for he began to purr.’”

“But Molly,” said Mrs. Gray, “pussies purr when they are pleased. How do you know that Snobby was sorry?”

“Oh, by the way he purred, dear mother,” said Molly, “it wasn’t a pleased happy purr, but a sad, slow, solemn one. I put my head down to him and it sounded like ‘poor, poor, poor,’ and then I knew he was trying to say, ‘poor Muff,’ so I said to him: ‘Snobby, would you like to gather some flowers to lay upon