

O, dear, no ; at least, so she said, for Rosy did not like to be thought a baby now, though somehow or other it did sometimes happens that after a long walk her feet would ache a little bit, and then papa's shoulder made a very comfortable seat.

She was half afraid now that nursesey might be sorry not to see the cows, and ran back to whisper that if she liked she might dress one of the dollies instead. That was meant for a treat, you know ; and nursesey laughed, and said, —

“ Perhaps, we shall see ; ” and gave her another kiss.