

ill, and the moment she could bear the voyage Papa sent her, Jessie, nurse, and me back to England, where we remained till I was grown up into a tall young lady of sixteen, when we returned to Jamaica and spent two very happy years there. Another time I intend to tell you all about our pets and the sort of life we led; but before I finish for the present I think I must add one great piece of naughtiness which I committed before we left Jamaica with Aunt Nelly. The curious part of the story is that I had no intention of being naughty, nor any idea that my experiment would have been better left untried.

To make you understand how the idea came into my head I must explain that I was very tall for my age, whilst Jessie was extremely short. She was always longing and wishing to be as tall as I was, and asking everybody if they did not think she was growing bigger; but still she remained a little fat dot of a thing, whilst my nurse declared that my frocks had to be let down an inch every week. I was very sorry that Jessie remained so small, and helped her to remedy the defect upon every opportunity. I had already got into trouble for abstracting a pot of pomade from Mamma's dressing-case. I hid it under my pillow, and as soon as nurse had taken away the light at night, slipped out of my little bed, felt my way to Jessie's crib, and, with her full consent and approbation, rubbed her all over from her head to her feet with pink pomatum. I leave you to imagine the state of the sheets, &c. in the morning. When I was brought up for judgment and sentence before the authorities, my only defence was that I had heard Papa say, a day or two before, speaking of this wonderful pomatum, "Why, I believe it would make even little Dot grow." This was quite enough to determine me to try the effect on her. However, I was only lectured and dismissed without any punishment, but unfortunately with the idea more firmly rooted than ever in my silly little head that it was my duty as well as my earnest wish to devise some way of helping Jessie to grow taller.

It must have been several weeks after this failure that, upon the occasion of a large garden-party in the afternoon, Jessie and I found ourselves wandering about the grounds of a friend's house, in our best frocks, waiting for the arrival of some other children who were to play with us. We believed ourselves to be very smart indeed; and so we were for those days: but I think if we saw two little girls dressed in the same way playing in the square now, in exactly our costume, we should think they looked very odd. We had on very

pale pink silk petticoats, over which were muslin pelisses—I remember mine had a frill round my waist!—pink drawn silk bonnets (hats had never been heard of for little girls), very big, hot, and uncomfortable, tied tightly under our chins, muslin trousers with lace and work round our ankles, and pink silk boots! Fancy running about the grass in pink silk boots! However, nurse pronounced that we looked very nice indeed, and I tried hard to believe her, though I had great doubts on the subject. We were particularly told by her not to go off the smooth gravelled walks (on account of these horrid boots); so we considered that we were strictly keeping within the limits of the law when we followed a narrow path which led us round rather to the back of the house, among thick shrubs. Here we stopped to examine a deep hole which had just been made for a large plant. There was a watering-pot full up to the brim standing temptingly near it, and also a spade. I cannot recollect what led to the subject, except that hardly an hour ever passed without an allusion to it, but I remember Jessie peering into the hole and saying wistfully, "Oh! I wish I could grow like the plants!" Immediately I felt a strong conviction that at last we had hit upon the only way to improve her tiny stature; so I said eagerly, "Well, I don't see why you shouldn't, if only you could be planted: but perhaps nurse might not like the trouble of digging the hole, or of watering you afterwards." These were the only objections which occurred to me; and when Jessie timidly said, "I wonder if that hole is big enough for me?" I immediately felt that it would be absolutely wrong to miss such an opportunity of trying an experiment, so I urged her to get in. She did not want much persuasion, but jumped down into the hole—I think I see her pretty little anxious face now, peeping out from the frightful heavy bonnet-cap of bows of ribbon and net which framed it. I asked her how she felt, and she said it was very cool to her feet; so I directly made up my mind to carry out the idea thoroughly, and assured her, as if I knew it to be a fact, *that* was the first symptom of growth, and I proceeded to tilt the big watering-pot with all my strength (for I could not possibly lift it), until a stream began to trickle down upon the pink silk boots. Jessie said, with a little gasp, half of fright, "It's very cool and nice, but I'm afraid nurse won't like it on account of my boots;" so I comforted her by assurances that when nurse saw how tall she had grown she would not mind it. As soon as the water had all been poured in,