

# WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE OLD HOME.

WHEN I was a little girl we lived in a very funny, old-fashioned house, which had been built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I think it must have been a little castle once, for the walls were so thick that closets almost as large as rooms were built in them, and on one side of the house was a low round tower with a winding staircase up the middle of it, lighted by arrow slits. This tower was a capital place for playing at hide-and-seek in, there were so many little recesses and doorways and cupboards in it, and however loud you shouted no one could tell where you were, because your voice echoed all over so.

Outside, the house was covered with ivy, beautiful, dark-green, glossy ivy. It ran about over the