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petticoats on with both hands, as they seemed to be doing, because all the buttons had come off. I wondered, being grown-up people, that they had not taken the trouble to stitch their buttons on before they had their portraits taken; but mamma told me it was the fashion for people to dress in that way then. It was a very stupid fashion, and that is all I can say about it.

I had no brothers and sisters, only a cousin named Montem, who lived with us and went to the Abbotsbury Grammar-school. Abbotsbury was the name of the place where we lived. Montem was a great deal older than myself, and so he took very little notice of me, for he said I was only a girl, and girls were such useless things. Sometimes, though, on half holidays, if he was in a very good humour, he would take me out fishing with him to a pretty little shallow stream about a mile away, and I used to take care of his boots whilst he waded into the water after crayfish, or I stood over his basket and rod to watch that no one meddled with them whilst he hunted butterflies in a copse close by the stream. It was not *very* great fun, standing by the basket and the rod. I would rather have gone into the copse myself and hunted