

for butterflies, or pulled off my own shoes and stockings and waded after cray-fish; but still I was out with Montem, and that made me feel very important, because he was such a great boy, almost a man.

Besides Montem, who, being a boy, was not much use to me, except to make me feel important now and then, I had two other companions, Puff and Lucy Walters. Puff was my kitten. She will have a chapter all to herself a little farther on, so I need not say any more about her just now. Lucy Walters was about six months older than myself, and lived with her grandmamma in the house whose garden joined ours. We had made a hole in the hedge, so that we could creep in and out to each other as often as we liked. She came to have tea with me every Saturday afternoon, and I went to have tea with her every Wednesday. Those were our regular visits, when we used to go in at the front door and let everyone know that we had come. When we wanted to see each other oftener, we crept through the hole in the hedge.

I remember once tearing a great hole in my muslin frock as I was creeping through that hedge. Montem was in our garden at the time, and he told me a black dog was running after me. Oh! how frightened I