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Oh! how we did enjoy looking into that cabinet, and how eagerly we answered our questions until we had won the red counter which opened its doors to us.

When Lucy came to tea with me on Saturday afternoons, we used to amuse ourselves quite differently. We had no Indian cabinets at our house, but mamma used to give us things to make a feast of, which was quite as good. We generally had a piece of seed cake, and a handful of raisins, and a few lumps of sugar, and some rice and a little tea. Sometimes we kept house with it, and sometimes we played at having a shop. I did not like shop very much, because Lucy always wanted me to be the shopkeeper, and she bought the things. We had no money, only grains of rice which counted for pennies, and when I had wrapped my things neatly up in little parcels and laid them out in rows upon the chair which was our shop window, it did not somehow seem right to me that at the end of the afternoon Lucy should have bought all the groceries and carried them away and eaten them, whilst I had only a few grains of rice in a pill-box to show as my share of the transaction. Besides, when I was wrapping up the parcels, Lucy never would let me put a plum or a raisin into