

my mouth ; she said real shopkeepers did not do so ; and she always expected me to make a curtsey and say I was much obliged when she paid me the grains of rice, though really I did not feel obliged at all, because I thought she was having the best of it. Don't you think she was, too ?

So, when I could have my own way, we played at keeping house, and sometimes Lucy was mistress, and sometimes I was. In the parlour I have told you about, where the portraits hung, there was an oriel window, so large and broad and deep that when we drew the curtains across, it was just like a little room. So that used to be our house, and we divided it into two parts, one for the parlour and another for the kitchen. It was very convenient, for when the curtains were drawn, no one could see us, and we could do just as we liked. I wish people had oriel windows in their parlours now, but they never have ; at least, I scarcely ever see any. Perhaps if they had, though, we should not be allowed to draw the curtains across and do as we liked any more, and so the windows would be no use. Some day I shall tell you about a wonderful pudding which Lucy and I once made in that little house of ours, but not just