

CHAPTER III.

MY DOLLS.

ONE pleasant summer morning, since I have been busy gathering up these stories and making them into a book for the little girls to read, I went to see an exhibition of paintings. A great many ladies and gentlemen were there, and, if they had plenty of money, they could buy any picture they liked. What a fine thing it must be to have plenty of money!

There was one picture that I looked at for a very long time, and I do wish I could have bought it, but unfortunately I have not a great deal of money, and so I was obliged to come away without it. You would wonder if I told you how much it cost; more golden sovereigns than you could count, if they were all laid out in a row before you; for the painter had spent much time and trouble over it, and made it very beautiful indeed, and almost every one who went to the exhibition stopped a long time to look at it.