

It was a picture of a little baby girl, about two years old, sitting up in her small cot. She was looking so seriously out of her great eyes, and holding up one of her fat little fingers, just as mamma or the nurse holds up her finger when baby is going to sleep and she wants you to be very quiet. On the coverlid round her were four dolls of different sizes, dressed in nice white night-gowns. The little girl thought they were going to sleep, and that was why she was holding up her finger to keep you from making a noise, but they were doing nothing of the sort, not they. Their round black eyes were wide open, staring up to the top of the cot, and their arms were sticking about here and there and everywhere in a most disorderly manner. Those eyes and arms had no sleep in them, not a bit, any more than your eyes and arms have when nurse seizes upon you in the middle of a game of play and hurries you off to bed, though the sun is shining and the birds are singing, and everything is as wide awake as possible. How sorry I did feel for that poor little girl! I knew she would be so very tired before the four wooden babies went to sleep.

The picture was called, ' She had so many children