

---

she didn't know what to do.' It reminded me so much of the time when Lucy Walters and I used to play with our dolls on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons; and I think, before I tell you anything else about the days when I was a little girl, I will tell you about those dolls. I must tell you first, though, about old Watson, our gardener, who nearly always bought them for me.

Watson must have been about sixty years old when first I remember him. He had a nose that pointed down very much, and a chin that pointed up very much, so that both nearly met in front of his toothless mouth, and made him look rather like the funny old man on the title-page of *Punch*. He used to go home to dinner every day at twelve o'clock, and on his way he passed a little shop, where they sold wooden dolls with jointed arms and legs, and painted faces. The very large ones, big enough to be papa and mamma dolls, were twopence each, those that would do for little boys and girls were a penny, and the babies were two for three-halfpence.

Although Watson was a very ugly old man,—at least, he seemed ugly to me, for I had never seen any one with a face like that before; I don't think I