

should call him ugly now,—he had very good taste in dolls, and always bought me those which had the bluest eyes and rosiest cheeks, and the most natural-looking curls painted on their foreheads. He was very kind, too, and would sometimes give me a half-penny towards a couple of babies, when my own money ran short, as it very often did; for I had only twopence a week, and you know twopence goes *very* soon, when you have cakes and sweets and dolls and everything to buy out of it.

I never had any of those grand dolls, such as most little girls have now, with eyes that open and shut, and real hair done up in curls or *chignons*, and wax faces and arms, and fine clothes which are stitched on to their bodies in a most cruel and unfeeling way. Indeed, if I had had any of that sort, I should not have known what to do with them. I could not have washed them every night in my little tin bath with the real soap-tray and towels; I could not have cut scratches on their arms to make believe they had fallen down and hurt themselves; I could not have coloured their faces with red paint out of Montem's box and then pretended they had taken scarlatina; I could not