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have tumbled them, clothes and everything, into the water-tub in the back yard, and punished them and sent them to bed in disgrace, just as I had been sent when I tumbled in there myself. Indeed, they would not have been of the slightest domestic value to me, for I could not have put them through any of the experiences which I went through myself, and so they would only have been like lifeless blocks, not real little boys and girls at all.

I think it is very foolish to have such fine lady-dolls. I went to see a little girl the other day, and she brought me hers to look at. Her mamma had sent for it all the way from Paris, and it cost five and twenty shillings, — five and twenty large, round, silver shillings, as much money as would have bought three hundred of my nice penny dolls with wooden arms and painted faces. Fancy having three hundred penny dolls, wouldn't it be delightful? I don't think any one could *quite* fancy it, it must be so delicious. I know what I should have done, though, when I was a little girl, if I had had three hundred penny dolls. I should have turned my nursery into a church, and made a congregation of them. I would have