

and lace pocket-handkerchief, and everything else that grown-up ladies have when they want to be very grand indeed. She looked so splendid that I almost felt at first as if I ought to get up and make a curtsey to her. You know when we see people, or dolls either, so very fine, we do naturally feel just at first as if we ought to be rather respectful to them, until we find out what they are made of underneath; then sometimes we don't feel respectful at all. I did not feel respectful at all to this doll when I found that its things were all put together and stuck on with paste and glue, and that it had no petticoats worth mentioning, and very, very clumsy stockings, which fitted as badly as possible. But worse than that,—it had to be hung up by its arms in a cupboard when it was done with, and the little girl to whom it belonged was only allowed to play with it when she had her best frock on. As for kissing it, she never dare do that at all, for fear of rubbing the paint off its cheeks, and she could not put her arms round its neck and squeeze it, as you like to squeeze dolls that you are very fond of, for fear of spoiling its pink silk frock; and all the time she was holding it, her mamma had