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to keep looking at her, to see that she did not flatten its *chignon*, or pull its curls out of shape.

Wasn't it stupid work, having a doll like that? — a doll that you could neither tease, nor kiss, nor scold, nor caress, nor tumble up and down; a doll that had to be hung up by its arms in a cupboard when you had done with it, and that always looked as if it was going out to a party with its best of possible things on.

Well, well, I hope Dolly enjoyed having her best of possible things on, that is all. I know I never enjoyed having mine on. How well I remember being dressed and going to a party when I was a very little girl! What a weariness it was! The red morocco shoes pinched my feet so tight, and the rough inside edges of the stiff new muslin frock chafed my poor little bare shoulders so, and my head ached because nurse had tied my hair up tight with red ribbons, to make me look as smart as the other little girls who were to be there. And the party was no pleasure to me, after all, for no one took any notice of me, not even Lucy Walters, who was dancing all the evening with a very curly-headed little boy in a blue velvet coat with silver