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and I daresay she thought I had had as much supper as the rest. I was very glad to go home, and I cried all the way there, and I asked mamma never to let me go out to supper again.

And so, oh! you fine Paris dolly, with your pink silk and flowers and feathers, with your laces and your jewelry, and your fan and your bouquet, and all the rest of your things, I do hope, when you go to that party which you are everlastingly dressed for, it will be a satisfying portion to you, much more so than mine was to me. I hope at any rate you will have spirit enough to speak up bravely for yourself, and reach out your white-gloved hand and make sure of at least one solid wedge of cake before all the supper is cleared away, so that those pretty red lips of yours need not hesitate between smiling and crying, when, at the end of the feast, its lady-superintendent asks you in the blandest tones if you have had 'enough.' Don't sit still, pretty Paris dolly, and let somebody else eat all the supper, even if you do sit still and let somebody else do all the dancing. And now, having listened to this very sensible homily, you may go back and be hung up by your arms in the cupboard, until you are wanted again