

No, no; when I was a little girl I did not care for dolls of society, fine ladies in feathers and flowers, so I had my nursery full of good, useful, serviceable wooden children at a penny each, and the very small ones two for three-halfpence. I think at one time my family numbered more than twenty, including a papa and mamma, an aunt Mary, a cousin Montem, a Lucy Walters, some servants, and any number of children. When I was very busy learning my lessons, playing with Puff, keeping house with Lucy Walters, fishing with Montem, writing down the lengths of the principal rivers in Europe, and so on, my people all lived together indiscriminately in the bottom drawer of a large chest which stood in the nursery; but when I had plenty of time to spare, I used to arrange them in the smaller drawers of another empty chest, four stories high, which made a capital dolls' house, quite as neat and commodious as any of the 'family mansions replete with every requisite inconvenience,' which one sees advertised so abundantly in the morning papers.

I never had a proper dolls' house bought for me. Mamma always liked me to invent my own amusements and contrive my own playthings, and