

scratched them and spotted them and scrubbed them until they had scarcely any complexions at all; it would have been quite an insult to rosy-cheeked Lucy to have named one of them after her. So, when mamma gave me the penny, I ran to Watson, who was just going home to his dinner, and asked him to bring me a little girl-doll. I told him it must be a very pretty one, because I wanted to call it Lucy Walters.

Watson nodded his old head and hobbled away. What a long time it seemed until he came back! I was very anxious for my doll, because I had a half holiday that afternoon, and mamma had given me a bit of blue muslin to make a frock of, and of course I could not begin to make the frock until I knew exactly how tall the little girl was going to be that I had to make it for. At last I heard Watson's step in the back yard, and away I ran.

‘Well, Watson,’ I said, ‘where is it?’

Watson did not seem to hear me. He was making a great rattle with his empty watering-cans.

‘My doll, Watson, my little girl-doll, where is it, please? I have got some blue muslin to make a frock for it, and I can't begin until I know how tall it is.’

Watson turned round, and I saw directly by the