

look upon his face that something was the matter. He fumbled in the back pockets of his coat for awhile, and then brought out a couple of legs; then he fumbled again and brought out an arm; then he fumbled a third time and brought out a body, with just a single arm sticking to it.

‘I’m very sorry, Miss Alice,’ he said, ‘I’m sure I’m very sorry, but you see I just turned into the public-house to get a sup of beer, and I clean forgot about the little doll, and I sat down on her and smashed her as she was wrapped up in one of my back pockets. I was real vexed when I heard her go scrunch, for I’d picked out the prettiest I could light on.’

And so he had. Oh! what a pretty little creature it was, that poor, legless, one-armed, penny wooden doll. Its eyes were not quite wide open, like my other dolls’ eyes, but rather shut, as if it wanted to go to sleep. Its cheeks had only a faint touch of pink in them, and its hair, instead of being painted round its face in hard black curls, was a soft light brown, parted in the middle and smoothed down on each side. I had never had such a nice-looking doll in my life. It had such a patient, gentle expression