

in its face, as if it knew it had lost both legs and one arm, but would try to bear the loss as meekly as possible. I felt so sorry for it. I could almost have cried, not for my own disappointment, but for the sad, still little face that looked up to me from Watson's rough hand.

I wrapped the poor thing, with its two broken legs and its smashed arm, in my pocket-handkerchief and took it into the house to mamma. Mamma said she had a very pretty face indeed, it was a great pity Watson had sat upon her and smashed her so. And she said she reminded her of a little girl she once knew, who was not able to walk at all, but had to lie in bed all day, and every one was kind to her because she was so patient and gentle.

That was a bright idea. My pretty little broken doll should be a cripple and lie in bed all day, and every one should be kind to her. So I set to work directly. Mamma gave me an empty lozenge-box, and aunt Mary helped me to make a cradle of it with the blue muslin which was to have been a frock; and then Jessie, as I called the new doll, was dressed in a white cambric night-gown and laid in the cradle upon a bed of cotton wool, with fine flannel