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blankets over her and a quilt which had once been a crochet d'oyley. She did look so pretty. I used to make the other little boy and girl dolls sit by her and read to her, and take her some breakfast every morning on a little cardboard tray, and sometimes the tall doll dressed like a doctor used to come and see her.

I had her for a long time, and I was never tired of looking at her sweet pretty face, with its half-shut eyes and soft brown hair; but poor Jessie came to a sad end at last. I used to take her some supper every evening, and once I begged a little bit of cheese, because I thought it would be a treat for her. I expect some of the crumbs had fallen into her cradle and the mice had smelt them; for next morning when I went to look at her, all her face was nibbled away, and a great deal of her night-gown, and there was nothing left of her to look pretty any more.

Of course I could not love her when she had no face. I made a paper coffin for her and put rose-leaves into it, and buried her in my dolls' cemetery in one corner of the garden, and planted a root of violets on her grave. I think I should have mourned over