

I was rather disappointed about the shells. When Lucy told me I could pick up as many as ever I liked upon the sands, I thought they would be like those very beautiful ones which Mrs. Walters had in her Indian cabinet, pearly and silvery, and shining with all the colours of the rainbow. But instead, they were only little round, flat, pink things, most of them, about as big as a sixpence, not silvery at all, or pearly, or anything of the sort. Aunt Mary told me those very large, beautiful shells were only found in foreign countries, so I gave over looking for them on the Scarborough' sands. How nice it would have been, if we *could* have picked them up there, and brought home as many as we wanted! Perhaps if we had, though, we should soon have tired of looking at them, because, you know, they would not have been locked up in Mrs. Walters' Indian cabinet, and we need not have earned a red counter before the doors were opened. I think it was answering the questions and earning the red counter which made us like so much to look at Mrs. Walters' shells. If we could have looked at them for nothing, we should not have cared a bit about it.