

Far up on the shore, close under the shadow of the cliffs, were long rows of the funniest little houses, painted blue and green and red and white, just like the cottages in my German village toy-box. I thought at first that the fishermen lived in them, but I found out afterwards, sadly to my cost, that they were bathing-machines. Oh! that bathing, it was horrible. It was worse than eating crusts, or learning any quantity of lessons, or being sent to bed whilst the sun was shining, or listening to ever such a long sermon at church. Aunt Mary said we ought to bathe, it would do us so much good. Of course I did not know what it was. I thought it would be like dabbling about in the rock-pools, only better fun, because the water would be so much deeper, and we should not have to think about wetting our frocks. So one pleasant morning, when we had been at Scarborough' about a couple of days, we went down to the shore and got into one of the prettiest of the little red houses that stood upon wheels under the cliff. Then nurse took off our things, and by-and-by a boy came with a horse, which he fastened to our house, and drew us ever so far into the water. Then nurse opened the door