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over the rest of the field, and making the prettiest sparkles of light in the running water, there was always plenty of shadow and coolness under the old elm-tree, and always a pleasant breeze coming and going through the thick leafy covert of its boughs.

So we went there, Lucy and I, after aunt Mary had gone to Abbotsbury, and pulled off our shoes and stockings and began to wade about in the water. It was almost as convenient for wading as the rock-pools at Scarborough, except that we never found crabs and shrimps, only sticklebacks, which would never let us catch them. Whilst we were splashing about and enjoying ourselves very much in front of the old elm-tree, I said to Lucy what a beautiful little house we might make in the bit of hollow bank, if only we could reach the branches and tie them down for a roof. We had often tried to make little houses at home, amongst the shrubs and bushes in the garden, but they never used to turn out nicely. The branches did not fit properly, or we could not get leaves enough to make a shade, or we found earwigs creeping about, and then we never liked to go in again, or old Watson wanted