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the place to put his flower-pots in, or something was sure to happen to bring our plans to an untimely end. But all that we wanted now was to get hold of the branches and tie them safely down; then our house would be complete. The shelving pebbly ground for a floor, the beautiful flower-hung banks for walls, and the elm-tree boughs for roof, what more could we desire?

Lucy said she thought it would be very nice indeed, only we must have some stepping-stones across to it, for the brook was rather too wide just there for us to jump over, and it would not do to have to pull off our shoes and stockings every time we wanted to go into our house. But then stepping-stones could be put down in almost no time. We would set to work, and fetch some at once.

We did so, and in a quarter of an hour had a little bridge across the stream. It was a great deal pleasanter, though, to wade across, for the water did not come over our ankles. Whilst we were looking at the hollow place in the bank and considering how we might best make it into a convenient habitation, Lucy suddenly turned to me and said,—