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I kissed Lucy ever so many times, and we both of us capered about in the water until our pinafores were quite wet, before we could settle down to talk seriously of what we were going to do. First of all, however, we should want a great deal of string. We could not tie the branches down without string, and how were we to get it? Mrs. Tubbs was the only person we could think of at first, as likely to help us, and so we went to ask her for some.

Unfortunately, this was the washing-day. Mrs. Tubbs was never remarkably good-tempered, as I daresay you will have found out already, but on washing-days she was just as cross as ever she could be. She used to scold everybody and everything, from Mr. Tubbs down to the geese, who sometimes stretched out their long necks and pulled her clothes off the hedges where they were hanging to dry. So we went to her in much fear and trembling, scarcely daring to hope that she would lend a favourable ear to our modest request for a few bits of string.

I am sure we asked her as nicely as we could, and said 'if you please' ever so many times over, but she only scowled at us as she stood with a very red face over her washing-tub in the back-yard, and told