

now. She said it was prettier even than a kitten, and I must make another guess.

Oh! dear me, what *could* it be? What was there now, that I wanted so very, very, *very* much; not perforated card; not a fire-grate with shovel and poker and tongs; not a kitten, either.

A doll. A baby doll; yes, *that* was it. I had guessed right at last; a very little tiny baby doll, made all of wax, with blue eyes, and pretty yellow hair curling under its cap, and a long frock on, and a little wee pinafore. I really *did* want that, very much.

Aunt Mary shook her head again; but she said I was coming very, *very* near, and she thought next time I should quite guess what it was. Not a *doll-baby* that lay quite still, and could not open and shut its eyes, or laugh or cry or do anything at all; but—but—but——

‘Oh!’ I screamed out, ‘I do *quite* know what you mean now,’ and up I jumped from my stool, and down went the cotton, all in a tangle on the floor. ‘It is the little baby sister that I have been waiting for such a long time. Oh! I *am* so glad, I am *so* glad, I am so *glad* ;’ and I got hold of both aunt Mary’s