

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

You remember Watson, the old gardener who used to buy my dolls for me. He never bought any for me now, because I had Callie to play with, and she was better than all the dolls in the world. But still, though I had no business transactions with him in little boys and girls at a penny each, and babies at two for three-halfpence, I used very often, when I had nothing else to amuse me, to go and talk to him for half an hour as he raked his flower-beds, or potted his seedlings and cuttings. He looked funnier and funnier every year. His nose and chin kept coming closer and closer together, until I do believe, if you could have got hold of them both and given them a little push, they would quite have touched each other. He was very fond of giving me good advice when I went to talk to him. Sometimes it was almost like having a sermon. Perhaps he thought my life was rather too happy after Callie came, that I was getting things too much my own way, and that more