

it very much, a great deal more, I think, than they enjoy their balls and quadrille parties. Callie was almost wild with excitement. She spun round and round with every one in the room, and then came to me and asked me to dance again. I said, 'Oh! Callie, I'm so tired!' but she only tucked her little hand into mine, and put her head on one side, and looked up at me so prettily and said,—

'Never mind, it a do dee good.'

So I put my arms round her, and off we set again, to one of aunt Mary's merriest tunes.

Whilst we were all enjoying ourselves very much, the door suddenly flew open, and such a funny-looking old man came in. The music and dancing stopped directly. Some of the little girls were quite frightened, and ran and hid themselves behind the curtains, but aunt Mary said she did not think he would do us any harm. He was a very old man, as old as Watson. Indeed, I thought at first he *was* Watson, but he could not have been, because Watson himself was standing at the door. This man had a very red face, and a pair of green spectacles, and a pointed nose, and a long chin, and a white beard, and white hair, and his coat was covered with snow,