

"I wish I could have brought you some big whippings," said I, with great severity of manner, "for behaving so badly. Get into this carriage."

"Come on, Tod," shouted Budge, although Toddie's farther ear was not a yard from Budge's mouth. "Uncle Harry's going to take us riding!"

"Going to take us riding!" echoed Toddie, with the air of one in a reverie; both the echo and the reverie I soon learned were characteristics of Toddie.

As they clambered into the carriage I noticed that each one carried a very dirty towel, knotted in the centre into what is known as a slip-noose knot, drawn very tight. After some moments of disgusted contemplation of these rags, without being in the least able to comprehend their purpose, I asked Budge what those towels were for.

"They're not towels—they're dollies," promptly answered my nephew.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed. "I should think your mother could buy you respectable dolls, and not let you appear in public with those loathsome rags."

"We don't like buyed dollies," explained Budge. "These dollies is lovely; mine's name is Mary, an' Toddie's is Marfa."

"Marfa?" I queried.

"Yes; dont you know about

"Marfa and Mary's jus' gone along
To ring dem charmin' bells,

that them Jubilees sings about?"

"Oh, Martha, you mean?"

"Yes, Marfa—that's what I say. Toddie's dolly's got brown eyes, an' my dolly's got blue eyes."