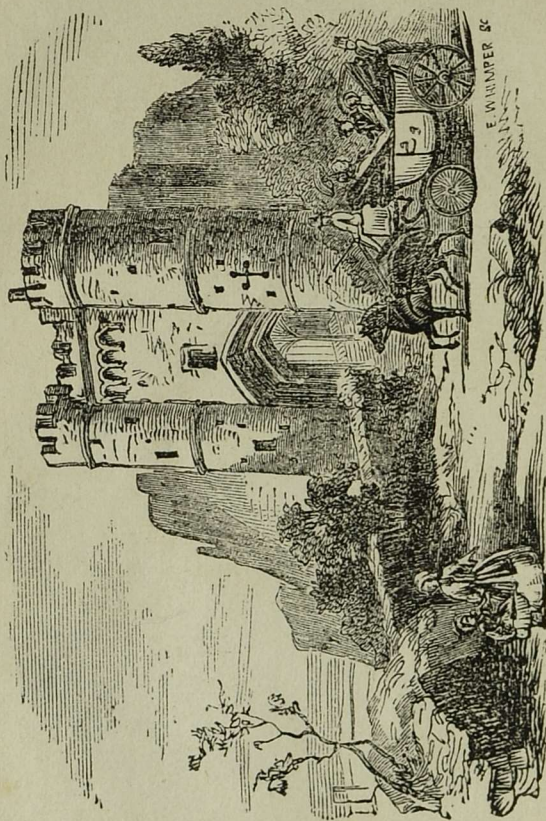


A DOLLAR
STORY.

THE END OF THE WORLD



E. WHIPPER SC

Carisbrook Castle.

A DOLL'S STORY.



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A Doll's Story.

Two dolls lay side by side in a large drawer in a nursery upstairs, and as they lay they began to talk, but before I relate their chat I may as well give you an idea what kind of dolls they were.

One was a pretty blue-eyed thing with beautiful legs and arms, made, as well as her face, of wax, and she had short waving hair like that which grows on a real baby's head. She was so prettily dressed in a plain white frock, and all her clothes were very nicely made, and over her frock she wore a pinafore. She was carefully laid in the drawer, with a pillow under her head and a little quilt covering her up to the chin. It was plainly to be seen that Dolly had a good mistress.

Her companion was larger and dressed more smartly; her dress was of blue satin,

but it was sadly soiled, and I am sorry to say that the face and hands were far from clean. The mistress of this doll was not the same who owned the other, and how they came to be lying in a drawer together I will tell you.

Rosa Willett was come from her home in the country to pass a few weeks with Emilie Winter, in Russell Square in London, and she brought her doll, that with the blue satin frock and dirty face, to pay a visit to Emilie. There were so many sights to see, and pleasant walks to take by day, and such fine treats of magic lanterns, microscopes, and charades every evening, that the dolls were sometimes forgotten for a day or two at a time.

The name of Rosa's doll was FANNY, that of Emilie's MINNA, and now they had better tell their own story.

'Ah,' said Fanny, 'dull work this after such life as I have been used to.'

'Yes,' said Minna, meekly, 'I shall be very glad when Emilie can come and nurse me again and sing pretty songs and tell pleasant tales by the nursery fire, in the low chair.'

'How long have you lived with Emilie?' said Fanny.

'A year and a-half,' said Minna, 'and I hope never to change my home, I love it and my little mistress so much. I was bought at the Soho bazaar for her, and I have had very few changes in my life. Last year I went into the country with her, and oh, is not the country lovely, Miss Fanny? The flowers and the green grass and trees! I can think of them now as I lie in the drawer and fancy I see those pretty sights.'

'No, I do not like the country at all,' said Fanny peevishly. 'You may have remarked a blister on my face, a slight blemish; well, that was caused entirely by Miss Rosa's leaving me on the grass plot one day in the sun, and had not the gardener taken me up, I should have been quite melted, which you know is not an uncommon fate with us frail little beings. But you are quite one of the sort of dolls I should expect to like the country. I was an *Exhibition* doll. I lived in that Crystal Palace for several months. Ah, that *was* life! I saw the queen many times, and the princess royal said I was the prettiest doll in the Exhibi-

tion. Indeed, I wonder she did not buy me.'

'Do go on and tell me all about the Exhibition,' said little Minna; 'you might really write your life, Miss Fanny.' (Minna had a great respect for an Exhibition doll.)

'Yes, so I might,' said Fanny, 'but can you give me a little more room? Ah, I see it is not your fault. Rosa always lays me down so carelessly; sometimes on my arm, and sometimes on my face. I saw a great deal from my glass house at the Palace, but to tell you the truth, I got so used to the life that I did not take much notice. At last one day, near the time of the closing, a little girl led her papa up to the case where I and my companions used to sit, and said,

Here, papa, is the doll I wished for; it is the prettiest doll in the whole case.' This child's name was Ada. I suppose her papa was very rich, for I know I cost a great deal of money, which he paid my master, and ordered that I should be sent to Richmond as soon as I could be taken away from the Crystal Palace.'

'It is not pleasant to be sold, is it?' said

little Minna; 'so like slaves, of whom Emilie often tells me tales as I sit on her lap.'

'I never heard much about slaves. To be sure you don't mean *blacks*?' said Fanny. 'I hope you don't mean to compare pretty wax dolls to negroes? There was a doll or two of that sort in the Exhibition, but we never took any notice of them.'

'Did you not? Why, they were made of wax, I suppose, just like ourselves, and Emilie says black slaves are made of flesh and blood like herself, and that no one has a right to buy or sell a fellow-creature.'

'You have some very odd notions,' said the Exhibition doll; 'but let me go on with my tale. I shall never forget my journey to Richmond. I was so smothered with wool, and so wrapped up in tissue paper, so tightly packed in a box, my arms and legs tied up in wadding, that I wonder I reached my journey's end alive. The unpacking was yet more unpleasant than the packing had been. But Ada was very patient and gentle, and called out every time her mama cut the string which bound the wool round a limb, 'Oh, take care! take care not to scratch my pretty doll!' Her brothers, too, were very

well-behaved boys, so different to many I have seen since. Ada was but a little girl, and when she first took me she did so in an awkward way round the neck.

‘‘Oh, Miss Ada,’ said the nurse, who stood in the room with a baby in her arms, ‘don’t take dolly so! See, I don’t handle



baby like that. You must treat the doll as if it were a baby, and then you will not hurt

her. See how easily these arms would break, they are only wax.'

'Ada soon learned to nurse me very nicely. She would never leave me on the floor, or lay me on my face, or swing me by one arm. 'Treat dolly as if she were a baby,' would be very good advice to little girls. I often wish they could understand me, and I would sound it in every ear.

'A happy six months I spent at Richmond. I had a pretty cradle lined with pink cambric, and several different dresses, besides my blue satin one. Ada and her mama together made them for me; and it was astonishing how nicely Ada dressed me. But changes came too soon. A little girl, very different from Ada, came to pay her a visit. She was not nearly so gentle, and would often frighten my little mistress with taking me by one arm. Indeed, she was very rough. She had been with us about a week when she was taken ill with the measles, so ill that the doctor thought she would die. Ada did not go to see her while she was ill, and nursed me more than ever.

'She was one day carrying me in the garden when nurse came up to her and said,

'Your poor little cousin Rosa is very ill to-day, and she did not sleep all night with her bad cough; could you, my darling, lend her your dolly?'

'My *own* doll? my little Fanny?' said Ada; 'Oh, I cannot! I am so *afraid* she should hurt it; she has never nursed it but when I have been by.'

'Nurse looked sorry, and Ada's mama, who was with her little girl, looked still more so.

'She may have Jessie, pretty Jessie! in the pink frock,' said little Ada, 'all for her own, or old Molly; she may indeed; but my *baby*, my dear Fanny, Oh no!'

'Very well, nurse,' said Ada's mama, 'we cannot force Ada to give up her doll. Try and find something else to amuse poor little Rosa.'

'Ada followed her mama to the house, looking rather ashamed, but talking to me all the way. 'Dear little Fanny! nurse says I must take as much care of you as of a baby, and I know nurse would not trust baby with Rosa. I do so love Fanny!'

'Ah, Ada,' said her mama, 'do you not love yourself too?'

‘‘I love Fanny,’’ said Ada.

‘‘What makes you love Fanny?’’

‘‘She is so pretty and amuses me so.

‘‘My little girl, that is *self* love; it is indeed. I did not think the doll would have made Ada selfish.’

‘Ada’s little breast heaved as I lay upon it; inaeed, I felt her heart beat. ‘I do love my cousin, mama; take her the dolly,’’ said Ada at last. And her mama took me in her arms, and laid me beside the sick child. She had not slept for many hours, and was now moaning, and saying ‘I do so want pretty Fanny.’ Ada’s nurse said, ‘Look here, Miss Rosa.’ The child smiled and then bust into tears of joy, and with her hand laid over my bosom, soon slept soundly; I, of course lying as still as a mouse all the time. She slept many hours.

‘How little Ada lived without me I cannot tell; but I did not come out of Rosa’s room any more until she was getting better, and then the joy of my little mistress knew no bounds. She hugged me and stroked me. She never kissed me, for she had been told that wax dolls do not like kissing, but her

eyes were full of joy. I cannot remember half the kind loving words she said to me.

'Rosa was a long time before she was strong, and indeed the doctor said he feared she never would be quite well again; but doctors are wrong sometimes. Her mama came for her one day in a carriage, and said she was going to take her to the sea side the next morning to make her strong. I had always slept in Rosa's room since her illness, and on this last night, as I lay on the pillow, I heard her sob and cry sadly. Ada, who came up to bid her cousin good night, saw how the bed clothes were moved with the little girl's sobs, and asked why she cried so. For a long time Rosa could not speak; at length she said 'I don't like parting with Fanny.'

'Poor little Ada! she did not know what to say, so she stood by the bedside silent. 'Don't cry, Rosa,' she said at last, 'only lend me dolly a few minutes; you shall have her again, Rosa, indeed.' So she took me from the bed and running with me into the nursery, sat down on the little rocking chair, and rocked me as in old times. She then

talked to me so prettily, and then she cried poor little thing!

“Nurse,” she then called out, ‘pack up all my little Fanny’s things. I am going to ask mama to let me give her to Rosa.’

“Nurse looked surprised, but they all loved little Ada too much to wish to see her selfish, and she only said ‘Very well, dear;’ but nurse sighed, for she did not like to see her dear Ada grieved. The child now ran quickly into the drawing-room, still holding me very close to her.

“Mama,” she said, ‘may I give Fanny to Rosa? She loves her so much, and I know by my heartache at parting with dolly, how sad it will make Rosa to give her up.’

“Then you would rather feel sorry, dear, than that your cousin should be vexed; is that it?”

“I cannot quite say so, mama,” said Ada. ‘It is not easy to me to give up Fanny, but I want very much to leave off being selfish!’

‘Her mama answered by a loving kiss, for I think her heart was full; and she said ‘This is loving your neighbour as yourself, dear, and although you will lose dolly, you will find you have peace.’ Poor Ada was

far from happy though, as she took me up stairs, hugging me tenderly, and she could scarcely help crying when she placed me on



Rosa's pillow. 'Good night, Rosa,' she said, 'you may have Fanny for your own. I hope you will take care of her, and don't lay her on her face; dolls don't like it. I don't wish to see her any more, so please don't let me see her to-morrow before you go. Good night, Rosa dear.' And so she left me, and

I have never seen Ada since ; but I am tired of talking to-night, and I cannot tell you any more.'

'Thank you ; it is a sweet story,' said Minna, 'and I think Ada must be very like Emilie.'

And so the dolls, who were tired, went to sleep. They did not shut their eyes, as is the way with some dolls ; but they rested, and talked no more that night.

THE END OF FANNY'S STORY.

THE next morning Minna asked for some more of Miss Fanny's story. They had been carried into the Square that day, and Fanny was not in a very good mind because her bonnet and polka were not taken off. It was uncomfortable certainly for a doll to be put to bed in a bonnet, but Minna could not help her, and grumbling did no good ; but still Fanny complained. The bonnet, which was a chip one, pricked her neck sadly, and the jacket sleeves quite cramped her, they were so tight. Minna was dressed as usual

in her neat muslin frock and pinafore, her little bonnet and cloak being neatly put away at the end of the drawer.

‘Can you not talk a little about your life,’ said Minna, ‘that might make you forget your troubles?’

Fanny said she would try, but that she was nearly choked with her tight bonnet string, and then she began: ‘Rosa had no rest when she came to her journey’s end until I was unpacked, and I am sure I was as glad as she; but it was a sad life that was before me, and I little knew what it was to live with a little girl who liked change. For a few days I was as much nursed and petted as ever, but soon Rosa found out that donkey riding was pleasanter than doll nursing, and whilst we were in the Isle of Wight I scarcely ever saw any thing more beautiful than the top of my cradle, where I was left whole days together alone. One day she said she should like to take me out a ride with her. They were going a little journey to Carisbrook Castle, I think that was its name, but my education has been much neglected since I left Ada, who used to read nice story books whilst I lay in the cradle by

her side, and so I picked up a little knowledge. Well, I was dressed in my best clothes, my blue satin Exhibition frock, and we rode along merrily. Rosa seemed quite pleased to hear me admired by a lady who passed our carriage. How I wished to look about me, but sometimes I was laid with my head hanging down over the side of the carriage; sometimes put quite out of the way amongst the cushions at the back. Then Rosa's brother would hang me outside the carriage by my sash to tease his sister, who, I am sorry to say, laughed and thought it good fun. The ride was a very miserable one to me. I would rather have been lying packed in wadding and wool in a railway carriage. At last it came to an end, and we stopped at the foot of a hill before an old ruined castle. My sash was untied, and the merry little Miss Rosa took me in her arms and walked up the hill as soberly as she could. Rosa never liked lessons, so she knew very little about the history of Carisbrook Castle, and I have forgotten it now, I am sorry to say. There was a story about some king trying to get his head through the bars of some window and sticking fast.'

‘Oh, I can tell you,’ said Minna, modestly. ‘Emilie read that story only last week. Charles the First, a good man perhaps, but not a very wise king, was shut up in that old castle by his people, who wished to take away his crown. But some of them liked him very much and they tried to set him free, so they planned that they would carry him off in a boat from the island, if he could but get away from the castle walls. Poor King Charles did try in the middle of one night to get out at the window, but though his head passed the bars his shoulders would not, and there he was, unable to move until some one came and set him at liberty. His guards watched him more closely after that, and he was soon taken to London, where he had his head cut off at Whitehall. How I envy you when I think of all your travels, Miss Fanny!’

‘Well, I must now tell you the rest of my tale, and you shall see if I am to be envied. After the children had seen the moat,—I suppose you, who are so clever, know that a moat is a ditch which old castles and houses used to have dug round them,—we then went to see the deep well and the donkey

drawing water out of a pit. We afterwards climbed a great many steps to see a fine view from the castle walls. Here the children and their nurse were all so tired that they sat down to rest and eat some sandwiches and cake. I was laid down in Miss Rosa's usual careless way, a leg out in one place and an arm in another. As I lay, I thought of my dear little Ada, and wished myself at Richmond once more. The wind was high and the little party did not sit long. Judge of my fright when I found that they had talked and laughed so much that not one of them thought to take me up, and they went down the stone steps without me. I was quite sick with terror, and how long I lay I do not know, but at last I felt myself gently lifted, and my eyes met those of a little girl about Ada's age. She wiped the dust off my silk dress, and blew it very carefully from my forehead; she then put my bonnet straight, and called me 'pretty dolly.' A lady, whom she called mama, at that moment came up, and the child at once showed her prize.

"It is just such a doll as I wished for,

mama; Oh, I am so glad! I suppose I may keep it as I found it.'

'Her mama shook her head, and the little girl looked sorry. 'I will tell you what will make you happier than to keep it, Mary.'

'Oh, mama! Oh!' said the little girl.

'Try, my dear, and find out its owner; come, we will set about it at once. You know it would not be honest to keep it a moment longer than is needful.'

'I felt rather sorry, for I was quite willing to change my home, but I could not say so. Very slowly we went down the steps, and little Mary, holding me very tightly, looked right and left for some little girl to whom she thought I might belong; but the car which had stood there when the lady and her child arrived was gone, and no one knew whither.

'So I went home with the little lady, or rather to their lodgings at Ventnor, and a happy week I spent, when one day, as we were walking on the beach—Mary and I, and Mary's brother Charles—Mary turned very pale and said, 'Charley, Charley! that little girl I have seen before. I think she

passed us in the car the day we went to Carisbrook. Perhaps the doll is her's.'

'Now, no one was with Mary to tell her what was right to do, but a little voice called conscience spoke and said 'Go and ask her.' Another feeling said 'Run off the beach as quickly as you can ;' but Mary did not listen to that voice ; she went quickly up to the little girl who was indeed Rosa, and said, 'Is this your doll ?'



'Rosa started : 'To be sure ; Oh my dear dolly ! Where did you find her ?'

“On the top of Carisbrook Castle walls,” said Mary, “and I did not know where you lived or I should have brought her to you before.”

“Rosa was very glad, and Rosa’s mama went to a shop and bought little Mary as pretty a doll as was to be had in Ventnor. I did not see it, but of course it could not be equal to an Exhibition doll.”

“Yours *is* a wonderful story,” said little Minna; “I hope it is not done.”

“Indeed it is; I went home soon after that to Salisbury, where my little mistress lived, and I have had a rough life of it ever since. Sometimes I have been shut up in a closet for a month together, but I had done nothing to deserve it, I am sure. Just before we came hither my little mistress said she must make me smart because I was to go a journey, and indeed it was time I should have some change, for I was growing pale. Rosa is not bad hearted, but so thoughtless.”

“I wish she may forget you and leave you with Emilie,” said little Minna.

There the doll’s chat ended. The wish was granted. The Exhibition Doll *was* forgotten, and when Emilie wrote to her cousin

in the country about it the reply was 'You may keep old Fanny, I am tired of her.'

Poor old Fanny!

'Poor old Fanny indeed,' said Miss Dolly when she heard the letter—'There is a way to speak of an Exhibition Doll.' And so Fanny and Minna are now living together, and I dare say will do so to the end of their days.



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