WHEN daar old Mrs. Hay went back to town after ataying with the Burnells she sent the Children a doll’s house. It was dobig that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on ttwo wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it: it was summer. And perhanps the smell of paints coming from that doll’s house (‘Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course; most sweet and Generoud