

speaking. I suppose they were afraid he had not finished and would begin all over again; and, although I liked the story very well, it seemed to me that it was rather long. You see, I had never heard a story before, and I kept thinking the end was coming all the time; and, instead of that, there would be another beginning. I know better now. A full stop does not always mean that one has got to the end.

Master had come in just where the onion was killed; but, as he had taken off his hat and coat and boots and put on a nice soft pair of slippers, he did not make any more noise than I do when, for any reason, I wish to come in quietly. He had rolled the lounge near the fire and spread himself out over it without saying a word, for all the children, the minute he came in, had begged him, by putting their fingers on their lips and making very curious faces, to be perfectly still; and, as he did not know why, I suppose he just did it to please them: I very often do things in that way for Madame.

Mr. Rob waited a few minutes, and then he said, "That's all!"

"It seems to have been very affecting," said Master; "I wish I had come in sooner. Were your feelings too deep for words?"

Then Madame explained to him why every one had been afraid to speak; and he laughed, and said that on those terms an interruption would have been the highest possible compliment, and if he had only known the situation when he came in he would have made one, and so got a chance to hear the first of the story.