

cake: I would have been contented with a smaller one if it had smelt and tasted and looked just the same. The minute I tasted it—for of course Madame gave me a piece; not just a bite, either, but a real slice, on a plate—I knew it was the good smell which had made me so hungry when I passed the kitchen the day before.

We were all as happy as we could be without my Helen, and we went up to her room as soon as supper was over. Master was at home, and that was as much of a treat as the cake, for his sick people always seemed to want him exactly at dinner- and breakfast-time; at least, Madame said it was, but I must confess that I didn't agree with her, for we saw Master every day at one time or another, and we had not had such a cake as that in the house since Christmas. I did not think it was very polite in them to ask Mr. Rob for a story when he only had two evenings, and this was the last of them, and on a birthday, too; and I got very tired of keeping still before it was over. He was just going to say no, I am nearly certain, when Helen, who had not spoken when the rest did, said, "Oh, Rob, please! It's so long since you have told us a story; and if Sarah will put my wrapper on me, I would like to sit on your lap while you tell it, if it won't tire you too much."

"I think I can stand it," said Mr. Rob, laughing, but as he leaned over to pat me a great big tear dropped out of his eye and fell on my nose. It made me sneeze, but I did not mind that, for I knew he must be crying about my Helen. Oh how little and light she