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or strawberry jam, to make them go down more pleasantly.

I daresay you will wonder, though, why I should say so much about the duty of eating your crusts, when I have just been confessing to you that I put my own out of the way, without eating them at all. You will find out about that by-and-by. I am telling you this story as a warning, not as an example. Before you come to the end of it, you will find that it is much wiser to do as I say, than to do as I did. If I had my time to come over again, *wouldn't* I eat every scrap of crust like a little heroine! Yes, that I would.

But I wasn't a heroine in those early days, nothing of the sort, only a very stupid little girl. And so every morning, when I had finished my piece of bread and butter, at least the nice part of it, I used to tuck the rest snugly up under my pinafore, and trot away up those narrow stone stairs, and creep through the doorway behind the tapestry, and open the heavy, iron-bound chest and pop my crust in, pushing it down as far as ever my arm would reach, under the frocks and petticoats and comforters, and then come back into the oriel room, trying to look