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as if nothing was the matter. Indeed I did feel quite safe, for I knew the chest would not be opened until next winter; and for me, next winter was nowhere.

It came, though, and with it the necessity of opening out all my warm clothes; and then, in a comfortable corner, quite down at the bottom of the chest, hard, dry, mouldy, like little bits of brown brick, were my crusts, which morning after morning, for nearly four months, I had been hiding there.

Wasn't it disagreeable for me? I will not tell you how ashamed I felt when mamma, who always opened out my winter things, sent for me to ask what the little bits of brown stuff meant, and I was obliged to confess that they were my luncheon crusts. I have no doubt you will be fully able to imagine my discomfiture, if, like most other little people, you have at one time or another had unpleasant transactions relative to dry bread. I think I felt a great deal more ashamed, too, because mamma did not scold me very much. She only looked sad and grieved, to think that her little girl, the only little girl she had, should ever have tried to hide anything from her, and should have done it, too,