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not once or twice, but day after day, for nearly four months. To see her looking at me in that grieved way, made me feel dreadfully uncomfortable. I could not say a single word. I could not cry. I could not even tell her I was sorry. I could only just stand there over my mouldy little bits of crust, holding my head down, and twisting my fingers about, and wishing very much that I could run away somewhere out of sight.

After that day I never put anything more into the chest. It stood there in the cupboard, behind the tapestry as usual, but no crusts of mine went into it again, and I asked mamma if she would keep the lid of it always standing wide open, so that everybody could see what was in it; then, you know, it was impossible for things to be hidden. But for a long time I could not feel quite comfortable again. If ever I heard papa and mamma talking together in a low tone, I was almost sure they were saying something about me and my crusts, and I could not even enjoy my luncheon in a morning, because, as soon as nurse brought it to me, I was reminded of the little bits of brown brick, and I knew she was reminded of them too, and that made my face all