

buttons. She looked at me now and then, and nodded to me, and said what a pleasant evening we were having, but that was all.

I don't think I should have cared, though, for not being taken any notice of, whilst the dancing and the games were going on, because I was able to amuse myself by listening to the merry dance-music and beating time to it, which was pleasant enough. But the worst of it was that nobody took any notice of me when supper-time came, and I really *did* feel that a great trouble, because I was hungry and wanted something to eat. I sat at the top of the table, quite close to the mistress of the house, almost hidden amongst her frills and flounces, and I suppose I was so small that she never knew I was there. She kept passing cake, and biscuits, and tarts, and jellies, and oranges, and figs, and almonds and raisins, and sweetmeats, backwards and forwards before me, so close to me that I could have reached out my hands and touched them, but not a single crumb was ever offered to me, or a taste of anything, and I was too shy to ask for it. Now, was not that an uncomfortable state of things? And, if you had been