

placed in such a situation, should you not have felt rather disappointed, and perhaps rather cross, too?

To make matters worse, when supper was over, when the servants had cleared every plate, dish, glass, and custard-cup away, and nothing was left upon the table but a very white cloth and a very beautiful vase of flowers, the lady of the house turned round to me and said with a pleasant smile—oh! *such* a pleasant smile,—

‘Well, my dear little girl, I hope you have enjoyed yourself very much, and had a very good supper.’

I don't remember what I said. Most likely I turned very red and held my head down, and began to crumple up my new muslin frock in both my hands, and the lady would think what an ill-behaved little girl I was. Just fancy being asked whether you had enjoyed ‘yourself,’ when nothing else had been given you to enjoy. I wanted to enjoy the supper, not to enjoy ‘myself’ at all. But the lady did not do it on purpose. I am quite sure she did not do it on purpose. She had been so busy waiting upon everybody else that she had quite forgotten the little girl hidden away under her flounces,