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we had a couple of sweet biscuits and half a cupful of real ginger wine.

Now the ginger wine was an addition greatly to be rejoiced over, since it enabled us to accomplish what for weeks we had been striving after in vain, namely, the mixing up of a pudding. Because in a general way we were not allowed to have anything that we could slop about with, and of course without liquid of some sort we could scarcely make a pudding, except by the aid of more imagination than either of us possessed. But with half a cupful of real ginger wine, and liberty to do just as we liked with it, what was there in the cookery line that Lucy and I could not manage?

Accordingly we set to work in the oriel window, having first divided it into parlour and kitchen, and drawn the curtain so that no one could see us. Lucy crumbled the cake and biscuits; I grated the sugar, and then we began to stone the raisins, eating one for every six that we stoned, which was the usual allowance. For always when I helped mamma to stone the raisins at Christmas, she used to give me one for every six. It is very stupid work, stoning raisins, unless you can put one in your mouth now and then.