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Montem was sitting in papa's easy chair, reading *The Boy's Own Book*. As I have said before, he did not often take any notice of us when we were keeping house, except to laugh at our funny little contrivances; but this afternoon he put his book down and strolled up to the oriel window and pulled the curtain aside, and stood looking at us for a very long time as we proceeded with our operations.

'What are you children doing there?' he said at last. Montem always called Lucy and me 'children,' though we did not like it at all.

'Making a pudding,' said Lucy, very confidently.

'And what have you got to make it with? Anything worth eating?'

This question was to me.

'Sugar, and raisins, and currants, and biscuit, and seed-cake, and *real* ginger wine,' I replied, pointing to each article with my finger as I mentioned it. 'We're going to make it as nice as ever we can, and have it for dinner.'

Montem went away. Presently he came back. He really was paying us a great deal of attention that afternoon. We felt quite flattered.

'Are your hands clean?' he said.