

‘Of course they are,’ we both replied at once.

‘Let me look at them.’

We held out four little paws, which, though very sticky with raisin pulp, were in no other way to be complained of.

‘Are you going to put all that wine into your pudding?’

I nodded.

‘You’re a couple of clever little cooks. I don’t think I should mind dining with you myself.’

And then Montem went away again, with his hands in his pockets.

A bright idea flashed into my mind. I am sure it *was* a bright idea, although the results of it were not quite what I intended. Drawing Lucy up into the corner of the window, I suggested to her in a confidential whisper, that, as Montem was taking so much notice of us, and had called us clever little cooks, and had even said that he should not mind dining with us himself, we should invite him to be our master, and let him sit in our parlour, and we would lay the cloth for him, and take in our pudding when we had made it. Because, I said, it would be so much more like real housekeeping if we had