

not seem at all offended. He laughed quite good-humouredly, and said, 'All right, little woman, I don't care if I do,' in a very pleasant manner, and throwing down his book he walked straight away to our parlour, which we had made at one end of the oriel with chairs and cushions and a high stool covered with a serviette for a table. Then he put on a pair of spectacles and began to read the newspaper, just as papa used to do when he came in from the office, whilst we two little maidens trotted contentedly back to our kitchen and our pudding, feeling ever so much more like real people now that we had a master to wait upon and work for.

And what a pudding that was, to be sure, and how we did enjoy mixing it up! I don't think any grown-up cook or housekeeper, with a whole storehouse full of groceries at her command, and no end of cleverness and experience, ever produced anything so brilliantly successful as that compound of seed-cake, sweet biscuit, sugar, raisins and currants, made up with half a cupful of real ginger wine out of mamma's own decanter. When it was done we put it into a little pan and hung it upon one of the curtain-hooks, pretending that it was being boiled.