

‘No. It’s a great deal nicer to make things when you don’t make them all for yourself. And besides, we are just like grown-up people, now.’

‘Perhaps we are,’ said Lucy doubtfully. ‘Only there would have been more for ourselves if we hadn’t had a master.’

‘I don’t care,’ I said; ‘I think it’s better to have a master, even if there isn’t quite so much left for ourselves. And then, you know, he will very likely only play at eating it. Boys don’t care for girls’ puddings. He didn’t come to be our master because he wanted our pudding, but only to please us. He doesn’t care about the pudding at all.’

Lucy said no more; but she looked very wistfully at our pudding, which kept swinging about in the little tin pan. I believe she was afraid, that whatever Montem might think of girls’ performances in a general way, he would never be able to resist two, or even three, servings of that special one. Most likely he heard us whispering, for just then he threw down his newspaper and said,—

‘What are the servants doing? When will dinner be ready? Make haste, for I must be at the office at three o’clock.’