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to the master's honour, though events certainly did prove that a settlement would have been wiser. We were very tired of waiting. We tried to peep through the partition which we had made with shawls and chairs between the kitchen and parlour, but Montem was sitting exactly between us and our precious pudding, and we could not tell how much of it he was eating. Only we were afraid, as he sat such a long time over his dinner, that there could not be very much left for us.

‘If there should be nothing but a little at the bottom of the dish,’ suggested Lucy, in rather a disconsolate whisper, after we had been waiting, as it seemed to both of us, an interminably long time.

‘Oh! there will be a great deal more than that,’ I said. ‘I am sure there will be a great deal more than that. Montem knows that we had all the trouble of making the pudding, and that we want very much to try how it tastes, and he will be sure only to take a very little piece. Perhaps all this time he is only pretending to eat. You know he ought to be rather a long time over his dinner; grown-up people always are. It will be sure to be all right when he rings the bell for us to clear away.’