

But I said this more to comfort Lucy than because I was quite sure that it *would* be all right. For Montem made a noise as if he really was eating, and he had been making it such a long time, too, that I began to be seriously afraid. However, there was one comfort,—we had a master, and therefore we were like grown-up people. For you know Lucy's happiness and mine, when we were little girls, consisted in having things like grown-up people. I think now our happiness, if we could choose it, would consist in having things as grown-up people do *not* have them.

At last, to our intense relief, the bell rang. With eager excitement we sprang up, both of us at once, upsetting chairs, tables, and shawls in our hurry, and rushed into our master's domain to clear away.

*Alas! there was nothing to clear.*

I am obliged to state the fact in this way, with a blank space above it, and another blank space below it, or I don't think you could ever realise the feelings with which Lucy and I gazed upon that empty dish. Whether Montem was really very hungry, or whether he did it to tease us, or whether our cookery was more irresistible than he had expected, I cannot tell.