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This only I know, that not a single scrap, not one solitary crumb, or fragment, or vestige remained of that pudding wherein Lucy's hopes and mine were centred, in whose preparation so much toil had been spent, and from the eating of which we had promised ourselves such unbounded satisfaction.

I believe a sense of dignity as well as of bitter disappointment kept me from saying anything. Mamma had always taught me not to cry when I was hurt, for it only made the hurt worse. I don't think I could have spoken a word, though, even if I had been ever so wishful to do so. If I had swallowed the whole of our pudding at one mouthful, I could not have been more nearly choking than at that moment. Of course you know I might have consoled myself with moral reflections. I might have remembered that it is better to receive an injury than to commit one, better to have your own pudding eaten than disgrace yourself by eating some one else's; but children don't always think of moral reflections at the right time. I only knew that our pudding was gone,—gone from us beyond hope of return, and the knowledge of that terrible loss struck me quite dumb.