

Lucy, however, found words to express a little of her indignation.

‘Oh, Montem! you greedy, greedy, *greedy* boy! How could you, how *could* you do it? And you have not even left us a little at the bottom of the dish.’

Montem laughed, but it was not a comfortable laugh,—I mean, it was not comfortable for himself.

‘Well, I was the master; you wanted me to be the master, and the master has a right to eat everything, if he likes. You should have remembered that when you asked me.’

‘But, Montem,’ and Lucy’s tone changed from anger to expostulation, ‘we had put all our stuff into it,—we had not kept a bit out for ourselves.’

Montem thrust his hands into his pockets and went away, whistling as he went. He did not come back again all that afternoon; he did not even come back to tea, or to the wine and nuts which we had for supper. I think he felt rather ashamed.

‘I do wish we hadn’t had a master,’ said Lucy, wiping the tears out of her eyes as we took our empty dish away and washed it up and put it back again into the cupboard. ‘It’s ever so stupid having