

I did not dislike being alone in my room for the first five or ten minutes. I was able to comfort myself for as long as that, by thinking how I would behave ten times worse to Montem next time I had the chance. But after the first five or ten minutes it was very dull work being up there by myself. I had no book to read, and I was too honourable to steal downstairs unnoticed and bring one up. I thought, after all, *perhaps* I had better not be saucy to Montem again; and when I had been sitting on the end of my bed for half an hour, dangling my feet backwards and forwards, I was quite sure of it.

Just then I heard little pattering steps on the stairs, and then the sound of soft little fingers on my door, and when I opened it, there was Callie, the darling, with her red lips trembling and tears in her brown eyes.

‘I so solly,’ she said, ‘I come to stay wiv oo.’

And she trotted into the room and climbed up to me on the bed, and laid her face against my cheek, and got as close to me as she could. Of course I was not a bit lonely then. By-and-by the room became very dark, and I thought she