

CHAPTER X.

SKINNY.

NEXT morning aunt Mary said she was going to see the poor woman who was ill, and we might go too, if we liked. We ran away directly to get ready, for we were always very glad to go anywhere with aunt Mary.

Before we started she packed up several things in a little basket; a parcel of tea, and another of sugar, and some biscuits, and a small bottle of wine. We asked if the things were for Skinny to make a feast of, because they were just the same as mamma used to give us when Lucy and I kept house together on Saturday afternoons in the oriel window at home; but aunt Mary said, no, they were for Skinny's mother, who was so ill now that she could not eat dry bread any longer. Then we asked if we might save the pieces of currant-bun which we were going to have for our lunch and take them to the little girl. Aunt Mary said we might; so we wrapped them up in paper, and then set out into the village.