

box which had once been a tea-chest, and a chair which served as a table, and another chair which had no seat to it, but stood up with its back to the wall for a sort of ornament. It was not much of an ornament, though. Skinny told us that her mother had had some very nice things once, before her father died; a chest of drawers with brass handles, and a clock that told the day of the month, and some bright candlesticks which used to stand upon the chimneypiece; but since things had gone so badly with them, and father had died, and mother had taken to her bed, and she had been so busy nursing her and minding the house that she could not earn any money herself, she had been obliged to sell the furniture, bit by bit, to buy food and fire. She could not do that much longer, though, she said, for there was nothing left to sell now, except one chair and the bed that her mother lay on. The neighbours had told them they had a great deal better go into the workhouse at Abbotsbury, they would be well done to there, and wholesomely fed; but mother said she would die on the bed father had died on before her, and be buried with him in his grave in Linwick churchyard, even if she had to starve for it.