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mother, who had been obliged to have dry bread for her breakfast that morning. She said she spent sixpence of the shilling which aunt Mary had given her, in buying some brandy for her mother; the doctor said her mother would never get better unless she had plenty of brandy, so a neighbour who was going to Abbotsbury had brought her sixpennyworth, and the other sixpence she had spent in some biscuits. Her mother had enjoyed the biscuits so much, Skinny said, but they only made the dry bread seem worse when they were all done.

We were very glad to be able to tell her that she need not save her pieces of bun, for that aunt Mary had brought some things in a basket which would be a great deal better for her mother than stale bun; tea and sugar and biscuits and some real wine. Skinny's face brightened all over when she heard that, and she began to eat her bun directly. She would only eat one piece of it, though, and she put the other away in the old wooden box which she called her pantry. She said it would do so nicely for her when hungry time came to-morrow morning.

When she had finished it, she went down on her