

hands and knees and began to scour the floor again. She seemed to do it just as cleverly as a grown-up person would have done. Oh! how sharp her little elbows were, and how the bones seemed to stick out about her bare ankles, and what deep hollows there were in her neck and cheeks. She told us a great deal about herself whilst we were sitting on the door-step, waiting for aunt Mary. She said she was thirteen years old, though I am sure, if it had not been for her serious face and quiet, old-fashioned ways, no one would have thought her more than ten or eleven. She was so very small, scarcely so big as Lucy or myself. I suppose it was having so much to do and so little to eat, which made her look like that. She said they used to be a great deal better off before her father died. He was head forester to the Squire of Linwick, not the Squire who lived at the Hall now, but the one before him, who had let the place and gone to live abroad somewhere. Skinny said, if the old Squire knew how poor her mother was, he would do something for her, for he always thought a great deal about his head forester. They used to live in a nice little cottage then, near to the Rectory, a very nice little cottage, with four rooms, and a garden front and