

week after. He was in a sort of faint all the time, and mother thought he didn't know us, he was always asking for Jim.

‘Mother and me had to leave the cottage then. It was a deal too big for us, when father and Jim was both gone. Father owed a good bit of money, too, and they came upon mother for it, and the clock had to be sold that told the day of the month, and the best set of drawers with the brass handles, and we went to a little cottage with two rooms, where Mr. Tubbs' shepherd lives now, and mother tried to make something by doing a bit of sewing for the quality. But things didn't go well with us, and she never looked up no more after father and Jim went. She often said she would a deal sooner have died, if it hadn't been she had me to do for and bring up. After a bit, she got very bad, and couldn't do any more plain sewing, and we had to sell some more things and come to this place, because with mother not earning anything we were very poor, and often and often we hadn't a bite of anything in the house. But mother never would let me tell any one how badly we were off, because of its being like begging, and she couldn't bear the village to think we had come to that. So