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we've just gone on as well as we could, until now we've only a bed and a chair left, and I don't see how they can stop with us much longer. I shouldn't care about anything else, though, if mother could get better, for I'm a big girl now, and I could earn a little with plain sewing, or going out to tend children. I used to tend Mrs. Aidel's baby sometimes, before mother was so bad, but I don't think she'll ever look up again now. She don't talk about any body else, only Jim.'

We felt so sorry for poor Skinny. We both of us kept crying, and so did she, whilst she was telling us her story. Lucy whispered to me, as we sat together on the door-step, that when she got her weekly twopence next day, she would give it all to Skinny, and I said I would do the same. That would buy a good lot of bread, at any rate, and we would bring her our lunch too, for we could do very well without it. Just as Skinny had finished her story, aunt Mary came out of the little room. She looked rather sad, almost as if she had been crying too. I don't know if she had. She said she should come again in the evening, and then we all went back to Mrs. Tubbs'.