

to go with them, so we did not have him at all now. We went and played for a little while in our new house under the elm-tree, and we paddled about in the water and tried to enjoy ourselves as much as usual, but we could not help thinking a great deal about Skinny, who was left quite alone now, no papa or mamma or brother or sister to take care of her, and no place but the workhouse to go to. It made us cry whenever we thought about it.

When Mrs. Tubbs came out to feed the turkeys, she asked us why we were wandering about, taking hold of each other's hands like a couple of babes in the wood. We told her we were thinking about poor Skinny, who would have to go and live at the workhouse when her mother was buried.

Mrs. Tubbs tossed her head, and said there was no need to waste pity on the like of them. Skinny Brown was a stuck-up hussy, and so was her mother, and if they had humbled themselves and come to the parish for half-a-crown a week, like other folks who couldn't earn their own living, they needn't have been fast for a bite of bread. She said she hadn't patience with people who set up to be