

Poor Skinny was sitting by herself in the nearly empty room, looking so pale and miserable. She had loved her mother very much, and now she thought there was no one left to care for her at all. When aunt Mary opened the parcel and showed her the things, she tried to look up into our faces and smile a little, but it was no use. Her throat began to swell and her lip to tremble, and she covered her face and cried as if she never could give over any more. Lucy and I both began to cry too, we were so very sorry for her, but we did not say anything. We did not know what to say.

After awhile, aunt Mary said we had better go home, and she would stay behind to talk to Skinny. So we turned back, crying all the way. We had never felt so sorry about anything in our lives.

When we got to the farm-house, Tommy Tubbs was sitting in the front garden with a great flat box full of birds' eggs. He asked us if we would like to look at them. We were very glad of anything to amuse us, so we sat down on the grass beside him, and he took them out, one by one, and told us the names of them all. They