

CHAPTER XI.

MY NEW SISTER.

AFTER Mrs. Brown was buried, Skinny used to come to us for a couple of hours every morning, to help us to make the clothes which aunt Mary had brought for her from home. You know we had just made in a great hurry what she wanted for the funeral, but she would want many more things than those before she could be a tidy little servant anywhere.

She could sew very neatly, and mend, and knit, and she could read nicely, too, and write a little, and do division sums. I think her mother must have taken a great deal of pains to teach her; only lately, since she had been left so much to herself, she had learned to talk in rather a funny way, just as the other village children talked. But aunt Mary said she would soon learn to speak properly again.

Poor little girl! She was always very quiet and still, and sometimes, as she sat stitching away so