

not stout, but she was a very comely, well-grown girl, quite six inches taller than when she came to us three years and a half before. Her elbows were not sharp any longer, nor her fingers like skewers, and there were no hollow places in her neck and cheeks. I don't know about her ancles, for they were always covered up with nice clean stockings, but I have no doubt they were all right too. She was generally cheerful and pleasant, but never merry. Sometimes she looked thoughtful, almost sad, particularly when she came into the oriel-room after tea to fetch Callie to bed, and found us having a good romp with papa and mamma upon the floor. Perhaps she might be thinking what a pity it was that she had no one to belong to, no father or mother or sister or brother to care for her and be kind to her always; no one but us, and you know we might have gone away somewhere else, and then what would she have done? But I must go on about Watson. He was pointing to Skinny as she played with Callie on the gravel walk, amongst the tall shining laurel-bushes. How pretty Callie did look! It was Christmas-time then, frosty but sunshiny, and she was wrapped up very warmly, for she soon took cold. I remember she had a little scarlet hood on,