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The funny look went out of his face as soon as ever I told him that; his bright brown eyes seemed to grow quite dim, and he said, in such a different voice,—

‘Will you please tell Skinny, then, that I should like to speak to her?’

I went away into the room which used to be the nursery. We did not want it for a nursery now that there was no Callie to be taken care of and played with. Skinny was sitting by the window, sewing. She was very clever indeed with her needle, and mamma was having her taught dress-making, in order that she might be a ladies’-maid some day. She was not strong enough to do housework, or carry children about much, and mamma thought she would be able to earn her living as a ladies’-maid better than in any other way. Skinny always said, though, that she would never leave us to go into any other situation, but still she was very pleased to learn dress-making, because then she thought she should be able to save mamma so much trouble in cutting out and sewing things for me. I told her a gentleman wanted to see her, and we both went down together to the oriel room. I should tell you that Skinny was very nice-looking now, pale, but slight and elegant, and