

always so tasteful in her dress. She had large, soft eyes, and a gentle expression of face, and her manners were a great deal sweeter and prettier than those of many very grand ladies that I have met.

She made a low curtsy to the gentleman, and stood at the door, waiting for him to speak to her. She looked rather frightened, but then she was always a very timid, nervous girl.

He came up and shook hands with her, after first looking at her very hard, so hard that she looked more frightened than ever, and then he said,—

‘Don’t you know me, Phebe?’

‘No, sir,’ said Skinny, very meekly, and she made another curtsy, ‘unless—unless——’

And then she turned very white, and began to tremble all over. I think she had a sort of idea who the gentleman was.

‘I’m your brother Jim, Phebe. I’ve come back to you, and I don’t mean to leave you any more now.’

Skinny trembled worse than ever, and I do believe she would quite have fallen down, if the gentleman had not put his arms round her and held her fast.