

I ran away to mamma, to tell her that Skinny's brother had come back, and that he looked quite like a gentleman, and I wanted her to come and see him directly; but mamma said no, she would not go just yet, and I must not go into the room again, either, for she was quite sure if it really was Jim, Skinny would have so much to tell him, and they would want to be a long time quite by themselves. She said, when people were very happy like that, they did not want any one else to see them, or talk to them; and she would not even go into the room to bring out a piece of work which she had left there in a little basket on the table.

At last, when they must have been by themselves for nearly two hours, mamma said I might go in and ask Skinny's brother if he would not have some dinner. So I went and knocked at the door. Papa told me to do that before I opened it.

Jim was sitting on the sofa, and Skinny close up to him. He had his arm round her, and she was holding both his hands fast in hers. He looked very, very sad, a great deal sadder than even when I had told him about her funny name. His eyes were quite full of tears this time. I daresay Skinny