

gone mad, I resolved to save myself. I felt that a few days in that dismal coach-house, away from everybody I loved, would be the death of me, and, miserable as I was, I did not wish to die just yet. I hoped that, somehow or other, the truth would come to light. Master had come in by this time, and he was looking at Phil's leg carefully, and saying that the skin was not broken at all, that there was no danger, "even if Jock were as mad as a hatter," and that Phil was a good deal more frightened than hurt. I stole away, and as, by this time, it was almost dark, they did not see me go; and I heard them hunting and calling just as I reached the edge of the wood. This made me run all the faster. I was not willing to spend another night in the wood, and I made up my mind to beg for shelter at the first house to which I should come. I saw a little light through the trees before long, and came out on the other side of the wood, not very far from the spring. A little farther on stood a small house, and to this I went. Peeping through the open door, I saw sitting before the chimney, where a little fire was burning, a boy and girl who made me think of Mike and Biddy, only they were a size or two larger. The boy's shoes and stockings were off, and he was sticking out his little bare feet to warm them, for, though the day had been warm, the evening was chilly and damp.

Although I did not know then what being mad meant, I had heard Aunt Nancy say to Uncle Jake when he scolded her for anything, "Now don't git mad, honey; keep yo' temper, ole man."