

not been in the town a week before they pounced upon little Billy Cochran, the sole support of his widowed mother, who was known throughout that region as Aunt Sally. Little Billy himself was a puzzle to the more thoughtful people. He was so simple and innocent-minded, so ready to do for others what he would n't do for himself, that some said he was a half-wit, while others contended that he would have sense enough if his heart was n't so big.

But everybody liked little Billy — for his mother's sake, if not for his own, for Aunt Sally was, indeed, a good Samaritan. She seemed to know by instinct where trouble and sickness and suffering were to be found, and there, too, she was to be found. High or low, rich or poor, she passed none by. And, though she was as simple and as innocent-minded as little Billy, these qualities seemed to fit her better than they did her awkward and bashful boy.

Aunt Sally and little Billy were both as industrious as the day was long, yet they made but a precarious living on their little patch of ground, — a bale or two of cotton, that did n't bring a good price, and a little bit