

I wisht I wuz right now, I'd feel lots better. No! Don't you remember that Christmas on Sugar Mountain when Israel Spurlock an' Polly Powers wuz married?"

"Why, yes 'm!" exclaimed Chadwick, "I've been a-thinkin' 'bout that all day long."

"Well, I wuz right thar!"

"Now, you don't say! You ain't Cassy — Cassy" —

"Cassy Tatum! Yes, siree! The very gal!" She laughed, as though well pleased that Chadwick should remember her first name.

"Well — well — well!" said Chadwick.

"Yes, I married right along after that, an' you can't guess who to?"

Chadwick scratched his head and pretended to be trying to guess. By this time, Cassy had led him into the house by the back entrance, and placed a chair for him in a little room that was apparently her own. A baby lay sleeping on the bed. Chadwick gazed at it suspiciously as he seated himself in the chair she placed for him. He felt out of place.

"Oh, you'd never guess it while the sun,