

nigh to death. I could n't take two steps away from the house but what he 'd jump out of the bushes an' ast me to have 'im. An' a whole passel of people up an' tol' me I'd better marry 'im. They 'low'd a cripple man wuz better 'n no man. Well, they ag-gervated me tell I married 'im."

Cassy paused here, picking imaginary thrums and ravelings from her apron. Chadwick fumbled with his hat and looked gravely at a sun-spot as round as a dollar dancing on the floor.

"I married him," she went on, "an' I jumped out of the fryin'-pan right spang in the fire. I tell you, he's the Devil — claws an' all. He led me a dog's life. Jealous! Fidgety! Mean! Low-minded! Nasty! — Shucks! I could n't begin to tell you about that creetur ef I wuz to set here an' talk a week. It got so that I could n't no more live wi' him than I could live in a pot er bilin' water. So when the army come along, I tuck my baby an' come away. He vowed day in an' day out that ef I ever run off he 'd foller me up an' git the baby thar, an' take it off in the woods an' make 'way wi' it."

At this point the baby in question joined