

the conversation with some remarks in its own peculiar language, and Cassy lifted it from the bed, a squirming bundle of red fists and keen squalls, and, turning her chair away from Chadwick, proceeded to silence it with the old-fashioned argument that healthy mothers know so well how to use. It was a bundle of such doubtful shape that Chadwick had his suspicions aroused.

“The young un’s all right, ain’t it?” he ventured. “It don’t take after the daddy, I reckon?”

For answer Cassy bent over the baby, laughing and cooing.

“Did ’e nassy ol’ man sink mammy’s itty bitty pudnum pie have a hump on ’e fweet itty bitty back? Nyassum did sink so! Mammy’s itty bitty pudnum pie be mad in de weckly.”

Chadwick, listening with something of a sheepish air, understood from this philological discourse that any person who suggested or intimated that the young Lemmons was shapen or misshapen on the pattern of the senior Lemmons was an unnatural and a perverse slanderer. Cassy looked over her shoulder at him and laughed. In a few moments she placed the baby on the bed.