

of the room, turned the wooden button that kept the door shut, and drew forth a carpenter's hatchet. The blue steel of the blade shone brightly. It was brand new.

"That little thing," she said, holding it up, "cost sev'm dollars and a half. But, la! I reckon it's wuth the money." She lifted her apron, showing a small wire bent in the shape of a hook, and suspended from her belt. On this wire she hung the hatchet, the hook fitting into the slit or notch on the inner side of the blade.

"Well," exclaimed Chadwick admiringly, "that's the fust time I ever know'd what a notch in a hatchet wuz fer!"

"Let a woman 'lone fer that!" replied Cassy, making an effort to laugh.

"I don't reckon Danny Lemmons 'll likely fin' you here," said Chadwick after a while.

"Who — him! Why, he's the imp of the Ole Boy. Ef he's in town, he kin shet his eyes tight an' walk right straight here. The human bein' don't live that kin fool Danny Lemmons. I reckon maybe I could take the baby an' hide out in the woods; but them ole folks in the house thar, they tuck me in when I did n't have a mouffle to eat ner a