

place to lay my head, an' now they 're in trouble I hain't a-gwine to sneak off an' leave 'em — I hain't a-gwine to do it. They 're both ole an' trimbly. The ole man says he 's got a pile er money hid aroun' here some'rs, but he 's done gone an' fergot wharbouts he put it at, an' he jes vows he won't go off an' leave it."

She spoke slowly, and paused every now and then to pick at her apron, as though reflecting over matters that had no part in her conversation.

"I declare to gracious!" she continued, "it 's pitiful to see them two ole creeturs go moanin' an' mumblin' aroun', a-pokin' in cracks an' in the holes in the groun' a-huntin' fer the'r money. They 've ripped up the'r bed-ticks an' tore up the floor a time or two. They hain't got nothin' to live fer 'less'n it 's the money."

Chadwick took his leave as soon as he could do so without breaking the thread of Cassy's discourse. He left her talking volubly to the baby, which had jumped in its sleep and woke screaming with fright.

"I reckon it dreamt it seed its daddy," said Chadwick, as he bowed himself out.