

died, and Cassy found them sitting by their cheerless hearth, unable even to kindle a fire.

She did not hear their feeble response to her knocking, but boldly opened the door and walked in, expecting and hoping to find the house vacant. Her surprise at seeing the old people sitting there was so great that she uttered an exclamation, and this bred in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett suspicions that they were long in recovering from.

“I declare! you gi’ me sech a turn that a little more an’ I’d ’a’ drapped the baby.”

“You thought we was dead, did you? Hey?” inquired Mr. Shacklett with as near an approach to sarcasm as he could bring to voice and face. “You thought we was dead, and you’d come foraging aroun’ to see what you could pick up and tote off. You did, did you? Hey? Well, we ain’t dead, by grabs, and nowheres nigh it, I hope. You hear that, don’t you? Hey?”

The thought that they had been mistaken for dead people, when, as a matter of fact, they were so very much alive, caused such an energetic flame of indignation to burn in Mr. Shacklett’s bosom, that he rose from his chair, and, holding by the chimney-jamb, pre-