

chair. "Hey? Twenty thousand dollars? Not in *our* money."

"Hush, honey! I said paper-money," remarked his wife soothingly.

"Hey? not good paper-money."

Seeing no end of such a dispute as this, Cassy deposited her baby unceremoniously on the floor and went out after the water.

The child kicked its pink feet from under its skirts, turned its head toward Mrs. Shacklett, and laughed cutely. The old lady nodded her head pleasantly and chirruped as well as she could.

Mr. Shacklett, hearing a noise he could not understand, called out for information. "Hey? What's that? What did you say? Hey?" Receiving no answer, he turned his head and saw the baby sprawling on the floor. Instantly he became very much excited. "Run and call her back! What do you mean by setting flat in that cheer and letting her run off and leave that young un here? Hey? Ain't you gwine to jump up and call her back? Hey? Do you want me to go? Tell me that—hey? If I do she'll rue it."

He was making a painful effort to rise