

Mr. Shacklett leaned sidewise as far as was safe for him, and touched his wife on the arm. She looked at him, and he nodded solemnly in the direction Cassy had gone.

“What now?” she asked.

“What’s she up to now? Tell me that? Hey?”

“She’s gone after some water for you.”

“Humph!” grunted old Mr. Shacklett. “You’ll find out before you’re much older.”

Once more Cassy came in, bringing the water, and Mr. Shacklett drank to his heart’s content. Then Cassy gave the baby some water. Of course it had to strangle itself, as babies will do, but instead of crying over it, the child merely laughed and wanted to get on the floor again, where, flat on its back, it promptly gave itself up to the contemplation of the problem that its chubby fingers presented when all ten were held tip to tip close to its wondering eyes.

“That’s a right down pretty baby,” remarked Mrs. Shacklett.

“I dunner so much about the purty part,” replied Cassy with modest pride, “but he’s the best baby that ever was born. Why, he hain’t no more trouble than nothin’ in the world.”