

The child, as if understanding that it was the subject of comment, dropped the study of its fingers, caught the eye of its mother, kicked its pink feet in the air, and fairly squealed in its enthusiastic delight at being able to sprawl about on the floor after its long imprisonment in Cassy's arms.

"I thess wish to goodness you'd look at 'im!" exclaimed Cassy. "Hain't he thess too sweet to live!" Then she switched from vigorous mountain English to a lingo that the baby could better understand and appreciate. "Nyassum is mammy's fweetnum pudnum pie, — de besses shilluns of all um shilluns. Nyassum is!"

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. Receiving no answer, he found one for himself. "Humph!"

At this high praise so beautifully bestowed, the baby kicked and crowed and had a regular frolic. Then it suddenly discovered that it needed more stimulating food than it had found in the tin dipper, and Cassy, seating herself in a chair, promptly satisfied the just demand. And in the midst of it all, the baby went fast to sleep, making a pretty picture as it lay happy in its mother's arms.