

Mrs. Shacklett, whose age had not robbed her of the maternal instinct that is so deeply implanted in a woman's breast, looked all around the room as if remembering something, and suddenly remarked : —

“ Lay him on the bed in the next room. Nobody sleeps in there.”

“ Hey ? ” said Mr. Shacklett, and then, “ Humph ! ”

“ Ef you reely mean it, an' think it won't put you out the least little bit in the world,” suggested Cassy. The tone of her voice was serious, and there was a touch of sadness in it which the ear of Mrs. Shacklett did not fail to catch.

“ Lay him in there on the bed,” she repeated.

“ Hey ? ” inquired old Mr. Shacklett. “ Humph ! ”

“ Ef you only know'd how mighty much I'm obleeged to you, I'd feel better,” replied Cassy, the tears coming to her eyes.

She carried the child into the adjoining room, placed it on the bed, darkened the windows as well as she could, and went back to where the old people were sitting.

“ Now, hain't there nothin' I kin do ? ”