

Hain't there nothin' I kin put to rights?" she inquired.

"Nothing I'd like to ask you to do," replied Mrs. Shacklett, shaking her head. "We ain't got no claim on you."

"Why, hain't you human, an' hain't I human? What more do you want than that?" There was a touch of wonder in Cassy's voice.

But Mrs. Shacklett shook her head doubtfully. Fortunately for all concerned, Mr. Shacklett roused himself.

"I ain't had a bite of breakfast yet. Now when are you going to have dinner? Tell me that. Hey?"

"We've had nobody to cook for us sence our nigger died," Mrs. Shacklett explained. "I hated mightily to give her up. She was worth two thousand dollars and she did everything for us."

Cassy opened wide her eyes. "Well, for the Lord's sake! No bre'kfus' an' mighty little prospec' of dinner! No wonder you hain't able to walk. It's a sin an' a shame you did n't tell me about it when I walked in the door. Why, I b'lieve in my soul you two poor ol' creeturs'd set thar an' starve