

before you 'd ax me to whirl in an' warm somethin' for you. I'll not wait to be axed. Thess show me whar the things is an' I'll have you a snack cooked before you can run aroun' the house."

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. "Is dinner ready? Hey? Don't I smell meat a-frying somewhere? Hey?"

"Don't be worried, honey," said Mrs. Shacklett. Then she turned to Cassy. "If you'll give me your hand and fetch my chair for me, I'll go in the cook-room and show you where everything is, the best I can."

"Did n't I tell you I smell meat a-frying? Hey?" cried Mr. Shacklett as his wife went out, bearing on Cassy's strong arm.

The larder was pretty well stocked, as Cassy discovered, but Mrs. Shacklett found an insuperable obstacle to all their plans.

"There's no wood!" she exclaimed despairingly.

"Why, I seed plenty in the yard while ago," said Cassy.

"Yes, child, but it's not cut."

Cassy laughed. "Not cut? Well, ef I could n't cut wood as good as any man, I ruther think I'd feel ashamed of myse'f."