

So she found the ax, cut and split two sticks of wood, and soon had a fire on the kitchen hearth. The rest was easy. Cassy's cooking would hardly have passed muster at Delmonico's or any of the fashionable hotels, but for the time and the occasion it was just as good as there was any use for. And, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Shacklett, after much hunting and fumbling with keys, drew forth a package of genuine coffee, and grudgingly measured out enough for three cups of the fragrant beverage.

Cassy picked up two or three grains and examined them with an interest that partook of awe. "The land's sake!" she cried; "why, hit's the ginnywine coffee! I hain't seed none in so long tell the sight's good for sore eyes. I min' thess as well as if it 't was yestiday the day an' hour an' the time an' place whar I last laid eyes on ginnywine coffee." She held the green grains in her hand and put them to her nose, but fire had not yet released their fragrance.

"Can you parch it?" Mrs. Shacklett asked.

"Thess watch me," said Cassy somewhat boastfully. "You need n't put in more'n