

“I knew that would be the way of it,” said Mrs. Shacklett, and then she fumbled about until she found her handkerchief, and held it to her face, crying softly. This settled the matter so far as Cassy was concerned. She knelt on the floor beside Mrs. Shacklett and petted and consoled her as if she had been a child.

Matters went on smoothly until Cassy's husband, Danny Lemmons, slipped in one day and stole her baby. The result of that performance is too well known in history to be repeated here. Cassy pursued her husband and came back a widow, but she wore no weeds.

There was only one thing that worried the old people. For years they had been saving and hiding all the gold and silver coin they could lay hands on, and according to their account, told to Cassy in confidence, they had accumulated a considerable store. When their negro girl fell ill, the old people, fearing that she had discovered the hiding-place and would reveal the secret to some of her colored friends who came to visit her, removed their hoard to a new place of concealment. The girl lingered for a week and then suddenly died.