

The event was so unexpected to Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett, and threw them into such a state of doubt and confusion, that they were not able to remember where they had hid the money.

They had many harmless disputes and spats about the matter, and they hunted and hunted, and poked about in the cracks of the chimney, and made Cassy lift up the big flat stones in the hearths, and wandered about in the yard, until it made the young woman uneasy.

“I declare to gracious!” she would exclaim, “you-all gi’ me the all-overs ever’ minnit in the day wi’ your scratchin’ in the ashes and pokin’ in the cracks. You’ll fall over the pots an’ kittles some of these days and cripple yourself.”

Mrs. Shacklett had often boasted that she was a Sandedge, and she made no concealment of her belief that the Sandedges were higher in the social scale than the Shackletts. Mr. Shacklett could remember this, even if he had forgotten where the money had been hid. Indeed, his mind dwelt upon it.

“You ought to know where we put the money. You was there; you helped to do