

it. If the Sandedges is so mighty much better than the Shackletts, why n't you mind where we put the money? Hey? Tell me that. You 're a Sandedge, and I ain't nothing but a plain Shacklett. 'T ain't no trouble for me to forget, but how can a Sandedge forget? Hey? Tell me that. When it comes down to hard sense I reckon the Shackletts is just as good as the Sandedges."

But all this did no good. The old people failed to find their precious store. They sat and tried to trace their movements on the day they had carried the money to its new place of concealment, but they never could agree. The death of the negro was the only event they could clearly remember. Each exclaimed, many times a day: "Oh, I know!" as if a flash of memory had revealed to them the place, but it always ended in nothing. Cassy soon became accustomed to the constant talking and hunting for hidden money, and finally came to the conclusion that the old people were the victims of a strange delusion. She compared it in her mind to the game of hide-the-switch which the children play. At the last, she paid no more atten-