

to remain. Mistaking his gesture, or not understanding his words, she came running along the pathway.

"Howdy?" said Chadwick; "why ain't you refugeein' wi' the rest?"

"I declare I dunno," she replied, with a laugh that was more than half pathetic. "I oughter, I reckon. Some of the Shackletts's kinnery come by in a carryall soon this mornin' an' tuck 'em away, whether or no. I like to 'a' cried, they went on so. They did n't want to go one bit, an' they holler'd an' went on so that it made me feel right down sorry."

"What 'll you do? Why n't you go wi' 'em?" inquired Chadwick.

"Well, I had sev'm good reasons," replied Cassy, trying hard to joke, "an' all sev'm of 'em was that the folks did n' ax me. It looked mighty funny to me that they'd let the poor ol' creeturs live here all this time at the mercy of the world, as you may say, an' then come an' snatch 'em up an' bundle 'em off that-away."

"Did they ever find their money?" Chadwick asked.

"Not a thrip of it," said Cassy. "That's