

“Whar you gwine?” asked Aunt Candace, seeing he was not coming.

“I ’m des gwine”—

“Youer des gwine ’long wid me, dat ’s whar you des gwine. An’ you better come on. Ef I lay my han’ on you, you ’ll feel it, mon.”

“Yassum, I ’m comin’,” replied Plato. He was very polite when he knew his mammy had her dander up.

Aunt Candace marched into the big house with an air of proprietorship.

“Wharbouts is dat chile?” she asked in a tone that a stranger would have described as vicious.

“He ’s in here, Candace,” replied Mrs. Kilpatrick gently.

Candace went into the room and stood by the bedside. The weather was chilly, and she placed her cold hand on Jack’s burning brow. Instantly he stopped talking and seemed to sleep.

“God knows, honey,” she said; “dey ’d set here an’ let de green flies blow you befo’ dey ’d git up out ’n der cheers an’ he’p you.”

Mrs. Kilpatrick and Flora forgot their grief for a moment and stared at Aunt Candace