

with speechless indignation. This was just what the old negro wanted them to do.

“Plato!” she cried, “take de ax an’ run down ter de branch an’ git me yo’ double han’ful er dogwood bark, — not de outside; I want de skin on de inside. An’ I want some red-oak bark, — a hatfull. An’ don’t you be gone long, needer. Keze ef I hafter holler at you, I’ll jump on you an’ gi’ you a frailin’. Now, ef you don’t believe it, you des try me.”

But Plato did believe it, and he went hurrying off as rapidly as he used to go when he was a boy.

“Whar dat house gal?” asked Aunt Candace abruptly.

“I’ll call her,” said Flora; but the girl that moment appeared at the door.

“Whar you been, you lazy wench!” cried Aunt Candace. “Go git me a pan er col’ water an’ a clean towel; I don’t keer ef it’s a rag, ef it’s a clean rag.” Then she turned her attention to Jack. “God knows, honey, ef you can’t git nobody else ter do nothin’ fer you, ol’ Candace’ll do it. She’s nussed you befo’ an’ she’ll do it again.”

Aunt Candace’s words and manner were