

Here was defiance, revolt, insurrection, and riot, and yet somehow Mrs. Kilpatrick and Flora felt relieved when the explosion came. Aunt Candace was very much in earnest, but it needed something of the kind to rouse mother and daughter from the stupor of helpless grief. They began to move about and set things to rights, and in a little while all their faculties came back to them. The house girl returned with cold water and a towel, and Aunt Candace, entirely recovered from her outburst of anger, said to Flora: —

“Ef you want ter do’ sump’n, honey, set on de side er de bed here an’ fol’ dis towel up an’ dip it in de water an’ wring it out an’ lay it on yo’ brer’s forrerd. Hol’ yo’ han’ on it, an’ soon ez you feel it gittin’ warm, dip it in de water an’ wring it out an’ put it back agin. An’ make dat gal change de water off an’ on.”

With that Aunt Candace waddled out into the kitchen, where she busied herself making preparations for the decoctions she intended to brew from the red oak and dogwood bark which Plato had been sent after.

To those in the house Plato seemed to be making a good long stay at the branch, but