

Plato was doing the best he could. He had so much confidence in his mammy's skill and experience, and was so anxious in behalf of his young master, that he took pains in selecting the trees from which he was to chop the bark. And then he was very particular as to the quality of the bark; and, in order that there might be no mistake about it, he chipped off a larger supply than was necessary. This took time, and when he was ready to start back to the big house he heard his mammy calling him, and there was a certain vital emphasis in her remarks that caused him to return in a run.

In fact, Aunt Candace had infused new energy into everybody about the place. The little negroes that usually swarmed about the yard prudently went to play in the barn, but they were careful not to make a noise that would prevent them from hearing her voice if Aunt Candace should chance to want one of them to run on an errand. The plantation medicine chest was ransacked in search of something, Mrs. Kilpatrick and her daughter knew not what. At any rate the search was a relief. They no longer sat supinely in the midst of their grief. They made little jour-