

Aunt Mimy was beating biscuit. Mary looked out of the window toward the depot.

“Train ain’t come yit, is she, honey?” asked Aunt Mimy.

“No, not yet,” replied Mary. “What can be the matter?”

“Run off de trussle, I speck,” said Aunt Mimy.

“O mammy!” cried Mary, starting to her feet; “do you really think so? What have you heard?”

The girl stood with one hand against her bosom, her face pale, and her nether lip trembling. Aunt Mimy regarded her with astonishment for a moment, and then the shrewd old negro jumped to a conclusion. She paused with her arm uplifted.

“Is yo’ ma on dat train? Is yo’ pa on dat train? What de name er de Lord you got ter do wid dat train?”

She brought the beater down on the pliant dough with a resounding thwack. Mary hid her face in her hands. After a little she went out, leaving Aunt Mimy mumbling and talking to herself.

The cook lost no time in relating this incident to Cousin Rebecca T., and that lady lost