

“Been long time sence you felt like talkin’ wid me. Well, dem dat don’t talk don’t never hear tell.”

She pulled from somewhere under her apron something white and oblong, dropped it on the ground purposely, picked it up, and put it back under her apron. Then she said: —

“Good-night, honey! I ain’t tellin’ you good-night des fer myse’f.”

Aunt Mimy’s tone was charged with information. Mary vanished from the window, and came tripping out to the kitchen. Then followed a whispered conversation between the cook and the young lady. At something or other that Aunt Mimy said to her — some quaint comment, or maybe a happy piece of intelligence — Mary laughed loudly. The sound of it reached the ears of Cousin Rebecca T., who was playing whist. The colonel was dealing. She slipped away from the table, peeped through the blinds of the dining-room, and was just in time to see Aunt Mimy hand Mary something that had the appearance of a letter. She returned to the whist-table, revoked on the first round, and trumped her partner’s trick on the second.