

“Who live’ here?” she asked.

“Cun-nol Asbe’y,” the coachman replied.

“Ain’t dat Becky Tumlin yonder?” inquired Aunt Mimy, with some asperity.

“No, ma’am; dat is Missus Cun-nol Asbe’y.”

“Well, de Lord he’p my soul!” exclaimed Aunt Mimy.

Then she turned and went back home as fast as she could, talking to herself and the child. Once she looked back, but Cousin Rebecca T. was sitting grandly in the carriage, and the carriage was going rapidly toward the business portion of the city. Cousin Rebecca T. bowed right and left to her acquaintances and smiled pleasantly as the carriage rolled along. She bowed and smiled, but she was thinking about her daughter.

Aunt Mimy hurried home as fast as she could go. She had intended at first to tell Mary of her discovery, but she thought better of it. She had another plan.

“You see me gwine ’long here?” she said, as much to herself as to the baby. “Well, ef I don’t fix dat ar white ’oman you kin put me in de calaboose.” She stood at the gate of the house Laban had rented, and com-