

pared its appearance with the magnificence of the mansion she had just left. The contrast was so startling that all the comment she could make was, "De Lord he'p my soul!" She took the child in, got its playthings, and then went about her business more briskly than she had gone in many a day. If Mary had not been so deeply engaged in contemplating her troubles, she would have discovered at once that something unusual had occurred. Aunt Mimy was agitated. Her mind was not in her work. She drew a bucket of water from the well when she intended to get wood for the little stove. Occasionally she would pause in her work and stand lost in thought. At last Mary remarked her agitation.

"What is the matter, mammy?" she asked. "Something has happened."

"Ah, Lord, honey! 'T ain't happen' yit, but it's gwine ter happen."

"Well," said Mary, shaking her head, "let it happen. Nothing can hurt me. The worst has already happened."

Aunt Mimy made no audible comment, but went about mumbling and talking to herself. Mary sat rocking and moaning, and the little