

child made the most of the situation by toddling from room to room, getting into all sorts of mischief without let or hindrance. After a while Aunt Mimy asked : —

“ Honey, don't you know whar yo' pa an' ma is ? ”

“ Yes, ” said Mary languidly ; “ they live in Atlanta. ”

“ Right here in dis town ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ Whar'bouts ? ”

“ Oh, don't worry me, mammy ! I don't know. They care nothing for me. See how they have treated Laban ! ”

“ Why n't you hunt 'em up, an' tell 'em what kinder fix you in ? I boun' dey 'd he'p you out. ” Mary gazed at Aunt Mimy with open-eyed wonder. “ Write a letter ter yo' ma. Here's what'll take it. I'll fin' out whar she live at. ”

Mary rose from her chair and took a step toward Aunt Mimy, not in anger, but by way of emphasis.

“ Mammy, ” she cried, “ don't speak of such a thing ! ”

“ Humph ! ” Aunt Mimy grunted ; “ ef you ain't de ve'y spi't an' image er Becky