

Tumlin, I 'm a saddle-hoss. Proud! consated! Dat ain't no name fer it. De nigger man what I got now ain't much, but ef he wuz in jail I'd be trottin' roun' right now tryin' ter git 'im out."

The next morning Aunt Mimy was up be-times. She cooked breakfast, and after that meal was over (it need not have been prepared so far as Mary was concerned), she dressed the baby in some of its commonest clothes, and put on its feet a pair of shoes that were worn at the toes. This done, she took the lively youngster in her arms and started out.

"Where are you going?" Mary asked.

"Baby gwine ter walk," Aunt Mimy answered.

"Not in those clothes!" Mary protested.

"Now, honey," exclaimed Aunt Mimy, "does you speck I ain't got no better sense dan ter rig dis baby out, an' his pa down yonder in de dungeons?"

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Mary, forgetting everything else but her own misery and her husband's disgrace.

"Stay right here, honey, tell I come back. I won't be gone so mighty long. Den you