

kin take dis precious baby down ter see his pa."

The day was clear and bright, and although it was Christmas, the soft breezes and the invigorating sunshine had the flavor and quality of spring. Aunt Mimy paid no attention to the auspicious weather, but made her way straight to the Asbury mansion on Peachtree Street. On her face there was a frown, and her "head-han'k'cher," which usually sat straight back from her forehead, had an upward tilt that gave her a warlike appearance.

She went up the tiled walk and rang the door-bell. A quadroon girl came to the door; the girl's voice was soft, and her manners gentle, but Aunt Mimy had a strong prejudice against mulattoes, and it came to the surface now.

"Is yo' mist'ess in?" she asked harshly.

"Mis' Asbury is in," said the girl softly.

"Ax her kin I see her."

The girl slipped away from the door, leaving it ajar. The glimpse of the magnificence within angered Aunt Mimy. Presently the girl returned.

"Has you got any message?" she asked.