

T. The little child had gone to her, and her hand rested on its curly head.

“Wellum,” Aunt Mimy rejoined, “ef you want ter call de trufe by some yuther name, let it go at dat.”

“Whose child is this?”

“Heh!” the old negro grunted. “He look like he know who he kin ter.”

Cousin Rebecca T. took the child in her arms and carried it into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. Aunt Mimy went to the door on tiptoe, and listened silently for a moment. Then she nodded her head vigorously, ejaculating at intervals — “Aha-a-a!” “What I tell you?” “Ah-yi!”

Cousin Rebecca T. placed the child on the floor and knelt beside it.

“Darling, what is your name?”

“Azzerbewy Tummerlin Pierson,” replied the child solemnly.

“Oh, will the Lord ever forgive me?” cried Cousin Rebecca T., falling prone on the floor in her grief and humiliation.

“Yonner mudder!” said the child.

“Where?” exclaimed Cousin Rebecca T., starting up.

“Yonner.” The youngster pointed to a