

picture of his mother hanging on the wall, an enlarged copy of a photograph taken before she was married. Seeing that the lady was crying, the child went to her, laid its soft face against hers, and gently patted her with one of its pretty hands.

“Mudder c’y — all, *all* ’e time,” said the child, by way of consolation.

“Oh, precious baby!” exclaimed Cousin Rebecca T., “she shall never cry any more if I can help it.”

“Ah-yi!” responded Aunt Mimy on the other side.

At this juncture the colonel walked into the back parlor. “Well, my dear,” he said, “what is the programme to-day? In my opinion — why, this is Mimy! Mimy,” — his voice sank to a whisper, — “where is your young mistress?”

“Ah, Lord! you been waitin’ a mighty long time ’fo’ you ax anybody dat quesh-t’on!”

“Mimy, is she dead?” The ruddy color had fled from his face.

“Go in dar, suh.” Aunt Mimy pointed to the door leading into the bedroom.

The colonel found his wife weeping over