

ing her husband by his first name (something she had not done for years), "order the carriage."

"No, ma'am; *no, ma'am!*" Aunt Mimy cried. "You sha'n't be a-sailin' roun' *my* chile in a fine carriage wid a big nigger man settin' up dar grinnin' — *no, ma'am!* I won't go wid you. I won't show you de way. I'm free, an' I'll die fust. I ain't gwine ter have no fine carriage sailin' roun' dar, and Marse Laban lyin' down town dar in jail."

"In jail!" cried the colonel. "What has he done?"

"Nothin' 't all," said Aunt Mimy. "De folks des put 'im in dar 'ca'se he wuz po'."

"Randall, go and get him out, and bring him here. Take the carriage." In this way Cousin Rebecca settled the trouble about the carriage. Then she went with Aunt Mimy to find her daughter, and the old woman had to walk rapidly to keep up with her. When they came to the door, Aunt Mimy paused and looked at her old mistress, and for the first time felt a little sympathy for her. Cousin Rebecca's hands were trembling, and her lips quivering.