

“Des go an’ knock at de door,” said Aunt Mimy kindly. “De po’ chile’s in dar some’r’s. I’m gwine roun’.”

She went round the corner of the house, and there paused to listen. Cousin Rebecca T. knocked, a little timidly at first, and then a little louder. Mary opened the door, and saw standing there a richly dressed lady crying as if her heart would break. For a moment she was appalled by this appearance of grief incarnate on her threshold, and stood with surprise and pity shining from her eyes.

“My precious child!” cried Cousin Rebecca T., “have you forgotten me?”

“Mother!” exclaimed Mary.

Then Aunt Mimy heard the door close. “Come on, honey,” she said to the baby; “I’ll turn you loose in dar wid ’em.”

Cousin Rebecca T. took her daughter home, and not long afterward the colonel appeared with Laban, and the baby’s Christmas was celebrated in grand style. Aunt Mimy was particularly conspicuous, taking charge of affairs in a high-handed way, and laughing and crying whenever she found herself alone.

“Nummine!” she said to herself, seeing