

Ann Walden grew more interested.

"Would you — take eggs for them?" she asked; "eggs are bringing twenty cents a dozen now."

"Yes, ma'am."

"How do I know you are honest? How do I know the basket isn't stuffed with leaves in the bottom? What's your name?"

"Sandy, ma'am. And please, ma'am, you can measure the berries."

"Ivy, bring the quart measure, and the earthen bowl."

When the implements were brought, Miss Walden took things in her own hands, while Ivy, with the disdain of the old family black servant for the poor white, stood by like an avenging Fate. The child Cynthia was all a-tremble. She was young, lovely, and vital. Youth took up arms for youth, and watched the outcome with jealous and anxious eyes.

"One, two, three ——" the rich, fragrant fruit fell into the bowl with luscious, soft thuds; the red juice oozed out like fresh blood.

"Five, six, seven — eight, and ——"

"A lot left over, Aunt Ann, counting dents in the measure and all."

It was Cynthia who spoke, and her big, gray eyes were dancing in triumph.

"More'n eight quarts, Aunt Ann."

"Umph!" ejaculated Ivy.