

"What d'ye want, Hughie?" she said; and I noticed her voice trembled.

"Nothing but a needle, Aunt Lize; I asked Twiddle to get me one — no harm in that, is there?" I know I spoke sharply, but I hate this eternal questioning as to why I want this or that, and I hate to have her call me "Hughie" — I'm enough of a baby in my helplessness without that reminder.

"What d'ye want on 't? Men don't take ter needles — not nat'rally; let me do it fer ye, Hughie."

Then I blazed away; I could n't help it. It maddens me so to be thwarted in such little things when I can't stir a foot to get it for myself — tied to a woman's apron-string and a child's little finger —

"I'd like to know why you won't give me what I ask for? it's little enough. You wouldn't give me my jackknife yesterday, and last week you stood out about the shears — what on earth ails you? Can't you see it's taking the meanest kind of an advantage of a man — a man! O my God! —"

I stopped short, for I felt the rage coming upon me, and the window space looked black against the light outside. I put out my hands to shove her away.

"Go away, Aunt Lize — go, go!" I cried. But she stemmed herself against my little strength, and, flinging her apron over her head, broke into dreadful sobs, crying out:

"Oh, Hughie, Hughie! don't ye know *why*? I'm 'feared — I'm 'feared —"

At the sound and the words my sight cleared; I have never known Aunt Lize to give way so, — and