

## MAMMY RACHEL'S CABIN.

watched her with fascinated eyes. Mammy's hands were so thin and old that they looked like claws, but they measured and mixed the materials very deftly and quickly, having done the same thing many hundreds of times before in her long life.

"You haven't told me about Peg Leg," said Aubrey, after some moments of watching Mammy's cooking operations.

The black cat was stretched on his side in front of the stove, and Audrey had to admit that he was the most wonderful looking animal she had ever seen. Four long black legs were poked out straight and stiff, while his tail curved over his back and his head bent towards the tail till the two almost met.

"Is he having a fit?" she asked, anxiously.

"Peg Leg, git right up, honey, an' say howdy to little missy. You, Peg Leg, do as I tell yo', now!" ordered Mammy in peremptory tones.

The cat evidently knew his name, for he stood up and tried to stretch himself, but only succeeded in standing on his head—which seemed to surprise him a good deal less than it amused Audrey. When he walked over to his mistress his body writhed from side to side, but his hind legs came down stiffly, making a "*clump, clump*" with every step that sounded like a man walking on the wooden floor.

"Now I know why you call him Peg Leg," cried Audrey, laughing merrily.

"Peg Leg sho' is a mighty fine cat, but he done hab a heap o' misfortunes. Jes' you wait, honey, till I put my bistik in de oven, an' den I'll tell you all about it."

So Audrey waited, sitting perched on one of the stools and turning over the leaves of the picture Bible, but