

MAMMY RACHEL'S CABIN.

Heaps o' cloes I'se got, honey, some boughten ones and some what folks has give me, and no place to put 'em but jes' dese yere walls," and she pointed to an assortment of very old and faded garments that occupied one corner of the room. "Then thar's all my roots and yarbs; they's got to have a place whar they can be, so I jes' hammers in mo' nails, an' all I need's a piece o' string to hang 'em up by. Same wif my skillet an' pans and all my other possessments. My vittles am a sight safer hangin' up fum nails than ef dey wuz settin' 'round whar the mice could get to them. I keeps them all in cotton sacks, right handy to the stove. I picks up a sight o' stuff on de roads, too, honey—horse-shoes, and good boards, and leather straps. Seems like I got to hang 'em up so's not to keep stubbin' my toes agin 'em all the time. I reckon walls is handy places, honey."

As she talked Mammy Rachel pointed out all the articles she had mentioned. Audrey looked at everything, but her eyes came back to a row of magazines and one large book, all suspended separately from nails.

"Picked 'em all up on de road, honey," Mammy said, following the direction of her glance. "Looks like I had some eddercation, to see my liberry a-hangin' thar so handy, but de truf is, honey, I can't read a blessed word, let alone write! Them books does me a heap o' good all the same, honey, I c'n tell you. Dat ar big book's a Bible. Looks like I ain't los' all my 'ligion when I got the Good Book hangin' on my wall that-a-way."

"How do you know it's a Bible if you can't read?" Audrey inquired with curiosity.

"Jes' you look an' see fo' yo'sef, honey chile. Take de Good Book down fum de wall an' look inside!"