

ridge to drive back home was dem li'le r'yalties, wid dey nuss — so tired an' sleepy dey could hardly keep dey eyes open, dough one ob 'em, li'le Prince Eddie, in de blue an' white sailor-suit, I 'spec's will hab' to weah dat big heaby crown hisse'f one o' dese days. Mebbe, he kinder 'spicioned dat, and hurried back to git rested up — fer purtty soon dey was all at Mar'boro' House, an' dey ole nuss was busy puttin' 'em all soun' 'sleep, like dey hadn't seen all dem gran' doin's. Sh-sh-sh! Sh-sh-sh!" whispered Mammy, softly, suiting the action to the word.

"An' Mammy," murmured the dreamy little voice, "is ze King dot — dot his trown on now, all wight? An' — won't he lose it, like — like Cindewella's slipper, never no more?"

"No, indeedy, honey. He's got it on now, sho' nough.

'An' all de King's hosses an' all de King's men,
Cyan't tek de crown off de King's haid ag'in!'"

said Mammy, improvising a royal version of the quaint old nursery rhyme. "You kin jes' let yo' li'le min' res' easy now, darlin', — an' all de res' ob us too,—" she said, sharing the universal sigh of relief. "Yass, bress de good Lawd!" and Mammy echoed the great Te Deum which earlier in the day had repeated in every breast the message of the loud voiced cannon to the waiting nation, and the world — "De King am crowned — am crowned at las'!"

Then as the little maid still turned restlessly, she endeavored to efface the distracting vision of kings and queens by a more familiar memory, for presently I heard the strains of