

CHAPTER IX.

MAMMY RACHEL'S CABIN.

"YES, honey," said the old black woman, as she made haste to kindle a fire in her rusty stove. "Yes, honey chile, dat ar cat's name am Peg Leg, an' ef yo'll come in here an' watch me whiles I get suppah, I'll tell yo' why he am so called."

Audrey entered a little timidly, holding the cat in her arms, and looked around the funny, dark little room. There were flowers growing in pots on the sill of the one small window, scarlet and yellow flowers, which did much to brighten the place. Everything was clean and neat. Old Rachel's bed, in one corner, was covered with a quilt of fantastic patchwork, and in that the favorite colors were red and white, which gave a cheerful, home-like look to the room. Besides the bed and the stove there was nothing but one small table and two stools in the way of furniture, but the walls were covered with the most wonderful collection of things of all sorts that Audrey had ever seen. Every article hung by a piece of string from a nail, and every foot of space was made use of.

The old woman saw her eyes wandering up and down the sides of the room and noticed that they were growing round with wonder.

"You is s'prised at my c'lection," she said, with a good deal of pride in her voice, "an' I sho' has some mighty curus things saved up in dis lil' ol' shanty.