

## CHAPTER X.

### PEG LEG TO THE RESCUE.

“MAMMY, do you hear the wind?” said Audrey. She was listening to the sounds outside, and noticed for the first time how dark it was growing. The good supper had renewed her strength; she was rested, too, and now all at once the remembrance of Paul came back to her. A feeling of shame overwhelmed her when she realized that all the time she had been listening to Mammy Rachel’s soft-voiced talk—all the time she had been enjoying her pheasant’s eggs, the honey and the biscuits—she had not once thought of Paul nor of the danger he might be in.

Now she jumped up and ran to the window to look out. The trees were bending this way and that in the wind; there was a great roaring noise and the sky was black, but so far no rain had fallen.

“You promised to find Paul, Mammy; you *promised!*” and Audrey ran back to the old woman and threw her arms coaxingly around her neck, for she had got over every bit of her old fear.

“Yas, honey chile; I done go now.”

“I’m coming, too, Mammy.”

“No, chile, you stay right here wif Peg Leg, honey. Dat ar cat is powerful socialistic, an’ he hate like sin to be lonesome, ’specially dis time o’ day.”

“Please let me go, Mammy. I’m not afraid of anything now, and I don’t mind bears at all. Please, please,