

with a slight lifting of shoulders, "I don't serve collard-greens here."

"I'd be powerful pleased to work them craps for you, Miss Abby," said Chris, forgetting in his eagerness to use city speech. "I'm a mighty good hand at a hoe, as Sis can tell you."

Sis's face was a thin crimson wedge of embarrassment.

"It is true," Ossie declared in her most stilted manner. "My brother is interested in agr-ag-giculture. It is good for his health. I am sure he will be happy to offer his services."

After this, the small garden patch, once so intermittently tended, became Chris's special concern. He would rise with the sun to dig cutworms, which at that hour were supposed to lie quite near the surface, and, exhuming a culprit, stretched him out on the rail of an old boarded fence which divided Miss Quigley's lot from the Rectory.

Later on in the summer, Chris joyed in the restless brown moths beating down to the deep golden hearts of the squash-blooms, and in ghosts of small butterflies flitting along with the bees and playing aërial seesaw on the pink, silken tassels of corn.

There were spiders, too, in the garden, in that blessed oasis of dulness. Chris had always possessed a queer liking for these patient, intelligent insects.

Along with the varieties known to his mountain,