

him a pleasant word when he meets him on de street, 'count ob him comin' from Ellsboro, I reckon—but he say, too, dat he's one ob dem kind what's alluz gwine ter tu'n ober a new leaf, but never does git it flopped."

"Oh, I don't suppose Caesar knows anything about it," said Mrs. Drury, with true Southern disregard of the reliability of "negro news." "At any rate, this cake ought to be in the oven right now, for I do want you to get an early start at your washing." And Mrs. Drury beat her eggs with renewed vigor, and in a few moments the cake was ready to bake.

Mrs. Drury was a notable housekeeper. Her neighbors declared that they expected some day to see her out sweeping the roof. Woe to the moth or dust that found lodgment in her house. If she had had a coat of arms, a broom and a dust-brush would have been appropriate emblems; failing this, these useful but unornamental implements occupied conspicuous places in every room in the house. Her windows were marvels in their brilliancy and her polished stove a revelation. An inexperienced little bride who moved into the neighborhood, on returning to her own cozy little home from her first visit to this spick and span abode, was so overcome with her own delinquencies