

all of 'em, that I run down to old Farmer——”

“Shet yo' damn mouth!” roared Chris at this juncture. “What you think that I be—a sick dawg to be flung rotten vittles? Ef you spen' one mo' word of that filth in my hearin', I'll jes' nachally ram all yo' teeth down yo' tho'te an' shake ye ontwell they be swallowed. Hit's true that I'm jes' down fum the mountings, but the air I bin breathin' is clean.”

It was Miss Quigley herself who, by accident, first opened a path of deliverance. At the rear of her house stretched a small vegetable garden. Her hired man, old Ab'm, had just been laid low with the misery in some of his rusty joints.

Continuing a method that probably held in the days when the ladies of Tyre and of Sidon were driven to take in “paying guests,” Miss Quigley was describing minutely to the dinner table all of the tragedy old Ab'm's illness at this critical time might entail.

“The hotbed of lettuce is *lovely*,” she sighed. “The carrot and beet tops are just showing. The cauliflowers must be kept in their straw, or these frosts will blacken them. The cabbage and collards——”

“Collards!” came from Chris Laird like a shot from a gun.

“Yes, Christopher,” replied Miss Abby kindly. “I always keep a row for the kitchen. The servants are fond of them. Of course,” she put in