

was out, an' nights, for I didn't want him to think he was locked up, an' every night at bedtime I'd go an' draw down that nettin' snug an' tie a string round the bottom, an' look in last thing to see if he was all right. You'd scarcely b'lieve how that tuckin' in helped me after I'd been without it such a spell.

" 'Twas gettin' late in the season—'twas the fust day o' September I took him—an I begun to think about the winter, an' how I should make Jacob comfortable. I thought I'd move inter the front bedroom, where there was a stove, an' take him right in there to sleep. An' as for food, why, I'd dig up a lot o' fire-weed an' set it out in pots, an' keep him in vittles till spring. I'd found by this time that he wouldn't eat nothin' else: he was real set in his ways. I tried him on the nicest things—rose leaves an' buttercups an' lavender an' diffunt yarbs—but he'd just smell at 'em an' turn away, an' look for his fire-weed. That was so like the boy! If he wanted ginger-bread, he wanted it; and dough-nuts, nor jumbles, nor sour-milk cake, nor not even meat-pie would do—he must have ginger-bread or nothin'.

" Well, I might's well come to the wust sooner's later. One day I see Jacob didn't seem like hisself; he stopped eatin', an' went crawlin' round 's if he wanted suthin' he hadn't got. I give him water an' fresh fire-weed; I set him by the north winder where the wind blew in, for 'twas a hot day; but nothin' did any good. All day he went crawlin' round, restless an' fev'rish like, never eatin' nothin', nor takin' any notice o' anything. I set up by him all night long, my heart's heavy as lead, for I was goin' over again them dreffle days when my boy took sick. Just at daylight, he crawled down onto the ground an' lay there a spell, an' then I heerd him a-rustlin' about, an' when I looked he was kinder diggin' in the ground, pickin' up little bits o' dirt an' throwin' 'em about. 'It's like pickin' at the bedclothes,' I says, my heart a-sinkin' 'way down. So he went on for hours diggin', diggin'. I put him up on the leaves lots o' times, but he'd crawl right down agin, so I let him alone 't last. Bime-by I see he'd made quite a little hole, an' all on a sudden it come into my head he was makin' a grave.

" An' he was. Slow an' sure he dug, an' crawled in 's he dug, an' I sat watchin' hour after hour, an' cryin' my poor old heart out over him. An' late in the afternoon he'd finished his work, an' buried hisself, jest leavin' a little hole at his head; an' he put up his little pink face an' looked at me so human-like, an' then he reached out an' took a little lump o' dirt an' pulled it over the hole, an' he was gone, an' I hadn't anything left in the world but my two graves! "

The old woman stopped and wiped her eyes before she could go on, and I assure you that I forgot the hero of her story was nothing but a caterpillar, and found my own eyes wet.

" Well," she at last proceeded, " I didn't disturb him. Seemed 's if God had some way o' tellin' dumb creeters when they was to die, an' so I tied the nettin' down over his box an' left him there.