



he called, without alighting. "Hi there, Joel: where's Aunt Lindy?"

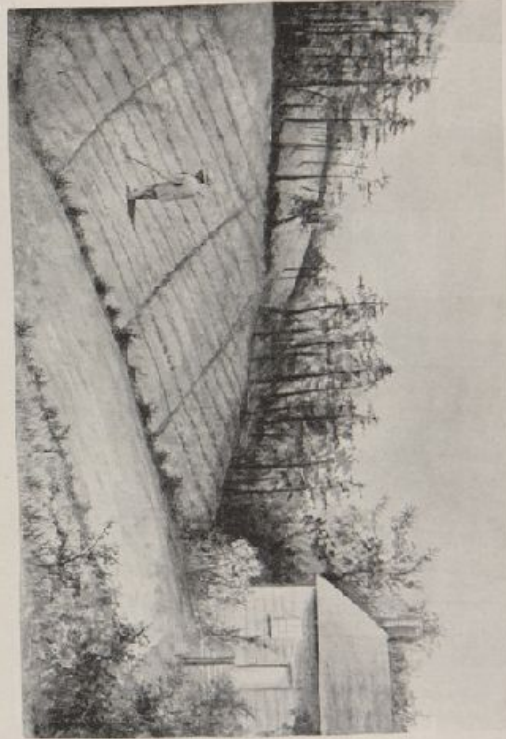
"Right dar, in de cabin, doctor; jes wait a minnit," as he disappeared through the doorway.

"Good day, Aunt Lindy," as a tall, ancient-looking negro dame hurried from the cabin to the gate. Well accustomed was she to these sudden calls of Dr. Bronson, for her fame as a nurse was known far beyond the limits of Fort Valley.

"Mawning, doctor; Miss Martha and de chil'en was not teched by de fier?" she inquired anxiously.

"Oh, no; the fire was not our way. Lindy, I have a bad case, and nowhere to take him. Mrs. Bronson has her hands full of distressed, suffering children. No one to nurse him, so I want to bring him here—a victim of the great fire."

"De Lawd, doctor, yo kin, yo kno' yo kin; de cabin is pore, but Joel ner me ain't hea-



"Pore sole, I'll look arter him same's ef he war my own chile."

"I know that, Aunt Lindy; I will stop in on my way back from the ridge in about a couple of hours."

"All rite, sah."

Uncle Joel, with the desired herbs, returned shortly afterward. "Is he cum yit, ole 'oman?"

"Shsh! sure nuff," she whispered, with a warning motion of her head toward the partitioned room where the sick man lay. Heeding the warning, Uncle Joel whispered back:

"If dar's nuffin I kin do jes now to he'p yo, I'll jes step ober to Brer An'erson's; I heah dere's a new brudder who's gwine to lead de meetin', as Brer Wilson is ailin'."

"Go 'long, Joel, dere's nuffin yo kin do jes now."

"Well den, s'long, ole 'oman," the old man said, as he stepped noiselessly out into the sweet perfume-laden air.





secret suffering and toil, travelled through time and space; she saw wrongs which no tongue can enumerate; demoniac gleams of exultation and bitter hatred settled upon her now grim features; a pitiless smile wreathed her set lips, as she gazed with glaring eyeballs at this helpless, homeless "victim of the great fire," as though surrounded by demons; a dozen wicked impulses rushed through her mind—a life for a life—no mortal eye was near, an intercepted breath, a gasp, and—

"Lindy, Lindy, don't tell Miss Cynthia," the sick man weakly murmured: in the confused state of his brain it required but this familiar black face to conduct his disordered thoughts to the palmiest period of his existence. He again revelled in opulence, saw again the cotton fields—a waving tract of bursting snowballs—the magnolia, the oleander—

"Whar's my chil'en?" Nurse Lindy fairly

