

all sides alike. "Aunt Annie's" biscuits were celebrated. Her "bachelor's pone" and "persimmon johny cake," which last she handed around to the young people, between meals, as a "snack," as she termed it, never allowing us to know the feeling of hunger, were most enjoyable. She loved her "johnny-cake board" and huge iron pots, and had no thought except to have her cooking "par excellence." This old wowan has left a memorial of an honest and faithful servant, and her place has never been fully supplied in the "Reed's Creek" kitchen. When the master proposed buying her a kitchen stove, she immediately rebelled, and said to him: "Mas Ellick, talk about your bildings that's all het up wid steam; give me an open-fire.

WHERE THE OLD FOLKS NOD AND DREAM.

Bruno on one side drowsin',  
Or barking nigh the door,  
The kitten cuttin' capers  
With the nittin' on the floor.

I'd give the "finest heater"  
In the bidden het by steam  
For the old-time chimbley corner,  
Where we old folks "nod and dream."

Her teakettle was always singing a merry tune.

"There's nothing half so dreary,  
In any household found,  
As a cold and sullen kettle  
That does not make a sound;  
In 'Aunt Annie's' old-time kitchen,  
The quaintest, neatest spot,  
The kettle was always singing,  
The water always hot;  
If you happened to have a headache,  
Whatever the hour might be,  
There was no tedious waiting  
To get a cup of tea;  
I don't know how she did it,  
Some magic she had caught,  
For her kitchen was *cool* in summer,  
But the kettle was always *hot*;  
I do not ask for splendor  
To crown my daily lot,  
But this I ask—a kitchen—  
An 'Annt Annie' kitchen,  
Where the kettle's *always hot*."