

mammy. You is my grandmammy, an'
 I'll stay with you forevah an' forevah.
 I'll do all youah work, Mammy Jane,
 an' I get well, for you burned youah
 finger savin' me from dat fire." "Tears
 streamed down ole Mammy Jane's
 face as she bent over the child. "You
 all de Mammy has got, honey-chile, an'
 me thinkin' the good Lord he sent me to
 catch you cut'n' the fire in time. We'll
 both be well soon, honey, and we'll be
 'appy, too." "Yes, mammy, an' we'll have some fried
 chicken an' gravy for supper, won't we?"
 "Asked the child. "Yes, honey, 'till you
 'True' ole Mammy Jane got dat burn,
 you shall eat chicken an' gravy and
 umplins' while these ole huns' can cook

