

"Yes Sally."

A bleak, cold day, but the Weston children, popping corn around the open fireplace did not know how dear and cold it was it was outdoors. Tom, a boy of twelve, who had opened the outside door to bring in wood for replenishing the fire immediately returned, saying:-

"Mamma! There's a girl out on the gallery who wants to know if she come in and warm?"

"Certainly," was Mrs. Weston's answer.

The children made room for the stranger in front of the fire, that Tom now made to burn brightly. Surely this poor girl needed warmth.

"What is your name?" queried May, the irrepresible.

"Sally," replied the stranger with chattering teeth.

And as if this were all the introduction necessary, she drew closer to the fire and held out her feet to the warm blaze.

Such a desolate looking creature!
An old, black hat, without trimming,

except a faded red rose pinned on one side, shapeless and drooping, vainly tried to protect his head and ears; a faded, calico dress, buttonless, so thin that you could almost see the flesh beneath quiver with the cold, reached only to her shoetops; there was no wrap about her shoulders; her hands and wrists were uncovered and red with cold.

As she placed her feet nearer the fire, the children could see her red, home-made, woolen stockings through the holes in her shoes. — but such shoes! — some farmer several months

before, must have thought them only fit for a scarecrow and left them in his cornfield. Sally had made their use possible by a liberal supply of white rags and twine.

The children seemed to suddenly feel the chill from outside and were silent. But Sally brightened with the warmth and turning to Mrs. Weston asked;

"Do you all wan' ter hire a strong gell fur housework?"

As Mrs. Weston needed help she replied; "Yes; do you know anything about cooking?"

"I dunno any there yere fussed-up dishes but I kin cook plain grub."

"Have you worked out any?"

"Yes; er right smart while."

"How much did you earn?"

"Er much ez six bits." Seventy five cents.

"How old are you?"

"Ef I live, an' nuthin' happens, I'll be seventeen this yere comin' May."

"Where is your home?"

"Yes; er kivered wagin erlong of my pap. We all used ter hev a turrible nice wagin an' two mule-critters.

We-all wud go ter Missouri in spring an' cud git a right, smart er

work hacin' coyn; when summer was gone, we-all wud go Sou' an' pick cotton. My pap cud pick ez much ez three 'und'ed pound in er day; an; ye know, there haint many that cud do hit. But with a sigh, "my pap fatched home an onery, trillin', no-account woman an' she jes' pestered we-uns an' I cudn't stan' it so I jes' started out ter do fur myself."

"How long since you left your father?"

"Don't at more than er year. I wud like ter see him agin. It air terrible hard fur a gell wiltrout ony pap."

"Is your mother dead?"

"Yes. She all was puny an' sorter sad lookin' long afore she died but I kin go ter the Nation ony minnit an' git my share of the payments. Some of my kin git ez much ez er unid'd dollars."

It was not until Sally made this assertion that Mrs. Weston noted her looks carefully. She was tall and broad-shouldered and although her hair was straight and black, her eyes were blue and her features decidedly Irish. No one would have thought her a half-breed and entitled to a share in

the Indian payments

"To what tribe did your mother belong?"

"She had right smart of Cherokee blood." - All who have Indian blood like to claim relationship to the intelligent Cherokee.

After a moment's pause, Sally went on, "My pap is er Irishman he war er soldier but he got orful tired of the army ayyter he an' mam were hitched. My pap air right smart; he kin do mo' ony thing, he kin make er heap of money ez we all move 'round.

he don't work a turrible right-mather
 He-all kin dig sang (ginseng) 'an' he'd
 a right smart ter eat an' it used
 ter be so nice untill pap fetched
 home that onery woman an' Bill
 did an' I cudn't enjure hit ony
 longer. She war allers mean ter Bill."

"Who was Bill?"

"My twan b'other, he-all war a pore
 little lame trick." and there were tears
 in Sally's eyes.

It was getting late in the day,
 the baby was sick in his cradle
 and as any help was scarce in
 North West Arkansas Mrs. Weston

had already decided to give Sally a trial so she said:

"If I hire you can you go to work at once?"

"I hore, there air nuthin' else ter do. I hove b'en walkin' miles an' seekin' work fur a right smart while. Nightr I hove hed ter sleep mos' any place. I don't heer about sleepin' out when it air warm but it air terrible cold now."

Although it seemed like taking a tramp in the house, Sally had an honest face and Mrs. Weston thought no harm would come of it.

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She could not ^{the poor girl} turn out, especially
as she knew she could find some
work for her to do.

After Sally had warmed herself
Mrs. Weston took her to the kitchen
showed her where to find kindling,
wood and water and bade her
build a fire preparatory for supper.
Imagine her surprise to learn
Sally knew nothing about a cook-
stove. She learned quickly and
soon a fire was kindled. Sally's
quickness to learn new things
was her strong point. She ran
hither and thither and although

Mrs. Weston found her unskilled she was always willing and good-natured.

The next day, Mrs. Weston hurried herself getting warm clothes for Sally. One neighbour, who had kept young men boarders, contributed a pair of men's Congress shoes, no others could be found large enough; another neighbour gave a warm flannel shirt, while Mrs. Weston advanced money for new woollen underwear, which Sally insisted on being red, and remodeled a dress for her.

When the clothes were ready Mrs. Weston advised Sally to take a bath before she put on the clean, warm clothing.

"A bath" said Sally, "what fer do ye mean?"

Mrs. Weston attempted to explain.

"Ye all don't mean ter wash ^{plum} all-over? I never hearn tell of sech er thing. In summer I used ter go ter the crik out er twict, but I'air right shore 'twud made me funny in the winter."

Upon learning this Mrs.

Weston immediately said, "You cannot stay in my house unless you bathe; put on the wash boiler and have a plenty of good warm water and if the room is warm you need not fear taking cold."

It was a new experience and half a day was spent before the task was successfully accomplished.

Sally soon learned to sweep and dust although everything was new and strange. She thought the bath-tub was a watering-trough and wondered why it was

upstairs. She had never seen a sofa
or a lounge and wanted to know
their names and use and if
people ever sat down on them.

A music box she mistook for a
clothes wringer.

On cleaning day she would
tell at great length how much
happier people were who lived in
wagons.

"We-all have so much less ter do!
we-uns never kerr ter stay long
in er place an' when we-uns
move, we jis' leave a right smart
of dirt behind. An' things cooked

on er fire air a turrible right nicer
Jes' throw a little coyn meal an'
water tergether with er little soda
an' bake hit in the ashes an' it
air a sight nicer than these yere
fussed-up dishes. We all hed money
ter buy meat when pap worked.
An' seck coffee, you-all wud call
hit black but it war hotter
than enny cooked on er stove. Ef
it war raining an' we'll didnt
wan' ter stop we jes' wud eat our
meat raw. You^{all} air workin' an'
workin' all the time. De heve so
many tricks ter take keer of.

but we-uns air free I cayn't see why you allers air makin' yer self such er heap of work. Whut fur do you keep a room jes' ter eat in? I wudn't mind clearin' up one en' of the ^{cook-room} ~~kitchen~~ table an' you-all cud eat there two er three at er time."

As there were six children, beside Mr. and Mrs. Weston this kind offer was not accepted by the busy housewife.

Sally, well-fed and well-clothed, seemed like a different person from the poor, shivering outcast

to whom Mrs. Weston had given a home. But she had her mother's nature with its dislike for labour and pined for the freedom of the open air. She preferred the sky for her house-roof.

One day she came to Mrs. Weston with sad face and eyes that still showed the marks of tears.

"How kin a pore gell who here los' her pap, fin' him agin?" she asked.

"Do you know any place he has been in during the last year?" Mrs.

Weston replied, "Er" after a moment's thought. "anyone who would know anything about him?"

"There air Bud Jim. Pap ued ter write ter him. My pap kin write an' spell too. but Jim cayn't write. Eliza, his woman kin write but I'd hate terrible ter heve ter pester her."

"Where does Jim live?"

"Erlong of Eliza's kin down near Cotton Plant. Jim haint there much. Eliza reckons she air too puny ter keep movin' 'round an' Jim says hit air awful

tame ter live in er cabin. Shore
they all air er mean. Lot an' there
air er right er bad feelin' aginst
Jim."

"If you write to Eliza would she
not send you your father's address?"

"I reckon not. Eliza says it air
right silly ter waste good money
on letters."

"You might enclose a postal
card directed to yourself and then
she would only have to put your
father's address on the back. It
need not cost her any thing."

Sally brightened and remarked

proudly. "I kin write, my pap
learned me."

Mrs. Weston gave her paper,
envelopes and pencil; she did not
understand the use of pen and
ink. After two or three hours she
reappeared in the family circle
and asked Mrs. Weston to direct
the envelope and postal.

"I will direct them for you"
said Mrs. Weston, looking up
from her book.

"Whut! Kin ye-all write?" said
Sallie, with surprise.

After Mrs. Weston had opened

her desk, the children could be heard laughing in the adjoining room as they listened to Sally spelling slowly, letter by letter, the following directions:

"Mr. Jim Patrick.

Cotton Plant.

Ark."

The tone of her voice showing plainly lack of confidence in Mrs. Weston's ability to either spell or write.

As a spring advanced Sally grew more restless; No mover's wagon passed the house, - at this season

there were six or eight each day. -
that she did not watch and, if
possible rush out, ^{to} hoping it might
be "papa's" Often these movers
camped in the woods that were
back of the Weston's house and
Sallie never failed to visit them
in the hope of meeting old
friends.

In the meantime, she
was learning to do part of the
housework and occasionally Mr.
Weston would trust her to do
certain things alone. She was
slow to learn that towels had

special uses and had to be watched or the dish-towels would be used for lamps, the hand towels for the dishes and once she was found washing prunes in the wash-pan.

One morning, when Sally had been over three weeks in the Weston house, Mrs. Weston was a little later than usual about getting to the kitchen. Sally had a big fire, with one "cap" off the stove so she could see the "blazes" and, in spite of the smoke, was stirring ^{something} vigorously in the kettle.

"What are you making?" queried Mrs. Weston.

"Mush." quickly answered Sally.

"But what are you stirring it with?"

"The poker. I wiped the black off on er rag afore I used hit."

The rag was not in sight and Sally ate the mush herself. No one volunteered to help her.

Another time, when a skillet of fried potatoes was pushed to the back of the range to keep warm, she immediately laid the dust-pan over them to keep the steam in.

Upon being urged to learn the proper use of common things Sally would laugh and say;

"You-all air a heap too nice, if you-all lived in er kivered wagin ye cudn't have so many tricks. It air right smart of work ter take keer of so many. I reckon I kin never learn, an' ef I cud only fin' my pap I wudn't keer for anything else." and the laugh was changed to a sob.

"What about your step-mother?"

Immediately her expression changed. "I'm er right smart

bigger now an' behore reckon I cud
knock her down if she tried
any of her meanness on me. I
wish that Bill war yere ter see
me." Then after a moment's pause
"Does yer man ever knock ye
down?"

Mrs. Weston's answer was a
merry laugh, in which the
family joined when the question
was repeated at the dinner table.

"The idea" said May, indig-
nantly, "of her daring to think
my papa would do such a
thing"

Although Sally learned many things, each day revealed new depths of ignorance. She seemed to the Weston children like a being from another planet so different were her views of life and so strong was her love for the happy-go-easy life she had led with her shiftless "pap." She sang a curious ditty about her work that suggested a possibility that she might have been a "prisoner's daughter."

Sally was very fond of bright colors and her first money was

spent on gilded ear-rings. She also had her pictures taken when she needed the money for a shawl.

One day a poor, ragged, rallow woman appeared on the back porch and asked for a bucket of water. Tom showed her the pump in the kitchen and was amused to have her express surprise to "fin' things so hendy for the women-folks."

Sally was not around at this time. Later in the day, Tom said:

"Sally did you know there

were campers down in the woods?"

"Sir thar?" said Sally alive with interest.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and they are a tacky lot. They have not even a horse and wagon. Just an old wheelbarrow with a kettle and a few rags thrown over their things. You ought to have seen them go through town. The man pushed the wheelbarrow, the boy carried the kettle, while the woman carried a baby in her arms, another child hung on her dress while a third was seated on the wheelbarrow.

They looked so woe-begone, I felt sorry for them."

"Waal" said Sally "luck air come time down on er man."

An hour later Sally came rushing into Mrs. Weston's room filled with excitement; her eyes were bright and she seemed too happy to speak.

"I have hearn from my pap. Thet air Jack an' Sal Ann down in er timber. He haint seen pap fur a right smart while an' he says pap cayn't be more than forty miles from this

gere place an' that he'll go back
 Sou' an' help me ter fin' pap.

Eliza here got twan yells. I reckon
 that air the reason she never sen'
 me back, ^{my} sayd. At any rate
 my name air on hit an' she
 cayn't sen' hit ter any one else.
 Pap here be'n puny an' cudnit
 work so he haint got no mule
 critters ter come for' with. Jack
 air shore we kin fin' him. He
 air livin' in er teri."

"Who is Jack?"

"Eliza's brother, ~~ter~~ be shore."

"When will you start?"

"Tomorrow mornin'. an' I mus' pack up these yere duds of mine. Kin I heve er flour-sack ter put them in?"

Then with a show of feeling "Ye-all heve b'en right good ter me an' I'm much obliged an' wish ye well, but I kin never learn 'bout so many tricks an' I reckon I'll be right smart better off back with my pap agin."

The ^{next day} was warm and clear. No clouds obscured the sun. Sally thought this a good sign.

About ten o'clock "Jack an' Sal' Ann" were ready to start arranged

in somewhat the same manner
that Tom had witnessed upon their
arrival. They seemed to have gained
a little energy from Sally who
trudged along her flour sack swinging
from the end of a stick, resting on
her shoulder; smart in her new
clothes; happy in the thought
of soon finding pap.

The Weston children shouted
"Good-bye;" Sally smiled back;
the wheelbarrow creaked loudly
but there were no clouds on
Sally's horizon.

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