AUNT LIEFY

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Aunt Liefy by Annie Trumbull Slosson

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ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

AUNT LIEFY





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BY

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

Author of " Fishin' Jimmy," etc.

BERith Ellustrations

By G. F-RANDOLPH

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AUNT LIEFY.

I.

I DON'T know how it come about exactly; mebbe 't was because I never rec'lected any folks of my own. Or again, p'r'aps 't was owin' to the people where I lived not bein' of the sociable sort. Or mebbe, likely 's not, 't was all the fault of my own queer, cross-grained, hard-to-get-along-with natur'. But tennerate, there 't was, — a fact well known to me and other folks, that I was the lonesomest creatur' that ever lived. I had n't a real friend on the airth; more 'n that, I had n't scursely any acquaintances.

Folks in the village and town knew who I was, most of 'em, and I knew their names and some of their faces; but that was about all.

You asked me for just one partic'lar part of my story, and I'm goin' to give it to you. As for the rest, why, there's no call for me to go into that now, and I ain't a-goin' to. How I come to be there in Hilton, without any one belongin' to me, or a soul in the whole world to set by me, or me to set by, why all that's another story, so we'll let it alone now. And I'll begin just here, when I was a grownup woman, hard featur'd and harder natur'd, not liked by anybody, and not havin', myself, a mite of int'rest in any one on this airth or outside of it. Never mind what I done for a livin'; I got along. I had enough to eat and drink, and clo'es to wear; and