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JACK JACKSON OF JACKSONVILLE.

100 STORIES IN BLACK.

BY

BRIDGES SMITH.

A COLLECTION OF BRIGHT, BREEZY, HUMOROUS STORIES
OF THE COLORED RACE AS SEEN IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

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WHY THIS BOOK.

These one hundred stories were selected from the many that were written to portray certain phases of the negro character, and were written hurriedly, because they were a part of the daily routine work of a newspaper reporter. This is my apology for their imperfections.

I have endeavored to frame them, as near as possible, in the true dialect of the middle Georgia negro, and a visit to Yamacraw and Tybee, two negro settlements in Macon, and to the police court, will prove how well I have succeeded.

The stories originally appeared from day to day in the Macon Daily Telegraph, but the demand—for which I am grateful—that they be printed in book form has induced me to thus give them to the public. This is my apology for publishing them.

Macon, Ga.

100 STORIES IN BLACK

A TYPICAL FIGHT.

Half a dozen boys in a Yamacraw backyard. One pulls an orange out of his pocket, cuts a hole in it and begins to suck it.

"Whar yer git dat owange, Jim?"

"Git hit fum de gittin' place, dat whar er gittit."

"Gimme piece er dat owange."

"Gi' yer nuffin."

"Lemme sucker one time?"

"Naw, disser Injin River owange, an' hit sho is sweet."

"Wisher hadder owange," and the others echoed the wish.

"Jim steal dat owange, dat how he got hit," said Pete.

"Nawer didn't neever," said Jim lifting the orange from his mouth long enough to resent the accusation, "dat w'ite mans wot keep de sto' down dar on Poplar Street, he guv hit ter me. He gi' yer one efyer ax 'im."

"Wot! dat Eyetalyun wot got de groun'pea candy in de show case?"

Five boys looked wistfully at Jim as he sucked his orange. Five mouths watered, and five boys felt like licking him for his good luck. Pete especially. Pete be-

lieved that Jim had hooked the orange, and being mad, anyhow, because Jim had eaten it without so much as offering a suck to any of the boys, he started out to get even.

“Wot yer do fur dat Eyetalyun wot mek 'im gi' yer dat owange, Jim? Dem Eyetalyuns ainter guvvin owanges erway fur nuffin.”

“Mine he sto' w'en he went ter de bank ter tek he money, dat wotter dun,” says Jim.

“Dat Eyetalyun lef' you ter mine he sto'?”

“Mer goodniss, man, ain't dat wotter tol' yer? Tol' yer dat fo time, anner ainter gwinter tell yer no mo'.”

“How many owange yer put in yer pockit w'ile de Eyetalyun gone ter de bank?”

“Look hyere, Pete, yer talks lakker steal. Dun tol' yer dat de mans gi' me de owange. Wot de matter wid yer?”

“Jisser axin yer how many owange yer steal fum dat Eyetalyun.”

“Efyer say datter 'gin me'n you sho gwineter hitch.”

“Wot else yer tek sides de owange?”

“Better lemme lone, Pete, you izzer breedin' scabs now.”

“Gimme some er dat groun'pea candy, efyer got any lef'.”

“Jiss keep on. Doan mine er buss yer brains out wid-der brick.”

“Er seed some big red apples in he sto', yer git any er dem?”

“Iser gwineter holler fur de poleeces ef yer doan lemme lone. Er ainter bovrin' yer, izzer Tom?”

"How long yer ben off de chaingang, Jim? Tain't ben long."

This was the turning point. Jim had wished to himself that he had never seen that orange, and of all the things he regretted most was that he did not share it with his fellows. But regrets were brushed aside when Pete accused him of being on the chaingang. This had been a sore point with him ever since his time on the gang expired. So, when Pete asked him about it, then came the fight.

When the case came up yesterday morning the story told by the witnesses and the fighters themselves was wholly unlike the actual facts. Each accused the other of cussing and drawing knives and bricks. But the court understood. It was an everyday fight between a couple of little negro thieves, and as they were too young to be put to work on the gang, they were given thirty days to carry water to the convicts. Except that this deprived them of opportunity of roaming the streets that they might steal anything that they could reach, they cared no more for being sent to the gang than for taking a drink of water.

THE TISSUE-PAPER BALL.

They had a tissue-paper ball in Atlanta the other day, and Emma, the dressmaker's delivery girl, read about it. She had been studying up something new for her society, the Tybee Social and Outing Club, and a ball with dresses made of tissue paper struck her as the very thing. Her employer entered into the spirit of the affair,

seeing as how she could get about fifty cents each for the paper dresses that would cost her not over fifteen, and Emma brought up the matter before the society. This was two weeks ago, and last Saturday night was the time set for the ball, that being the only night the girls could get off to stay up late.

The ball was pulled off at the house of Minerva Jackson in Sympathy Alley, her house having the largest front room.

Ten o'clock found the ball in motion. They were all there, including Slowfoot Sal, Whispering Annie, Fatty Fan, Delia, the Doper, and all the girls. Among the male members of the society were Hog-Eye Jake, Harelip Pete, Jack Jackson, of Jacksonville, Trimlin Dick, and all the other boys. The girls were dressed in red, white and blue, yellow, pink and tan tissue paper, artistically arranged to represent flowers. Slow-foot Sal was a lily of the valley; Whispering Annie was a morning glory; Fatty Fan appeared as a modest violet; Delia, the Doper, was a poppy, and so on. By the light of the lamp on the mantel, the scene was one of brilliancy. The music was furnished by Banjo Bill, who came all the way from Hawkinsville for the purpose.

"Kinner haves de plejjer uvver two-step wid yer, Miss Dely?" said Pete, bending low over the Doper.

"Skuse me, Mister Pete, er izzer pickin mer comp'ny ter-night," said Delia loftily.

"Yer ack lak yer allers do, seemster me. Yer nevvyy did haves nuff sense ter git out'n er shower er rain," said Pete, as he crossed the room and bowed low before Fatty Fan.



THE TISSUE PAPER BALL.

"Iz yer gotter podner, Fatty?" he asked.

"Skuse me, Mister Pete, iz yer talkin' ter er lady, er izyer talkin' ter Slow-foot Sal?"

"Yer sho haster skuse me, Fatty. Er gittin' mix up hyere ter-night, butter gwineter dance dis two-step er buss wide op'n."

Whispering Annie was playing the wallflower, and straight to her he went.

"Skuse me, Miss Annie, ef yer ain't 'gaged fur de nex' dance er sho would lak ter twis' yer roun' dis room er few."

"Yer de berry mans er benner waitin fur," whispered Annie; "dem low-down niggers doan do nuffin but study 'bout dem frocks deys got on. Er feels jis lakker ain't got on nuffin, butter med up mer mine dat ef dey kin stan' hit er sho gwineter go de limit. Jis slip dat ham roun' mer waises an' less show dese niggers wotter two-step is."

When the music stopped and the dancers had taken seats there were scraps of vari-colored paper on the floor. Perspiration had begun to leak from the merry dancers, and the paper costumes began to show signs of weakening. Fatty Fan was beginning to be a sight.

Up started the music again, and the partners took their places on the floor. There was a grab for waists and off came great wads of paper roses and violets and morning glories and poppies and things. The perspiration had gotten in its work of destruction.

"Yer step on dat frock ergin, Jack Jackson, an' me'n you sho tie up," said Sal.

"Now look whot yer dun, Pete, yer tored mer waises

clean off," said Fatty Fan, who was now bathed in perspiration.

"Er wush erder waited fur col' weavver ter gi' dis ball," said Emma, who saw several dollars' worth of paper work going to wreck, and none of it paid for.

"Yer mouter knowed dat niggers gwineter sweat on er hot night lak dis, an' yer mouter knowed dat hit tek mo'n paper ter kivver er fat oomans lak me. Yer ain't got de sense yer wuz bawnd wid nohow." This from Fatty Fan, who was thinking of how she was going to get home in the remnants of her costume without being taken by the police.

"Tain dat! Hit de nigger. Yer nevvvy kin mek nuffin butter nigger out'n er nigger," retorted Emma, who was now disgusted.

"Tek dat back," shouted Sal, who hadn't had a fight in a long time, and now she was stripped for the fray, so to speak, "eat dem wuds errer gwineter rammum down yer th'oot, yer stuck-up heffer."

No sooner was the word heffer used than Emma forgot her dignity and made a pass for Sal. Nothing could have suited the men better. They were happy over the prospect of a fight.

"Stan back dar, Fatty, gi' um room," said one.

"Doan nobody totch um, hit dey picnic," said another.

But Emma was no match for Sal, who had grown strong working on the chaingang. She gathered Emma up as if she had been a baby and tossed her against the mantelpiece, overturning the lamp and spilling the oil on the floor. The blaze caught the flimsy paper of such dresses as it could reach, and then came yells and

screams, and a rush for the door. Packed against the door in their efforts to get out, the fire had but little chance to spread. A dress would catch and was gone in a second. But the fight was over.

Under cover of the darkness the girls went home, and every one of them said hard words about Emma, who had designed the paper ball. It is possible that the club is broken up. There was a good deal of talk about bustin it, but Emma may be forgiven and the club saved.

PRECIOUS JACKSON'S LAST BEAU.

They met at the nickel club entertainment, and were formally introduced by the hostess, Mittie Mills, who was giving the thing for the benefit of her church. Dan, the Dandy, that was the name the boys give him in Savannah, he said, was a worker in the crate factory before the fruit season opened, and right now he was shy a job. That didn't matter to Precious Jackson, who was in need of a new beau.

"Dooz yer lives hyers, Miss Precious? Er izyer er stranger lak er is?"

"Wese come fum Servanny ter dis place, butter ben hyere so long now datter feel lak hit mer home. Whar izyer home, Mister Dan?"

"Er come fum Servanny, too. Mebbe er knows some er yer kin down dair. Er used ter knowed evvybody in Servanny."

"Mer mar wuzzer Russul fo she git marrit, an' mer par he wuk on de wauf whar deys roll de cott'n."

"Wunner ef yer mar wuz any kin ter Polly Russul wot used ter sell crarbs down ter de maakit?"

"She de one. Er hyeerd mer mar say menyer time dat her sis Polly could sell mo' crabs dan anybody, doan kyeer who dey wuz. Polly Russul mer mar's own lovin' sister. Dooz yer knows Polly Russul, Mister Dan?"

"Er sho dooz. Er bode at her house w'enner in Servanny. She de bess cook in de whole town. She sho kin cook. Er kin tas'e her cookin' right now. Dat oomans sho know how ter debbul er crarb. An' chick'n! She kin brile er chick'n, er she kin smuvver er chick'n, tell hit melt in yer mout'. An' rice! Time she tekker lotter rice an' dish hit up with red peppers an' butter anner dasher onion in hit ter sorter seas'n good, hits go way honey an' gimme room! Er shame ter go ter her house kaser eat so much. Look lakker nevvy kin gitter nuff. Datter sho nuff good oomans, dat same Polly Russul. Er love dat oomans. Dat oomans kin git de lass shut off'n mer back ef she want hit. Er walk down de daakis alley in Servanny ter do dat oomans er favor er sho would. An' she yer auntie! Er sho is glad ter hyeers dat. W'en yer hyeers fum yer auntie, Miss Precious?"

"Er seed her jiss now, she in de back room dar dishin up der ice cream ter de peoples hyere. Lemme go an' tell her dat you hyere, she be so glad ter seed yer, Mister Dan."

"Ne'er mine, she busy. Er gotter be gwine, anyhow. Hit most twevver o'clock, anner tol' er frenner mine datter meet him down town fo twevver clock. So long, Miss Precious, er hopes ter haves de plejjur er——"

But Polly came into the room just at this time. She had dished ice cream at a nickel er plate until she was tired, and she had turned the job over to some one else for a while.

"Look who hyere, Aunt Polly!"

If only Precious had known, but she didn't. Polly shot a glance at Dan, who had tried every way to slip out of the room, but it was too much crowded.

"Look at me, yer triflin' low-down scoun'le you! Yer look lak yer benner stealin' sheep, an' de reezin' yer ain ben is kase de sheep rund fum yer. Yer yaller-face houn', yer ol' chick'n teef, yer scummer de airth! You de man's wot owes me ten dollars fur bodin' yer. Yer eat up mer vittles an' steal yer rags out'n de house w'en-ner gone down town, an' yer slip out an' alls dat dout payin' me. Er tuck yer in mer house we'en yer wuz in rags, an yer so po' fum stovvin, an' yer ain hadder moufuller sump'n t'eat inner dunno w'en, an' yer eats mer vittles an' yer slip out'n de house on er Saddy night, an' dis de fuss timer sot mer eye on yer, yer triflin' vaga-bone yer. An' hyere yer izzer warrin' dem sto' clo'es widder yaller streakit shut anner blue necktie anner par yaller shoes! Yer sho izzer low-down nigger! Er is sho gwineter haves yer restid. Go git de poleeses, Precious."

But Dan was not arrested. He bent his head and made a dive for the door, scattering the guests who were looking on at the tongue-lashing Polly was giving him and enjoyed it. And that was the last of Dan. As for Precious, she felt like crying, for she had lost another beau.

A SCENE IN YAMACRAW.

Henrietta bent over her tub in the back yard, singing as she rubbed the clothes. In the house where she had left the baby lying on the bed to kick up its little black heels, her husband was sleeping. He was on the night shift in one of the railroad yards, and after his breakfast he went to bed. The child, tired of being left alone, began to fret and from fretting went to crying, and from crying went to squalling. Then it was that Henrietta wiped her hands on her apron and went into the house to pacify the child so that it would not wake up her husband. The child was taken from the bed, the rocking chair sneaked out of the house, and on the far side of the house she began the task of getting the child to sleep. There is nothing like singing to rock the baby to sleep with, and she began in a low crooning tone:

“Rocksy bye baby, in de tree top,
Daddy gwine er hun-tin’
Ter gitter li’l’ cooney skin
Ter wrop de baby bunker in.
W’en de win’ blow
Der cradle gwinter rock;
W’en de bough break
De cradle gwineter falls.
Git ter sleep, mer honey bunch,
Yerl be er ainjil bye’n bye,
Erl be er Babtiss teller die.”

Over and over she sang this string. The baby hadn’t the slightest notion of going to sleep, and in its way it tried to keep up with its mother, putting in a word of

the song now and then. So absorbed was Henrietta in thinking of something else that she had paid no attention to the baby. Suddenly she dropped her eyes on it and saw no signs of sleep.

"Shot dem eyes! Shot um er tell yer! Gitter sleep dis minnit! Hyere er is stoppin' mer wuk ter git yer sleep, an' hyere yer is shootin' off dat mout'! Shot dem eyes, an' doan lemmer hafter tell yer no mo'."

And then over and over went the string of words she had heard in snatches of song somewhere. This went on for some time, until she happened to look down at the baby, who had forgotten the last outburst of its mother's temper, and was lying there contented, but with no idea of sleep.

"Yer nasty, stinkin', li'l' brat, didn't er tell yer ter gitter sleep! Shot dem eyes er tell yer! Yer de hod haiditiss li'l' brat er evvy seed sence er been bawnded. Shot dem eyes an' git right ter sleep, ef yer doan er gwineter spank yer good!" And once more Henrietta began the song.

Again she ceased to rock and took another look at the child to find it sleepless. She jerked it up, turned it over her lap, and for a minute her hand flew up and down like a trip-hammer.

"Shot dat mout'! Ef yer ain de mos' aggervatin' chile dat evvy wuz bawn. Hyere er got mer washin' on, an' hit mouty nigh twevver clock an' yer ain sleep yit, an' dar dat goo'fur nuttin' daddy layin' up dar in de baid jister knockin' hit off. Us wimmens sho haves er hod time in dis wul."

But the child cried on, and with its squalling and Henrietta's singing, which was louder than ever now, being

mad with the child, the noise woke up Dick, and he appeared in the doorway with:

"Hen'retta, wot de namer de Lawd yer benner doin' ter dat chile? Hitter shame de way yer w'ip dot po' li'l in'cent t'ing."

"Ef yer doan git back ter baid, Dick Johnson, er is gwineter tek er sticker wood ter yer. Dis mer brat, anner is gwineter beat hit effer feel lak hit. Ef hit doan shot hit mout' er is gwineter beat de debbul out'n hit too. Go back in dat house, er tell yer!"

Dick disappears, but not to sleep. He goes back to study the situation. Henrietta had no right to talk that way to him. He asked her a civil question and she flew all to pieces. The more he thought over it the grosser the insult. In the meanwhile, Henrietta, now that she was mad with both the child and the daddy, was handling the baby roughly.

"Dat de way wid dese yer triflin' menses. De oomans gotter dooz all de wuk, an' nuss de baby, an' men' all de clo'es, an' cook all de vittles, an' dooz evvy whicherway ter git 'long, an' den dey's git mad an' squall at um jiss lak us wuz dogs! Er is sho gittin' mouty ti'ed er all diss, er sho is."

Dick reappears in the doorway, and having been prevented from sleeping, and smarting under what he considers an insult, he says:

"Ef yer wants ter tek yer spite out'n anybody, tek hit out'n me. Doan yer hit dat chile ergin! Ef yer do er tek upper stick anner buss yer brains out! Yer de low-downniss oomans er evvy seed nohow. Yer ain dun nuffin but beat dat po' chile mouty nigh ter deff all dis maw-

nin', and de po' li'l' t'ing ben cryin' tell er jiss kain't sleep. De debbul sho gwine ter git yer fur de way yer beat dat po' chile."

This was about as much as Henrietta could stand. She threw the child down on the ground and picked up what is known to washwomen as a battling stick, and before Dick could realize it, he had received a whack over the head. He grabbed a brick, and she dared him to throw it. He saw the fire in her eye, and he dropped it.

"Wot de namer Gawd de matter wid yer, Henrietta? Is yer gone bug house? Nevvy seed yer ack datter way afo! Er gwine in de house an' git mer ress now, an' yer better lemme 'lone."

Henrietta resumed her washing at the tub, and then in a short time looked around to see what had become of the baby. There it was, lying flat on the ground in the hot sun, fast asleep.

FALL STYLES.

After breakfast conversation across the alley, from kitchen window to kitchen window. Both cooks waiting to clear away the table, and just waiting for the white folks to get through the meal.

"How yer feelin' dis mawnin', Calline?"

"Jiss tolluble, Sister Harris. Ain' shot mer eyes de whole night long wid dis ol' toof. Hit hut all night, an' tain't much better dis mawnin', butter hadter come git de w'ite folkses brekfus."

"How come yer doan haves de ol' snag juk out? Yer

ain lak me. Er had dot ol' snag out fo yer bat yer eye. De Bible say ef yer right han fen yer, cut hit off, anner eye fur er eye anner toof fer er toof. Dat me. Erder had dot ol' snag out long 'go, datter would."

"Wot yer reckon' er hyeered de w'ite folks say lass night?"

"Er clar er dunno. Wot deys say, Sister Harris?"

"Deys say de shawt sleev gwine outer style, an' deys is gwineter haves um ter come over de han."

"Er sho gladder dat, Sister Calline, kase er nevvvy did lak dat style. Er oomans look lak deys jiss come fum de washtub widder sleeve all roll up. Hit dooz fer dem wimmenses dat gotter om dat look lak sump'n, but dese yer gals dat ain got nuffin' but skin'n bone sho looker plum sight. Deys look lak li'l' straws stickin' out deys shoulder. Er jiss nachly spize er spinlin om er laig. Hit doan look decent ter me."

"Yer muss memmer, Sister Harris, dat de Lawd mek dem kiner wimmenses, an' deys kain't he'p hit. Dat de way de Lawd mekkum. He mek dem wot got de big om an' de big laig sames He mek dem wid de om wot skin'n bone. Yer sho mussn't mek fault wid wot de Lawd mek."

"Ain dat de trufe? Er furgit all dat. But He didn't haves nuffin' ter dooz wid dem shawt sleeve, anner reckon er kin sayes wotter please 'bout dem, anner izzer sayin' hit right dis minnit. Dem shawt sleeves sho izzer scannle."

"Dat right, Sister Harris. Yer is plum right 'bout dat. Is de style gwineter be fur de li'l' gals ter war dem socks?"

“Er hyeerd de w’ite folks say dat de style gwineter be wussun dat nex’ year.”

“Fur de namer de Lawd! How deys gwineter mekum any wuss? Tell me dat. Er so sorry fur dem li’l gals dat deys put dem socks on. Er seed um lass winter wid deys po’ li’l laigs blue wid de col’. Is deys gwinter tek any mo’ cloes off um?”

“Deys ain no tellin’ wot er oomans dooz ef hit de style. Ef de style say tek evvy ragger clo’es offum an lettum go in de street stiff stok nekkid, dar is some wimmenses dat gwineter dooz hit, doan kyeer ef hit kill de chile. Dunno wot de good Lawd gwineter dooz wid dem kiner wimmenses w’en deys died. Hit dooz look cuyus ter me dat dem folkses wot dooz mean w’ile deys is livin’ gotter wait tell deys died fo de git wot comin’ ter um. Deys tell me dat de sinner gwineter go ter tor-ment an’ bun up in de fi’ry funniss, but deys kain’t git dat tell deys daid. Seem lak ter me dat now de time w’en deys ought ter be bunnin’ some. Er ax Bruvver Breedlove ter ’splain dat ter me one day, an’ all he say is hit de Lawd’s will. Dat mouty po’ satterfaction. Effer gotter wait teller daid for er bun up, er mout ez well be havin’ all de fun er kin fo er go daid.”

“Dese preachers doan know evvyt’ing, Sister Harris. Deys mek out deys knows, but deys doan knows. But yer ain tol’ me wot de style fur de li’l gals gwinter beed.”

“Er hyeered de w’ite folkses say dat dey is gwineter mek de frock shawter in de skut an’ longer in de wais’es.”

“Fur de lanner Goshen! Dat scan’lous! Hit sho is. Er tank de Lawd er ain got no chilluns, no gal chilluns, kase er sho heap ruvver seed um daid dan be follern de

style lak deys gittin' up dese days. Wot yer reckon de matter wid de peoples no how? Is us all gone plum crazy? Hit look lak ter me dat evvy year us git crazy an' crazy. Fuss noos yer knowed de wul gwineter come ter de een. Den whar yer gwineter be?"

"Ain dat de trufe? Er hyeered de w'ite folks callin' me. Deys is thoo brekfus, anner gotter go. So long, Calline."

"So long, Sister Harris. Er seed yer later."

HASLIT PETE.

It was the noon hour, and the draymen had driven up to the usual place down the street to eat their dinner, and at the same time be in easy call of any one who might want any hauling done.

"Any yer fellers hyeer 'bout Haslit Pete Sunday night?" asked Jim, the cut-rate drayman.

"Yer is talkin' 'bout Hare-lip Pete, de one dat talk thoo he nose, dat who yer talkin' 'bout! He name ain Haslit Pete," said Henry.

"Dat wot dat Jack Jackson er Jacksons-villes call him. Wunner wot cummer Pete! Ain seed him inner coon's age. Wuz dat nigger hyere Sundy?"

"Dat wotter fixin' ter tell yer now, ef yer ain heerd hit."

"Go long an tell hit. Wese ain hyeerd nuffin 'bout Pete."

"Sence dey shot up de Yamacraw Meffodis, so de pastor kin haves he suffocashun, Pete ain ben gwineter

chu'ch tell lass Sundy. He tek him er botler dis bline tiger licker an' he go ter de woods, way out in de country, an' he jiss hit dat botler licker tell he git fullern er ol' goat. He santer down de road tell he come ter er chu'ch. Dunno wot kiner chu'ch, but hitter chu'ch. Pete gotter noshun in he haid datter he ought ter go ter chu'ch, jiss lakker fool nigger wot drunk is gwineter dooz, and fuss noos yer know dar wuz Pete sottin' up in dat chu'ch jiss lak he sot in de Fuss Meffodis down dar in Yamacraw. Pete sot dar an sorter th'ow he haid back lak he gwineter sleep. De preacher seed him w'en he fuss git in, but he mek out he ain noticin' Pete. De preacher mans went on wid her sarmon, an' gotter talkin' 'bout de miracles, sump'n 'bout de loaves and de fishes, an' all dat, an fuss noos yer know Pete he sing out and say, 'Mister, kinyer 'form er miracle?' Wid dat de preacher gits down fum de pulpit an' he walk up ter Pete, an' he say easy lak, 'Mer fren, dat all right 'bout dat, atter chu'ch er gwineter pray fur yer.' Den he go back an' gotter preachin' ergin. Atter w'ile Pete he wake up, an' he sing out ergin, 'Say, mister, kinyer 'form er miracle?' Cose Pete dunno wotter miracle is, an' he doan kyeer ef he doan, but dot wot he hyeerd de mans say. De preacher git down fum de pulpit an' go up ter whar Pete wuz, an' he say, easy lak, 'Mer fren, yer muss keep sorter quiet.' Peter sorter lay back an' sorter look lak he sleep, an atter w'ile he dooz jiss lakker mans wot drunk gwineter dooz, he riz up an' he ax de preacher ef he kin 'form er miracle. De preacher he er gre't big mans. He stop de sarmon an' he step down out'n he pulpit, an' he walk slowly ter whar Pete wuz. Den he look at Pete

lak he sizin' him up, an' Pete he say, 'Say, mister, kin yer 'form er miracle?' De preacher he git upper li'l' closer, an' he say, 'Mer fren, er kain't 'form no miracle, butter sho kin cast outer debbul.' Wid dat de preacher he pick up Pete ber de scruffer de nek an' he th'owed Pete out'n de do'. Pete haid strack de bottom step ker-whack! an' dar he lay tell he chu'ch turnt out. Dat preacher mans sho did cast out dat debbul."

"Whar Pete now?"

"Dey sont him ter hossipistol ter git he haid tied up, dat wot deys dun."

"Dat preacher sho dun Pete right. Er doan b'lieve no mans gwine ter chu'ch an' doin' datter way. Doan kyeer ef he is drunk, dar is plenty places ter go 'sides de chu'ch w'en yer gits drunk."

"Whar one er dem places?"

"Yer git drunk an' yer foun' out mouty quick. Up dar whar de jedge ax yer whar yer got yer licker an' wot med yer git drunk."

"Ain dat de trufe?" was the chorus.

BEFORE-DAY AND LITTLEBIT.

They were known as the Tybee Twins, but they were not twins, only neighbors. They were about the same size and the same age and the same color. Possibly they were ten years old, but that is a matter of guesswork, for Mandy, the mother of the boy, never kept account of the passing years, and Hildy, the mother of the girl, never cared. Both mothers were widows, and had lived adjoining lots for a long time; both took in washing for

their bread, and allowed their progeny to shift for themselves, knowing that they would always turn up at meal times. But this was before they got to running with larger children. Then their comings and goings were without regularity.

"Hildy, is yer seed dem chilluns 'roun' hyere sence deys eat deys brekfus?" Mandy asked one morning.

"Er ain laid mer eyes on dem chilluns inner dunno w'en. Er specs deys roun' hyere summers. Foday! er Foday! Yer hyeer me callin' yer. Come right hyere ter me, yer triflin scoun'le," and Mandy called loudly for her boy. He was born just before day, and they say that is how he got his name. But Foday did not answer, and then Hildy yelled:

"Li'l'bit! er Li'l'bit! Come ter yer mar, honey!"

But Littlebit answered not.

"Whar yer reckon dem chilluns got ter? Go 'long wid yer wuk, Hildy, deys be comin' home atter w'ile. Deys ain gone fur. Foday knowed better dan ter go fur," and both returned to their tubs.

An hour passed, and then Hildy happened to think of the children. She stopped washing and wiped her hands on her apron. Then she went to the fence and looked up and down the road. Then she called Li'l'bit. Still no answer. Mandy kept on at her tub, but Hildy was uneasy.

"Wunner whar dem chilluns is. Er sho gwineter look fur dat chile er mine. Er tol' Foday notter be tekkin dat chile off an' stayin' all day. Spec he tuck her down town, er cross de railroad. Gwineter be back atter w'ile, Mandy."



FODAY AND LI'L'BIT.

As she passed out of the gate Mandy was heard to say to herself:

"Dunno wot got inter Hildy dese lass gone week. She alls de time want dat chile in de yod. She want ter keep-er eye on her alls de time. Foday ain gwinter let de chile get hut. Datter mouty good boy, effer do sayes hit merself. He er fine boy, but he jiss lak he daddy. He daddy de bess nigger in Tybee, ef he did git drunk on Saddy night. He sho wuzzer good pervider. No bennin' over de tub w'en dat nigger livin'. De railroad sho killer good nigger w'en deys rund over mer Pete."

She was still talking to herself when Foday came running up.

"Whar yer ben, yer triflin' raskil?" she asked.

"Er nevvv dun hit mar, please doan w'ip me, mar, er nevvv dun hit, er couldn't he'p hit, oh——"

Right then Mandy knew that something terrible had happened. She threw down the clothes she was washing, and with arms akimbo she spoke commandingly:

"Stop dat crying, an' tell me wot yer dun. Whar Li'l'bit?"

"De train rund over her; oh, mar, please doan w'ip me, er couldn't he'p it. Er——"

But Mandy had suspended judgment. She would see for herself, and off she hurried. She saw the crowd at a distance, and she fairly flew in that direction. There on the ground, surrounded by a crowd, and with Hildy bending over her and rubbing the little cold hands, was the mangled form of Li'l'bit. Mandy pushed her way through the crowd and knelt by the side of Hildy.

"Mer po' chile! Er keep tellin' yer, Mandy, dat er

oneasy 'bout de chile. Sump'n tol' me dat mer chile daid. Hit musser ben de daid sperrit uvver daddy dat come cropin' up ter me an' w'isperin' 'go ter yer chile,' an dot wot mek me oneasy lak. Efferder dun hit de fuss time dat sperrit w'isper ter me dis po' chile erd be livin' dis minnit. Er tol' Foday notter tekker off——”

“Ner mine 'bout Foday! Er ten ter him w'enner gits ter him. Er sho gwineter beat dat boy ter deff——”

“No, you are not,” said a gruff voice, that of a white man, who had heard Mandy's threat, “you are not going to touch that boy. You ought to take that boy in your arms and thank the Lord for giving you a child like that. I saw the whole thing. That boy did everything anybody could do to keep the girl from running across the track. He risked his own life for her, and a boy who would do as he did, don't care how black he is, can't be whipped if I can help it. That boy is a little hero.”

The effect was instantaneous. Such praise as that, coming from a white man, was unlooked for. The crowd for a minute couldn't understand what makes a hero, whether white or black, but the white man had said Foday was not at fault, and there was not one to say aught against it. As for Mandy and Hildy, they arose and clasped each other in their arms and cried. Hildy cried in sorrow for the lost Li'l'bit; Mandy cried for joy. Foday was a hero, whatever that is.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

All Yamacraw was in an uproar yesterday morning when Minerva made known that some time during the

night her house had been broken open, and four dollars she had been saving up to buy winter clothes for her daughter had been stolen. The women gathered about her to hear all the particulars. They went to the window that had been prized open, and they looked for tracks. Then they went into the house and looked at the exact spot on the mantel-piece where the glass jar that contained the money had been taken from.

"Some low down Tybee nigger dun dat sho's yer bawn. Nunner dese Yamacraw niggers steal dat money fummer lone widder oomans lak dat." This from Melinda, who put her trust in all that is Yamacraw.

"Spec hit one er dese w'ite tramps wot all de time comin' thoo Yamacraw. Nigger ain gwineter steal fummer nigger ef he knows hit, anner jiss knowed he ainter gwineter steal fummer widder oomans." This from Miz Passmore.

"Tell yer wotter dooz, Sister Minervy, jiss put down evvyt'ing an' go seed Miss Maggie Allen over yanner in Tybee. Alls yer gotter dooz is ter say: 'Mis Maggie, deys broke in mer house lass night an' deys tuck mer money, anner ainter skusin' nobody. Dat all yer gotter dooz. She is gwine ter tell yer who buss dat winner op'n, who tuck dat money, whar hit tuck fum, how much money wuz dar, an' yer seed ef yer doan git yer money back.'" This was the advice of Sister Breedlove.

"Ain dat de trufe," said Becky, "anner knows wotter talkin' 'bout. Yer knows dat nigger Bill wot wuk in de bue-ry! Bill buyed him er par er dese shiny packin' levver shoes an' gin six dollars fur um atter regler shoe sto'. Up on de mante-piece wuz sottin' one er dese yer

banks wot yer saves nickels in. Dat nigger save up fifteen dollars, an' fool lak he keep hit in dat bank sottin' up dar on de mantel-piece. Nex' mawnin' Bill fine de bank in de yod whar de booglar buss hit op'n widder hatchit. Dat med Bill so sick he 'bout ter do daid. He go ter Miss Maggie, an' he say: 'Miss Maggie.' An' Miss Maggie she say, 'Hooh!' Bill say, 'Deys buss op'n mer house lass night an' dey tuck mer li'l' bank, an' dey buss dat op'n, an' dey tuck all mer money an' mer Sundy shoes.' Miss Maggie she say, 'Sho' nuff!' Bill say, 'Dey sho did.' Miss Maggie say, 'Lemme look in yer han'.' She say, 'Lemme run de kyeerds.' Den she run de kyeerds. She say, 'Er seed er tall black nigger widder skyar over de lef' eye.' Bill jump up, an' he say, 'Dat dat low down Sim Bailey.' But Miss Maggie doan pay no tenshun ter Bill, she jiss keep on runnin' de kyeerds. She say, 'He fixin' ter go ter de baptisin' tomorrer mawnin', an' he gwineter war dem packin' levver shoes.' Dat all Bill want ter knowed. He run he han' in he pockit an' he put down er quarter, an' he say, 'Er sho' 'bleege ter yer, Miss Maggie, Sim Bailey ain gwineter no babtisin' in mer packin' levver shoes, er tell yer dat!' Bill wuz at Sim Bailey's house fo day de nex' mawnin'. He sorter crack op'n de do', an' dar wuz Sim puttin' on dem shoes. Bill push de do' wide op'n an' step in. He say, 'Sim, whar yer gwine so airly dis mawnin'?' Sim say, 'Er is gwineter go ter de babtisin'.' Bill he say, 'Wot kiner shoes yer gwineter goes in?' Sim say, 'Er gin er li'l' boy er dollar fur dese shoes, an effer doan mek no mistek, er is gwineter go in dese shoes.' Bill he say, 'Yer sho' mekker mistek, kase dey is mer shoes.' Sim say,

lak he gittin' mad, 'Dese mer shoes, kaser buyed um fummer li'l' boy, an gi' him er dollar fur um.' Bill say, 'Er dun ben ter Miss Maggie, an she say yer tuck dem shoes out'n mer house, an' yer buss de bank, an' yer got mer fifteen dollars.' Wid dat Sim wuz skeered. He shuck dem shoes, an' he pull ten dollars out'n he pockit. an' he say he pay de res jisses soon he git hit. Dem Tybee niggers sho skyeerder Miss Allen. Ef Bill got he money back an' dem packin' levver shoes wot cosses six dollars, yer sho git yer fo dollars, kase she gwineter tell yer who got dat money."

Nobody paid attention to Slowfoot Sal, as she sneaked out of the crowd and slipped into the house for about half a minute, and got in the crowd again.

"Tain't nunner mer bisniss," she said, "but yer alls better look out how yer go skusin' yer neighbors er stealin' yer money. Er knowed er heaper peoples ter git in trouble datter way."

"Er ain skuse nobody! Er ain sayin' nuffin'. Butter sho go ter seed dat Miss Maggie. Er hyeerd Sister Flowers tell 'bout wotter good forchun teller she is. Sister Flowers say all de w'ite oomans go ter seed Miss Maggie, an' she ain tellum no lie yit. Er sho git mer fo dollars, kase Ise gwine, jiss berry minnit, dat wotter dooz." And Minerva went inside the house, followed by Slowfoot Sal and others.

"Fo yer go, Mernervy, tekker good look, kaser jiss knowed yer doan wants no fallin' out wid yer neighbors. Spec dot money some whar yer laid hit down an' dun furgit all 'bout hit. Er dooz datter way menyer time, an' denner wants somebody ter kick me."

Minerva, without knowing why, took a look on the mantel, and there, under the little glass jar, was the four dollars.

"Somebody ben in dis house an' put dat money dar, deys sho did," said Minerva.

"Deys ain nobody ben in dat house sence we alls come out, not ez er seed. Is any yer alls seed er soul go in dis house sence us alls come out?" asked Sal.

No one had seen anybody go in the house.

"Dat sho beat mer time," said Minerva, examining the four dollars to see if they were the same that were taken.

"Ain dat de trufe?" said Sal.

THE STAR BOARDER.

The boarders at the ranch of Melinda Howard had, on several occasions, complained among themselves that Melinda was showing too many favors to the star boarder, one Rev. Jim Reynolds. There was no open revolt, and nothing was ever said to Melinda about it, except by way of hints, and hints never did go with Melinda.

Shorty Sam was feeling rather puny yesterday, and for this reason did not get up until late, not intending to go to work. He sauntered downstairs after breakfast hour, and seeing the dining room door open, he walked in and saw the Rev. Jim eating a breakfast that was appetizing to say the least of it.

Sam was surprised to see that there was so much good to eat in the house, more than anybody had ever seen before; the Rev. Jim was surprised to see Sam, and Me-

linda was surprised that Sam should be at home when she thought him at work. The sight of such a breakfast cured Sam of his complaint, and he sat down at the table.

"We is dun brekfus, Mister Sam. How come yer didn't come ter hit lak de uvver boders?"

"Er wuz feelin' kiner puny dis mawnin', anner wuz-zun gwineter wuk, but now er hongry." Sam sat there, but Melinda made no movement toward providing him with any breakfast, and the Rev. Jim appeared too busy to offer to share his.

"We haves regler hours at dis house, Mister Sam, fur brekfus, an' hit dun pass de time fur brekfus. Er hopes yer be in time fur dinner." Melinda sat there at the table, brushing the flies off the food for the preacher.

"Er is one er yer boders, Miz Howard, anner wants some brekfus."

"Dun tol' yer dat yer kain't git no brekfus ef yer ain hyere ter de table in time, anner ainter gwineter tell yer ergin," said Melinda.

"Er pays mer bode bill evvy Saddy night regler. Er ain had no brekfus dis mawnin', an' bein ezzer izzer boder wot pay he bode, er gwineter git some brekfus dis mawnin', anner is gwineter git jisses gooder brekfus ez dey is in dis house."

"How many mo' time yer spec me ter tell yer dat yer ainter gwineter ter git no brekfus ef yer doan come ter de table at de regler time? Er dun tol' yer now!"

"Er izzer peacebul mans. Er ain gwine roun' troddin' on er man's toes ter raise er rucus. Er ain lookin' fur trouble, butter tell yer right now effer doan git some

brekfus, an' git hit mouty quick, dar gwineter be er daid nigger preacher roun' dis table——”

“Gi' de gemmun some er mer brekfus, Sister Howard, er is sho gotter plenty. Haves some er dis aigs, mer fren,” and the Rev. Jim went to shoveling the scrambled eggs into a plate for Sam.

“Doan do dat, Bruvver Reynuls, er gi' de mans sum-p'n t'eat! Look lak he jiss spilin' fur er fuss dis mawnin'. Hitter shame de way some niggers is raise.” Then she bustled around and found some ham and other things for Sam, but the Rev. Jim scented trouble, and he kept insisting on helping Sam to his many dishes, and Sam, as much out of pure meanness as hunger, raked everything into his plate. By the time Melinda had the extra breakfast ready, Sam had all of that which had been set before the preacher, whose appetite had been frightened away.

“Is yer er Babtiss er Meffodis?” asked Sam, busily engaged in eating.

“Er izzer Babtiss minster er de gospil.”

“Dooz yer squeal w'en wer shoot craps, er dooz yer drap yer money lakker mans?” asked Sam, without looking at the man, and making the eggs and things disappear.

“Er duzzun knowed wot yer mean ber dat. Er izzer Babtiss.”

“Doan yer guv me nunner yer slack talk, ef yer dooz er buss yer in de snoot,” said Sam, as he reached over for more bread.

“Sister Howard, er is jiss bleege ter go ter town ter ten ter dat bisniss you'n me wuz talkin' 'bout. Er is sorry er gotter go, but hit gittin' late. Er bidyer goo

mawnin', Mister Sam," and the Rev. Jim was about to leave when Sam, who had demolished a big breakfast, arose and placed himself between the preacher and the door. It was his chance.

"Er jiss gwineter tells yer, Miz Howard, de boders er diss house dun got ti'ed er dis preacher mans gittin' all de aigs, an' de hominy, an' sich, an' us is med upper mines dat ef dar is any aigs an' sossidge an' sich in diss house, us is sho gotter git some, an' ef yer doan say dis minnit dat hit gwineter be datter way er is gwineter buss diss preacher wide op'n. De uvver boders gimme dat job, kase deys knowed dat er kin sho do de job right."

The Rev. Jim was a-tremble. He saw the danger and appealed to Melinda to make the promise. She, too, saw the fire in Sam's eye, and she made the solemn promise that in the future all boarders would look alike to her. And thus was a tragedy averted.

THE RIVAL SOCIETIES.

As Minerva stood before the court, arrayed like a lily of the valley, with the golden monogram of MM serving as a fastener for the lace bandage around her throat, she was a picture. The court eyed her as the officer arranged the witnesses in a row, and otherwise got the machinery of justice in readiness for the pressing of the button to start it.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Mer name? Who, me? Mernervy Hogan is mer name."

"What do you do for a living, Minerva?"

"Who, me? Ise seckerterry uv de M. M. S'iety, jedge."

"M. M. Society? What does M. M. stand for?"

"De 'Malgermated Muvvers S'iety. We teks keer er der sick an' guvs 'em nurrish-ment an' buries 'em w'en dey daid."

"You mean the Amalgamated Mothers. Now, tell me about this trouble."

"Well, jedge, Iser gwineter tell yer de fuss uvvit, how hit kimmence. Dis hyer oomans name Mary Jane Brown is de seckerterry uv de Sweet Sisters er Yamacraw, an' jedge, she jiss prejis ergin us, nuffin' but prejis. Our s'iety teks keer er de sick an' guvs 'em chick'n soup an' apple jilly, an' angil cake an' two dollars er week tell dey gits well an' strong ernuff ter go back ter wuk. All de Sweet Sisters er Yamacraw guvs izzet li'l' bitter beef soup an' some cup cake an' fifty cintser week tell de gits well an' strong enuff ter go back ter wuk. Well, Miz Harris she move f'om Tybee fusser October an' moves ter Yamacraw, an' she tuck her mem'ship in de M. M.'s widder. No sooner dan she git settle in her house over in Yamacraw dan dishyer Mary Jane she hop onner ter jine de Sweet Sisters er Yamacraw. Miz Harris she say she b'longs ter de M. M. of Tybee. Jedge, yer jiss ax Miz Harris wot dishyer Mary Jane Brown say 'bout me an' de M. M.'s."

Miz Harris was called upon for her testimony.

"Jedge, Ise gwineter tell yer de trufe, let de stars shine whar dey mout. I dun tol' Mary Jane datter b'longs ter de Tybee s'iety anner payin' ten cintser week dooze anner

couldn't 'ford ter jine ernudder s'iety tell de ol' man gitser rise in he pay at de brickyod. Den she say, tu'n loose dat ol' M. M., all it do is ter keep dat stuck-up Mer-nervy Hogin, an' who she? Fo she gits ter be secker-terry she wuzzer ben'in' o' de washtub anner tekkin in washin' fur er livin' dat who she wuz. An' now look atter! See how she dress up in dese yer mawnin' robes an' de sheet gowns an' de forty dollar hat an' tannin shoes an' dese op'n face stockin's an' dese peeperboo shut waistes! An' dat ol' gal er hern guvvin linnun shower baffe an' Cap'n Jinks potties. Dat gal woont speak ter er Yamacraw nigger any mo'. Jedge, dats de berry wuds Mary Jane said, anner got witnusses ter prove hit."

"Jedge, kinner speak enuvver wud?" asked Minerva.

"Just one word, now."

"Jedge, yer orter know who Mary Jane wuz fo she gotter be seckerterry er de Sweet Sisters er Yamacraw. Down in de stockade, dar whar she wuzzer stayin', an' woffur? Fur stealin' uvver boxer soap! Dat berry same Mary Jane! She didn't haver rag ter her back, ef she did I hoper mer drap daid right hyere in mer tracks. Jiss go down ter Yamacraw now an' look inner house. Look at dem picters er dem show wimmen on de wall, an' dem table clovs an' dem chiny dishes an' dem shiny coffee pots an' dem cut glass shooger bowls! Whar she git-tum? Fo she gotter be seckerterry dot ooman never went out'n town no furver dan Hawkins-ville. Now she gits on de train atter ridin' down ter de deppo inner hack, an' she goes clean to Chattynoogy. How come she kin do dat now, an' she stayin' down ter de stockade an' ain't

got no clo'es fo she gotter be seckerterry er de Sweet Sisters er Yamacraw? Tell me dat."

The witnesses say that when Mary Jane and Minerva met after Miz Howard had carried the news from one to the other there was a lively fight, but the police arrived in time to prevent permanent injury.

They were fined ten dollars each, and their respective societies paid their fines.

SLOWFOOT SAL'S OUTING.

Some little coolness had sprung up between Emma Davis, the dressmaker's delivery girl, and Percival St. Clair, the chauffeur, since the night of the linen shower party, when Slowfoot Sal and her companions broke up the evening and stole all the linen presents. Emma had an idea that Percival had shown the white feather, and should have razored Jack Jackson, of Jacksonville, when he offered her the deadly insult of calling her out her name. It was, therefore, up to Percival to reinstate himself in her good graces and renew the engagement. He had sent her boxes of molasses kisses and bottles of soda water, but there was no warm response, only a cold and formal "mucher bleege ter yer."

The other night he waylaid her on her way home, and told her to be ready at 9 o'clock, as he was coming to take her out to ride by moonlight. It seems that Percival's employer was out of town that night, and Percival thought no one would ever find out that he took the auto

out. He told Emma that ladies who rode in automobiles always wore a veil to keep the dust out, and this, thought Percival, would be a sufficient disguise. Emma was exceedingly happy, it being her first ride in such a thing, and Percival was fully and freely forgiven and became once more her affianced.

It was unfortunate that their conversation was overheard by a little black rascal, Foday, who had a grudge against Percival for not letting him ride one day, so he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, after slipping away from behind the fence, and carried the news to Slowfoot Sal. That Sal knew and understood, is shown by the subsequent events.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the auto steamed up in front of Emma's house, and a veiled figure entered the auto and it was off like a shot. That much is known, but Slowfoot Sal must tell the story, as she did the next morning to a friend of hers.

"Er ainter gwineter nevvv quit laughin' 'bout how wese git erway wid dat feller an dat gal. Dat li'l' nigger hyeerd dat high-tone nigger tell Emma dat he gwineter come fur her at niner clock an' ter war er veil. Soonser kin er hunts up Wisprin Annie an' Haslit Pete, anner tel-lum wot dey gotter do. Denner tol' um dat er oomans owed me some money an' she gwineter pay me ter-morrer, an' ef dey he'p me git even wid Emma er wuz gwine-ter sot up ter er swell supper at de rusteraw. We fix upper note an wese puts in de note lak dis: 'Dear Miss Emma, we is wotched, come ter bue-ry lane ber ha'f pass 8 so we kin go ridin',' an' wese stick de namer her feller down ter de bottom uvvit. Den wese git dat li'l' nigger

dot fotch us de noos ter tek dat note ter Emma's house.

"Denner gits Miz Breedlove ter loan me her veil, anner prance up ter Emma's house anner sot down on de do' step easy lak so her mar doan hyeers me. Er dun got Haslit Pete ter break upper sacker ol' bottles an' sprinkle de road in front er de house. Atter w'ile hyere comes de kairsene ile waggin comin' slow so hit woont mek any n'ise. Er slip out'n' de yod anner gits in de thing, an' Mister Saint Clair he jukker back dis way an' jukker back dat way, an' den we gitter move on us.

"Dar wuzzer heaper dese orterbeels on de road. Wese meet um on de way an' passum, an dar me er sottin up dar jisses bigs any w'ite oomans. Atter w'ile we git way out yanner somewhar, an' Mister Saint Clair he shot off de steam an' stop right dar in de road. He git out fum berhine dat w'eel wot he grab so w'en he runnin' hit, an' he come sot down on de seat wid me. He say, Miss Davis, kinner calls yer Emma lakker used ter? Er say, ef yer promise notter go wid dat Slowfoot Sal any mo'. He say, doggone dat Slowfoot Sal, er wouldn't be cotch speakin ter dat gal. Er say, dey is tellin' hit roun' dat you'n Slowfoot gwineter git marrit. He say, datter lie, an' yer kin tell who tol' yer dat dat hit ain so. Er nevvv love but one oomans in mer life, an dat oomans is you. Den he sorter scrouge up ter me an' hug me. Er nevvv let on, jiss let him hug me much's he want, an' he say he gwineter git me er ring anner watch anner dunno wot all he ainter gwineter git me. Er jiss let him keep on, an atter w'ile er say, look hyere, Mister Saint Clair, er sho gwineter tell Emma Davis 'bout yer tekkin me ter ride in dis orterbeel! Denner juk off de vail. Gen-tel-

mens! dat man wuz sho mad. Er sayes, yer knowes me, er is Slowfoot Sal, de beller Yamacraw, an ef yer gitter kickin' up, er sho gwineter hut yer, wid mer razzar.

"Wid dat he juk somp'n wide open, cotch holt de we'el an' turn't roun'. Talk 'bout runnin'! He sho mek dat orterbeel fly. He wanter lemme out on Fote street, butter say yer teks me ter mer house in Yamacraw, kase er wants dem big buck niggers ter seed me ridin' inner orterbeel. He kick lakker steer, but er tell him er is Slowfoot Sal, de beller Yamacraw, an' dat settle him. Er rode up ter mer house, an' dar wuz dem Yamacraw niggers wid dey tongues rollin' out dey mout's lookin' at me. Denner say, er is sho blegged to yer, Mister Saint Clair, fur dis nice ride, an' yer kin come ergin some time w'en yer feels lak hit."

They say the tires on the auto were so cut up by the broken bottles that it was necessary to revulcanize them.

MINERVA'S SISTER IN CHICAGO.

Minerva's sister lived in Chicago. Just how Minerva's sister got to Chicago can only be accounted for in the fact that her father strayed away from Georgia and found a job there in one of the hotels, and when he died Minerva's sister was so thoroughly Chicagoized that she married and settled down there.

Therefore Minerva's sister was as some big oomans who sat on a throne. Minerva swelled with pride when she spoke to the common herd about her sister in Chicago. It was something no other woman had to brag on,

and she took delight in telling her company, when she had any, of the wonderful sister in Chicago. She always wanted to visit her sister in Chicago, but she could never save up enough money, and besides she felt that she, with her Georgia ways, would fail to shine in the glorious light of the sister in Chicago.

But Minerva had a daughter, named Mary Ann, whom she thought passing fair, and one day the Chicago sister, with her lavish wealth, sent enough money to carry Mary Ann to the big city for a visit. In consequence Mary Ann was provided with all kinds of finery and sent on. After a stay of some weeks, Mary Ann returned, and of course Mary Ann had to tell everything she saw, felt and heard about the sister in Chicago.

“How bigger house yer auntie lives in, honey?”

“Hitter gre’t big house wot ain got no front yod ter hit, an’ yer haster climb up stairs tell yer gits ti’ed ter git too hit. Er doan lak dem kiner houses.”

“Wot kiner furnchur yer auntie got, honey?”

“Hit fine furncher. She gotter cheer anner ’ion baidstid, anner peanner anner shefferneer.”

“Er wotter? Chuccaneer? Wot dot, chile? It muss be sump’n noo dat deys have in Chicoggo. Wot hit look lak, honey?”

“Taint nuffin’ butter high-up bero. Auntie say hitter shefferneer, but dat all hit is. Dey jiss call hit dat in Chicoggo.”

“Wot yer auntie gi’ yer ter eat, honey? Specs deys feed mouty fine in Chicoggo.”

“Law, mar, er lakter stov. Alls dey eats up dar is

disyer oatmeal an' some sorter mess wot deys call brekfus feed. Heap ruvver eats sawduss er fodder. Dinner time deys gi' yer I'sh taters wot yer gotter peel yerse'f. Deys cookin' doan soot me, mar. Er gits so hongry fer sump'n t'eat er dunno wotter dooz. Deys dunno nuffin 'bout biskit. Hit light braid alls de time. Er sho wants some er yer biskit."

"Spec yer auntie er mouty good oomans. Wot chu'ch she tek yer ter, honey?"

"Tek me ter no chu'ch tall. Auntie doan go ter chu'ch."

"Wot! Doan deys have no chu'ches in Chicoggo? Fur de Lawd's sake, wot deys means ber dat?"

"Dey izzer heaper chu'ches in Chicoggo, but auntie doan bleeve dey is any Gawd."

"Hush yer mout'! Ef dat ainter shame, an' she er Collins, bawn in de Babtiss chu'ch! Mer Lawd have mussy! Ef dat doan beat mer time! Look hyere, chile, doan yer brung back no lies on yer auntie. She mer own loving sister, she muvver mer muvver, an' all us bawned in Jones county. An' her grammer de besses oomans in Jones county, an' she par raise up in de chu'ch. How come yer knowd dat yer auntie doan bleeve dey is any Gawd?"

"She tol' me her own se'f, she sho did. Er hyeerder wid dese two year. She sho did, an yer kin ax her fur yerse'f ef yer doan bleeve me."

"Fur de lan' sake! Wot yer tells her, honey, w'en she tol' yer dat deys ain no Gawd?"

"Er jiss say, er doan kyeer!"

Minerva was so horrified at the religious views of her

sister in Chicago, and with Mary Ann's remark, that she asked no more questions that day.

RECONCILIATION.

The lady who owned the auto of which Percival St. Clair is the chauffeur, was out visiting Monday afternoon. While she was paying a visit to a friend on the hill, the auto was waiting in front of the house with Percival sitting there under the shadow of the wheel, dressed in his linen duster and cap.

Who should come up with a big box but Emma, the dressmaker's delivery girl, and as she started in the gate she saw the auto and the chauffeur. It was the first time they had seen each other since the night he had gone to her house with the auto to take her to ride, and had been so badly fooled by Slowfoot Sal, who impersonated Emma until far out on the road. Percival couldn't understand why Emma did not come out of the yard instead of Slowfoot Sal, knowing nothing of the decoy note that had been written by Sal. On the other hand, Emma could not understand why Percival had not called, knowing nothing of Sal taking a ride with him.

"Dat you, Miss Emma? Er lakt ter nevy knowed yer, hit ben so long sence er seed yer."

"How come yer ain ben ter seed me sence dat time yer treat me so bad, Mister Sinclair?"

"Who treat yer bad? Yer de ones dat ben treatin' peoples bad. Er driv up ter yer house dat night jiss lakked sayed er wuz gwineter do, an' stidder you er com-

in' out an tekkin de ride hit wuz dat lowdown Slowfoot Sal, all dress up inner veil, anner thinkin' hit wuz you alls de time."

"Yer knowed all de time hit wuzzent me, yer kaint fool dis chick'n. Yer knows er gotter better shape dan dat ol' t'ing."

"Er nevvly look atter oomans shape, an' sides dat, how yer spec me ter look at yer shape w'en hit night time?"

"Spec yer feels mouty proud er tekkin Slowfoot Sal ter ride in yer orterbeel. She sicher fine lady."

"Look hyere, Miss Davis, is yer seed Sal sence dat time?"

"Naw, wot yer reckin er wants ter seed dat lowdown trash fur? Er hol's merse'f upper 'bove mixin' wid dat kiner wimmens."

"Er sho glad ter hyeer dat," and Percival was thinking of how Sal swore she was going to tell Emma about his hugging her.

"Er ain gwineter speak ter dat t'ing. But yer ain tol' me how yer fine out taint me yer got in dat orterbeel."

"Er knowed her talk. We wuz er flyin' down de Houston road an' she say, stop dat gwine so fass, yer gwine-ter spill me out'n dis t'ing ef yer keep up dis lick. Er knowed right den dat hit wuzzent you. Er nevvly sayed er wud, butter jiss turnt dis waggin right roun', an' er sho did letter fly ter town. Denner say, Miss Sal, whar yer reser-dence? Denner git down dar in de dokkis place er seed, anner sayed, ef yer doan git out'n dis orterbeel an' tek yerse'f off er izzer sho gwineter calls de po-leeces. Yer jiss oughter seed dat oomans strack er trot

fer Yamacraw! Er laugh so er kin hodly run de mer-sheen teller t'ought er how you dis'pinted. Hit wuz all dat ooman's doin's. Er sho wuz dar ter tek yer out ter ride. You'n me sho gotter haves er ride in dis orter-beel."

"Er mouty glad ter hyeer yer talk dat way, Percy, kase er sho t'ought yer wuz mad wid me, but denner knowed yer knowed hit wuzzent me. Er didn't tell 'bout de note, didder? Yer know dat night er gits er note, an' hit say come down ter de bue-ry lane kase we is wotched! Hit had yer name sign ter hit. Dat wot med me go way down dar ber de bue-ry, an' dat got me out'n de way so dat triflin' chaingang heffer kin dress up lak me an' go wid yer. Hit look lak dey is sump'n alls de timer git-tin' in our way, doan hit, Percy?"

"Hit sho do. Spec some er dem niggers lak Sal dun cunjure us. But how come hit wuz dat Slowfoot knowed dat we wuz gwineter ride?"

"Yer know dat li'l' nigger name Foday, dat yer tol' he couldn't ride dat time down dar ber de branch? He de one dat hyeer us, an' he went right straight ez he could run an' tol' her all 'bout hit, dat wot he dun."

"Deys ain nobody roun' now, so deys kin hyeer us, is dey? Well, yer meet me ber de railroad on Fote street ter-night w'en de clock strack niner clock, an' wese tek dat ride dis berry night, kase de w'ite folkses gwine ter stay ter home ter-night. We sho haves dat ride spiter Sal an' dem ol' niggers, we sho will."

"Ef de stars shine er sho be dar. Musser war er veil, Percy?"

"Yer kin brung de veil, but yer ain gotter put hit on

teller git er chaine ter seed who yer is fo yer git in dis waggin. Yer sho look sweet ter-day, Emma."

"Hush yer mout', somebody gwineter hyeer yer."

"Er tell yer right now er sho gwineter kiss yer ter-night."

"Ain yer shamer yerse'f, ter talk datter way. Better not let dat Slowfoot Sal hyeer yer say dat. Butter gwinteter be dar fur yer."

"Goo bye. Memmer wotter tol' 'bout dem kisses," and then she went in the house to deliver the box. Percival wondered if she knew about his kissing Slowfoot. It was the only trace of bitterness in his cup of joy.

SPIDERS.

"Mer li'l' gal reed me in de paper whar er dey izzer big spider wot kin eat upper man," said Bill to the crowd of draymen, while they were diving into their dinner buckets yesterday.

"Wotter whole mans?" asked Pete, who was always a doubter.

"Dat wot de paper sayed, an' dat wot mer li'l' gal reed," said Bill, and ever since the crowd found out that Bill's little gal was nineteen years old they never doubted what she said.

"Dat spider sho hongry! How big dat spider, Bill?" asked Jim.

"De paper didn't say, hit jiss sayes hit izzer man-eater," ventured Bill.

"Dat mekker diffunce. Dat spider mout be bigs diss

hoss fur wot yer alls know. Hit mout be bigser lepphant, errer mule, we dunno. Dem papers dunno how big dat spider iz, er de sho say so. Cose taint no tinchy-winchy spider lak dem we seed roun hyere." Pete was a little careful, as he did not want to reflect on Bill's gal.

"Dunno how big de spider, but mer li'l' gal sayes hit swing down fum er lim' on er mans an' hit gooby mer honey wid dat mans. Er sho glad deys doan haves dem kiner spiders in ol' Georgy," said Bill.

"Huh! Er seeder spider one time dat crawl out'n er buncher bernanners, an' hit bigs mer hat, er sho did," said Pete.

"Come down, Pete; come down! Yer knowed yer ain seed no spider bigs yer hat. Spec dat wuzzer bugger some kine. Dey tells me dat de bugs so big whar bernanners comes fum dat de lazy niggers down tar teach um ter pull de bunches er bernanners off de vine fer um."

"Bernanner doan grow on vines, mans! Wot yer talkin' 'bout? Deys grow on er low squatty bush, dat wot deys tell me."

"Mer li'l' gal reed me sump'n else," said Bill; "she reed me 'bout er li'l' red spider down hyere in Dooly county dat eat up de cotton."

"Fur de lan sake! Eat up de cotton! Ef dat doan beat mer time! Wot deys gwineter do nex time? Fuss hit de bowl weasel, den hit de red root, den hit de black drout, den hit de green grass, den hit kaint git niggers ter pick de cotton, den de russ, den hit too much rain, an' now hit de red spider! Wot gwineter comes uv cotton ef deys keep on? How big de red spider, Bill?"

"Mer li'l' gal say hit 'bout bigser pin pi'nt dat wot she reed in de paper."

"Tank de Lawd dat spider ainter gwineter eat me up! Er skeerder dem uvver spiders yer li'l' gal ben reedin' 'bout, dem wot eat upper whole mans fur dinner an' tek-ker baby fur lunch. Ef dem red spiders ain no biggern er pin pint dey kin fotch um on."

"Look lak ter me dat yer nevvvy hyeer tell uv all dese spiders, dem kine wot eat upper whole mans, an' dem red spiders dat eat up de cotton, tell probashun comes. Hit sho do look lak diss wul all gone crookit sence probashun come. Wot yer reckin comin' nex?"

"Dem big spiders wot eat upper whole mans, whar dey comes fum? Dooly county, too?"

"Naw, yer knows deys doan come fum no Dooly county! Yer kin ax de mostest fool quesshuns uv any mans er evvy did seed."

"Yer so smot, whar deys come fum?"

"Noo Yawk, dat whar deys come fum. Evvyt'ing dat big come fum Noo Yawk."

"Dese yer hats de wimmens izzer totin' on dey haid muss sho come fum Noo Yawk den."

"Dey sho do. Doan kyeer wot Noo Yawk dooz, dese peoples down in diss town gwineter dooz. Ef dey sont out er hat bigs er postidge stomp, dese wimmens tote hit on dey haid. Dese umpire gowns come fum Noo Yawk. Dese yer stripit socks an' dese yaller shoes, dey comes fum Noo Yawk."

"Reckin dese red spiders wot deys got down hyere in Dooly county fuss come fum Noo Yawk!"

"Naw, dat one ting deys ain got in Noo Yawk. Deys

sho ain got no cotton dar. Got evvyt'ing but cotton. An' yer knowed how dat come?"

"Tell us, Pete."

"Ef dem peoples wot live in Noo Yawk wuk one day in de cotton fiel' dar wouldn't be nuff peoples lef ter hist er um-bril ter keep de sun off de lass mans."

But a call for a dray broke up the conversation.

THE MARY JANE GOWN.

The mother of Emma Davis, the dressmaker's delivery girl, having paid her fine and delivered her from the chaingang, where her associates were none the best, Emma appeared in church Sunday with the latest freak of fashion, the Mary Jane. This Mary Jane is a new kind of shaped dress, and is supposed to supplant the empires, etc.

"Woffer dat gal war dot t'ing she got on?" asked Minerva of Melinda.

"Neent ax me. Deys ain no tellin wot de wimmens gwineter git up nex. But effer hadder gal an' she come ter de house er de Lawd widder t'ing lak dat on, er sho beater mouty nigh ter deff, datter would! Hitter shame, er regler ginnerwine shame, dat gals dese days dress up lak deys dooz. Deys doan put on ernuff ter soot me. Wot yer reckon gittin de matter wid our gals?" Melinda watched Emma as she passed by.

"Dat all her mar doins. Her mar doan 'low her ter mix up wid us common peoples. She say Emma gotter go in de bess s'iety. S'iety nuffin! Er seed de time w'en

her mar wuz down on her knees scrubbin de kitchin flo menyer time. An' hyere she is tellin dat gal she mussun speak ter us common peoples! S'iety, her foot!"

"Er doan kyeer ef she speak ter me er no, er is sho gwimeter ax her wot kiner frock dat she got on. Mer gal Mary in de baid sick, anner know she gwimeter ax me 'bout de noo style. Miss Emma! Oh, Miss Emma!"

Emma halts and turns around to see who it is calling her. There is nothing unkind in the voice, and she smiles and approaches Minerva.

"Miss Emma, datter mouty poorty frock yer is got on dis mawnin. Er is stud'n 'bout gittin Mary er noo frock, an' cose hit gotter be de latis style. Wot de namer de noo frock?"

"Deys call dis de Mary Jane. Hit med on de box patt'n, an' yer kin trim hit down ter de knee ef yer lak hit datter way. Alls de w'ite wimmenses gwine crazy 'bout de Mary Jane. De lady wotter wuks fur, she gimme dis frock so de wimmenses kin haves some med lak hit." Emma felt the warm glow that comes from being the observed of all observers.

"How many yodder cloff hit tek ter mekker frock lak dis Mary Jane, Miss Emma?"

"Hit tekker 'bout fo'teen. Yer know de umpire gown doan tek but six yods, but diss is fuller in de skut, sides hit fuller in de front."

Minerva had listened, with others who had gathered around, and at first she determined not to have anything to say to a girl whose mother had told her not to speak to common people, but curiosity got the best of her. So she said:

"Well er do declar! Is yer mistook'n, Miss Emma, 'bout dem six yodder cloff? Er sho would er bet money dat dese umpire gown wouldn't tek but fo yods. Yer knows deys mouty skrimpin roun de skut. Look lak ter me fo yods er Gawd's plenty fur dem frocks. Whar yer put dem six yods, Miss Emma?"

"W'y de skut tek upper heaper cloff, an' den comes de waistes an' de sleeves. Hit tekker heaper cloff fur any kiner frock dese days. How yer lak de Mary Jane, ladies?"

"Hit look mouty well on you, Miss Emma, but hitter kiner frock dat ainter gwineter look well on some wimmenses. Ef Fatty Fan git in one er dem Mary Janes, she mout ez well put on one er dese big kitchin ap'ons an' sticker cracker box unner hit. She sho would looker sight. Er slim slenner gal lak mer Mary—she ain much mo'n bagger bones, po' chile—hit jiss soot." This was Minerva's opinion.

"Er ain got nuffin ter say 'bout hit, Miss Emma," said Melinda, "er is gittin too ol' ter mess wid dese noo kiner frocks. Dem dat wants um kin gittum. Gimme de ol' time frock wot tekker heaper cloff an retch ter de groun, an' wot yer got plenty room ter sot down in. Er doan lak dese kiner frocks dat yer gotter sot down lak yer gwineter sot down on er baskit er aigs and yer spec dem aigs rot'n. Er seed some gals fred ter sot down in dese noo frocks kase dey lookin fur sump'n ter buss loose in cumpny. W'enner wants ter sot down er wants ter sot down, cep'n de cheer broke. Er izzer ol' fashin nigger, and sho proud uvvit."

But the ice had been broken, and both Melinda and

Minerva went home with a little better opinion of Emma, because in spite of her mother, who was stuck up, Emma had spoken to them, if they were common people.

PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Lige Baskins and his wife, Sue, have gone their separate ways. Nearly four years ago they married. He was a cripple, his legs in the shape of a letter S as he walked; she was blind and had to be led along. They were both lonesome, and both were growing old. They would be a comfort to each other. True he made but little by bot-toming chairs and basket making, but what he made was enough to live on. She, being blind and fat, cumbered the earth. Being blind, she could not stir around and keep his house in trim, but she was his helpmeet, his companion.

Yesterday they met at the courthouse. He crawled up the steps, using his hands as much as his feet, so badly is he crippled, while she was led falteringly up the steps by a little girl. They had parted after an outbreak on Saturday, and unknown to each other they had gone to the temple of justice, she to find if she could get a divorce from a man so hopelessly crippled, he to see if there was not some law to prevent her from leaving him in that helplessness.

So the people who passed in and out of the courthouse saw them seated on the witness bench in the hallway.

“Er sho wouldn’t er come hyere efferder knowed yer wuzzer comin ter de big cote. Wot yer doins hyere, no how?” said Sue, who had recognized his voice.

"Dat jiss wotter gwineter ax you," said Lige; "butter doan mine tellin yer wot mek me comes hyere. Er iz gwineter ax de jedge ef yer is 'lowed ber law ter leaves me. Dat wotter gwineter do. Er gwineter ax him ef tainter shame fur yer ter leaves me lak yer did Saddy night. Yer ain ben stud'n 'bout diss lakker lawful wife, er de mans wot love yeh lak er loves yer. Me er po' cripple mans lakker is."

"Yeh er is ben stud'n 'bout hit. Ben stud'n 'bout hit heap mo'n you is. Ben stud'n 'bout me bein bline, an' jisser kaser bline an' kaint see, yer spec me ter wuk lak er kin seed. Yer ain ben treaten me right, Lige. Yer got ti'ed er me, dat wot yer dun, Lige. How kinner he'p bein bline? De Lawd mek me bline. He fix hit so er kaint seed, an' jiss kaser kaint seed ter sew de butt'ns on yer britches an' ter mek yer shut now'n den, an' cook yer vittles, yer gits ti'eder me. Er knows wot yer wants good ez you do. Yer wants er oomans dat kin seed."

"Ain er ben good ter yer? Ain er beener feedin yer all dis time? Ain er buyed yer clo'es an' gi' yer sump'n t'eat? Er sho dooz, an' now hit go off an' leave me, an' me er po' cripple! Hitter shame, Sue."

"Yer gi' me dis one frock wotter got on. Yer gi' me two pa'r shoes. De feedin ain ben anything ter brag on. Still, er doan wants ter say nuffin ergin yer. Hitter heap better you go yer way an' lemme go de way er wants ter go. Er got peoples dat'll tek kyeer me."

"But dem peoples ain gwineter tek kyeer yer lakker benner doin. Dey is gwineter git ti'ed er yer, an' den whar is yer? Dey is foolin yer. Deys de one dat full up yer haid 'bout leavin me. Deys de berry ones. Hit

sho izzer shame ter ax yer ter leave me disser way. Woon't yer come back ter de ol' home, Sue?"

"Hit dun too late now, Lige. Yer mouter ben stud'n 'bout diss long timer go. Hit too late now, kaser dun mek up mer mine. Tain kase yer ol', taint kase yer cripple. Hit kase yer ain benner treatin me right, an' yer knows hit. Er is sho gwineter go wid mer peoples."

"Rickerlic dem times wot us used ter haves fo we gits marrit," said Lige. "Rickerlic wot yer sayed 'bout being so lonesome, an' hit look lak de whole wul dun turnt ergin yer. Rickerlic wot yer sayed 'bout yer so glad dat yer got one somebody dat yer kin always loves. Rickerlic all dat! An' now wot yer doin? Yer is leavin me kaser izer po' ol' cripple mans, one wot kaint gi' yer no orterbeel ter rid in, kaint gi' yer er noo frock evvy Saddy night, kaint gi' yer all de nibear yer kin drinkt, kaint feed yer on ham'n aigs an sossidge evvy mawnin fur brekfus, kaint buyed yer er noo pa'r shoes evvy time yer wants um, kaint do fur yer lakker wants ter, an' jiss kase er kaint dooz diss, yer pick up'n leaves me! Dat ain doin me right, Sue. Er didn't t'ink yer'd dooz me datter way, Sue. Woon't yer come back home?"

"How come yer didn't study 'bout me alls diss time?" asked Sue; "yer benner runnin roun hyere atter uvver wimmenses an' fotchin um candy'n groun'peas, an' yer ain nevvly fotch me any. Er izzer po' bline oomans, butter shot got feelin, annerainter put up wid dat no mo'. Yer goes de way yer gwine, anner goes de way er way er izzer gwine. Den day ain no chainece fur me'n you ter fuss'n quoil any. Yer sho is talkin mouty nice diss mawnin. Dem de fustest kine wuds wot yer spoke dat

yer sayed in two year. Yer too late, Lige. Er dun med upmer mine, an' mo'n dat, er dun med all mer range-ments ter go ter mer peoples whar er is gwineter gitter kine wud evvy day an' Sundry, too."

With this, Lige slowly arose from the bench, straightened out his crooked legs the best he could, and slowly made his way down the steps, going down sideways, and using his hands on the steps to keep from falling. In the meantime Sue was being led to the steps by the little girl. She went down slowly, feeling her way with her stick. When near the bottom of the steps, he said:

"Well, ef yer woon't come back home, hit goobye."

Sue's lips moved, but there was no audible sound.

"Er sayed goobye," he repeated.

"Er dun tol' yer goobye," and the tone in which she said it convinced Lige that it was all over.

She was led down the street in the direction of the postoffice, while he crossed over by the monument, shambling along, stopping now and then to look at Sue as she felt her way along the street with her stick, "she gwine de way she er gwine an' he er gwine his way," and though they were black, and both simply cumbering the earth, he a hopeless cripple and she hopelessly blind, with not a dollar on earth, they presented a scene and an incident in life that had much of the pathetic in it.

THE LOITERERS.

It was the opinion of a great many that the police never did a meaner trick than that of hunting up and arresting

a number of well-known characters of Tybee and Yamacraw on the scurrilous charge of loitering. The only excuse the police had to offer was that they wanted to rid the city of every negro who had no visible means of support.

Even the judge was shocked to see many of his old-time friends before him, and to know that he was there to deal out justice. But the law is cold and hard. Here is the court scene:

"Slowfoot Sal, is it possible that you are here before me again, after a long absence?"

"Yer aint hatin hit no wussun me, jedge! Er tol' dat yallerhammer poleeces dat er wuz no lawter. Er izzer lady, merse'f."

"Where are you working now. Sal?"

"Er izzer heppin mer mar wash'n i'on, dat wotter doin. Er draws evvy bit de water mer mar wash wid."

"Judge," said the officer, "there is no well on the lot, and she gets the water out of a faucet."

"S'poser do? How yer gwineter git de water ef yer doan draws hit fummer fosset? Tell me dat."

"How much does your mother pay you a week, Sal?"

"She gimme er livin, dat wot she dooz. Yer doin mouty well dese days ef yer kin mekker livin. Er ainter gittin no good ol' sossidge an hambug steak lakker used ter, butter gitter plenty such 'tis."

"Isn't this Whispering Annie?"

"Yer hittit de fuss time, jedge, diss me."

"You have been absent from the city, I believe."

"How come yer know dat, jedge? Spec yer read hit in de paper. Deys always got sump'n in de paper 'bout me,

an' whar er gwine, an' whar er cum fum. Er 'blong ter de swell s'iety, anner lady lak me gotter let de peoples knowed whar er ben."

"Who are you working for, and what do you do for a living?"

"Who er wukkin fur an wotter do fur er livin?"

"You heard what I said."

"Er is heppin mer mar wash'n i'on, dat wotter dooz, an' all dese poleeces know dat."

"Do my eyes deceive me? Isn't this Harelip Pete, the one Jack Jackson of Jacksonville always alludes to as Haslit Pete?"

"Diss me, jedge," said Pete, with a grin that called for hope that he would get off light.

"What are you doing, Pete? Tell me the truth, I like a man who is not afraid to tell the truth."

"Er sho gwineter tell yer de trufe, jedge, er is shootin craps in Pair-er-dice Alley. Er ainter gwineter tell yer no lie lak dese niggers whot say dey heppin dey mar wash'n i'on."

"You are manipulating the bones in Paradise Alley?"

"Er mekkin er livin, jedge."

"If this isn't Precious Jackson, then I'm mistaken! I am surprised to know that you are loitering on the streets, Precious. I thought you were going to get married and settle down."

"Jedge, hitted shame de way dem poleeces dun me. Dooz yer calls walkin on de street gwine ter yer wuk an' bovrin nobody, dooz yer calls dat lawtrin?"

"What kind of work were you going to?"

"Er tote de cl'oes ter de w'ite folkses atter mer mar

wash um, anner goes about mer bisniss anner doan stop ter talk ter nunner dese lowdown niggers, an deys kaint sayes er dooz an tell de trufe.”

“What did you say your name was?”

“Emma Davis.”

“What sort of work do you do, Emma? Aren’t you a dressmaker’s delivery girl? Aren’t you the one who carries these outrageous aggregations of heterogenous conglomerations, otherwise known as the monstrosities of fashion, to the fair devotees of the capricious dame?”

“Jedge, fo Gawd er didn’t do hit. All er dooz in dis wul is ter tote de frocks an’ de hats ter w’ite wimmens wot buyed um. Spec yer stud’n ’bout some uvver oomans.”

“I am going to dismiss this case against Emma. She seems to have a job. All the others will serve ninety days on the gang.”

Then the batch filed out of the court room to await transportation to the stockade. Out of the hearing of the court were such expressions as “dat man’s sho er dandy,” “aint he de limit,” “er sho git sump’n good ter eat fur de next free mont’s,” and “er dunno wot mer mar gwine-ter do now widout her honeybunch.”

THE SPOTTER.

When Bud was a strapping lad, working on the farm with his daddy, he knew no more about the doings of a city than old Tige, the hound lying in the yard, and which slept through life. But one day he left, the old man

having an idea that his boy ought to be educated, and he came to town in his jeans clothes, rawhide shoes and slouch wool hat. That was two years ago, and with the exception of an occasional letter to an aunt with whom he lived, he never heard from his people.

Isaac had long wanted to see the boy, but he was too poor to come to Macon, and the boy wrote that he was always hard up for cash, so all the old folks could do was to send up their prayers after the manner of the simple country folk, and hope that the day would come when the parents could meet the son. Isaac belonged to the good old negro class. The theft of a chicken or a hog, didn't count, and otherwise he was honest, and so far as he knew he was law-abiding. He and Nancy despised wickedness, and although they were negroes they had their ideas of right and wrong, and really lived lives much cleaner than a lot of white folks you and I know.

At last a letter reached them that Bud was coming home. Nothing on earth could have given them more happiness in their way. Nancy went at once to cooking, remembering just what Bud liked to eat, and the old man did the best he could with his rheumatic twinges to have the lot cleaned up to give the boy a rousing welcome and a pleasant stay. Then came Bud.

They saw Bud as he walked up the road, with a cane in one hand and suit case in the other. He was dressed in the swellest of clothes, a crushed green hat surmounting his head. Between the bottoms of his trousers legs and the tan shoes was displayed the fancy red socks. He was the returned son. The old people looked at him

in amazement. Two years had wrought the marvelous change in his appearance.

There was a big supper that night, and the world looked glorious to the old couple. Bud behaved himself the best he could, though it was plain that the humble surroundings were distasteful. It was the old home, but it didn't accord with his city ideas.

After supper the family gathered around the big open fire to talk over the old times, and especially to hear Bud tell of the city. It was evident that the old man was thinking of how his son could afford such swell clothes. It wasn't in keeping with his ideas. As for Nancy, she was overwhelmed with the fine clothing and the general appearance of her boy, and she never gave a thought to where or how he got them.

"Wot sorter wuk yer doin' in Macon, Bud? 'Pears ter me yer mus' be er mekkin er sighter money ter w'ar dem kiner clo'es."

"Er izzer wukkin fur de law now, par," said Bud proudly.

"Wukkin fur de law! Wot yer means ber wukkin fur de law, Bud?"

"Er is wot dey calls er spotter."

"Spotter! Spotter! Wot de namer de Lawd izzer spotter? Seem lak ter me datter noo kiner wuk."

"Er pote de peoples wot sell liquor. Yer see dey doan sell no mo' liquor in Macon now cep'n de bline tiger liquor, an' hitter 'gin de law ter sell dat."

"Wot de spotter gotter do wid dat?"

"Ef yer seed de way dem jedges sont dem peoples wot sell hit ter de gang, yer wouldn't ax me dat."

"Tell me how yer wuks, Bud."

"Hit disser way. Er santer inner sto' whar dey sell diss ni-beer, anner tekker glasser ni-beer, anner say, dis yer stuff mouty po'n weak lak, aint yer gotter drinker good ol' booze roun' hyere? Den de mans say how much-yer wants? Er say, pint. De mans say, yer gotter be mouty keerful wot yer do dese days, but lemme see yer dollar. Denner pass de dollar an' he pass me de pint. Denner tell de poleeces an' den dey brungs de mans ter de cote, an' de jedge he say, who buyed dat pint fum dis mans? De poleeces tell de jedge dat dis young mans buyed hit. Den de jedge ax me 'bout hit, anner tell de trufe, er sho buyed dat liquor fum dat mans. Den de jedge sont de mans ter de chaingang, an' de poleeces dey han' me ten dollars. Dat wot deys gi' me evvy mans er pote datter way."

The old man didn't receive this definition of a spotter with as much enthusiasm as Bud desired. He thought the old man would be rather proud of his son being so smart.

"An' dat wot yer call er spotter? Yer goes inner sto' an' yer mek de mans brek de law, an' yer sont him up ter de jedge an' de jedge sont him ter de chaingang, an' dey pays yer ten dollar. An' dat wot yer means ber wukkin fur de law, an' dat how yer got all dem fine clo'es, an' dat de way yer mekkin er livin! Yer senner mans ter de chaingang fur ten dollar. Lemme tell yer sump'n: Dar izzer train gwine ter Macon dat pass de crossin' down yanner 'bout twevver clock. 'Cordin' ter dat clock up dar on de chimley-piece, yer is gotten 'bout fifteen minnits ter cotch dat train. Git dat cyarpit sack an' dat

walkin' stick, an' yer tek dem foots in yer han' an' yer gits. 'Longs yer lives doan yer come hyeer ter dis house. De mans wot sont ernuvver mans ter de chaingang jiss ter git ten dollar, kaint sleep unner dis roof. Yer ol' par mouter tucker chick'n in he time, but he aint neevy senner mans ter de chaingang fur no ten dollar, doan keer ef he mer son two time. Tek dat cyarpit sack an' git, an' doan yer gimme no back-talk neever. Hit 'bout muchser kin do now ter keep fum blowin' yer brains out, yer triflin', no 'count, scoun'le, yer. Heap ruvver yer come back hyere inner box. Spotter! Wukkin fur de law! Senner mans ter de chaingang wot yer coax ter brek de law! Er is so glad ol' Marse John dun daid. Me'n yer po' ol' muvver doan wants Marse John ter know dat you de kiner chilluns ol' Isaac and Nancy brung up. Needn't bovver 'bout sayin' goodbye—hit sho goodbye w'en yer tell me wot sorter wuk yer doin'. Go, er tell yer, an' dat de lasser you wid me!"

Bud wanted to explain, but when he saw the old man take down a long-barreled gun from behind the door, he knew that he was done for. After Bud had gone, and Isaac and Nancy were in bed trying to woo the sleep that would never come, for they had experienced the disappointment of their lives, Nancy, who had remained quiet all during the talk, said:

"Wunner ef dat train dun gone."

At this moment they heard the whistle at the crossing.

"Mer po' boy," said Nancy.

"Better say yer doggone scoun'le," said Isaac.

CUPID ON MATRIMONY.

“Go 'long, boss, wot yer ax me dat fur? Yer knows er ainter gwineter git marrit ter no nigger! Er is sho buv marryin dese time niggers wot wans dey wifes ter spote um. Sides dat, wotter want ter git marrit fur, no how? Er git me sump'n t'eat anner gotter place ter sleep, anner ain got nobody ter worry me. Go 'long, boss! Effer turnt fool'n marry, er git yer ter put hit in de paper dat ol' Cupid sho turnt fool.”

This was Cupid when asked yesterday if it was true she had gotten married. You don't know Cupid! Go down to the union depot on Tuesdays and see her on her knees scrubbing the floor. She is the champion scrubber, and when she gets through with that floor it is as clean as can be cleaned.

“Dunno wot meks peoples git marrit fur, no how. Some er dese gals look lak dey jiss go plum crazy ef deys doan git marrit. Time deys git ter wairin long frocks they study 'bout some mans ter come long and marry um. Look lak deys is skyeerd dey ainter gwineter git marrit, an' deys tek de fuss mans dat come long. Deys ain lookin at de kiner mans, jiss so he er mans. Er hyeer some uvvum say dey kin tekker mans wot drink licker an' mek him quit dat. Deys say dey kin fawm him, mekker good mans out'n him. Yer doan cotch Cupid fawming no mans. Effer mans so bad dat yer haster marry him ter fawm him, den he ain wuff fawmin. Er dun seed too much er dis hyere tekkin a mans dat drinks an' play craps an' cut up all sorter way,

an' fawmin him an' he got right back ter whar he stot fum. Yer doan cotch Cupid doin dat. Naw sur!"

"But the Bible favors marrying, Cupid."

"De Bible say yer gotter be good, too! Hit say 'bey mer 'man'ments! Hit say de debbul git yer ef yer doan mine out, but wot good all dat do? Hit doan say yer haster git marrit ter er lowdown triflin nigger dat drink dis bline tiger licker! Hit mean dat yer muss marry er good mans, dat wot hit means, but tell me whar yer gwineter fine de good mans? Whar he? Whar de good mans? Er ain nevvy seed him."

"There may not be one in Tybee, but how about those fellows in Yamacraw?"

"Yamacraw! Mer goodniss, boss, wot yer talkin 'bout? Dem Tybee niggers is anjils 'longsider dem Yamacraw niggers; sides dat, dems ain niggers in Yamacraw, deys monkeys an' debbuls, dat wot dey is. Cose dey is some niggers in Yamacraw, but dey ain no nigger dar dat dis chile git marrit ter."

"But you must have had sweethearts when you were younger, the same as other girls?"

"Who? Me? Wotter wants widder sweetheart? Wotter wants widder sweetheart runnin after me fur? Er tek upper stick anner knock um in de haid ef dey come runnin atter me! Er sho will! Evvy day dese manses git wusser an' wusser. Doan er seed um? Doan er seed um we'en de poleeces tek um up in de mizry waggin wot deys call hit, an' fotch um up yanner ter dat Judge Ekkerhot's cote, whar he sont um ter de gang, right whar deys ought ter be? Cose er dooz! Talk erbout er good mans! Er hyeer some er dese nigger wim-

mens sayes dey gotter good husbun, an' dat he 'vide um wid fine frocks an' sich, but dat alls dey dooz if dey dooz dat. Dem wimmens dunno wot dem good husbuns dooz w'en dey outer dey sight, dat deys doan!"

"Then you do not believe in marriage, and you think it a failure?"

"Er aint got nuffin ter do wid wot uvver wimmens dooz. Dey kin git marrit alls dey wants, but longs er kin mek braid'n meat anner watermilyun now'n den, er sho ain stud'n 'bout no mans. Er ain nevvy seed nuffin but trouble wid dem folkses wot git married yit. Some uvvum mek out deys so happy, but hit w'en dey in cumpny. Yer git er marrit oomans off ber herse'f an' look thoo her dress, an' her heart all black whar hit ben bung up wid de doins er dat husbun she got, but she ainter gwineter let folks knowed hit."

"Why?"

"Kase she knowed she mek de baid an' she gotter lay on hit. She rund atter dat mans wot buss her heart dat way, an' she shame ter let people knowed hit. Dat de oomans in her. Er mans ain built datter way. Jiss timer oomans toch er mans heart sorter rough lak, he pick up he trunk an' gone. Er oomans know she gotter stay right dar an' stan hit. Naw surree, dis chile aint nevvy gwineter git marrit, naw sur!"

THE FIGHT.

Party of boys in Jaybird Alley, some shooting craps, some looking on wishing for a nickel that they might

enter the game, while one is watching out for a policeman.

Central figures are Skinny and Huckleberry, boys in size, men in knowledge of the under world.

"Gimme er siggeret, Huck," says Skinny, without looking at Huckleberry.

"Dun gi' yer one anner ainter gwineter gi' yer nuvver," says Huck, as he rolls the dice.

"Nawyer aint neever. Gimme one quick."

"Mer goodniss, mans, how come yer doan buyed yer some siggerets, stidder beg'n me fur um alls de time."

"Ain beg'n yer all de time. Ef yer doan gimme one er gwineter tell on yer."

"Go on an tell hit, tell wot yer please, dat wotyer dooz. Er reckon er know sump'n on you dat'll sont yer ter de gang wid me. Jiss go on an' tell hit. Er tell whar ye git dat rizzer wot yer sell Hinky Boy."

"Yer tell dat anner buss yer wide op'n widder brick," and Skinny stopped the crap game. He was getting mad.

"Nawyer aint gwineter buss mer face op'n neever. Better lemme 'lone, er tell yer," and Huck began to look around for a brick.

"Yer needn't be lookin' roun fur nuffin, yer doggone ol' chaingang waterboy, yer." Skinny had arisen now.

"Er gwineter hit yer fur dat effer lives, yer ol' coker-nut haid ijjit," and Huck hunted everywhere for a brick, while the other boys hoped they would tie up.

"Go git yer er brick. Er aint skyeerder yer. Er kin w'ipper cowpen fuller yer, anner gwineter sont yer ter de chaingang so yer kin tote some mo' water ter de mens. Er doan need no brick ter beat yer face wid."

Huck saw that it was a fight now, or the other boys would never let him hear the last of it. He makes a rush for Skinny, who braces himself for the onslaught. They clinch. The other boys take furtive glances up and down the alley. For about a minute Huck and Skinny grit their teeth and try to tear each other to pieces, and then simultaneously get loose and each dart about like chickens with their heads just wrung off, looking for bricks or rocks or sticks. Skinny finds half a rock almost as big as his head. They move slowly, cautiously toward each other with set faces and eyes straight ahead. From across lots there comes a female voice, saying:

"Huckleberry Massengale! Huckleberry! Oh, Huckleberry!"

"Yer mar callin yer, Huck," said one of the boys.

From across lots in another direction came in a female voice:

"Skinny! Oh, Skinny! S-k-i-n-n-y!"

"Skinny, yer mar want yer," said another boy.

"Yer wait hyere teller go see wot mer mar want anner come back an' fix yer, yer ol' skinny laig houn' yer," said Huck, as he backed away, with his rock in hand, as if fearing he might be struck in the back.

"Er meet yer down dar at de branch atter supper anner fix yer, yer ol' chaingang waterboy," said Skinny, as he backed away with his brick to see what his mar wanted.

Then an officer sauntered along through the alley and asked the boys what they were doing, and who it was having a fight down there.

"Er ain seed nobody foutin roun hyere, izyer boys?" said one.

"Naw, dey ain ben nobody foutin roun here. Who wuzzit, mister?" And a more innocent looking lot of boys never was seen.

A CHEWING GUM EPISODE.

A certain charming lady, living on the hill portion of the city, has one fault, that of chewing gum, if chewing gum is a fault, and she has, or rather it is now best to say had, a habit of laying her wad of gum around about the house in places.

She was lolling about in the sitting room the other day, rechewing the gum that she had placed the day before on the mantel. In the room with her, engaged in dusting off the furniture and getting things to rights, was Mandy, the maid of all work.

The lady noticed that Mandy went to the mantel several times, and came away wearing a worried look. This occurred so often that the lady finally asked what she was looking for.

"Er wuz lookin fer er piece er gum datter tol' dat nigger Jim ter lay up hyere on de mantelpiece, but dat nigger nevvv dun hit."

The lady felt the crimson glow in her face. Right then she was chewing Mandy's gum, but it would never do to let Mandy know it, and she watched her chance to slip it out of her mouth. In the meantime Mandy was getting madder and madder with Jim. You could tell that by the vigorous manner in which she was striking the furniture with the duster.

"Er ack de fool w'enner let dat nigger Jim chaw dat gum, but he jiss vowed he gwinteter put hit right dar on dis mantel, w'en he git thoo wid hit. Hit wuz gittin sorter crumly w'enner lowed him ter chaw hit, anner speck he dun chawed hit ter pieces. Er nachly spise er low down nigger no how."

The lady took advantage of Mandy's back as she wheeled on a piece of furniture, to slip the wad out of her mouth. Once in her hand she could keep it hidden until she could get out of the room, but she was awfully uncomfortable, knowing that she had been chewing the wad on which both Mandy and Jim had been gnashing their teeth.

"Yer kaint truss some er dese niggers, Miss Mary. Dey go back on yer evvy chaince deys git. An' den deys ain one uvvum dat doan drinkt dis bline tiger licker an chaw de meanis kiner 'backer. Hitter shame how filfy some er dese niggers is. An de ijee er he chompin he ol' snags on mer chawin gum an' tellin me dat he gwinteter lay hit right up hyere on dis mantel so er kin git hit soon dis mawnin, an den he go off an nevvu dun hit! Er wisher had mer claws on him. Er sho dooz."

The lady felt herself getting sick. The wad in her hand seemed to grow in size and get stickier and stickier by the grip with which she held it. She felt so bad she didn't have energy enough to get out of her chair, nor mind enough to send Mandy from the room, so she could get rid of her burden. All she could do was to sit there and listen to Mandy.

"Dese yer menses ain lak de menses in mer time. Alls dese niggers dooz dese days is ter run dese kairsene ile

buggies er runner pressin club, er sump'n lak dat. Deys runs erbout so much er dunno w'y deys doan cotch de small pox, anner tol' Jim ef he doan mine out he gwine-ter cotch hit kase er seeder pumple on he face yistiddy. Spec hitter good t'ing he didn't fotch dat gum back, kase ef he cotch de small pox he kin haves de ol' gum."

The lady was now on the verge of fainting. She gasped.

"Lawsy mussy, Miss Mary, wot ail yer? Lemme git yer some water," and out of the room Mandy hurried.

The lady took advantage of the absence and into the fireplace went the gum. But she astonished Mandy all the more when she gulped the water and exclaimed, "Thank Heaven!"

THE LINEN SHOWER.

Emma, the dressmaker's delivery girl, announced her engagement to Percival St. Clair, the chauffeur, and gave it out that there would be a linen shower at the home of her mother in Gourdvine Alley, in Tybee, Tuesday night. It was well norated around Tybee, and it came to the ears of Slowfoot Sal and the other girls to whom Emma did not speak, for the reason that she thought herself above people who had served one or more terms on the chaingang. Consequently they formed a conspiracy to attend the shower, even though uninvited, and have some fun. They communicated their plans to Jack Jackson of Jacksonville, Harelip Pete—Jack was always calling him Haslit Pete—Singing Sam, and others, and they were ripe.

The shower party was in full blast by ten o'clock, and every visitor had carried some article made of linen, when there were sounds of music in the yard. The hum of conversation was stopped, and to the accompaniment of a guitar there came this song:

“Some folks lak de bright yaller gal,
She de ones dat gotter figger,
But de gal wot soots me bess uv all,
Izzer low down common nigger,
Er knows er gal anner name is Em,
Anner young mans gone an lef' her,
An de onlies' song dat we kin sing,
Is Em's er chaingang heffer.”

The deadliest insult that can be offered by one woman to another is to apply the term of chaingang heifer. Consequently every woman in the house was wrought up to the highest pitch. No sooner did Singing Sam conclude the song than in rushed the crowd. It was Sal who got in first.

“Er brung yer some linen, Miss Davis, an hitter shut fur Mister Saint Clair,” and Sal unrolled a dirty ragged shirt.

“Me, too, Pete, er brung Mister Saint Clair dis nose-rag,” and Whispering Annie untied a knot in about the dirtiest rag she could find.

“Er nevvv furgits yer, anner brung yer dis table cloff fur you'n Mister Saint Clair,” and Precious Jackson displayed a section of an old sheet that had been split into ribbons.

“You kaint looz me,” said Harelip Pete, as he unrolled

a towel that looked as though it had been unwashed for years.

"Er izzer li'l' late, but er is sho hyere," said Jack Jackson of Jacksonville, as he smoothed the wrinkles out of a pillow case that had been used to wipe off a locomotive.

The crowd looked on in disgust. Emma was about to faint, and her mother, who knew the gang, dared not open her mouth.

"Look lak yer alls is mouty onsociabul ter-night," said Sal, who was itching for a row, "whar de linen dese guys brung yer?"

"Wese got ter seed wot deys brung, kase wese dun showed you-alls wot we brung yer," said Jack Jackson of Jacksonville.

"Hitter shame datter passel er low down niggers comes in ter er lady's house an cut up disser way," said Percival in fine scorn.

"Is you de mans wot scoot de kairsene ile waggin roun dis town?" asked Harelip Pete, feeling for his razor.

"Er izzer shofer fur er otermobul, anner ainter skyeerder yer neever. Doan yer drawed no razzar on me, yer black acer spades," said Percival.

"Oh, Mister Pete, ef yer got no spec fur mer fucher husbun, er ax yer ter haves some fur er lady," said Emma, as sweetly as the circumstances would warrant.

"Show de lady! Wot yer all doin widder lady in de house an yer ain fotcher out sose we kin spec her? Fotch out de lady," and Jackson was aggravating.

"Er is de lady, jiss look at me good," said Sal, as she courtesyed low.

“Hit sho scan'lous ter comes ter er lady's house an ack lak yer alls izzer ackin. Ef yer alls doan git out'n hyere er is she gwineter calls de poleeces,” and Percival made a movement as if to get to the door.

But that was good enough excuse for Pete to carry out the program that had been arranged. He made a break for Percival, Slowfoot Sal went around the room kicking the shins of all those who couldn't get up from their chairs quick enough, while Jackson flourished a razor. Emma crawled under the bed, and her mother shut herself up in the kitchen, and the guests crowded out of the room. Then Sal and Annie gathered up all the linen presents and left, with Percival undergoing agony with Harelip Pete. Percival had been knocked down with a stick of wood, and Pete had straddled him, grabbing up handfuls of sand and dirt and rubbing it over his white shirt front and into his mouth and eyes.

In five minutes there was nobody present but Percival, Emma and her mother. They took an inventory and found that all the linen presents were gone except those brought by Sal and her party. Percival looked at his shirt front and broke off the engagement. Then Emma swore she would never love again, or would she ever give another party as long as they lived in Tybee.

ALLEY TALK.

Maria had cooked the breakfast, and was leaning out of the kitchen window resting, and incidentally gathering

the news from the passersby. Martha, another cook, but for a family of earlier risers, came along.

"Dat you, Sister Marfy? Howyer do dis mawnin?"

"Sorter po'ly, t'ank Gawd, somehow er uvver er couldn't git mer ress lass night. How you do?"

"Jiss middlin', Sister Marfy. Seem lak ter me er kaint git ridder dis col'. How de chillun?"

"Hush, doan say nuffin 'bout dem chillun. Dunno how er gwineter git grub enough to fill up dem chillun. Look lak dey jiss eat'n eat till dey bustes. Hyeer 'bout Sukey Johnson?"

"Wot Sukey Johnson? Dat de one dat live in Harris alley? De one datter ol' mans go off'n leffer?"

"She de one. Daid."

"Daid! Sukey Johnson daid? Hush, yer doan tell me. She b'long ter our s'iety, doan she? Ef dese niggers keep onner goin' daid hit'll take all de money out'n de treasure. W'en day gwineter bury 'er?"

"Ef de wevver keep on col' lak hit am dey izzer gwine-ter keep 'er tell Sunday atter dinner, so de s'iety kin tu'n out, but hit look ter me lak hit tu'nin off wawmer."

"Sister Marfy, did yer hyeer 'bout Calline Vinson?"

"Yer doan tell me dat Calline Vinson daid?"

"De poleeces got her."

"Wot she benner doin'? Er t'inker heaper Calline, she mer cousin."

"Poleeces tucker up fur vacancy, dat wot dey tell me, anner knows merse'f dat she wuks fur 'er livin'."

"Ain't no tellin' wot dese yer poleeces do. Seem lak ter me dey jiss sotter roun' an' study up wot dey kin tek up de po' nigger fur. Ef 'tain't vacancy, hit fightin',

an ef 'tain't dat, hit stealin', an' ef 'tain't dat, hit dis-sawdly. Dem poleeces sho got hit in fur us po' niggers. Hyere kim one uvvum now—wunner wot he smellin'."

The officer came up.

"Either one of you women know Caroline Vinson?"

"Ain't no oomans ber dat name roun' hyere," said Maria.

"Is she black 'er yaller?" asked Martha.

"Well, she is sorter gingercake color, and she has a gold tooth," said the officer.

"Dar wuzzer Calline Vinson wot kim hyere fum Fort Valley, 'bout mer color, an' I is wot yer call yaller. Wot de matter widder, mister?"

"She's charged with vagrancy, and we want to find somebody who knows she has been at work."

"Er knows dat ooman; she de one dat gotter shawt laig—don't she limper li'l', mister?" said Martha.

"Believe she does. Do you know whether she ever works any?"

"Dat de hoddis wukk'n oomans in Dog Alley. She cook fur Mister Brown, an' w'en she go home after supper she tek in washin'. Coser know Calline Vinson. Er stud'n 'bout ernuvver oomans. Er seed Calline yis-tiddy anner say ter merse'f, how de namer Gawd kin dat ooman wuk lak she do an' doan git down wid de rooma-tiz? Dat ooman sho wuks."

Both women were served with subpoenas to appear as witnesses yesterday morning, and they testified according to their convictions and Caroline was discharged. Out on the sidewalk after court, Maria said to Martha:

"Er nevvv seed dat Calline Vinson in mer life to dis

mawnin. She ain't de Calline Vinson dat I knowed. She yer cousin?"

"Cousin nuffin. Dat oomans in dar she musser took mer cousin's name, er she some uvver Calline Vinson. She er noo un on me. Never seed dat ooman fo dis. Er jiss know dat de good Lawd gwineter pass over dat lie er tol' ter git dot oomans out'n trouble."

"He sho will, Iser gwineter ax Him ter lemme off too, w'enner go ter baid ter-night, effer doan furgits hit. So long, Sister Marfy."

"So long, Sister Maria. Come and see me w'en yer kin."

WHY THE BOARD WAS RAISED.

Old Millie keeps a boarding house. Formerly she had a restaurant, but so many of her customers began the weekly payment plan, and at the end of the week left her to eat elsewhere, that she decided to give it up and keep a few boarders, requiring payment in advance. But she was a good-natured old soul, and the brickyard hands as well as those who worked at the crate factory and the phosphate works often imposed on her.

Recently she had more complaint to make. The price of foodstuffs went up, and she found that when she figured out what she was doing she was losing on her boarders. The only way she could do was to raise the price of board, and this is what followed that decision:

"Er is bleege ter tells yer all dat atter Saddy night er sho gotter raise yer bode. Flour dun riz, meat dun riz,

meal dun riz, an' evvything dun riz, anner mekkin nuffin keepin boders. Dat de trufe ef evvy er tol' hit."

"How much yer gwineter go up on de pricer bode, Miz Passmo'?" asked Sim Jackson.

"Dat wotter benner stud'n 'bout. Er hates ter ax yer mo'n de two dollars wot yer benner payin', butter clar ter goodniss hit onpossible ter bode yer fur dat money. Er spec yer haster pays me er he'f dollar mo', er sho do."

"Is yer got de gall ter ax two dollars anner ha'f fur de bode yer gi' us, Miz Passmo'?" said Mitchell Jones, who worked in a brickyard.

"Wot yer mean ber dat, Mister Jones? Ain de bode er benner gi'n yer wuff dat two dollars wot yer benner payin'?"

"Hit de slackist bode datter evvy git afo, doan kyeer whar hit is. Down yanner on Fote street er kin git bode at Miz Breedlove's fur er dollar'n ha'ffer week, dat wot dey say, an' dey tell me dat yer gits ice cream on er Sunday. Effer wuzter seed ice cream in dis house on er Sunday er sho would falls daid."

"Datter pime blank lie, Mister Jones. Er knows Miz Breedlove, anner knows dat she doan gi' no ice cream on er Sunday er any uvver time, an' yer dunno wot yer talkin 'bout."

"An' dey say she give woffles fur brekfus, wid syrup."

"Datter nuvver lie. Wot else she do?"

"Dey tells me dat she gi' her boders ham'n aigs fo' timer week, anner botler ni-bear evvy day fur dinner cep'n Sunday, w'en she gi' um two botler bears, sides de ice cream."

"Mister Jones, er loves er liar but yer gwine too fur.

Yer kin pack yer rags an' git out'n dis house jisses quicks yer kin. Er ainter gwineter 'low no sich er mans ter eat mer grub, yer hyeers dat."

"Er wuz jisser crackin' er joke wid yer, Miz Passmo', kaint yer tekker li'l' joke lak dat? Dar ain nobody kin feed er boder lak yer feeds um."

"Fum dis time on yer pays me fo' dollars er week, er yer kaint stay unner mer roof. Hyere er izzer doin de besser kin fur de two dollars er week, an' now yer come tellin me wot dem boders at Miz Breedlove's git. Ham'n aigs fo' timer week, botler bear evvy day fur dinner!"

"Mek him tell yer wot sorter baid dey has down ter Miz Breedlove's," said Tom Brown, the star boarder, in love with Millie's daughter.

"Ne'er mine 'bout de baid," said Millie, "er doan wants ter hyeer no mo' fum Mister Jones. Er knows wot kiner baid dat Breedlove oomans gi' her boders ter sleep on. Dey tells me dat dey hod lak de flo' an dey doan mekkum up mo'n two timer week, an one sheet alls dey got on um, an dat haster do um er mont'. Dat wot dey tells me. De house fuller flies an fleas an skeeters. She nevvv bu'nner rag ter keep de sketters out lak wese do at dis house. But dat ain got nuffin ter do wid wotter tol' yer 'bout de riz in de bode. Evvyt'ing riz so in de price dat hit sho look lak de po' peoples gwineter pairsh ter deff. Fo' pouner meat fur er dollar, an w'en one er yer brickyod hans sot down ter supper yer kin eat two poun fo yer kin batter eye. Er wukkin mans sho gotter haves meat. Mullet good nuff fer oomans, an hit do now'n den fur er mans, but er mans gotter haves meat. Er oomans kin mek out wid er messer greens anner bowl

er pot licker wid co'n braid all crummle up in hit, butter mans jis gotter haves meat. Hit meat alls de time. Dunno wot dis wul comin ter no how. Look lak de po' peoples git po' an po'er alls de time, an de rich get richer. Look at de orterbeels dey is drivin on de streets. Look at de fine houses dey izzer puttin up. Look at de noo frocks de wimmens izzer puttin on, an Mary wuz readin in de paper tuvver night whar some rich oomans nevvay wair er dress but one time. Evvy time she tek off dress dar er noo one ter put on. Ain datter shame! Er dun tol' yer alls er iz gwineter go upper ha'f dollar on de bode. Er sho is ti'ed er bein po'."

And the price of board went up to two dollars and a half per week.

OLD MISS AND AUNT LOU.

It was in the way-back yonder times, and Aunt Lou was of the times. She had grown up with the children, and as they passed one by one from her arms and care, the stronger the ties that bound the Old Miss and the slave.

Aunt Lou had the run of the house, and there was no one, not even Old Miss herself, who dared dispute her right to any part of the house, or to boss the younger servants. With these she was absolute. They were as afraid of her as death, not only because her rebukes were sharp, but because she had the confidence of the lady of the house, and was such a privileged character.

Miss Liza knew as well as she knew she was living

that Aunt Lou took her keys from the hiding places and helped herself to what she wanted, whether from the stock of wines in the cellar, or of good things in the pantry. But knowing this, even though she was the mistress of the house, she dared not openly accuse Aunt Lou. She might hint, and she might find a new place to hide the pantry keys, but she would as soon think of flying as to accuse Aunt Lou of taking things.

In those days the mistress of the house carried the keys to the pantry. Her social duties were never too exacting to prevent her from giving out what was wanted for the meals. This was the custom, and the custom was law. And the keys in those days were big fellows. The Yale lock, with its small, flat key, was unknown, and the keys were large. A bunch of them made up too much of a bundle to be carried around in an apron pocket, and therefore, they were kept in certain places about the house. Of course it was known to Old Miss that Aunt Lou would find the keys, and use them to her advantage, but Old Miss said nothing. She found another place to hide them, and that was all there was to it.

One day the keys were missing. Old Miss had probably forgotten where she had laid them, so she called the old servant.

"Aunt Lou, I have lost the keys, and I wish you would find them for me," said Old Miss.

Half an hour later Aunt Lou tells of the result of her search.

"Whar ter goodniss, Miss Liza, yer put dem keys? Er is looked unner de mat'ress, looked unner de pillow, looked unner de rug, anner is looked unner the clock,

anner is looked in de bero draw, anner is looked fuss one place an' den ernuver, anner aint fine dem keys. Yer sho got ernuvver place ter put dem keys whar er kaint fine um."

Of course Old Miss was silent. To have admitted that she had been hiding the bunch of keys from Aunt Lou would have hurt the old creature's feelings, and that she wouldn't have done for all the world. And yet Aunt Lou knew Old Miss was hiding them all the while, and Old Miss knew Aunt Lou was helping herself to the good things of the wine cellar and the pantry all the while.

But for one or the other to have made the open accusation would have been like throwing a pebble in a smooth still pond of water. There would have been a sudden splash, and the ripples would have widened their circles for a long time.

Such was the relationship between mistress and old servant in the old days, "fo' de war."

THE LITTLE BOY.

The old grass cutter had worked all the morning in his slow way, tugging at the grass in the front yard, and now that the folks in the house had eaten dinner, a heaping plate was sent out to him. He laid aside his dull reap hook and sat down on the steps of the kitchen in the backyard to eat. The little boy of the house, unused to old negroes, but not in the least afraid of them, sat down near him and watched every movement. The dinner pleased the old man, and in this happy frame of mind he began a conversation.

"Wot mout be yer name, mer li'l mans?"

"John Charles Morris."

"You muss be six years ol' er spec."

"Oh, I've been six years old a long time. I'm going on ten."

"Yer is? Er mouter knowed dat. Er wuzzent lookin at yer good. Wot yer par name?"

The little boy told him.

"Er used ter knowed er li'l boy name John. He er heap littler boy ez you fur he age. But datter mouty long timer go."

"Tell me something about that little boy, please."

"Hit wuz way back yanner, spec hit fo yer par ben bawnded. We niggers live on de plantation den, an' we wuzzent free lak we is now. Mer ol' marster hadder gre't big ol' plantation anner whole lotter us niggers, an ol' marster sho did love he niggers. Longs we on dat plantation us niggers nevvly bovver 'bout whar sump'n t'eat come fum. Time de dinner hawn soun us jiss knowed dar wuz plenty dar fur us, an' some ter spar."

"But what about the little boy?"

"Dat so, er plum furgit 'bout dat li'l boy. Dunno wot mek me furgit bout dat boy. Dunno wot mek me furgit bout dat boy. Well, de li'l boy he name John, jiss lak you is. He de ol' marster's gran'chile, an' he comed ter de plantation to see he gran'par. He didn't know nuffin 'bout de country, kase he raise up in de town. One day ol' marster he come ter de lot whar er wuzzer curryin de hoss, an he say, Jake! Er say, yassur. He say, put de saddle on de pony an' den git on de roan mar an' tek de boy down ter de fiel' whar dey pickin cotton

so he kin seed um! Wid dat er put de saddle on de pony anner git on de mar' anner lope ter de fiel' an' de li'l' boy jisso happy he holler. De pony ain used ter dat kiner hollerin, an' re rar up on he hine laigs. Er call out to de li'l' boy anner say stop dat, honey, dat pony doan lak dat way er doin yer doin! De li'l' boy he so happy he laugh an' holler ergin. Up riz de pony lak he so mad, and de li'l' boy fall ter de groun an' dat pony got de debbul in him an' stomp dat li'l' boy in de face fo er could jump off de mar'! Er haves ter shot mer eyes evvy timer think 'bout dat sight wotter seed. Dar was de print er de pony's foot on dat sweet li'l' boy's face, an' ol' master sont me ter tek kyeer er dat boy! Er wuz skeerd anner wuz mad anner wuz sorry. Er run ter de li'l' boy anner pick him up anner laid him in dese berry arms. Er seed he face wuz fuller blood an' he jiss wuz breevin. Er laid him down on de groun anner tuck mer coat off anner med er piller out'n hit, anner look erroun fur dat pony. Dar he wuz grazin on de grass jiss lak he dun nuffin. Er dunno wotter do. Er knowed ol' marster gwineter kill me, er jiss knowed dat, fur dat sweet li'l' boy wuz sho de apple er he eye. Er tekker look at de li'l' boy laying dar on de groun jisses still! No laugh now. He jiss breevin slow lak, anner dunno wotter do. *Er rund ter de spring anner fotcher gode er water. Er hol' him up anner ax him ter drink. He open he poorty blue eye, jiss lak dem eyes yer got, anner say, drink some water, honey. All de timer lookin roun ter seed ef ol' marster comin wid he gun ter kill me, kase er knowed ol' marster. Er knowed wot he do ter anybody wot hut dat chile er 'low him ter git hut. De li'l'

boy drink some water anner wash de blood fum he face, an' dar wuz de print er dat pony shoe on he face jisses plain! De water mekkim better. 'Bout dat time er look roun an dar wuz ol' marster comin inner canter on dat big hoss he used ter ride. Denner say ter merse'f, Jake yer better be er prayin. Ol' marster seed us. He jump down off'n he hoss an he rund up. Dar er wuz lookin fur ol' marster ter kill me. He ben' over de boy an' he ax wot de matter. Er fred ter tell him, but de li'l' boy he say, granpar, efferder dun wot Jake tell me ter do dis sho wouldn't er happen. He say, hit war all mer fault, granpar, Jake tol' me ter stop foolin' wid de pony an he th'owed me. Wot ol' marster do? He tek up de li'l' boy in he arms, and he say, jisses gentle lak, fotch de hosses ter de house, Jake, er jiss furgit ter tell de boy ter mine yer, an' he gotter do wot yer say atter dis. Ol' Jake wuz sho happy w'en ol' marster say dat. An evvy timer seed er li'l' boy lak you is, er seed dot li'l' boy wid de print er de pony shoe in he face an hit mine mer er dat time."

"Did the little boy get well?" asked Johnnie.

"Cose he git well, honey, but dat pony shoe show in he face tell de day he daid. Some time nuvver er tell yer mo' 'bout dat li'l' boy," and the old man returned to his work.

ALL MOTHERS ARE ALIKE.

Booker Washington Giles is the name he is burdened with, and his mother thinks that because of the name he is the smartest boy in his school. She can't read herself,

and when Booker reels off things they sound cute to her. Where Booker gets these things, there is no telling. But with all Booker's smartness, his mother has trouble with him. He goes down town and he stays a long time. Then she jumps on him. She may send him after a dime's worth of sugar and he returns with a dime's worth of soap, and she jumps on him again. Then she may suppose he is out in the yard playing, but he may be miles away.

And Booker is no fool. Knowing his mother's pride in him, he is always ready with some smart saying to soothe her wrath, and he gets off light.

Yesterday morning he was sitting on the fence watching a chance to flip a buckshot at some pigeons, but the pigeons were shy, and he gave vent to the following:

“Mar on de back po'ch shellin peas,
Par in de pyarlor nussin he knees,
Dog in de backyod cotchin fleas,
Dat gimme chainece ter dooz er please.”

Then his mother wanted him. She went in the yard to look for him and Booker spied her. He knew that she was after him to do something and he wanted to stay around and flip a pigeon. Then she called him.

“Booker Wash'ton. Oh, Booker Wash'ton!”

But Booker, who heard her, made no answer. He slid down from the fence and got behind it.

“Booker Wash'ton!”

But there was no response, but knowing him as she did, she knew he was somewhere around and was listening at her calling him. Then she tried her trick

"Er wusher had somebody ter go git mer er water-milyun."

Booker pricked up his ears. Then he wondered how he could suddenly appear without arousing suspicion. He crawled along the fence to the front and went singing through the house to where his mother was.

"Whar in de namer de Lawd yer ben, Booker Wash-ton? Hyere er is benner callin yer anner callin yer, an' yer nevvu hyeered me. Whar yer ben, honey?"

"Er jis ben out'n de street out dar playin."

"Didn't yer hyeered mer jisser callin yer?"

"W'en yer call me, mar?"

'Jis lissun at dat! Er benner callin yer fur er hour. Yer benner playin wid dat Breedlove boy, dat wot yer benner doin. Yer kaint fool me, an' me er callin yer anner callin yer."

"Wot yer want wid me, mar?"

"Want yer ter tek yer par dinner ter him, dat wotter want wid yer. Tek dat baskit an' tote yerse'f off ter de shop an' gi' yer par he dinner."

"Is yer gwineter gitter watermilyun, mar?"

"Er say gitter watermilyun an dey forty-center piece! Yer muss be loozin yer mine. How dat git in yer haid?"

"Er dreem lass night yer buyed er watermilyun ter-day, yassum er did."

"Go way fum hyere! Tek dat baskit er tell yer. Yer par waitin fur he dinner right dis minnit. Dreem 'bout gittin er watermilyn! Yer is sho loozin yer mine."

"Wusher hadder watermilyun. Ain had no watermilyun dis year. Er seed uvver boys haves watermilyun, anner dunno how come wese ain had none."

"Tek up dat baskit an tek yer par he dinner, er tell yer! How many mo' times er gotter tell yer dat?"

"Jim Breedlove say he mar guv him some watermil-yun."

"Booker Wash'ton! Ef yer sayes watermilyun ergin er sho will tek er stick ter yer. Tek dat dinner ter yer par! Er ainter gwineter tell yer many mo' times."

"Er knowed ernuvver boy wot eat some dis year, too."

"Jis keep on! Jis keep on! Fuss noos yer knows yer gwineter git er frailin. Tek dat dinner ter yer par, hit gittin col'."

"Gwineter git me one w'enner come back?"

But this was too much. The mar grabbed a stick of wood and she laid it on heavy on Booker. He went out of the yard crying, with the basket, but no sooner was he out of sight than she went to her bed, lifted the mattress, and from the corner of a handkerchief she took the last half dollar she had in the world, and when Booker came back there was a watermelon.

CROSS ALLEY CONVERSATION.

Across the alley from kitchen windows. Both cooks waiting for the white folks to get through dinner.

"Wuz yer at de chu'ch lass night, Sister Harris?"

"No, chile, de ol' mans so po'ly datter hatter stay wid him. He musser eat sump'n dat doan 'gree wid him. He sho wuz sick, but he some better dis mawnin. Wuz you at de chu'ch, Sister Mitchell?"

"Coser didn't go. Doan yer knowed 'bout dat Martin

gal gittin marrit? Er wuz ax ter de weddin, an dar whar er went. Hit sho wuzzer swell weddin. How come yer didn't go, Sister Harris? Didn't yer gitter invite?"

"Er sho didn't. Me'n dat Martin oomans ain spoke er wud inner dunno w'en."

"Hush! Dat noos ter me, sho. How come you'n her doan speak?"

"She de oomans wotter had dat fuss wid way back yan-ner 'bout mer ol' mans. Doan yer knowed dat time w'enner cotch him an' her gwine ter prar meeting dat night er so sick? Dat de time. Er sho did fool dat oomans. Dar er wuzzer layin flatter mer back sickser hoss, an' de li'l' gal wot lives in de jinin lot come tell me 'bout Peter an' dat Martin oomans gwine off down de rode, an' me jisser layin dar on de baid, dunno wevver er gwineter git up er no. Er jump out'n dat baid lakker nevvvy wuz sick, an' er juk on mer frock anner put some ol' shoes on mer footsies anner sail out'n dat house lak hit on fi'. Er scoots down de rode anner seed um, mer ol' mans an' dat Martin oomans, walkin long jisses slow an mouty nigh ter one ernuvver, lookin lak deys doan kyeer ef deys gitter chu'ch. Er crope up hine um anner look roun fur er brick. Bless de Lawd, dar wuz one right in mer paff. Er pick hit up jisses easy, an' er kep' onner cropin up teller git right er hine um. Deys too busy talkin ter seed me. Er hilt de brick up so er kin gitter good aim, an denner let hit fly. Yer mout say er izzer tellin uvver lie, but er hit dat oomans in de small er de back, kerblim! Dat knock de breff out'n her, an' she squat down lak she gwineter die right dar in de street. Mer ol' mans so

skyeered he ain nevvv seed me yit, but he sho rund. Er seed him gwine down de rode jisser bu'nnin de win, anner knowed he wuz gwine atter de medcin dat de doctor sont him atter. Denner went back ter de house an git back in de baid. Atter w'ile hyere come Peter wid de medcin. Er say, Peter, whar in de namer de Lawd yer ben all dis time? He say, er meet de boss mans down town, an he tell me whot he wants me ter do ter-morrer, kase he gwine out'n town. Er tol' de boss you iz sick anner gotter hurry back, but he jiss keep on er talkin. De wuk hit er pickin up now, he say, an he gwine ter riz my pay atter dis mont'. Er look at Peter out'n de cornder er mer eye, kase Peter ain no good han at tellin er lie, anner say, spec yer benner talkin ter some oomans, ef de trufe wuz telled. Peter he flare up, an he say, dog-gone de oomans, wotter wants ter be er talkin' ter er oomans w'enner got de besses wife dat any man's got, doan kyeer who he is. Er say, Peter, er hadder dream sence yer ben gone. Er so sick datter lay mer haid on der piller anner go souner sleep. Denner dream. Wot yer reckon er dream, Peter? He say, er declar er doan know, wot yer dream, honey? Er say, er wuzzer gwine down de street an fuss noos yer knowed er seed er mans anner oomans walkin long jisses slow lak, an' dey wuz so close by de sider one ernuvver dat deys totch. Denner seed ernuvver oomans cropin up hine um. Dar de mans an' de oomans wuzzer pokin erlong lak dey have all night ter go whar dey gwine ter, an dar wuz de oomans right er hine um. Denner seed de oomans wot right er hine um pick upper brick, hit look lakker brick, but hit mouter benner rock, an' fuss noos yer know er seed dat

oomans wot gotter brick inner han haul back an let de oomans haves dat brick right in de back. Er seed her squat anner hyeerd her squall an' denner seed de mans rund erway lak he got bisniss some whar sides dat place. Er look at Peter, an' dar wuz de sweat jisser po'in off'n him. An' sence dat time Peter nevvly went nigh dat oomans."

"An' yer ain nevvly tell him no mo'?"

"Ain ben no skuse fur hit. Yer kaint git Peter ter look atter oomans cep'n she in mer house whar er kin be dar ter seed him."

"Look hyere, Sister Harris, er hopes yer ain fool nuff ter bleeve all dat."

"Er sho is. Yer dunno Peter lak er knows him. He skyeerder me, he is."

"Er mout not know Peter, butter knows menses. Er doan truss no nigger. Dey mek out dey doan look at no oomans cep'n dey wifes, but dey doan fool dis chile. Butter hyeer de miss callin. Er seed yer later."

"So long, Sister Mitchell, hoper seed yer ter de chu'ch Sundy."

Both cooks get busy at the tables, and both stud'n 'bout Peter, and wondering if his wife really cured him.

MIND-READING IN YAMACRAW.

When word was sent out that there would be a mind-reading entertainment at the residence of Puss Shaw, at "de fur een er Dog Alley," last night, all Yamacraw was excited. Much had been heard about a lady at one of

the little theaters reading the minds of those who attended the performance, and the Yamacrawlers wanted a chance to see some of it just as well as white folks.

Puss Shaw had loaned her house for the occasion on the promise of half the door receipts, which was five cents per head, and there was something in the neighborhood of a dollar and a half in the room when the performance was ready to begin. The mind-reader had everything arranged. At one end of the room was a large dry goods box, in which a man was concealed. He was armed with a section of gas pipe, which ran through an auger hole, and was intended as a speaking tube to convey messages to the mind reader above him, while he looked through a knothole in the box at those who were brave enough to ask foolish questions.

The entertainment began with a veiled and blindfolded female coming out of a back room and being carefully lifted to the box on which had been placed a chair. When she was seated she asked that a sheet be thrown over her. When this was done, unseen by the audience, the man in the box pushed his section of gas pipe through the hole in the top and glued his eye to the knothole. Then the audience was requested to ask questions.

"Tell me wotter got on mer min' dis minnit?" asked Jane Harris.

"Dat's dat bow-laigged Jane Harris. Yer gotter heaper gall axin wot yer got on yer min', w'en evvybody know yer aint got any min'," came in sepulchral tones from under the sheet.

Jane felt like thirty cents, but she held her tongue.

"Wot izzer t'inkin' bout?" asked Lou Davis.

"Whar yer kin gitter botler bear, dat wot yer t'inkin' 'bout, yer box-ankle Lou Davis," was shot out from under the sheet.

There was a lull. Such mind-reading as this was discouraging, but the audience was stirred to action when was heard from under the sheet, "Ef yer doan quit ticklin' mer foots er smack yer jaw."

In sailed Buckeye Bill from Jacksonville. He had just heard of the mind-reading and wanted a reading at once.

"Say, yer graveyard ghostes up dar on dat box. Wots on mer min'?"

"Wot yer need izzet fine-toof com', dat wot yer need."

"Er izzet gwineter tekker curry com' ter yer ef yer gimme any yer slack. Ef yer izzet min' reader, read mer min' an' yer reader right, lemme tell yer."

"Er see er big buck nigger. Look lak he come fum Jacksons-villes. He jiss lousy wid money, all kiner money. He spin he money mouty free. He gotter gal name Gladys Jackson. He ainter treatin' dat gal right. He aint ben ter see her inner mont' er Sundys. Look lak he gotter nuvver gal. He got on he min' right now he gwineter gi' Gladys er lotter money kase he ainter benner treatin' her right, an' he know hit—quit ticklin' mer foots er tell yer!"

"Will de lady tell me effer is gwineter git marrit?" came in a feminine voice from near the door.

"Yer sho is. You dat gal wot de jedge sont ter de chaingang fur chawin' gum wid yer fauss toofies." The mind-reader was cruel.

"Is mer husbun true ter me?" asked a fat woman.

“Dat Fatty Fan. Cose he is. How yer spec him to be anyt’ing else w’en he ben daid fo year?”

“Er lossor gol’ watch widder dimon’ in hit—kin yer tell me who stole dat watch?”

“Look hyere, Mame Thomas, yer aint nevvv hadder watch, an’ yer try ter mek out fo dese peoples dat yer had one. Yer oughter be er shamer yerse’f.”

“Is mer ol’ mans gwineter git well?”

“Ef yer kin he’p hit he ainter gwineter git well. Er knows yer, Paralee Simmons. Yer jisser hopin’ yer ol’ mans go daid so yer kin fly roun’ wid Buckeye Bill.”

“Wot de nummer er dat shoe datter wair, tell me dat ef yer knows so much?”

“Number lebbuns, yer snaggle-toof Bughouse Betsy Passmo’. Jiss kase yer got onner pa’r er lowdown quarter shoes, yer t’ink mek peoples bleeve yer gotter li’l’ footses.”

All this time Buckeye Bill had been brooding over the insult as to Gladys Jackson having been badly treated by him. And when the mind-reader threw her cruel taunt toward Bughouse Betsy, another friend of his, he arose and went straight to the box. One jerk was sufficient to get the mind-reader off the box, and it took but another minnit to turn the box over; there was his deadly enemy, Haslit Pete, curled up. The sheet was taken off the mind-reader, and there was Slowfoot Sal, as natural as could be. Haslit Pete held to the section of gas pipe, and the audience scattered.

When it was all over, and the women whom Sal had slandered during the course of the evening had done with

her, the police came. All had fled but Sal, and she would have gone but for physical disabilities.

"Were you the mind-reader?" the police asked her.

"Lemme tell yer, mister, er has mo' doggone luck dan anybody, er sho do. Hit was dat nigger wot deys call Haslit Pete. How de namer Gawd kinner seed dem peoples an' me wrop up inner sheet anner sweatin' lakker nigger to er 'leckshun. Hit wuz Haslit Pete mekkim me say dem t'ings. An' de lowdown triflin' nigger dun rund off wid all money wot deys tek in at de do'. Lemme go, jiss dis time, mister. Deys beat me mouty nigh ter deff."

For once the police allowed Sal to stay where she was, satisfied that she had been sufficiently punished.

THE BRIBE.

"Whar de namer Gawd yer git dat hat, Calline?"

Caroline walked into the house with a fashionable monstrosity on her head, and the moment her mother spied it she wanted to know something about it.

"Dis de noo styler hats, mar. Wot yer think 'bout hit?"

"Ef yer wuzzun mer gal, er tell yer mouty quick wotter think 'bout hit! Dunno now effer kin keep fum tellin' yer. Whar hit come fum, Calline? Doan tell me dat yer buyed hit!"

"How yer reckon er kin buyed er hat lak dat? Dat hat sell down town fur ten dollars."

"Fur de lanner Goshen! Ten dollars! Ain dat mouty cheap fur er hat lak dat? Er wuzzer lookin fur yer ter

say hit coss heap mo'n dat. Dat sho izzer fine hat. But yer ain yit tol' me whar hit come fum."

"Bill Jackson sont hit ter me fur er buffday present, dat whar hit come fum."

"Hush! Bill Jackson sont yer dat hat fur er buffday present! Mer goodniss, whar Bill git all dat money? Yer kaint fool dis chick'n, Calline. Bill Jackson ain got dat much money ter th'ow way on er hat lak dat. Er benner knowin dat Bill Jackson evvy since he er knee-high ter er doodle-bug, an he ain nevvvy had dat much money. How yer knows, honey, dat he sont hit ter yer?"

"Hit come widder letter fum him, an he say hit fur mer buffday."

"How Bill Jackson knowed w'en yer buffday come?"

"Er writ hit ter him, but wot yer wants ter know all bout dat fur, mar? Ef Bill Jackson want er sont me dis hat, wot yer wants ter kick up bout hit fur?"

"Er is yer mar, anner doan lak fur no gal er mine ter be er puttin no hat on her haid dat coss dat much money, doan kyeer ef hit izzer buffday present. Looky hyere, gal, yer buffday er week fo Chris'mas, an hyere hit tain July yit. Sump'n wrong bout dat hat. Yer ainter tellin me de trufe bout dat hat. Fuss place Bill Jackson kaint buyed no hat lak dat. Den yer buffday doan come tell week fo Chris'mas. Sump'n wrong bout dat hat sho's yer bawnded."

"Er dunno wot gittin in yer, mar. Kaint er young mans sont me er hat dout yer all de time kickin upper bout hit? Dat ain nuffin fur er young mans ter sont de young lady wot he gwineter marry er hat lak dis."

"Gwineter marry! Who he gwineter marry? Who

say he gwinter marry yer? Er ain sayed so yit, anner reckon er got sump'n ter do wid dat bisniss. Yer gwinter sont dat hat right back ter dat Bill Jackson, dat wot yer gwinter do."

"Er tell yer right now, mar, ef yer mek me sont de hat back, er is gwinter sont dat present wot he sont you, back, too, an dat de trufe."

"Wot dat fool nigger sont me, de low-down triflin raskil! Dat nigger nevvu wuz no count. Wot he sont me? Spec hit er ten-cent botler ha'r ile er sump'n lak dat."

"In de letter wot come wid de hat he sont yer dis ten-dollar bill, an he say being ez he dunno wot yer wants, yer kin tek de money—an buyed yer wot yer want."

"Hush! Lemme seed dat ten-dollar bill. An Bill Jackson sont dat ter me? Hit look lak hit er sho nuff ten-dollar bill. Whar yer reckon he git all dat money, honey? Ef dat doan beat mer time. An he sont dis ter me! Ef dat—whar he git alls dat money, chile?"

"He got he laig cut off ber de railroad, and deys gi' him er whole heaper money ef he doan sue de railroad. He say in de letter dat he rich ez anybody now. He say effer wants er orterbeel he sho git me one."

"De po' mans! Look lak dem railroads gwinter rune all de menses, cuttin off dey laigs an mashin um ter deff. Er is mouty sorry Bill got he laig cut off. How come yer didn't tell me dat he got he laig cut off fuss? Er knowed dat boy fo he war britches. He wuzzer mouty good boy. An he sont me dis ter buyed wotter wants! W'en you'n him gwinter git marrit, honey?"

"He writ in de letter dat he ready any time yer say wese kin git marrit. He leave hit ter you."

"Dat sho izzer poorty hat! Wunner ef he pick dat out hese'f! He sho gotter heaper sense bout pickin out er hat. Wush he had two laigs, but de Lawd will provide."

"Yer ain tol me wot ter writ ter him bout us gittin marrit, yit, anner gwineter writ him dis evenin."

"Spec yer better tell him dat de sooner de job dun de bess off yer alls be."

And the mother fondled the ten-dollar bill.

UNCLE ISOM'S STAR.

The balminess of the morning brought out of the stuffy house a dainty little girl to frolic among the flowers that were trying to force themselves into bloom and blossom.

Shambling along was an old negro man, gray and grizzled. How old he was, he didn't know, for he belonged to the kind whose ages were kept by the ol' mis-sus, and at her death the record was obliterated, but it was plain that he had long since past the threescore and ten mark.

Seeing the child, so sweet and fresh and winsome, the old man stopped in front of the house and gazed as at a vision. And the child was not afraid. Somehow the southern child has no fear of the old negro. As it was in the old days of slavery times, between the old negroes and the children there is a strong bond, an implicit confidence.

"Goo' mawnin, young missus," said the old man, lifting his battered hat and scraping his foot on the sidewalk.

"Good morning, Uncle, ain't this a pretty morning?"

"Hit sho' is, honey. Wot yer doin, chile, gittin yer some er dem flowers?"

"I am going to make a button-hole bouquet for father," and the little girl busied herself plucking the struggling flowers in the yard.

"Dat right, dat right! Lor bless yer sweet life, young missus, yer sho' do mine me er de young missus wotter used ter know way, w-a-y back yander w'en dese ol' eyes could see an' dese ol' laigs could gitter 'bout bettern deys do now."

"Let me give you one of these violets, and then I want you to tell me about the little girl you used to know," and the sweet child placed with her white hands a violet in the ragged button-hole of the weather-beaten coat.

"Dunno how long ago hit wuz, chile, but hit fo de war. Cose yer dunno nuffin 'bout de war, but hit fo de war, er knows dat. Dar wuz ol' miss an' li'l' miss an' young missus—she de one er gwineter tell yer 'bout. She jiss lak you, honey. She got de same kiner ha'r an' her eyes blue de sames you got. Evvy mawnin de good Lawd sen' young missus comed out'n de big house all dress up in dem poorty clo'es an' she say, Unk Isom, how Aunt Cindy dis mawnin? Er say she tollubble, young missus, how yer coprossity seem ter gashate dis mawnin? jiss datter way, kaser wuz jisser havin' mer fun widder. She say, yer dooz use some mouty big wuds, Unk Isom, anner say er larn 'em fum yer par, and she laugh an' laugh. Den she go in de yod an' she pick some flowers, jiss lak

yer pickin' em now, an' she gavver upper han'fuller dese yer johnquils an' she brung me one, an' she say ef yer doan w'ar dis, Unk Isom, er sho gwineter git reel mad wid yer. Lor bless mer soul! an' me er big black nigger spo'tin' dat yaller johnquill jiss lakker wuzzer her sweet-heart! Hit kep' on datter way evvy day, tell bimebye dey sont dat chile ter town ter go ter school. She stay erway er mouty long time, an' den she comed home. She er mouty fine li'l' miss now, she er young lady, an' she all dress up in dem fine clo'es tell hit look lak she too clean fur de bushes ter totch her. W'enner come fum de fiel' dat day an' dey tol' me dat de li'l' miss dun come, er say ter merse'f jisso, wunner ef she too proud an' stuck up ter speak ter Unk Isom. Dey ain't no tellin' 'bout dese people wot leave de ol' home an' live in town fur er w'ile. But wot dat chile do? Soons she seed me, Lor bless her sweet soul! she rund ter me an' put dem poorty w'ite aams roun' dis ol' nigger's neck, an' hug me jiss de sames er wuzzer her par! Dat wot she dun! She up dar in dat blue sky right now, chile, an' she look down at dis po' ol' nigger evvy night dat come."

"How do you know that, Uncle?"

"Jiss kaser do, honey. Evvy night w'en hit aint cloudy, er looks out'n mer do' over yander ter de eas' whar de sun rise, an' dar izzer star, an' dat star shine so bright, an' hit tweenkle so all de timer look at hit, datter jiss bleeged ter know dat her, an' she tryin' her berry bes' ter say er izzer waitin' fur yer, Unk Isom! Er jiss know hit her, fur hit kaint be nobody else. Dar ain't nuffin' in dis wul, an' dar aint nuffin in hebb'n—doan kyeer how many uvver ainjils dar is up dar—dat poorty ez she is,

an' dat wot mek me know hit her. But de cook callin' yer, honey, ter go eat yer brekfus, anner gotter tell yer goo'bye. Yer sho mek de ol' mans feel good dis mawnin', Gawd bless yer."

And as the old man shambled off, the little girl slowly walked up the steps, looking back at him, and wondering if when she died and went to heaven, she would look down on those she loved on earth through some bright and twinkling star.

SLEEP SICKNESS.

The draymen were eating their dinner, each on his dray and bending over their buckets. For ten minutes they directed all their attention to the contents of the buckets, but as soon as the bulk of the dinner had disappeared they began their usual talk.

"How come wese ain hyeerd nuffin fum Mister Rucyvel lately?" asked Pete.

"Who he? He er noo un on me," said Jim.

"Go long, Jim, Mister Rucyvel, dat used ter be de pres-dent, wot went ter Afky ter shoot de elfunts an' de lines."

"Oh, er knows who yer talkin' 'bout now. How come yer doan say Pres'dent Rozevelt? How yer spec anybody ter know who yer talkin' 'bout w'en yer say Mister Rucyvel? Dunno wot come er him. Spec er elfunt tromp on him."

"Spec one er dem lines chaw him up. Dem dar lines ainter gwineter stan' no foolishness, doan kyeer ef he

izzer pres'dent. Line ain got time ter be axin who izyer W'en one er dem lines say come across, yer comin' er cross, er tell yer."

"Mer li'l' gal wot reed de paper say deys gotter sickniss over dar in Afky deys call de sleepy sickniss. Yer git so sick yer go ter sleep, er yer git so sleepy yer git sick, er dunno w'ich, but hit one er de tuvver, an' dat wotter spec he got, an' dat de reezin' yer ain hyeerd nuffin 'bout him lately."

"Tell me sump'n mo' bout dat sleepy bisniss. How long dooz yer sleep when yer sick datter way?" Pete was after information.

"Mer li'l' gal say yer sleep six mont's dout wakin' up," said Bill, who always wanted to make out that his little gal was educated.

"Dat over dar in Afky, whar dem lines an' tigers an' elfunts an' gerafs an' nekkid niggers is?"

"Dat wot mer li'l' gal say, an' she reed de paper."

"An' yer lays down an tekker nap fur six mont's."

"Yer sho do."

"Dar is big snakes over dar, too, ain' dey?"

"Er is jis tellin yer wot mer li'l' gal say, an' she reed de paper."

"How big dem snakes?"

"Some uvvum stretch fum hyere down ter de pos' office."

"How bigger roun'?"

"Wot de matter wid yer, nigger? Yer jiss keep onner axin' queshuns, jiss keep on. Yer sho' gittin' bughouse."

"Wil' cats over dar too, ain dey?"

"Cose dey is, wil' cats an' pole cats, an' all kiner cats."

“An’ yer kin lay down an’ sleep six mont’s dout wakin’ up, an’ nuffin doan bover yer—nunner dem snakes an’ lines an’ tigers an’ gerafs an’ elfunts! Is deys any skeeters over dar?”

“Deys got skeeters over dar dat bigger nuff ter bo’ er hole in de elfunt’s skin, dat wot deys got.”

“How big de flies deys got over dar?”

“Mer li’l’ gal says deys look lak tukky buzzuds.”

“How ’bout de ants?”

“Deys milk de ants lak deys milk de cows.”

“An’ yer kin lays down an’ git sick wid sleep fur six mont’s, an’ yer wakes up in de same place?”

“Dat wot mer li’l’ gal say, an’ she reed de paper.”

“Bill, me’en you ben frens er mouty long time, anner doan wants ter haves any fuss wid yer, but yer sho raisin’ dat gal de wrong way. Any gal dat tell sich yer tales ez dat ain right in her haid. Yer better tek dat gal fum school right now. Ef she keep on lak she stotted, deys ain no tellin’ wot she gwineter be w’en she growed up. Dat wot mek me say datter doan bleeve in eddicatin’ de nigger. Hit sho do spile um. Yer li’l’ gal dun spile right now, an’ ef deys evvy git her over dar in Afky she gwine-ter cotch dat sleep sickniss jisses soon she hit de groun’.”

Bill wondered if his li’l’ gal was being complimented or not.

THE COCAINE SNIFFER.

Sallie Peters, known as White-Eye Sal, and the widow of Kitten-Eye Tom, long since gathered to his fathers,

appeared as the prosecutor of Mary Killian. She stated to the court that she had given Mary 50 cents and a doctor's prescription to get her some cocaine, and that Mary failed to bring her the drug and refused to give up the money. Therefore she had Mary arrested and charged with larceny.

"What did you pay the doctor for this?" asked the court, after reading the prescription.

"Some timer pays him 50 cent, an' some timer pays him 15 cent. He gimme de med-cine fur mer sickness, dat wot he do," said Sallie.

"What is your sickness?"

"Er got de guitar er mer haid."

"You mean catarrh of the head?"

"Dat wotter sayed, de guitar er de haid."

"Tell me about this, Mary."

"Dis de fustest time datter evvy ben in dis cote, jedge, anner gwineter tell yer de trufe, kase de trufe is de light. W'ite-eye Sal, wot deys call her, she camed ter Miss Nancy's whar er wuz, an' she say, Mary! anner say, huh! She say tek dis 50-cent an' go ter de drug sto'an' git dis scripshun put up. Er say, how come yer doan go atter yer med'cin yerse'f, stidder axin' me ter go git hit? She say, er got de guitar in mer haid so bad er kaint hodly gitter 'bout. Er tekker 50-cent anner get de med'cin anner fotch hit right back too her, an' she onrop hit an' she skuse me er tekkin' ha'f hit out. Jedge, er nevvly sniff dat cocaine sence er ben bawnded, er sho didn't. Den she call de poleeces, dat wot she dun, jedge. She all de timer sniffin' dat stuff. Some time she see de monkeys and de debbul. She dunno wot she doin' haffer time."

"Er tek de med'cin fur de guitar in mer haid, jedge, dat all er tek hit fur," said Sallie.

"Do you sing much?" asked the court seriously.

"Er izzer mouty po' singer, jedge; how come yer ax me dat?"

"Because you seem to carry your guitar in your head." There was a faint effort at applause in the court room at the excellence of this joke, but the court sternly rapped for order.

"Jedge, dat oomans ainter tellin' yer de trufe. She do sing. She sing all de time w'en she ain sleep. She de outbanginest gal fur singin' yer evvy seed. W'en she tekker sniffen er dat cocaine an' sot down on de do'-step atter supper, she jis let loose. Dar ain nobody wot kin sleep w'en she op'n dat mout'er hern. She mek out dat she kaint sing less she feel bad wid de guitar in her haid."

"She is like Artemus Ward, perhaps. She is saddest when she sings," observed the court.

"She sho is, jedge. Evvy time she sing dat dog she got in de yod he set upper howlin' tell yer kaint hyeer yer years. She sing an' de dog he howl. An' dey keep dat up de whole night long. Any dem peoples down dar tell yer dat. Dey sho will."

There was no case against Mary, and she was told to go. Then Sallie was heard on the charge of loitering. The officers all know her, and testified that she was never known to work, and that for years she had been a cocaine sniffer, giving as an excuse for taking the drug that she had catarrh of the head. Called on to say something on this charge, she had the idea that a loiterer was a person who did not work.

“Cose er doan wuk! Wotter gotter husbun fur? Mer husbun spote me lakker lady. Sides dat, how de namer de Lawd yer spec me ter wuk w'en er got dis guitar in mer haid? Tell me dat. Judge, ef you hadder guitar in yer haid yer wouldn't work neever.”

“No, I would play,” and there was another attempt at applause, which was quickly suppressed.

“Dat wotter do, judge, er jiss play. Er doan hafter wuk w'enner gotter husbun ter wuk fur me. Some er dese niggers ain got de sense dey wuz bawnded wid. Come up hyere tellin' de cote datter doan wuk! Hitter shame de way some niggers dooz, hit sho is.”

Sallie was found guilty of loitering on the streets and fined \$10. This was paid by her husband, and she went on her way to a drug store for a supply of the stuff she sniffs up her nose.

THE TYBEE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Not to be outdone by Yamacraw, the people of Tybee decided on having a debate. William Warren had been a janitor in some college where he saw a debate, and he worked the thing up. They met at the home of Lou Crawford, whose daughter had ambitions to cut loose from low-down niggers and swell some, and she moved the beds and things out of the big front room for the occasion.

Rev. Wall-Eye Thomas, of Yamacraw, was made president by reason of his being a preacher, and supposed to have experience as a presiding officer. He lost no

time in starting the debate. The question was: What makes drunk come quickest, ni-beer, beer, or whisky?

The judges, having been selected by the president, who chose two men and one woman, the president stated the question, and the talk began.

"Mister Cha'rman, yer wants ter know wot mek drunk come de quickist, dis yer ni-bear de ginnerwine bear, er licker. Hit cordin' ter how much yer drink. Dat all er gotter say." This was Jim Passmore, who wanted to let his girl know that he wasn't afraid to speak.

"Mister Cha'rman," sung out Buckeye Bill, who thought he had as much right to talk as anybody, "deys aint no ni-beer so yer jiss cut dat out, kase effit ni-bear hitter heap bettern de ginnerwine. Ef dat so, den de queshun is: Which mek drunk come, bear er licker? Dunno nuffin' 'bout yer rule fur er 'batin' s'iety, butter tell yer right now, bear aint in hit wid licker ter mek drunk come. Dese yer fellers wot say dey git drunk on bear deys hogs, kase hit tek er mouty heaper bear ter mek yer drunk. Yer kin tek fo drinks er dis stuff wot dey sells yer fur licker an' wot yer pay forty cents fur, an' yer git so drunk yer dunno w'en dey fotch yer up in de mizry waggin, but yer gotter drinkt mo'n er dozen bottles er bear ter mek yer sorter feel lak yer gittin' drunk. Dat cos' yer dollar'n twenty cent. Now yer knows no nigger gwineter pay er dollar'n twenty cent ter git drunk w'en he kin git drunk on forty cent."

"De gemman clean off de track," said Bill Warren, "wese ainter axin' how much hit costes ter git drunk, an' wot de cheapes' ter git drunk on, wese axin' w'ich mek

de drunk come de quickist, ni-bear, ginnerwine bear, er licker? Some mens mek out dey so smot."

"Look hyere, Bill Warren, er didn't come up hyere ter picker fuss wid anybody, but ef yer mekker nuvver break lak dat, dar is sho ter be er rucus," answered Buckeye rather hotly.

"Efyer t'inks dar is anybody roun' hyere dat skyeerder yer, Mister Buckeye, yer sho got hit down on de wrong book," flashed back Bill.

"Dar muss be awder is dis house," said Rev. Wall-Eye Thomas, "hit ammer shame datter passel er gemman kaint git tergevver ter have er li'l 'bate dout dar is somebody ter try ter bruk hit up. Yer gemman oughter be ershamer yerse'f. Who de nex' mans wot gwineter 'cuss dis queshun?"

"Mister Cha'rman, 'cordin' ter wotter hyeer um say, kaser doan drinks nuffin' but licker, an' dunno 'bout bear, yer gwineter sho git fooled ef yer drinks dis ni-bear. Dey tell me dat yer kin git drunk on ni-bear atter yer teks two drinks er hit. Evvy timer bese at de city hall cote er hyeers dem mens wot git drunk tell de jedge dat dey doan drink nuffin' but ni-bear. Evvyt'ing ni-bear. Ni-bear dun dis an' ni-bear dun dat. Now'n den some po' creetur wot aint right in he haid he say he git some licker fum Jacksons'-ville, but mos' all dem wotter hyeer talk up dar dey say hit ni-bear dat mekkum drunk." This was from a man in the corner.

"Still yer ainter tellin' wot mek yer drunk quickist," said the chairman.

"Mister Cha'rman," said Buckeye Bill, "er got de price,

anner axes yer all dis: Dey izzer heap mo' in dis queshun dan yer all is er lookin' at. Ef de cha'rman will sen' out an' gitter botler licker anner lotter bear, mebbe we kin git some er dese yer gemman in de room ter drink some uvvit an' den we kin tell w'ich mek de drunk come de quickist. Is dar anybody in de house wot'll drink some bear an' some wot'll drink some licker?"

There were a dozen hands to go up.

"Dat de way ter settle dis queshun, an' yer alls jiss wait fur me teller comes back. Er gwine atter de stuff," and Buckeye Bill darted out of the room to return soon with a quart bottle of liquor and a sack full of bottled beer.

"Some uv yer gotter drinkt de beer, an' some uv yer gotter drink de licker. Who gwineter drinkt de bear?"

There was a general response, some saying they would take the beer and some the whisky. Haslit Pete, however, yelled out from his corner, "gimme some er bofe, an' do hit quick."

"Fo' yer all tekker drink," said the chairman, "er wants ter say datter didn't comes hyere ter ack ez chairman uvver blin' tiger, er comes hyere ter ack ez cha'rman uvver 'batin' s'iety, an' efyer alls gwineter do disser way, an' me er preacher er de gospil, lemme git out'n hyere. Er will tekker seat in de nex' room wid Sister Crawford, and Mister Buckeye, fo yer dish out dat pizen er wants ter see yer."

Buckeye and the preacher repaired to the adjoining room for a few minutes. Then Buckeye returned to the debating room with the bottle of liquor in his hand, and with a wink said: "Boys, yer needn't be skeerd er dis

stuff, kase de preacher drinkt mouty nigh ha'f de bottle fo he tek hit down fum he mout'."

The whisky and the beer passed around, but each got so little that the test was a poor one. The crowd got jolly and forgot all about the debate. It was not long before there was a banging on the middle door. It was opened, and there was the Rev. Wall-Eye Thomas, pastor of the Yamacraw Meffodis' Chu'ch, about as drunk as a man can well get. He staggered into the room, and as well as he could, said:

"De mans dat say licker doan mek yer drunk de fusstes dan ni-bear, izzer doggone lie, anner kin wup him sho's mer name Thomas."

Then the meeting broke up.

A TYBEE TRICK.

Whispering Annie met Slowfoot Sal in Sympathy Alley, over in Tybee, and had a talk, a long confidential talk.

"Dese sho is de wusses times er evvy seed in all mer bawn days. De town daid, jiss plain daid, dat wot hit is. Effer had nuff money er sho would move fum dis town," said Annie in that sonorous whisper of hers.

"Fum wot deys tell me dis town ain no wuss off dan any uvver town. Fum wot deys tell me, de whole wul jiss de same way. Alls er waitin fur is time ter go ter Fort Valley an' pick peaches. Effer kin jiss keep mer soul an' body tergevver 'long nuff fur dat, er is sho satterfied, but hit look lak hitter long timer comin'. Iz yer gotter nuff ter gitter botler bear, Annie?"

“Er ain gotten nuff ter buyed er botler water, much less bear. Me’n you gotter sho gotter mekker rise. Wot yer say ter er enter-tain-ment, same ez dem chu’ch folks-es guv’? De chu’ch doan need money wussun us, dooz dey?”

“Now yer talkin’ sense. Er seed dat Jack Jackson er Jacksons-villes in town, an’ spose we mek him de boss er de enter-tain-ment. He de pres’dent. Hit mek him swell up lakker tukky gobler ter mek him pres’dent,” whispered Annie.

They found Jackson, who had taken about three drinks, and was ripe for anything, from a burglary to bossing an entertainment. He accepted the high and responsible position with a grin. He told them to go on and get the room and he would send up the cream and cake and things. They rented the front room of Minerva’s house in Sympathy Alley, and norated it around that the entertainment would be given, and that it was to be first-class in every particular. Banjo Bill was engaged to furnish the music, and Sal printed with her own hand the notice:

“Nickl klub at Nervy harris house cimthy ally ternite price ten cens come one come all an git yer money wuff jack jaksun presden Slowfut sal an gentul annie.”

The room was crowded. Two dollars had been taken in at the door and the ice cream and cake and soft drinks yet to be sold. Things looked prosperous. Jack had kept his word and sent all the things to the house, but failed to put in an appearance so far.

“Stop dat moosic.” It came as a thunderclap in a clear sky. The perspiring dancers stopped in the midst

of the revelry. The command had been shouted in such a way as to attract attention. Slowfoot Sal extricated herself from Harelip Pete's grasp and demanded:

"Wot guy who tol' dat music ter stop?"

"Hit me, de pastor er yer chu'ch, dat who. Er is sho sprised ter seed memmers er mer corngergashun shookin dey laigs ter dat ungewdly banjer. An' dey tells me dat hit in de namer de chu'ch. Er sho feel mer soul mortify an' de flesh quiver ter de bone." The Rev. Wall-Eye Thomas was angered. So was Sal.

"Look hyere, Mister Thomas, yer kin boss dat hog pen uvver chu'ch over yanner in Yamacraw, but dis hyere er nickel club in Tybee, an' ef yer doan tek yer-se'f out'n hyere inner pa'r minnits wese sho gwimeter skuse yer."

These were several good sisters of his congregation at the affair, and they crowded around the pastor to pacify him, while Sal was looking around for something to hit him with. About this time Jackson sailed into the room, and on being told the cause of the disturbance, he gathered the pastor by the scruff of the neck and sent him out of the door.

"Er jiss got dis much ter say ter de sisters: Er dun th'owed de ol' ram out'n de do' fur buttin' in whar he ain got no bisniss, an' ef any de flocker lam's too dog-gone good ter shekker foots at dis shindig, deys better foller dey leader! Diss er nickel club, an' hit ain' no Chusedy night prar meetin'. Say, yer yallerhammer banjer mans, strack upper chune, de ones wot de ol' cow die uv, an' boys git yer podners," and Jackson gathered

Sal around her ample waist and on went the dance till a late hour.

"Whar Annie?" inquired Sal during a lull.

"Who, W'isprin' Annie? She is dun gone long timer go," said one of the girls.

"Ef dat doan beat de debbul an' Tom Walker! Er mouter knowed hit. Dat oomans got alls de money, an' lit out! She gwineter spin all dat money an' go right ter de stockade. Hitter shame de way dat oomans ack!"

And such was the case. Annie had gotten hold of the proceeds and vanished, leaving Jackson, who had furnished the funds, to believe that Sal got her share, or that she did not. And he resolved to watch and see if Sal didn't meet Annie somewhere to divide.

POOR EMMA.

Emma Davis, the dressmaker's delivery girl, was tired. She had been trotting over town all day delivering articles of feminine wear to be worn on Sunday, and when Saturday night came she was fagged out. Her mother had prepared supper for her, but she was too tired to eat it and threw herself down in a chair and rested.

There was a rap at the door, and her mother being busy in the back room, Emma opened the door to find Jack Jackson of Jacksonville, with his hat uplifted.

"Goo devenin', Miss Davis, er ain't seed yer inner coon's age. How yer mar?"

"Well, er do declar', effit ain' Mister Jackson! - Come right in, Mister Jackson. Mar jiss step in de dining



THE COURTIN' OF EMMA DAVIS.

room fur er minnit. Yer sho haster skuse de looks er de room. Hit Saddy night, yer knows. Whar yer ben alls dis time, Mister Jackson?"

"Jiss benner pirootin' roun', Miss Davis, fuss one place, den ernuvver."

"Er sight er yer is sho good fur de so' eyes. How yer mekkin' out, Mister Jackson?"

"Er izzer mekkin' money han' over fiss. De wul is sho good ter me, anner ain' got no kick comin'. Wot yer doin' now, Miss Davis, totin' umpire gowns yit?"

"Same ol' job, Mister Jackson. Er is jist ez ti'ed ez zer kin be ter-night totin' dresses an' hats fur de w'ite ladies. Look lak de w'ite ladies gittin' mo' hats'n things dan deys evvy did. Hit sho good ter have money." Emma sighed.

"Dat jiss wot mek me say wotter gwineter say, Miss Emma. Er got money ter bu'n, but 'tain' mekkin' me feel good."

"Lor', Mister Jackson, how come yer say dat! Money git mos' anyt'ing in dis wul. Effer had money—but pshaw, wotter want er say dat fur? Er ain' got nuffin' an' hit look mouty lak er ain'ter gwineter git nuffin'. Hit look lak er jiss gotter keep onner totin' dem frocks and dem hats, an' comin' home Saddy night mouty nigh daid, er is so ti'ed."

"How dat sot on yer finner, Emma?" Jack takes what appears to be a diamond ring from his pocket and tries it on her finger.

"Dat ain' no di'mon', Jack, is it? Hit sho do fit! Er sho would feel good effer hadder ring lak dat." Emma sighs again.

"All yer gotter do is ter say yer wants dat ring, an' hit stay on dat finner, an' dat ain't all. Ef yer bese mer jularky, an' let one er dese yer Meffodis preachers say yer Miz Jackson, yer kin git up in de mawnin' an' yer kin say ter dat w'ite oomans yer benner totin' frocks fur dat yer dun got marrit now, an' she kin git somebody else yer tote dem frocks."

"Yer oughtn't ter fool me datter way, Jack. Yer is too gooder mans ter fool er lady datter way."

"Stidder yer totin' dem frocks an' dem hats ter uvver peoples, some gal be totin' dem ter Miz Jackson."

"Quit yer kiddin', Jack."

"Yer git yer one er dese umpire gowns, two uvvum, ez many ez yer wants."

"Yer oughter be ershamer yerse'f, Jack."

"An' effer cotch yer doin' any wuk 'cep'n ter eat yer beefsteak an' ice cream, er dunno wotter do wid yer."

"Yer sho do love ter tease."

"Alls yer gotter do is ter tell de cook wot yer want fur dinner, an' dar hit is on de table waitin' fur yer."

"Hush yer mout', Jack, yer sho oughter be er shamer yerse'f."

"An' w'en yer wants ter go down town, alls yer gotter do is ter ax fur er twenty, errer fifty, doan mek no dif-funce w'ich, an' dar hit is."

"Wot yer wants me ter say, Jack?"

"Alls yer gotter say is dat yer be Miz Jackson, an' dat settle de bisniss. Wot yer gwineter say, honey?"

"Fotch erlong de preacher, Jack. Er is sho happy jiss dis one time."

Then followed a short season of blissful silence.

“Emma Davis! Emma Davis! Wake up dar, yer sleepy-haid gal, an’ eat dat supper, er hit go right back ter de pantry. Nevvy seed sicher sleepy-haid gal sence er ben bawn!”

“Is Jack gone, mar?”

“Jack! Yer musser benner dreemin’, gal, dar ain’ ben no Jack ter dis house. Eat dem vittles, er tell yer.”
Poor Emma!

WHAT FOOLS THESE HUSBANDS BE.

“Wot de namer de Lawd de matter wid dat chile, Mernervy? Tain dun nuffin but cry all night.”

Josh lied about it, for he had been snoring away from the time he struck the bed at 8 o’clock until he woke up about daybreak, and then he made the observation.

“Dat de trufe, hit benner cryin’ all night, but you ain hyeerd hit. Yer benner sawin’ dem godes anner runnin’ er sawmill fum de time yer hit de baid tell now, dat wot yer benner doin, an’ me er sottin up anner doin wotter kin fur de young un. Nice timer night fur yer ter cummer axin me wot ail de chile, hit sho is!”

“How come yer didn’t woke me up? Dat alls yer haster do. Stidder dat, yer sot up dar an’ messer roun’, an’ pout, an’ hang out yer tongue, an’ jiss lemme sleep on, an’ dar de young un er cryin ter beat de ban. W’en er oomans is means she sho mean all over, dat wot she is. How come er dunno de chile sick ef yer doan tell me? Tell me dat. Er ain no mine reader.”

“Didn’t er tol’ yer de chile ailin fo yer shuck dem

clo'es? Didn't er tol' yer de chile ailin? Didn't er tol' yer de chile ain ben well all day? Cose er did. Sides dat, yer seed de chile wuz puny."

All the time Minerva was talking she was rocking to and fro in a rocking chair, the child crying at intervals. Minerva had told Josh some truths, but he would have died before acknowledging them. In the meantime he was lying in bed, never offering to lend any assistance.

"De po' li'l' thing musser cõtch col' some way," he ventured.

"Col' nuffn'! Spec hit got de small pox. Dey tell me dat hit evvywhar now," said Mernervy, with devilment in her eye.

"Is dar any breakin out on hit?" anxiously inquired Josh.

"Breakin out! Breakin out! Is yer took de trouble ter look unner hit clo'es? Hit bruk out all over, ef dat wot yer talkin' 'bout."

"Yer kin all bruk out fur measels. Dat ain no sign er small pox. Yer gotter haves fever."

"Fever! Fever! De po' li'l' thing jisser bu'nin up wid fever. Jiss feeler hits laigs. Deys so hot right now dey scotch mer han. Butter tell yer right now, Josh Jackson, yer ainter gwineter leave dis house wid me in-nit ber mer lone se'f anner red flannel flag stickin out de front do'. Yer needn't be er countin on leavin me all ber merse'f. Ef yer goes er sho goes wid yer."

Josh was doing some thinking. Only the week before the inspectors had found a case of small pox in the alley near by, and perhaps Minerva was right. The child might have small pox, and if it did, he would be kept

at home for several weeks. He thought of a thousand things he had to do, and which he couldn't do if he was kept at home. If he could only get out of the house before the case was discovered. That was all he wanted in this world now. He began to make terms.

"Yer knows er is de one wot haster mek de money ter buyed de meat'n braid fur dis fambly. Effer haster stay hyere, hower gwineter mek de money ter buyed de meat'n braid?"

"Ner yer mine bout de meat'n braid part uvvit. De city gi' us all de meat'n braid we kin eat. Er dun foun dat out."

After a long silence on his part, but with a few cries from the fretting child:

"Er jisser bleege ter be down town ter-morrer. Er got dat fifteen dollars datter sol' dat no count mule fur, anner gwineter leave yer five uv dat ter keep house on, ef yer lemme go fo dem spectors comes."

"How yer spec me ter live on five dollars an' buyed de med'cin? Yer haster haves er heaper med'cin w'en yer git de small pox," said Minerva, who saw her chance.

Josh fairly groaned. But he studied the situation. He would be cooped up for thirty days or more, and there was no pleasure for him. He decided to make another attempt.

"Er jiss bleege ter have some money, anner tell yer wotter dooz. Er gi' yer sebbun dollars."

"Hit ten dollars er yer stay right hyere in dis house tell deys tek de red flag down. Yer hyeers me."

Josh slowly arises and puts on his clothes. Slowly

and silently he pulls out his wallet and counts out ten dollars and hands it to Minerva. Then he starts for the door.

"Ain yer gwineter kiss de baby goo'bye?"

"Doggone de baby," and the door slammed. Minerva gave the baby some nourishment and laid it down on the bed to sleep. It was daylight now, and as she went about getting her breakfast she would first sing and then laugh.

"De Lawd doan mekker bigger fool danner mans. Er sho git me one er dem sossidge-skin frocks effer dies."

A FIRST CLASS FUNERAL.

Down at the union depot yesterday the hackmen, waiting for the trains to arrive, gathered about and chatted. They talked about everybody and everything with reckless abandon. Among the number was Old Bill, who had been driving in Macon for thirty years or more, and for this reason was more or less respected by the others. He was silent yesterday, not taking much part in the idle gossip, and on being asked what was ailing him, he said:

"W'en yer dreams erbout er funeul, wot dat de sign uv?"

"Hit de sign dat yer gwineter git marrit," said one, and loud guffaws followed, for Bill was nearly seventy years old.

"Tell de dream, Bill," said several in chorus.

"Er dream er wuz daid. Dar er wuz, in de baid, anner kaint talk, kaint move, butter see jiss lakker always seed.

Er seed de w'ite folks come in de house, anner hyeer um talk jiss lakker always hyeer. Dey say, Ol' Bill er mouty good nigger. He de ol'est nigger wot driv er hack. He driv de hack w'enner git marrit. Nuvver one say, he rid me ter mer par funeul. Nuvver one say, he driv me home many er night w'enner kaint git home on mer laigs. An' deys keep dat up tell one mans say, less give Ol' Bill de swellist funeul datter mans evvy did have! Dey alls say, wese wid yer.

"All de time er wuzzer layin dar in de baid sho daid. Er sho git dat swell funeul. Evvy mans in town fotch he autobeel. Stidder kerridges an' hacks, dey had dese autobeels. All you niggers sottin up dar in dem autobeels, smokin dese ten-cent seegyars widder gol' ban on um. In front er de huss whar er wuz dar wuzzer brass ban playin sweet chunes. Backer de huss wuzzer coupler drays fuller flowers. Den come de ballbearers in one er dese Texas kebs anner smokin some mo' er dem ten-cent seegyars. Den comes de preacher wot gwine-ter preach de sarmon, an' he have er whole autobeel ter hese'f, an' he smokin er seegyar, too.

"Den comes de peoples wot go ter de funeul. Dey all dress up, an' sottin in dem autobeels er smokin er dem ten-cent seegyars. Alls de wimmen folkses w'arrin dem big hats, an' dem umpire gowns, an dem eel-skin frocks, an' look lak dey gwineter er Sundry school picnic.

"Den las' uv all dar wuz ol' Beck pullin mer ol' hack. De hack an' de hoss wuz jiss kivverd wid flowers, an' Beck hadder long piecer black ribbin tied roun her nek, an' she sho look lak she knowed er wuz daid, an' she ain nevvy gwine-ter seed me any mo'.

“De percesshun fo mile long. Hit retch fum de cim-terterry ter Sout’ Macon. An’ all de steam w’issles blow, an’ all de chu’ch bells ring, an’ dese yer hawns wot deys have on de autobeels dey blow, an’ de ban’ play de slowist moosic hit kin play.

“Wen we gits ter de cimmenterry, de percesshun tu’n in de big gate an’ go down ter de grave. De grave all brick up an’ fuller mo’ flowers. De ballbearers dey pull de coffin out’n de huss, an’ dey lemme down in de grave, an’ de ban’ hit play some mo’ dat sof’ moosic. De preacher he say er wuz de bestist mans wot evvy lives. He tell wotter dun dats good w’enner wuz livin. He tell er whole heaper t’ings datter didn’t nevvvy hyeer bout befo. He say dat hyere wuz one mans dat nevvvy hom nobody, datter nevvvy cheat no mans, datter guv alls er made ter de po’n needy, datter sot up wid de sick, an’ datter tuck kyeer er de widder an’ de awphins. He say dat he jiss know er gone ter hebbun, an’ datter peepin right now on dis weekid wul. He say er izzer ainjil now.

“An’ dar er wuz layin dar in mer coffin lissnin at dat mans tell all dem lies, an’ dar er wuz kaint liffer om ter hit him!

“Den dey sings er song bout siddern de lilies, anner seed de mans wot stay ter de cimmenterry an’ bury folkes tek upper spader dirt an’ drap hit on de coffin. Dat w’enner wake up. Hit sho wuzzer fuss-class funeul.”

“Well!” exclaimed several, as a relief.

“Yer gwineter do mouty well ef one er dese scatrin cyarts er de boder heff doan tek yer down ter de creamery whar dey bu’n up de daid cows,” said an unfeeling hackman,

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The Tybee Sunshine Club met as usual yesterday. It is the habit of the negro brickyard hands and the railroad laborers to meet on the street in Tybee every Sunday morning and discuss what they hear their bosses talk about during the week. It is a characteristic of the negro to get his news either mixed or distorted. On this occasion it seems that Shorty Sam had heard his boss say that there was a possibility of the government employing negro census enumerators, and this formed one of the subjects discussed.

"De gov'ment sho rickerlic dat all de niggers ain gone ter Lobelia. De nigger gwineter git sump'n fum de guvverment at lass," said Sam.

"Wot dat? de gov'ment gi' de nigger forty acre anner mule one time. Wot deys gwineter gi' de nigger dis time?" asked old Simon.

"Er hyeerd de boss mans sayed dat dey is gwineter gi' de niggers de job er tekkin de senses way fum de w'ite peoples," said Sam.

"Wot de namer dat licker yer git dis mawnin, Sam? Hit muss be some er dis squal bran, de kine dat w'en yer drinkt hit yer kin blow yer breff upper tree an' de squal fall down daid."

"Er ain totch er drap dis livin day. Sho nuff, dat wotter hyeerd de boss mans sayed. He say dey is gwineter tell how many peoples deys is sence deys had deys senses tekker way fum um bout ten yer ergo. An' he say de niggers gotter do hit."

"Sump'n wrong bout dat, Sam. Dis yer squal branner bline tiger licker mout tek deys senses way, but yer knowed no nigger ain gwinter dooz hit cep'n de w'ite man sleep. How de namer Gawd yer gwinter tek de w'ite man's senses way fum him, no how? Yer sho muss be gwine bughouse."

"Naw er ain, neever. Dat wotter hyeerd de mans sayed. He wuz talkin ter er nuvver w'ite mans. Er sho hyeer him say hit."

"Well, hyere one nigger dat doan wants dat job."

"Hit de trufe, dat wotter tol' yer. Hyere come Jim wot kin read'n write. Less ax him ef he hyeerd any'ing bout hit."

Jim prided himself on being able to read and write, and nothing tickled his vanity so much as to be asked for information.

"Hit wot deys calls de noomeratters er de senses, dat wot hit is," said Jim; "evvy ten year de gov'ment sont menses all thoo de wul ter fine out how many menses and wimmenses an' boys and gals an' chilluns er all kine, how ol' yer is, whar yer bawnded, how long yer ben hyere, wot chu'ch yer b'long ter, is yer w'ite folkses er niggers, is yer marrit, an' who yer ol' oomans an' whar she come fum, is yer got any zeaze, an' ef yer par er mar die wid hit, is yer onhealthy, an' ef yer dies whar yer wants ter be buried, how much yer got in de bank, an' ef yer ain got any money wot yer got at home, is yer rentin er dooz yer house b'long ter yer, ef yer evvy had de small pox, an' ef yer ain had de small pox w'en wuz yer vaxnated, and wuz yer vaxnated on de om er on de laig, an' how many cows'n hogs yer got, an' hosses,

an' who yer wukkin fur an wot yer gitter day, an' ef yer go ter chu'ch on Sunday an' how much yer put in de sasser, and did yer evvy teller lie an' wot fur, anner whole heaper quesshuns lak dat. Dat wot de noomeraters dooz, and de guv'ment pay yer fo dollars er day an' spences."

"Fur de lan sake! An' dat de job de guv'ment gwine-ter gi' de niggers?" said Sam.

"Yer ax me wot de mans wot tek de senses gotter dooz, anner tol' yer. Yer ain bleege ter tek de job. De guv'ment ain gwine runnin atter yer ter tek hit. De nigger alls de time talkin bout de guv'ment ain gi'in um no job, an' now w'en deys gi' yer er job yer kick."

"Yeh, but dat ain no job fur er nigger. Fuss time er nigger go ax one er dese w'ite mans ef he evvy teller lie an' wot fur, dat nigger ainter gwineter live ter draw dat fo dollars er day. Is dis some er Mister Taf's do- ins? Ef hit is, he ain gots much sense as dat Mister Teddy wot used ter be pres'dent. Wot mekkim doan gi' de nigger er job whar no w'ite mans gwineter knock de stuffin out'n him time he ax de fuss quesshun? Ook-er! dis nigger gwineter stay down ter de brickyod."

"Wot deys wants ter tek de senses fur, Jim?"

"Soze deys knowed how many peoples in de wul. Hows deys gwineter foun dat out cep'n deys tek de senses? How many peoples in Macon?"

"Er spec dey is mouty nigh er thousan peoples in Macon, cep'n w'en de succus come, an' den dar muss be er milyun, mo'n dat, er reckon."

"How come deys ain mo'n er thousan peoples in Macon? Deys dat many peoples right hyere in Tybee, an-

ner ain sayin nuffin bout Yamacraw, an' up dar on Pleasant Hill, an' Eas Macon. Spec deys evvy bit'n grain mouty nigh two thousan." This was Pete's estimate.

"Er hyeerd de boss mans say dat dey wuz mouty nigh sebenty-fi' thousand peoples in Macon," said Henry.

"Fur de lan sake, mans! Whar all dem peoples? He muss count dem wot lives in Vinesvilles an' Succun Street. Yer boss mans muss be bughouse. Dar ain mo'n dat many people in de whole stater Georgy. W'en dem niggers gwineter stotter wuk, Jim?"

"Atter Chrismus, dat wot deys tell me."

"Hit better be atter Chrismus. Ef dem niggers go messin roun de w'ite folks axin all de fool quesshuns fo Chrismus, dar ainter gwineter be many er us niggers dat gwineter git any Chrismus! Yer heerd wotter tol' yer."

There was a call for dinner from afar off, and the meeting of the Tybee Sunshine Club was at an end for the day.

THE HOOK WORM.

These fallish days that announce the approach of September produce a lazy feeling, and the draymen eating their dinner remarked it. They had but little hauling to do during the morning, and yet they felt as tired as if they had been kept busy. This is what they discussed as they ate their dinner.

"Mer li'l' gal stracker snag last night," said Bill.

"Did she haves on dat Mary Jane gown er hyeerd yer talkin bout?"

“Naw, dat ain de kiner snag er is talkin bout. She ben reedin de paper an’ she say de doctors kiner oneasy bout so much hook-wum in de country. She sayes she reed whar de doctors skyeerd hit gwineter be evvywhar. Er ax her wot de hook-wum, and she sayes she dunno. Hit sump’n noo. She look in de dixnerry an de sipeter an’ taint ain dair, ef hit is she kaint fine hit. Dat de kiner snag er is talkin bout.”

“Mer goodniss, mans, doan yer knowed wotter hook-wum is? Evvybody ought ter knowed wotter hook-wum is. Dat easy.”

“Longs yer so smot, tell wotter hook-wum is. Trouble wid yer is yer knows too much fur er little town lak Macon. Whar yer blong is Noo Yawk. Yer mekker good slot mersheen. Yer got yer mout op’n all de time, an w’enner mans wants ter knowed wot time de fo clock train dun come in he drap one er dese noo pennies in hit an yer cough up dat hit leave at fo clock. Er ain got no penny in change ter-day, but ef yer kin creddic me tell ter-morrer dis time, er drap one in yer mout. Wotter hook-wum?”

“Er hook-wum wot yer put on er hook w’en yer go fishin, dat wot hit is. Any ijjit knowed dat.”

“Naw taint neever. Wot dem doctors skyeerder dem fur, ef deys de kiner wums?”

“Doctors skyeerder any kiner wum. Wot mekkum gi’ de chillun medcin fur fums, ef deys ain skyeerder um?”

“Mer li’l’ gal sayes hit ain de kiner wums wot chillun haves. Hit er noo kiner wum. Pete, ax dat w’ite mans comin long wot er hook-wum is.”

Pete stops a white man and gets some information.

The hook-worm produces a feeling of languor, a laziness, an inertia.

“Wot de w’ite mans say hit wuz, Pete?”

“He say hit mek yer lazy ter miss yer. He say hit mek yer sick, an’ yer doan feel lak doin nuffin.”

“Wotter tell yer? Er tol’ yer taint de kiner wum yer put on er hook w’en yer gwine fishin. Wot else he say, Pete?”

“Dat evvyt’ing he say. Dat de fuss timer knowed hit tekker wum ter mek yer lazy. Er knows some peoples dat had de hook-wum sence deys ben bawnded. Dunno but wotter swallowed one er dem wums merse’f some timer nuvver. Er sho is ben lazy dis day. Er doan feel lak movin’ out’n mer tracks. Reckin dat w’ite mans ain foolin us?”

“Cose de w’ite mans ain foolin yer. Ainter tell yer mer li’l’ gal reed ter me bout dat wum? Only she doan knows wot hit is. Er sho tell her w’enner gits home ter supper. Er jiss knows dat gal ben feelin bad all day kase she kaint fine hit in de sipeter.”

“Wot de sipeter, Bill?”

“Hit some er dem big books wot mer li’l’ gal pay dollar er mont’ fur an’ hit tell yer all bout wot yer wants ter know. She all de timer lookin in dat sipeter ter larn sump’n, but dem peoples wot got hit up musser not knowed anyt’ing bout de hook-wum, kase deys sho lef hit out.”

“Spec hit one er dem noo doins wot come hyere wid probashun. Hit look lak ter me dat sence probashun come dar ain nuffin but wot noo. Who evvy hyeerd bout dis hook-wum fo licker went out’n succulashun? Tell me

dat. Yer ax yer li'l' gal ef deys anyt'ing in dat sipeter bout de bline tiger. Ax her ef deys anyt'ing bout ni-bear. Ax her ef deys anyt'ing bout two dollar tax fur er dog. Ax her bout dis perlagger, an' dis flammertory talk bout wimmenses. Dar izzer heaper dese noo-fangle doins dat git here atter probashun comes."

"Wot de doctor sayes good fur dis hook-wum?"

"Dunno wot he say. Er ain got no two dollars ter th'ow way axin er doctor bout wot good fur hook-wum. Ef taint er cotchin zease, taint gwineter bover me. Hit dem cotchin zeases wot git me kiner skyeerd."

Over on the far corner stood a man calling for a dray to move his household effects, and there was a scramble that put an end to the discussion.

THE EDUCATED DAUGHTER.

Rebecca had been off to college somewhere, and was back home to start out on her life's career. Bill Harris, her father, was a contractor, and his main business was to mend fences, patch roofs, swing gates, and do such jobs as might come to hand. Lucinda, his wife, took in washing and ironing, and Bill, through the pleadings of Lucinda, spent about all he made on the education of Rebecca, leaving what Lucinda made by way of washing to run the household. Lucinda built high hopes on Rebecca. She was of the opinion that Rebecca was the smartest girl in town, and the mother longed for the day when her daughter would outshine, in education, manners, and style any other girl in Macon.

So Rebecca came home, and after the novelty of be-

ing once more on the ground her infant feet had trod had worn off, she began to compare the humble surroundings with what she had been accustomed to at college. She began to complain of the plain fare, then at the rough manners of the father, and then at the fact that her mother was obliged to bend over the tub. Lucinda was so happy over Rebecca's accomplishments and her superiority over the other girls in Tybee, that if Rebecca had whipped her it would have been all right, but Bill was getting tired of it. It was plain that sooner or later there was going to be trouble. The outbreak came at the breakfast table.

"Par, I wish you wouldn't eat those hominy with your knife, it is not at all correct form."

"Yer par pay fur dese grits wid he own money, anner kin eat em widder knifer fawk errer spoon effer wants ter," said Bill with a decided snap.

"I was just calling your attention to it," said Rebecca.

"Now, honey, dat all she dun, she jiss call yer tenshun ter hit, not dat she mean any hom ber hit," came from Lucinda in a soft tone.

"Kimmin ter er mouty fine pass w'en yer par gotter eat grits widder fawk, anner benner eatin' grits widder knife evvy sence er ben bawn. An' Ise gwineter tell yer sump'n else, I is gittin' ti'ed er yer sottin' up in de pyarlor er jigglin' on dat orgin anner squallin' lak yer had de cramp colic, an' dar yer mar out dar in de yod er brekkin her back er washin' uv dem clo'es, an' me er footin' roun' town er huntin' fur wuk." The old man was shoveling in the hominy with his knife as he said this.

"I am unaccustomed to such bursts of temper where I have been, and if you will excuse me I will retire to my room," said Rebecca with some show of feeling.

"Dar now, honey, yer hu't Becky's feelin's, po' gal. Yer gotter riccolic dat Becky is ben ter college, honey. Tol' yer she didn't mean no hom ber wot she sayed." This from Lucinda.

"An' Ise gwine ter hu't sump'n else 'sides her feelin's widder strop ef she doan look out. Atter er dun th'owed erway all dat money on dat gal ter gitter eddicashun an' hyere she come ter tell her par dat hit haint krec' ter eat grits widder knife! But dat de way wid de gals dese days. De mo' yer spin' on 'em de mo' dey wants yer to spin', an' den dey tu'n roun' an' be er shamer dey par. Ise gwine out now ter fix dat fence fur Mister Holt, an' yer kin jiss tell Miss Becky dat ef she spec ter stay in dis house she sho gotter shuck dem duds she benner w'arrin' an' he'p her mar wash'n i'on," and with that Bill began putting on his old coat. But the idea of Rebecca bending over the wash-tub was too abhorrent to Lucinda. She got up quickly and confronted Bill with her arms akimbo.

"Look hyere, Bill Harris, dat mer chile, an' she doan wash no clo'es, I tell yer dat right dis minnit. Ef dar is gwineter be any stroppin' in dis house Bill Harris gwine-ter git hit. Yer hyeer dat."

"Git out'n mer way, oomans, yer izzer tromp'n on totchy ground' dis mawnin. Jisses sho's yer bawn, effer kin home ter dinner an' dat gal ainter wukkin in soap suds in de kitchin, dar izzer gwineter be some stroppin'. Git out'n de way, er tell yer."

That was when Lucinda hit him with a plate, the first thing she could lay her hands on. Bill tried to grab her, but Lucinda had her mad up, and the next thing she could get her hands on was the coffee pot, and over his head came the coffee. The people next door heard the fuss and told the police. Both were in court yesterday and the tale was told. Lucinda gave her side, and it looked bad for Bill. Then he said:

“Jedge, hit all mer fault. Er is gwine on sebbenty-two year ol’ now, anner benner livin’ wid Lucindy hyere fur nigh on forty year, an’ dis de fustes’ time wese hadder cross wud. Spec mer liver out’n awder, anner wuz-zent feelin’ lakker oughter. Ef yer skuse us dis time, Jedge, er sho eat mer grits widder fawk atter dis.”

It now all depends on Bill discarding the knife when he eats hominy.

AN ENOCH ARDEN CASE.

Henry Brown went wrong three or four years ago, and left Macon under escort for a term of several years in some coal mine in North Georgia. At intervals he heard from Susan, his wife, and she always sent her love, and that of Henry, Jr., and hoped that the time would pass quickly away so that the little family would be reunited. The intervals grew wider apart, and finally ceased altogether.

About a year ago, Susan got hold of the news in some way that Henry was killed by an avalanche of coal falling on him, and it was not long after that she married Berry Summerlin.

Sunday night last there was a rap at the door of the little house Henry had built and paid for.

"Who dat?" came from within,

The sound of a man's voice in his own house did not have a pleasant note in it to Henry, and he took a moment to think. Then he supposed that perhaps she had rented out the house, so he asked:

"Do Susan Brown live hyere?"

"Naw. Dar aint no Susan Brown no mo'. Wot yer wants wid Susan Brown?"

"Er jiss wants ter see her er minnit. Wot yer means w'en yer say der aint no Susan Brown? Is Susan daid?"

"Go long erway fum dat do', nigger! Wot bisniss yer got roppin on dat do' dis timer night. Yer jiss tek yer-se'f erway fum dar."

"Er is Susan Brown's ol mans, anner jiss come home."

There was a commotion in the house. Susan had overheard the conversation, and she thought from the first that there was something familiar in the voice that years of submission had somewhat softened. And she was confused. It was either the voice of a ghost, or it was the husband in the flesh. Despite the orders of Berry, she got up and opened the door.

"Who dat wants ter see Susan Brown, lemme look at 'im."

Henry saw his wife. He started toward her, but she waved him back.

"Fur de luvver de Lawd, ef de daid aint come ter life! Henry, dey tol' me dat you wuz daid, anner marri'd ergin, Lawd have mussy on me, wot izzer dun."

"Who dat mans yer marry, Susan?"

"He name Berry Summerlin wot used ter be down ter de brickyod."

"An' youse lawfully marri'd ter dat mans?"

"Er sho is, Henry, anner mouty sorry. How come yer didn't die, Henry, lak dey says yer did?"

"De Lawd wuzzent ready fur me ter die er reckon. But aint yer gwineter git tek up fur biggity, Susan! De law doan 'low er oomans ter git marri'd w'en she gotter husban' already."

Berry was in the house listening. He was about to lose a wife and an interest in the house. He was thinking fast how to get Henry out of the way. Finally he hit upon a plan.

"Am dis Henry Brown wot used ter live hyere?"

"Dis all dey is lef' uv 'im, butter sho Henry Brown, anner kim atter mer ol' oomans."

"Youse ben in de chaingang, aint yer? You de one wot dey sont ter de coal mine fur stealin' uvver mule, aint yer? Is yer sarved all yer time in de gang?"

For years Henry had been submissive. He had been under rigid discipline, when to say a wrong word, or to display the least temper, meant the lash, and at first he was disposed to take what had been said by the husband of his wife; but gradually his old self began to assert its right, and he resented the accusations.

"Look hyere, Berry, er izzer free mans now, an' dis am mer ol' oomans. Ef yer sayes jiss one wud mo' Iser gwineter buss yer wide op'n. Er aint ben ter de pen fur nuffin, anner ainter gwineter tek nuffin fum yer, no matter ef yer is mer ol' ooman's husband, an' er izzer guvvin

yer two minits ter git out'n dis house, kase dis mer house datter buyed wid mer own money, an' dat mer wife in dar. Efyer gotter razzar, now de time ter hone hit."

Berry knew that if he didn't move and move quick he would not have any use for the house, and he in a few minutes was ready to depart. All this time Henry stood in the yard, and if it had been light enough to have seen his eyes no one would have doubted his intention to send Berry hence. Susan was silent, awed by the near-tragedy, and amazed at the return of the dead to the living. As Berry moved away, the tension was broken, and she held out her hand to Henry.

"Yer aint mad wid yer ol' oomans, Henry?"

"Cose er aint mad wid yer, honey, but hit sorter ruffle me ter come home lak dis. All er ax is dat mans doan come back. Ef he do, er is gwine right back ter de gang, an' hit woont be erbout er mule, hit'll be erbout er mans."

And they lived happy ever afterward.

THE PLUM-COLORED KIMONA.

The sole reason Mame Mitchell had for living was for the purpose of getting married some day, and to wear a plum-colored kimona.

Her par was a brickyard hand some days and a worker at the phosphate works on other days, and he was unable at a dollar a day to satisfy the wants of his daughter in the kimona line. In fact, it was as much as he could do to furnish the meat and bread and shoes,

and therefore the subject of kimonas was never mentioned to him. Her mar took in washing and ironing, while Mame was in service, which means that she worked for some family. Being only a house girl, not yet learned in cooking, her wages were only three a week, and her par laid this by for the house rent. This left Mame in a bad way to purchase anything out of the ordinary, unless her mar helped her. This she did, unknown to Dick, the father. She had the coveted kimona a week before the par saw it, and he probably would not have seen it then but for his coming home yesterday very unexpectedly, having hurt his foot and went home to nurse it. He walked in and found Mame with the kimona on. She had gotten through her work and hurried home that she might wear the kimona for a brief spell.

"Ef dis aint de debbil! Piece er scantlin' falls on mer foot dis mawnin' an' hyere er is, gwineter be laid up fur er week er mo' an' de spenses gwine on all de same. Melviny, git me some hot water, honey, an' lemme bave dis foot. Hit sho do hu't."

As he started to take off his shoe, he happened to see Mame, who, in her distress at seeing her par suffering, had forgotten about having on the precious kimona.

"Melviny, wot dat dat gal got on? Datter noo kiner jackit? Whar yer git dat, chile?"

"Diss aint no jackit, par, disser kermonia. Aint hit poorty, par?"

"Er wot? Er wot yer say? Wot sorter contraption hit am? Dem dar sleeves look lak deys too big fur yer, chile."

Mame was delighted with the mild manner in which her par took the matter. She had expected a beating for indulging in such luxuriance, and here he was rather inclined to like it.

"Dis wot all de ladies izzer wa'rrin' now, par. Hit de lates' style. An' disser plum cullud un, taint lak Babe Ev'rett's, hitter pink. How yer lak hit, par?" and she turned around to give him a better view.

"Whar yer git dat noomonia, chile?"

"Buyed hit, par, yer knows nobody gwineter gi' yer sump'n lak dat."

"Wot hit come ter, chile, how much yer pay fur hit?"

Mame saw the war cloud in the distance. The questions were now getting pointed.

"Hit didn't cos' much, par, only fo' dollars."

"Fo' dollars! Yer pay fo' dollars fur dat piece er cloff?"

"But par, dis am plum color."

"Doan keer wot color, doan keer ef hit apple color, er peach color, all or ax yer is, did yer pays fo' follars fur dat piece er cloff, tell me dat an' nunner yer foolishniss."

"Ruvver yer ax mar 'bout dat, par. She lemme buyed hit, an', par, doan yer seed dat hit plum color. Plum color wuff mo'n dat pink wot Babe Ev'rett got."

"Look hyere, Dick Mitchell," said the mother, "doan yer gitter rizin' any rucus 'bout dat gal's kermony. Nunner yer money went ter buyed dat kermony, hit evvy bit mer money wotter wuks fur, anner doan wants ter hyeer ernuvver wud 'bout hit. Er kin stan' yer foolin' some er de time, but w'en dis gal jiss pine fur dat ker-

mony an' pine an' pine fur er plum cullud kermony, an' all de uvver gals all ober Tybee got pink uns and blue uns and red uns, an' she de onlies' one dat gotter plum cullud un, I is gwineter buyed hit fur her effit tek de rent money, but de rent money dun tied up in mer hankchuf dis minnit, anner dunno wotyer riz'n sicher rucus 'bout. Put dat foot in dis wawm water an' shot yer mout', dat wot yer do."

Dick was satisfied, now that he knew the rent money was safe, and besides he had a bad foot and there was nobody on earth who would cure up that foot better than Melviny, but he did mortally hate to give in. He knew on which side of his bread was buttered, however, so he concluded to make the best of the situation.

"Howd dat Babe Ev'rett scratch upper nuff money ter buyed dat pink noomonia, tell me dat, anner par on de chaingang?"

"Ax me sump'n easy. Yer knows Babe's mar ben on de chaingang herse'f one time fur stealin' er pockit book fum de lady wot she wuk fur."

"Tell Mame ter kim hyere." Mame had gone out of the room, fleeing from the wrath to come.

"Whar dat Ev'rett gal git dat noomonia?"

"How I knows, par! Me'n Babe doan speak. She aint mer styler gal. Her par on de chaingang, dat wot deys tell me, anner doan wants nuffin ter do widder gal wots gotter par on de chaingang. Mer par honniss, he is." Mame had sense.

"Effer cotch yer gwine wid dat Babe ezyer call her, er'll tek yer cross me knee anner sho war yer out. De mo'er look at dat noomonia de mo's er lakkit. Dem

sleeves sho big, but effit de style hit got ter go.”

And Mame went into the next room and stood before the glass to feast on the loveliness of a plum-colored kimona.

MANDY'S COUNTRY BEAU.

Gabe Thomas is a hewer of wood which he hauls to town to sell. Some days he strikes a purchaser for his load at once; other days he drives all over the streets before disposing of his load. Therefore no wonder his moods varied. To find an early purchaser makes him content with the world; a late purchaser gives him the blues.

In the course of his wanderings over Macon to dispose of his load of wood, Gabe found a sympathizer in the person of Amanda Timmons, “er cullud lady wot cook fur er w’ite oomans up dar in Vines-ville.” Whenever Gabe found himself with a load of unsold wood and was bogged up in the low grounds of sorrow, he drove to Vineville, and over the fence he received sympathy and a bite of something to eat.

One day, about two months ago, while working his capacious jaws oer a lunch Amanda had given him, he remarked:

“Yer is de goodist oomans in dis yer town, Mandy. Er jiss nachly luvs yer. Effer hadder stiddy job er sho would ax yer sump’n.”

“Go long, Gabe. Wot yer wanter ax me?”

“Dooz yer wants me ter ax yer anner aint gotter stiddy job?”

"Er sho do, kaser jiss wants ter know wot fool queshun yer wants ter ax me."

"Yer ainter gwinter git mad wid ol' Gabe ef he ax yer, is yer?"

"Ef yer mek has'e an' ax me, but yer izzer was'in' er heaper time wid hit. Dunno wot yer skeerder, kase dar aint nobody ter eat yer up ef yer ax hit."

"Dun tol' yer er aint got no stiddy job, anner aint got no bisniss ter ax yer cep'n er hadder stiddy job."

"Look hyere, nigger, ef yer gwinter ax me, quit yer foolin' an' ax me, ef yer doan min' er go in de house wair de w'ite folks am."

"How long yer ol' mans ben daid, Mandy?"

"Is dat wot yer gotter ax me? Yer ac' lakker fool, dat wot yer do." Amanda was getting tired of being trifled with.

"Er izzer gittin' ter hit, honey, er jiss wants ter know how long yer ol' mans ben daid so er kin ax yer wotter wanter ax yer."

"Mer ol' mans ben daid gwine on fo year dis comin' July, ef dat wot yer wanter know. How come yer didn't ax me dat fuss?"

"Den is yer got any notion er gittin' ernuvver ol' mans?"

"Iser po' lone widder anner spec ef de right kiner mans come erlong dat kin tek keer er me, er dunno wotter mout do. Go on an' ax me wot yer gwinter ax me."

"Iser gittin ter hit. Dun tol' yer er aint got no stiddy job."

"Yer is de mos' aggervatin' mans er evvy did see. Wot de matter widyer, mans? Better go long an' sell dat

loader wood stidder stayin' roun' hyere ter ac' de fool."

Having finished his lunch by this time, Gabe left his wagon and leaned over the fence. Their conversation was too low to be heard, but that night after the supper table had been cleared off, Amanda told the mistress of the house that she was going to be married to a farmer, and she seemed very happy.

A day or so ago, Amanda appearing to be in a bad mood, the mistress asked when the wedding was to take place.

"Lawsy, mussy, Miss Calline, doan ax me 'bout no weddin'. Wot yer rickin' dat nigger done?"

"Had another wife, I suppose."

"Wuss'n dat. Heap wuss'n dat. Yer ainter gwineter see dat nigger roun' hyere no mo', er boun' fur dat."

"Why, what on earth did he do, Mandy?"

"Dat nigger mek out he gotter farm on de Houston road, an' atter er dun promise ter be he ol' oomans he ax me ter loan 'im five dollars ter tek upper morgidge—sump'n lak dat—an' er dat bigger fool datter loan hit ter 'im. He sayed he comin' in town de nex' week an' sho pays me back. De nex' week come an' de nex' week go. Den ernuvver week an' no nigger. Denner goes ter mer pastor anner ax 'im 'bout Gabe Thomas. Mer pastor he ax erbout 'im an' he fine out dat Gabe all er time gittin' po' widder oomans ter say dey be he wife an' den borry er lotter money an' dat de lasser Gabe Thomas. Denner jiss mek up mer min' dat he sho gwineter pay Mandy. One day atter dinner er went down town an' look for dat low-down triflin' scoun'le. Twarnt long fo er fine 'em, anner say, jiss disser way, Gabe, er is sho

gwineter sen' yer ter de chaingang fur stealin' dat fi' dollars fum me, anner jisser watchin' fur er poleeces. W'en dat nigger hyeerd me say dat he knowed wot wuz good fur he wholesome. He didn't wanter pull dat money out he pockit, but t'ank de good Lawd dar wuzzer poleeces kimmin up de street, anner jiss fixin' mer mout' ter call 'im w'en Gabe he th'owed de money at me an' hit he mule er lick an' dat mule sho did run, an' dar er wuzzer laughin' fit ter kill mer fool se'f. Dat nigger sho did git out'n de way."

"Then I am not going to lose you."

"Law, chile, meat'n braid gooder nuff fur Mandy. Er never did lakker country nigger no how. Dey is all eejits."

WHO WAS SCARED THE MOST.

The rain had run a number of negroes off the streets under an awning, and the vivid flashes of lightning caused a conversation on how people are frightened. Some were afraid of lightning, and some didn't mind it at all, so they said. In the crowd was Old Isham, an old warehouse hand, who took no part in the conversation of the younger set, until up came Old Mose, one of his kind, and to whom he had rather talk. This was the greeting between the two old-timers:

"Dat you, Mose? Come out'n dat rain. Taint gwinter do dat roomatiz any good fur you ter be er sloshin' roun' in de rain."

"Ef dat aint ol' Isum! Whar yer ben, Isum? How-

yer coprossity seem ter gashiate any how? Dat you er talkin' 'bout roomatiz? Who got roomatiz? Er kin jump up an' crack mer heels tergevver good ez you any day. Come talkin' ter me 'bout roomatiz! Yer dunno wot yer talkin' 'bout, man. But how izyer, ol' man?"

"Jiss sorter tolluble, Isum. Dis yer rain jiss kim down, an' hit cotch me dout mer umberrel. Furgits ter brung dat umberrel evvy day. See dat lightnin'? Hit sho do skyeers me."

"Unkle Isum, wot de skeeries' time yer evvy had?" asked one of the negroes.

"Hit wuz indurin' uv de war, den w'en hit wuz. We wuz in de battle, an' young marster he tol' me ter mine he hoss fur 'im. Dem booms wuzzer jisser flyin' roun' anner t'arin' up de groun', but young marster he dun tol' me ter stay wid dat hoss, anner wuzzer gwineter stay dar ef dem booms didn't tek me way. Er aint gwineter tell no lie, dis nigger wuz sho skyeerd. Yer could heer dem li'l' bulluses er w'istlin' all roun' yer, an' dem booms er axin' whar is yer, an' yer was dar, but yer wuzzent dar kase yer wants ter, tell yer dat right now. Spec dat wuz de fusstist timer evvy wuz sho skyeerd."

Mose was an interested listener, but he said nothing. One of the negroes said:

"Yer know dat time me'n you went thoo dat cim-merterry?"

"W'en? Dat time yer seed de ha'nts? Er sho do."

"Wuz yer skyeerd?"

"Wuzzer skyeerd? Didn't yer seed me er runnin'?"

"Hush yer mout'. Er wuzzer runnin' merse'f anner

didn't tek time ter seed wot you doin'. Er so skyeerd er feel mer face git ashy."

"Dat aint nuffin' ter how skyeerd er wuz. Er so skyeerd er lit over dat fence anner dunno w'enner dun hit."

"Er wuz so skyeerd er dunno w'enner git home."

Old Isham looked at Mose as if to say, "dese niggers dunno nuffin 'bout gittin' skyeerd," but Mose gazed at the falling rain, as if the conversation had no charms for him.

"Yer talkin' 'bout bein' skyeerd," said one of the group, "lemme tell yer how skyeerd er wuz one time. Yer know dat time w'en de poleeces wuzzer lookin' fur er nigger dat dun sump'n, dun furgits now wot hit wuz an' dey gwine roun' ter de houses er axin' erbout dis mans an' dat mans, an' w'en dey tekker mans out'n he house in de yod an' shine he eye widder bull-eye lantun ter seed efyer de right mans? Well, dey kim ter mer house dat night, an' dey rop de do'. Er say who dat? Dey say git up, yer black rask'l, an' op'n dat do' ef yer doan we gwineter buss hit op'n. Er knowed right off dat dey wuz atter me, an' er sho op'n dat do' timer lit on de flo' fum de baid. Den de boss mans he tu'n dat bull'eye on me. Dey tekker good look at me. One mans he say, he sho do look lak de mans we is atter. Gentel-mens! dis nigger wuz sho skyeerd. Er wuzzer jisser trimlin. Mer knees sho feel lak dey gwineter lemme drap on de groun'. Den ernuvver uv dem mens dey git on de sider me, an' he say, op'n yer mout', nigger. Er sho op'n mer mout'. Den look lak ter me er jiss kin hyeer 'im say, no, de nigger wot wese atter got-

ter brass toofey, an' dis nigger got good tofies. Er jis hyeer ernuvver mans say, dat so. Gen-tel-mens! Talk erbout de w'isp'rin' ainjils! Dar wuz ainjils er sho w'isp'rin' roun' me dat night. Dey say, git back ter baid, nigger, yer ain't de mans wot we wants. Dat mer skyeerist time."

Then it was old Mose's turn. He spat on the ground and made a cross mark with the toe of his shoe.

"Yer all niggers t'ink yer ben skyeerd. Yer aint ben skyeerder bit. Long timer 'go er wuzzer gwine thoo de ol' buryin' groun' er col' black night. Er seed de toomstones, butter knowd dey wuz toomstones, an' dey didn't skeer me. But jiss befo' er retch de gate er seeder ha'nt riz up out'n er ol' marster's grave. Yer dunno wot skyeerd is! Talk erbout gittin' o' de fence an' gittin' in baid, an' notter knowin' hit, an' yer knee so weak dat hit 'bout ter let yer drap! W'enner seed dat w'ite ha'nt riz up out'n dat grave, an' me dar all ber merse'f, an' hit dok, an' nuffin' gwine on ter mekker n'ise, er wuz skyeerd. Ed doan min' tellin' yer er wuz skyeerd. Er so skyeerd er didn't move, anner ain't move yit. Er so skyeerd er couldn't git any skyeerder, dat how skyeerd er wuz."

The prize was awarded to Mose. He was the skyeerdest.

THE DELIVERY BOY'S MISTAKE.

Martha and Maria lived in the same alley, and their houses are near each other. They fell out some time ago about something, perhaps it was about the children,

and they were itching for a fight, needing only a proper cause to jump on each other, no matter if they were carried to court.

Maria went to market Saturday afternoon to lay in the dinner supplies, and directing where the supplies should be sent, she went on down town shopping. By the time she had spent all her money doing a little shopping, she had forgotten all about the dinner.

Yesterday morning when it was time to put dinner on and get the pot to boiling, there was no trace of the supplies.

"Any you chilluns put dem t'ings erway?" she asked of the children.

"Wot t'ings yer talkin' 'bout, mar?"

"Dem collards an' dem inguns, an' dem uvver t'ings datter git ter de market fur dinner."

"We ain't seed no collards'n inguns. W'en yer brung 'em, mar?"

"Weller do knows. Ef dat doan beat mer time. Wunner w'y do oomans didn't sen' dem t'ings! Look roun' hyere, good, Becky, dey sho is hyere some w'airs."

A thorough search of the house failed to reveal any vegetables or material for dinner.

"Look hyere, Dick, wot time yer came home yistiddy? Wuzzent yer hyere w'en dem collards come fum de market?"

"Wot yer axin me fur? Ef yerd stay home stidder traipsin roun' town sp'nnin all de money ter de fi' cent sto', anner ten'in ter yer bisniss, dem collards be hyere," said Dick, trying to shave.

"Doan yer gimme nunner yer slack, Dick Harris. Dat

de fustist timer ben down town inner long time, an' denner jiss had ter go. But whar yer rickin dat oomans sont dem collards? Any yer chilluns lef' de yod yis-tiddy, w'enner tol' yer ter stay right hyere teller kim home?"

"No, ma'am, wese stayed right in de yod an' play, didn't we, Babe?" said the girl.

"Well, all er gotter say is dat dar ainter smidg'n er nuffin' fur yer all's dinner. Braid'n meat all yer gwine-ter git fur yer dinner dis day, kase hit Sunday, an' de sto's all shot up. Er jiss tryin' ter ricollic who dat oomans wuz datter buyed dem collards fum. Er sho tells de poleeces 'bout dat oomans."

"One boy kim hyere an' ax us whar Marfy Morris live, an' he had some collards in he han'," said the girl.

"Ef dat doan beat bobtail! Spec dat de boy wot gwineter brug dem collards ter dis house. An' dat boy ax fur Marfy Morris?"

"He sho did, mar, anner spec dem our collards."

"Ef dat Marfy Morris tuck mer collards, er sho tek-ker stick an' break er haid. Run up de alley, Calline, an' seed ef yer kin smell de pot er bilin'. Wunner ef Marfy did git dem collards!"

Whether Caroline smelt the cooking collards or not, she came back and said she did. That was enough. Maria darted out of the house, and bolted into Martha's house without even so much as a knock at the door.

"Gimme dem collards out'n dat pot, an' doan yer gimme no foolishniss, neever. Er jiss nachly spiser teef, anner——"

"Wot de namer goodniss de matter wid yer, Maria?"

Is yer jiss gone plum crazy? Wot yer mean ber comin' in mer house datter way an' doan knock at de do' an' kimmer bilin' in hyere, an' axin' me ter gi' yer mer collards out'n de pot. Youser fool, dat wot yer is."

"Mine out, Marfy Morris, who yer izzer callin' er fool. Er buyed dem collards up ter de markit an' de oomans sont 'em home, an' de eejit uvver boy brung 'em ter yer house stidder mine, anner sho gwineter git dem collards er dey izzer gwineter be er rucus right hyere dis berry Sunday mawnin'."

"Well, ef dat doan settle hit. Sister Harris, fo Gawd, er nevvu knowed dat dey wuz yer collards. De boy kim hyere, an' he ax fur Marfy Morris, anner tol' im datter wuz Marfy Morris j'ss lak he say, an' he say hyere some collards yer ol' mans buyed an' sont ter yer. Bill he kim home butter tex notice he nevvu say nuffin 'bout buyin' any collards anner 'lowed he jiss tucker noshun ter buy 'em. Er is sho sorry, Sister Harris. Lemme gitter dish ter puttum in."

This action on the part of Martha so astonished Maria that she was speechless. She had expected Martha to show fight and that was what she wanted. So, when Martha had taken up the collards and placed them on a big dish, Maria asked for another dish. Then she divided the collards and said:

"Sister Morris, bein' dis Sunday, an' mer fambly sicher li'l' fambly, wese jiss 'vide dese collards—dey is mouty nice collards—kase dey izzer nuff fur bofe our dinners," and she hurried away before she changed her mind.

When she reached her own house she happened to

think of the onions and other things, and she paused on the doorstep, deciding whether to go back or not. She slowly opened her door and went in, saying to herself, as she heard the church bells ringing:

“Ef ’twas any uvver day but Sunday, er mout go back an’ scrap fur dem onions.”

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

After Gladys Jackson had her spat with Harelip Pete and cut him dead for Buckeye Bill from Jacksonville, she was, to all appearances, the happiest girl in all Yamacraw. She told the dressmaker, for whom she was the means of delivery of dresses and things, all about the fuss at the card party, and what sort of a fine and dandy man her new beau was. The dressmaker told her that when she was married to let her know in time, and she would furnish the wedding dress.

But while Buckeye Bill was very attentive, he showed no signs of anything more than friendship, and day by day Gladys saw the wedding dress fade away. She concluded that she would bring things to a focus the next time he called, and this is what happened.

“Er gotter tel’gram dat mer owange trees got totched ber de fros’ in dat las’ col’ spell, anner got ter be leavin’ yer poorty soon.”

“Er do love owanges! Dey is de goodist fruit dat grows on trees, Mister Buckeye. An’ dem owanges blossoms—dooz dey bloom all de year?”

“Dey sho do. Yer kin smell ’em er mile off any day



G. B. Hunt

BUCKEYE BILL.

in de year. But Iser fred dey ben totched ber de fros' dis las' col' spell, an' ef dey is, hits Katy bar de do' fur owange blossoms fur dis chick'n."

"Dooz yer know datter nevvly did seed er owange blossom," said Gladys with a sigh.

"Spose er ax yer mar ter let yer go wid me de nex' timer comes back ter dis town."

"W'en yer gwineter kim back, Buckeye?"

"All yer gotter do is ter lemme know."

"Wot er gotter do wid yer comin' back? Yer doan keer nuffin fur er po' gal lak me."

"De debbul er doant! Iser benner layin' off ter ax yer ter go wid me ter Flurridy, but dar's dat Haslit Pete in de way."

"Er spise de groun' dat nigger walks on. He de low-downist triflest nigger in dis town. Dat nigger kain't bresh er fly off'n me. Doan yer stan' back fur dat fool nigger." Gladys began to see the wedding dress.

"Ef dat de case, er fotcher ring ter put on yer finger—dunno w'ich finger hit am—butter know dat yer gotter w'ar dis ring, anner doan keer wot finger hit am, effit yer fum. Lemme put hit on widder wush."

"Wot dat wush, Buckeye?"

"Dat yer sot de day nex' week wenner come back fum Jacksonvilles an' tek yer ter mer Flurridy home, an' yer kin see er owange blossom right in de fiel'."

"Dat mouty soon, Buckeye, but ef mar lemme, yer gits yer wush."

Three days after Buckeye Bill had gone back to Jacksonville to return for his bride, who should call but

Harelip Pete, whom Buckeye insisted on calling Haslit Pete. Gladys retired to the shed room and put on the wedding dress that had been given her by her employer.

“Mer goodniss, Glad, wot in de namer de Lawd yer got on? Dat one er dese yer new styler frocks? Yer sho do look lakker lady now. Hit fit yer kiner quick roun’ de waistes, but hit sho fine.”

“Hit sho is! Got sump’n finer dan dat. Wotcher thinker dat?” and she held up her hand so as to show the ring.

“Fur de luver of goodniss! Lemme see dat ring good. Seem lak ter me datter seed dat ring afo.”

“Naw, yer nevy seed dat ring afo. Dis ring come fum Jacksonville.”

“Effer mek no mistake, dat ring nevy seed Jacksonvilles. Dat ring come right out’n de tin cent sto’. Effer mek no mistake er seeder feller w’en he buyed dat ring. Effer mek no mistake dat de berry same ring dat Buckeye Bill buyed fur dat Simmons gal wot live in Moccasin Slide an’ se flung hit back ter him. Lemme seed dat ring ergin, Glad.”

Gladys had secretly suspected as much. The stone didn’t shine as it did when she first got it, and besides the setting fell out twice. But there was a lot depending on that ring. First of all there was the wedding dress, and then there was a husband and a trip to Florida.

“Pete, doan yer tell me no lie, did yer seed dat nigger w’en he buyed dat ring?”

“Er sho did, kaser lookin’ right at ’im, an’ mo’n dat,

er seed dat Simmons gal w'en she th'owed hit at 'im an' he pick hit up an' put hit in he pockit."

The upshot of it all was that Gladys gave the ring to Pete and they were married next day. Pete had lied about the ring, which he pawned for four dollars, and with the money the newly wed had a swell blowout. When Buckeye Bill returned for his bride, he found her the bride of another; but he will probably never know that his ring furnished the wedding supper, and how Harelip Pete took his bride from him.

THE INVALID.

Old Lige lay on his sick bed, and after Minerva had used up all the remedies she had ever heard of, it was found necessary to call in the doctor, who, by the way, was a negro physician just from some northern college. Being one of her race, however, she was proud of him as a doctor, and she looked at him with a feeling of pride as he diagnosed the case. After the doctor had thumped, tested temperature and looked wise, Minerva asked:

"Wot de matter wid de ol' mans, Doctor?"

"There are symptoms of endocarditis, but I am inclined to think it may develop into regurgitation in the cardiac region. When did he first complain?"

"He benner kimplainin fur de las' ten year, butter never paid no tenshun ter him, kaser didn't know dat was de matter wid him. Is datter killin' sickniss, Doctor?"

"Not necessary fatal, my good woman, unless there is congestion of the pericarditis. What did he complain of?"

"Some time hitted mizry in he chest, some time he aint got no appertite, an' some time he say he feel lak he want ter fall down, an' some time he say he feel er gre't big lump in he chest. He tek on moutly some time."

"Is he temperate in his habits? Is he addicted to the too free use of spirits frumenti?"

"Er knows wot yer saying, Doctor, butter doan unnerstan' yer."

"I mean does your husband partake of stimulants to excess?"

"Yer has ter come ergin, Doctor, kase er seed right now yer ben ten'in dem niggers wot live on de hill. Wese niggers in Tybee ainter benner havin' no doctor ter come see us. Ef we git sick we jiss tekker dose er castor il'n turkintine an' ef yer git well hit all right, an' efyer die hit all right. Aint dar no chaine fur de ol' mans?"

"Because a man's valvular functions are impeded in their operation temporarily, it does not necessarily follow that the vital spark is quenched, but still there is always an element of danger. But I would like to know something of his habits. Do you not know whether or not he imbibes too much?"

"Lemme call Calline, Doctor, she go ter de school-house an' she kin hyeer bettern er kin. Calline! Calline! Oh, Calline! Come hyere, honey, an' seed wot de doctor want ax yer." Enter Calline.

"My little girl, does your father ever drink?"

"Fur goodniss sake, doctor, is dat all yer wants ter know? Yer kin go back, honey, er knows wot de mans wanter know now. Cose he drink, Doctor, he drink all he kin git dem han's on, ef dat wotyer wanter know."

"How much does he drink, and how often?"

"Who? Lige? He drink jisses longs de botler licker hol' out, dat wot he do, an' his dis yer blin' tiger licker, dat wot hit is. Yer ax me fur de trufe, anner gwine-ter tell yer de trufe."

"Explain to me the difference between blind tiger liquor and any other kind."

"Heaper diffunce! Good licker mek drunk come in de laigs, an' yer know wot yer doin', but yer kaint walk home. De blin' tiger licker doan bover yer laigs, but hit sho tangle up ver haid. De haid dun daid, but de laigs dey izzer wobblin' all 'bout. Ef ye lives in Tybee, dem laigs tek yer ter Yamacraw. Yer kaint fool wid dis blin' tiger licker."

"According to my diagnosis, your husband must be kept absolutely quiet, and I will prescribe a sedative. Send this prescription to a drug store and have it compounded. I will now thank you for my fee."

"Dunno nuffin' 'bout yer fee, Doctor, but is yer gwine-ter come ergin?"

"Certainly. I am always very solicitous of my patients. Thank you for my fee, please."

"Wot yer mean ber dat, Doctor? Wot yer mean ber yer fee?"

"Two dollars for my visit, diagnosis and prescribing."

"Two dollar! Two dollar fur lookin' at de ol' mans

anner skeerin' me ter deff wid dem dognoses, seedless powders, an' all dat talk 'bout dem sperrits fruki, an' talk lak dat! Two dollar! Yer bughouse, dat wot yer is, anner tell yer right now wese aint got no two dollar ter th'ow way on sich monkey bisniss lak dat."

"If you refuse to pay me my fee, I shall be forced to have you put on the black list."

"Who put on de black list? Er show yer, yer ignunt raskil you," and in a very short time the doctor was floundering in the yard. Then Minerva walked in the house and thus addressed her lord:

"Git out'n dat baid, yer lazy raskil, ef yer doan er izzer gwineter fix upper doser castrile'n turkintine an' mek yer swaller hit, sho's yer name's Lige. Er do spiser nigger doctor. Er spiser mans what talk lak dat mans. Dunno wot de Lawd t'inkin' 'bout w'en he mek sicher mans lak dat. Put me on de black lis'! Er is sho sorry er didn't bruk he haid."

Lige arose from his bed and went to work as usual. By night he was entirely cured, and did not make a single complaint.

THE BELATED GROOM.

No doubt it was originally intended that the wedding of Bill Jackson and Sis Simmons should be a very quiet affair. One reason for this belief was that there was underground talk around the purlieus of Tybee that somewhere down in the turpentine region of the state, Bill had a wife already, and while this was strenuously

denied by Bill, there were people wicked enough to think that Bill was evading the truth. His reason, as it was given, was that he was always opposed to so much fuss at weddings "kase dar wuz allers too much fuss afterwards."

As for Sis, it made no difference, "jisso dey gits ma'ad ber er preacher mans, nunner dis gitt'n ma'ad ber er injustice uv de pieces fur her, dat dey haint."

But on the wedding night there was a good crowd. It was Sue Simmons' gal who was to be married, and all Yamacraw was going to it, whether invited or not. Owing to the underground remarks about Bill, fully half of the guests felt it in their bones that something was going to happen, and they didn't want to miss it for the world.

Bruvver Maddox, in his jimswinger coat, white tie and Bible under his arm, was there. Everything and everybody was ready except Bill. Bruvver Maddox knows what to talk about and entertain a crowd when he goes to a prayer-meeting, and what to say after the knot is tied, in the way of good advice talk, but he was shy on knowing what to talk about to an impatient crowd at a wedding with the groom overdue.

While this painful silence was prevailing in the "settin' room," this is what was going on in the little shed room where the bride and her mar were putting on the finishing touches to Sis' toilet.

"Tol' yer dat nigger wuz gwine back on yer, but yer mar doan know nuffin; yer mar izzer plum ijjit, but yer see now, don'tcher. Taint no mo'n er spectid fummer low down turkintine nigger. Hyere all de cumpny in de

sottn' room, an' de preacher mans dun come, an' de cake dun bake, an' de vittles dun cook, an' de bride gotter fixin's on, an' no Bill Jackson yit."

"Dat de way widyer, mar, yer all de timer fussin anner fussin. Yer go out dar ter de cumpny an' tell dat bow-laiggid Sam Passmo' ter sneak in hyere right er-way."

Sam sneaked in.

"Yer shot up dat mout,' Sam, an' lissum ter me, dat wot yer do. Izyer got dat pa'r licenses dat yer got fur me'n you dis las' gone summer, tell me dat?"

"Er sho is, Sis, gottum Johnny on de spot, an' yer sho look lak yer sweeter nuff ter eats, mer honey," said Sam admiring her at a safe distance.

"Mar, go an' tell de preacher mans we is ready."

It was hard to tell who was the most surprised, mar or Sam, but mar relied wholly on Sis, and whatever Sis said that night went, but it took her a minute to regain her equilibrium.

"Dooz yer wants ter keep de cumpny waitin' all night, mar?"

Everybody felt relieved, none more so than Bruvver Maddox who had begun to bewail the vanishing fee.

The crowd was surprised to see Sam walk in with the bride and take the absent Bill Jackson's place, but after all a wedding's a wedding.

Just as congratulations began to pour in, in walked Bill, and it was plain to see that he had been in the lair of a blind tiger.

"Fotch on de bride, ol' ooman, an' fotch her quick, kase hits time ter git hitched."

Sue gave a savage look. "Dar hainter gwineter be no mo' hitchin' at dis house ter night, Mister Jackson. Yer didn't come w'en yer sayed yer would, an' mer Sis dun ma'ad ter Mister Passmo'."

"Den fotch on Mister Passmo', kaser sho gwineter hitch ter somebody ter night."

At this warwhoop the guests scattered, Sam among the first. He knew there was going to be trouble, and there was too big a stock of cake and things to spoil, and he went for the nearest policeman. While Bill was being carried away in the misery wagon, the good things were attacked and finally destroyed.

All the facts came out in court yesterday morning, and Bill was asked the cause of the tardiness that caused him the loss of the bride.

"Judge, Iser bleeged ter tell yer de trufe, kaser knows dat yer lemme off dis time. Er never did ax dis Sis Simmons ter marry me. She knowed datter wuz er ma'ad mans, dun tol' 'er so many time, but she say wot diffunce hit mek ef yer dun lef' 'er, an' she go git de licenses 'erse'f. Las' night come anner didn't know wot ter do cep'n ter git drunk, butter didn't aim ter go ter de house, Judge. Dat w'enner dun wrong, Judge, er sho dun wrong dar."

"But why did you call for Sam to lick him for marrying the bride when you didn't want her?"

"Judge, dat de skeeriest nigger in dis town. Er jiss wants ter t'ank him fur gittin me out'n er mouddy bad scrape. Me hit dat nigger! Judge, effer yer knowed dis Sis Simmons lak I knows her, yer'd be sho sorry fur

Sam. He got trouble on he han's dout me hittin' 'im, he sho is."

The case was dismissed.

OUT WITH THE CHURCH.

Phyllis is one of the old-time sort, and she would as soon think of missing going to church on Sunday as going without her breakfast. It was part of the day's duties.

Lige never did want to go to church much. Unless the sermon was one of these lightning arrester sermons, as he called them, the kind that makes you feel good and not the kind that stirs the bile, Lige generally fell asleep. Besides, he had his private reasons for not wanting to go, but for the sake of peace in the family he never mentioned them.

Last Sunday morning was one of the days he didn't feel like going. The couple had arisen late, and Phyllis was stirring around putting on her things, the same things that had been going to church with her for thirty or forty years, the same bonnet, and almost the same everything else. Lige was sitting close by the fire smoking.

"Jiss look at dat clock, mans, see how late hit gittin' an' hyere yer aint stotted ter git ready fur chu'ch."

Lige smoked on, not venturing a word in reply.

"Git up fum dar, Lige, anner be gittin' ready, wese gwineter be late dis mawnin, anner 'spise ter be er traip-sin inter chu'ch atter de fuss prar."

“Yer has ter go long dout me dis mawnin, ol’ oomans.”

“How come yer aint gwine? Yer wuzzent dar las’ Sunday, an’ hyere yer izzer not gwine dis Sunday. How come?”

“Jiss kaser ainter gwineter.”

“Wot dem folkses gwineter say w’enner goes ter chu’ch evvy Sunday dout yer, wotter gwineter tell ’em?”

“Better lemme lone ’bout gwine ter chu’ch.”

“Woffer better lemme lone?”

“Kaser aint stuck on gwineter chu’ch no how, dat how come.”

“How yer gwineter sarve de Lawd ef yer doan go ter chu’ch, tell me dat?”

“You is gittin so good dat yer good ernuff fur bofe uvvus. You is gwineter be’n anjil bimebye right hyere in Macon.”

“Wot in de namer de Lawd got inter yer dis mawnin? Didn’t yer brekfus soot yer? Wuzzent dem sossidge fry dun ernuff? Yer tol’ me ter fry de aigs on jiss one side, an’ yer ainter fussin’ ’bout dem, izyer? Tucker heaper pains wid dem biskit kase yer all de timer growling in de weeky days ’bout de biskits wid too much sody in ’em. Dar wuzzent er specker groun’s in de coffee, anner sho kep’ hit hot fur yer. Den wot in de namer common sense yer git so fracshus ’bout dis mawnin an’ say yer aint stuck on gwine ter chu’ch? Dat Gladys Tillin’has’ gal wot benner tekk’n singin’ lessons in Bosson Masschusets gwineter sing de Hole in de City, anner jiss knows yer wanter hyeer dat gal, so come

erlong, Lige, yer aint got no time ter be er foolin' kase hits sho gittin' late."

"Who gwineter preach?" asked Lige, showing just a bit of interest.

"Bruvver Thomas, cose Bruvver Thomas gwineter preach, you knows dat well's I dooz."

"Denner doan go, an' yer might ez well be moseyin' erlong, ef yer doan wanter be too late ter hyeer dat gal sing, kaser doan go one step."

"Effer wants ter fine er mean mans, you is dat mans. I is sho ershamer yer. Er gre't big mans lak you, too lazy ter draw yer breff, an' ainter gwineter go ter chu'ch! Hit am scan'lous, dat wot hit am."

"Jiss keep on, jiss keep on. Iser gittin' mighty ti'ed er dis chu'ch bizniss. Er seed Bruvver Thomas, ez yer call 'im, doin' heaper t'ings dat no preacher got any bizniss doin' de way er look at hit."

"Look hyere, Lige Johnson, jiss say wot yer please 'bout me, call me wot yer wanter, but don't yer say nuffin' 'bout mer pastor! Yer izzer gwine jiss leetle bit too fur now. He evvy bit'n grain er heap better mans dan you ever dared ter be, yer low down triflin scoun'le yer. Talk erbout mer pastor er doin' t'ings dat no preacher oughter do! Yer izzer pime blank lie, er gre't big scan'lous lie, dat wot yer is. Gre't mineter tek upper sticker wood an' bus' yer brains out. Er doan wants yer ter go ter chu'ch wid me now. Yer kin stay et home er yer kin go some place an' kill yerse'f fur wot I keer."

The people who live in the next room told the court yesterday morning that they did not know what started

the fuss between Lige and his wife, but after they heard some loud talking there was a noise like the house falling down and they thought it best to call in an officer.

"Hit wuz jisser li'l' spute-ment 'twix' me'en de ol' oomans, Jedge, an' we dun mekkup long ergo."

"Jedge, lemme tell yer jiss how it wuz——"

"I don't want to hear any more. If you two old people can't live in peace without disturbing your neighbors, I will find a way to make you. You can go."

"Hyeer dat! Tol' yer better lemme lone 'bout dis chu'ch bizniss."

"Er hyeers, but you jiss wait teller gits yer home," said Phyllis, with her head high up in the air.

IN A TYBEE BACKYARD.

Melinda was bending over a tub washing clothes. The children were playing in the yard, all too small to be of any help to her.

"Stop dat fuss, chilluns! Yer sho mekker fuss."

"Buvver went'n hit me fur nuffin, mar," said Patsy, between her squalls.

"George Wash'ton! Come hyere ter me, yer triflin scoun'le, come right hyere dis minnit, yer hyeer!"

"She tuck mer braid, mar, dat wot she dun," said George.

"No er nevvyy neever, mar, he gimme de braid," said Patsy.

"Doan er know he dun hit! Yer sot yerse'f down dar on dat stoop, an ef yer move er foot er w'ar yer out, yer li'l' raskil!"

"Mar, buvver move he foot," said Patsy.

"Yeh, an' buvver better mine wot he doin. Er ainter feelin good dis mawnin no how."

"Mar, buvver wiggle he toe."

"Let him keep onner wiggling dat toe. Er wiggle him recly. Doan say nuffin ter him. Jis let him keep on."

Melinda begins to sing. George takes it for granted that she has forgotten all about him, and as he begins to play with Patsy who makes no complaint. Then Patsy squalls again.

"Wot de namer Gawd de matter wid yer now, Patsy? Wot ail yer dis mawnin no how?"

"Buvver hit me wid dis big rock."

"Georgia Wash'ton! Patsy, go in dat house an fotch me dat strop."

So delighted at the prospect of seeing her brother whipped with the strap Patsy runs into the house for it. George sees the trouble ahead and runs under the house.

"Come out fum unner dat house, come right out! Yer hyeer me! Er sho gwineter wawm yer jackit w'enner lay mer han' on yer. George Wash'ton, doan yer hyeer me er talkin' ter yer?"

But George knows he is safe as long as he is under the house, and keeps still. Melinda cannot carry her two hundred and fifty younds under the house, and she is reminded of her washing.

"Ner yer mine, young mans, er sho git yer w'en yer come out anner gwineter sho tan yer hide fur yer, yer black raskil!"

She returns to the washing, while George falls asleep. In her hurry to get the washing done so as to get supper in time for her husband, George is forgotten until the supper table is ready and the vacant seat shows up.

"Whar George Wash'ton?" inquiries the head of the house.

"Fur de lanner Goshen! Whar dat chile? Patsy rund out do's, honey, an tell dat boy ter come ter he supper errer come out dar an tekker stick ter him."

Patsy comes in with the information that she had called and called and George didn't answer, and it is so dark under the house that she can't see him. Both mad and frightened, Melinda rises from the table so abruptly that she overturns the table and spills the hot coffee all over her husband and empties everything from the table and breaking a lot of dishes. But she doesn't stop for this. She goes out doors and squatting down she calls loudly for George. No answer. She tries to crawl under the house, but she is too fat. Then she calls again, calls a dozen times. George has heard her all the time, but George is foxy. She changes the tone. From the loud angry tone she gradually melts into:

"Come git yer supper, honey. Yer par dun come. Ain yer dun sleep nuff, honey?"

"Yeh, ma'am," comes almost like a whisper.

"Well, den, come on out fum unner de house. Hit sho time yer eat yer supper an gwine ter baid. Come on now, doan lemme hafter call yer ergin."

Melinda knew that to go back mad, or to frail George as she wanted to do, after her upturning of the supper, would be only making her husband mad and a

row was sure to come, so she led George into the house saying:

“Whar yer reckon dis li'l' raskil ben? He benner tek-kin er nap unner de house. He sho needer good lickin. Gi' him some supper, ol' mans, an den yer tek yerse'f off ter baid, yer black rascil!”

And the storm blew over.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Mandy prided herself on her chickens. She was a cook for a family in town, and because of this she had to rise very early in the mornings so as to get the breakfast for the white folk, and it was late when she returned home at night, but she had Sundays to watch the broods as they grew up to be broilers and fryers. During the week they were taken care of by Mandy's mother, who was too old to work, and depended on what Mandy brought from the white folk's house for what she ate.

The other morning a big strapping man leaned over the lot fence and looked at the chickens. Old Maria was watching him.

“Dat sho er fine lotter chick'ns, ol' oomans.”

“Dem chick'ns ain bover'n nobody.”

“Er jiss lookin attum. Er sho do love ter ~~look~~ look at fine chick'ns. How many yer got, ol' oomans?”

“Lak ter knows wot yer gotter do wid ~~how~~ how many dey is. De las timer count um dar wuz thutty uvvum, dat wot dev wuz.”

"Er knows er w'ite oomans wot want ter buyed dem chick'ns."

"Yer gwine long way fum hyere now. Yer sho up ter some debbul-ment. Ef dat w'ite oomans buyed dem chick'ns she sho gotter pay fur um. Chick'ns dun riz in dis neighborhood."

"De w'ite oomans datter talkin' 'bout doan kyeer fur de price, all she want is fine chick'ns lak dese."

"Ef yer doan tek yerse'f off fum hyere er gwinter pick up sump'n an' buss yer op'n. Yer hyeer wotter tol' yer!"

"Wotter dun ter mek yer so mad? Jiss ax yer ef de chick'ns fur sell. Dat evvyt'ing er dun, an' hyere yer come talkin' 'bout buss'n me op'n! Yer talk lak yer ain got good sense."

Seeing the old woman look around as if for a brick, the man moved off. When Mandy went home that night her mother related the conversation with the strange negro. The next morning when Mandy went out to see her pets they were not there. They had been stolen during the night. She was hopping mad when she went to work that morning.

As soon as old Maria could shuffle into her clothes she went out in the yard, and about the same time the negro of the day before was coming up the street. Maria picked up a pocketbook that had been evidently dropped by the ~~thief~~ thief, and she just had time to look in it and see that it was full of paper money, when the negro looked over the fence and began straining his eyes, looking over every inch of the yard.

"Er comes ter seed ef yer dun change yer mine bout

lettin de w'ite oomans have dem chick'ns," he said, looking with all his eyes over the yard.

"Sho is change mer mine. Dem chick'ns dun sol' anner got de money, an' hit look lak ter me er is sattered wid de price."

The negro paused in his eye-search of the yard to wonder what she meant.

"Who buyed dem chick'ns?"

"Dunno why buyed um, anner tell yer sump'n else er aintei kyeerin who buyed um, so longs er got de money. De mans dat buyed um sho er 'onnis mans, kase he tuck de chick'ns an he lef' de money right down dar on de ground in de yod so we kin git hit soon dis mawnin."

There was no use for the man to look over the yard any further. In his rush after the chickens during the night he had dropped his money and now he couldn't even think of claiming the pocketbook. He saw that he was caught, but he had to say something in leaving.

"Er spec he gi' yer heap mo'n dat w'ite oomans gwine-ter gi' yer no how."

Then he went away sad-hearted. He had paid forty-two dollars for the thirty chickens.

THE SLIM GIRL.

"De style am sho good ter de slim gal dis year," said Minerva, as she had her daughter Beatrice to stand off a few feet that she might more critically pass on the new dress the girl was going to wear to the picnic.

"An' hit sho good ter de pars," observed a neighbor who had been called in to see the fit of the dress.

"How yer mek dat out, Sister Marfy?"

"Kase hit tek so li'l' cloff ter mekker frock lak dat. Er knowed de time, an' you dooz too, Sister Mernervy, w'en hit tek fo'teen yods er cloff ter mekker gal er frock. Seem lak ter me two yods er Gawd's plenty fur er frock lak Be-attus rig up in now, hit sho do."

"Tun roun er li'l, Be-attus. Look lak ter me deys oughter be er belt er sump'n roun de wais'es er dat frock," said Minerva, "but dey tell me dat dis de style. Hit sho do mekker slim gal look slimmer some how. Be-attus ain much mo'n er bagger bones no how, wid dem li'l' spin'lin laigs, an' she ben dat way evvy sence she bawnd, an' hit benner job ter gitter frock dat look lak anyt'ing on her tell dis noo style come in de fash'n, anner sho glad hit come. Be-attus er mouty smot gal, but she ben so slim an' boney lak some how de young mens dey ain ben kyeerin much fur slim gals tell dese noo frocks come. De young mens dun lef de fat gals an' dey izzer runnin atter de slim uns. Dunno how come, but hit so."

"Spec hit kase de frocks show de shape er de gals de mostes. De young mens dese days dey mouty funny," was Martha's observation.

"Er ainter braggin on Be-attuses shape, kase she ain got nun ter hu't, butter mans er fool ter go on shape. Shape doan cook de dinner an' doan wash'n i'on an mek clo'es an men britches. Mer ol' mans nevvvy marry me in dis wul ef he gone on shape, kaser weigh mouty nigh two hunnerd poun w'en me'n him git marrit. Dat gal Be-attus sho doan tek atter mer side de house. She git all dat slimness fum her par."

"Yer gwineter go ter de picnic, Sister Mernervy?" asked Martha.

"Yer knows bettern dat. Yer knows dat ef Be-attus go er gotter stay home an' git de ol' mans some dinner, an' yer knows Be-attus ainter gwineter stay home an' she got dat noo frock! Sides dat, er spec Be-attus come home 'gaged ter git marrit."

"How come?"

"Er tell yer right now ef dat noo frock doan fotch er young mans dat de las' noo frock she gwineter git. Dis am de slim gal's time dis year, kase nex year de style mout change an' dar ain no mo' show fur de slim gal. Hit mout be de fat gal's chainece nex year, anner sho gwineter git Be-attus off mer han's fo dat time come. Yer dunno wot hit am ter haves er slim gal on yer han's. Look lak ter me de style sorter tuck pity on de slim gals dis year an' gi' um her chainece ter git marrit. An' dis yer noo frock hit sho mekkum look sweet."

"Mer gal Merier gwineter dat picnic, but she er fat gal. Er gwineter tell her ter come back 'gaged ter git marrit, ef she doan er sho gwineter frail her. She ain got on no noo frock, Sister Mernervy, but she sho got her nerve. She gwineter mek some young mans ax her ter haves him fo she git back fum dat picnic. Er ainter sayin nuffin bout Be-attus, anner ainter sayin' anyt'ing bout no slim gal but sho's yer bawn no slim gal kaint gitter haider mer Merier. Dun tol' Merier how ter ack, an' Merier say she gwineter do jis lak her mar tell her. Ef she do that, dar sho gwineter be er wed'n ter mer house fo hot wevver sot in good."

“Er ainter sayin nuffin ’gin yer gal, Sister Marfy,” said Minerva slowly, “butter young mans ainter gwine ter marry no fat gal ef she haves ter beg him. Er dun tol’ Be-attus ter ack de lady at dat picnic, an’ effer her noo frock an’ her shape doan cotch um, ter lettum erlone. Ef Be-attus kaint ack de lady, den she ainter gwineter git no ol’ mans, er tell yer dat right now.”

“Yer needn’t git yer back upper bout hit, Mernervy Johnson, dat gal er mine sho kin ack de lady jiss lak her mar kin, ef she ammer fat gal. Er spise ter seed dese li’l’ swimps wot dress up so dey collar bone show, an’ dey de same size fum de groun up, gwine trainpsin roun dis town an’ gwineter picnics, an’ hyere mer gal got meat on her bones, good fat meat at dat, kaint gitter smell at de young mens! Er gwine right home dis minnit an’ tell Merier dat ef she cotch dat Be-attus gal er yourn puttin on any airs round her ter tek up sump’n an’ buss dat bagger bones, dat wotter gwineter do.” Martha was now too warm to be neighborly and went home talking to herself.

As for Beatrice, she slipped a razor in her stocking and went to the picnic.

THE SEPARATION.

By easy stages the first quarrel led up to the final determination to kick out of the harness, divide household effects and go each other’s way.

For twenty years John Danforth and Becky, nee Passmore, had gone along through life, he as driver of a public dray, and she as a battercake builder and general

cook. Not having any children, they had managed to save up enough to furnish their Tybee home comfortably, if not elegantly. They had their spats and differences, and up to Saturday night they had erupted, sending forth lava and smoke, then cooled down into a few days' pouting and then settled down again.

One day last week Becky had a crossyard fuss with a wicked and designing neighbor about church matters, and the wicked and designing neighbor went to John and told him things that sounded awful, and there may not have been a word of truth in what she told, but they had the desired effect of making John mad with his wife.

"Wot de matter wid yer, John? Is yer sick? Seem lak ter me dat yer need some res', anner spec yer gittin' ol' an' yer kaint stan' ter wuk lak yer used ter."

"Effer gittin' ol'er you sho is gittin' ter be lakker gal ergin. Cose er know nuffin, jisser wotter pick up on de street."

"Wot de namer de Lawd yer talkin' 'bout? Wot dat yer pick up on de street, tell me dat!"

"Well, ef yer jiss bleged ter know, dey is talkin' hit dat you an' dat wall-eye nigger Jim Mustin pow'ful thick."

"Jim Mustin! Dat nigger come hyere tuvver day ter ax me ter sot up wid he wife wot down sick wid de measles an' dat de onlies' timer seed 'im."

"Hit doan tekker mans haffer day ter ax yer to sot up wid he sick wife, do hit? An' dey tell me dat wot he dun."

"Dunno who tol' yer dat lie, but hit time fur me'n you

to 'vide wot li'l' wese got an' me'n you quit. Yer kin jiss kermence to 'vide right dis minnit. Ise gwineter tek dat baid."

"Er tek de bero an' de wash stan'."

"Er teks de chick'ns an' de lookin' glass."

"Er teks de chiny dishes, an' de knives an' fawks an' de spoons."

"Er teks de dinner table an' de rockin' cheers."

"Er teks de baid quilt wot mer mar gi' me an' de bowl'n pitcher, an' de pyarlor table an' de books an' de pictures."

"Er teks de counterpin an' Fido."

"Naw yer doan tek any Fido. Er raise dat dog fummer puppy anner feeds dat dog merse'f."

"Dun tol' yer datter teks Fido, an' Fido gwine wid me, John Danfuff. Dat dog my dog. Who stay et home an' tek keer dat dog? Who wash dat dog an' git de fleas off'n 'im? Who look atter dat dog w'en you down town er drivv'n er dray?"

"Effer go, dat dog gwine wid me, yer heerd dat. Yer is de mos' aggervatin' oomans dat de Lawd ever made, yer sho is."

"Yer de lowdownes' triflinist nigger in dis town, anner sho teks Fido. Sump'n else, John Danfuff, doan yer cross me. Doan yer mek me mad. I is sho dun tucker nuff fum you already, an' ef yer fool wid me I is sho gwineter buss yer wide op'n. Er 'spiser fool."

"Looky hyere, Becky Passmo', yer sho izzer rubbin' de fur de wrong way. Efyer say dog ergin er sho izzer gwineter pop yer one fur luck."

Then the lamp went hurling through the air. The aim

was good and it struck John between the eyes. As soon as John could recover his sight he snatched a pitcher from the table, and his aim was as good as that of Becky. Then they clinched, and it was while they were rolling over the floor, knocking down tables and crockery, that an officer who had been sent for by a neighbor came in. Both were locked up, and both appeared in court yesterday morning. When the story came out in the evidence the court asked:

"What about that dog? Which of you wants the dog?"

"She kin have de dog," said John scenting a heavy fine.

"He kin have de dog," said Becky, scenting a term on the chaingang.

"Suppose I say both of you keep the dog?"

"Jedge, efyer sayes dat wese never furgits yer," said John.

"Wese sho woont," said Becky.

And they went home and both fed the dog that had nearly starved during their absence.

THE MINISTERING ANGELS.

Elvira Anderson was secretary of the Ministering Angel Society, and she was proud of the job. Melinda Lammerson was the president, and there was a string of vice presidents, but Elvira did the work, and she was the whole cheese, as the boys say, and this brought trouble in the society because Melinda could not see the

use of having a president if Elvira was to do all the bossing.

The meetings of the Ministering Angel Society were always held on Sunday nights, because it was only on those nights that the majority of the members, many of them cooks, could get off early from work.

They met at the residence of the president, in Tybee. She always moved the bed out of the room and borrowed chairs from the neighbors on meeting nights.

Sunday night, after the minutes of the previous meeting were read, there was a call on the members if they knew of any member sick or in distress.

"Mister Pres'dent," came from Fatty Fan, "Sister Harris, wot live down dar ber de bridge, she complainin' moutly. Dat oomans sho need some nurrish-ment."

"W'en Sister Harris pays upper dues we kin look inner case, but Sister Harris owe de s'iety nine mont's dues," said Elvira.

"Dar yer izzer 'gin," said the widow Jackson, "Sister Harris ben out'n wuk fur mouty nigh er year now, sick in baid widder swellin' inner knee-j'int, an' hyere yer izzer tryin' ter knocker out'n er li'l' nurrish-ment. Er wush somebody'd run ergin yer fur seccerterry."

"W'y doan you runner 'gin me, yer ol' shawt-laig cow."

"Come ter awder, ladies, yer mus' riccolic we izzer meetin' fur de gooder de s'iety," said the president gravely and with dignity.

"Mister Pres'dent, er wanter pote Sister Morris mouty po'ly. She wuzzer scrubbin' uv de flo' w'enner splinter stuck inner laig an' her laig swell up bigg'n er barl. She

benner puttin' poultices on hit, but hit doan seem lak hit er doin' uvver any good." This from a member.

"Sister Morris owe two mont's dues," said the secretary, looking over her books.

"Mister Pres'dent, er seed Sister Brown yistiddy, an' she say dat de s'iety ainter treatin' her right, an' she wanter draw out'n de s'iety." This from a member in the corner.

"Will de sister tell de s'iety how come Sister Brown aint ben treated right?" said the president.

"She say dat de seccerterry fotch her er li'l scrapper chick'n so po' he kaint fly, anner bowler soup dat yer kin see ter de bottom uv de bowl an' hit tas'e sump'n lak pot-licker, an' dat all she git."

"Sister Brown tell wot aint so, Mister Pres'dent," said Elvira, "dat chick'n wotter sont dat oomans wuzzer fat pullet, an' dat soup wuz nice thick vegeble soup anner made hit merse'f wid mer own two han's, er sho did. Wot dat oomans want? Dis s'iety ainter runnin' er rusteraw fur dem members wot too lazy ter git out'n baid an' cook fur deysevves."

"Dat aint de fustes time dat er hyeerd erbout yer fine fat pullet, Mister Seccerterry." The president was getting warm.

"Ef yers got anyt'ing yer wanter say 'bout me, jiss spit hit out. Doan go er chawin' uv de rag. Er say er gi' dat oomans er fine fat pullet anner bowl er rich vegeble soup, er sho did," and the secretary was also warming up.

"How long Sister Brown ben sick, dat wotter wants

ter know?" This from a big fat member. They called her Big Hattie.

"De book say she ben down sick two weeks dis comin 'Chuesday," replied the secretary.

"Is she ben sick'n baid all dat time?"

"She lay in baid one week an' den she got weller nuff ter knock erbout de house fur er week."

"An' dat all she git fur her dues wuz dat lone li'l scrapper chick'n anner bowler soup wot tas'e lak pot-licker?" inquired Big Hattie.

"Ain't datter nuff fur er oomans dat aint paid no dues in——"

But Big Hattie would not allow her to finish the sentence. She rushed over to the secretary's table and she grabbed Elvira by the wool and with a twist of the wrist sent her sprawling on the floor and sat down on her, snatching the minute book and using it as a fan. When she had cooled off from the exercise, and while Elvira was struggling to catch her breath, Big Hattie moved that Gladys Jackson be made secretary. The president put the motion and the only vote against the proposition was that of Elvira, but it was a weak one, for Big Hattie weighed near three hundred pounds.

The meeting then adjourned.

HOW SHE WON HER MAR.

"Yer kin jiss pull off dem duds an' tek yerse'f ter yer room, kase yer ainter gwineter gwine ter no chu'ch dis day. Yer hyeer me, chile!"

It was an awfully cold Sunday morning, and Gladys had been hidden away from early morning arraying herself in a dress that she got from somewhere the night before, and she had longed for Sunday to come that she might wear it. She had just emerged from her little back room when her mother spied her.

"Why, mar, hit aint col' er bit."

"Doan mek no diffunce 'bout hit bein' col' er not col', yer ainter gwineter gwine ter chu'ch dis mawnin'. Er dun sot mer foot down on dat. An' yer kin jiss go an' tek dat frock off'n yer."

"Why, mar, er tell yer hit aint col', an' er got onner heaper clo'es ter keeps me wawm."

"Dun tol' yer dat yer ainter gwineter gwine ter no chu'ch dis mawnin. Izzer gotter beat hit in dat hod haid? Der igee of yer gwineter chu'ch in dat thin frock an' comin' back home wid dis pennyceetus an' pneumony an' nuralgy anner dunno wot all! Yer gotter bad col' now, anner doan feel lak nussin' yer thoo er long speller sickniss lakker did yer par w'en he had de as'ma. So yer kin jiss walk right straight ter dat room an' shuck dem fixins."

"Hit aint col', mar. You is gittin ol' an' yer feel de col' mo'n mos' people. Er got on plenty clo'es er tell yer."

"Mek no diffunce wot yer got on, yer ainter gwine er tell yer."

"Let de chile go ef she want ter," said Bill, who was sitting close to the fire smoking his pipe.

"Dar now. Hyere I izzer keepin' de chile fum gittin

sick, an' hyere yer put in an' spile der chile. Yer orter be ershamer yerse'f ter spile dat chile datter way. Dat gal benner sniffin anner coughin' all night, an now she want ter go out in dis col' a'r an' tek mo' col' wid dat thin frock. Didn't er tell yer, miss, ter tek dat rag off?"

"Er wisher wuz daid, kase yer all de timer treatin' me lakker wuzzer dawg, dat wot yer dooz. Hyere er wuks all de weeky days an' save de money ter buyed me dat dress an' wanter go ter chu'ch an' hyere yer woont lemme. Er sho wisher wuz daid. Den yer be sorry yer treat me disser way."

"Shot yer mout' yer imperdent li'l' rat you. Er'll tek upper stick anner frail yer good, yer triflin li'l' devil you."

"Er tol' Marfy Lewis dat wot yer gwineter do. She gotter noo dress an' she say she gwineter chu'ch dis mawnin an' she jiss know dat you ainter gwineter 'low me ter go kase you izzer mean oomans an' yer woont 'low me ter go ter chu'ch kaser aint got nuffin ter wair."

"Wot Marfy Lewis dat yer talkin' 'bout. Dat aint dat pop-eye Jane Lewis' daughter! She live down in Harris alley."

"Dat de one, anner do nachully 'spise dat Marfy Lewis. She all de time say dat you shamer me fur ter gwine any place kase yer dunno how ter dresser gal."

"Wot she know 'bout hit. Spec dat pop-eye mar er hern tol' her ter say dat."

"She gwineter be ter chu'ch terday an' she sho gwine-ter tell de peoples dat yer shamer me, dat jiss wot she

gwineter tell 'em. But hit doan mek any diffunce now, kase hit pas' de time any how. Er wisher wuz daid."

"Whot sorter frock dat Lewis gal got?"

"Hitter blue dot an' hit aint good ez mine, kase mine costes de mos' an' sides dat mine er princiss cut an' her'n er impier gown dat aint in style, an' mine in style."

"She tell yer dat she gwineter chu'ch dis mawnin ter show off dat impier gown!"

"Er got witness she say hit. She say hit right afo Mary Jones, an' den w'en she say yer ainter lemme go, an' dat yer shamer me. She sho sayed hit."

"Bill, look at de clock, er aint got mer specs on."

"Hit mouty nigh 'lebben erclock, effer mek no mistake," said Bill, knowing that his wife had been conquered.

"Tu'n roun' er li'l', Gladys, er wants ter see how yer skut hang. Yer petticote showin' er li'l'. Dat'll do. Now yer better hurry up, chile, er yer be too late ter hyeer de fuss singin'. Ef yer see dat pop-eye Lewis gal dar, you teller fur me dat yer mar ainter shamer yer, an' dat yer mar good ez her mar evvy dar'd ter be. Er wisher had dat pop-eye Jane Lewis whar er could gouge her eye out. Gitter move on yer, chile, yer jisser creepin' erlong. Yer gwineter be too late ef yer doan mine."

As Gladys strutted out she cut her eye at Bill. Bill lowered his head to hide a grin. As his wife looked out of the door to see if Gladys was hurrying he said to himself softly:

"Dat gal she sho tek atter her daddy. She sho know how ter gitter roun' de ol' oomans."

THE NORTH POLE.

"Mer li'l gal gimme er chill lass night."

It was Bill saying this to the draymen, as they settled down to dinner at the noon hour yesterday. The other draymen looked at him in wonder. They knew that Bill's daughter was an awful smart girl to be able to read the newspapers off hand without spelling out a word, but they couldn't imagine how she could give her father a chill.

"She reed in de paper bout some cook dun foun de norf pole. She sayes de norf pole up dar whar deys drinkt ice water alls de time, an alls yer haster dooz w'en yer wants ice cream izter go out'n milk de cow, an' fo yer kin fotch hit in de house hit ready fur de spoon."

"Wot de norf pole, Bill?" asked Pete.

"Dat wotter ax mer li'l gal, an' she sayes hit de fur een er de wul, whar hit col' an whar dey is evvylastin ice. She sayes dey is whole mountins er ice an hit nevvly melt, jiss stay ice all de time."

"Ef hit stay ice all de time, how yer git ice water?" Jim was always inquisitive.

"Cose deys bile hit. Mer li'l gal reed bout de snow an de fros' an de ice bugs an all dat."

"Fur de lan sake, is deys ice bugs? Er hyeerd tell bout tater bugs an big bugs an bug house, but dat de fusstes timer hyeer 'bout ice bugs," said Pete.

"How big dem bugs, Bill?"

"She sayes some uvvum bigser house. Er ax er ter reed dat ergin, but dat de way hit reed."

“Hyere one chile dat doan want no norf pole in his’n. Er ain gwine no place whar deys has bugs dat big. Whar yer sayes dat norf pole is?”

“Dunno, but hit soun lak hit up dar bout Noo Yawk somewhar. Dat wot mer li’l’ gal say. Dis cook went dar any way, an’ she sont back word dat she dun foun de pole. All she say she foun hit, jiss lak she fine er nickel in de road. Hit kaint be much er she would say heap mo’n dat bout hit, but dat paper sho mekkin out hitted big t’ing ter fine de norf pole, doan kyeer wot kiner pole hit is.”

“Spec hit one er dese wi’less tellerfawn poles, kase hit noo an dem peoples in de norf ain foun out bout hit yit.”

“Atter deys fine hit, wot deys gwineter dooz wid hit?”

“Mer li’l’ gal sayes deys rund de Noonitid States flag up on hit. Spec dem big ice bugs eat up dat flag.”

“Yer sayed dat dis pole at de fur een er de wul?”

“Dat wot dey sayes.”

“Spec deys git upper scusshun ter go dar fo long. Deys all de time gittin up dem scusshuns. Wot yer reckon deys tek yer dar fur?”

“Hyere one chile wot doan go on dat scusshun. Diss nigger ain gwine no place whar hit so col’ dat de ice doan melt, an’ whar deys got ice bugs bigser house. Er doan wants leave ol’ Macon an ol’ Georgy whar all de ice ain ready-made, an’ whar hit melt doan kyeer whar yer put hit. An’ de biggist bugs we has is de cheench, an’ yer neent has dat ef yer sprinkle de cracks er de baidstid wid kairsene ile. Er ain kyeerin bout seein de norf pole ner de eas’ pole ner de wes’ pole nor de souf

pole. Diss town fuller poles, an sides dat diss yer waggin pole gooder nuff fur me."

"Ain dat de trufe?"

"An' hyere er nuvver chile dat ain gwine no place whar yer kaint has no good ol' summer time. Er wants ter lives an' die whar yer kin sleep out do's mouty nigh all de year. Is dar anybody livin whar dat norf pole is?"

"Mer li'l' gal says dem some kiner peoples, er dun furgits de name uvvum, but deys dress up in bar skin an deys houses made out'n snow."

"Fur de lanner Goshen! Wotter nigger look lak livin inner house made er snow an' he clo'es made er bar skin? Dat sho ain no lan fur de nigger. Wot de nigger wants is clo'es made out'n skeeter nettin in de summer time cep on Sundy w'en he jiss bleege ter put on er stiff shut. Wot dem peoples out dar gwineter dooz w'en deys die an' go ter de bad place? Spec dat fi' down dar feel so good deys wants ter stay dar alls de time. Dem kiner people gwineter make hebbun out'n de bad place. Deys woont be dar two days fo deys gwine roun gittin peoples to vote ter gi' de debbul er life time job."

"Er doan wants no norf pole. Deys kin tek all de norf poles dey wants. Gimme ol' Macon."

And they all agreed that the north pole had no attraction for them.

BACK-BONELESS MULLET.

"Dat fish youse eatin, Bill, sho smell good. Wot kiner fish dat yer got? Look lak er knows de smell, but some how hit ain nachul." This was Jim, the cut-rate dray-

man, when the other draymen opened up their dinner buckets yesterday.

"Taint nuffin but mullet. Mer lan sakes, mans, doan yer knows de smeller mullet, an' dat wot yer ben raise on? Sump'n de matter wid yer smeller, Jim," said Bill.

"Er is lak you, Jim, dat doan smell lak mullet, an' den hit do. Yer musser cook dat mullet wid sump'n ter tek de right smell out'n hit." This was Pete.

"Hit de jinnerwine ol' mullet wot yer git fum Flurridy, an' wot yer benner gittin evvy sence yer er boy. How hit smell ter yer?"

"Wot yer wants ter ax dat fool quesshun fur? De ijee er yer axin er nigger how er fried mullet smell. Hit smell good, dat how hit smell! Er gwineter tek homer bunch dis night effer lives an' mek de ol' oomans cookum fur supper. Dem wot yer got dun got me in de noshun fur mullet. Mer mout' jisser wawtrin fur um dis minnit."

"Efferder knowed yer so hongry fur mullet er sho would er ax de ol' oomans ter putter few mo' pieces in de buckit. Butter foun out sumpin bout mullet datter gwineter tell yer, an' hit wot mek hit smell so good, but hit tas'e heap gooder."

"Mek has'e an' tell wot yer gwineter tell us bout de mullet. Wot yer wants ter kid us dat way fur? Doan yer seed how yer mek us er heap mo' hungry?"

"Er is fixin ter tell yer right now. Yer git yer er buncher mullet, an' yer tekkum home an' yer tell de ol' oomans ter clean um lak she all de time clean um. Den yer tekker shop knife an' yer cut out de back-bone. Jiss

slash hit right out an' doan leaver specker dat bone in hit. Den yer git yer some meal an' yer th'ow er li'l' salt in de meal. Now git de frine pan an' git yer lod het up. Th'ow in yer fish an fry hit brown. Den tek hit up an' git yer hoecaker co'n braid. Sot down ter de table an' dar yer is."

"Wot yer tek out de back-bone fur, Bill?"

"Dat wotter fine out, er tell yer. De back-bone de rank pot uv de mullet. Dat wot mek de mullet smell so rank an' dat wot mek hit tas'e dat way. W'en yer tek de back-bone out yer leaves de meat sweet an' hit tas'e bettern dis pumperno fish wot de w'ite folks go crazy bout. De w'ite folks ain ben eatin mullet, kase deys say hit too rank fur nobody but us niggers, but deys foun out dat all yers gotter dooz is ter cut out de back-bone an' git shedder de rank smell an tas'e, an' now de w'ite folks eatin mullet sameser nigger an' deys kaint gitter nuff."

"Bill, whar yer git dat receipt? Yer li'l' gal musser reed dat in de paper. Er is yer tellin uv de trufe?"

"Mer li'l' gal reed hit in de paper all right, butter ain tellin yer no lie bout dat back-bone. Alls yer gotter dooz izter gitter bunch an dooz lakker tell yer. Hit mekker noo kiner fish out'n hit. Hit good nuff lak hit wuz, but w'en de back-bone tek out'n hit, ef days any gooder fish er doan knowed whar hit gwineter come fum."

"Er sho gwineter gitter bunch fo er goes home. How bout youse, Pete?"

"Er dunno how er kin waits tell er goes home. Er dun eat mer dinner, but atter er gitter smell er dat

mullet wot ain got no back-bone er is jisses hongry lakker wuz at fuss. How come no nigger nevvvy thunk bout dat back-bone bisniss?"

"Dat wat git me. Hitter sho sign er hod times ef de w'ite folks go ter eatin mullet. De w'ite folks benner mouty long time finein out bout wot good. Dis back-bone bisniss soun good, but yer doan haster tek de back-bone out ter mek um tas'e good ter me."

"Er is sho wid yer on dat."

And that night the back-bones were taken out of a lot of mullet.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT COMES.

The members of the Tybee Sunshine Club assembled as usual to discuss the events of the past week, about which their knowledge is limited to what they hear, or overhear, their employers talk about.

"Er hyeer de boss say dat de pres'dent gwineter comes ter Macon," said Andy.

"Dunno wot de namer Gawd he want ter come ter dis town fur, w'en he kin git all he want ter eat up dar in Washin'ton," observed Joe.

"Law, chile! Heaper diffunce in wot yer gitter eat in dat town an' dis hyere Macon, Georgy," said Andy.

"How come dey any diffunce? Braid's braid, an' neat's meat, doan kyeer whar yer is, cep'n yer down ter de stockade!"

"Dat so, but look at de braid yer git up dar an' wot yer git down hyere. Hit light braid, nuffin but light braid up dar. Down hyere hit biskit an' good ol' co'n

braid, de ginnerwine hoecake, de bessus braid dat evvy wuz, doan kyeer wot dey say."

"Spec Mister Taf' sho do love good eatin. Er seeder pitcher uv him one time, an' he gotter paunch on him wussun er barl."

"Who talkin bout Mister Taf'? Weser talkin bout de pres'dent uv de Noonitid States, an' hyere yer come buttin in bout Mister Taf'? Er sho do spise ter hyeer er mans be so ignunt."

"Sence yer knows hit all, wot de namer de pres'dent er de Noonitid States, tell me dat?"

"Hit Hoke Smiff, dat wot hit is. Ax me sump'n hod nex time."

"Er jiss tellin yer wotter hyeerd de boss mans say. Yer needn't git yer back upper bout hit. How yer spec er common nigger ter know who pres'dent er who ain pres'dent, ef he kaint vote?"

"Ef he kaint vote he kin reddish, an' dat wotter dun, kase mer name down on de book. Er seed de mans w'en he writ hit down."

"Wot de pres'dent gwineter come hyere fur?"

"Git sump'n t'eat, er tol yer? How many mo time er gotter tell yer dat! Some er dem big w'ite folks down town dey gwineter gi' him er supper, dat wotter hyeerd de boss mans say."

"Gen-tel-mens! er sho lak ter be ter dat supper. Er sho gitter nuff ter lass me fur er spell one time. Wot yer reckon dey haves fur dat supper?"

"Ef dem w'ite folkses down town say, 'Joe, de pres'dent gwineter come ter seed us, an' wese want ter fix

him upper jam-up supper, an' we leaves hit ter you ter git dat supper up,' wot yer gi' him ter eat?"

"Fus t'ing er do er awder me er kagger bear anner pack de ice all roun de kag. Denner git ol' Jim Bryan' wot sell bobbecue ter gitter midlin size shote an' bobbecue hit lak hit fur er Chrismus gif'. Denner git ol' Hester, wot keep dat rusteraw on Fote Street, ter cook me er big disher sossidge, an' fry me er pan fuller mullet. Denner git me one er dese red cross hams anner slice hit lak yer got plenty uvvit an' hit doan coss nuffin. Denner go up ter de mokkit anner git a pan fuller fried chicken. Dunno effer doan haves er chick'n pie, too. Denner git some liver an' some onions, anner fry um tell de onions jisses tenner! Denner git me some hambug steak anner fry dat an keep hit hot. Mebbe er git some orsters, ef hit orster timer de year, an' some crobs an' some swimps. Denner gits some er dese channel cats, erbout so long, anner fry um in meal tell deys brown. Denner gits Aunt Hanner ter bake me er hoecake, bout so big. Denner git Merlindy Powers ter mek up some biskit, er whole tray fuller biskit. Er bleege ter have some poke chops, an' denner gotter haves some spar ribs an' backbone, wid flour dumplins. Spec er better haves some tripe an' chittlins, kase de pres'dent mebbe nevvvy tas'e an dem up dar whar he stay. Denner put all dat on de table, anner say, 'Mister Pres'dent, sot down ter de ol' fashin Georgy supper an' eat hearty. Hope yerse'f ter anyt'ing yer wants, kase dey is plenty uvvit, an' ef dat ain nuff on de table wese kin cook yer some mo'."

"Yer ainter gwineter furgit de possum'n taters an' de hog-haid souse?"

"Er plum furgit dem, an' dey sho gotter be dar."

"Whar de pie, mans?" asked Pete.

"Pie! Who de debbul want pie widder supper lak dat?"

"Jiss ter fill up on w'en he git thoo eatin," said Pete.

"Wot yer reckon de pres'dent gwineter say ef he sot down ter er supper lak dat?" was asked.

"Wot he gwineter say? Ef he eat all dat ter one supper, he ainter gwineter say nuffin. De kurrerner gwine-ter say he died er cute injecshun, an' dat all he kin say."

THE MANICURE ARTIST.

No one knew why Emma Davis, the delivery girl for the dressmaker, lost her job. It was told around that Emma talked too much, and that whenever she carried a hat or a dress to some of the dressmaker's customers she would sit down for hours at a time and tell who was bad pay, and hand out a line of gossip about other customers that was damaging to the trade. Be that as it may, it was on Monday that Emma blossomed out as a manicurist. She had seen her employer manicure the nails of her customers, and, after trying it on her mother, she felt as though she was an artist, and as there were no manicurists of her color in the city, she thought she could strike it rich. She fitted up a room at her house in Tybee, and on the front gate she placed this sign of her own manufacture:

EMMA DAVIS,
MAN CURING
DONE.

It so happened that the first to come along and read that sign was Slowfoot Sal. This was unfortunate, for the reason that Sal had it in for Emma ever since the Percival St. Clair episode, when Percival carried Sal to ride in his auto, thinking he was taking Emma. But Sal was bent on having her fun, and into the house she walked, without knocking on the door.

"Er seed yer sign on de gate, anner wants er man-cured. Yer knows dat box-ankle Tom Buzby, wot ben sick wid de chillun fever so long? Well, he de mans. Wot yer ax ter cured him?"

"Yer is mistook'n bout dat sign. Hit doan say datter meks menses well, hit say er man-cure ladies. Er trims deys finner nails, an' clean um an' polish um, an' mek um look lakker lady's. Dat wotter dooz. Kinner man-cure youse dis mawnin?"

"Yer sho kin. Mer razzar gitt'n so dull whar er ben cuttin taters wid hit, datter kaint chop off mer nails. How much yer ax ter trim er lady's finner nails?"

"Only twenty-fi' cent. De price in de city is fifty cent, butter wants ter bill upper trade," said Emma, as sweetly as she knew how.

"Er ain got butter quarter, anner jiss bleege ter gitter botler beer. Er pays yer fifteen cent anner pays yer de ress w'enner come ergin ef dat soot yer."

"Sot down in dat cheer ber de table, Miss—wot yer sayed yer name wuz?"

“Neent mine bout de name. Er name Miss Brown, but dat all right, jiss chop off dese yer claws.”

“Yer iz gotter mouty fine shape han, Miss Brown; er spec yer is not used ter hod wuk.” Emma was getting her scissors and files ready.

“Ner yer mine bout de wuk. Fix up mer nails.”

“Er jiss knows yer izzer lady kase yer got dese long, taprin fingers. Er kin mouty nigh teller lady ber her finners.”

“Look hyere, Emma Davis, er is gittin doggone ti’eder yer pokin fun at dem mud-hooks. Chop off dem nails.”

“Er beg yer poddun, Miss Brown, er didn’t mean ter be rude.”

“Rude? Wot yer mean ber dat? Doan yer go ter slingin any bad talk roun me. Er doan stan fur no gal ter gimme any dat liner talk. Rude yer foots! Whar yer larn dat?”

“De ladies wotter wuk fur say dat. Deys ainter bitter hom in it, er clar deys ain. Hit ben some time sence yer nails ben man-cured, Miss Brown.”

“Hit sho is. Er jinnerly dooz mer own man-curing, but hit jiss lakker tol’ yer, de razzar git dull. Iz yer good on toe nails?”

“Us man-cure ottists only wuk on de finners.”

“Er gotter big toe nail dat ben gi’in me hail kerlumbly ever sence er git off’n de gang, anner wants dat man-cured, too. How much yer gwineter ax me fur dat?”

“Er didn’t knowed yer ben on de gang.”

“Dat kase yer doan reed de paper. Ef yer git de paper regler, yer kin keep up wid s’iety. Yer knows er ben on de gang now, er reckin, kaser dun tol’ yer. Mine out

how yer choppin off dat finner nail! Yer cut dat nail ter de quick anner buss yer wide op'n."

By this time Emma was all a-tremble. She had no idea of who her customer was, but she knew now that whoever she was, she had been on the gang, and it would never do to cross her. She finally trimmed the nails and polished them until they shone. She was hoping that her customer would forget about the toe-nail.

"An' dat de way de ladies git man-cured? Now tek offer bout yard er dis toe-nail, kaser gotter be gwine."

Sal slipped off her shoe and exposed a stocking full of holes. The stocking was taken off with a jerk, and there was a big toe-nail that resembled a hawkbill.

"Er clar ter goodniss, Miss Brown, er ain got no tools ter tek off dat nail. Us man-cure ottists ain fix up for toe-nails."

"Yer gwineter tek dat nail off ef her haster gitter han saw. Yer got yer sign up, an' yer gotter do bisniss. Dat nail gotter come off er tol' yer. Effer man-cure ottists wot yer call um do bisniss fur me deys sho gotter wuk."

Emma worked on the toe-nail. The scissor slipped and jabbed the foot. Up rose Sal with her shoe, and in less time than it takes to tell it she had whipped Emma into insensibility and gone, taking down the sign as she went. That sign will never go up again.

THE UNWILLING WITNESS.

The case was that of Willie Watson for disorderly conduct, in that he beat his wife. As in many cases of this kind, the wife repents overnight, and though she

has held up her right hand and sworn that she would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, she doesn't do it every time.

This makes it hard for the other witnesses. Naturally one woman will stick up for another woman, and if necessary lie for her, but if the wife is willing for her husband to beat her up and maul her, and deny it in court, then they think they shouldn't be called on to say anything against him, and when called on they pretend as though they know nothing about the case.

Willie's wife, having no complaint to make against her husband, and the court being fully convinced that the husband beat up the wife, he attempts to draw it out of the witnesses. In this case, Mandy Holtzclaw was the star witness.

"What about this case, Mandy?"

"Who? Me?"

"You heard me. What about this case?"

"Wot er knows 'bout dis case? Doan knows nuffin 'bout hit."

"You were there when it occurred, were you not?"

"Sur?"

"You were there when the fuss was going on?"

"Wot fuss, jedge?"

"This disturbance between this man and his wife."

"Ef deys had any 'sturbment er dunno nuffin 'bout hit."

"Now, look here, Mandy, you were there, were you not?"

"Cose er wuz dar! Doan dey lives 'jinin' room ter me?"

"Well, tell me what you saw and heard."

"Yer wants me ter tells yer wotter seed'n hyeerd?"

"You heard what I said."

"Nevvy seed nuffin. Er wuz in mer room an' dey wuz in dey room."

"Well, you heard something, didn't you?"

"Er hyeers 'em talkin' in dair. Dey always er talkin' in dair."

"What did you hear besides talking?"

"Dey wuzzer jisser talkin'."

"Did you hear her say anything to him?"

"Er hyeer 'im say sump'n, but Iser gwineter tell yer de trufe; er wuzzent payin' any tenshun ter wot he say."

"What did she say?"

"Er tell yer, jedge, er wuzzent payin' any tenshun. Dey wuz jisser talkin'."

"Hear any noise that was unusual in there?"

"Hit wuz jiss lak hit always is. Dey wuzzer talk'n. Dey all de timer talkin'."

"After he hit her, didn't she run into your room?"

"Yer mean las' night?"

"Yes, last night. Didn't she run into your room and ask you to go after the police?"

"She all de timer comin' in mer room. Er doan pay no tenshun ter wot she do."

"If you don't answer my questions, I am going to fine you for contempt of court. I am getting tired of such answers."

"Dunno wot yer wanter know, jedge."

"Did you see Willie here strike his wife last night?"

"Ef he hitter er didn't seed hit."

"Did you hear him strike her?"

"Ef he hitted er didn't hyeer hit."

"Did you hear her fall on the floor after he struck her?"

"Er hyeerd sump'n fall, but er dunno ef hit wuz her?"

"Did you hear her tell him not to strike her again?"

"She mouter sayed hit, but er wuzzent payin' er bitter tenshun."

"Did you hear her holler?"

"Jedge, dat oomans all de timer hol'rin. She doan do nuffin but holler."

"What do you do?"

"Wotter do?"

"Yes, what do you do for a living?"

"Wash'n i'on."

"This man any kin to you?"

"He mer bruvver."

That was the reason she didn't want to answer. Another witness, who was evidently disgusted with the way Mandy lied, was asked to tell about the fuss between Willie and his wife.

"Jedge, er is gwineter tell yer de trufe. Dis yer mans sho beat dat oomans. He hit her on de haid widder piece er scantl'n, an' she run'd in dis Mandy's room wid de blood jisser streamin' down her face, an' Mandy wipe hit off widder ap'n kaser lookin' right atter. Dunno wot meks dese oomans kim up hyere ter de cote an' teller lie fur er mans. Er ainter gwineter teller lie fur nunner dese mens, datter ain't."

Willie was fined twenty-five dollars, but before the court adjourned the fine was paid by his wife and Mandy.

THE CARD PARTY.

It was Gladys Jackson's card party. Her mar was anxious that the party should be a brilliant event, and to give it a send-off she cooked the cake herself, she did, and it was norated around all Yamacraw that for baking cake Liza Jackson was no slouch.

Gladys had issued her invites, being careful not to allow any one who had ever suffered on the chaingang to be included in the list. She wanted her party to be a swell affair.

They were seated around the tables in groups, the groups having been arranged by Liza, who wanted Gladys to be seated at the same table with Buckeye Bill, who had recently arrived from Jacksonville, where he had accumulated some wealth, and was a high-toned gent any way.

"Dese kyerds sho run cuyus ter-night, Miss Gladys. Hit hearts er spades all de time, anner jiss know dey is di'mon's in dat deck."

"Efyer gits hearts all de time, Mister Simmons, wot mek yer keer ef dey comes hearts all night," said Gladys sweetly.

"Dese ain't de kiner hearts er wants, Miss Gladys," said Buckeye Bill, cutting an eye in the direction of Gladys.

"Wot mek yer doan play yer tenner di'mon's on dat fo'-spot, Glad? Yer dun showed hit, now, an' cose we gwineter git hit," said Harelip Pete, who was fostering a dislike to the Jacksonville man.

"No gentlemans gwineter tek yer ten, Miss Gladys," said Buckeye Bill, with a quiet feel for his razor.

"Dat ten all right, doan yer fret 'bout dat ten, kaser gwineter guv dat ten erway right now. Yer cotch hit, Mister Simmons."

Buckeye Bill was tickled out of his boots at this condescension on the part of Miss Gladys. Harelip Pete was sore, sore on Buckeye Bill and was getting sore on Gladys. She had been accepting his presents of candy and nuts and raisins for some time, and for these he thought he was entitled to some consideration, but he now saw that the Jacksonville man occupied the center of the stage and caught the full glare of the limelight of the dark dreamy eyes of Gladys.

"Yer needn't deal me out'n er han', Glad, kaser gwine home."

"Er hopes yer woont go, Pete, hit airly yit, anner wants yer ter stay an' git some er mar's cake, hit sho good."

"Naw, Iser gwine home, kase effer stay me'n dat yaller nigger fum Jackson-villes sho gwineter hitch."

"Ef dat tar-baby wanter have er rucus, he sho can git hit good'n strong," said Buckeye Bill, rising from the table.

Liza heard the commotion at the far table, and she rushed over to check the rough house she knew was coming. She caught Pete by the coat collar and yanked him around as if he had been a tub of clothes.

"Yer orter be ershamer yerse'f ter rise san' right hyere fo de cumpny. Yer aint got no raisin', no how, an'

yer kin jiss tek yerse'f out'n dis housse, an' doan yer put yer foots in hit ergin, dat wot yer do."

"Lef' him erlone, mar, he sicher baby dat Bill mout hut de po' feller," said Gladys sympathetically.

"Who? Dat swimp fum Jackson-villes! Lemme git ter 'im. Jiss gimme room, keep out'n de way, Miss Gladys, jis scatter yerse'f, Liza, kase dey sho izzer gwine-ter be sump'n doin' hyere. Squar' yerse'f, Mister Buckeye Bill, an' draw yer razzar."

Pete was prancing around with his hand on his hip pocket, and Bill pretended to be edging toward the door. The guests were crowding around, unwilling to lose the chance of seeing a row, especially if there was any chance for the Jacksonville negro to be done up.

"Ef yer alls doan shet up an' quit yer foolin' er sho gwine-ter call de poleeces. Hit ammer shame datter lady kaint gi'er kyard party dout dar er fuss, an' some low-down, triflin' nigger risin' san' jiss kase er gentlemans comes ter see de young lady uv de house." This from Gladys.

"Er hopes Mister Haslit Pete will skuse me effer trod on he cawn. Er comes ter dis house fur er soshul gamer kyerds wid de ladies, anner aint fix fur no rucus. Ef Mister Haslit Pete will skuse me ter see 'im some uvver time w'enner fix, er sho will be bleged ter 'im," and Buckeye Bill bowed low.

But Harelip Pete thought that this was the time of all times for the row. Some other time Buckeye Bill would be fixed proper, and he would stand no show. So he made a dash for Bill, and Gladys screamed. All thought it would soon be all over with Bill, as they knew

Pete had his razor and might use it on the unarmed Bill. But while Bill was unarmed, so far as weapons were concerned, he wasn't a blacksmith for nothing, and as Pete came within range, he picked him up and threw him through the window, carrying the sash and all. Several ran out to see how badly hurt was Pete, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had run up against the wrong man.

The police arrived shortly afterward, having been told by Pete of gambling going on, but all they found was a quiet party eating cake.

THE DINNER HOUR.

“ ’Possum up de gum stump,
 Coon he in de hollow ;
 Fotch 'im down, li'l' gal,
 Gi' yer haffer dollar.”

It was Singing Sam, and he was in his usual merry mood. The truck hands had knocked off work for the dinner hour, and were seated on the big platform, tin buckets between their knees, and eating their dinner. Sam had finished his bucket and was indulging in his favorite pastime of exercising his lungs with the old songs. Here is one that he sang with an easy swing to it that caught the crowd :

“Wish er had er jug er rum,
 Sugar ber de pound,
 Gre't big bowl ter po' hit in,
 Anner spoon ter stir hit 'roun'—
 Li'l' ol' Liza Jane, li'l' ol' Liza Jane.”

“Ez er come down de new cut road,
 An’ she kim down de lane,
 Derry las’ wud er hyeerder say wuz—
 Lil’l ol’ Liza Jane—
 Li’l’ ol’ Liza Jane, li’l’ ol’ Liza Jane.”

“Fur de luvver goodniss, Sam, shot dat mout’. Ef yer tu’n loose ernuvver um dem ol’ time hymns dar woon’t be no wuk dun diss sebe-nin’,” said Bill Howard.

“Er seed in de paper whar de pres’dent gwineter kim ter Macon in de timer de fair, an’ dey gwineter git upper ’possum supper so he kin eat ’possum, dat wot dey say,” said Hog-Eye Joe.

“Ef dat so, den hit goodbye ’possum, kase der say Mister Taf’ bigg’n one er dese baler cottons. Ef dat mans gitter tas’er ’possum an’ taters, an’ some gravy anner kagger dis ni-bear, hit sho goodbye Isum, an’ we po’ niggers woont gitter smeller mo’ ’possum, tell yer dat,” observed Bill.

“Wot mek yer say he er big mans! Cose he big mans. He de pres’dent. Mos’ any mans er big mans wot pres’dent. He kaint eat no mo’n me jiss kase he pres’dent. Wot de matter wid yer, mans?” said Sam.

“Mister Taf’ he weigh mo’n dis baler cottons er tell yer! Dat wot dey tell me. W’en dey fix upper dish er ’possum fur ’im hit gotter be er mouty big ’possum, letter lone de taters an’ de gravy. Dey tells me dat mans eater whole chick’n fur he brekfus, sides er lotter sossidge, an’ ham an’ aigs, an’ battercakes, anner potter coffee. Dat wot dey tells me, er dunno nuffin ’bout hit merse’f.” Bill was always careful of his statements.

“Who pay fur dat kiner brekfus? He mus’ sho be er

rich mans ter gitter brekfus lak dat. Wot he do fur er livin'? He mus' be one er dese money loaners," said Sam.

"Dat ainter bovrin' me lak eatin' all de 'possums w'en he comes. Yer know he ainter comin' ber hese'f, an' he gwineter come widder gre't big crowder dem Noo Yawk w'ite mans, an' hit gwineter tek er sight er 'possums ter go roun'. Mer li'l' gal wot go ter school she reed me in de paper whar Mister Taf' he come ter Atlanty an' dey sot out ter git all de 'possums fur he dinner, an' dey tell me, cose er dunno ef hit true, dat dey gits all de 'possums fum all roun' Allbenny an' Valdoster, an' dey lef' none fur seed. Dat bein' de case, dar aint no mo' 'possums," said Bill.

"Dunno wot dey wants ter feed de mans on 'possums fur, no how. W'ite mans got no bisniss ter eat 'possum. De good Lawd med de 'possum fur de nigger. W'enner w'ite mans cotch er 'possum ber de tail de 'possum show he teefes; nigger cotch er 'possum ber de tail er 'possum lay he haid down on de groun' lak he wanter say, hyeer er iz! Lettum gi' de mans er baiter sossidge, an' chitlin's an' hog-haid souse an' cracklin' braid an' shorty cake. Dat wot de pres'dent oughter eat any how." This from Knocknee Jim.

"W'en yer say dat mans er comin'?" asks one.

"Timer de fair. Dey dun sont de invite. Gotter picshur uvver 'possum on de invite hangin' ber de tail fummer 'simmon tree, jiss ready ter drap in de bag," said Bill, whose daughter reads the papers to him.

"Er tells yer wot we do, niggers fo dat time. Evvy one er us go 'possum huntin' an' cotch all de 'possums

roun' Macon an' pen 'em up an' den we gitter haid uvvum. Dis yer bisniss 'bout de pres'dent eatin' all de 'possums doan soot dis chile." This was merely a suggestion.

"Dat hit! Yer sho tol' de trufe dat time. Jiss you alls lay low an' say nuffin', an' wese kin sho 'em dat de nigger sho gwineter git he 'possums w'en de time comes. Who dis Mister Taf' any way? Dat li'l' gal er mines she reed dat he doan lak de nigger no how. Dem publikins dun say dey ti'ed er messin' wid de nigger. Dey say dey save money ber letnum go, kase dey used ter haveter buy 'em. Dey didn't buy dis chick'n! Nevvy did seed de color er dey money. Doan yer all go tell hit, an' w'en wese git thoo wid dem 'possums dar woont be er 'possum in de whole er Bibb county." This was Bill.

Then the whistle blew for work, and they gathered up their tin dinner buckets, and soon the heavy song of negroes at work was heard on the platform.

LITTLEBIT.

When Littlebit was in good health, or rather when she was able to be out in the yard or the street, she was always in some kind of meanness. She would steal, nothing valuable, but the little things that counted nothing, and yet it was stealing. A nickel or a dime, a pie, or even a loaf of bread came within her limits. She hung around other people's houses and yards and watched for a chance to pick up something.

But Littlebit was burning up with fever now, as she

lay on the dirty pallet on the floor of her grandmother's shanty. She was lying there as a scrap of humanity, a black speck in the world.

One night she overheard Big Dick and Sardine Sam talking. They were sitting on the doorsteps just outside the room, and they paid no attention to her. They were waiting for the grandmother to return to pay her for cooking their rations for the week just gone, and were utilizing the time in planning to break into old man Harvey's house and get some money they believed he had hidden in the house. It was said that this was a good-sized pile, the savings and scrapings of years. Littlebit had listened to every word, and never once did she move.

She began to think over what she had heard. Old man Harvey! He was that white man up there on the corner some distance away, and he had spoken so kindly to her once. She had stolen an apple from the barrel in front of his store, and he scolded her, then gave her two apples and told her never to steal again. It was a little thing for him to do, but she thought about it. He could have sent her to the chaingang for stealing that apple. According to her code of morals, the stealing of an apple was all right, but to steal the old man's money was all wrong.

Her grandmother had not yet returned; and Littlebit crawled out of the back door and down the steps. Not until she stood up to walk did she find how weak she was. It was impossible to walk, but down on her knees she dropped and then to crawl. She chose the shady side of the fence, the shadows, that she might not be seen. There is no telling the amount of pains and bruises

that child endured, crawling on hands and knees over the rough ground, but she minded them not. At last she reached the store and found it closed. Then she crawled around to the back entrance, for she knew the old man slept in a little room back of the store. She rapped on the door, but the sound of those little fingers on the door made no more noise than the patter of rain on the roof. She hunted around in the darkness and found a little rock, and with this she knocked on the door, and there came from within the usual question of "who's there?" She told old man Harvey who she was, but he thought of the prospective purchase of a penny's worth of candy, and he told her gruffly to go away. But she finally persuaded him to open the door. Then she told her errand.

"Deys sho kill me ef deys fine out datter tol' yer, but Dick an' Sam is aimin' ter buss in de sto' an tek yer money wot dey sayes yer got stuck erway in yer room. Er comes ter tell yer so yer kin be fix fur um anner gwine back now."

There was something in her manner and the tone of her voice that caused the old man to take heed. And while he was finding another hiding place for his money and getting his pistol ready, the little black scrap was crawling back to her house. She managed to get back in without being noticed, and then upon the little pallet of rags she sank exhausted.

Next morning brought the news that two negroes had broken in the store of old man Harvey on the corner, and that both were in the hospital with their wounds. As soon as they got well they would be taken to jail.

They had attempted to rob the old man, but he was watching for them, and as they entered the room he fired, getting a good shot at both.

Littlebit's grandmother was astonished to find Mr. Harvey a visitor at her shack. He looked in at the door and saw Littlebit on the pallet. The fever and the excitement had been too much for her. And then came more surprise for the grandmother. The doctor came.

"Is you de city doctor?" she asked of the visitor.

He was not, but he had been sent there by Mr. Harvey to look after the girl. He left the medicine and when he went away she communed with herself:

"Wot got inter ol' mans Harvey? How come he comin' ter mer house, an how come he sont dat doctor to seed Li'l'bit? De good Lawd sho hyeer mer prar. Some niggers say de Lawd doan pay no tenshun ter us niggers kase we is black. But datter mouty good Lawd. He sho is. He put hit in de heart er dat w'ite mans ter come ter seed dat po' li'l sick creeter, an' ter sont de doctor. Nunner dese city doctors, but one er dese sho nuff doctors lak de w'ite folkses has. De Lawd sho is good! Er gwineter git down on mer ol' knees dis night an' tell de Lawd datter mouty po' han' ter t'ank Him, butter dooz de besser kin."

And in due course of time Littlebit got well. Now and then she would timidly go to Harvey's and he gave her an apple.

One day she went to the store, and after the manner of her kind, she told him she was going to be ten years old on the next day. He told her to eat an apple and stay out on the sidewalk for a few minutes. Then the

old storekeeper brought out a paper bag that was heavy with its contents. He told her to take the bag home and have a birthday party with her grandmother. When the bag was opened at home and it was found full of candy, apples, nuts, and such things, down on her knees went the old woman.

“Oh de goodest good Lawd! Yer is too good ter er ol’ oomans lak er is. Er ax yer ter mek mer li’l’ gal well, an’ yer sont de doctor. Er ax yer ter be good ter er ol’ oomans, an’ now yer is sont all dis apple, all dis candy, all dese nuts, all dis owange, all dis cake, all dis reezins, soze mer li’l’ gal, de po’ li’l’ creetur, kin has er buffday potty. Yer sho is good ter me, an’ yer sho is good ter Li’l’bit. Er feels lakker jis kin hug yer, good Lawd, ef yer ’low er nigger lakker is ter dooz dat, but er sho dooz love yer. Er is benner mouty weekid nigger, but hit kase er didn’t knowed yer lakker knows yer now. Yer sho izzer good Lawd.”

But Littlebit munched an apple and said nothing. She knew her life depended on her keeping a closed mouth. Dick and Sam were her uncles, and they were in jail waiting to go to the chaingang.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Emma Davis, the dressmaker's delivery girl, was carrying a tremendous big box, supposed to have contained one Easter hat, and intended for a young lady on College street.

She met Charlie Thompson, a chauffeur, who was her steady visitor. Charlie pushed his goggles upward and halted her on the corner for a chat.

“Wot yer got in dat big box, Miss Emma? Hit look bigger nuff fur er baler hay.”

“Hit nuffin butter hat fur er w’ite oomans on College street. Wot mek yer didn’t comes ter seed me las’ night, Mister Thompson? Er hadder dream ’bout yer las’ night, er sho did.”

“Yer sho gotter tell me ’bout dat dream.”

“Er ainter gwineter, kase yer didn’t come ter seed me lak yer sayes yer wuzzer gwineter do. Er gwineter git me ernuvver sweetheart, efyer doan watch out. Er knows er heaper young mens dat wants ter come ter seed me, er sho do.”

“Dat all right. Er buyed yer er mouty fine present yistiddy, butter ainter gwineter tell yer wot hit is now, kase yer woont tell me ’bout dat dream.”

“Whar de present? Effer tell yer de dream yer gwinter gi’ me de present?”

“Cose er is. Ain’ dat wotter tellin’ yer?”

“Well—yer ainter gwineter tell nobody, is yer? Cross yer heart, an’ tu’n roun’ an’ spit! All right, now yer ainter gwineter git mad w’en er tol’ yer?”

“Hurry, gal, yer tekkin up too much time. De w’ite folkses gwineter git atter yer fur bein’ so long. Hurry up an’ tell me ’bout dat dream efyer gwineter tell me.”

“Huh! Wotter kyeer fur wot de w’ite folkses say? Deys aint got nuffin ter do wid me. Yer ainter gwineter git mad wid me effer tell yer ’bout dat dream! Well, er dreams dat yer kiss me, er sho did.”

"Hush! Sho nuff? Is yer benner readin in de paper dat yer mussun kisser blon' any mo'?"

"Er ain' no blon', er izzer blunette."

"Nawyer ain' no blunette, yer izzer merhogny blon' dat wot yer is, anner ain tekkin' no chainces on cotchin' pirootiz, dat noo derzeze wot gwine roun' now. Er yer wants ter git kiss, yer gotter git some uvver nigger ter do de kissin' bisniss."

"Er tol' yer er wuz jisser dreamin'. Ain' nobody ax yer ter kiss um datter knows uv. Yer too fresh, dat wot yer is. Er sho do 'spise er fresh nigger. Er wuz gwine-ter vite yer ter mer Easter buffday party, anner seed yer daid fuss now. Sence yer gotter chuffin' dat kairsene ile kerridge anner ridin' de w'ite folkses roun' town in hit anner skeerin' peoples ter deff wid dat hawn, yer mek out yer bettern anybody else. Er doan wants yer ter speak ter me ergin, Mister Thompson, yer ain't git sense nuff ter git out'n er shower er rain. Er sho hates de groun' yer walks on. Call me er merhogny blon'! Wot you is? Tell me dat, yer low-down tar-baby. Jiss dar' yer ter comes ter mer house ergin. Er tek up sump'n anner buss yer haid open. Dat wotter do ter yer, yer stinkin' raskil."

"Mer goodniss, chile, wot yer git so mad 'bout? Kaint yer tekker li'l' crackin' lak dat? Yer knowed er wuz jisser foolin'. Wot got in yer, dis lass gone week, no how? Seem lakker kain' do nuffin ter soot yer! Yer git mad effer go wid Sallie Jones, an' yer git mad effer kaint comes ter seed yer, an' now yer git mad kaser call yer er herhogny blon'. Ner mine, er izzer comin' ter seed yer ter-night an' fotch dat present, an' den ef yer

is still mad, er gi' de present ter Sallie, an' yer knows er doan kyeer nuffin 'bout dat Sal Jones."

"Wot time yer comin'?"

"Atter supper some time, ef yer lemme, an' yer lemme kiss yer."

"Yer mout cotch dat pi-rootiz, an' den whar is yer?"

"Doggone de pi-rootiz, hit ain' kill nobody yit. But-ter muss be gwine. So long, be good, Miss Emma."

"So long. Effer kain' be good er be kyeerful. Er izzer gwineter look fur yer jiss atter supper, Charlie, an' —gi' yer case er pi-rootiz."

SLOWFOOT SAL'S FIGHT.

There ambled up from the mourner's bench to take her place at the bar to be tried on the charge of being drunk and disorderly, a female figure, clothed in garments of varied hues that were shabby, and bearing the marks of long wear and contact with everything that would leave its mark upon them. Her head was bandaged up with a soiled towel, and this towel covered all but her nose and one eye. This visible eye was bloodshotten and half closed. She walked with a stick, and apparently with difficulty and pain. It was evident that she was not at first recognized by the court. He gazed on that one eye, and the general contour of the figure, and then it dawned on him who the prisoner was.

"If mine eyes do not deceive me, I have before me none other than Slowfoot Sal. Am I right in my conclusion?" asked the court.

"Dunno bout yer 'clusion, but dis is Sal all right. Gawn on an sont me ter de gang dout all dat foolin'! Er feels bad."

"But you are due a trial first. I must hear the evidence. Perhaps you may prove not guilty."

"Er is sho guilty, ef dat wot yer wants ter knowed. Er buss de uvver oomans wide op'n anner dooz hit ergin effer gitter chaine. How much yer gwineter gi' me, jedge? Yer ainter gwineter hut mer feelins ef yer sont me ter de stock-cage tell Chrismus—better mek hit erbout two days atter Chrismus, jedge."

"What about this case, Mister Officer?"

"We found Sal in Tybee after she had whipped out a houseful of other women. She was drunk, your honor."

"Jedge, deys ain no use foolin' 'bout no witnuss. Er kin tell yer de fuss an' de lass uvvit. Er izzer bustid kermunity, jedge, butter got sense lak folks, anner jiss knows er is gwineter de stock-cage. Er sho wuz drunk. Hit doan mek no diffrunce whar er got de licker—'twarn't nunner dis ni-bear wot mek yer foolish dout mekin yer drunk, but de revrunt licker wot come fum Jacksons-villes. Er wuz gwine long ten'nin' ter mer bisniss w'en dat uppity Emma Davis wot tote hats fum de milnerry sto' ter folks, she twisser haid ter one side an' tu'n upper nose w'enner pass by. Jedge, er knowed dat gal w'en she mar nevvyy hadder ragger clo'es ter put on dat gal back, an' she so po' dat us niggers tekker sump'n t'eat, an' kase she tote dem hats ter de w'ite wimmenses wot buyed um fum de milnerry sto', she git biggity an' t'ink she better'n us uvver niggers. Er sho

spize er gal wot furgit her raisin', an' dat wot she dun. Butter nevvv sayed nuffin, jiss let hit pass, but hit seem lak evvy time t'ink 'bout de way dat gal twisser haid ter one side er git madder an' madder. Er kep' on gwine long tell er meets up wid her mar anner pass'ler uvver wimmenses wot lives in Tybee—er lives in Yamacraw, jedge, anner sho glad uvvit—an' dey wuz fixin' up ter gi' er orster supper fur de chu'ch. Er stop anner sayed how yer alls do dis mawnin', jiss datter way. One er de wimmenses kiner letter wud slip out, but Emma Davises' mar tu'n her back jiss soon she seed hit wuz me. Jedge, dat mo'n er kin stan', an' you knows yerse'f er kin stanner heap, kaser ben afo yer menyer time, but w'en dat oomans show mer her back atter all er dun fur her an' dat gal she got, dat de limit. Er dun mad no how, an' we'en she dun dat er sho furgit 'bout de cote an' de stock-cage an' de gang an' de jail an' evvyt'ing but gittin' eben wid dat oomans. Er seed she hadder crowd roun' her, butter wuzzunt stud'n 'bout no crowd. Ef de whole er Tybee ben dar, hit wuz jiss de same wid me den. Er lit on dat oomans lakker duck on a junebug, anner grabber han'holt in dat wool er hern anner gi' hitter twiss. Ber dat time long-laigged Sue Tolliver, wot mek out she er pillow er de chu'ch she pick upper brick. Er seed her w'en she pick up de brick out'n de cornder er mer eye, but fo er kin dodge de lick dat brick hit me side de haid. Er jump loose fum Jane Davis, anner slam Sue in de mout' jisses hod ez er kin slam her. Den dem uvver wimmenses deys tekker han' in hit, an' hit de trufe, jedge, er sho had mer han' full fur er li'l w'ile. Er nevvv tek no aim, kaser knows deys wuz all

ergin me, anner shot out mer fisses, an w'enner git ti'ed er pick up dat brick dat Sue hit me on de haid wid anner flung dat. Dunno effer hit um, but 'bout dat time ol' Sue gitter piecer i'on dat layin' on de groun', an' she come down blam on mer haid. Hit feel lakker big house fall on me, an' atter dat de fight wuz dun stop, kase der nex' noos er knowed er wuz in dat box back dar, an' hyere er iz afo yer, anner ain axin' fur no mussy. All er wants yer ter dooz izter mek has'e an' sont mer ter de stock-cage whar er kin lay down an' kiner ease dis haid. Hit sho hut."

Having entered this plea of guilty, the court was merciful and sent her to the stockade for forty-five days.

"Dat all yer gwineter gimme, jedge?"

But the judge was obdurate.

THE DISAGREEMENT.

Tuesday night the Rev. Jim Passmore was happy. Mary Jane Thomas had made him so by consenting to be his wife. It was arranged that the wedding should take place the following Sunday at the Baptist Church, and all the preliminaries agreed upon. Jim left Mary Jane's home walking on air. Mary Jane, he thought, was no slouch of a woman, and didn't she have money in the bank? Didn't the railroad pay her for an engine running over her husband? Of course Mary Jane had money in the bank, and if she wanted to pay the expenses of a church wedding, what did Jim care, just so she didn't spend it all on such foolishness.

Wednesday night he called according to promise. He

wanted to know how much Mary Jane had in bank. Fact is, he had been studying about this phase of the marriage all day.

"Kim right in, Jim, er ben so flustud ter-day datter ain't clean de house up lakker laks ter see hit w'en cumpny kim, but jiss lissun at me! Youse ain't cumpny no mo', izyer, Jim?"

"Yer is sho right 'bout dat, honeyjew. Wot yer benner doin' all day? Seem lak hit benner coon's age sencer seed yer."

"Lor, chile, er benner stud'n 'bout de wedd'n. Look hyere, Jim, yer got ter sot de day upper li'l' kaser sho woont have time ter git ready ber Sunday night. Er is sho gotter lotter fixin's ter git, an' sides dat, er gotter baker cake. Er is gwineter gitter chick'n an' some poke an' some owanges an' some reezins an' some nuts, an' wot yer tink er havin' some soup, Jimmie—lemme calls yer Jimmie—yer know some folkses doan lak soup atter wed'n supper, kase dey say dey fill up on soup an' ain't got no room fur de chick'n. Wot yer say, Jimmie?"

"Dat jiss wid you, honey. But hit look lak ter me disser mouty heaper fuss 'bout gittin' married. Cose you wimmen folkses know wotter do, but wot all dis gwineter cos' yer, honey?" This was merely a feeler.

"Shucks! Er ain'ter stud'n 'bout wot hit gwineter cos', kase we is gwineter git hitched lak de w'ite folkses git hitch. Cose wese ain'ter gwineter tek no wed'n trip ter Servanny an' Noo Yawk, lak dat, but me'n you is sho gwineter let dem niggers in Tybee and Yamacraw see dat we ain't no common niggers, ef we is cullud."

"Yer sho mus' have er oodlums er money in de bank, honey, ter spin hit lak yer gwineter on dis wed'n." Then Jim listened with bated breath for a reply to this second feeler.

"Er ain't got no money in de bank, butter got fo' dollars an' fifteen cents wrop up in de cornder uv mer hankchuf datter save up, anner gwineter spin le las' center dat jiss ter show dem Yamacraw niggers dat de widder Thomas ain't no po' folks, er sho is."

Jim was silent. Four dollars and fifteen cents the entire fortune, and all of that to vanish the first night!

"Mary Jane."

"Jimmie."

"Me'n you gitt'n too ol' ter have all dem fancy wed'n. Hit'll do fur some er dese young bucks an' gals, but yer furgits dat we is ol' an' kase we ol' dat no reezin' we gotter be foolish."

"Hit my money datter spinnin', Jimmie."

"Dat so, but hitter mouty li'l' money, mouty li'l', an' de timer comin' w'en dat li'l' money kim in mouty handy. Yer furgit dat yer gittin' ol'. How ol' izyer, anyhow, Mary Jane?"

"Hower knows how ol' er iz? Lige used ter say datter wuz gwine on—butter dun furgit now. Wot yer wants ter know dat fur, Jimmie?"

"Jiss kase. Yer know er ain't no spring chick'n merse'f, anner feel mer age er cropin' on me mouty fas'. Seem lakker gitt'n ol'er an' ol'er evvy day. Effer keeps on er doan rickin er live mo'n er year mo' no how. De doctor say sump'n de matter wid mer liver, er furgit wot he say de matter wid hit, sump'n lak ralgy er de

liver, an' he say er mout live er year anner mout live two year, he dunno."

"Dat noos ter me, Bruvver Passmo'. Er benner hyeer-in' 'bout yer ben ailin', an' dat yer mouty nigh daid, but yer knows how some er dese niggers talk. Izyer feelin' po'ly ter-night, Bruvver Passmo'?"

"Er sho is, Sister Thomas. Dat ralgy cropin' up on mer liver jiss diss minit. Spec er better be gwine. Effer weller nuff spec er seed yer at chu'ch Sunday night."

"Effer kin git Mister Jones, wot live in tuvver room er de house, ter go wid me, spec er'll be dar."

"Effer doan seed yer at de chu'ch, mebbe er seed yer some time."

"Ain't dat de trufe. Good night, Bruvver Passmo', yer mus' kim ter see me ergin some time."

"Effer gits well er dis ralgy er de liver. So long, Sister Thomas."

"So long, Bruvver Passmo'."

And thus ended love's young dream. Jim chuckled as he went to his boarding house in the darkness of the night, and Mary Jane fell in her rocking chair and had satisfaction in telling herself what she thought of that low-down, trifling scoundrel, the Rev. Jim Passmore.

WHAT THE NURSES SAID.

A group of nurses on one of the little parks of the city. About them are cabs and carriages, each containing fine specimens of the hope of the nation. Bright eyes, chubby fists, dimples, musical goo-goos, and all

that. It is a blessing that the little fellows are good-natured and apparently in good health, for now they must take care of themselves. The sun may shine in their faces and the flies light and bite, the nurses have now dismissed them from their minds.

“Look lak ter me dat de w’ite wimmens quit tennin’ ter dey babies any mo’. De w’ite oomans datter nuss fur she say tek dat chile out’n mer sight, fur heb’n sake, hit sho do love ter cry, anner jiss kain’t stan’ fur hit, an’ she say, oh, mer po’ narves!” This from one.

“Er jiss wush yer kin hyeer dat oomans datter nuss fur. She doan say nuffin ’bout her narves, but she gotter haid on her. Time she hit de flo’ in de mawnin w’en she git up she say oh, mer po’ haid, an’ hit oh, mer po’ haid all day long tell de afternoon. Den she dress up lak she gwine ter chu’ch an’ she santer out down town, an’ ef yer kin seed her she laughin’ an’ ca’ain on lak she wuz atter buffday party. An’ dar me er lookin’ atter dat baby all de time! She done furgit all ’bout dat baby.” This from another.

“De w’ite oomans datter nuss fur she dunno dat she gotter baby. See dat chile dar? Dat chile muvver ain’ had dat baby in her oms sence some day las’ week, an’ dat de trufe. Yistiddy she ax me how de baby git erlong. Er say, hit ben mouty puny Friday, but hit better now. She say, wot yer do fur hit, Marfy? Er say er gi’ hitter dose er pairgoric an’ six draps er lodnum, an’ hit sorter pick up atter he wake up. She say, yer mus’ lemme know ef hit git too sick. Er say yassum, but you knows er ain’ter gwineter fool wid dat oomans. All she kyeer ’bout is ter squoze in dat noo umpi’ gowns dat deys izzer

showin' deysevves off in now, an' she ain' stud'n 'bout no baby." This from another.

"De w'ite wimmens er dese days ain' no mo lak de w'ite wimmens w'enner wuzzer gal dan nuffin 't'all. Hit-ter scan'le de way dese wimmens ack wid dey chilluns. Hit sho is. Dar wuz Miz Martin datter nuss all de chilluns. Doan kyeer wot come dem babies sleep in dey muvver's oms evvy night wot come. Fuss t'ing she dooz in de mawnin she wash dat chile face an' put on hit clo'es ber her lone se'f. Er hyeer her say many time, Maria, you izzer mouty good nuss anner t'inker sight er yer, but deys ain' nobody gwineter put on mer chile clo'es but he muvver. An' de good Lawd dun quit mekkin better wimmens dan Miz Martin long timer go. An' she feed dat chile herse'f. An' hit nevy go out'n her sight all day long cep'n she lemme tek hit out ter gitter li'l' fresh air, an' we'en she come back de fuss t'ing she dooz fo she tek off her clo'es she tek dat chile an' she zammin hit good ter see effit all right. Den she tek off her Sundy-go-ter-meetin' duds an' finery and she tek dat chile in her lap an' she play wid hit er long time w'ile she coolin' off anner ressin. Dese days er muvver ain' got time ter play wid de baby, sides dat hit look so foolish fur er gre't big oomans ter play widder li'l' bitty baby. Folks laugh atter, she say." This observation from an old-timer.

"Wot yer riccon mekkum do dat way, An' Maria?" asked one of the listeners.

"How er knows, honey? Yer knows dey ain' nuffin lak dey used ter be. De time change, an' de wul change. Cose he peoples change, too. Er is sho sorry fur some er dese yer w'ite wimmens wot got babies. W'en dese wim-

mens die an' git ter heb'n, ef days git dar, dey ain'ter gwineter know dey own chillun," said Maria. Then after a pause, she continued: "Dar wuz one er dese noo time wimmens datter wuzzer nussin fur datter baby died. De oomans nevy did kyeer nuffin fur de baby no how, an' she 'low de po' chile ter git sick, an' w'enner teller dat de chile oughter have er doctor she say, go 'long an' gi' de chile some er dot smoovin' syrup an' put hit ter baid! Cose de chile git wuss'n wuss, but de oomans she traipsed off ter er party. Dat night de chile go daid in dese berry oms, an' me er doin' evvyt'ing er knows how ter mek de chile well. W'en dat oomans comed home fum de party, an' she fine out de chile daid, she say, er is sho sorry. Den she ax me ef de chile suffer much when hit die, an' she wunner ef she gotter go in black."

"Well, er gotter be gwine, kaser gwine ter er dance ter-night anner gwineter git dis brat ter baid jisses quicks er kin," and one nurse wheeled her crying baby away.

One by one they left, some of the babies asleep and some crying over the bites of flies and insects, and all of them in a bad humor.

A CHANCE MEETING.

They met at the market yesterday morning, and it was evident to those within hearing distance that they had not seen each other for some time.

"W'y, how der dooz, Miz Powell! Whar de namer goodniss yer ben all dis time? Er ain' seed yer sence dat time us went ter de babtisin'!"

"Look hyere, ain' dat Sukey Harris?"

"W'y, Miz Powell, yer dunno Becky Martin? Er med sho yer knows ol' Becky Martin."

"Wot, dis Becky Martin wot useter lives in Putmon county? Well, er do declar! An' dis Becky Martin! Go way, chile, yer foolin' me! Dis ain' no Becky Martin! De lass timer seed yer hit wuz de time dat yer par git marrit ter dat succun wife. She yer step.mar. Whar she now, Becky?"

"She daid too long ter talk 'bout. Par marrit ter nuvver oomans now."

"Fur de lan' sake! Yer par marrit ter er nuvver oomans? Ef dat doan beat mer time. Whar he now?"

"He wukkin' down ter de kumpress rollin' cotton."

"Is datter fac'? Er ain seed dat mans Bill Martin so long er dun furgit how he look. Whar yer Aunt Mary?"

"She daid. Yer knows mer Aunt Hattie?"

"Wot, dat oomans wot uster be kiner squinch-eye?"

"She de very one. She daid too."

"Weller do declar! Yer doan tell me dat! Who livin' now sides you an' yer par?"

"Ain' nunner um livin' now sides me'n par. We de onliest ones. Is yer livin' in Macon now?"

"Dat wot deys call hit, but hitter mouty po' livin', evvyt'ing dun riz so. Seed dat chick'n? Er haster paid forty cent fur dat ol' hen. Yer kain't git nuffin but ol' tunnups ter bile wid meat, an' meat so high mer ol' mans say he gwineter stop eatin' meat no how. How yer par look, Becky?"

"Cep'n he ain' got but one eye, he lookin' jiss lak he

always look ter me. He er mouty good par. He tuck kyeer er me atter mer ol' mans rund erway fum me."

"How come yer name Becky Martin, an' yer ben marrit?"

"Er gotter voce fum him, anner tuck back mer gal name, dat how come."

"Ain' dat de trufe! Fuss noos yer knowed yer is benner gittin' marrit ergin. Yer too young ter go thoo life douter ol' mans. Whar yer livin', Becky?"

"Us lives in Yamacraw, ter de fur een er Dog Alley."

"Wot de namer Gawd yer lives in Dog Alley fur? Heap better alleys dan dat ol' Dog Alley. Is dem specterbul peoples wot live in dat alley?"

"Dey sho is. Dey is some mouty fine peoples wot live in Dog Alley. Par say ef 'twarn't fur dat ol' Jim Huggins, deys is ez good peoples in Dog Alley ez wot lives on College street."

"Wot yer par gotter 'gin Jim?"

"Er dunno. He say Jim ben ter de chaingang fur stealin' er mule."

"Datter pime blank lie! Jim Huggins is mer own dear bruvver, an' he ain' nevvy ben ter no chaingang. Doan yer say datter 'gin, ef yer dooz me'n you gwineter hitch right den! Er tol' Jim he git mix up wid all kiner peoples ber stayin' in dat alley. Now er knows hit!"

"Look hyere, Dilsie Powell, doan yer sayed dat us all kiner peoples! Er jiss soon crawl on yer nek ez eat. Who you? Par sayed dat deys rund yer way fum Putmon county kase yer steal some money fum de w'ite folks. Doan yer talk ter me 'bout all kiner peoples, yer low-down trash!"

“Er gwineter cotch yer some time w'en deys ain' no poleeces lookin', anner sho gwineter beat yer haid ter er jelly, yer slob-foot heffer!”

“Come on, come on, yer neen't wait fur no poleeces! Er ainter skyeerder no poleeces! Timer hit yer one lick side de haid, yer ain'ter wants no poleeces. Deys gwine-ter tek yer ter de hoss-pistol, dar whar deys is gwineter tek you, yer triflin' she-buzzard! Come talkin' 'bout me'n mer par all kiner peoples! Who you? Tell me dat. Hitter good t'ing er lef mer razzter ter home. Dey sho would be er scrimmidge right hyere fo all dese peoples, an' all dem poleeces right yanner ter de city hall. Er gwineter tell par soon er git home. Yer jiss tek yerse'f way fum hyere dis minnit fo er git mer mad up, dat wot yer dooz.”

Miz Powell evidently thought a locality within hailing distance of the police station an inappropriate place for a fight, and she moved off from the market. Becky folded her arms and watched her going away.

“Er sho spizer country nigger wot comes ter town an' gitter livin' up dar on College street, an' mek out deys too good ter soshiate wid dem good onnist niggers wot lives in Dog Alley. Deys lakker heaper w'ite peoples wotter knowed. Deys comes hyere po's er mule, an' atter mekker li'l' money deys dun furgit deys po' kin as dem peoples wot heap better'n deys evvy dar'd ter be. Dem de kiner peoples er sho spize!”

And she picked up her basket and wandered off down the street, and communing with herself, oblivious to all else.

THE VAGS.

Two little negro boys were before the police court the other day on the charge of beating their way on one of the trains coming into Macon. This called to the mind of the old reporter an incident of about twenty-five years ago, when the passenger depot of the Southern, then the E. T. & V., was where the freight house stands to-day. In fact, it was then a combined freight and passenger depot.

Two little negroes were on a freight train beating their way to Macon, after having run away from home and staying until the pangs of hunger in a strange town forced them to come back. This they tried to do by stealing a ride. Somewhere beyond the cemetery there was an accident of some kind, and both the boys had their legs cut off. They were brought to Macon and laid on the floor of the depot until they could be cared for. Tourniquets had been provided to stop the bleeding, and this, with the shock, had benumbed their limbs, and they were for the time being without pain.

There was no light in the office where the boys were lying, on opposite sides of the room, and the old reporter heard their talk.

"Old Sporty, is you over dar?"

"Yeh, hyere er is. Say, Pinchy, how many laigs yer got?"

"Got two laigs, er cose! Wot yer ax dat fur?"

"Kaser ain' got nun, but hit sho feel lakker got two,

butter dun seed mer stumps. Er sho ain' got no laigs. De railrode dun cuttum off."

"Er sho sorry fur yer, Sporty. How yer gwineter walk ef yer ain' got no laigs? Ef yer ain' got but one laig yer kin walk widder crutch, but wot gooder crutch gwineter dooz yer ef yer ain' got no laigs 't'all?"

"Er ain' stud'n 'bout dat, now. Er sho is hongry. How come deys doan sont wud ter de folks so deys kin come an' tekkus home?"

"Deys waitin' on de doctor, butter dunno wot de doctor kin dooz now ef yer dun loss yer laigs. Dese doctors mouty poky no how."

All during this time Pinchy had been trying to get his hands down to his legs, but his arms had been either broken or crushed, and were painful to move. He finally succeeded, and made the discovery that he, too, was minus his legs.

"Weller ber doggone! Ef bofe mer laigs ain' gone jiss lak yer is. Ain' dat funny? Hit feels jiss lakker got two laigs. Er kin sho wuk mer toes, anner ain' got no toes! Seed ef yer kin wuk yer toes, Sporty!"

"Deys wuk all right! How come yer kin wuk yer toes an' yer ain' got no laigs? Dat sho er noo one on me."

"Hit look lak us ain' gwineter dooz much walkin' no mo', Sporty. Us sho inner debbul uvver fix. Er dun wid railrodes cep'n er git money ter paid fur de ride. Er sho is hongry."

The two unfortunates talked on. Then Pinchy started to sing, and out from the depot at 1 o'clock in the cool morning came in boyish treble "In the Sweet Bye and

Bye." There was a plaintive note in the voice as the song came out of the stillness of that dark night. The depot was deserted by the railroad men save the watchman, and there was something in that song from the little negro that caused him to bare his head and look upward at the stars. The old reporter, used to looking at things in a callous way, felt curious. Then he shook himself together and wandered down the track to catch a glimpse of the train from the wreck he had been waiting for. But as far up the track he walked there floated the sound of the song, growing sweeter and sweeter in the distance. The song, even though it came from the lips of a little vagrant negro boy, who was singing only to while away the time that was dragging, touched the old reporter's heart. Some how, some way, there was a weird sweetness in it, and long after it had ceased the sound of it lingered in his ears.

Then from far up the road came the blow of the whistle. Then the bright eye of the locomotive, and then the train with the news of the accident. The conductor and his crew hopped off the train with their lanterns and went scurrying about with their duties. The conductor asked after the two little negroes who were hurt, and the watchman directed him to the depot office. The light from the lanterns was flashed on them as they lay upon the floor.

Sporty and Pinchy were dead!

They had passed into the great beyond, into "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

THE PRESIDENT'S BREAKFAST.

As soon as the draymen drove up to the usual place yesterday and began the attack on their dinner buckets, they opened up with their daily line of talk.

"Er clar ter goodniss, mens, er sho feel lakker eatin' mouty po' grub fur dinner. Nuffin doan tas'e lak hit user. Menyer time er thought dar wuzzent anything sweeter dan de co'n braid an' de fried meat de ol' oomans put in de buckit, wid some peas now'n den anner tater, but dat tas'e dun gone. Hit fur ways gone."

"Wot de matter wid yer, Bill? Fur de namer Gawd yer musser loss yer mine. Dis yer co'n braid'n meat tas'e mouty good ter me. Cose 'tain't no ainjil cake an' merniller ice cream, but hit good grub, an' dat wotter wukkin' mans gotter eat ef he specs ter toter sacker flour an' sich ter he dray. Wot got in yer ter talk lak dat?"

"Mer li'l' gal reed me in de paper wot Judge Bartlett gwineter gi' de pres'dent fur he brekfuss w'en he come ter Macon. Eh-eh-eh-um! Ef de pres'dent eat all dat brekfuss dat mans gwineter die, doan kyeer how big he is. Hit soun' mo' lak dinner dan brekfuss no how."

"Wot Judge Bartlett gwineter gi' him, Bill?"

"Hit in de paper. He stot off widder big disher birds. Dat ter kiner gi' him er appertite. Den he brung inner big disher sossidge, nunner dis hyere winny-wusses, but dem kine wot deys mek over yanner in Jones county wot most ez bigs yer om, an' de mo' yer fry um de bigger

deys git. Den he brung in er disher country ham, an' evvy slice gotter aig on hit——”

“Look hyere, Bill, ef yer is got anything ergin us, spit hit out right now, fo yer go any fuvver. Us ain' ben doin' nuffin ter yer, an' hyere yer is tellin' wot de pres'dent gwineter eat, all dem birds an' dem sossidge, an' dem ham an aigs, an' hyere us is gnawin' on co'n braid anner piecer w'ite meat anner smidgin er peas. Hit er shame ter dooz us dat way, an us ain' dun nuffin ter yer. Datter low-down trick, hit sho is.”

“Er wuz jiss tellin' yer wot yer ax me. Shot yer mout' an——”

“How yer spec us ter shot our mout's an' us tryin' ter eat de grub us got fur dinner! Go on an' tell de ress.”

“Didder tell yer 'bout de ham an' de aigs? Den dey izzer big disher hawmny fur de red gravy fum de ham. An'——”

“Yer knows de pres'dent ain'ter gwineter eat any er dat hawmny ef he totch dem birds an' dem sossidge an' dem ham! He ain' got no room fur any hawmny; but go on.”

“Den come er big disher fried chick'n——”

“Hol' on, Bill, yer li'l' gal er mouty good reeder, an' us spec she tell de trufe, but any mans wid jiss common sense knowed dat deys ain' no mans big nuff ter eat all wot yer ben callin' off, let lone dat fried chick'n. W'y, mans, doan kyeer how bigger mans de pres'dent is, he buss op'n fo dat disher fried chick'n come ter de table.”

“Ner mine bout he buss'n op'n, dat he funerul. Lemme tell yer all wot dey is gwineter gi' him fur brekfuss.

Den deys fotch in er big disher fried taters, dem big yaller yams, all slice up——”

“Ef yer doan shot yer mout’ er sho gwineter pick up-
per brick an’ buss yer brains out! Yer sho ought ter be
shamer yerse’f ter be talkin’ dat way w’en us got nuffin
but co’n braid’n meat fur dinner! Yer ack lakker ijjit,
yer sho dooz.”

“An’ atter dat deys brung in ernuvver big disher fried
chick’n——”

“Fur de lanner Goshun! How big dat Mister Taf?”

“W’y doan yer let de mans lone, Jim? How come yer
doan let Bill tell wot de mans gwineter eat fur brekfuss?
Mister Taf’ bigs de whole Noo Nited States, dat wot deys
tell me, an’ dat li’l’ puny brekfuss Jedge Bartlett gwine-
ter gi’ him ain’ gwineter hut him. Yer ought ter seed
de dinner dat mans kin eat. Hitter scannle!”

“Den come de cawfee an’ de cream an’ de milk.”

“Dat all?”

“Mer goodniss, mans, whar is dey anything else ter
git? He dun eat mo’ rashuns dan ben ter mer house
sence me’n de ol’ oomans fuss got marrit. W’enner mans
eater brekfuss lak dat he doan want no dinner. He doan
wants nuffin tell de nex’ time fur brekfuss.”

“Hit mouty good ter be a pres’dent,” said Henry.

“Hit sho is, butter spec dey is menyer time de pres’-
dent willin’ ter gi’ up all dem fine brekfuss jiss ter be lak
us. ’Tain’t all de time dat dem peoples wot rich, an’ wot
kin git deys pitchers in de paper, an’ rid inner private
cyar an’ all dat, wot kin eater brekfuss lak dat on counter
day po’ stummick, an’ dem wot kin eat um kain’t lay
down on deys baid an gitter good night’s sleep on counter

stud'n 'bout sump'n deys gotter dooz in de mawnin. Us doan knowed hit, but us heap mo' happy den all de pres'dents an rich menses."

"Dat sho am de trufe, ef yer evvy tol' hit!"

The dinner hour was over, and the draymen dispersed, their hunger appeased, and without a care in the world.

A WEDDING IN TYBEE.

It had been norated around that Jack Jackson, of Jacksonville, was to be married to Eliza Ridley, at the home of her mother, on Division street, by the Rev. Wall-Eye Thomas, and that it was to be a swell affair, and that presents were expected.

Eliza's mother had been busy for a week or more getting things in readiness. Eliza looked after the trousseau, while her mother attended to the wedding feast, the only suggestion coming from Eliza was that a frosted cake should be baked for the bridesmaids, and in that cake must be a gold ring. It was the scheme to cut the cake after the wedding ceremony into as many slices as there were bridesmaids, and the bridesmaid falling heir to the slice containing the ring was to be declared the first to marry. Eliza furnished the ring and her mother the cake.

On the night of the marriage there was a large assemblage. The house was entirely too small to contain all who wanted to be there, and the overflow filled the doors, windows and the yard. The men occupied the yard and smoked and otherwise amused themselves, but the

women kept close to the house, all wanting to get a glimpse of the bride.

"Whar yer reckon Liza git all dat money ter buyed dem clo'es fum?" asked Whispering Annie, who had caught a glimpse of Eliza through the window.

"Whar she git dat money? Datter smot gal. She wuk fur hit, an' she benner savin' hit up, dat how she got hit," said a buxom matron whom Whispering Annie didn't know.

"Look hyere, oomans, doan yer talk ter me datter way. Ef yer dooz er gwineter buss yer one in the mout', dat wotter gwineter dooz. Er jiss ax yer whar she git de money. Dat all er dun, an' hyere yer come shootin' off yer lip! Er doan stan fur no foolin' widder Tybee oomans, er tell yer dat, fo yer git any fuvver!" Whispering Annie was wrathy.

"Er knowed whar all dat money come fum," said a childish voice; "her par sont hit ter her fum Servanny."

"Shet yer mout', Li'l'bit, who ax yer whar she got hit?" said Paralee Davis.

"Wot her par doing in Servanny, an he gal gittin' marrit? Er ain' got no spec fur er mans wot let he daughter git marrit an' not be ter de weddin'," said Annie.

"He on de gang," said Littlebit, the orphan.

"Er thought hit mouter ben sump'n lak dat, but hyere deys is gwineter stan' fo de preacher. Alls yer peoples out dar keep still now, an' so wese kin hyeer hit all."

By means of the door and the windows they saw the ceremony performed and the groom kiss the bride.

"Ef dat mans wuzter smack me datter way er sho

tek upper cheer anner buss him wide op'n," said one of the lookers-on.

Then came the cutting of the frosted cake. Those on the outside leaned as far forward as they could. They knew what the cutting of the cake meant, and it was the best part of the wedding. They wanted to see the fun of the happy bridesmaid as she received the lucky slice. But the crowd was too great on the inside, there being scarcely breathing room, and they had to be content with listening. From within and over the heads of the insiders they heard:

"Whar yer put date cake, mar?" This was Eliza.

"Hit sottin' dar in de pantry whar hit ben all de time! Yer sho flustered sose yer kain't seed nuffin. Git out'n de way an' lemme git dat cake." An interval of five minutes here elapses. Eliza's mother is looking for the cake.

"Some er you niggers dun steal dat cake! Er sot dat cake in dat pantry yistiddy mer lone se'f, kaser seed hit dar on de she'f. Hit sho izzer shame dat yer kain't sot nuffin do cep'n some er dese Yamacraw niggers comes hyere and steal hit!"

"Now, mer berluvid sister, doan 'low yer anger pash-uns ter rise on dis suspicious kasion. Be carm, mer sister, be carm." This was the beloved pastor who had tied the knot.

But the commotion became general. The bridesmaids were of the opinion that there had been no cake, and that it was a fake. This opinion once expressed became general, and there was a good prospect for a row. Eliza and her mar were finally accused of having had no cake,

and that the promise of it was merely a ruse to get as many presents as possible. The more they talked the more convinced they were that there was no cake, and the wedding that was intended to be a swell social affair broke up in the biggest kind of a row. After it was all over and the guests were leaving, now fully convinced that there was no cake with a gold ring in it, Li'l'bit slipped a newspaper package in the hands of Whispering Annie with:

"Er save dis fur yer. Er eat so much er dat cake dat-ter mouty nigh buss op'n, anner swaller sump'n hod lak, anner doan wants no mo' cake inner long time."

Littlebit had stolen the cake and swallowed the gold ring.

A FRIEND IN COURT.

When the clerk called out "Sam Bowman, drunk," a little, sawed-off negro, his face so black that it shone, arose from the mourner's bench and yelled out:

"Hyere me—hyere I is."

Then he shambled up to the prisoners' bar, and, placing his elbows on the railing, looked first at the judge and then at the officer who was being sworn.

"Jedge, 'tain't no use fur de poleeces ter swar hit, I sho wuz drunk, an' ef——"

"What about the case, Mister Officer?" asked the court.

"Jedge, lemme tell hit teryer fuss——"

"Will you keep quiet?"

"Yassur, yassur, but, jedge, effer dat poleeces tell hit ter yer fuss, dis nigger am sho gone, but ef——"

"Keep quiet!"

"Yassur, but jiss lemme——"

"If you speak again, I'll fine you five dollars for contempt of court."

"Yassur, yassur; but——"

A frown on the face of the court stopped him short, but he fidgeted.

The officer told how he found Sam on Saturday night on Fourth street, howling drunk, and singing at the top of his voice:

"Sal's in de gyarden er siftin' san',
An' Janes in de pyarlor wid de hog-eyed man."

The mention of this song carried the court back to the days of the long ago, when as a child he had heard that old song sung by the negroes on the old plantation. Instantly he knew that he had a country negro to deal with, and that he must make allowances, for to fine him for contempt of court, no matter how much he interrupted, it would be an offense against his ancestry, for this same old negro would have given his life for any one of them. With his heart softened, the court told Sam to tell why it was he got drunk.

"Kinner speak now, jedge? Git me straight now, young marster, lemme stot in de furrow right—dunno nuffin 'bout dishyer cote bizniss, an' de cuntent bizniss, an' de Lawd knowser doan want no mo'er dat hole in dar, ef dat wotcher mean by de cuntent pot—no, sar.

'Bout me gittin' drunk, young marster, all I know is dat w'enner gits off'n de Dublin train dar wuzzer mans at de depot, an' he say, izyer gwine ter er hotel? jisso. I say, no, but efyer gotter fuss-class bo'din' house whar I kin gitter decen' mealer vittles anner bed, Ise widyer. He say, I knows de fustist class bo'din' house in dis city an' hit heap bett'n de Brown House er de Lan-year House, an' yer only haster pay fifty centser day. Look lak, jedge, dat he tuck me ter be jiss lousy wid money, anner tell de trufe, hit did mek me sorter swell up an' feel mer oatses. Dat house wuz inner place dey calls Yammycraw, sump'n lak dat, an' dar we went. Atter w'ile de mans say, how'd yer lakker li'l' dram? jisso. Hit wuzzer 'bout mer timer day ter tekker dram, an' hit need'n be no li'l' dram neever, so he pulls outer pint flass fum he pocket, anner tooker dram. Dat licker sho wuz hot. No sooner dan hit git in mer goozle dan hit shot clean thoo me ter mer toes. Jedge, dat licker wuz sho nuff strong. Atter dat licker went down an' seed mer toes, hyere hit come back ter mer haid. I feel jiss lakker wuzzer troddin' in de air. Look lakker couldn't keep mer footsies on de groun'; look lakker wants ter fly. I spec dat w'enner gits ter singin' dem ol' time chunes. But all I wante do wuz ter fly, an' still I didn't wanster fly back home, lakker oughter done, an' denner wouldn't be in all dis trouble. Well, jedge, I flewed anner flewed, an' w'enner wakes up, dar I wuz in de calaboose, an' mer mout' hit sho wuzzer buzzin' anner dryin' up, an me er prayin' ez fasser kin fur de good Lawd ter git me out'n dis scrape. Young marster, is you de jedge? Seem lakker seed you afo. Ain't you one er dem Ukkerhot

boys wot usen ter live down dar at Cochran? Look hyere, young marster, ef you is, doan yer projic wid dis ol' nigger! Iser feelin' too bad ter tek any foolin' fum yer. I'll tu'n yer 'cross mer knee anner spank yer good, yer li'l' raskil. Yer is! Go 'way, poleeces, gimme hat an' lemme go! T'ankee, young marster, Ise sho gwineter hit de grit an' git out'n dis yer town, anner never wanster seeder nuvver hotel anner fuss-class bo'din' house. Wot I wants now is ter seed mer ol' ooman an' ax her pardin'. Good bye, folkses! T'ankee, young marster," and before he could be stopped he was gone.

The case was marked dismissed.

THE SIGN OF DEATH.

Among the old-time negroes, and, to tell the truth, the same idea prevailed among many whites, that the continued howling of a dog at night was a sign that there was to be a death in the family of the owner of the dog. This superstition is fast disappearing, except, of course, among the old-timey negroes. The negro with his education is getting away from such superstitions, but there are some who are afraid to let it slip entirely away.

Peter and Ann belong to this class. The other night, about the turn of the day, they were aroused by the awful howling of their hound in the yard, and it was plain that the noise worried Ann much more than it did Peter, who made no comment. Fact is, he pretended to be asleep, but Ann knew him so well that he failed to fool her. He heard the howling just as well as did Ann, but

Peter was lying there hoping that Ann would go out and quiet the dog and allow him to sleep. All to himself he was abusing the dog for howling so. Finally, when Ann could stand it no longer, she said:

"Peter, git up an' mek dat dawg hush he fuss."

No response.

"Peter! Git right up er tell yer. 'Tcoon't do fur me ter git up ter ten' ter dat dawg, effer do 'tcoon't be good fur him."

Peter snores.

"Datter sho sign er deff in dis fambly, de way dat dawg howl. Wunner who de Lawd gwineter ter erway now. Ef He want me er is sho ready anner waitin'."

This causes Peter to wish he had gotten up, and he eases down on his pretended snoring a little.

"De Lawd know zac'ly who ter tek. He atter de sinner. He atter dem dat ain't ready, dem dat ain't ben wash in de blooder de lam', an' ain't got deys 'senshun robe ready."

Peter was now listening hard. Now and then he would feel a cold spell. He wanted to cuss the dog, but he thought of the sure sign of death in the family and things were getting to be uncomfortable. In the meantime Ann was talking, as if to herself.

"Deys say dat w'enner houn' howl lak dat hit mean dat dar is sho gwineter be er deff in de fambly, an' yer woon't know who hit gwineter bese tell de deybreak, an' de fambly gits up, an' de fustist member er de fambly dat de dawg go ter dat de one that de Lawd sot he seal on."

Peter was never more awake in all his life. He would

have given anything in this world if he could only cuss that dog without offending the Lord.

"Er memmers one time w'en er houn' howl lak dat in Mose Thomas' yod, an' de nex' mawnin, de houn' hop on dey li'l' gal, an' fo night come dat li'l' gal wuz all laid out in de li'l' coffin widder li'l' han's all cross an' she sho did mekker fine cawps.'

Peter gave a snort and woke up.

"How longs dat dawg beener howlin' datter way, honey?"

"Mouty nigh all night, an' yer knows wot de sign is. Dar sho gwineter be er deff in dis fambly."

"Go'n ter sleep, honey, er ten' ter de dawg. Spec he hongry, er mebbe deys ain't no water in de pan."

Peter gets up and goes out into the yard. Sure enough the pan is dry and he fills it with water from the well. He pats the dog satisfactorily and the almost famished animal fawns his thanks. Peter goes back to bed with:

"Dat alls de matter wid dat dawg. He nairly pairsh ter deff fur water. Dunno how come yer doan fill up dat pan w'en yer comes ter baid. Ef yer ain'ter gwineter gi' de dawg water, all yer gotter do jiss say so, anner fix de water merse'f. Dat wot mek de po' dawg howl lak dat. Dar ain't nuffin in dis sign er deff bisniss. Ain' nobody butter passel er ol' wimmen dat keep dat up no how."

But Ann was sound asleep. After the dog ceased to howl she smiled in the darkness of the room at her own cleverness, and then fell into a good sleep. Now fully assured that Ann's snores were genuine, Peter was thor-

oughly disgusted, and couldn't refrain from saying knowing that Ann wouldn't hear him:

"Doggone dat dawg, an' you, too, yer big ol' gobber fat."

Then he fell asleep himself.

THE MATRONS' CLUB.

Precious Jackson asked permission of her mar to allow the use of the house for a meeting of the matrons' club she was organizing.

"Wot kiner noo fandangle dat, Precious? Hit look ter me lak dey izzer all de time er gittin' up sump'n noo. Wotter matrin' club, no how?"

"W'y, mar! Er is sho shamer yer ignunce. Hitter s'iety whar de wimmens meet an' talk an' pass er li'l' fiver clock tea roun' wid dese saltine crackers."

"Well, cose er didn't know, an' yer kain't fine out nuffin cep'n yer ax somebody wot know, an' yer needn't git yer back upper 'bout hit."

But the consent was given, anything to advance the pushing of Precious into society, and without knowing anything more what a matron is than a child unborn, the house was gotten ready for the meeting.

Decorations made the front room look really scrumptuous, and at night, with the big lamp and the red shade turned down low, giving a subdued air to the whole affair, the members coming in uttered exclamations of delight. The company settled down, and then came the start.

"Er moves dat Miss Precious Jackson be made pres'dent er dis club, effer gitter succunt," said Melinda.

"Cose er dunno nuffin 'bout hit, but dey tells me dat dis wuz ter be er matron's club, hit sho woon't look right fuh er onmarrit oomans ter be de pres'dent uvver marrit wimmens' club. Dar izzer heaper times w'enner lotter marrit wimmens wanter talk w'en deys doan want no onmarrit oomans roun'. Dese onmarrit wimmens dey go right off an' tell alls dey hyeer. But ef yer alls wanter 'lec' Miss Precious Jackson de pres'dent, er ain'ter gwine-ter say er wud."

"Dat sho right, Miss Perdoo, deys ain't nobody wot t'ink mo'er Miss Precious Jackson dan er dooz, but er marrit oomans sho ought ter be de pres'dent," said Miz Passmore.

"Den, ef dat de case, er moves dat Miss Perdoo be 'lect de pres'dent, an' Miss Precious Jackson de succer-terry, kase wese meetin' at her house, an' 'tain't right ter shot her out'n de room," said Melinda.

The motion was carried, and a member suggested that the club discuss the question: "How to Treat a Husband?"

"Ef yer wanter git erlong wid yer husbun jiss feed him good. Er gi' mer ol' mans all dat he kin eat, anner fill him up evvy day wid all he kin stuff. Dat keep him inner good 'umor an' w'enner ax him for er nickel atter dinner he gimme ten cent." This from a member.

"Effer wants ter gitter nickel out'n mer ol' mans, er jiss wrop mer oms roun' he neck anner smack him right in de mout' anner say, kain't yer gi' yer honey-bunch er

dime ter-day? Dat fotch him evvy time." This from another.

"Dat ain't de way er dooz. Effer wants de ol' mans ter gimme er nickel, er say gimme er nickel, Jim. He say, wot yer wants widder nickel. Er say, mer shoes dun wored out an' mer footses on de groun' anner jiss bleege ter have some shoes, dat wot. He say, yer knows yer kain't git er pa'r er shoes fur er nickel. Er knows dat, er say, butter gwineter ax yer fur er nuvver nickel nex' week, an' atter w'ile er gitter nuff ter buyed me er pa'r er shoes. All de time er doan cracker smile. He look at me straight an' he seeder ain'ter funnin', an' he say, hyere two dollars, doan yer ax me fur no mo' money inner mont'." This was Henrietta.

"Lor', chiles, dat ain't de way er treat mer ol' mans. Evvy pay-day er goes ter de brickyod anner seed him draw he pay, anner say, gimme dat money, Bill, an' effer feel lak hit er gwineter gi' yer nuff ter git some baccy wid, an' ef yer gimme any sass er bruk yer haid. Dar ain'ter bitter use foolin' wid dese mens. Yer gotter let-tum knows yer boss er dey sho gitter way wid yer." This was Maria.

"Alls er do w'enner wants er nickel fum mer ol' mans izter say, honey, kin yer spar yer li'l' wifey er nick dis mawnin? An' he go right down in he pocket an' up come er nickel. Dat de way er treats mer husbun." This from a young woman in the corner.

"How longs yer ben marrit, chile?" asked Maria.

"Me'n Tom gits marrit two weeks ergo dis comin' Chuesday."

"Eh-her! Dat wotter t'ought. Er marrit oomans dat

talk lak dat ain't got no bisniss jinin' er marrit ooman's club. Yer ain't marrit yit, yer jiss 'gaged," said Maria.

"Er bleeve in bein' kine ter yer husbuns. Dey de ones dat mek de money fur us ter spin, an' w'en mer ol mans come home ti'ed, er cook him er good supper er fish an' fried aigs an liver, anner dress up an' mek de home look jisses bright ezzer kin, cause dar iz plenty husbuns in dis wul, but dar iz mouty po' chaince er good uns. Dey is sho skace. Er sho bleeve in treatin' yer husbuns right." This was the view of a member.

"Yer sho dunno wot yer talkin' 'bout," said Maria, "yer kain't tell me nuffin 'bout dese good husbuns. Er sho knows um. Mer fuss husbun wuk on de railroad an' he git er dollar er day an' he brung home er dollar fur me ter buy de rashuns. Mer succun husbun wuk at de juanner fac'ry, an' dat nigger got so he wouldn't come home w'en he git paid off, an' denner sho drap him. De nex' mans wotter git marrit ter he er low-down triflin' raskil, anner soon foun' out dat all he git marrit fur wuz ter git sump'n t'eat anner kick him out'n do's. Dis ol' mans wotter got now ain't much better, butter sho keep track er he pay. Yer kain't tell me nuffin 'bout dese mens. Er sho knows um."

The secretary thought the discussion had gone far enough, and she and her mother brought in the tea and the crackers. This stopped all talk about the best way to treat husbands, and the club broke up to meet again next month.

THE LARCENY OF THE ROSE.

In a certain front yard on a quiet street in Macon, all the flowers had faded and gone, with the exception of one, a red, queenly rose that stood out in bold relief at the very top of the bush, proudly nodding in the passing breezes, regal in its crimson splendor, and the admiration of every passer-by, each of whom paid it homage.

The lady of the house had been troubled all the season with the little thieves stealing the finest products of her bushes, and this being the last of its kind, she watched as one would watch a treasure. She seemed loath to pluck it herself, it was so grand there in its loneliness, and so splendid!

But the cook looked out early one morning, and caught a little negro in the act of swiping the prized rose. The sacrilege was duly reported, the lady of the roses cried a bit and sent for a policeman. Officer Reddy responded, the boy was locked up in prison, and yesterday he was before the court on the charge of larceny. It was the cook who testified. Said she:

“Jedge, yistiddy mawnin’ w’enner goes ter de do’ er seed dat triflin’ no-count nigger w’en he tuck dat flower—er seed him wid dese own two eyes, er sho did. Er rund out’n de house jisses fasser kin, anner cotch dat boy ber de collar, jisso. Er ax him wot mek him tek dat flower w’en he know hit b’long ter de w’ite folkses, an’ Miss Kate she love dem flowers lak dey wuz chilluns! An’ dat alls er knows ’bout it, jedge, cep’n dat he de

berry nigger wot tuck dat flower, an' he needn't say he didn't tek hit neever."

The boy was merely a scrap, black, ragged, barefooted and hatless. He stood leaning with his elbows on the prisoners' railing in an attitude of indifference, his little black scrawny legs crossed, with the toes trying to dig into the floor.

The evidence in, the court asked him what he had to say. He looked out of the window at a passing car for a moment, and said:

"Mer par daid an' mer mar daid, an' mer li'l' sister she daid, too. She go daid las' week. Er ain't got no home ter go ter, ain't got no place whar ter sleep, an' no place fur ter gitter mealer vittles, anner git so lonesome datter walk out ter de cimmenterry anner sot down by de li'l' grave whar dey berry mer po' li'l' sister, anner lay down on de col' groun' anner study whar er go. Atter w'ile er hyeerd somebody say sump'n saf lak. Er looker roun' anner doan see nuffin. Deys ain't nobody dar er kin seed. Den hit come ergin, an' still er doan seed nuffin. Den hit say, saf lak, deys ain't no flower on mer grave lak deys is on de uvver graves in de cimmenterry. Denner knowed hit wur mer po' li'l' sister er talkin' ter me. Denner gits up off'n de groun' anner kim down town, anner gwine erlong de street, anner ain't er knowin' whar er gwine, an' fuss noos er knowed er seed dat flower in de front yod. Hit wuz de onlies' flower wotter seed. Er stop anner look at de flower. Er knowed hit would be stealin' effer tuck dat flower, kase dat de w'ite folkses flower, but all de timer kep onner hyeerin' sump'n

say saf lak, git dat flower; git dat flower! an' put hit on mer li'l' grave. An', jedge, er jiss couldn't he'p hit. Er jiss hafter tek dat flower, an' ef dat oomans hadn't er cotch me lak she do, er sho wuz gwineter put dat flower on mer li'l' sister grave, er sho wuz. Please, jedge, doan sen' me ter de gang an' mer li'l' sister wot daid ax me ter git dat flower fur her grave out dar in de cimmenterry."

Over on the side of the court room, where the witnesses stay, a black hand was held up. The court saw it, and supposing it was somebody who wanted to help the boy out of his scrape, called the man before him, and asked if he had anything to say for the boy.

"Me he par," said the man.

Then up went another hand on the witness side of the room. This time it was that of a woman, and she was also called up.

"Me he mar," said the woman.

"Well, if you are he par, and you he mar, where is he li'l' sister wot daid?" asked the court.

"She home," said the woman.

The boy saw he was cornered. From the plaintive tone he quickly passed to one of defiance, and he declared with all the vim of an old offender that he did not take the flower, was at home in bed at the time the cook said he stole it, and that all the cook had told was an outrageous lie from beginning to end.

But the boy was so small that the court was puzzled to know what to do with him. He finally decided to turn him over to his par and mar that they might apply the chastening rod to their heart's content.

In the meantime the lady of the roses mourned the loss of her crimson queen.

THE HUMMING BIRD SOCIETY.

It was a meeting of the Humming Bird Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that met last night at the residence of Sister Thomas, wife of the Rev. Wall-Eye Thomas, the pastor.

It was a gathering of those with and without children, who were deeply interested in the bringing up of the youth of the country in the way they should go. At least that is what one of the members said.

“Mer frien’s,” said Sister Thomas, “we is call tergevver dis ebening ter talk erbout de bestist way ter brung up our chilluns in dis weekit wul. Wese all kin seed dat de chilluns gwine roun’ de streets er de city er Macon dat dey muvver orter be ershamer deysevves ter ’low on de street lookin’ lak dey dooz. Dey ain’ clean, deys ragged, dey ha’r ain’ comb an’ dey sho looker sight. Er is sorry fur dey muvvers, er sho is. Dat wot dis s’iety fur, ter mek dem muvvers treat dey chilluns lak dey wuz sho nuff folkses.”

All had paid strict attention to what Sister Thomas had said. Being the wife of the pastor, her remarks were entitled to a certain amount of respect. As soon as she thought it proper to make remarks to follow, Precious Jackson said:

“What Sister Thomas say is de gospil trufe. Some er de chilluns wotter seed on de streets look lak dey blong

out hyere at de Ruff Home whar dey keeps de po' people. Dunno who brats dey is, but hit sho er shame fur er oomans wot calls herse'f muvver ter 'low dem chilluns ter be on de street. Hit wotter calls croolty, 'tain't nuffin but croolty, dat wot hit is. W'en we had all dat col' wevver dar wuzzer li'l' gal datter muvver mekker war dese yer li'l' socks an' dar wuzzer nekkid li'l' laigs jisser freezin'. Ef dat ain't croolty ter chilluns, wot is hit? Er axes yer all, wot dat but croolty?"

"Look hyere, Precious Jackson, dat mer chile yer talkin' 'bout so scan'lous, an' dat de style fur chilluns. Lak ter knowed wot yer know 'bout chilluns, an' yer ain' got no chilluns. Dat de way ter mekker chile laigs tough so she woon't cotch de croup. De doctor tol' me dot out'n he own mout', dat wot he dun." This from Minerva Williams.

"Yer sho is talkin' sense now, Sister Williams," said Melinda. "Dunno wot dat gal Precious Jackson doin' in dis s'iety no how. Who 'lected her er memmer? Dat musser ben dun dat meetin' datter miss."

"Sisters! Sisters! Less doan have no fuss. Ef Sister Mernervy bleeve dat de style an' dat hit mekker li'l' gal laigs tough so she kain't cotch de croup, hit all right. Dat Mernervy's bisniss. Less tek up de nex' qeshun." Sister Thomas thus cooled things off.

"Er reeds in de paper," said Miz Passmore, "dat dey is fixin' ter mek stockin's an'—skuse me, Sister Thomas, is Bruvver Thomas whar he kin hyeer us wimmens talk?—an' kuset kivvers an' gyarters free fur de wimmens. Is yer alls hyeerd erbout dat?"

"Mer li'l' gal reeds dat ter me, anner tol' er ter shot

up, dat hit 'tain't so, but ef yer reeds hit, Sister Passmo,' hit muss be de trufe. Butter sho dunno wot deys gwineter do dat fur. Dat some trick er dese mens wot all de time foolin' wid sump'n deys ain' got no bisniss wid. Yer speck hit so, Sister Passmo'?"

"Lor', honey, doan yer ax me. Dat wot de paper sayes. Effit so, er sho gwineter git me some. Dey is mekkin de stockin's so long dees days dat yer gotter war galluses ter keep um up, anner dunno wot dey wants ter give gyarters 'way fur. Er got mer fust kuset kivver ter put on yit, but ef dey is gwineter gi' um ter yer free er sho war one fur luck."

"Sisters, dis meetin' is ter talk 'bout croolty ter chilluns," said Sister Thomas, "an' hit mouty nigh ten er-clock, an' mer ol' mans is gwineter wanter git ter baid, ef yer doan mine. Ef yer got any mo' ter sayes erbout croolty ter chilluns yer better be gittin' ter hit. Dooz any er yer alls know 'bout any sick chilluns in de settlement?"

"Mer li'l' John Henry got de rash mouty bad," said one.

"Mer li'l' Marfy Lou got de measles, but deys ain' bruk out yit, an' de doctor he say he dunno ef deys measles er no," said another.

"Wot yer gi'in yer chile fur de rash?" asked Precious Jackson, in her sweetest tones, fearing another outbreak.

"Dar yer izzer 'gin, Precious Jackson, er dippin' in whar yer ain' got no bisniss. Wot yer wants ter know wot de oomans gi'in' de chile fur de rash fur? Yer ain't-er marrit oomans, an' yer ain' got no bisniss shootin' off yer lip wid us marrit wimmenses. Eh sho 'spise er oom-

ans lak you is, er sho do." Sister Williams was getting mad.

"Mer sister gotter chile dat got de rash," said Precious.

"Well, yer brung yer sister ter de meetin' an' yer stay to home an' 'ten' ter de sick chile, dat wot yer dooz. Dar is some wimmens in dis wul dat ain' got de sense dey wuz bawned wid, an' you one uvvum."

It was a good thing that the pastor walked in about this time, or the meeting would have broken up in a row. As it was, he shook hands all round, said something good to each, and they departed well pleased with the meeting.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The breakfast was over, but the lady of the house lingered at the table alone, and sipped her coffee, thinking over the plans of the day. There were some things to get for dinner, and there was some shopping to do, and come calls to make, and she was figuring on how she would make up the schedule. There was a certain amount of work to be done in the morning, and she couldn't do the shopping until the afternoon, and then there were the calls. While thus engaged, Henrietta, the cook, walked in and stood around, waiting for the word to clear away the dishes and get her own breakfast. Finally the lady of the house worked out her problem, and started to arise from the table.

"Yer didn't knowed datter gotter leave yer, Miss Fannie, butter sho is." Henrietta was gathering up the dishes.

"Why, I never knew a word about it! When are you to leave?" The lady of the house knew what trouble she would have to get another cook, and she was not going to give up the bird in the hand if she could possibly prevent it.

"Er gwineter leaves on de fusser de mont'. Er sho hate ter leaves yer, Miss Fannie. Yer ben mouty good ter me sence er ben hyere."

"Well, I have tried to treat you right, Henrietta. I hope that you will be treated as well where you are going."

"Er tell yer right now, Miss Fannie, ef he doan treat me right er gwineter pack up mer doll rags and comes right back ter Miss Fannie, er sho will!"

"Oh, ho! Then you are going to get married. Who is the lucky individual?"

"He ain' no vijjul, he er mans wot drive de livvry waggin wot bring de meat evvy mawnin. He jiss keep on atter me teller ain' git no ress. Evvy time he bring de meat he ax me ter has him. Deys tell me he er mouty good mans, an' he come uvver mouty good fambly."

"Moves in the best circles, I suppose."

"Ma'am?"

"I mean that he stands high in the community."

"Oh, yassum! Cep'n he stoops, he scrape he haid comin' in dat do'."

"Does he make enough to support you?"

"He gitter er dollar er day, an' us aim ter go ter house-keepin' soon we git marrit. Deys ain' gwineter be but two uvvus, an' us gwineter dooz our own cookin', an' me'n Jim sho oughter lives on dat. He git bode fur fifty

center day whar he bo'din', an' he say he gwineter bode wid us w'en us git marrit an' pay me dat three dollars, an' us pay de rent and pay on de furnchur with dat uvver three dollars."

"Why, how do you figure that, Henrietta? You say he gets six dollars a week; he will pay you three dollars of that for his board; then the other three dollars will be paid on rent and furniture. Now where do you come in? Seems to me that he has made no provision for you in his calculations."

"He better mek some pervisions fur me, er tell yer dat right now! Hit sho look lak hit all fur Jim. Yer got me kiner fluster up, Miss Fannie. Butter tell yer right now er ain'ter gwineter stan' fur no foolin'. He gotter mek pervisions fur me."

"It is possible now, that he thinks with your economy that the three dollars he pays you for board will be enough for the two, being as you are a light eater."

"Light eater, nuffin! Er kin eat jisses much's Jim kin. Yer reckon dat wot dat nigger up ter, Miss Fannie?"

"I couldn't say, but according to the way you tell it, Jim isn't allowing for nothing but his own board, and for the rent, and the furniture, and not a cent for your clothes and shoes, and, of course, you will have to have clothes and shoes, even if you are married."

"Coser will! Mo'n dat, er izzer gwineter haves um, too. Dat nigger ain' gwineter fool dis chile. Law, Miss Fannie, ef 'twarn't fur de w'ite folkses er was gwine right long an' marry dat nigger, an' he ain' 'lowin' me no pervisions an' no clo'es an' no shoes! Well, well,

well! Ef hit warn't fur de w'ite folkses er dunno wotter nigger dooz. Er is sho glad yer tol' me 'bout dat nigger. W'en dat Jim comes dis mawnin wid de meat er sho gwine ter buss dat marryin' bisniss. Er hadder bad dream 'bout dat nigger no how. Weller, do declar! Er knowed dar wuz sump'n wrong wid dat nigger de very fuss time he ax me ter has him. Dese niggers sho is triflin', an' no count in dis wul."

Miss Fannie was wise to say nothing more. She had saved her cook, and that morning Henrietta received a double allowance of breakfast.

AUNT ANN.

In a few more years there will be none left of the "fo de war" negroes, and with them will go the old white people who knew and could appreciate them.

There will always be old negroes, but they will be of the time when there were no slaves nor slave owners, of the time when there was no bond of sympathy between white and black, and the devotion, if any at all, was that which was inherited.

The stories of those old "fo de war" negroes will fail to stir up pleasant memories as they do now, and however true, will not be believed by those who will come after those old whites and their sons and daughters have passed away. For this reason let us make the most of them. A gentle stirring of the heartstrings does not hurt us as we grow old.

In nearly every family there was one old auntie, or

mommer, who ruled the household in a way. She could scold or spank the children, or she could give sharp advice to the older ones, and not a word would come as reproof from the head of the house. And yet that old auntie or mommer knew and kept her place. There was a certain line that she never thought of crossing.

When the beautiful home now belonging to Mr. Alex Block was the property of the Collins family many years ago, one of these privileged negresses lived on the lot. She grew with and had nursed all the children, and was the nurse when the older people were sick, and never was there a more faithful nurse. As she grew old her labors were lightened, until her only duties were to dust the parlor, leaving all the house-cleaning to younger servants. The care of the parlor was entrusted to Aunt Ann, and woe be unto any young servant who entered that sacred precinct.

In this parlor—they had parlors in those times—was some valuable and beautiful marble statues and statuettes, and these were kept white and spotless by the busy duster of Aunt Ann. One day, after Aunt Ann had performed her morning duty of dusting the room and its contents, there arrived as an addition to the collection a bronze statuette of the Greek Slave. Mrs. Collins, known to the household as Miss Liza, gave it a prominent place in the parlor, because it was the latest addition, and she wanted her friends to admire its beauty.

The next morning after the arrival, Mrs. Collins went into the parlor to take an admiring look at the statuette, and was surprised to find a towel wrapped around it.

"Why, Aunt Ann, what in the world did you put a towel around that statuette for?"

"Now, look hyere, Miss Liza, er kin stan' ter have dese hyere nekkid w'ite oomans in dis yer pyarlor, butter tell yer right now, an' yer hyeer me good, er ain'ter gwineter stan' fur no nekkid niggers in hyere."

THE EAGLE AND THE BUZZARD.

There is no doubt about it, the hackmen are somewhat disturbed over the advent of the taxicab. Some seem to think that it is now only a question of time when the hack must go, the taxicab taking its place.

They were discussing the matter down at the union depot yesterday. One of them, an old hackman, did not fear any trouble on this score, and told the following story to illustrate what he meant:

One time an eagle and a buzzard were perched on a rail fence, discussing the events of the day, when the eagle remarked:

"Why doan yer quit dis way er livin', on de daid? Why doan yer kill yer own grub an' not be er folrin' up de daid?"

"Er waits on de Lawd," said the buzzard.

"Hitter mouty po' bisniss waitin' on de Lawd. Jiss look at me. Er swoops down ter de groun' anner pick upper lam' errer goat, errer pig, anner feeds on um."

"Er ruvver wait on de Lawd," said the buzzard.

"But de Lawd gwineter git ti'ed er yer waitin' on Him some er dese days, an' den whar izyer?"

"Er waits on de Lawd," said the buzzard.

"Yer sotter roun' on de fences an' de daid trees, er yer sail roun' in de sky lak yer so lazy, tell yer see sump'n go daid an' den yer flop down ter git yer mealer vittles. All er do is ter scoot down an' pick upper chick'n anner hit hit er licker two, an' dar mer fresh supper."

"Er ruvver wait on de Lawd," said the buzzard.

"Yer ain't gotter bitter style 'bout yer. Dat one reezin yer ain't poorty lak me. Ef yer dooz lak me yer git sump'n t'eat any timer day, an' yer doan have ter sail roun' in de sky smellin' fur sump'n dat doan smell good. Better do lak me."

"Er waits on de Lawd," said the buzzard.

About this time a hunter came along and seeing the eagle and the buzzard sitting together on the fence, he shot the eagle and it tumbled over. The buzzard eyed it for a while and said:

"Er ruvver wait on de Lawd," and made a most delightful meal two days after of the proud bird.

"Dat de way er doin' 'bout dis noofangle cab, er izzer waitin' on de Lawd," said the old hackman.

SLOWFOOT SAL'S RIDE.

There was quite a gathering in a vacant lot in Yama-craw yesterday afternoon. You could see the women rushing through the alleys, and some of them climbing over the fences, but all going in the direction of the vacant lot. That something unusual was going on was certain, and this unusual thing was an effort on the part of

Slowfoot Sal to ride a mule. The mule was the property of Jim, the cut-rate drayman, who had driven the poor animal until she had positively refused to budge another step, and in consequence Jim had turned the mule in the lot to pasture.

"Fur de lanner Goshen, Sal, wot yer doin' ter dat ol' mule?" was a question Melinda fired at Sal the moment she came up panting, having run all the way.

"Ain' doin' nuffin ter de mule. Er is jiss gwineter rid hit lak de noo law say er kin rid hit. Dat all er gwineter do. Wot yer gotter do wid hit, no how? 'Tain't nunner yer mule, Jim say er kin rid hit. Come hyere, Bill, an' he'p me up on dis mule back!"

Bill moved forward slowly. He knew Sal, and he was afraid of her. He couldn't quite make out why Sal wanted to ride, and he had not heard of any new law as to riding mules.

"Stan' roun' on de sider de mule, Bill; wot yer stanin' dar lak yer gwineter sleep? Tek holt er mer foot! De mule ain'ter gwineter kick yer. Wot yer skyeerder 'bout? He'p me up!"

Bill knew he was in for it. He caught hold of Sal's foot and thus she got on the back of the mule. Then she threw a foot over and was astride.

"Look hyere, Sal, datter regler scan'le! Git down of-fun dat ol' mule! Dem poleeces gwineter come roun' hyere atter w'ile an' deys sho tek yer up. Fur de lan' sake!"

"Ef yer doan wants ter seed me rid dis mule er straddle, yer kin jiss tek yerse'f off. De noo law say er kin rid dis mule straddle, anner sho is gwineter do hit.

Whoa, Beck! Doan yer gitter projickin' roun' hyere lak yer wus hook ter er dray. Sorter juk mer frock down, Melindy. Now, Beck, git up! Giddup dar er tell yer! Giddup!"

But Beck stood still, knowing that Sal had no right on her back.

"Gimme er stick, Bill! Ef yer kain't finer stick, gimme dat brick over dar in de cornder. Dis mule sho gotter giddup. Sot stiddy in de boat, Beck. Er ain'ter gwine-ter hut yer. Gimme dat brick, Bill!"

Bill found the brick, and then wondered how Sal was going to use it.

"Dun tol' yer ter giddup, now ef yer doan histe yerse'f roun' dis lot, er sho gwineter lam yer side de haid. Giddup dar, er tell yer!" and Sal struck the animal a vicious lick on the neck. The mule pricked up its ears, but that was the only movement.

"Ain' nunner yer all gwineter he'p me? Tek this brick, Bill, an' slam hit side de haid!" But Bill had fooled with mules before.

"Er tell yer wot de matter wid dat mule," said Melinda, "hit ain' used ter er oomans ridd'n on he back. Hit sump'n noo."

"De ol' ijjit gotter git used ter hit, kase hit de noo law fur er oomans ter rid straddle, anner gwineter rid dis mule straddle effer haster buss hit wide op'n." Sal leaned over as far as possible, and gave the mule a lick on the top of her head with the brick, which Bill had declined to use. The mule stood still.

"Dis is de most kintrariest mule er evvy did seed. Kain't some er yer peoples he'p me git hit stotted? Ef-

fer git hit stotted he gwine erlong. Look lak yer alls fredder dis mule."

"Er hyeerd um sayes dat ef yer twisser mule tail hit kiner peert'n him up, butter dunno," said Pegleg Charlie.

"Git holt er dat tail, Bill!" said Sal, "an' twissit clean off, er sho gwineter rid dis mule straddle lak de noo law say."

If Bill did not have a fondness for Sal, and wasn't afraid as death of her, he would never have attempted to twist the mule's tail, but Sal's word was law itself with Bill. So he cautiously caught hold of the tail, and as he gave it a gentle twist the mule flinched.

"Twisser tail er tell yer! Wot yer fredder de mule fer? Yer sho ought ter be ershamer yerse'f, er gre't big mans fredder po' ol' mule! Ef yer gwineter twissit, twissit, an' doan be foolin' wid hit."

Bill put power behind the twist this time. It was like unto an explosion of dynamite. The twist had thrown life into the mule, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Bill was prone on the ground, with hands across his stomach. The sudden action had slid Sal off on top of Bill, and amid all the yelling and laughing could be heard Melinda saying:

"Ef yer kain't ridder mule er straddle, yer sho kins ride er mans straddle."

Sal scrambled off of Bill, and being mad any way she went for Melinda. It was the usual woman's fight, scratching and pulling of wool and explosions of hot words. The crowd was so delighted that they threw caution to the winds and whooped. The unseemly noise brought the police, and when a boy on the outside shout-

ed, "Here come de poleeces!" there was a scattering. When the policeman arrived, all he saw was the mule quietly grazing on the succulent grass, just as though Sal had not attempted to ride her astraddle.

SUGAR BABE.

It was Sunday night, and Daniel Webster had done nothing but eat and sleep all day. He had rested up from the week's work, and was now ready to begin on another on the morrow. He and his wife were before the fire, and both watching a little black fellow playing on the floor. The child had never been named, being called Sugar Babe from its birth, the parents agreeing to give it a name in the future.

"Gittin' time ter gi' de chile er name, aint hit, Mer-nervy?"

"Wot de matter wid Sugar Babe? He de feetis li'l' raskil in de wul, aint yer Sugar Babe?"

Sugar Babe grunted acquiescence.

"De chile growin' an' yer gotter name hit some timer nuvver. Yer doan want de chile ter grow ter be er mans fo yer gi' 'im er better name dan dat, 'sides dat aint no name er tall. Hitter nickname."

"Sugar Babe good ernuff fur me. Er knows yer, Dannel Webster, wot name yer got stuck in yer haid now?"

"He de onlies' chile. Er gotter die some time. Seems lak ter me dat Dannel er mighty good name."

"Yer doan name no bratter mine Dannel, er tells yer dat now fo yer git any furver, so yer kin jiss git dat name out'n yer haid," said Minerva determinedly.



NAMING THE CHILD.

"Er jiss sayed hit wuzzer mighty good name, an' yer needn't git yer back upper 'bout hit. He jisser much my chile is yourn Wot de matter wid yer, any how, Mernervy? 'Pears lak yer jiss fly off'n de han'le ever timer talk dese days."

"Yer ainter gwineter name dat chile Dannel, er tells yer dat."

"Wot yer par name, Mernervy?"

"Mer par name Malachi. You know wot mer par name weller nuff. Wot yer ax me dat fur, Mister Webster?"

"W'ich yer t'inks de goodes' name, Malachi er Dannel?"

"Effer wants er aggervatin mans, er sho hunts you up, Mister Webster. W'enner sayed datter wants dat chile name atter mer par? Tell me dat."

"Yer par died in de big jail, effer mek no mistake. Dey drap 'im downer trap do', effer mek no mistake. Hit wuzzer 'bout killin' uvver ooman, effer mek no mistake. Yer ainter gwineter name mer chile Malachi, effer mek no mistake," and Daniel watched her out of the corner of his eye.

"Ef de good Lawd ever mekker meaner mans dan you is, dat mans dun daid too long ter fret erbout."

Sugar Babe evidently snuffed the battle afar off for he began to cry and this was adding fuel to the flame. Minerva snatched the baby and threw it on the bed and picked up the shovel from the hearth. It came down with full force on Daniel's head. Daniel threw up his arms to catch the lick, but was too late. Daniel got a stick of wood and Minerva held to the shovel.

In court they were a sight to behold, and over on the witness side of the room was Sugar Babe in the arms of a neighbor. Each told of the trouble, and each was fined ten dollars. As they were being led away to prison, Minerva managed to whisper something to Daniel. He paid both fines, and an officer asked him the name of the baby.

"Yistiddy he name Sugar Babe, las' night he name Malachi, now dis mawnin' he name Dannel," and he smiled the get-together smile.

Minerva had weakened.

FOR SALE: ONE GOAT.

Business being rather good, the draymen were hungry yesterday when they drove up to the usual place to get out their buckets and eat dinner. It was not until they were fairly started with the chewing that the conversation began.

"Ef any yer fellers seeder mans wot want ter buyed er goat fur he li'l' boy, tell him all he gotter do izter seed me, anner sell him one mouty cheap," said Lige, who rarely ever took part in the daily debates and talks.

"Is dat de goat datter seed yer li'l' boy drivvin tuvver day, w'en er pass yer house?" asked Jim.

"Dat de goat. Is any yer fellers gotter dollar yer gimme fur dat goat?"

"Fur de lan sake, mans, dat goat wuff mo'n er dollar! How come yer want ter sell him fur jisser dollar?"

"Yer alls gotter tell me fuss, ef any yer wants dat goat fur er dollar."

"Alls mer boys is gals, anner gal ain't got no bisniss widder goat dat er kin seed," said Bill.

"Yer kin s'arch me," said Jim.

"Nuffin sturrin wid me," said Pete.

"Ef er wuzter tek dat goat home mer ol' oomans quit me fo night," said Henry.

"Wot de matter wid de goat, Bill?" asked Jim, seeing that there was no chance to sell it in that crowd.

"In de fuss off, er gin er fi' dollar bill fur dat goat. Mer li'l' boy jiss keep on er wurrin me ter git him er goat. Evy time he seed me comin home he git atter me ter git him er goat. He all de timer atter me ter git him er goat. Den de ol' oomans she tek hit up and she say w'y doan yer git de boy er goat? Dat boy jiss goods er w'ite boy, an' he jiss bleege ter gitter goat. Er sayes, time mouty hod ter be gittin er boy er goat, but hit look lak er ain gwineter seed no peace teller git dat goat. Hit keep on datter way teller git de goat. De boy sayes, wotter wants widder goat effer ain got no waggin? Er knowed right den datter jiss hadder gitter waggin. So er go long anner git de waggin. Hit tekker nuvver fi' dollar bill. Dat mek ten dollars. Den dat boy sayes wot goods er goat'n waggin ef yer ain' got no honniss? Right den er hate dat goat. So er gits de honniss. Dener hook up de goat ter de waggin. Denner git down town quickser kin ter cotcher load. Dat night w'enner gits home dar dat boy widder rag on he eye, anner rag on de laig, anner rag on he han. De ol' oomans sayes, de goat rund erway wid Sonny ter-day. Er say hit kiner

look lak sump'n rund erway. Whar de goat? She says, he down ter de stable. Wid dat er driv down ter de stable ter put up de mule. Look lak dat goat jiss nachly gotter spite gin me, fur he ben he haid down low an' he come at me. Er wuzzent stud'n bout de goat gwineter butt me, an' fuss noos er knowed hyere he come an' fuss noos er knowed dat er wuz on de groun. Fo er kin git up he come ergin. Er step back out'n de way anner pick upper brick. De goat he stop an' look at me. He kiner cock he eyes on me kiner sideways. Er flung de brick anner hit dat goat twix de eye. He grunt an' den he come at me. Er jump on de dray. De goat sot down an' keep he eye on me. Er shame ter call de ol' oomans, an' bout dat time ol' Isom, ol' Isom wot dig wells, he come erlong anner sayes, how all yer folkses, Isom? He onlatch de gate an' come in de lot, an' no sooner den he git in de lot dan dat goat gitter runnin stot an' fuss noos yer knowed ol' Isom on de groun flatter he back anner kickin ter git up. Er jump off'n de dray anner rund ter de ol' mans anner pick up he stick. Den me an' de goat had hit. Er hit de goat er lick, an' de goat he grunt an' he come back at me. Bout dat time mer li'l' boy he hyeerd de fuss in de lot an' hyere he come er tarin wid all dem rags. He go up ter dat goat an' dat ol' fool goat go long wid dat boy sames hit wuzzer dog errer cat. He sho did, an' hit sho mek me feel kiner cheap, butter ain sayin nuffin. Er pick de ol' mans up anner sayes er is mouty sorry an' datter kill dat goat w'en de boy ain home."

"Is dat wot mek yer sellum?"

"Ain datter nuff? But dat ain all. Er had ter haves

dat waggin mennid an' git er noo piecer honnis, an' de goat eat up de ol' ooman's winner cyurtin, an' rund all de chick'ns out'n de lot, an' look lak he wants ter boss de whole shebang. He go in de house an' he eat up evvyt'ing he kin git in he mout', an' so Saddy de ol' oomans ax me fur some money ter git de rashuns wid, anner gi' her er fi' dollar bill. She drap de bill on de flo an' de goat eat up de rashun money, anner jiss be doggone ef me an dat goat gwineter stay on dat lot. An' dat wot mek me wants ter sell him, but er ain tellin nobody but you alls wot dat goat dun. Ef yer finer mans wot wants er tame goat fur he li'l' boy he kin git mer goat fur er dollar, an' ef he kick on de price er th'ow in de waggin an' honnis."

The fellow draymen said they would try and find a purchaser for the goat.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

It was a plain case of conjugal infelicity. It was dock-eted wife whipping, but this was putting it rather strong. It was true, according to the evidence, that Isaiah had slapped his wife, and had otherwise interfered with her peace of mind, and that he had thrown her trunk out of doors, had bundled up her clothes and had thrown a lamp globe at her, and pulled her out of bed and shoved her into the cold night air, and told her never to put her foot in his house again, and had threatened to take her by the scruff of the neck and hit her head against the bed-post, but some consideration must be given his

statement as to what she had done. There are always two sides to a story.

"Well, Irene, we can shorten this case by your telling how your husband beat you. Go ahead now and tell exactly what he did."

"Kinner tell yer de fuss kermencin uvvit?"

"Yes, if you don't take too long."

"Well, Jedge, w'en dis mans fuss marrit me, he wuz de goodest mans in dis yer town. He kim home evvy night reg'lar, an' me'n him would sot down ber de fire an' hold our han's tell way in de night, an' he er tellin' me all de time how much he love me. Er wuz jiss de happies' oomans in dis town. Evvy time he kim home he brung me er sacker candy er peanuts er sump'n good t'eat. Atter w'ile he git later an' later, an' fuss noos yer knows he er stayin' way tell atter supper. Den he git so he didn't come ter no supper. Cose yer know, Jedge, dat wuzzent doin' me right, but evvy time er talk ter him 'bout hit, he say hit all right, he know wot he doin'. Yer know, Jedge, datter kaint stan' dat all de time, anner jiss mek up mer mine dat ef dat de way he gwine-ter do, er jiss go out some merse'f. Er went ter see mer mar one night anner didn't fix him any supper, kase twarnt no use ter fix him any supper an' he doan come ter hit. Dat night w'en er comes home he git atter me erbout no supper. Er tell him datter ben ter see mer mar, an' den he slap me. Den——"

"You are going back too far. Tell me about this fuss last night, and don't be so long about it."

"Well, Jedge, er bleegeed ter tell yer de fuss kermencin uvvit. Er wuzzer fixin' ter go ter de opry house ter

see de show, an' he comes in an' he say, whar yer gwine dis timer night? Er say er gwineter de opry house. He say, who yer gwine wid? Er say, me'n Mary Scott gwine ber oursevves. He say who de mans wot sot up de money fur yer ter go ter de opry house. Er say, Mary Scott she gwineter pay mer way, jiss lak dat. He say, tek off dem rags an' cook me some supper fo yer go er step. Er say, w'y in de namer de Lawd didn't yer kim home sooner? Hyere 'tis eighter clock an' timer fix supper fur yer hit'll be atter niner clock. Jedge, er is gwineter tell yer de true. Dat mans—he mer lawful husban—he slap me, slap me fo time han'runnin' an' to'd mer skut an' mer shut waistes an' tromple on mer hat. Den he tuck mer trunk an' he th'owed dat out'n de do' an' den he pick up de lamp an' he th'owed dat at me, an' den he catch mer ber de th'oat an' choke me so dat er feel mer tongue comin' loose. Atter dat er scream an' he hit me widder lamp globe, an' den he tuck down er pitcher on de wall an' he buss dat on mer haid, an' ber dat time er rund out'n de house an' de poleeces come. An' dat all er knows erbout de fuss las' night."

"Did you get to the show after that?"

"Git ter de show? An' mer shut waistes all to'd an' mer skutter draggin' an' er knot on mer haid biggern er biskit, an' hit gwine on niner clock! Cose er didn't go ter no show. Er tuck me t'ings anner went ter mer mar, dat wotter dun."

"Now, Isaiah, tell me your side of it, but be short. Life is too brief to take much of it up in listening to domestic troubles. The world is full of domestic trouble, **if we had time to hunt for skeletons in the closets.** Bring

out the skeleton in your closet and let me see who is to blame in this particular case."

"Jedge, dar aint no skellikin in mer closet. Dar whar dis oomans keep her rags wot she w'ars. But ef yer wants ter know sump'n 'bout de fuss, wot she say izzer, pime blank lie, Jedge, ef yer skuse me fur sayin' hit, but dat oomans mek me so mad datter dunno wotter sayin' ha'f de time. Dis oomans doan nevvay stay at home. She all de time gone. She go ter her mar evvy day, an' ef taint her mar hit somewhar else. She doan cook no vittles fur me, she doan sew no buttons on mer shuts, she lemme w'ar holes in mer socks, she doan press mer britches, she doan tek kyeer de money datter wuks hod fur, an' all she stud'n 'bout is gwineter de opry house wid some low down nigger an' mek out hitter oomans name Mary Scott. Aint nevvay seed dis Mary Scott yit. Er spec hitter mans dat she call Mary Scott. Dis Mary Scott dat she all de timer talkin' 'bout he w'ar britches, effer mek no mistake. An' las' night w'enner ax her ter cook me some supper fo she go wid dis Mary Scott she gits mad an' de way dat oomans lit inter me wuzzer shame. Hit sho wuzzer shame."

"Then you deny striking your wife."

"Mebbe er tapped her er licker so, Jedge, butter wuzzer funnin, she git me so mad. Ef yer lemme off dis time, er sho move erway an' let her go wid dat Mary Scott all de time."

"How about that, Irene?"

"Hit soot me all right. Er is sho ti'ed er dat mans slappin' me jiss lakker wuzzer dawg."

"Both of you go, and don't you come back here any more. If you do I will send you both to the chaingang."

A VALENTINE PARTY IN YAMACRAW.

Valentine's day falling on Sunday, it was decided to give the party last night.

The party was given at the home of Slowfoot Sal's mar, who lives in Dog alley, Yamacraw, and was intended to be a swell affair, and so it was. When Liz Simmons gives a party she combines business with pleasure, and the admission fee was ten cents, in advance. Invitations were sent out by the cross-lots way, and the news travels fast by this method. A cook leans out of the kitchen window and tells it to the passers-by and to the cooks within the range of her voice. And thus it goes.

Slowfoot Sal spent her all for a dress for the occasion. She knew that Whispering Annie would be there, and that new girl from Hawkinsville said she was coming, and Sal was determined that she would out-shine them or die in the attempt.

It was 10 o'clock before Buckeye Bill from Jacksonville, arrived. Since he lost Gladys Jackson, she having married Harelip Pete, Buck had been trying to drown his sorrows, using the squirrel brand of whisky for bathing and drowning purposes.

"Naw, yer betcher life er doan pays no ten cents ter go in dis succus. Effer doan git in free er rise er rucus anner rise hit quick."

"Mister Buckeye, yer furgits dat dar am ladies in dis house, an' yer neent t'ink dat cause yer is rich yer kin

come hyere an' cut up lak yer wuz in Jacksons-villes. Ef yer wants ter dance et dis party, yer sho gotter 'have yerse'f, efyer don't er sho call de poleeces." This from Liz Simmons, Sal's mar.

"Jiss calls yer poleeces. Who skeerder poleeces? Dem poleeces in Jacksons-ville dey sho gimme de righter-way, anner sho gwineter do some dancin' right in dis berry house dis night, cep'n er die."

Sal had been listening to what Buckeye said, but she wasn't ready for the fray. She wanted some dancing before she tackled Buckeye. She cautioned her mar not to say any more, and then the music started up. Buckeye spied Gladys, his old sweetheart.

"Hello, Glad., is dis you? Yer gimme de double cross w'en yer slip off an' marry dat Haslit Pete, but dat all right. Er wants ter have er roun' dance widyer dis sebe-nin. Hyere, yer hog-eye mans wid de fiddle, speel us er two-step," and they were lost in the whirl.

"Ef dis ait Slim Sue, yer kin buss me op'n!" said Liz Simmons, "whar yer gits dat grass widder hat, Sue? Hit sho sot yer off, kaser all ways did say er big hat sot-ter slim gal off. Git yer podner, honey, an' swing dem cornders. We sho izzer havin' er good time."

When Buckeye Bill and Gladys had finished their whirl, they sought a corner of the room.

"How dat Haslit Pete er treating yer, Glad.? Is he gi'in' yer sump'n ter feed yer face?"

"Er ainter gittin' any fatter sence me'n 'im hitch, but-ter mekkin out. Wot yer fool me wid dat ring fur, Buckeye?"

Buckeye was puzzled. Then Gladys told him how Pete

swore he saw Buckeye buy the ring at the ten cent store and give it to the Simmons gal an' how she saw that it was spurious and threw it at him.

"Did dat nigger tell yer all dat? He tol' yer datter got hit at de ten cent sto'? He tol' yer dat er guv hit ter de Simmons gal an' she tho'ed hit at me? Dat nigger tol' yer dat?"

"Got witness dat he tol' me, an' dat wot mek me go right off an' marry 'im."

"Jiss wait hyere teller kim back," and off he went in search of Harelip Pete.

Pete was in another room hunting for the refreshments, and was having a big time with Slowfoot Sal, who had gone into the room for fear of having her trouble with Buckeye Bill because he insulted her mar.

"Er wants ter see yer, Mister Haslit Pete on some 'portunt bisniss," said Buckeye.

"Yer mek has'e an' ten' ter dat bisniss wid Pete, kaser er got some bisniss wid yer merse'f," said Sal.

"Wot yer dun wid dat ring?"

"Wot ring yer talkin' 'bout, mans?" Pete began to sniff trouble.

"De ring wot yer gits fo dollars on down ter de unkie shop, an' spin dat money fur er blowout fur you an' Glad. Yer knows wotter talkin' 'bout. Hit dat ring er blood, Mister Haslit Pete." Buckeye was warm.

Slowfoot Sal could hold in no longer. If she broke up the valentine party in a row, she couldn't let the opportunity pass to get in her work on the man who had dared to insult her mar. She reached for a pepper-sauce bottle and she shattered it across Buckeye's eyes.

He tried to gouge out the pepper vinegar and the particles of glass, but the more he gouged the more he rubbed them into his eyes and he was in agony. Being now blind and desperate he struck out wildly, and at the first dash he caught Pete and something told him that it was Pete. With a great strength, intensified by the agony he was enduring, he threw Pete on the table, where all the eatables, drinkables and crockery were, and everything went down with a crash. The dancers came out of the other room to see the cause of the commotion, and then it was that Buckeye got in his work. He slung men and women around as if they were dolls. Even Sal got caught in the storm. In five minutes Buckeye had the house to himself, and by feeling around in the dark found the water bucket. Then he found relief.

Word had been sent to the police, but on their arrival the house was deserted, except that Bill was lying in the best bed, and told the police that the fuss must have been in the house further down the alley, but that he had been sleeping so sound that he heard nothing of it.

And this is why there will be no case in court.

FAITH.

There was sorrow in the house of the Warrens. The little girl, the sunbeam of the household, the little girl that walked every day with the elder Warren and chattered about the flowers, the birds, and all the pretty things that her bright eyes fell upon, and asked grandfather so many questions about—the little girl lay silent

upon her little couch. The doctor stood by the bedside and looked grave. The mother watched every muscle in the doctor's face, and he, worried because he could not say one word of encouragement, and fearing to tell the truth, turned away and gave some useless directions. Outside the room, with hands clasped behind him, the grandfather walked quietly and slowly. There had been no walk with the little girl that morning, nor for several mornings, and yet the mornings had been perfect days. He heard no merry chatter, no childish questions. There were the flowers in the yard that had bloomed in the winter days for that child, it seemed, but they were not pretty now. As the frost had touched and sickened them, so had the black angel touched the little girl in the room there.

Presently a shadow fell across his path. There before him was old Anthony, old Anthony who had been in the family since both were boys, since both had played together on the old farm. Old Anthony who remained at home while he was away camping on the hills of Virginia, going to his rest every night with thoughts turned to his Georgia home, and feeling that those he left behind were safe in the care of Anthony.

"Ol' marster, how de li'l' gal dis mawnin? Doan be fred ter tell de ol' nigger."

But he received no reply. The grandfather, the ol' marster, buried his face in his hands and turned away. Then the old negro knew that all hope had fled. As quietly as he came, he shambled away, shaking his head slowly. Down to the house his old marster had pro-

vided for his last days he shambled. Inside, he dropped slowly, painfully, to his knees by the side of his bed.

“Good ol’ Marster wot dwell in hebben whar dar is peace an’ res’ fur de weery, wezer comin’ ter yer dis mawnin ter ax yer fur er favor, an’ wese pray dat yer grant us. Yer knows yerse’f dat de ol’ mans ainter gwineter be er worry’n yer much longer, fur he days is dun counted on dis yairth. De lightnin’ dun strike de ol’ tree an’ hit erbout ter fall down. Wezer gwineter ax yer dis mawnin to tak de ol’ mans an’ spar’ de li’l’ missus dat lyin’ up yander in her baid er waitin’ fur de injils ter come n’ put dey oms roun’ her an’ tekker ter yer boozum, so yer kin pass yer han’ on dat sunshiny ha’r er hern an’ say suffer de li’l’ chilluns ter come unto me fur sich am de kingdum an’ de glory. Good Lawd, tek dis ol’ nigger an’ leave dat sweet li’l’ chile fur mer ol’ mars-ter. Dar ain’t nuffin mo’ in dis wul fur dis ol’ nigger. He eyes dun ’gin out an’ hit mouty nigh night evvy day wid ’im. He kin scasely see ter git erbout an’ he stum’le onner shadow. He toofies all gone, an’ all he eat gotter be spoon vittles. He kaint hyeer good, an’ de win’ hit blow, an’ de funder roll an’ still he kaint hyeer hit. He footsies all swell up an’ he shoes hu’t he foots. He laigs dey is so weak dat he come mouty nigh drappin’ on de groun’ when he walk ’roun de yod. He ol’ oomans up dar wid you somewhar ressun in’ Abyham’s boozum, t’anks be ter Gawd. De ol’ mans kaint wuk no mo’, kaint chop de wood, kaint draw de water, kaint feed de hosses, kaint go on airruns, an’ he kaint do nuffin no mo’. He so ol’ dat de uvver niggers on de lot got no use fur ’im, an’ dar aint nobody dat lak de ol’ mans cep’n ol’

marster an' dat li'l' gal up dar in de big house waitin' fur de ainjils. An', Good Lawd, 'memmer ol' marster. He mouty nigh lak dis ol' nigger wot love de groun' he walk on, kase he gittin' ol' too. 'Memmer him, Good Lawd. Doan you tek der li'l' gal fum 'im now. Cose he got Miss Calline an' he got Marse Willyum, an' he got peoples ter come an' see 'im, but dey aint lak dat li'l' gal dat so sick. Good Lawd, yer izzer mouty busy mans, an' yer kaint tek time ter seed evvyt'ing wots er gwine on, but lemme ax yer efyer evvy seed mer ol' marster tekkin er mawnin walk wid dat li'l' gal? Did yer tek notice how dat poorty li'l' gal put dat li'l' w'ite han' in ol' marster's an' dey walk erlong an' she go on lakker one of dese kinnary birds wot sing all day, an' ol' marster jissus happy as mans kin be happy? Did yer tek notice how she run atter er flower an' pick hit wid dem sweet han's an' fotch hit ter her gran'par? An' ol' marster would mek out dat hit de fines' flower dat grow? Good Lawd, wot live in hebbun, tek de ol' nigger. Er knows yer wants dat li'l' gal ter be widyer, so yer kin see her rund up'n down dem goldin' stairs an' pick flowers fur yer, an' look in dem poorty blue eyes dat all de time twinklin' anner shinin' anner laughin', but wot yer gwineter do wid ol' marster if yer tek her 'way fum 'im? Yer mout jissus well tek de ol' marster ef yer gwineter tek her. Atter she go 'way he er gwine too. Dar will be Miss Calline lef', an' marse Willyum an' dem peoples wot comes ter seed 'im, but dar woont be no li'l' gal ter rund ter meet 'im an' put dem oms roun' he neck an' say howdy, gran'par, an' put dat sweet mouf ter he lips. Good Lawd, dat wot mek me ax yer ter tek dis ol'

no count triflin' nigger wot nobody aint got no use fur, wot jisser stayin' hyere kase he kaint gitter 'way, an' leave dat li'l' gal up dar in de big house. Dis all er ax yer, Good Lawd. Do dis much fur de ol' nigger anner woont bover yer no mo'. A-men."

The old negro arose and looked toward the big house as he called it. There was no unusual stirring, everything looked still. Then he sat down in the old chair and remained in the house until next morning. Then he shambled up to the big house and found the master of the house reading a paper. He looked up at Anthony's approach.

"Er sorter fred ter ax, ol' marster, but nobody ben ter tell me nuffin. How de li'l' miss dis mawnin'?"

The master of the house laid down the paper, caught the old negro's hand and shook it gently, and said with eyes uplifted:

"All praise be to God, the doctor says she will live." That was all the old negro wanted to know. As he turned to shamble back to his house he said softly to himself:

"An' dar is some peoples in dis wul wot fools ernuff ter say dat dey aint no Good Gawd in hebbun."

RECONCILIATION.

The lady of the house toyed with her fork. Breakfast was over, the other members of the family had left the table, but the lady of the house was thinking over the work of the day. The cook was standing in the kitchen

door waiting to be called to clear away the dishes and the remnants of the meal. The work mentally mapped out, Henrietta was called, and she began her duties silently, which was something unusual, for she always embraced this opportunity to talk.

"Anything the matter, Henrietta? Are you sick this morning?"

"Er feelin bout ez well ezzer evvy dooz er reckon."

"By the way, I forgot to ask you how you came out with the meat man. How did he take his dismissal?"

"We fix dat all right. He satterfied."

"I am glad to hear that. I was afraid he would get mad and that would worry you. You can see now how he was fixing to get the best of you. All he wanted was to marry you and get you to cook for him, and not provide for you. How did you satisfy him?"

"Us git marrit lass night."

"Married! Great heavens! And you went and married that man and knowing that you were not to get anything to eat, or to wear?"

"Er sho did. Us fix hit all right. He gwineter gimme sump'n ter wair, an' he dun promise ter gimme er par er shoes Saddy night. Us is satterfied."

"Well! I can't understand you people to save my life. Here you have married a man who gets six dollars a week. He is to pay you three dollars of that for his board, and the other three dollars is to be paid for rent and installments on the furniture. Nothing for your clothes or shoes, and certainly you will want a hat some time. Isn't all this true?"

"Yassum, but us satterfied."

"And the worst of it all is I must look around for another cook. I am certainly surprised at you, Henrietta. I thought you had more sense than that. And I suppose that now you were married last night instead of waiting for the first of the month as you first intended, you will leave me right away."

"No, ma'am, er is gwineter stayed wid yer. Dat wotter tell Jim lass night. Er sho gwineter stays wid yer."

"Well, I am glad you will. Now tell me all about it."

"Yer seed hit disserway, Miss Fannie. W'en Jim come wid de meat yistiddy, er tol' him bout how he aimin ter pay me de bode wid de three dollars and pay de rent an' on de furnchur wid de uvver three dollars, an' he say he er mouty light eater, an' all er hatter dooz is ter stay here an' keep mer job an' dat gimme sump'n t'eat, an' he kin mek out any w'icher way, an' he gimme dat three dollars jiss lak he say he gwineter dooz. Er gwine-ter stay wid yer, Miss Fannie. Yer neent be oneasy bout dat. Er ain sayin hit kase hits you, but yer treats me mouty well, Miss Fannie, anner sho doan wants ter leave yer. Jim say he satterfied."

The lady of the house toyed with her fork. It was evident that she would have Jim to feed, and this meant two things. She must increase the allowance of food to Henrietta at each meal, or the raw material might disappear. She went through mental calculations, and also a study of the situation. It might be a long time before she secured as good a cook as Henrietta, and the increased cost of keeping her by furnishing food for two, where she now furnished it for one, was not a great deal. In the meantime Henrietta was busy with

the dishes, and fearing that her hasty marriage had lost her the situation.

"And you say Jim comes of a good family?"

"He sho dooz, Miss Fannie. He mar er memmer ef our chu'ch, an' he par er kiner hafway preacher mans. Er spec Jim gwineter mek me er good ol' mans, kase he mouty easy satterfied. He jiss keep on lass night teller hatter marry him. Er sho wants ter stay wid yer, Miss Fannie."

"Well, if you are satisfied, and Jim is satisfied, I guess I am satterfied too. But don't you let this happen again, Henrietta."

"Fo de good Lawd er woont, Miss Fannie."

And they were ever happy afterward.

THE ACCUSATION.

When Melinda went home Monday night it was evident that something had gone wrong. Lige, her husband, was sitting by the fire and waiting for her. She flounced in the house, threw her hat on the floor and, sitting down, placed her chin on her hands and gazed at the fire.

"Fur de luvver heb'n, wot de matter wid yer, Lindy? Izyer sick? Yer ack mouty kuyus."

"Ain't no matter 'tall, jisser fresh cut."

"Sump'n de matter wid yer! Whar de supper?"

"Dat hit, whar de supper! Wot yer rickin dat w'ite oomans say jiss now?"

"Wot w'ite oomans yer talkin' 'bout, Lindy? Yer mus' be gwine bughouse."

"Gwine sump'n, efyer lemme tell yer. Wot yer rickin Miss Julia tell me jiss now?"

"How de namer de Lawd er knows wot she tell yer an' me hyere in dis house waitin' fur yer ter come home so er kin git sump'n t'eat?"

"Miss Julia say er tucker pouner sugar anner canner termattuses fum out'n de pantry, jis lakker wants any her ol' sugar an' termattuses. Look lak de w'ite folkses gittin' wusser an' wusser 'bout us niggers. Miss Julia talk jiss lak she t'ink er steal. Er doan wants any her ol' sugar'n termattuses. Er kin git sugar'n termattuses dout stealin' uvvum, sho's yer bawn. Er izzer lady, er is."

"Whar de supper, Lindy?"

"Ain't no supper, er tell yer! How many mo' timer gwineter tell yer? Wot de matter wid yer?"

"Yer aint tell me nuffin 'bout no supper yit."

"Er tol' yer dat dar aint no supper, yer hyeerd dat."

"How come der aint no supper, Lindy?"

"Kaser wouldn't tek no supper w'en Miss Julia skuse me er tekkin dat sugar'n termattuses. Ainter gwineter 'low no oomans, doan keer ef she is Miss Julia, ter say er tek sugar'n termattuses. Aint gwine back dar any mo' neever. She kin git up an' cook brekfus herse'f in de mawnin', dis chile ainter gwineter do hit, an' dat am de trufe, ef evvy er tol' hit. Dunner wot gittin' in dese w'ite folkses haid no how. Skuse me er tekkin sugar'n termattuses! Dat sho am de limit."

"Wush yerder tuck dat supper fo yer git yer back up."

Iser gwineter de sto' an' gitter boxer sar-deens. Is yer got any braid, Lindy?"

"Ainter crus' er braid in dis house not ezzer knows of, an' dat aint all, dar ainter gwineter be any effit fum Miss Julia."

"Wot dat yer got roll up in yer ap'n, Lindy? Hit look lak braid."

"Taint braid, er tell yer dat. Go on an' git dem sar-deens. Er is gittin' hongry. Miss Julia tuck mer appetite cl'ar out'n me."

"Wot dat yer got? Hit sho look lakker pone er braid."

"W'en yer skuse er pusson er stealin', yer mout ez well steal, aint yer? Well, w'en Miss Julia skuse me er stealin' dat sugar'n termattusses, er jiss tuck 'em fur spite, an' hyere dey is. Aint datter li'l' t'ing ter skuse er oomans er doin'? Hiter shame, dat wot hit am."

"Look hyere, Lindy, yer tek dem sugar'n termattusses right back ter Miss Julia in de mawnin. Dis hyere comin home dout supper doan soot dis chick'n. Er is sho sprise at yer! Ef yer gwineter tek anyt'ing, tek braid'n meat. Wot yer wants wid sugar'n termattusses? Some wimmen aint got no mo' sense danner junebug. Hyere er izzer doin' widdout supper kase yer doan know de diffunce twix braid'n meat an' sugar'n termattusses!"

"Ef yer doan go on an git dem sardeens er tek up sump'n an' buss yer op'n. Yer izzer mos' aggervatin' mans! Go git dem sar-deens, er tell yer."

"Er ainter gwine er step tell yer tell me dat yer gwine-ter tek dem sugar'n termattusses back ter Miss Julia. She doan knows yer got 'em?"

"Cose she doan knows hit. She jiss skuse me er tek-kin 'em. Er kin sorter slippum back fo she eater brekfus, an' dat jiss wotter gwineter do ef dat satterfy yer."

"Hit sho do. Now er gwineter git dem sar-deens."

That night Lige and Melinda supped on sardines without bread. The next morning Miss Julia found the right number of cans of tomatoes and an increase in the pile of sugar, but she said nothing. She imagined that she had cured the cook of taking things, but if she had seen the extra amount of breakfast Melinda carried home that morning, she would have had a somewhat different opinion. Lige noticed it, but being as the breakfast was good, he didn't have the heart to say anything about it, especially as Melinda seemed to have suffered so much the night before.

THE WAIST-LINE PARTY.

When the boys and girls organized their social club, which they called the Yamacraw Yelpers, they unanimously elected Minnie Lee Brown the president, with Gladys Jackson as the secretary and treasurer.

Last week they held a meeting at Liza Calhoun's house and decided to give a birthday party for the benefit of old Aunt Cinda, who was abed with asthma. The carrying out of the affair was entrusted to a committee composed of the president, secretary and Emma Davis, the dressmaker's delivery girl, with instructions to give a swell affair, regardless of expense, just so it didn't cost more than four dollars, the amount in the treasury.

When the committee met Emma Davis said that they

must give something entirely new, something in the way of a surprise. This was agreed to, and Emma sought the advice of her employer. The lady for whom Emma delivers work had just read of the doing away of the waist-line, one of those freaks of fashion that slip in somehow. She read of how the waist-line would in the future be below the knees, and in a spirit of pure devilment she decided to have some fun.

And now comes the party.

Liza Calhoun gave up the use of her front room for the occasion. It was decorated with a little of everything green, and very profusely. Little Minnie Lee Johnson was placed at the door to collect the nickel admission, and it was not long before the young people, with a sprinkling of the older ones, came sailing in. Among those of the older class was Minerva.

"Fur de lan' er goodniss, wot kiner frock yer got on, chile? Is yer dun gone plum crazy? Look lak ter me yer got dat frock on upside downerds. Wot got in yer alls, any way?" Minerva was thunderstruck. She recognized Emma and then she sung out:

"You de ones dat dun dis. You de berry ones. Dis some er yer doin's. Jiss kase yer tote de frocks fur dat dressmaker wot yer wuks fur, yer t'ink yer mouty smart gittin' dese gals ter w'ar sich ondecient frocks lak dese. Hitter shame, dat wot hit is. Er is sho shamer yer."

Like a whirlwind in rushed Buckeye Bill, from Jacksonville.

"Say, you slabsides datter jukkin dat phonygraf over dar in de cornder, cut out dat hymn chune an' guv us er two-stepper, kase we sho is gwineter shooker laig hyere dis night. Mer big toe jisser trimlin ter hitter two-step. Whar yer is, Gladys! Yer gwineter be mer fuss podner."

Then for the first time, Buckeye saw Gladys in the new style dress with the lowered waist-line.

"Fur de namer Yamacraw, wot dat yer got on, Gladys? Ef dat ain't de limit. How yer spec me ter dancier two-step widyer wid dat crocus sack on? Tell me dat, an' tell me inner^ohurry. Yer spec me ter git down on mer knees ter grab yer roun' de laigs ter dance wid yer? Come right hyere, Gladys, an' lemme git close ter yer."

Buckeye fumbled around where the waist used to be, but the hold was unsatisfactory. He missed the small waist. Then he looked around the room and he saw Minerva, who was not in the young set, and who wore the old style dress.

"Look hyere, Mernervy, me'n you sho gotter go dis two-step. Yer wais'es aint lakker kinnary bird, anner kaint cotch yer all de way roun' de fuss lick, butter sho kin stan' on de flo' wid yer. De way dem gals got dem rags on er feller haster stan' on he haid ter grab um roun' de wais'es."

In the meantime the other men sat around and never offered to ask any of the girls to dance. They seemed to regard the style as a little beyond them, and they preferred to let the thing go by. Buckeye had his dance out, and when he seated Minerva she was blowing like a porpoise. It was about 10 o'clock when the party broke up, four hours earlier than usual. This is how it happened, as told by Emma to the dressmaker next morning:

"Clar ter goodniss, Miss Kate, er tol' yer taint no use ter try ter lun dese niggers nuffin. De mo' yer try ter eddicate um, de mo' yer mekker mess uvvit. Dar we gals wuz all dress up in dem lowdown wais'es jiss lak yer med um, an' we dun our bestes ter mekkum know dat de noo style, but de fool niggers dey say dey ondecient. Dem

ol' wimmens dey sot roun' an' kepper sayin' aint datter shame, an' ez fur de mens, er clar ter goodniss, Miss Kate, dey jiss ack lakker fool. Dey say dey mout ez well try ter hugger fevver baid ez ter try ter dance widder gal wot got one er dem frocks on, cep'n he dance on he haid. Buckeye Bill, dat man wot got so much money fum Jacksons-vides, he hadter cut up. He grab dat Gladys Jackson ter go er roun' dance, an' he say, how yer spec me ter hol' yer up, Gladys, wid yer wais'es slip down ter yer laigs? All Gladys say wuz, dis is de lates' style. Den Buckeye he say, doggone de style, gimme er oomans, doan gimme er cot'n mat'ress! Den he sot Gladys down an' he catch Mernervy—yer know dat big oomans Mernervy wot used ter cook in de rusteraw—wid he two han's roun' dat big waistes er hern, an' dey sashayed roun' de room er timer two, an' evvy time dey hit de flo' hit look lak de house gwineter fall down. Dat time Liza Calhoun she stop de phonygraf kase she say ef dey dance ergin dey haster call out de fi'mens. Den w'en de peoples seed dat dey warnt gwineter be any dancin' an' nuffin ter eat cep'n dese saltine crackers an' sojy water, an' all dey had ter do wuz ter sot roun' an' look atter passel er gals wid frocks on dat de mens say yer got in de wrong een fuss, evvyt'ing sorter slack up. Bimebye, w'en Mernervy got her win' fum dancin' wid Buckeye, she gapped lak she so sleepy, an' fuss noos yer know Buckeye Bill he say, atter dis er gwineter de river an' jump in whar er feller kin git he money wuff er 'citement, an' leave yer alls ter sot up de resser de night wid de daid mans. Cose dey wuzzun any daid mans, but dat wot Buckeye say. Den de uvver folkses gin ter leave, an' w'en de ten erclock bell strike, de party bruk up. Dem gals wot got de noo style frock on dey say, nevvvy had so much fun sence er ben bawnd. Nuvver one say,

er sho do 'spise er nigger, dey is so ignunt. An' dat de reezin, Miss Kate, dat de party bruk up ber ten erclock. Yer mussent look fer er nigger ter interjuce er noo style. Put dem frocks on some er dese w'ite gals an' tell um dat hit de lates' style, an' de berry las' one uvvum go plum crazy 'bout hit. Hit jiss lak Liza Calhoun say, er nigger ain't got much wais'es no how, an' w'en yer shiff hit down ter dey knees de mens aint got no fuvver use fer yer. Hitter shame fur niggers ter be so ignunt."

It is safe to say that there will be no change in the waist line, so far as the ladies of Yamacraw are concerned.

THE TRAINMAN'S REVENGE.

Two tramp negroes crawled into an empty freight car somewhere about Atlanta, and some trainman unintentionally closed the car. They came on down toward Macon, and the conductor, knowing nothing of his willing and yet unwilling passengers, did not offer to let them out at the eating houses.

Somewhere along the line, these passengers not being able to see through the door which was locked, could form no idea of the points of interest in passing, but any way, somewhere along they grew hungry. The more they talked and thought of their situation the deeper went the fangs of hunger.

"Er chick'n pie sho would go mouty well now."

"Er er piece er braid," said Bill.

"Er would lak ter sot down ter er baiter poke chops jisser 'bout now. Er sho would lick dem bones," said Andy.

"Jiss gimme er hunker co'n braid," said Bill.

"Er wouldn't kyeer ef hit er gre't big juicy beefsteak all kivver wiv onions anner piler gravy."

"Poner braid good nuff fur me," said Bill.

"Some good ol' country sossidge dat gotter plenty sage an' red pepper in 'em, de kine dat ben hung up ter dry an' git sorter crackly," persisted Andy.

"Jisser crusser braid do me," said Bill.

"Some spar' ribs widder lotter meat on 'em aint so bad."

"One er dese yer sody crackers'll do me good," said Bill.

"Er mout mek out wid some back-bone, an' dumplin's go mouty well, effer mek no mistake."

"Co'n hoecake fur me," said Bill.

"Did yer evvy eat any fried tripe, Bill? Yer roll hit in meal dus' an' fry 'em in hot fat. Hit sho good."

"Nickel loafer braid tas'e good ter me," said Bill.

"Wot dey calls er beef stoo go mouty fine w'en yer hongry."

"Some er dis rye braid am bettern nuffin," said Bill.

"Er always did lak hash efyer know how ter disher up. Yer wants dead loads er onions an' plenty salt'n pepper in hash, an' yer wants it greasy. Dis dry hash aint good."

"Jiss keep on, jiss keep on, er aint got much longer ter live no how. Tol' yer datter piecer braid, some braid jiss dry so, all er wants in dis wul," said Bill.

"Yer is sho bughouse, man. Dis de way er keep fum gittin hongry. Er kin jiss tas'e dem t'ings wotter benner talk'n 'bout. Er furgit dat er loves ham. Good ol' ham wid red gravy fur yer ter sop yer braid in. Hit sho good."

"Dun tol' yer ter shot yer mout', anner ainter gwineter tell yer mo'n fo time mo'," said Bill.

"Yer is sho crazy. Evvy time yer stop me fum t'inkin 'bout all dem good t'ings er gits reel hongry. Lemme lone, man. Effer jiss hadder hambug steak widder 'bout er dozen hard-biled aigs anner cupper cawfee. Dooz yer lak sugar in yer cawfee, Andy?"

"Ef dat aint de limit! Ef yer sayes ernuvver wud ter me 'bout vittles er is shot gwineter tie up wid yer," said Bill.

"Yer haster skuse me, Andy, er jiss ax yer ef yer lak sugar"——

Later on the train stopped and the stop was so long the two hungry negroes concluded they were in Macon. They had figured up the consequences, every one of which meant something to eat. If they went to the city prison or to the chaingang, they would get something to eat. If allowed to go free they would get something somehow, some way. Then it was that they banged on the car door from within. The banging was heard, and the door was unlocked. The trainman who did the unlocking saw two badly bunged up negroes, lean and gaunt. Their appearance aroused his sympathies, and he slipped them out of the railroad yard and through the alleys to Millie Harris's restaurant. He owed Millie a grudge. She had dunned him in public, and while he had afterward paid her he secretly resolved to get even. He left the two men on the outside while he went into the restaurant.

"Millie, er got two frens dat jiss come in on de train an' dey hongry. Tek dis haffer dollar an' gin um er good supper. Am hit er trade?"

"Cose hit er trade! Fotch um erlong. Er sho gi' um er good supper."

The trainman called to the two men and enjoined them to eat hearty. No such injunction was necessary. The

two men entered and took their seats at the table. Millie hovered over their shoulders to take the order.

"Wot will you gentlemens wants fur yer supper?"

"Bring mer er briled mule an' some sossidge, an' some poke chops, an' some beefsteak, an' onions, an' some hambug steak, an' some tripe, an' some chitlin's, an' some hammun aigs, an' some chick'n pie, an' some spar' ribs, an' some backbone an' dumplin's, an' some er wot else yer got, an' brung hit right now. Wot yer wants, Bill, tell de lady wot yer wants."

"Gimmie er piecer braid," said Bill.

Millie of course thought they were joking, but she hurried about and had a good-sized pile of supper ready in what seemed to the men to have been an age. Then the two sailed in. To make a long story short, they cleaned that up in short order, and called for more. In spite of all Millie could do or say they ate up five or siz dollars worth of her stuff, and cleaned out the restaurant. It was such a hurricane job that Millie was dazed. All she could do was to bow to the inevitable. She pretended as though she didn't care, and when they had eaten everything eatable she brought a soup bowl with some water to be used as a finger bowl, and laid a couple of toothpicks in front of them. Then the twain walked out with the inner man fully satisfied. Outside they met the trainman.

"Dunno wot yer name is mister, but wese fum Noo Yawk, an' we kim ter dis town ter put up er money fac'ry. Come roun' ter seed us, an' we sho gi' yer de fuss job. Dis yer Macon is sho er good town."

But the trainman had had his revenge on Millie, and he was as well satisfied as his two new friends.

FATTY FAN'S MISTAKE.

There was an animated meeting of the Colored Cooks' Club in the Yamacraw auditorium Sunday night.

This club holds its meetings on Sunday nights, because this is the only night they have for themselves, and they endeavor to transact all the business of the previous week, and for the coming week, in this one night.

The meeting was called to order by Fatty Fan, who cooks for a big boarding house.

"Dis meetin' is ready fur bisniss," she said after the sentinel had made the rounds and found that all present were duly qualified to remain, "an' ef any yer ladies got anyt'ing ter say, yer is welcome to spit hit right out."

"Mister Pres'dent, er wants ter know ef dar is any lady in dis meetin' dat evvy dun any cookin' fur Miz Jinkins, wot live on de hill."

Several women held up their hands.

"Er wants ter ax yer wot mek yer lef' dar?" It was Henrietta Harris who wanted the information.

"Mister Pres'dent, er lef' dar kaser 'bout ter starve. Dat wotter lef' dar fur," said one.

"Er lef' dar kase dat w'ite oomans spec me ter live on one biskit anner sopper gravy an' some cawfee groun's. Dat wot mek me leave," said another.

"Er lef' kase she skuse me er tekkin er dusser flour w'enner didn't tek dat flour no mo'n you did. Dat wotter lef' dar fur," said another.

"Datter nuff," said Henrietta, "now er moves dat Miz Jinkins' name go on de blackbode."

"Mister Pres'dent, de lady ought er tell dis meetin' wot mekker moves ter put dat ooman's name on de blackbode," said a member.

"Sister Henr'etta aint sayed so, but yer all ought ter

knowd dat de reezin dat she wants dat w'ite oomans' name put on de blackbode is kase she didn't gi' her auffer eat. Didn't yer hyeerd Sister Angy an' Sister Sukey an' Sister Emmerline tell yer dat she starve um ter deff?"

"Er rules," said the president, "dat Sister Henr'etta ainter bleegeed ter tell her reezin' fur mekkin de move, cep'n she want ter. De by-law say any sister in good stan'nin' kin mekker moshun dout tellin' wot mekker mek de move. Yer is out'n awder, Sister Norcross. Yer all hyeerd de moshun er Sister Henr'etta dat de name er Miz Jinkins go on de blackbode. Yer alls dat favor de moshun, say eye."

There were four ayes given with a shout. The four had evidently calculated on a large affirmative vote and wanted to swell the chorus. Even the president was surprised.

"Did yer alls knowed wot yer votin' on? Look lak yer dunno wot yer votin' on, anner put de moshun ergin. Alls in favor uv Sister Henr'etta's moshun ter put dat w'ite oomans name on de blackbode, say eye."

There were only three ayes this time, and they were mildly voted. Again the president explained what the motion was, and again she called for a vote. This time there was only two ayes. The president was puzzled. There was something wrong. Evidently there was something at work that was cutting down the vote, but she was determined to see the thing through. She put the motion again and there was only one vote in favor. This one vote was cast by a little dried up woman who wore great old-fashioned spectacles. The president addressed her.

"Sister Sarah, de pres'dent aint got no right ter mek dese people vote lak dey doan want ter vote, but you'n me de only one in dis meetin' dat got any sense. Er

want dat w'ite oomans name on de blackbode, kase yer hyeerd all dem sisters wot used ter cook fur her say she starve um mouty nigh ter deff? An' w'en hit come ter er show down yer is de onlies' one dat got san' nuff in yer gizzard ter stan' up an' vote lak yer oughter. Now er puts de moshun on tuvver side. Alls dat ergin de moshun, say no."

There was a big chorus of noes, loud and strong. The president was thunderstruck. She couldn't understand it. She was hoppin' mad.

"Dis sho beat mer time! Wot de namer de Lawd got in you fool niggers ter-night? Izyer alls dun gone crazy? Er jiss wants some er yer ter tell mer wot got in yer."

"Ef yer lemme, mebbe er kin splain hit ter yer," said Martha Ann, who was slated for the next presidency, "an' hit is dis way. 'Memmer w'en Sister Calline's ol' mans got cotch twix de cyars, an' dey tuck him ter de hosspittul, an' kep' him dar so long, an' den dey tuck him home whar he stayed on Calline's han's so long? Well, who sont him er lotter chick'n soup evvy day? Who went dar an' look atter him lakker he wuzzer w'ite mans? Who 'low Calline ter git off evvy day atter she clean up de dinner dishes an' teller she needn't come back tell de nex' mawnin so she could stay dar an' wait on her ol' mans? Nobody but Miss Jinkins, dat who. An' dat de reezin wese ainter gwineter vote ter put her name on de backbone, ef yer blegged ter know."

There were several to say "ain't dat de trufe," and Fatty Fan saw her chances of re-election dwindle away like snow in a hot sun. And this goes to show that in some ways the negro appreciates a kindness as well as some white folk.

THE EMPIRE GOWN.

Emma Johnson is the delivery girl for a white dress-maker. This gives her an opportunity to keep up with the fashions, and for this reason she is the envy of the other girls. In fact, Emma sets the style for the girls in Tybee, where she lives. If a new frock or a gown strikes the city, Emma is the one to put one on first, and then the others copy it as far as possible.

One of those who envy Emma, but who never lets Emma get ahead of her, is Gladys Jackson. She had seen Emma on the Sunday previous and had taken note of the style of her attire, and this information was augmented by seeing the same kind of a dress worn down town by the ladies out shopping. Not being on speaking terms with Emma, she was thrown on her own resources as to how it should be made. She wore it to church for the first time yesterday.

"Fur de namer heb'n wot dat Gladys got on? Nevvy seed sicher frock ez dat in all mer bawn days, er sho nevvvy did. Wot kiner t'ing dat is, honey?" This was asked by Maria, who never attempts anything but plain clothes.

"Dat wot yer call er umpire gown, an' hit de latist style," said Emma, "an' Gladys musser med hit herse'f, but me'n her doan speak, an' yer mussen' say er tol' yer."

"Dey sho name hit right. Hit sho mekker look lakker baseball bat. An' dat wot yer caller umpire gown. Well!"

"Er got one merse'f, butter hyeerd Mary Harris say Gladys gwineter w'ar one ter-day, anner lef' mine at home. Hit fur slim wimmens. Miz Kate wotter wuks

fur say dat er fat oomans got no bisniss wid one, kase hit is ter gitter toob effect."

"Wot yer mean ber dat, honey? Wot yer call er toob?"

"Lakker stovepipe, straight up'n down, all de same size clean up. Dat wot dey means," said Emma, who prided herself on information from her employer.

"Hit ter mekkum look lakker stovepipe. An' dat de reezin dey fur de slim gals. Den effer git one hit mek me look lakker one er dese smokestacks. Er fat oomans ain't got much showin' dis wul, no how. Doan kyeer wot yer put on um dey looker sight. All dey good fur is ter cook an' sot roun'. Er izzer gwineter ax Gladys whar she git dat frock."

Maria waddled over to where Gladys was displaying the charms of her empire gown, and she was explaining that it required so many yards of cloth and so on, when Maria loomed up.

"Fur de luvver goodniss, Gladys, whar yer git dat poorty frock? Hit sho am fine. Who sont dat ter yer, Gladys?"

"Nobody nevvly sont hit ter me. Er med hit merse'f, wid mer own two han's, dat wotter dun."

"Hush! Yer mek dat ber yer lone se'f! Yer sho izzer smot gals. Wot yer call hit, honey?"

"Disser umpire gown, an' hit de lass style fum Noo Yawk."

"Well, er'll be doggone! Come fum Noo Yawk! Hit sho fit yer mouty quick. Tu'n roun', Gladys, lemme seed how hit fityer in de back. Ain't de waistes mouty high in de back?"

"Dats de way dey mekkum, Aunt Maria. Ef yer tek notice, de waistes come up sorter high in front too."

"Hit sho do. Hit look lak yer ain't gotter nuff cloff

fur de waistes, an' yer got to much fur de skut, an' yer ain't got time ter cut hit out ergin. How much er frock lak dat sot yer back, Gladys?"

"Er git de cloff fur sebbun dollars, an' de linin' fur ernuvver dollar, an' de trimmin's an' de buttons an' de fred—hit cos' me 'bout ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars fur er frock lak dat! Mer goodniss, honey, whar yer git all dat money? Izyer gwineter git marrit?"

"Cose er ain'ter gwineter git marrit. Mer par gimme dis fur er buffday present."

"An' yer par dun dat. He gi' yer ten dollars fur ter buyed er frock lak dat, an' he er owin' me er dollar'n half sence Chrismus fur some aigs. Er sho will seed yer par ter-morrer. Datter nice come-off. Yer par er dishin' out ten dollars fur er umpire gown wot mek yer look lak one er dese yer ball bats, kase yer ain't nuffin but skinn'n bone, an' he er owin' me dot dollar'n ha'f. Dunno wot got inter dese niggers no how. Look lak all dey study 'bout is ter beat de po' widders out'n wot li'l' money dey kin save up. Er sho gwineter seed yer par," Maria was warm.

"Er gwineter tell yer de trufe 'bout dis gown, Aunt Maria. Dis gown is de one dat wuz made fur Miz Jinkins, wot live on de hill, but dey made hit too li'l' fur her, an' she couldn't git in hit, an' she gi' hit ter me. Yer knows mer par ain't got no ten dollars ter buyed er gown fur me." Gladys was fleeing from the wrath to come.

"Er is sho gwineter seed yer par an' mek him pay me mer money. Ef he gotter gal dat kin flounce roun' Tybee widder umpire gown on, he sho got ter pay me dat dollar'n ha'f wot he benner owin' me sence Chrismus."

And thus was the dream of Gladys shattered. Her

day's happiness was gone. Instead of being envied, she was now pitied, the worst punishment that can be visited on a woman in a new dress.

IF I WERE PRES'DENT.

A number of draymen were sunning themselves yesterday while waiting for customers. They had eaten their dinners, and this was the hour when there is very little doing. Here is what they were talking about:

"Dey tell me dat dis is de day w'en Mister Taf' gwineter be 'lected pres'dent."

"Wot yer talkin' 'bout, Bill, doan yer know he dun ben 'lected w'en he run ergin dat man Brine? Dis is de day w'en dey put de crown on he haid, er do sump'n ter him, er dun furgit wot hit is, but hit sump'n yer gotter do widder pres'dent on de fofer March."

"'Tain't bovrin' me none. Jiss soon Brine be pres'dent ez Mister Taf'. Dey dun run us niggers out any way, an' wese ain't got no mo' showin' danner jack rabbit. Riccolic, Uncle Peter, how dey used ter come atter us an' mek out wese de biggis peoples in de wul! Riccolic how de used ter tek on erbout us? Way back yander ef Mister Taf' ben erlected he dun sont us er invite ter come ter Wash'nton on de fuss train ter be he guess. Butter tek notice he ain'ter sen'in' no invites roun' now. He ain'ter bovrin' 'bout us niggers. But dey say he er mouty nice man."

"Yer reckon he izzer gwineter fotch licker back? Dey tells me dat he gwineter mek good times come ergin, anner doan see how he gwineter do dat cep'n he bring licker back. Ef he ain'ter gwineter do dat, hit doan mek no diffunce who de pres'dent. He ain't no better'n dat mans Brine, ef he kain't bring de licker back."

“Wot’d yer do, Tom, ef yer wuz de pres’dent? an’ all yer hadter do ef yer wants anyt’ing izter wave yer han’!”

“Er jiss wave mer han’ anner say, Bill! Anner say, Isham. Anner say, Dick! Anner say, Lige! Anner say, John! An’ den alls er yer would say, hyeer er is, Mister Pres’dent. Denner calls de mans wot run de guv’ment printin’ office, anner say, Mister Money-mans, how much money yer got on han’ dis mawnin’? Mister Money-mans he say, er gotter ’bout fo million dollars in de long green, anner gotter ’bout ten millions in gol’, an’ er dunno how much silver, kase er ain’t had time ter count hit dis mawnin’, butter rickon er gotter nuff ter las’ me fur ter-day. Denner say, kin yer spar’ dese frenner mines erbout er million er piece dis mawnin’ an’ have er nuff lef’ ter buy de dinner wid? He say, er mout, Mister Pres’dent. Denner wave mer han’ anner say, so long boys, be good.”

“Wot yer do, Lige, ef yer wuz de pres’dent?”

“Er jiss wave mer han’ anner say ter de cook, wot yer gwineter gi’ me fur dinner ter-day? An’ he say, some frickersee orsters wid termattus sass, some pumperno fish, fried wid musher rooms, some debbul crarbs wid de shell on um, some chocklit ice cream, some er dis stinkin’ cheese, an’ er botler wine fo hunnerd year ol’. Denner say, efyer do er sho sont yer ter de chaingang. Yer go down ter de markit an’ yer buyed me some blue stem collards, some rooty beggar tunnips, er nice beef roas’ an’ buncher mullet anner botler bear. Dat wotyer do.”

“Wot yer do, John?”

“Er wave mer han’ anner toth de button anner calls de mans dat sen’ out de gyarden seed, anner say, how much cot’n seed yer got on han’ dis mawnin’? He say, fi’ million bushels, ’cordin’ ter de las’ count. Denner toch de button an’ calls fur de mans wot got charge er de

wile lan' anner say, is yer counted up yer spar lan' dis mawnin'? An' he say, dar izzar nuff lef' on de map ter mek fo states out'n uv. Denner calls yer alls up anner say, jiss guv dese frenner mines ernuff lan' ter mekker county fur um erpiece, an' sen' um cot'n seed ernuff ter plant de lan'."

"Wot yer say 'bout hit, Dick?"

"Er wave mer han' anner calls up mer pri-vit seccer-terry, anner say, is any ladies call ter see me dis mawnin'? An' he say, de backyod tuller'n hit kin hol'. Er say, is dar any poorty ones in de bunch? He say dey is two uv dem dat is sho er peach. Er say, dey ain't but two? He say, dey is sebbun uvvum dat got dese umpire gowns on, butter doan spec yer wants dem. Denner say, is dey got anyt'ing on sides de umpire gown? An' he say, dey got on dese hyere Mary widder hats. Denner wave mer han' anner say, fotch um in. Denner pick out de likelies' gal in de bunch, anner calls yer alls in. Denner say, ladies, lemme interjuce yer ter some frenner mines fum Macon, Georgy, de bestist town datter got on mer lis'. Dey uster drivver dray fo er got 'lected, but dey is gwineter live on hog'n hom'ny fum dis time on. Ef any yer wants er good ol' mans ter tek keer yer, yer kin tek yer pick."

"Wese ain't hyeerd fum yer, Uncle Peter. Wot yer do ef you wuz de pres'dent?"

"Er jiss wave mer han' sorter slow lak, anner calls um alls up. Er say, dooz yer alls know whar Macon, Georgy is? Denner wants yer all ter do jiss 'zac'ly wotter tellyer. Er wants fo-teen tooris' hotels, an' evvy one uvvum ter costes er million dollars. Denner wants er noo cyar shed dat costes er million dollars. Denner wants yer to lay down pave-ment on all de streets, an' doan yer furgit Tybee and Yamacraw. Denner wants

yer ter lay er cyarpit down on de park on Poplar street fur de country teams. Denner wants yer ter shot up de blin' tigers cep'n dey keep good licker."

About this time there was a shout for a drayman from one of the stores, and the conversation, being disturbed, was turned on other lines.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

'As if it had sprung up during the night, as a mushroom, there was a structure on a vacant lot in Tybee the other day, that was unique in architecture and appearance. It was shaped something after the manner of a tent, and was made of old cast'off tin roofing that was rumpled and crumpled, and probably would have leaked but for the rags that were spread at intervals over the sides.

Hanging from the front was a sign. This was made of the side of a box on which had been branded the name of the contents, and somebody of an inventive turn and a touch of humor, had added a few words, for the sign read:

**SAL SODA,
Tell Yer Forchin.**

The children in the neighborhood crowded around, now and then one of them running away to tell and bring some woman or child to see the thing. It was the one thing looked at and the one thing talked about all day. Nobody could make it out until Gladys Jackson came along, and she said that "Miss Sal Sody gwineter tell forchins, dat all hit is." Then the people understood.

That night a bent-over, female figure, wrapped in an old shawl which covered the head, came up to the tent, around which quite a crowd had gathered, and took her seat in the back part of the improvised tent. It was not long before there was a customer.

Fatty Fan, who was anxious to know what her chances were for re-election as president of the Consolidated Colored Cooks Club, was the first to enter and place a quarter in the outstretched palm of the sorceress. There was a dim light inside the tent, and with the apparently old woman crouched in the corner and in a queer sort of voice, a shaky sort of feeling was produced. Looking down at Fatty's paw, and shuffling a greasy pack of cards, the sorceress thus told Fatty's fortune:

"Er see er big crowder people inner room. Dey smell lak ham'n aigs an' onions. Dey lak dey is cooks. Dey look lak dey gwineter do sump'n. Dey izzer movin' 'bout de room. Dey is puttin' er lotter pieces er paper inner box. Dey izzer reedin' names on dem papers. Den deys all holler hooray fur Fatty! Dat all er kin hear, deys mekkin so much fuss. Dey pick upper gre't big oomans an' dey tuck an' put her inner big cheer, an' now she mekkin er speech, butter doan know wot she say'n dey is mekkin so much fuss er huggin' her an' ca'an on so."

"T'ank de Lawd," said Fatty, as she arose to go. She rushed out of the tent into the waiting crowd, and as she went along she was heard to say: "Dat oomans ain't no oomans, she er ainjil, dat wot she is, kase she sho know evvyt'ing. She sho do."

That was enough. It was a fight after that to get in. Among those who struggled in was Minerva.

"Er see er long tall nigger widder li'l' w'isker on he chin, an' seem lak dey call him Jim. De kyeerds ain'ter

movin' pyeert ter-night, butter see dis mans wot dey call Jim walkin' down de alley. Er see er mouty poorty gal walkin' wid him. She er snigglin' close up ter he side, an' de is talk'n mouty low. Er kain't hyeer wot she sayin', but er hyeer him say, doggone Mernervy, er sho is ti'ed er dat oomans. Dunno who he mean ber Mernervy, kase er izzer stranger roun' hyere. She say sump'n low ergin, anner hyeer him say, shot yer mout' 'bout Mernervy, she er no 'count oomans. De kyeerds izzer gittin' dim, an' yer haster come back anner finish up tellin' yer forchin."

But Minerva had heard enough, and there was fire in her eye. She had long suspected Jim, and here was the proof. She answered none of the questions asked by the crowd, but made a beeline for home—and Jim.

Whispering Annie was next.

"Er see er crowd er mens an' dey look lak dey wukkin on de street, kase dey all got picks an' shovels in dey han's. Some uvvum got chains on dey laigs. Ber de side uvvum izzer w'ite mans widder gun dat look lak hit mouty hebby ter tote. Now er see er pen, or sump'n lakker pen, anner lotter wimmens in hit an' dey look lak dey is cookin' dinner, mebbe fur de mens. Er hyeers one er dem wimmens say, whar yer reck'n ol' Wisprin' Annie gone ter? Den dey alls laugh fit ter kill deysevves. Er hyeer one er de wimmens say, she gwineter come back nex' week, de poleeces say she runnin' er blin' tiger. Cose er doan know dis W'isp'rin Annie, kase er izzer stranger in dis town, but dey sho got hit in fur her w'en she come back, dat wot dey say."

"Dem kyeerds say er run er blin' tiger?" she whispered.

"Cose dey dooz! See dis yer spade an' dis jacker

di'mon's! W'en de tray er spades an' de jacker di'mon's run tergevver disser way, dat mean er blin' tiger."

Whispering Annie was mad. She couldn't well get mad with the fortune-teller, but she was made with somebody. As she shot out of the tent she ran against Buckeye Bill, and he was loaded for bear.

"Wot yer means ber breshin' ergin me datter way, yer ol' chaingang heffer?"

Annie wanted nothing better as an excuse for fighting. She came out of the tent mad, and to be reminded of the chaingang by being called a chaingang heifer was the limit. The crowd got out of the way to give room for the combatants, and the fight raged. About this time Minerva walked up. She had just finished with Jim, and she was wanting more blood. Seeing the fight between Buckeye Bill and Annie, and learning that it grew out of something told in the tent, she took up the notion that the fortune teller was not straight, and while Buckeye Bill and Annie were pulverizing each other, she sailed into the tent. She made a grab for the fortune teller, and off came a big bundle of horse hair that had been doing duty as a wig. Then she made another grab for the wool, and yanked the sorceress out of the tent, pulling off the shawl and exposing the well-known features of Slowfoot Sal.

Sal had disguised herself, and had been coining the money. When she regained her feet, she shook four dollars in the faces of the crowd and was ready for a fight. As Sal has the reputation of whipping four men and a policeman in one fight, there was no one to accept her challenge of "er jiss dar' yer ter totch me," but her occupation was gone.

THE OLD COUPLE.

Old Jim was smoking his pipe by the little fire that the cold drop of the mercury brought about the other night, and he was thinking. He had been saving up some money, a few dollars, but to him a fortune, and after the manner of the white folks, he wanted to give his wife a birthday present. He had not the remotest idea of the date, nor how old she was, and this puzzled him how to get at it, the present being intended as a surprise. He smoked on in silence and thinking how he could get the information without letting Nancy know what he was up to.

"Nancy, how ol' yer par w'en he die?"

"Lor', Jim, hit ben so long ergo datter dunno, butter hyeer some uvvum say dat he mouty nigh er hunnerd."

"How ol' yer mar w'en she die?"

"She mouty nigh ez ol' ez par. Ol' missus had hit writ down in de Bible, but dar ain' no tellin' whar dat Bible is now. Er wunner whar dat Bible!"

Jim smoked on. So far his plan had failed to bring the information.

"How ol' yer wuz w'en yer par die?"

"Er wuzzer li'l' gal in shawt frocks w'en mer par die. Er memmer dat."

"How ol' yer wuz w'en yer mar die?"

"Wot yer mean, mans, ber axin me all dat? How yer spec me ter memmer all dat? Wot yer stud'n 'bout, no how?"

"Jiss stud'n 'bout how ol' us gittin'. How longs us ben marrit?"

"Wot de namer de Lawd got in yer, Jim? Yer knows dat goods er do. Effer mek no mistook, wese ben mar-

rit—hit wuz jis fo de war enned. Doan yer member de sojers come ter de house an' ol' missus gi' um sump'n t'eat, an' dey sayed me'n you wuz de lakliess couple dey evvy seed? Er jiss knows yer memmer dat?"

"How ol' yer wuz den?"

"Jiss lissun er de mans. Er wuz sixteen year ol', dat how ol' er wuz, kase ol' missus say so. Er wuzzer lookin' right atter w'en she say so. Er hyeeder say dat wid mer own two years. Er sho did."

Jim tried mental arithmetic. Nancy was sixteen years old when she married. If he could only figure out how long they had been married he would get at her birthday.

"Wuz yer bawn in hot wevver er col' wevver?"

"Dar sho sump'n on yer mine dis night. How yer spec me ter memmer effit hot wevver er col' wevver? Yer gittin' so ol' dat yer gittin' foolish lak. Er hyeerd mer mar say one time dat er wuzzer Chrismus gif' ter par, so er spec hit musser ben col' wevver. Dat hit! Er wuz bawnd on er Chrismus day. Er memmer hyeerin mar say dat. Hit sho wuz on er Chrismus day.

As Chrismus was a long way off, this being only May, the present for a birthday was out of the question. This made more smoke as well as more study.

"Wusher knowed how long us ben marrit."

"Look hyere, Jim Passmo', sump'n sho er eatin' uv yer. Yer wan' ter know how ol' mer par, den how ol' mer mar, den how ol' er wuz w'enner git marrit, an' den how long hit ben, an' all dat—dar sho sump'n de matter wid yer. Is yer sick?"

But Jim didn't answer. He was disappointed. He wanted to make Nancy a present, but it must be on her birthday, or her marriage day, or on some anniversary of something, he didn't care much which. In the mean-

time Nancy was doing some thinking. That Jim wanted to make her a present, never once entered her head. She finally took a notion that Jim was going to get a divorce, and the thought made her mad.

“Jim Passmo’, er knows how ol’ er is, er is sixty-nine years ol’ de tenter dis monf, kase missus writ hit down on er scrapper paper, anner got hit in de clo’es chist, anner jiss tells yer right now, if yer fixin’ ter quit me, yer sho welcum ter go righter haid wid yer rat-killin’. Er ain’ too ol’ butter kin mekker livin’ dout you. You unnerstan’ dat?”

Here was more trouble for Jim. With that outbreak from Nancy he was in a worse fix than before. He now knew that her birthday was in a few days, but since she talked that way he didn’t feel like he ought to give her the present. He smoked on. And while he smoked he looked back over the long years that she had been his partner. True, they had an occasional spat, but look at the long list of things she had done for him! At last he decided that unless he told of his plans she might take up her things and leave him in his old age.

“Er gretter mineter slap yer jaw. Er wuz jisser tryin’ ter fine out w’en yer buffday, kaser gotter present fur yer anner jiss fixin’ ter s’prise yer. Dat all hit wuz.”

“How come yer didn’t tell me dat fuss, honey? Come axin me dis, an’ axin me dat, an’ how er knowed wot yer got in yer haid? Yer sho gittin’ ol’ lak me, honey.”

“Well, de furnchur mans gwineter brung yer er noo setter furnchur in de mawnin, an’ hit blong ter you an’ nobody else. Hit one er dese i’on baidstids wid brass knobs on de cornders, anner bero, anner dresser, an’ some cheers, anner gre’t big rockin’ cheer fur you an’ one fur me, anner washstan’, anner lotter t’ings dat go widder setter furnchur, an’ hit yer buffday present.”

"Fur de lanner Goshen! Yer is de besses ol' mans in dis town, dat wot yer is, honey. Heap ruvver haves yer fur mer ol' mans dan de biggist mans in dis towns. Yer sho am mer honey-bunch. Er sho gotter kiss yer fur dat furnchur."

The old couple were happy.

THE PURE FOOD LAW.

"Wot all dis yer hyeerin' 'bout de pu' fude law?" asked Henry of the crowd of waiting draymen down at the corner.

"Spec hit sump'n else ergin de nigger," said Jake, "dey alls de timer fix'n up sump'n ergin de nigger. Wot hit is, Bill?"

"Mer li'l gal reed hit in de paper dat evvyt'ing gotter be de rev'runt stuff fum dis on. Tek flour: Wot mek flour so w'ite an' fine is kase dey mix up dis w'ite chalk yer gits down hyere ter Dry Branch wid hit. De pu' fude law say yer gotter tek dat chalk out'n hit now, an' look how de pricer flour dun riz! Hit gittin so high dat de nigger an' de po' w'ite trash gotter eat co'n braid ef dey eat any braid er tall. Tek sugar. Dey used ter mix san' in de sugar, but de pu' fude law say yer kaint do dat any mo'. Tek sardeens. Dey used ter sell dese minners an' li'l harrins in cotton seed ile an' calls um sardeens so yer kin buyed um fur fi' cent. De pu' fude law say yer gotter sell de rev'runt sardeen hitse'f wot come fum somewhar way off yanner, an' deys ain' no mo' fi' cent sardeens. Dese yer meat mens used ter put some kiner stuff on de meat ter keep hit fum spiln, but de pu' fude law dun putter stop ter dat, an' ef deys doan sell yer good meat yer kin pote um ter de poleeces an' ley

tekkum up hyere ter de 'corder cote an' dey sont um ter de gang. Tek mullet. Yer knows hower nigger do love mullet, an' ef de mullet kiner ol' hit doan mek much diffunce. De pu fude law say effer mans sell yer ol' mullet dey fine him er hunnerd dollars fur de fuss time, an' ef he do hit ergin dey fine him mo'n dat. Dat de pu' fude law," said Bill.

"Fur de lanner goodniss? Jiss lakker tol' yer, 'tain' nuffin but hitt'n at de nigger ergin. Wot dey wants ter do? Want er nigger ter buy shad an' pumpno fish stidder he faverit disher mullet? He gotter buy sho nuff sardeens dat cosses er quarter fur er box? Gotter sweet'n he coffee wid good sugar! Kaint buyed no mo' scrap meat? Wot dat noo law say 'bout ol' sourbelly?"

"Hit say dat effer mans sell yer sourbelly widder skipper on hit dey tek him up an' fine him."

"Dooz hit say nuffin 'bout co'n meal?"

"Er mans kaint sell no co'n meal dout hit 'spected, an' de 'specter put he tag on hit lak deys do de juanner sack."

"How 'bout ham'n aigs an' chitlins an' sossidge?" asked Pete.

"Hit tek dem in, too."

"Possum'n taters?"

"Dey in it jiss lak evvyt'ing else."

"Well, dat sho beat mer time. Do de pu' fude law, ez yer calls hit, strack de water milyun an' de blackberry an' de rooty-beggars?"

"Hit sho do. Hit strack evvyt'ing wot yer eat an' wot yer drink. Evvyt'ing gotter be pu'. Dat wot dey say."

"Who dun all dis? Who er gittin' all dis up? Who at de haid uvvit? Who mekkin any money out'n hit? Who gittin' er job out'n hit?"

"Spec hit dese probashuns peoples," said Jake, "dey is

all de time stud'n up some debbul-ment. Look lak dey will lettus erlone some timer nuvver. Look lak dey is sho rubbin' hit in. Dey gwineter keep on et dey foolishness tell fuss noos yer knows dar gwineter be trouble. Ef de nigger riz up by hese'f dey gits out dat gatlum gun up dar ter de city hall an' dey po' inner barl er dem catridges, an' dey tu'n hit loose an' de nigger whar he gone? But dese probashuns people dey gwineter keep on wid dey debbul-ment tell de po' w'ite trash gwineter riz up, an' he gwineter say, come on, nigger, an' w'en de nigger an' po' w'ite trash jine tergevver, den look out, Mister Probashuns Mans! Yer sho gotter git ter de timber den. Yer benner crowdin' us long ernuff, an' de wum tu'n. Wese tek dat gatlum gun fum de city hall an' we po' inner barl er dem catridges an' we gwineter say, ef yer want ter pray, now de time. Tain't gwineter be nunner dese yer long prars in public neever. Hit gwine-ter be de pu' fude prar, nuffin but de rev'runt stuff, kase yer time am sho come."

"Better mine how yer talk, Jake, some er dese probashuns gwineter hyeer yer."

"Doggone de probashuns. Ef we kin git de po' w'ite trash wid us, er ain'ter skeerd er um."

The pure food discussion was brought to a close by some one calling for a dray.

SWALLOWED A LIGHTNING BUG.

"Any you fellers reed in de paper whar er nigger tuck some er dese yer juanner sacks out'n er w'ite mans stable cross de river de uvver night, an' mekker baid out'n um an' lay down ter smoker siggerroot an' fall ter

sleep an' sot de sacks on fi' an' some people fine him mouty nigh bu'n up?" asked Henry of a crowd yesterday.

"Mer li'l gal reed sump'n lak dat dis mawnin. She say dat de nigger sot hese'f on fi' wid de siggerroot. Is dat de trufe?" asked one.

"Cose it de trufe. Didn't yer li'l gal reed hit in de paper? Wot yer reckon de paper gwineter say hit fur ef hit ain' de trufe?"

"Hit doan soun' lakker nigger ter smoker siggerroot, cep'n hit one er dese young bucks dat ain' got no sense. Ef hit wuzzer pipe hit mout soun' right. Wot in de namer de Lawd de nigger want ter sot hese'f on fi' fur? Yer know er nigger got mo' sense dan dat, cep'n he drinkt dis blin' tiger licker, an' de paper doan say nuffin 'bout dat."

"Dis nigger wot yer alls talkin' 'bout wot sot hese'f on fi' mine me how ol' Jim, dun furgit he uvver name, swal-lerd er lightnin' bug. Dis nigger Jim wuz de sleepyhaid-itiss mans yer evvy seed in all yer bawn days, he sho wuz. One mouty col' night we wuz all down ter de brickyod an' wuz sott'n roun' de fi' sose we kin keep up de fi' in de kill whar we wuzzer bu'nnin' er killer brick. We singt some songs an' we crack some jokes an' we roas' some taters, an' atter w'ile de fi' so good'n wawm we jiss nachly drap ter sleep cep'n Bill. Dis wuz Bill Pye, an' he ain' much uvver han' ter sleep no how, an' he keeper wake. Ol' sleepy-haid Jim he drap off ter sleep fuss. Bill tell us alls erbout hit atter hit all over. Well, Bill he stan' an' look at Jim wid he mout' wide op'n anner snorin' ter beat de ban'. Bill he choog Jim in de rib an' he say, Jim, shot yer mout', yer gwineter swal-ler one er dese hyere lightnin' bugs ef yer doan mine. Jim he say, lemme lone. Wid dat he drap off ter sleep ergin an' fuss noos yer know dar he mout' wide op'n

an' runnin' er saw mill anner strackin er knot evvy now'n den. Bill he look attus an' he seed dat wese alls sleep. Dat de time ter do he debbul-ment. He gitter long stick an' he sorter flatt'n de cen an' he crope up ter de fi' an' he tekker li'l' bitty coaler fi' 'bout bigser pea an' he put hit on de flat een er de pole. Den he crope roun' ter git fur nuff way fum Jim an' Jim sawin' de logs an' strackin' de knots, an' he retch over an' he drap dat hot coaler fi' in Jim's mout'. Gen-telmens! Yer talkin' 'bout strackin' er knot! He sho stracker whole piler knots anner snag th'owed in. He jump erbout ten feet an' made fur de water-buckit anner holrin out dat he swallerd er lightnin' bug. He dun wake us all up wid he holrin lak somebody dun kill him, an' we seed him hit de buckit er water. He tu'n de buckit up an' he nevvyy leggo tell he drinkt up all de water. Bill he holler out, wotyer means mans ber drinkin' up all our water? Jim say dat lightnin' bug in mer stummick an' er bleegd ter po' water on him ef he doan he bu'n up all mer insides. Bill he say spit hit out, yer ol' fool. Jim he holler back, spit yer foot, er dun swaller him. Cose we didn't seed nuffin' ter laugh at lak Bill, kase we wuzzer sleep w'en Bill drap de coaler fi' down Jim's th'oat, an' Bill he lit out down de railroad ter git fur nuff way ter have he laugh out. Hit wuz mo'n er mont' fo Bill tell us 'bout how Jim swaller de lightnin' bug. An' dat how come Jim ter spise er lightnin' bug lak he do. He cotch evvy lightnin' bug he see an' he th'ow um down on le groun' an' stomp um."

"Did de coaler fi' bu'n Jim much?" asked Henry.

"He couldn't eat nuffin but pot licker for free weeks, hit bu'n sicher hole in he th'oat."

MISS JACKSON HYPNOTISED.

Jim Simmons' boy, Pete, not long from college, having seen a professor of hypnotism at work in Macon for the past week, thought it a good thing in the way of making money. He gave out that there would be an exhibition in hypnotism at the school house in Tybee Saturday night.

Being pay day, there was a good crowd present, men, women and children, all eager to know what hypnotism meant. Prof. Simmons, as he dubbed himself, made his appearance when the house was full, and prefaced the exhibition with the following explanation of hypnotism:

"Hippertism is sump'n dat yer gotter be bawn wid. Hit mean dat one mans er heap stronger dan ernuvver in de brain. De mans widder strong brain kin do wot he please wid de mans wid de weak brain. W'en de Lawd mek mens he dish out de brains 'cordin ter how much he got on hand w'en yer bawn. Dem wot bawn on de fusser de wek dey git plenty brain. Dem wot bawn on Saddy, w'en de stock run down low, deys ain' got much. Taint de Lawd's fault, taint yo' fault, hit kase de stock run down. Darfo, effer mans wot bawn on Monday teller mans wot bawn onner Saddy errer Sundy ter do sump'n, dat mans sho gwineter do hit ef he want ter er no. Dat wot hippertism is."

The explanation must have been satisfactory, there being no objection on the part of the audience. Then Pete called for subjects, but they were a little backward. Somebody spied Precious Jackson in the audience, and always glad of an opportunity to be in the limelight, and having on a new dress, she was prevailed on to take the

stage. Pete said something to her while waving his hands over her head, and Precious fell under the spell. Turning to the audience, Pete said:

“Ladies’n gemmun, Miss Jackson is now hippertise. She do nuffin but wotter teller ter do, an’ she dunno wot dat is. Now, Miss Jackson, doan yer see hit rainin’? Riz yer umbersol. Yer mussun git wet.”

Precious went through the motion of holding out her hand to feel the rain, then she raised the imaginary umbrella, then she gathered a handful of skirt and was ready for the shower.

“Yer sho is gwineter git dat noo frock wet efyer doan mine,” said Pete.

Precious must have thought so, too, for she hastily gathered another big handful of skirt and if the water had been a foot deep her dress would not have touched it.

“Put down dat frock, Precious, ain’ yer shamer yer-se’f; put dat frock down dis minnit, yer hyeer me!” It was Precious Jackson’s mar who shouted this to the daughter on the stage. But Precious was hippterised and was going to keep her dress from getting wet. Pete hastened to the rescue as he saw her mar making for the stage, and told Precious that the rain was now over. Down went dress and umbrella to the evident relief of her mar.

“Now, Miss Jackson, wese inner succuss. Er is de ringmarster an’ you is de lady wot tu’n er summerset over de back er de camel. Hyere is de camel, now git ready ter tu’n de summerset.”

Again Precious gathered her skirts so as to do as bidden, and up to the stage went her mar.

“Look hyere, Pete Simmons, look lak ter me dat yer kin fine some uvver way er projickin wid dis gal cep’n

jukkin upper frock dat way. Ef yer mekker tu'n dat summerset er sho is gwineter buss yer wide op'n an' yer mine wotter tol' yer. Er is sho ti'eder dis foolin'. Come right down fum hyere, Precious. Disser shame de way yer ca'ain on fo all dese peoples. Come er tell yer!"

"Dat all right, Miz Jackson," said Pete, "we is now gwineter do sump'n else. Now, Miss Jackson, we is gwineter tekker orterbeel ride. Tekker seat, Miss Jackson, anner show yer how ter run de medsheen. Juk op'n de cylinder. Tu'n loose de cyarbernater. Totch up de sparker. Crank de speedermeter an' letter fly."

Precious went through all the motions as indicated by Pete, with her hands on an imaginary wheel, and this closed the performance so far as Precious was concerned. She was aroused by Pete, and rubbed her eyes and one would have thought she had just awakened from a trance sure enough.

"Is dar anybody else in dis aujunce dat will come on de stage an' lemme try mer han' on um?" asked Pete.

There was no response. On Slowfoot Sal being suggested, she said: "Yer muss be er fool ter ax me ter go up dar ter mekker ijit er merse'f anner ainter gwineter go, er tell yer dat right now."

Fatty Fan was suggested. "Er is bigger nuff fool right now, dout gwine up dar ter 'low Pete Simmons ter mess wid me datter way."

Then Minerva. "Who, me? Yer is sho plum crazy. Ainter seed how dat Precious Jackson liffer, frock lak she dun, an' me do lak dat. Yer sho loss yer mine."

And all through the audience were the same refusals. Without subjects the affair could not proceed, and there was nothing for Pete to do but to thank his audience and close the show. As the crowd filed out

their sentiment was focussed in the remark made by Miz Passmore, who said:

"Dat Pete Simmons sho er bad mans. He sho hippertise us alls ter mek us pay ten cent ter see wotter fool dat nigger gal Precious Jackson mekker herse'f. Ef yer lissum ter me, dat Precious Jackson doan hafter be hippertise ter mekker monkey out'n herse'f, an' dar her mar tekkin on kase her fal show dem skeeter-net stockin's. Yer kin fool some peoples, but yer kaint fool dis chick'n. Hippertise nuffin! Er sho spise er fool."

THE SERENADE.

All three wore court plaster in strips over their faces, with cloth bandages about their heads. There was no need of the clerk to read out the charge of fighting. That was plain.

The officer stated that he heard some screaming down in Dog Alley, and he ran as fast as he could to the locality, not knowing but what a murder was being committed. He found quite a crowd, and in it was the trio that now stood before the bar awaiting justice. As to who was to blame, he knew nothing, and therefore asked that all be sworn against each other. This done, the court knowing that the woman was at the bottom of the fuss, as she generally is, he asked her:

"Tell me the truth about this fight."

"Dat jiss wotter gwineter do, Jedge. Er sho ainter gwineter tell you no lie. Mer mar wot daid she say, tell de trufe, dat wotyer do, tell de trufe effit kill yer. Kase dem wot teller lie——"

"Stop that! Tell me about the fight."

“Well, Jedge, er izzer comin’ ter dat now. Gabe izzer benner comin’ ter seed me fur er long time. Me’n him gwineter git marrit anner is mekkin de wed’n frock ter git marrit in. He comed ter mer house las’ night, an’ we wuzzer sottin ber de fi’ an’ jisser talkin’ w’en fuss noos yer know we hyeerder git-tar out dar on de stoop. Gabe say, who datter playin’ dat git-tar? Er say, how er know? Gabe say, yer kaint fool dis chick’n, dat some young mans wot surnad’n yer. Er say, dunno wot he want ter surnade me fur, er dunno who hit is, jiss dat berry way. Atter w’ile dey chune up de git-tar, an’ den he kermence ter sing. Dat make Gabe mad, an’ he poke he haid out’n de do’ an’ he say, yer jiss tek yerse’f ’way fum dis do’, diss mer gal wot lives hyere. Still de singin’ keep on jiss lak Gabe aint sayed nuffin’. Den Gabe he come back an’ he pick upper sticker wood an’ go out’n de house. Cose er hyeer um scufflin’ out dar, anner hyeer um say sump’n, butter dunno wot hit is, dey mek so much fuss. Atter w’ile er gots up an’ goes out de do’ anner fine Pete, dis de mans, an’ Gabe all tied up wid one ernuvver, an’ cose er had ter tek Gabe’s part, kase me’n him gwineter git marrit, an’ dat how come er ter git de lick.”

“Tell me about this fight, Pete, and be brief.”

“Jedge, er is gwineter tell yer de startin’ uvvit. Er jiss got back fum Atlanty whar er benner wukkin sence long fo Chris’mus, anner tek mer git-tar anner go ter Yamacraw ter lemme gal wot name Susan know er back home an’ tekker ber ’sprise, anner go ter de house wot she wuzzer livin’ at w’enner went ter Atlanty, anner play de chune wot she love so she know hits me come back. Dunno nuffin ’bout Susan move ’way anner dunno nuffin ’bout dis Mary Ann livin’ dar. Fuss noos er knowed hyere come dis mans wot yer call Gabe an’ he

come down on mer haid widder sticker wood ker-blam! Er say, wot yer means ber dat, mans? He say, er gwine-ter show yer, an' wid dat he come ergin ker-blam! Er say, efer dooz dat ergin, er sho gwineter hu't yer. He riz up de sticker wood ter come ergin an' er buss de git-tar on he haid. Den we tie up. Dis yer gal she comes er runnin' out de house an' she p'ck up de sticker wood an' jiss kase er couldn't git loose fum dis nigger she lemme have hit on de haid ker-blam! Dat mo'n er kin stan', Jedge. Er aint much uver han' ter strack er oomans, but diss wuz de limit, anner juk loose fum dis mans anner tapper one fur luck. An' dat all er knows 'bout de fight, Jedge, cep'n mer git-tar all buss up an' de poleeces fotch me up hyere."

"Now, Gabe, tell me your side of it."

"Well, Jedge, yer knows datter oomans izzer mouty cuyus t'ing. Deys mek out dey loves yer an' you de onlies one, an' yer kaint putter bitter 'pendence in um. Dey fool many er nigger datter way. Well, me'n Mary Ann wuzzer sottin dar ber de fi' jiss lak she say, anner hyere de git-tar outside de do', anner ax Mary Ann who dat? She say, how er know? jiss datter way. Jedge, she look jiss lak she knowed who dat playin' de git-tar, anner pick upper sticker wood, jiss lak she say, anner goes out an' de mans wouldn't gimme no satterfacshun, an' dat wot mek me do lakker do."

"It looks to me as though it was pure jealousy on your part, Gabe, and the woman seems to blame to some extent in not being more emphatic in her statement that the serenader was unknown to her. What was that guitar worth, Pete?"

"Er gin er mans ten dollar fur hit in Atlanty, Jedge."

"Gabe, if you will give Pete ten dollars with which to buy another guitar I will let you both off."

"Jedge, dat nigger nevvu guv no ten dollar fur dat git-tar. Hit nuffin but one er dese cheap git-tar dat yer kin git fur er dollar'n er ha'f."

"But I want Pete to hae a ten dollar guitar to compensate him for a broken head, and you either pay him ten dollars or go to the gang."

"How long er hafter stay on de gang, Jedge?"

"Thirty days," said the court.

"Den gimme de thutty days, Jedge, er sho doan wants dat nigger ter see de color er mer money."

"Thirty days on the gang for Gabe, ten days for Mary Ann, and Pete, you are dismissed, but keep away from Mary Ann."

A TYPICAL CASE.

"Why did you strike your wife?" sternly asked the court of Willie Bailey. The court was getting tired of hearing so many cases of wife beating, and was determined to put a stop to so much of it.

"Er iz gwineter tell de fuss stattin uvvit, Jedge——"

"No, I want to know why you struck your wife?"

"Dat wotter wants ter tell yer, Jedge. De fuss stottin uvvit——"

"I told you I did not want to know the first starting of it. Why did you strike your wife?"

"Jedge, er jiss bleege ter tell yer de fuss uvvit. Er comes home fum wuk mouty ti'ed anner——"

"Are you going to answer my question?"

"Wot yer ax me, Jedge?"

"I asked you why you struck your wife, you know what I asked you."

"Didder strack mer wife?"

"That was it. Now you know what I asked you, don't you?"

"Please yer honor, Mister Jedge, dat wotter gwineter tell yer. De fuss stottin uvvit——"

"Your name Willie Bailey?"

"Yassur, mer name Willie Bailey."

"Do you know that you are in court?"

"Yassur, cose er knows er in cote."

"Well, Willie Bailey, if you do not answer my question I am going to send you to the stockade for contempt of court, do you hear that?"

"Tempter cote! Wot dat, boss?"

"Did you strike your wife?"

"Yer means, Jedge, didder hitter?"

"Yes, did you strike her, did you hit her, chastise her?"

"Wot yer means ber chastise her, Jedge?"

"I am going to give you one more chance, did you strike your wife?"

"Jedge, er ain got no wife—she daid."

"What does this mean, Mr. Officer? The docket reads Willie and Martha Bailey. Isn't Martha Bailey your wife, Willie?"

"She mar grammar. Mer wife dun daid so long er dun furgit bout hit. Yer nevvay ax me effer hit mer grammar."

"Why did you strike your grandmother?"

"Er gwineter tell yer de fuss stottin uvvit"—the court thought it the quickest route after all, to let him tell it his way—"er comes home ti'ed. Er wuks at de charcoal fac'ry. An grammar she say yer go right now'n tekker baff! Er gits me er panner water fum de well anner washes mer han's, an' she say, th'ow out dat water an' git yer er tubber water fum de hot hole, an——"

"What do you mean by the hot hole?"

“Down dar ber de sewer whar de steam fum de soap fac’ry comes out. De water alls de time hot an’ de wimmens tek dat water ter tekker baff wid. Anner mouty ti’ed, butter doan wants ter haves any fuss wid grammar, she so ol’, anner gits de tub anner fotch hit fuller de hot water anner sots hit down in de room. Butter so ti’ed—er wuks so hod all day—datter lay down cross de baid, an fuss noos yer knowed dar er wuz fasser sleep. Stidder shovin me an’ wakin me up, wot she do? She hit mer on de haid widder baid slat! Dat ain no way ter waker mans up wot ti’ed an sleepy. Yer knowed dat yerse’f, Jedge.”

“And you got very mad?”

“Er sho did!”

“And you struck your grandmother?”

“Dat wot she say, Jedge, er ain nevy sayed so yit.”

“Did you strike your grandmother?”

“Jiss lissun at dat! Dun tol’ yer alls bout hit, Jedge.”

“Once more, did you strike your grandmother?”

“Ef dey is any dat tempter cote in dis, er sho did.”

“Fifteen dollars. A man that would strike his grandmother is too contemptible to be called a man.”

“Jedge, wuz yer evvy hit in de haid widder baid slat?”

But the officers hurried him out of the room to prison.

THE END.

756





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