keep de boogers offen 'im.

"But, sah, I tell you, he had a temper when he wus sturred up. Why, rat yonder, by dat black-gum, I wus cuttin' up a white-oak tree fur boards to cuver our corn pens in de woods, an' 'im an' my naixt boy, Albert Josephus Rhoderic' Salter, what wus three years younger dan de one dat died, which you recerlec' I tole you erbout, dey wus fishin' on the bank, an' de crick wus up, when dat bigges' boy of ole Kurnel Little's he cum erlong an' wanted to fish, too. So he axed my boy fur some bait, but he toll 'im to ax Marse Rhoddy, an' 'cause my boy wooden gib 'im de bait, he jes' pushed my Albert Josephus Rhoderic' Salter into de crick, an' hit up, es I wus a tellin' you. Wal, sah, he'd a drowned ef Marse Rhoderic' hadn't a run dair an' grabbed er lorrel lim' a hangin' ober de crick an' let hisself down an' cotched my boy by de haid an' helt his haid outer de water, an' hollered fur me to cum an' help 'im. Wal, sah, arter I got 'em out, an' Marse Rhoddy got on de bank, he des lit onter dat Little boy scand'lus; an' he got 'im down in de mud an' he jes' gib it to 'im; an' 'twus much es I could do to git 'im off. I disremember neber seein' Marse Rhoddy git dat mad befo'. Fact is, I wus so upsot I didn't try to take 'im off fur sum time. But 'course I didn't wanter see 'im hurt dat boy, so I jes' sot on er stump an' waited till I 'klected my senses 'nough to kno' whut to do. When I got 'im home an' tole Patsy 'bout it, she jes' hugged him nearly to death. Gord, dey couldn't prodjec' wid 'im, no sah!"

Here the old man paused as if thinking to himself, and his heretofore animated face took on a look of quiet sadness as he gazed off towards the board-tree's stump, still plainly seen, though much decayed, standing at the bend of the creek. I did not interrupt him, and finally he said:

"Mister, I wus thinkin' of dem good ole times, an' how happy we all wus. Dey will nebber cum no more. I can see now de well-kep' farm as it uster be, not dis heah place of worn-out lan' an' stubby pines, of cotton patches an' saidge-fiel's, but all one fine farm of fields or woods. We had no trubbles den; I wurked in de day-time, an' smoked my pipe an' talked to Marse Rhoddy an' Patsy by de big fire-place in de winter, or on de little poach in de summer. I haid all I wanted, an' a long ways more'n I desarved. Dey say I'm free now, but, Mister, I wus a heep freer den. I wus free frum rents an' taxes, frum rummertism an' chills, frum trifln' niggers whut lay erround an' don't wurk, an' steal my chickens an' my corn, an' frum sum white-folks dat didn't hab no niggers, an' jes' hates us now 'kaze we is niggers. Why, sah, eben de cotton-wurm dat now eats up our cotton wus onbeknownst to us den, an' de weevils didn't seem to git inter our corn lak' dey now does, an' I nebber know'd dis crick to go dry den. I don't know how it wus wid de yuthers, Mister, but dey gib me my freedom afore I wus aigucated up to it, sho'!

T. D. HARMAN,
Of the "National Stockman and Farmer," Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE,
"Trotwood."

H. G. REED,
Of "Western Resources," Lincoln, Neb.

"Wal, sah, but I mus' tell you erbout Marse Rhoddy, an' whut a nice young man he grow'd inter. Dey saunt 'im off to college, an' he hadn't been dair but er year or so afore de wor cum on, an' 'twus when he cum back home one summer dat he fell in lub wid Miss Alva Little. You ain't nebber heerd erbout dat, is you? Wal, sah, I kno' you'll think I'm foolin' you when I tell you dat er man es kuis es ole Kurnel Little wus, an' so mean he wouldn't sell ole Marster dat little trac' er lan' yonder to square off his plantation wid de crick, could er raised es pritty er gal es Miss Alva wus. I know'd her when she wus a growin' up, er little raid-haided, kinde fair-skinned gal, but I didn't see nuthin' 'tickler 'tractiv 'bout her till Marse Rhoddy fell in lub wid 'er down a de Fo'th of July barbycue dat summer, an' arter dat notised dat she wus 'markable hansum, an', Gord, sal she wus sech a lady! She wus es quiet in her nature dis stream, wus es tall an' graceful es dat young pi