dair, an' es fair es de moonlight dat falls on de white sand afore de cabin door. Dat raid hair I spoke erbout jes' now, turned to de color of a deep raidish-brown, lak' de rich merlasses we uster make befo' de wor; an' her eyes wus large, an' 'twixt er dark brown an' er black, an' I tell you rat now dat when you fin' er Suddern lady wid dark raid hair an' er fair, white face, an' big brown eyes, an' er form lak' she haid, an' mannered lak' she owned de yearth an' ebery nigger on it, you'll fin' one dat ole Pete'll go twenty miles to lif' his ole hat to an' fetch his rat foot back an' say '*Your sarvent, Mistis.*' Who could er blamed Marse Rhoddy wid all his game young blood in him? Lord! I jes' laft at 'im!

"Why, he couldn't talk erbout nuthin' but Miss Alva; an' fur de fust time in her life, Patsy 'lowed she couldn't hardly fix up his shuts an' things rat fur him, 'dough nobody eber haid touched 'em but her eber sence he wus born. Dat summer he went ober to de Widder Little's—de ole man haid died—ebery week, an' I 'lowed to Patsy we might es well make up our min's to gib Marse Rhoddy up.

"Wal, sah, de ole lady Little tuck pow'ful to de match, an' dey jes' seemed to lub us all arter dat, an' I tole Patsy one night dat dair wus more ways den one of squarin' off er plantashun, but she 'lowed I wus er fool, an' dat Marse Rhoddy would gib dis whole place, niggers an' all, 'cept her, fur one of Miss Alva's little fingers.

"Wal, sah, when dat wor started we nebber thought it would last more'n two munths, an dat our men would soon clean 'em up; but dey jes' kep' habin' one battle arter ernother, an' dey couldn't take Richmun', an' Marse Rhoddy tole me erbout how we wus whippin' 'em, an' we uster think sho'ly dey'll gib it up soon; but, Gord, sah, dey didn't! Why, de more we'd whip 'em, sah, de thicker dey'd come, till it looked lak' ter me, sah, dat dem folks hadn't dun nuthin' fur fifty years afore de wor but raise chillun fur dis berry wor an' hire furriners to raise 'em. Wal, sah, I see'd Marse Rhoddy wus gittin' more restless ebery day, an' I know'd whut wus a comin'. He went back to college, but he haidn't been dair long befo' he cum home wid his uniform on, an' dat night he cum down to our cabin es usual, an' he sot dair er long time athinkin', an' den he sayed:

"'Pappy Peter, how ole is de gray marr's filly?'

"'Three, dis spring, Marse Rhoddy,' I sayed.

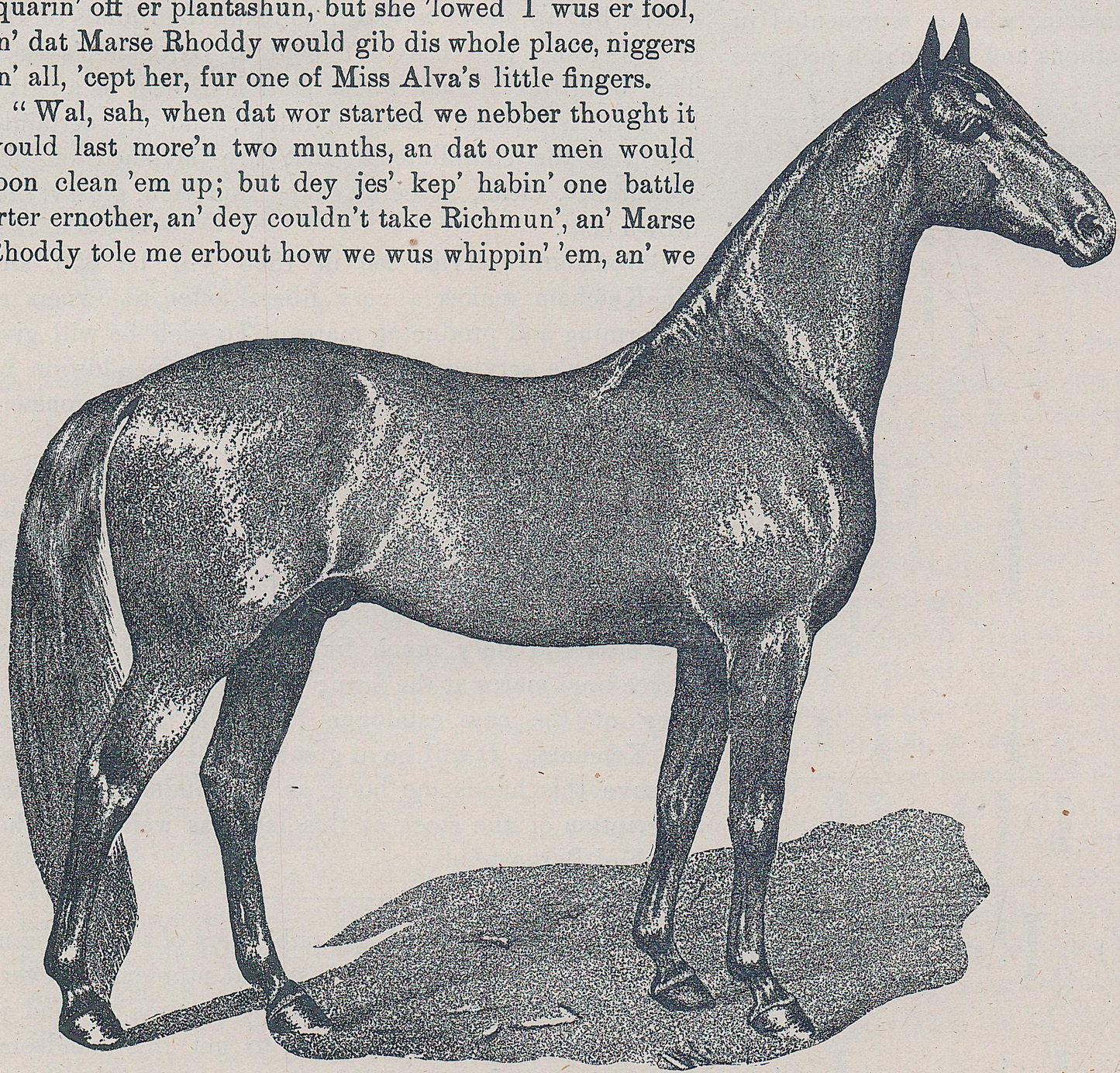
"Then he 'lowed she wus a pow'ful peart thing, an' could trabel es easy es a rockin'-chair, an' den he sayed:

"'Do you think she'd do fur me to ride to de wor?'

TROTWOOD.

[*Concluded in January Number.*]

SEVERAL years ago "Wild Cat Jones" was engaged in some speculations through a Chicago Board of Trade concern, and although he was prompt enough in calling for his money when he won he "welched" the first good loss he had. It happened that one of the members of the firm which suffered from Jones' dishonesty at that time is interested in trotters and had quite a stable campaigning this season. He was not at all backward in telling horsemen what they might expect from Jones, and as a result a number who had entries at Columbia never went near the place.—*Ex.*



CORALLOID 2:13½, BY SIMMONS.

AT present prices the common scrub or even grade horse scarcely pays for raising. Prices are so very low that very little breeding was done this year and less will be done next. Yet really choice horses of any type are scarce and bring good prices. History teaches us that a good time to go into any business is when everybody else is going out of it. Isn't this a good time to start into producing first-class horses?