

dinner. The colonel had told Uncle Shade that he would have company at noon, and they found the dinner smoking on the table when they arrived. A young negro man was set to wait on the table. He made some blunder, and instantly a young negro girl came in, smiling, to take his place. Uncle Shade, who was standing in the door of the dining-room, dressed in his Sunday best, took the offender by the arm as he passed out, and in a little while those who were at table heard the swish of a buggy whip as it fell on the negro's shoulders. The unusual noise set the chickens to cackling, the turkeys to gobbling, and the dogs to barking.

"Old man," said Preston, when Uncle Shade had gravely resumed his place near the dining-room door, "take 'em farther away from the house the next time you kill em."

"I'll do so, suh," replied Uncle Shade dryly, and with a little frown.

Matters went along smoothly enough for all concerned, but somehow Preston failed to appreciate the family standing and importance of Uncle Shade. The young man was as genial and as clever as the day is long, but he knew