

any of your family ever stooped to such as that."

"They never did," the colonel rejoined testily. "But they never had such a rantankerous nigger to deal with."

"Just as he is, just so he was made," was Mrs. Rivers's matter-of-fact comment.

"I know that mighty well," said the colonel. "But the time has come when he ought to be taken in hand. I could get Bill Favers's dogs and run him down in an hour, but I'm going to catch my own nigger with my own nigger dog."

"Why, Mr. Rivers, you have n't a dog on the place that will run a pig out of the garden, much less catch a negro. There are ten or fifteen hound-dogs around the yard, and they are actually too no-account to scratch the fleas off."

"Well," replied the colonel, wincing a little, "Matt Kilpatrick has promised to give me one of his beagles, and I'm going to take him and train him to track niggers."

"Another dog on the place!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers. "Well, you'll have to sell some negroes. We can't afford to feed a lot of no-account negroes and no-account dogs