

come when he might run Uncle Shade to his hiding-place in the swamps of Murder Creek and capture him. The opportunity was not long in coming, though it seemed long to the colonel's impatience.

There was this much to be said about Uncle Shade. He had grown somewhat wary, and he had warned all the negroes on both plantations that if they made any reports of his movements, the day of wrath would soon come for them. And they believed him fully, so that, for some months, he might have been whirled away on a cloud or swallowed by the earth for all the colonel could hear or discover.

But one day, while he was dozing in his library, he heard a dialogue between the housemaid and the cook. The housemaid was sweeping in the rear hall, and the cook was fixing things in the dining-room. They judged by the stillness of the house that there was no one to overhear them.

"Mighty quare 'bout Unk Shade," said the house-girl.

"Huh! dat ole nigger-man de devil, mon!" replied the cook, rattling the dishes.

"I boun' ef 'twuz any er we-all gwine on