

dat away runnin' off an' comin' back when we git good an' ready, an' eatin' right dar in de house in broad daylight, an' marster gwine right by de do' — I boun' you we 'd be kotch an' fotch back," remarked the girl, in an injured tone.

"La! I ain't studyin' 'bout ole Shade kingin' it 'roun' here," exclaimed the cook. "He been gwine on dat away so long dat 't ain't nothin' new." Here she paused and laughed heartily.

"What you laughin' at?" inquired the girl, pausing in her work.

"At de way dat ole nigger man been gwine on," responded the cook. "I hear tell dat marster got dat ar little houn'-dog trainin' now fer ter track ole Shade down. Dar de dog an' dar old Shade, but dey ain't been no trackin' done yit. Dat dog bleedzter be no 'count, kaze all he got ter do is to go down dar by the house whar ole Shade live at 'twix' daybreak an' sun-up, an' dar he'll fin' de track er dat ole nigger man hot an' fresh."

"I don't keer ef dey does ketch 'im," said the house-girl, by way of comment. "De wuss frailin' I ever got he gi' me. He skeer'd