

"Dat's so," exclaimed the cook, by way of making herself agreeable.

Uncle Shade raised his eyebrows and looked at the woman until she moved about in her chair uneasily.

"How come you ain't up yonder whar you b'long?" he asked. He was not angry; the tone of his voice was not even unkind; but the cook was so embarrassed that she could hardly find her tongue.

"I'm here kaze marster tol' me ter get brekkus by sun-up, an' I know by de way he done dat he gwine ter come and put dat ar nigger dog on yo' track."

"What good dat gwine ter do?" Uncle Shade asked.

"Now, ez ter dat," replied the cook, "I can't tell you. It may do harm, an' it may not, but what good it gwine ter do, I'm never is ter tell you."

"What de dog gwine ter do?" inquired Uncle Shade.

The cook looked at the other woman and laughed, and then rose from her seat, adjusting her head handkerchief as she did so.

"You mos' too much fer me," she remarked as she went toward the door. "Mos'