

a long ways too much. Ef you kin git off de groun' an' walk in de elements, de dog ain't gwine do nothin'. Maybe you kin do dat; I dunno. But ef you can't dat ar dog 'll track you down sho ez you er settin' dar." Then she went out.

Uncle Shade ate his supper and then sat before the fire smoking his pipe. After a while he got a piece of candle out of an old cigar-box, lit it, and proceeded to ransack a wooden chest which seemed to be filled with all sorts of odds and ends, — gimlets, hinges, horn buttons, tangled twine, quilt pieces, and broken crockery. At the bottom he found what he was looking for, — a letter that had been rolled in cylindrical shape. Around it had been wrapped a long strip of cloth. He unrolled the package, took the letter out and looked at it, rolled it up again, and then placed it carefully in his hat.

"Well, den," said his wife, "what you gwine ter do?"

"I'll tell you," he said. He leaned over and placed one hand on her knee. "Ef he don't ketch me, I ain't comin' back. Ef he ketch me, I'll show 'im dat," — indicating the letter, — "an' ef dat ain't do no good,