

of the case. But the master had inherited obstinacy, and pride had added to the store. Anger returned to her throne.

"What do you mean by defying me in this way?" the colonel asked hotly. "What do you mean by running away, and hiding in the bushes? Do you suppose I am going to put up with it?"

The colonel worked himself up to a terrible pitch, but the old negro looked at his master with a level and disconcerting eye.

"Well, suh," replied Uncle Shade, fumbling with a pebble in his hand, "ef my mistiss wuz 'bove groun' dis day I'd be right whar she wuz at, — right dar doin' my work, des like I usen ter. Dat what I mean, suh."

"Do you mean to tell me, you impudent rascal, that because your mistress is dead you have the privilege of running off and hiding in the woods every time anybody snaps a finger at you? Why, if your mistress was alive to-day she'd have your hide taken off."

"She never is done it yet, suh, an' I been live wid 'er in about fifty year."

"Well, I'm going to do it," cried the colonel excitedly. He rode under a swinging