

limb and tied his horse. A leather strap fixed to a wooden handle hung from the horn of his saddle. "Take off that coat," he exclaimed curtly.

Uncle Shade rose and began to search in his pockets. "Well, suh," he said, "'fo' I does dat I got sump'n here I want you to look at."

"I want to see nothing," cried the colonel. "I've put up with your rascality until I'm tired. Off with that coat!"

"But I got a letter fer you, suh, an' dey tol' me to put it in yo' han' de fus time you flew'd up an' got mad wid me."

It is a short jump from the extreme of one emotion to the extreme of another. The simplicity and earnestness of the old negro suddenly appealed to the colonel's sense of the ridiculous, and once more his anger took wings. Uncle Shade searched in his pockets until he suddenly remembered that he had placed it in the lining of his hat. As he drew it forth with a hand that shook a little from excitement, it seemed to be a bundle of rags. "It's his conjure-bag," the colonel said to himself, and at the thought of it he could hardly keep his face straight.