

hands together with a resounding clap, exclaiming, "Ah-yi! Primus gittin' ol', suh, but he ain't gwine ter be outdone when it come ter knowin' dem what he use ter know, an' mo' speshually when he know'd 'em endurin' er de farmin' days. You er kind er fleshened up, suh, en you look like you er mo' settled dan what you wuz in dem days. Kaze I dunner how come you 'scaped breakin' yo' neck when you wuz stayin' at de Terrell plantation."

I was as much pleased at Uncle Primus's recognition after these long and fateful years as he seemed to be, and we had much to say to each other as he piloted me along the new road to the new gate. The house and the home place were now owned by a Mr. Yarbrough, who had at one time followed the calling of an overseer. Having bought the house, it was a marvel why he allowed it to go to rack, but he did. Instead of repairing the fine old house and living in it, he built a modest dwelling of his own. There is a psychological explanation of this, into which it is not necessary now to go. At the time I could find small excuse for the man who could use the Moreland house as a storage place for