

the insurance agency in disgust, and went off to Mississippi.

I had often heard of old family servants attaching themselves to their masters' families, and I wondered why Uncle Primus had not accompanied Linton. The old negro either divined my thoughts, or I expressed my wonder in words not now remembered, for he began to shake his head solemnly, by way of protest.

“Well, suh,” he said, after a while, “I come mighty nigh gwine off wid my young marster. I 'speck I 'd 'a' gone ef he 'd 'a' had any chil-lun, but he ain't had a blessed one. En it look like ter me, suh, dat ef de Lord gwine ter stan' by a man, He gwine ter gi' 'im chil-lun. But dat ain't all, suh. I done been out dar ter Massysip wid my young marster, en dat one time wuz too much fer me. Fust dar wuz de rippit on de steamboat, en den dar wuz de burnin' er de boat, en den come de swamps, en de canebrakes ; en I tell you right now, suh, I dunner which wuz de wuss — de rippit on de boat, er de fier, er de swamps, er de canebrakes. Dat ain't no country like our'n, suh. Dey 's nuff water in de State er Massysip fer ter float Noah's ark. Hit 's in