

trees whar de water ripple at. When de man 'ud look at her, hit seem like his eyes got mo' bluer, but dey wa'n't no mo' bluer dan what her'n wuz en not more'n half ez big. I know'd by de way she hung on de man's arm en projicked wid 'im, dat dey wuz some kin er nudder, en I say ter myse'f, 'Name er de Lord, white man, why n't you drap dis gamblin' business en settle down some'ers en take keer er dat gal?' Bless yo' soul, suh, whiles I wuz sayin' dat de gal wuz pullin' at de man's whiskers; en bimeby, she up en — *smack!* — she kissed 'im, en den I know'd he wuz her daddy.

“My young marster wuz watchin' all deze motions mo' samer dan what I wuz. He watch de gal so close dat bimeby de man kotch 'im at it, en when my young marster seed he wuz kotched he up en blush wuss'n de gal did. But de preacher-lookin' man ain't say nothin'. He look at my young marster an grin des nuff fer ter show his tushes. 'T wa'n't no laugh; 't wuz one er deze yer grins like you see on er dog des 'fo' he start ter snap you. Den he hustled de gal off, en I dunner whar dey went.

“Arter supper some er de men what my