

“ I ’low, ‘ Well, suh, I has played sev’ m-up on Sundays, en I ken pick out de kyards when I see um.’

“ Dis make de man grin mo’ samer dan befo’, but my young marster looks mighty sollum. He drum on de table wid his fingers like he studyin’ ’bout sump’n, en bimeby he say : —

“ ‘ Primus, I wus des ’bout ter sen’ you off ter bed, but I reckon you better set dar behine me en gi’ me good luck.’

“ De man look at me, en den he look at my young marster. I ’low : —

“ ‘ I ’ll set behime you en nod, Marse Lint, ef dat ’ll gi’ you good luck.’

“ Well, suh, dey started in wid de game. Dey had corn fer chips, en er empty seegyar box wuz de bank. I watched um long ez I could, en den I drapt off ter sleep. I dunner how long I sot dar en nodded, but bimeby I hear a shufflin’, en dat woke me. De two men what come in wid my young marster had done got tired er playin’, en dey draw’d out en went off ter bed. My young marster wuz fer drawin’ out too, but de preacher-lookin’ man would n’t hear ter dat. He say, ‘ Gi’ me er chance ter win my money back,’ en I