

know'd by dat dat my young marster ain't been losin' much.

“Dey played on, en I kinder kep' one eye on de game. My young marster played des like he tryin' ter lose. But 't wa'n't no use. Luck wuz runnin' his way, en she des run'd all over him. She got 'im down en wattered 'im, en den she sot on top un 'im. Dey ain't no use talkin', suh: hit wuz des scanlous. Dey wa'n't no sleep fer me while dat wuz gwine on. I des sot dar wid bofe eyes open, en my mouf too, I speck. De kyards runded so quare, suh, dat dey fair made my flesh crawl, kaze I know'd how it bleedze ter look like swindlin' ter de man what wuz so busy losin' all his money. Ef I had n't er know'd my young marster, nobody could n't er tol' me dat he wa'n't playin' a skin game, kaze I would n't b'lieved um. En dat's de way 't wuz wid dat ar preacher-lookin' man. He played en played, but bimeby he put his kyards down on de table, en draw'd a long breff, en look at my young marster. Den he 'low:—

“ ‘I seed lots er folks in my day en time, but you en your dam nigger is de slickest pair dat I ever is lay eyes on.’