

ter git in his boat? Dat zackly what he done; he lipt out same ez er bull-frog. Now, some folks dunner how ter git in a boat fum de water when dey ain't nobody in it, but here's what does. De sides is lots too ticklish. I dez grab de een' en sorter spring up en down twel I got de swing un it, en den I straddle it des like playin' lip-frog. Dat done, dey wa'n't no trouble 't all. I lif' de young 'oman in, en den my young marster he clomb in, en dar we wuz a little chilly in de win', but warm 'nuff fer ter thank de Lord we had life in us. I tuck de paddle, I did, en look at my young marster. He nod his head to'rd de burnin' boat. De young 'oman wuz cryin' en moanin', en gwine on turrible 'bout her daddy, but I des jerk dat canoe along. Her daddy wuz dead, she des know'd it; sump'n done tol' her so; en nobody ner nothin' can't make her b'lieve he 'live, no matter ef day done seed 'im 'live en well. You know how de wimmin folk runs on, suh. But while she gwine on dat a-way, I wuz des makin' dat canoe zoon, pullin' fust on one side en den on t'er.

“By dis time, suh, de burnin' boat done been run on de bank, en, mon, she lit up de