

went home wid Marse Barksdale, en when we come 'way fum dar, Marse Lint brung wid 'im de gal what he pick up in de river.

“Dey ain't but one thing 'bout my young marster dat I can't onkivver en onravel. What in de name er goodness de reason dat he can't stay right here whar he born'd at, stidder gwine out dar in Massysip er Loueeziany, er wharsomever hit is? Dat what I want ter know.”

When I last saw him, Uncle Primus was sitting on a log, evidently still trying to solve that problem.