

“ But Mr. Watkins did n’t pay any attention to how people done, so long as they did n’t come bothering him. He was all crippled up like he had the palsy or something, and he had to be moved about from room to room. He could walk a little by holding on to two of his negroes and shuffling along, but in general they toted him about on a chair. Once a week he went to town. They toted him out to his buggy and wrapped a blanket around his legs, and then a little negro, about the size of Miss Edie’s Zach, got in the buggy and drove him to town. There he’d get his jimmy-john filled, and then he’d go back home and sit in his front porch and talk to himself all day when he was n’t dozing.

“ I can’t tell it like my grandmother did. She used to get started, and she’d stand up on the floor and shuffle around and roll her eyeballs and skeer us children mighty near to death.

“ Now, you’d think that nobody would be afraid of Mr. Watkins, weak and crippled like that ; but he had everybody on his place under his thumb. Temper ! he was rank poison. And cuss ! my grandmother used to