

say he'd lean back in his seat and cuss till he'd make the cold chills run up and down your back. He could sit right still and run the chickens out of the garden and drive the dogs off the place. Now, you know a man must be mighty mean when he can stay right still and do all that.

“This was during the week-days. On Sunday—well!” Here Mrs. Biggers raised both hands vigorously, and then permitted them to fall helplessly in her lap. “That was the day he let his meanness come out, sure enough. I know you ain't ready to believe what I'm going to tell you. The children believed it because my grandmother told it at night when she was combing her hair. She said her grandmother was well acquainted with Mr. Watkins, because she lived on a joining plantation. Some things she heard tell of, and some she saw with her own eyes. I told you that Mr. Watkins was rich. Well, I don't know whether he had much money, but he had a heap of negroes. And he made 'em work. Yes, sir, work! Up in the morning by the crack of day—work, work—until dark, and, if the moon shone, until away in the night. And that wa'n't all.