

No, sir! He made 'em work Sundays! I'm telling you the truth. Sundays! I know that it don't look like the truth, but my grandmother heard her grandmother tell about it, and this much she saw with her own eyes.

“ Yes, sir! That old man, crippled and trembly as he was, made his negroes work on Sunday same as any other day. He'd make 'em tote him out to the field and put him up on a stump close by the big road, and there he'd stay all day. If he saw anybody coming along the road, he'd wave his stick, and the negroes would lay down in the field till the people went by. Then he'd wave his stick, and the negroes would get up and go to work again.

“ I don't know how long this went on — I can't tell it like my grandmother did, because she went through the motions; but Mr. Watkins made his negroes work Sunday after Sunday. They worked until he waved his walking-cane or called them, and then they'd come and tell him how much they had done. Then they'd take him off the stump and put him in his chair and tote him to the house.

“ Well, one Sunday, while the negroes were