

at work, a man passed along the road, and Mr. Watkins did n't wave his cane. But the negroes stopped work anyhow and looked at him. The man was tall and dark-looking. He had on black clothes, and he rode a big black horse. When he came close to Mr. Watkins there was a flash of fire. Some said the man's horse hit his shoe against a flint rock and made the blaze, and some said not. My grandmother did n't know how that was, because her grandmother was n't there to see. But there was the tall dark man riding a big black horse, and there was the flash of fire, and there on the stump was Mr. Watkins.

“ Well, sir, when the time come for the negroes to quit work, Mr. Watkins did n't wave his cane, and so they kept on until it got too dark to work. Then they went to where Mr. Watkins was perched up on the stump, and asked him if it was time to quit. He would n't say anything, so they hung around and did n't know what to do. They thought they could smell brimstone ; but they wa'n't certain. Anyhow, when they tried to lift Mr. Watkins off the stump they could n't budge him. No, sir ! They