

could n't budge him. Some of the negroes run to the house and told Mr. Watkins's family, and they got torches and went to see about it.

“ Well, sir, Mr. Watkins had done growed to the stump. I know you won't believe me, because I'm half laughing when I tell you about it, but my grandmother, she could tell it with a straight face. She was old and settled. Yes, sir! Mr. Watkins was growed to the stump, and they could n't pull him loose. First they pulled and then they tried to prize him up. But there he was. It seemed like the stump had fastened to him somehow. They sent for the doctor, but you know yourself the doctor could n't do nothing for a man in that kind of a fix. He might drench him with horse medicine, and even that would n't do any good. Mr. Watkins was there on the stump, and no doctor could n't take him loose. The doctor came, but what good could the doctor do? He just looked at Mr. Watkins and felt of him, and looked at the stump and felt of it, and then he shook his head and rubbed his chin. You know how it is when a doctor shakes his head and rubs his chin. That was the way it was with Mr. Watkins.