

'em an' butt their cussed heads together tell you would n't know 'em from a lot of spiled squashes."

"Now, don't get angry and say bad words, father."

"I can't help it, Jule; I jest can't help it. When the fuss was a-brewin' I sot down an' wrote to Jeems Buchanan, and told him, jest as plain as the words could be put on paper, that war was boun' to come if he did n't look sharp; an' then when old Buck dropped out, I sot down an' wrote to Abe Lincoln an' told him that coercion would n't work worth a cent, but conciliation" —

"Wait, father!" Julia held up her pretty hand. "I hear some one calling. Listen!"

Not far away they heard the voice of a negro. "Marse Dave Henry! O Marse Dave Henry!"

"Hello! Who the nation are you hollerin' at?" said Squire Fambrough as a youngish-looking negro man came in view. "An' where did you come from, an' where are you goin'?"

"Howdy, mistiss, — howdy, marster!" The negro took off his hat as he came up.

"What's your name?" asked the squire.