

“I ’m name Tuck, suh. None er you all ain’t seed nothin’ er Marse” —

“Who do you belong to?”

“I b’longs ter de Cloptons down dar in Georgy, suh. None er you-all ain’t seed nothin’” —

“What are you doin’ here?” demanded Squire Fambrough, somewhat angrily. “Don’t you know you are liable to get killed any minute? Ain’t you makin’ your way to the Yankee army?”

“No, suh.” The negro spoke with unction. “I ’m des a-huntin’ my young marster, suh. He name Dave Henry Clopton. Dat what we call him, — Marse Dave Henry. None er you-all ain’t seed ’im, is you?”

“Jule,” said the squire, rubbing his nose thoughtfully, “ain’t that the name of the chap that used to hang around here before the Yankees got too close?”

“Do you mean Lieutenant Clopton, father?” asked Julia, showing some confusion.

“Yessum.” Tuck grinned and rubbed his hands together. “Marse Dave Henry is sholy a lieutender in de company, an’ mistiss she say he ’d a done been a giner’l ef dey wa’n’t so much enviousness in de army.”