

“ ’T is nothin’ else, simlin-head.”

“ Marse Dave Henry,” the negro yelled, “ run here an’ look at dish yer ginnywine coffee! Dey ’s nuff coffee dar fer ter make mistiss happy de balance er her days. Some done spill out!” he exclaimed. “ Boss, kin I have dem what ’s on de groun’?”

“ Take ’em,” said O’Halloran, “ an’ much good may they do you.”

“ One, two, th’ee, fo’, fi’, sick, sev’m.” The negro counted the grains as he picked them up. “ O Marse Dave Henry, run here an’ look! I got sev’m grains er ginnywine coffee. I’m gwine take um ter mistiss.”

The Irishman regarded the negro with curiosity. Then taking the dead branch of a tree he drew a line several yards in length between himself and Kilpatrick.

“ D ’ye see that line there?” he said to the negro.

“ Dat ar mark? Oh, yasser, I sees de mark.”

“ Very well. On that side of the line you are in slavery — on this side the line you are free.”

“ Who? Me?”

“ Who else but you?”

“ I been hear talk er freedom, but I ain’t