

ketch 'm an' hol' 'im tell I can git my han's on 'im."

"Which way did he go?" asked Blandford.

"He went right up dat away!" exclaimed a negro woman excitedly. She pointed across the railroad. "He come lopin' 'long here, an' he went right up dat away. I seed 'im. I wuz right at 'im. Yasser. Right up dat away." She was both excited and indignant. "He look mo' like de Devil dan any white man I ever is see. An' de baby wuz cryin' like it heart done broke!"

"Oh, Lord 'a' mercy, what shall I do?" cried Cassy, wringing her hands.

"'T ain't been long, nuther," said the negro woman, "'kaze I been stan'in' right here waitin'. I des know'd sump'n n'er wuz gwine ter happen. I des know'd it. Why n't you all run on an' ketch 'im? I boun' ef I had a hoss an' could ride straddle I'd ketch 'im."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Cassy.

What is now McDaniel Street was not then laid off. It was a short cut through a cow pasture, running through an open country, dotted here and there with clumps of pine