

calculated and intended to exasperate her old mistress and her young mistress.

“If you think I intend to submit to your impudence”—Mrs. Kilpatrick began with as much dignity as she could command under the circumstances. But Aunt Candace was equal to the emergency. Before her mistress could say what she intended, the old negress rose from the bedside, her eyes blazing with wrath.

“Whose imperdence? Whose imperdence? Ef I felt dat away, I ’d ’a’ sot down yander an’ nussed my own sickness an’ let dis chile die. He ’s yo’ chile; he ain’t none er mine; an’ yit youer settin’ dar hol’in yo’ han’s an’ wipin’ yo’ eyes, whiles de fever fair bu’nin’ ’im up.

“He ain’t none er my chile, yit ef he ain’t got none er my blood in ’im, it’s kaze nigger milk don’t turn to blood. I don’t keer what you say; I don’t keer what you do; you can’t skeer me, an’ you can’t drive me. I’ll see you bofe in torment, an’ go dar myself befo’ I’ll set down an’ see Jack Kilpatrick lay dar an die! You hear dat, don’t you? Now, go on an’ do what you gwine ter do!”