

her, an' little mo' an' I'd 'a' done it, too." Aunt Candace's anger was almost venomous.

"Well, I tell you now," responded Plato, "I seed some mighty quare doin's up yander endurin' de war." He nodded his head towards Atlanta. "Dey wuz one time when a river run'd right 'twixt de lines, an' it got so dat mighty nigh eve'y day de Yankees an' our boys 'd go in washin' an' play in de water dar des like a passel er chillun. Marse Jack wuz in dar eve'y chance he got, an' him an' dat ar big Yankee what wuz in de house — he up yander watchin' de stock right now — dey 'd git ter projickin' an' tryin' ter duck one an'er, an' I tuck notice dat de big Yankee allers let Marse Jack do de duckin'. 'Fo' dat, dey 'd meet twixt de lines when dey wa'n't no rumpus gwine on, an' dey 'd swap an' trade an' laugh an' talk an' take on like dey been raised wid one an'er."

"Huh! Much he look like bein' raised wid Marse Jack!" snorted Aunt Candace.

"Maybe he de one what want ter take Marse Jack off wid de army," suggested Plato, pursuing the subject. "Ef he is you nee'n' ter let dat worry you, kaze he'll be safe wid dat big Yankee, sho."