

on'y de money what meeks de diffence, hits de—hit's de—Boss, I wisht I had de book words ter splain it de way I knows it in heah!" He tapped his breast. "Hits de—de diffence in de—in de cornsciousness. Dat's de on'y way I kin splain it. Hit seems ter me de ole-time folks had de inner cornsciousness, an' all dese heah new people ain't got nut'n' but de outer cornsciousness!"

"Dars my ole madam, Miss Annie, now, dat uster smile on ev'y nigger 'long de coas', so feered she mout be a slightin' some o' she's own people, caze she own so many she don't know half on 'em—dar she is now, a-livin' back o' cown a-meekin yeast cakes fo' de Christian Woman's Exchange, an', Boss, I wish you could see her!"

"You reckon she talk po' mouf? No, sir! She's mouf warn't cut out by de po' mouf pattern! She nuver lets on, no more'n ef de ole times was back agin."

"I goes ter see her de days my rheumatiz lets up on me right smart—I goes ter see her, an' she sets in dat little front room wid de two little yaller steps a-settin out at de front do', an' she axes me how I come on, an' talks 'long peaceful like, but she nuver specifics!"

"No, sir, she nuver specifics! Fo' all you could see, she mout have her ca'r'ge out at de front do' an' be out dar ter see po' white folks on business. Dat house don't fit her, and Marse Robert's portrit a-hangin' over dat little chimbly look like hit's los', hit look so onnachel."

"I axed Miss Annie one day how long she specs ter live dat-a-way, an' ef God forgives me, I aint a-gwine ter quizzify her no mo'!"

The old man hesitated and looked at me, evidently expecting to be questioned.

"Why, old man, didn't she answer you?" I said.

"Oh, yas sir! She answered me; she say, 'Well, Unc' Mingo, I hardly know. I finds it ve'y pleasant and quiet out heah!'"

"'Pleasant an' quiet!' Laws-a-mussy! An' 'bout a million o' po' chillen a-rippin' an' a-tarrin' up and down de banquette, an' de organ-grinder drowndin' out de soun' o' 'Ole Sweet Beans an' Ba'ley Grow' on her little box steps dat minute!"

"I aint nuver answered her, on'y jes' tunned my haid an' looked at de crowd, an' she says, 'Oh, de chillen, dee are a little noisy, but I meant in a'—some kind o' way,—is dey got sich a word as soshual, Boss?"

"Social? Yes."

"Dat's hit—in a *soshual* way she say she fine hit's quiet, caze, she say, she aint made no new 'quaintances out dar; an' den she aint said no mo', on'y axed me ef de ribber's risin', an' I see she done shet de do' on my quizzifyin'."