

ENOCK CRANE

Moses, who had just entered the Grimsby-Atwater living-room with a scuttle of coal.

"Monstus strange," declared Moses solemnly, as he stood with his wife before Enoch's untouched bed. "It suttinly am monstus strange, Tildy," he repeated, shaking his woolly head dubiously. "Dar's his grip-sack sho' 'nouf," he exclaimed, opening the closet door. "Yo' sho' he didn't say nuffin 'bout gwine away? Rack yo' brain, honey, an' stop yo' tremblin', won't do no good to go on dat-a-way."

"Last time I seen him," declared Matilda, "was yisterday when I was breshin' up de sittin'-room. He sot over dar yonder in de big chair a-readin' of his mail."

"An' he didn't say nuffin 'bout gwine away?" Moses insisted.

"Nuffin mo'en 'good mornin', Matildy.' Bimeby I done got through ma dustin', an' was a-gwine in to make his bed, when I seen him open one er de letters what come dat mornin'. He tar it open like it was a-hidin' some news from him. Den he done read it anxious like. Den he jump up from de big chair an' grab his hat an' overcoat, an' slap out de do', lickety-split. Didn't even close de do'. Den I run an' look out de window, an' I seen him. He was a-walkin' fast—like he couldn't walk no faster—an' a shakin' of his head. I tell yo', nigger, somethin' was monstus heavy on his mine. I never seen Marser Crane like dat befo'."

"Which-a-way was he a-goin'?" asked Moses anxiously.