

them to such dependence. Do you really think it ever was, or ever will be, a blessing to anyone, this system of owning humanity? "

"You are right; it is a ball of fire that one dare not touch, this question of slavery. Older heads than ours and wiser, too, have puzzled over it; but there it remains, and there it will remain."

"Not necessarily; you owners are the ones to co-operate if you are assured it is a curse."

"A curse? Of course, I am assured of it, so are hundreds of others in my position; but how many would go with me heart and hand against it? Not one."

"Well, it is a vexed question. Yours seem happy, though; I never saw people more merry."

"Yes, ours and a few others; but sometimes they are sold, and parted; it breaks their hearts, and they often die."

Harry now tells the gentlemen that he has ordered Letty and the phaeton for their benefit, and he will ride the judge's cob, with Angel. The presents are safely packed (with an elegant little workbox, that is his own special gift) in a good strong box, and placed in the phaeton, all declaring Harry a perfect general for planning. As the phaeton disappears around a bend in the road, they mount leisurely, and for one moment the horses' heads are turned in the direction of the quarters. Hearing a deep sigh from his companion, Harry turns quickly and exclaims, "Why so sad?"

"It is a sad thing to think of."

"I do not understand in the least what you refer to."

"Why, that I have met and spoken to all those people,