

before. I see you remember me,—Mr. Butler, of Oaklands, Shelby County.'

'Ye—yes—yes, sir,' said Mr. Wilson, like one speaking in a dream.

Just then a negro boy entered, and announced that Masr's room was ready.

'Jim, see to the trunks,' said the gentleman, negligently; then addressing himself to Mr. Wilson, he added—'I should like to have a few moments' conversation with you on business, in my room, if you please.'

Mr. Wilson followed him, as one who walks in his sleep; and they proceeded to a large upper chamber, where a new-made fire was crackling, and various servants flying about, putting finishing touches to the arrangements.

When all was done, and the servants departed, the young man deliberately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, faced about, and tolding his arms in his bosom, looked Mr. Wilson full in the face.

'George !' said Mr. Wilson.

'Yes, George,' said the young man.

'I could n't have thought it !'

'I am pretty well-disguised, I fancy,' said the young man with a smile. 'A little walnut bark has made my yellow skin a genteel brown, and I've dyed my hair black; so you see I don't answer to the advertisement at all.'

'O George ! but this is a dangerous game you are playing. I could not have advised you to it.'

'I can do it on my own responsibility,' said George, with the same proud smile.

We remark, *en passant*, that a slight change in the tint of the skin and the color of his hair had metamorphosed him into the Spanish-looking fellow he then appeared; and as gracefulness of movement and gentlemanly manners had always been perfectly natural to him, he found no difficulty in playing the bold part he had adopted—that of a gentleman travelling with his domestic.

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'Well, George, I s'pose you're running away—leaving your lawful master, George—(I don't wonder at it)—at the same time, I'm sorry, George,—yes, decidedly—I think I must say that George—it's my duty to tell you so.'