

"what is gwine put up the sevumty-five dollars!"

"Haw!" returned Urias with ponderous sarcasm. "You is foolish as you look. How come you to git the idee in yo' haid I is got sevumty-five dollars?"

"I ain't. But you is gwine git it."

"I ain't nev' yit been in jail, an'—"

"Lis'en heah, 'Rias: they ain't no trouble 'bout me gitten the money. Reckon Flo'ian Slappey'd lemme it if'n I'd take him in on the deal, or I could git Semore Mashby to do it —"

Urias clutched his short, dumpy friend by a greasy shoulder. "If'n you was ev' to give Semore Mashby the oppomtunity to make money, Cass, I'd plumb ruint you. That ol' jack-face' monkey is so tight 'bout'n money he ties chains to his dimes. Semore Mashby, Cass, is a discredick to the coloured race — an' sides, he is got too much money a'ready."

Cass nodded vehement agreeem. "Ise with you in all what you says bout'n S. more Mashby, 'Rias. I woul'n't enter into no business deal with that man on'y if'n I had to. But I is sayin' I c'n git the money a' right. They's Flo'ian Slappey: he's the on'y an' original take-a-chanest feller, an' fust off I thought I'd go to him, but I says to myse'f: 'Cass Driggers,' I says, 'Rias Nesbit an' you is been buddies senest you was kids an' if'n they's more'n two hund'ed dollars profit gwine be divided up seems like you owes him a slice of it.' Tha's jes' zac'ly what I says to myse'f, 'Rias, jes' like that — which is how come I to decide I an' you is gwine split up them they profits."

Urias shook a perturbed head. "You is speakin'