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whip, an' rode off afteh de tracks I done made. Dat cut foted de blood, but, Miss Julia, dat cut did shu'ly feel good. He stay in de lof fo' days, tell he got rested. I reached him up watch, an' cooked victuals, an' candy dat I had put by fo' de children when dey good. De children nebbeh know dat he wuz dah. Tuesday ebenin' he say to me trough de cracks in de lof fo': 'Cindy, you has sated me fo' my freedom, an' keered fo' me. I got to git on to de norf fo' my freedom. When I gits dah, I'll wok ha'd, an' sabe what I gits, an' I'll come back fo' you soon ez I kin; but fo' God, I'll come back—mebbe one year, mebbe ten. I is gwine to pay you back, takin' keer ob you. Kin you git a preacheh handy? Tonight? I is gwine to marry you ofo' I goes. I is gwine tonight. I is gwine to show you dat I is arnest.'

"Miss Juli, I fo' certain did lub dat man, as' he tole me he fo' certain lub me. When de col'ed folks lub dey lub hard. Dey jes' trow demselbs at each other an' catch holt. Mebbe de wite folks lub jes' ez shu, enough hard, but dey is mo' offish;—dey don't let on dat dey lub. De white folks is mo' stickner dan de col'ed folks gen'ly is. Mebbe dat's on account ob der bein' mo' law fo' de white folks. "Ef he's home I kin git him," I says. "Uncle Rube Jenkins is a preacheh. He marries all de col'ed folks in dese parts when dey gits ready. He libs roun' de hill in Dry Creek Bottom, 'bout half a mile."

"Run git him," he says. 'Hab him yeah at nine o'clock. I is gwine to de bush fo' my bundle, an' I come back yeah.' "I st'ated. I nebbeh run so fast in my life. I hollered to de children to run obeh to dere Aunt Car'line's an' I tell 'em I come fo' 'em 'bout bed time, Uncle Rube he been home. I ax him fo' to step out. I done tole him de whole troof. Uncle Rube he patted me on de head an' he say: 'I is gwine wid you, Cindy. You is a good girl. I is knowed you eber since you was a leetle baby, honey. You ain't gwine to go widout marryin' fo' de want uv ole Uncle Rube's helpin' you. Wha de heart is, dat am whar de burden am light.'

"I done forgot to tell you, Miss Julia, dat de young col'ed gentleman's name was Mr. Eph Raster, too. He come from de Georgia Rasters. Dat onery Eph Raster couldn't hold de snuff ob a tallow candle to him. Befo' we got back to de cabin, dar wuz de biggest sto'm an' de blackest night you eber seed. I couldn't see my han' afo' my eyes. Uncle Rube an' me knowed de way like de foxes an' de possums an' de skunks dat prow' roun' in de dark. When we got to de cabin, de do' opened an' he whispered: 'Is that you an' de preacheh, Cindy?' 'Yes,' I says. 'Hurry up,' he whispered again. 'Hurry up, Marry us quick. De men am roun' ag'in fo' to catch me—I yeahe'd 'em. He cotched hold my han' an' we step in, an' in de dark Uncle Rube he said de words, quiet like. Den he said: 'You is man an' wife. De Lo'd bress you. I must git home afo' de rain comes. Amen.' An' off he went. I wuz all ob a shiver fo' fear de men would come. I says: 'Fo' de Lo'd's sake go now afo' you is cotched.' I yeahe'd him laugh. He struck a match an' walk wid his back to me to de table. He put de match to de candle da. It sputtehed an' burned up. Den he turned roun' an' dah stood dat onery, Eph Raster."

"I growe to de spot I wuz standin' on. He laugh ag'in, right in my face, an' he says: 'Now you is Eph Raster's wife, shu' enough. I is got you! You is not gwine to send me off ag'in. I heached you make de barg'in wid dat stranger man. I sp'ioned you. I is unde de cabin de whole day. He went to de bush fo' his bundle. Den I followed him. I cotched up to him, an' den I tole him dat you sent me fo' to say dat de men pass you, goin' for de preacheh, an' fo' de Lo'd's sake not to come neah de cabin ag'in tell he could come safe. Fo' him to go git his freedom. You wait fo' git him. Dat's what I tole him. Den he went off packin' his bundle. 'You is my wife.' His debble's face was grinnin' at me."

The woman looked like a wild animal, cornered. Her eyes glittered with hate. Her fingers spread like talons. Sse crouched as if to spring upon her mistress.

"Don't Cindy, don't," Mrs. Merrill cried, alarmed. Instantly she calmed, drew a long breath, her face became pitiful in its pleading.

"Fo' de Lo'd's sake forgib me, Miss Julia. I don't mean you no harm. I wouldn't do you no mo' harm dan if you wuz a baby. When I think ob dat big wickedness done me, I grows till I is as big as a mountain, an' ez strong as an ox, an' I could tear down de biggest tree in de woods. Dat's de way I feel when he grin in my face. Miss Julia, did you eber see a cat wid kittens claw a stranger dog? Dat's de way I clawed him. I teared him in de eyes till he couldn't see, an' I bit him till he hollered. De candle fell off de table. I grab him an' held it to his hair till I sot fiah to it, an' I greased his face wid de hot tallow. Den I jumped off him an' grabbed de gun dat papa lef', loaded for mamma to use if she need it fo' to defend herse'f. He ran and I fished. You kin see de hole in de cabin do' yit. Dat wuz de las' ob dat Eph Raster's on'riness. Some ob de folks say I is his widow. I'd rather be lyin' up dar on de hill in de grabya'd dan be de widow ob de likes ob him!"

She stood, stiff with rage. "Poor girl!" Mrs. Merrill said, reaching out her hand to her. Cindy's face softened. The hand seemed a mercy extended to her. She took it, dropped to the floor and pressed her hot cheek against it. "You is good to Cindy. You has a leetle soft han'. Cindy's cheek hasn't had de touch ob a han' since dat young col'ed gentlemas reached down from de lof an' tech it. I is gwine to tell you de whole ob it: In de sto'm I felt my way to de bush. I jerked a quilt off de bed fo' to keep de rain off him if I found him. I called 'Eph, Eph,' thinking mebbe he wuz stayin' 'bout waitin' fo' me. But da wuz no answer. Chance times de wind in de trees fool me fo' an answer and I ran to whar it came from. When I think mebbe, in de dark, he slip back to de cabin fo' to say 'good-bye'. I ran dah. De cabin wuz empty. I fo'git fo' to bring de children. I fo'git I wuz libbin'. I lif' up my han' in de presence ob de Lo'd an' I swear afo' Him dat de man I said de words to am not de man I gib my promise; de man dat wuz in my heart am de man dat I mah'ied. De Eph Raster dat talk down from de lof an' reach down an' tech my cheek an' tole me fo' to foteh de preacheh, an' de Eph Raster I mah'ied an' is de widow ob."

"Is he dead, Cindy?" "I dunno, Miss Julia. I ain't nebbeh heerd from him. Ef he's libbin' he's gwine to come some day. Ef he done don't come in dis world, de day de Lo'd sends a summons afteh me, dat'll be my weddin' day."

"Poor girl! And you were arrested of course, for shooting the miserable wretch?" No, mam, I wa'n't rested. I jes' yeah De crowner done come an' I tole him de troof. He say dat Eph Raster wuz too onery fo' to lib. Dat wuz de cause ob his death. He say dat he hab a lot ob people wo'kin' his co'n an' wuz too busy to sit on him den. He ain't nebbeh sot on him. I tole Squire Rideback de troof. He say dat dar ain't no law fo' to fit fo' to rest me. He say dat Eph Raster make fo'cible entry whar he done hab no business. Dat he done try to steal a wife, an' dat wuz burglary, wedder de law done fit fo' burglary or not. No, mam, I wa'n't rested. I is jes' yeah yit, waitin' fo' my Eph."

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

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