

"Who's done gone an' set dowd in dis yer seat?"

"Den de kark angel, he spoke up sassy like, an' says he—

"Deed, Lord, ain't nobody set down in dat yer cheer."

"Den de Lord say—

"S'pose I don' know? S'pose I can't read ebery wicked thing in yo' black heart? You want to turn me out ob here, an' fix up de place to suit yourself. I'll hab nothin' more to do wid you, bad kark angel. You sha'n't stav in hebben an' c'rapt de odder chillen. I'll make a new kark angel."

"Den de Lord, he sot all de good angels to one side, an' all de bad to de other wid de kark angel that done sot down in his cheer. An' de Lord says to de kark angel, 'Git out o' hebben wid you! Dar's a lot o' brimstone, an' dar's a lot ob fire. Go down an' jis make yo' own hell. Har's a lot ob horns an' tails, an' pitchforks: you kin sort 'em to suit yourselfs. I's got notin' more to do wid you uns. You's all debbils now.'

"Den de chief debbil, Brelsdehub dey calls him, he brungs all his angels togedder; an' he clar war 'ginst de Lord, an' swar he'd git into hebben agin and conquer it.

"But de Lord, he build a brick wall all roun' hebben, *seven miles high*; an' when de ole kark angel come along, de Lord sot in his own char, wid his best, beautifullest silver pipe, an' he didn't kar for de debbil de least mite in de world.

"Den de Lord sent out a comet-star to 'stroy 'em off de face ob de arth, an' de bad angels dey all got scart; but de ole kark angel said—

"You's all fools. Don't ye s'poze I's got power 'nough to make de Lord tremble in his shoes?"

"Den de debbil caught de comet-star on he long tail, an' he shook it ober de walls an' gates of hebben, an' de angels of de Lord got frightened; but de Lord, he got on top ob de walk of Zion, umph! umph!"

I have no other way of describing, but by those two words, that internal chuckle which is not a word, used by negroes when under excitement. Tiddy expressed herself by it incessantly; for answer, for doubt, for incredulity, interjection, and ejaculation.

"Den de Lord, he let down a chain, chilet thousand's o' miles long, dat a nobody couldn't, hold him; an' he caught dat raring taring kark angel, spite of his boots, an' he lower him down, an' down, an' downer, into de oberlasting pit; an' Miss Lissy, he ain't got out o' dem ar chains yit, an' he nebbber will till de angel Gabereil blows de trompet ob de Lord—umph, umph! And, Miss Lissy, dat ar preacher from New York, he so full ob de spirit ob de Lord, det he keep

runnin' up an' down de pulpit sta'rs, an' almost got on top de Bible. Dat's *my* kiud o' minister, 'cause he 'splains dem Rebelations lubbly."

"But what do you mean by the kark angel, Tiddy?"

"Ain't you got sense nuff to know dat?" said Tiddy, with a wise look.

"She means archangel, dear," said I.

"Yo' mus' study dem Rebellations," mused Tiddy, losing herself in her happy reflections; while Jo helped Nellie on with her wraps, and, for the first time in her life, kissed her solemnly and tenderly on the cheek. I think she surrendered Conrad at that moment forever, and in her heart gave the fair girl her blessing.

CHAPTER XXI.

Put me up two handkerchiefs, my dear; you know I always want two when I am going to speak."

I said this to Lissa as I was leaving home one morning in a hurry. My friends had been long importunate for an address in which I might air the peculiar views of my party and which might tend to further my political interests.

It was something quite foreign to my inclination to deliver speeches. I had the same dislike to publicity of that sort that I have to a shower bath. After the shock there is a glow, it is true, but the shock is terrible. The beginning is the trial to my nervous system—just after I have said, "*Ladies and Gentlemen*," the blood flies to my head; my finger-tips grow cold; I want to swallow, and can't; I want to do several things and can't—one of them is, to get out of the matter altogether.

The cars whirled me to the scene of action; an indigestible supper was in waiting for me; a pompous president, all chin and spectacles; a small secretary, who smiled every time he spoke, and spoke all the time; a mild waiter, who spilled the tea on my coat; and several committee-men, whose duties seemed to consist in flying in and out, writing on bits of white paper, and looking mysteriously at me until I looked at them, whereupon they became suddenly contemplative concerning the knees of their trousers.

I, meantime, kept up a quaking sort of dignity, and felt cold and hot by turns. My gobs were in my waistcoat pocket, as I ascertained by feeling; my two handkerchiefs rested serenely near my heart. I have, perhaps, a weakness for nice handkerchiefs, linen of the finest quality; ornamentation, if there is any, rich but not conspicuous; size, extra large. I love the fragrance of the well-laundried *mouchoir*, the soft downfall of the