CHAPTER XIII. AUNT NANCY'S MILLENIUM.

"Ab'm! Ab'm! A-bra-him! Ab'm Potter! You A-bra-him Pot-ter!" In sharp staccato and ever-increase ing accelerando Aunt Nancy "South mead's "voice rang out upon the noon day air from her cabin door, calling lustily for the husband of her bosom, the partner of her life, the sharer of her woes. Aunt Nancy led a dual life and sustained a dual character. Let him who is without repreach in this respect cast the first stone at her To the family at the "big house" and this sparse white population of the neighborhood she was Aunt Nancy Southmead, the best cook and most reliable house servant in the country In the "quarters," and to the dense colored population of the lake bed, she was Mrs. Ab'm Potter, a lady of social importance, and a personage of market The facts of her husband, Abram Potter, being head of the big-gest "squad" and the best "crapper on the place, as well as first engineer during ginning time, established her

Aunt Nancy had come to years of discretion during "reb times," and, having always been a favored and petted servitor, she bore about in her ample bosom nothing but loyal devotion for her "white folks." In the days of their fiery ordeal she was taunch and true. When the end In the staunch and true. When the end came, and Aunt Nancy was free as When the end the wind to go where she listed, she chose to remain with those who had been good friends to her in the days of her dependent slavery, and would be, she was wise enough to believe, her safest reliance until death did them But notwithstanding her loyalty to the big house and its patrician in-mates, she derived a full measure of satisfaction from being a free woman, and from the consciousness that the loyal service she still rendered was a matter of choice rather than compulsion. In her way she was a shre observer of human nature, and a philosopher of no mean pretensions. In her home she was absolutely autocratic, and seemed to expend upon Abram, the most humble and inoffensive of spouses, all the possibilities of her nature in the way of tartness, exasperation, and unreasonable exaction.

On the occasion in question Aun Nancy impatiently pushed aside the intrusive tendrils of a purple flowering bean that clambered luxuriantly over her cabin porch, and peered out in the direction of the field where Abram should have been at work, to ask im-patiently of space: "Whar am dat nigger?" Then, with the justice of Then, with the justice of human nature in general, and of her sex in particular, she relieved the pressure upon her moral system by emptying the vials of her wrath upon the nearest at hand. Lucklessly for them those nearest objects on this occasion Lucifer, her firstborn and only son, Victoria Meenervy, her last born and only daughter, and "Cap," Abram's yellow cur, which he prized above all earthly possessions, next to his wife and dusky olive branches.

"You Vic! yer good-fer-nuthin' bag er bones! take dat baskit an' gedder me a mess u' greens in three shakes of a sheep's tail. Yer reck'n I gwine house an' den come down here t' cook vittles fer you an' dat triffin' pappy er ium in de kingdom come. yo'n, an' him too owdacious lazy to "Wich were de lyin' done growd em' fer ye! Cl'ar out, fo' I slavs ver 'live !'

Vic and the basket were hurled out of the cabin gardenward with agility, and Mrs. Potter turned her attention to Lucifer, who had fled from the wrath to come and hidden himself behind the water-barrel under the front

"You Luce, I sees yer, yer skulkin scamp! Fotch me some chips, boy. Quick, too, ef yer knows wot's good fer En ef you don' have a fire lighted under de po'k pot by de time Vic gits back wid nem greens, why, all I'se go to say is, I'll be sorry fer you -- mouty sorry, boy.

Lucifer disappeared in Vic's wake, and Cap, with that subtle animal instinct which stands the brute creation in good stead of man's boasted reasoning faculties, slowly rose from his re-cumbent position under the bed, tucked his tail apologetically between his legs and, keeping one cautious eye upon the enemy, sidled judiciously toward the door.

"Yer'd better," Aunt Nancy said in recognition of this strategic move on Cap's part; then, having routed the entire garrison, she applied herself in silence to putting Abraham's pork on to boil, his corn cake in the covered skillet to bake, and to fishing out of the open molasses jug on the table some half-dozen or more flies, that had rashly courted death in its black and stickly depths.

This done, Aunt Nancy took down a cow's horn that hung over the low cabin door, and blew a blast that would have excited spasms of envy in Roderick Dhu's breast, could that immortal hero but have heard it.

"Wot in de name uv de nashun is yer makin' sech a sackit 'bout, ole woman? Yer's ben a yelpin' an' agwine on wuss den Cap do w'en he git in a bumbly bee nes.'"

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Abram's answer to this last summons was given in a low, mild voice, so immediately under her nose that Aunt Nancy was covered with that sudden sense of foolishness that overcomes us all when we find our exertions quite superfluous for the occasion. ropped the horn, and laughed aim-

Ef yer'd been civil 'nuff ter answer befo, 'twouldn't 'a' hurted you, nor sot me back enny," she said, hanging the horn up again by its twine string, and mopping her face with her apron. "Den der would 'a' ben two fool niggers a yelpin' stead er one," said Abram, with a grin, after which he sniffs toward the cabin very much as Cap might have done, to ask: "Is de

vittles ready?' Dem triffin' young 'uns had'n so much as fotch me a pail uv water w'en I got yere. But I made 'em hump deyseff, I did. An' it would'n' a' hurted you ter lef' me some

vood cut up, dat it would'n'." Wot fur yer hustle me up so den? Abram asked, throwing himself for his noonday rest in a recumbent position on a carpenter's bench that stood under the big gum tree shading his cabin.

"Well, ole man, I laks fer ter have supremacy beyond peradvena chance to talk ter yer 'tween whiles,' says Aunt Nancy, with wifely cajolery "Yer's so sleepy-headed er nights dar ain' no satisfaction in tryin' to tell yer "Is yer got any thin' to tell me

Abram asks, practically. Aunt Nancy retreated to the interior of the cabin long enough to throw a lapful of greens, which she had stemmed in violent haste, into the pot where the family ration of pork was already bobbing and bubbing greasily, took a peep at the corn pone in the covered skillet, piled a few fresh coals

open doorway to say, with solemn posi-"Abram, ne mellenyium's done

on the lid of it, and came back to the

"Wot you say, ole woman?" Abram sleepily opened his eyes at this remarkable assertion.

"De mellenyium done come !" Aunt Nancy repeats, in a voice of conviction. "Who done tole you so?" Abram asks, sitting bolt upright, with an eagerness in voice and eye which nothing short of news from the celestial kingdom could have evoked from his stolid soul. "Nobody didn't tole me. I done see

it myself wid dese ve'y eyes uv mine. De lyin and de lamb' a-layin' down

Whar, Nancy?" Abram sprang from the carpenter's bench and stood erect, giving a vigorous hitch to his suspenders, as if pre-paring on a moment's notice to take any part that might be assigned him in propagating the glad tidings.

"Leastways," says Aunt Nancy, with anti-climax composure, "ef I ain' see de lyin an' de lam' a-layin' down t'gedder, I'se seen de nex't thing to it. These is a "Wot't dat, Nancy?" falling inflection in Abram's voice.

"I see Mr. Major Denny, which he air a Yankee gen'l'man, yer knows, Ab'm, an' our Miss Sulie, which she air de widder uv a reb soldier which were killed by de Yankee gen'I'men, a ridin off t'gedder this mornin', him on dat black hoss which steps sorter proud, lak he was set up kase he's totin' uv de major about, an' Miss Sulie on a purty ep's tail. Yer reck'n I gwine my fingers t' de bones at big An' dey look jes' as happy as we'll all look in de golden hours uv de milleny.

"Wich were de lyin 'n' wich were leave me a stick er wood cut, en you de lamb', ole woman?" Abram asks, too triflin' ter pick de collards after I disgustedly preparing to piece out his done growd em' fer ye! Cl'ar out, broken nap—" de major's black hoss or broken nap-Miss Sulie's roan mar'?'

"An' I tell yer wot, ole man, Nancy continues, waiving this frivo-lous interruption. "I kin see through a hole in de grin'stone as well as de W'en de black hoss en bes' uv yer. dat roan gets to travelin' in company, somepun gwine to turn up."
"Dat ole black hoss was raised by

one uv de wuss en'mies Mars George Soufmead ever had," Abram says, reflectively and irrelevantly.

'Dat's wot I ben tellin' yer," say Aunt Nancy, in illogical triumph.
Den yer see de finger uv Provydince in it all, Ab'm, jes' es plain es de nose on er man's face? God bless our Miss She's wuff us all b'iled inter Sulie But won' dis nigger mek her a wedd'n' cake dat'll take de rag off'n de

"Go slow, ole woman, er yer mou run over yo'seff. Slow en sure. Nancy, which way did dey trav'l?" "Straight up de lake todes ole Squire Thorn's."

Thar's trubble at de Squire's. Abram imparts this bit of news placidly "Trubble. En wot sort, old man?

"Jim Doakes, he come a rowin' by so y'arly dis mornin', jes' as I wen' down t' lake t' look at my water mark for de fuss time sence las' night, an' I ups an' axed him wot his hurry was. En he tole me he was gwine fur de doctor fur de major's frien', which was

laid up wid a hurt at dey house."
"Wot sorter hurt?" Nancy asks.

anxiously "That's all I gott'n outer him. Ef Jim knowed enny mo' he wa'n' gwine

t'let on. Jim's one er yer close moufed niggers, any way yer tak' him." This hint of sorrow and pain so close at hand caused Aunt Nancy to suddenly revise her opinion concerning the clo proximity of the millennium.

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"Abram," she said, pensively fishing the collards dripping with hot grease from the pork pot, "these air tryin times. Wot wid de ribber er knockin" to depend upon. Fred, for instance at de do' lak it was boun' t' git in an swaller us all up wedder or no; an' de w'ite folks seemin' lak dey done los' der grip on ev'y thing dey used to own ; en strange w'ite folks gitt'n' knocked up musteerus lak es you tole me 'bout dis frien' uv de new man as Rossmere, dar's no knowin' wot evil days is in sto' fur us yet.

"Yer's right, ole woman, mouty right," Abram says, attacking the pork his wife has placed before him with coresponsive gravity, "but de Lord, He hol's us all in de holler uv His han's."

"He do, praise be His name forever

en forever, amen? Dem pesky flies done got in de lasses gin. Hyer, you Vic, go bre'k a lim' off'n dat mulberry saplin' en come keep de flies off'n yo' pappy w'ile he eats his vittles." And while Vic kept the flies off her pappy, Aunt Nancy righted things up before returning to her house duties, and Abram made alarming inroads into the pork and greens which Cap and Luci-fer eyed hungrily from a distance. And Stirling Denny and Mrs. Ralston rode slowly through the cool and fragrant woods, utterly unconscious of the wild speculations this ride of theirs had given rise to down at the "quarters.

> CHAPTER XIV. A MORNING RIDE.

A morning of serene loveliness had ucceeded to the bluster and gloom of the previous night. It was as if nature smiled apologetically for her naughty raging of the night just gone. The ntense blue of the sky overhead was reflected on the broad expanse of the glittering lake, which, though high enough to send the crest of a wave slopping over any depression in the surface of the levee, now lay as calm and seemingly harmless as a sleeping child

'Do you know," said Ursula, as the bridle-path turned abruptly away from the lake to plunge into the shadowy depths of the forest, "it is a relief to me to lose sight of that lake. There is a horrible fascination about the water in its present threatening aspect that keeps one's nerves in a painfully tens condition. But in here "-she waved her riding whip comprehensively around - "one becomes oblivious o watery perils, past or probable. is something so restful, so peaceful, in the fragrant stillness of these woods.

'Many such seasons of anxiety as the present would place us all in a position to appreciate the excellence hills. If we can only of the eternal hold out for a few days longer, relief will come. The rivers above are all falling, and the fall certainly must have reached Memphis by this time. "'If we can only hold out.' Then we are not secure now? You do not

feel quite sure of the levee?' Sula turned an anxious face toward her companion. He had borne such a brave front, had seemed at times so absolutely free from care, that she had taken his outward bearing as an indication of perfect inward security. The major flushed with annoyance at having carelessly aroused her ready fears. He turned toward her with re-assuring smile.

"My dear Mrs. Ralston, there is wise old saw that advises against hal-looing before one is out of the woods. of this last, the entire contents of his We are not yet quite out of the woods, that is all. Literally speaking, it is so delightful in them this morning that one does not feel like hurrying through them, even for the privilege of hallooing. Listen! was there ever a sweeter, more varied, or more inimitable songster than that mocking-

"I love our mocking-birds," Sula says, warmly, "they are so peculiarly and entirely our own.

"Then a thing must of necessity be racy of the soil before it can hope to rank high in your estimation,' ling says, energetically decapitating some tall coffee weeds with his ridingwhip.

"Things, perhaps, but not people, Sula answers, with a bright, sidewise look at him. "I like to think we have some few distinctive features not open to censure; something that we can love loyally and exclusively, without endangering our reputation for loyalty to the best government the world even saw. Having no institutions that can give us a desirable individuality, I am taking refuge in our birds and flowers A sort of harmless boastfulness makes me think we shall always retain our supremacy there.'

'The day is not far distant when the South will be able to boast a healthy supremacy in very many more import ant respects. The fact that she is get ting into position to realize some bene fit from her hitherto unsuspected re sources is matter for fraternal rejoic

ing to all right-thinking men."
"I sometimes think," says 'Sula,
despondently, "that more than one
generation will have to pass away before there will be any appreciable im-provement in matters. Our men cling o tenaciously to traditionary ways o doing every thing. They must have a precedent for every move. The majority of our precedents are not worth the preserving. There seems to prevail a universal tendency to let well enough alone, which virtually consists in letting ill enough alone I don't like to feel so dissatisfied with my own people; but the happy-golucky way of doing things carried our planters safely enough over the smooth waters of antebellum time

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his prospects for success or usefulness in the world are slender indeed."

I have wished very much to have the boy more with me. I think I could be of some little service to him. He is too dreamy, too given to brooding rather than resolving. major hesitated, "I doubt his mother's cordial approval. Listen!" With an entire change of voice, he uttered this word, drawing rein so suddenly that the Black Prince was thrown on his haunches.

A low, soft, gurgling sound, as of water percolating through an obstruc tion, came to their ears through the strip of woodland that hid the levee from their sight. To 'Sula's exper-ienced ears the sound was full of men ace. Major Denny suddenly dis mounted, and secured his horse to the

nearest tree branch.

"One moment, please; I must ex amine into this." Then he wen Then he went crashing through the briers and under brush toward the sound, leaving Sula rembling with apprehension, but out wardly composed. She would gladly have followed him through the brush and briers, for waiting in suspense i the hardest of all burdens to bear, but by remaining in the saddle she would, if it proved necessary, be in position to summon aid all the quicker. A lusty halloo came to her presently in Major Denny's voice. "Shall I come to you?" she called

back, nervously. You cannot ride through the bushes. Dismount. Lose

Quickly and unhesitatingly sho obeyed his directions, first securing her horse to a limb, then gliding to he ground with the ease of a practiced horsewoman. Gathering her long, cumbersome skirts closely in both ands, she ran rather than walked in the direction of his voice. When she came in sight of him her heart bounded When she with tumultuous alarm. Only his head and shoulders were visible above the briery brink of a ditch known locally as the Thorndale Big Ditch. were now on Squire Thorn' This ditch, which under normal land. conditions drained his place into the lake, had been leveed over at its mouth, as soon as the lake had reached the danger line. Through this freshly made levee the water was now running

in a stream which, insignificant at

present, was fraught with peril to the entire bed of the lake if not immedi ately checked. With difficulty Sula made her way to the edge of the ditch. bles on the thick-growing dew-berry bushes caught her heavy woolen riding skirt in thorny clutches, which sh loosened with fierce impatience, reckless as to the preservation of a garment in which heretofore she had taken no small amount of pride. feet, in their thin-soled shoes, carried her unsatisfactorily over the rough and rubbish-strewn ground. she reached the point of danger it was to find that Stirling Denny had forced an opening for himself in the weed-choked bottom of the ditch, and was now standing ankle deep in the rain-water that had fallen the night before

pockets, among them a heavy gold watch and chain that glittered in the sunlight. He looked up at her with nxious eves, but jesting compelled to "After all, I was halloo before I was out of the woods was sorry to call you to me, but dared not lose sight of this for a second. Nothing short of crimina neglect on the part of Thorn and Cray craft would have left such a point ur watched. I wanted you to report the danger accurately, else I should not have called you to me. here and ward off the peril if I can. You must send me aid as quickly as possible from Thorndale. three miles from the house yet. ditches are so much alike you must not

and had no outlet. On the bank lay

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