

Vistar's happiness and well-being as colours are necessary to the rainbow.

He called upon her the night of his little business transaction with Cass Driggers. He was at peace with the world. Only that day he had summarily foreclosed a chattel mortgage on some cotton which had been grown by an old-fashioned, painfully un-businesslike darkey living a few miles from the city. He had promptly sold the two bales at a net profit on the deal of more than seventy dollars. He gazed upon Vistar with a warm and appreciative eye. His protestations of love were even more fervid than usual but there was a new note in his declaration of eternal and liberal affection.

Vistar Goins sensed that the answer she returned this night must be final.

"I — I reckon you wa'n't hahdly bohn to be a husband, Semore."

"Hnh? Wha's the matter with me? Ain't the richest nigger in this heah town?"

"Sho' is — I reckon. But they ain't nobody c'n prove it 'ceptin' the cashier at the bank."

"Tha's what makes good credick, Hon."

"Credick don' nev' git nobody nothin' if'n 'tain't nev' took advantage of. You know, Semore, I is a pow'ful free spender."

"Tha's because you is single," returned Semore tolerantly. "A married 'ooman ain't got no use for fancy clothes."

"An' I reckon yo'd spec' yo' wife to wuk, wouldn't you?"

"Wuk," proclaimed Semore sententiously, "ain't never hu't no one. If'n you wan'ed to wuk I reckon I'd be broad-minded enough not to stop you."