

very considerable merit, written by a student, and entitled "Goin' back to Georgy." The germ of the story may be expressed in the following bald statement: A young woman, without either money or ticket, on her way South to see her dying husband, was about to be put off a train on a Southern railway, when an old ducky, returning to Georgia after forty years' absence, handed her his ticket, and before she had recovered from her astonishment, stepped off the train just as it drew out of the station. The writer decided to relate the story from the point of view of a spectator, thus gaining reality while contriving to keep his own personality from getting too much in the way. He is a passenger on the train. Attention is at once directed to the old ducky by making him, in the very first paragraph, rush around the front of the locomotive before the train stopped as it drew into a station and swing himself with a sigh of relief on the rear platform of the day coach. Three short sentences give his worn old age and shabby dress. Southern prejudice against the negro and the old man's consciousness of it are well brought out by the description of the shifting of baggage into unoccupied seats and the poor old fellow's indecision as he walked the whole length of the aisle. He was given a seat by the narrator, whom in grateful confidence he told that he had been walking since four o'clock to catch the train and he had had nothing to eat since the day before. Despite his naive protests that he had not intended to beg, he was compelled to accept a small lunch, and thus was led into further confidences which disclosed a fine old *ante bellum* devotion to his master. The old man could not un-

derstand the motives of "the Linkim men frum de Norf who 'clared de niggas free." For forty years he had supported his beggared master by the labour of his hands, and then, set free by the death of the latter, was returning to the State in which he was born. He was quite as incapable of thinking his action anything but the most simple and natural thing in the world as the little cottage girl in 'We are seven' was of realizing the fact of death. "Didn't Marse George call fo' me befo' de war and 'low me to be his body sargent? Den w'y shouldn't I care fo' him afta de war?" The conductor appeared preceded by the brakesman, who called out to the passengers to have their tickets ready. The ducky, with the forgetfulness of age, fumbled through his clothes and was about to give up the search for his ticket as lost when his face cleared as he recollected placing it inside the leather lining of his hat. The conductor had now reached the seat in front of the old ducky and his white acquaintance. It was occupied by a poorly dressed woman who seemed very nervous as the conductor approached, and was now looking steadfastly out of the window. The conductor, after waiting a while, gently touched her arm, saying "Your ticket, please." With a nervous start and a blush of shame the woman answered: "I haven't any." "Very well," replied the conductor gruffly, "you must either pay or get off at the next station." To the poor thing's almost hysterical pleading that she had sold everything to send her husband South and could not raise the money for her passage when hurriedly summoned to him, the conductor could only reply, "I am sorry, madam,