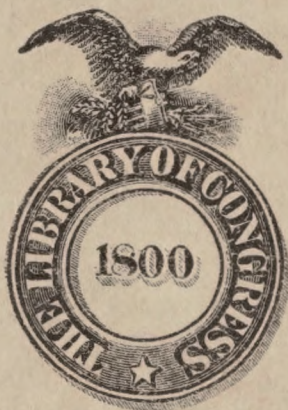


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“That makes a ‘q,’ don’t you know?”

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Uncle Tom's Cabin

CHAPTER I.

THE cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close to "the house," as the negroes called their master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden patch where, every summer, fruits and vegetables of every variety flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered with a large scarlet begonia vine, and a beautiful climbing rose twisted and interlaced until there was scarcely a bit of the rough logs to be seen.

Aunt Chloe's round, black shining face was so glossy it looked as though she might have been washed over with the white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. And her whole plump countenance beamed with delight under her well starched check turban, for her young Master George was there and he was sure to praise her supper even to her complete satisfaction.

A cook she certainly was, even to the very bone and center of her soul. Not a chicken or a turkey or a duck in the barnyard but looked grave when it saw her approaching, and seemed to reflect on its latter end. And in fact she was always meditating on stuffing and roasting to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any thoughtful fowl living. Her corncake, in all its varieties—hoecake, dodger and muffin—was a mys-



YOUNG FOLKS'

tery to all less skillful cooks, and she would shake her fat sides with merriment when any of the other house servants attempted to prepare a meal for any of "Mas'r's folks." The arrival of company in the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers in style awoke all her energies, and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of traveling trunks launched on the veranda. For then she foresaw fresh efforts and new triumphs.

In one corner of the cabin stood a bed neatly covered with a snowy quilt. And on a piece of carpeting of considerable size, which covered a portion of the floor in front of it, Aunt Chloe was in the habit of taking her stand with impressive dignity. This little corner was the parlor of the establishment. The bed on the other side was the one designed for use, and there the small black children played and tumbled to their hearts' desire, without a word of reproof from their mother.

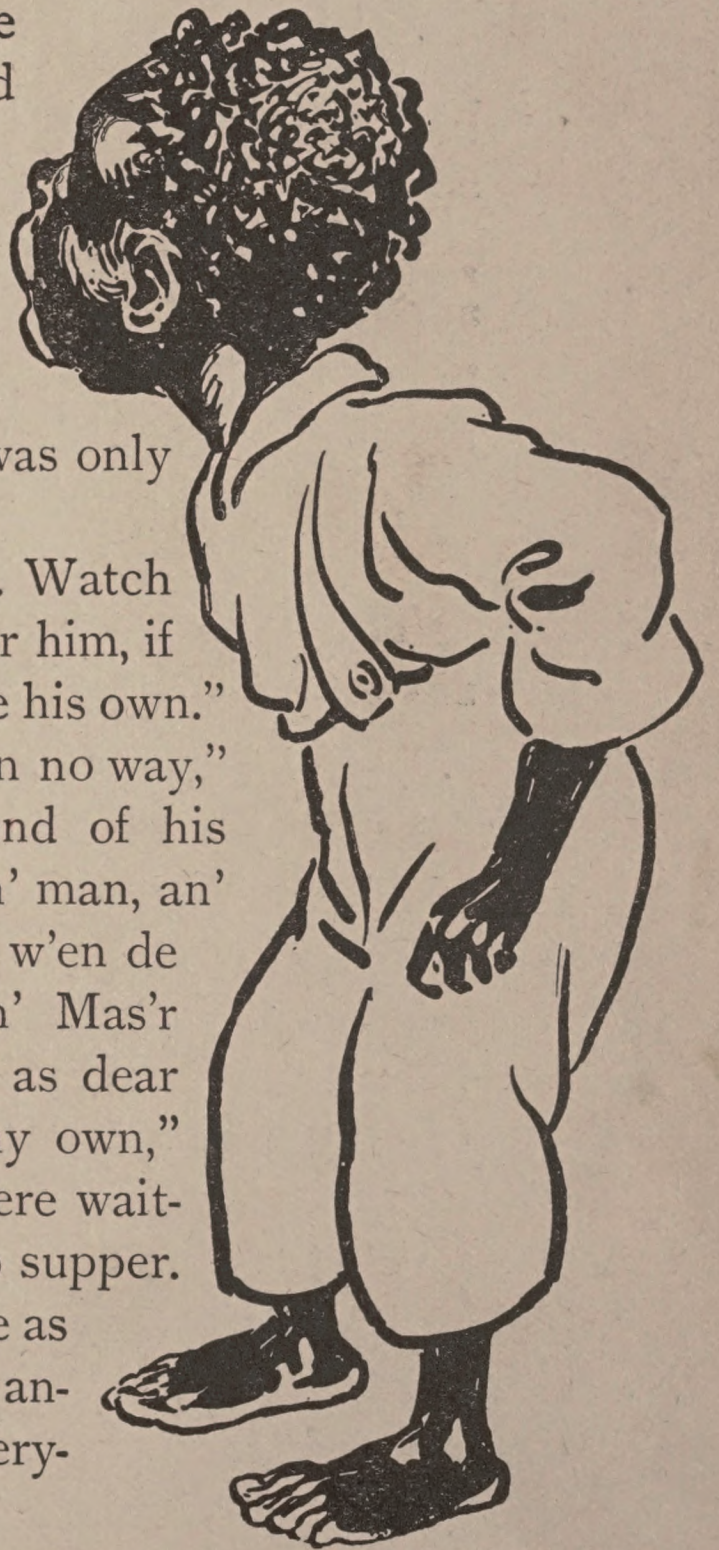
On a rough bench by the broad chimney a couple of woolly-headed boys were teaching the baby to walk. The tiny black creature would get on its feet, balance a minute and then tumble down while the boys cheered and encouraged her.

A table somewhat rickety on its legs, like the baby was drawn into a comfortable place in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth and bright colored teacups and saucers. Uncle Tom—a tall black man with a look of great patience and power—sat beside the table trying to copy on a broken slate the letters of the alphabet that 13-year old Mas'r George was trying to make him understand. The children of the great house all loved and trusted Tom. He was only a little older than their father, and they never tired hearing him tell how "Ole Mas'r Shelby," their grandfather, had put the wee baby he so loved in his little black arms when he was only six years old and said:

"Tom, this is your young master. Watch him and play with him, and die for him, if it is necessary. Remember, you are his own."

"An' I ain't neber failed Mas'r in no way," Tom would always say, at the end of his story. "We's be'n togeder, boy an' man, an' we'll be togeder in de lan' beyond, w'en de gates ob heaven swing ajar. An' Mas'r Arthur's chil'un—why, dey's jes' as dear ter me as dese little folks ob my own," Tom said to George, while they were waiting for Aunt Chloe to call them to supper.

"Well, we love you just the same as you do us, Uncle Tom," George answered. "You taught me most every-



thing I know—to swim and ride and everything—and you make me dandier kites than anyone.”

Uncle Tom laughed:

“Heah dat boy, now! But, Mas’r Georgie, I neber did hav’ haf de trouble wif dem kitetails dat I’s e havin’ wif dis yer sassy little ‘g.’ I ’jes kain’t ’member how it does go.”

“Not that way, Uncle Tom; not that way,” said the boy, as Uncle Tom brought the tail of the letter wrong side out. “That makes a ‘q,’ don’t you see?”

“For de lan’ sakes, see dat boy!” said Aunt Chloe, admiringly. “Dey ain’t no udder chil’ as smart as him nohow! I’s e fixin’ yo’ suffin’ mighty good, honey; suffin’ mighty good!”

“All right, Aunt Chloe; I’m hungrier than a wolf! How you getting along, Uncle Tom?”

The huge black fingers worked on clumsily, as Tom answered:

“I’s e gittin’ ter be de fines’ han’ writer yo’ eber see.”

“Aunt Chloe,” said George, “I’ve been bragging about you to Tom Lincom. I tell him their cook can’t hold a candle to you.”

Aunt Chloe sat back in her chair, and indulged in hearty laughter at this witticism of young master’s, laughing till the tears rolled down her black shining cheeks, and varying the exercise with playfully slapping and poking “Mas’r Georgie,” and telling him to “go ’way,” and that he was a case—that he was fit to kill her, and that “he sartin’ would kill her one of these days”; and between each of these predictions going off into a laugh,

each longer and stronger than the other, till George really began to think that he was a very dangerously witty fellow, and that it became him to be careful how he talked "as funny as he could."

"An' so ye telled Tom, did ye? What young uns will be up ter! Ye crowed over Tom? O lan'! Mas'r George, if ye wouldn't make a hornbug laugh!"

"Yes," said George, "I says to him, 'Tom, you ought to see some of Aunt Chloe's pies; they're the right sort,' says I. I mean to ask Tom here some day next week, and you do your prettiest, Aunt Chloe, and we'll make him stare."

"Yes, yes—sartin'," said Aunt Chloe, delighted; "you'll see. Lan'! to think of some of our dinners! Yer mind dat ar great chicken pie I made when we giv de dinner to General Knox? I and missis, we come pretty near quarrelin' 'bout dat ar crust. What does get into ladies sometimes, I don't know; but sometimes when a body has de heaviest kind o' 'sponsibility on 'em, and is all kinder '*seris*' and taken up,



dey takes dat ar time to be hangin' round and kinder interferin'! Now, missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and finally I got kinder sarcy, and says I, 'Now, missis, do jist look at dem beautiful white hands o' yourn, with long fingers, and all a' sparklin' with rings, like my white lilies when de dew's on 'em; and look at my great, black stumpin' hands. Now, don't ye think dat de Lord must have meant *me* to make de pie crust, and you to stay in de parlor?' Dar! I was jist so sarcy, Mas'r George."

"And what did mother say?" said George.

"Say? Why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great, handsome eyes o' hern; and, says she, 'Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on 't,' says she, and she went off in de parlor. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein' so sarcy; but dar's whar 't is—I can't do nothin' with ladies in de kitchen!"

"Well, you made out well with that dinner—I remember everybody said so," said George.

"Didn't I? And wan't I behind de dinin'-room door dat bery day? And didn't I see de ginerall pass his plate three times for some more dat berry pie? And, says he, 'You must have an uncommon cook, Mrs. Shelby.' Lan! I was laffin' fit to kill myself. And de ginerall, he knows what cookin' is," said Aunt Chloe, drawing herself up with an air. "Bery nice man, de ginerall! He comes of one of de bery *fustest* families in Old Virginny! He knows what's what, now, as well as I do. Ye see, there's *pints* in all pies, Mas'r George; but 'tain't everybody knows what they is, or orter be. But the ginerall he knows; I know by his 'marks he made."

By this time Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come, when he really could not eat another morsel; and therefore he was at leisure to notice the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.

“Here you Mose, Pete,” he said, breaking off bits and throwing at them; “you want some, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes.”

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney-corner while Aunt Chloe, after baking a pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

“O, go 'long, will ye?” said the mother; “can't ye be decent when white folks comes to see ye? Stop dat ar, now, will ye? Better mind yerselves, or I'll take ye down when Mas'r George is gone!”

“La, now!” said Uncle Tom, “dey ar so full of tickle all de while dey can't behave theirselves.”

Here the boys emerged from under the table, and, with hands and faces well plastered with molasses, began kissing the baby.

“Get along wif ye!” said the mother, pushing away their woolly heads. “Ye'll all stick together and never get clar, if ye do dat fashion. Go 'long to de spring an' wash yerselves!” she said, with a slap, which seemed only to knock out so much more laugh from the young

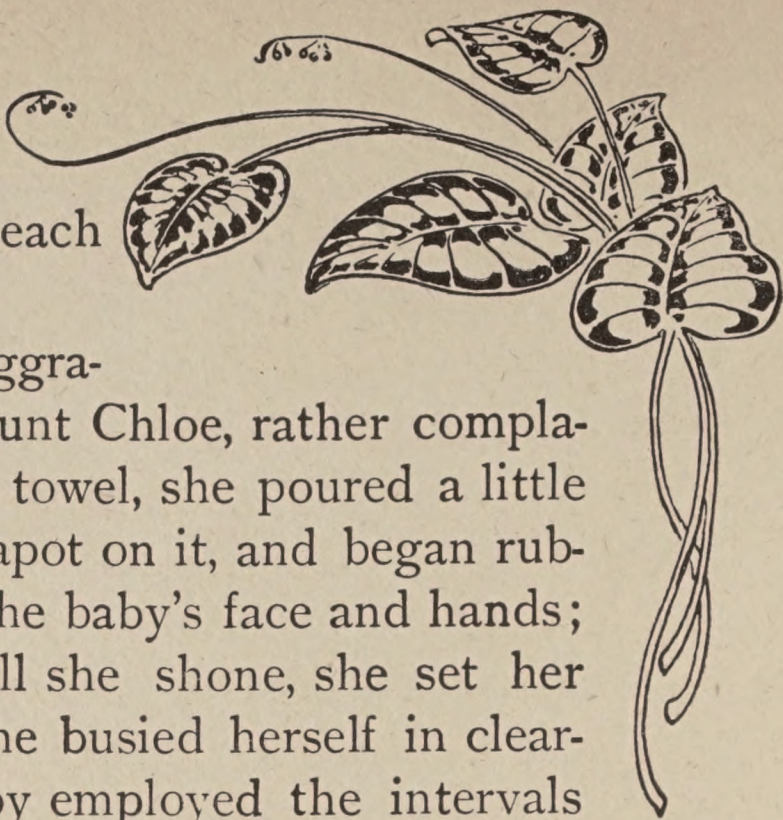
ones, as they tumbled over each other out of doors.

“Did ye eber see such aggravatin’ young uns?” said Aunt Chloe, rather complacently as, producing an old towel, she poured a little water out of the cracked teapot on it, and began rubbing off the molasses from the baby’s face and hands; and, having polished her till she shone, she set her down in Tom’s lap, while she busied herself in clearing away supper. The baby employed the intervals in pulling Tom’s nose, scratching his face, and burying her fat hands in his woolly hair, which last operation seemed to afford her special content.



“Ain’t she a pert young un?” said Tom, holding her from him to take a full-length view; then, getting up, he set her on his broad shoulder and began capering and dancing with her, while Master George snapped at her with his pocket-handkerchief, and Mose and Pete, now returned again, roared after her like bears till Aunt Chloe declared that they “fairly took her head off” with their noise.

“Well, now, I hopes you’s done,” said Aunt Chloe, when they had roared and tumbled and danced themselves tired, and she began pulling out a rude box of a trundle-



bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

"O, mother, we don't wanter. We wants to sit up to meetin'."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under and let 'em sit up," said Master George decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, mebbe 't will do 'em some good."

The accommodations and arrangements for the meeting had now to be considered.

"What we's to do for cheers, now, *I* declar I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's weekly for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sung both de legs out of dat oldest cheer last week," suggested Mose.

"You go 'long! I'll boun' you pulled 'em out; some o' your shines," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, it'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter mus'n't sit in it, 'cause he al'ays hitches when he gets a' singin'. He hitched pretty nigh across de room, t'other night," said Pete.

"Get 'im in it, den!" shouted Mose, "an' den he'd be gin, 'Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell,' and den down he'd go," and the boy imitated the nasal tones of

the old man, tumbling on the floor, to show what might happen.

"Come, now," said Aunt Chloe, "ain't yer 'shamed?"

Master George, however, joined in the laugh, and declared decidedly that Mose was a "buster."

"Well, ole man," said Aunt Chloe, "you'll have to tote in them ar bar'ls."

"Mother's bar'ls is like dat ar widder's, Mas'r George was readin' 'bout in de good book—dey neber fails," said Mose, aside, to Pete.

"I'm sure one on 'em caved in last week," said Pete, "an' let 'em all down in de middle of de singin'; dat ar was failin', warn't it?"

During this aside between Mose and Pete, two empty casks had been rolled into the cabin, and being secured from rolling, by stones on each side, boards were laid across them which arrangement, together with the turning down of certain tubs and pails and the disposing of the rickety chairs, at last completed the preparations.

"Mas'r George is sich a beautiful reader, now, I know he'll stay to read for us," said Aunt Chloe; "'pears like 't will be so much more interestin'."

George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled and after awhile the singing commenced, to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantage of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes the well-known and common hymns sung in the churches about,



Master George read the last chapter of Revelations.

and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at camp-meetings.

The chorus of one of them, which ran as follows, was sung with great energy:

"Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in my soul."

Master George, by request, read the last chapters of Revelations, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The *sakes*, now!" "Only hear that!" "Jest think on't!" "Is all that a comin', sure 'nough?"

George, who was a bright boy and well trained in religious things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration threw in expositions of his own from time to time with much seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young and blessed by the old; and it was agreed on all hands that "a minister couldn't lay it off better than he did;" that "'t was reely 'mazin'!" And he walked home in the moonlight with his young head held high, and his heart full of love for his humble friends in Uncle Tom's cabin.

Over in the great house, within sound of the singing, Mr. Shelby sat with a trader by the name of Haley, in the dining-room beside a table covered with papers and writing materials. Mr. Shelby's face was sad, but he was busy counting over bundles of bills and passing them to the trader, who in turn counted them.

"All fair," said the latter. "Now for signing these!"

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale toward him, and signed them with the manner of a man who hurries

through some disagreeable business. Then he pushed them over with the money. Haley produced from a well-worn valise, a paper which Mr. Shelby took with suppressed eagerness.

"Well, the thing is done," said the trader, getting up.

"It's done," said Mr. Shelby, and then he repeated with a deep sigh: "It is done."

"You don't seem to be much pleased about it," remarked the trader.

"Haley," said the planter earnestly, "remember that you promised me that you would not sell Tom without knowing what kind of hands he is going into."

"Why, you have done that," answered the trader. "You have just sold him to me!"



Haley.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZA had been brought up by her mistress from childhood as a petted and indulged favorite. She was a young quadroon with a fair, almost white face and soft brown eyes, and her hair curled in loose rich masses about her low, wide forehead and rose-tinted cheeks. She was married to a bright and talented mulatto by the name of George Harris, who lived on a neighboring estate, and they had one child, a beautiful little curly-haired boy, who was the pet of the family and the idol of his young mother's heart.

That night Eliza's slender brown fingers trembled among Mrs. Shelby's pretty braids, and the mistress looked up to see that she was crying.

"What is it, child?" she questioned kindly. "There is nothing wrong with Harry, is there?"

Eliza sank down to her knees.

"Oh, missis!" she sobbed, "there's been a trader here talking with master. I heard him."

"Well, silly child, suppose there has?"

"Oh, missis, do you think mas'r would sell my Harry?"

The poor young mother flung herself on the floor at her mistress' feet and sobbed convulsively.

"Sell him? You foolish girl!" Mrs. Shelby patted her maid's shoulder playfully. "Of course not! You know your master never deals with these slave traders, and never means to sell any of his servants as long as

they behave well. Why, you silly child! Do you think all the world wants your baby?"

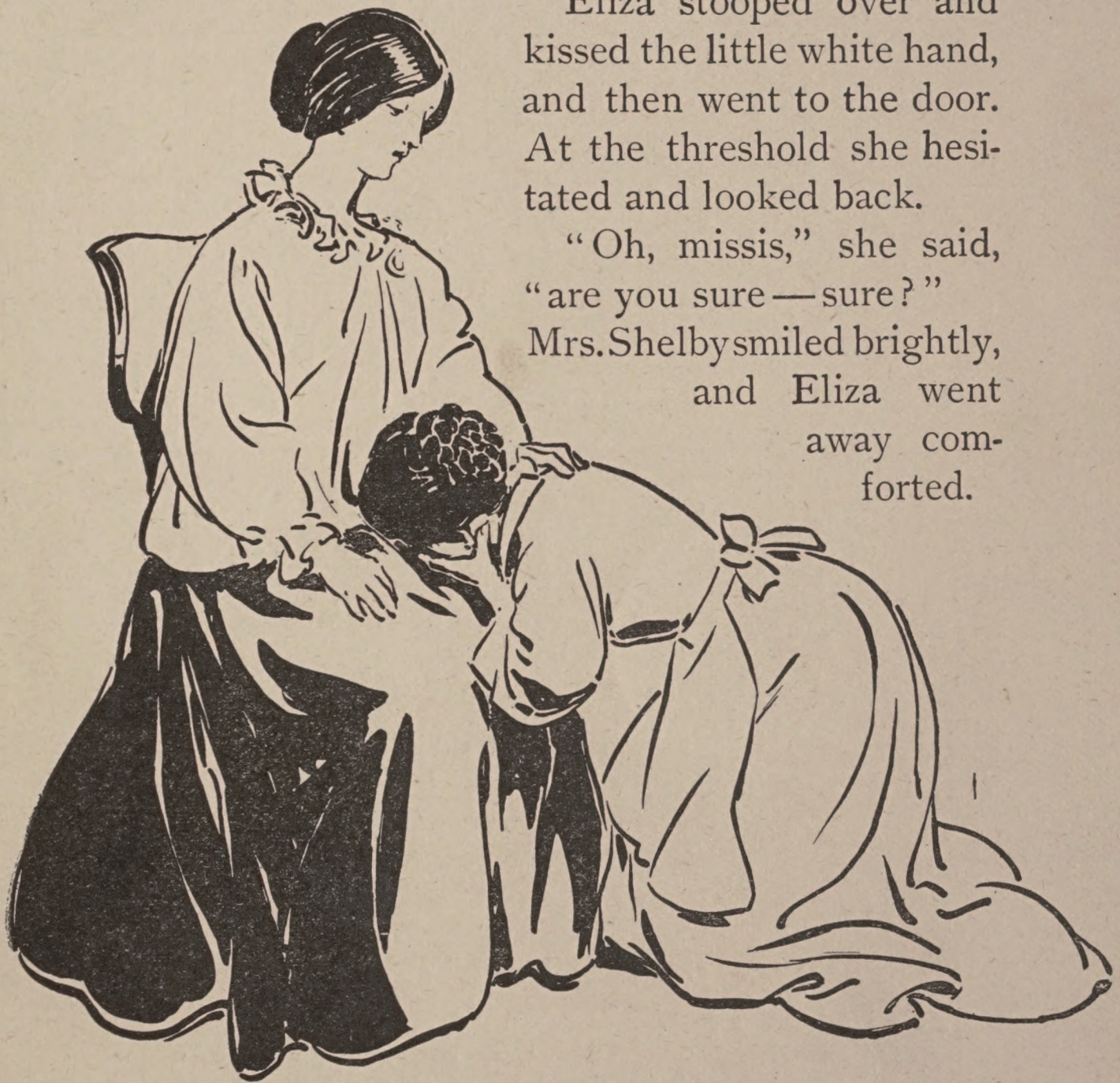
"But, missis — oh, missis! you would never give your consent?"

"Nonsense, child! To be sure I should not. There, dry your tears and run away and cuddle him in your arms. I will brush my hair myself for this time."

Eliza stooped over and kissed the little white hand, and then went to the door. At the threshold she hesitated and looked back.

"Oh, missis," she said, "are you sure — sure?"

Mrs. Shelby smiled brightly, and Eliza went away comforted.



"Oh, missis!" she sobbed.

The gentle little lady was still busy with her curls and braids when her husband entered the room. He took up a paper and sat down, sighing as he did so, and his wife said:

"Arthur, who is that disagreeable looking person who was here to-day? Is he a negro trader?"

"Why, why, my dear, what put that into your head?"

"Nothing, only Eliza came in here after dinner in a great worry, crying and taking on. She said you were talking with a trader, and that she heard him make you an offer for her boy."

"She did, hey?" said Mr. Shelby, returning to his paper, which he seemed for a few moments quite intent upon, not perceiving that he was holding it bottom upward.

"It will have to come out," said he, mentally; "as well now as ever."

"I told Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, as she continued brushing her hair, "that you never had anything to do with that sort of persons. Of course, I know you never meant to sell any of our people."

"Well, Emily," said her husband, "so I have always felt and said; but the fact is, that my business lies so that I cannot get on without. I shall have to sell some of my hands."

"To that creature? Impossible! You cannot be serious!"

"I'm sorry to say that I am," said Mr. Shelby. "I've agreed to sell Tom."

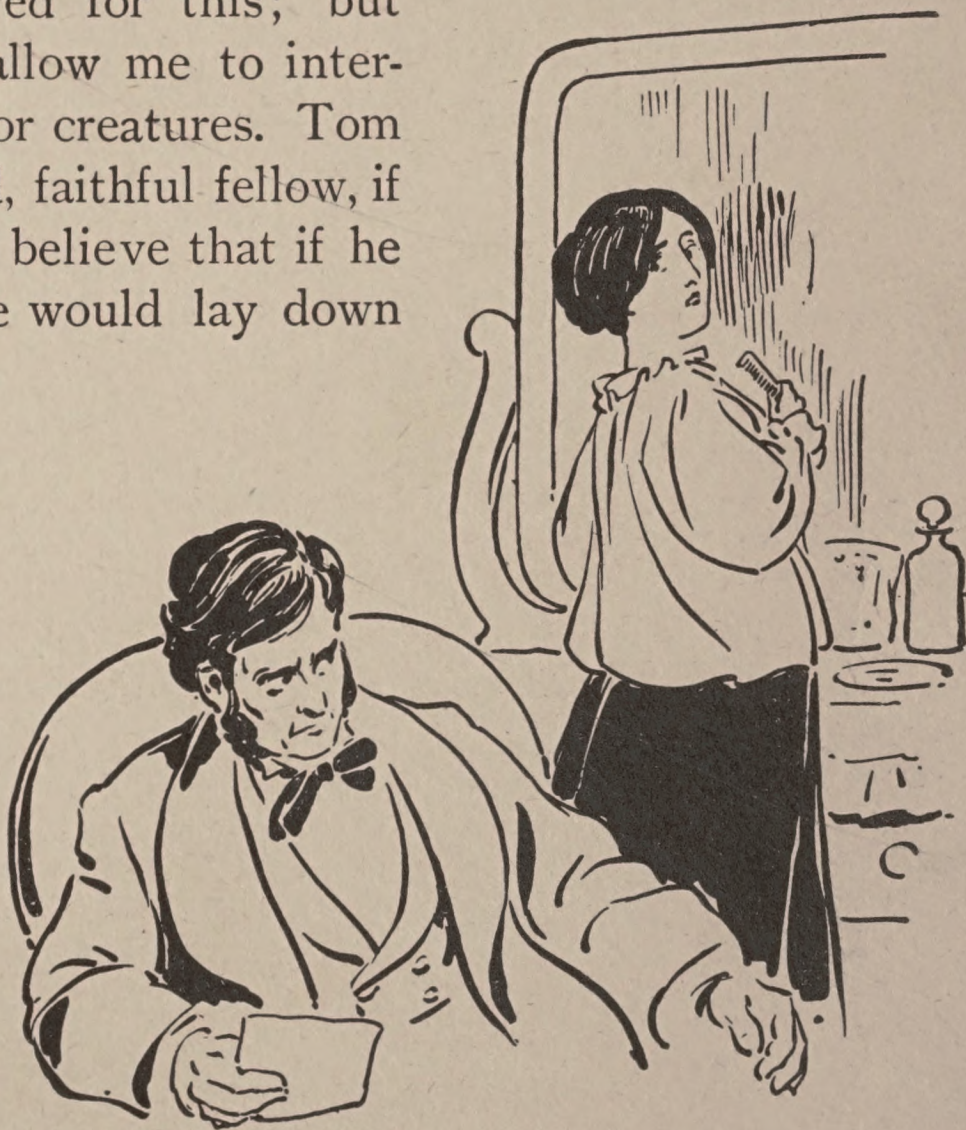
"What! our Tom? That good, faithful creature who has been your faithful servant from a boy! And

you have promised him his freedom, too—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now—I can believe *now* that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I don't know why I am to be rated as if I were a monster for doing what every one does every day."

"My dear," said Mrs. Shelby, recollecting herself, "forgive me. I have been hasty. I was surprised and entirely unprepared for this; but surely you will allow me to intercede for these poor creatures. Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, if he is black. I do believe that if he were put to it he would lay down his life for you."

"I know it—I dare say; but what's the use of all of this? I can't help myself. I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily—in-
deed, I am," said Mr. Shelby; "and I respect your feelings, too,



"I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily."

though I don't pretend to share them to their full extent; but I tell you now, solemnly, it's of no use — I can't help myself. I didn't mean to tell you this, Emily; but, in plain words, there is no choice between selling these two and selling everything. Either they must go, or *all* must. Haley — that's the trader's name — has come into possession of a mortgage, which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked and scraped and borrowed, and all but begged — and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance, and I had to give them up. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and *had* to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have *all* sold?"

Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her dressing table, she rested her face in her hands and cried.

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Emily," said Mr. Shelby, "but the thing's done; the bills of sale are already signed and in Haley's hands; and you must be thankful it is no worse. That man has had it in his power to ruin us all, and now he is fairly off. If you knew the man as I do, you'd think that we had had a narrow escape."

"Is he so hard, then?"

"Why, not a cruel man, exactly, but a man of leather — a man alive to nothing but trade and profit — cool and unhesitating, and unrelenting."

"And this wretch owns that good, faithful Tom, and Eliza's child?"

“Well, my dear, the fact is that this goes rather hard with me; it's a thing I hate to think of. Haley wants to drive matters, and take possession to-morrow. I'm going to get out my horse bright and early, and be off. I can't see Tom, that's a fact; and you had better arrange a drive somewhere, and carry Eliza off. Let the thing be done when she is out of sight.”

“No, no,” said Mrs. Shelby; “I'll be in no sense accomplice or help in this cruel business. I'll go and see poor old Tom; God help him in his distress! They shall see, at any rate, that their mistress can feel for and with them. As to Eliza, I dare not think about it. The Lord forgive us!”

There was one listener to this conversation whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby little suspected.

Communicating with their apartment was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, she had hidden herself there, and, with her ear pressed close against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the conversation.

When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress' door, and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress. There was the pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there a little case of books, and various little fancy articles ranged by them, the gifts of

Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers—here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there on the bed lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bedclothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

“Poor boy!” said Eliza, “they have sold you! But your mother will save you yet!”

She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote hastily:

“O missis! dear missis! don't think me ungrateful—don't think hard of me, anyway—I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!”

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist.

“Where are you going, mother?” said he, awakening, as she drew near the bed with his little coat and cap.

“Hush, Harry,” she said; “mustn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him.”

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and, taking him in her arms, she



The light of the tallow flared suddenly into the eyes of the girl.

whispered to him to be very still; and opening a door in her room which led into the outer veranda she glided noiselessly out.

It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck.

Old Bruno, a great Newfoundland, that slept at the end of the porch, rose, with a low growl, as she came near. She spoke to him gently, and the old pet leaped up, wagging his tail and ready to follow her. He wanted to bark in his delight and surprise, but Harry stretched out his little hand and whispered, "Hush!" warningly, and in a few moments Eliza was tapping on Uncle Tom's window pane.

"What's that?" Aunt Chloe sprang up and drew the curtain. "Why, my sakes alive, if it ain't 'Lizy!"

She opened the door, and the light of the tallow flared suddenly into the eyes of the girl.

"I'm running away, Uncle Tom — Aunt Chloe!" she gasped. "I'm carrying away my baby. Mas'r sold him!"

"Sold him?" Four black hands were lifted in dismay.

"Yes," said Eliza, firmly; "I crept into the closet and heard mas'r tell missis that he had sold Harry and you, Tom. Oh, poor old Tom! you, too!"

Tom stood like a man in a dream; then the cry of his old wife startled him, and he fell into his chair and sunk his head down on his knees.

"The Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "What has Tom done that mas'r should sell him?"

"He hasn't done anything — it isn't for that. Master

don't want to sell; and missis — she's always good. I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her 't was no use; that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn't pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all, the man was driving him so hard."

"Well, ole man!" said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go, too? Will you wait to be toted down river? I'd a' heap rather die than go there, any day! There's time for ye — be off with 'Lizy — you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly around, and said:

"No, no; I ain't going. Let 'Lizy go — it's her right! But you heard what she said! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. Mas'r always found me on the spot — he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass no ways contrary to my word, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go, than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r ain't to blame, Chloe, and he'll take care of you and the poor ——"

Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed full of little woolly heads, and broke fairly down. He leaned over the back of the chair and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse and loud, shook the chair, and great tears fell through his fingers on the floor.

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I

saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing place, and he told me to-day that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again," she turned away, and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added, in a husky voice, "tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven. Call Bruno in there," she added. "Shut the door on him, poor beast! He mustn't go with me!"

A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and, clasping her child in her arms, she glided away.

CHAPTER III.

“I WONDER what keeps Eliza,” said Mrs. Shelby, the next morning. “I have rung the bell three times and can’t make her hear! Andy,”—a colored boy came in with shaving water for Mr. Shelby,—“step to Eliza’s door and call her. Ah, poor child!” she added to herself, with a sigh.

Andy came back through the hall stuttering with astonishment:

“L-lan’, M-Missy—’L-Lizy’s tings is all scattered ’roun’ ter which ways, an’ she’s done clared out!”

Mrs. Shelby sprang to her feet and looked at her husband.

“The Lord be thanked!” she cried. But Mr. Shelby muttered something under his breath, and hurried from the room.

There was a great deal of running about and excitement; but in her own pleasant room Mrs. Shelby was walking back and forth and praying, with tears, that the poor young mother would get safely away before she was overtaken by Haley on his swift horse.

A dozen little blacks were roosting like crows on the veranda railing when the trader rode up.

“Is yo’ all gwine to take li’l Harry?” asked woolly headed Mandy, with a great show of interest.

“Yes,” answered the trader, switching her bare black legs with his riding whip.

Her weazened face twisted into an impudent grin:

"Is yer gwine ter take him now, or wait twell yo' cotch him?" she asked; and as he looked at her in amazement, Rastus, who was perched on the piazza post, explained:

"'Lizy's done make hussef scurce — oh, what fo' yo' do dat?"

Haley had started forward and whirled the whole lot onto the ground into a squirming mixture of black arms



and legs, and then, leaving them tumbling and giggling around on the soft sward, turned to go into the house.

He had a short and angry talk with Mr. Shelby, whom he accused of helping the mother and child to run away; and then, Sam, who was waiting for something to turn up to interest him, while he camped in the sun by the side of the house, was ordered to bring up the horses.

"'Lizy's cut stick and run," said Andy, breathless,

with importance; "an' Mas'r wants yo' all ter help Mas'r Haley cotch her."

Sam jumped to his feet. "Dat's de talk," he said; "dis yer nigger's jes as smart as Tom. I'se gwine ter fotch dat gal home in de jerk ob a lamb's tail."

"Oh, yo' is?" Andy went closer and spoke in a low voice: "Wull, if yo' does, missis'll git in yo' wool. She don' want 'Lizy cotched. Yo' heah! Didn't I heah huh say, 'De Lord be praised!' when I tol' huh dat de gal done got away. If yo' wants lasses on yo' co'n pone, yo' see dat dey ain't no fotchin' back dis day!"

Sam scratched his inky wool and thought hard, and Andy said, with sudden briskness, as he saw the trader come near:

"Yo' fly aroun' an' git up dem hosses, like I done tol' yo'. Make tracks, now, mighty libly, fo' I hearn missis say, 'Why don't dat good-fo'-nuffin' Sam hurry up wif Jerry an' Bill?'"

Sam, upon this, began to bestir himself in earnest, and very soon came back with the two spirited horses in full canter. Haley's horse, a skittish young colt, winced and cavorted, pulling at his halter.

"Ho!" said Sam, "skeery, are ye?" and his black eyes twinkled with a sudden mischief. "Wull, I'll fix yo' an' yo'r mas'r, see if I don't!"

There was a large beech tree overshadowing the place, and the small, sharp, triangular beechnuts lay scattered thickly on the ground. With one of these in his fingers, Sam approached the colt, stroked and patted and seemed apparently busy in soothing his agitation. On pretense of adjusting the saddle, he adroitly slipped under it the

sharp little nut, in such a manner that the least weight brought upon the saddle would annoy the nervous sensibilities of the animal, without leaving any perceptible graze or wound.

"Dar!" he said, rolling his eyes with an approving grin; "me fix 'em!"

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony, beckoning to him.

"Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I sent Andy to tell you to hurry."

"Lord bless you, missis!" said Sam, "hosses won't be cotched all in a minnit; they'd done clared out way down to the south pasture, and the Lord knows whar!"

"Well, Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week; *don't ride them too fast!*"

Mrs. Shelby spoke the last words with a low voice, and strong emphasis.

"Let dis child alone for dat!" said Sam, rolling up his eyes with a volume of meaning.

"Now, Andy," said Sam, returning to his stand under the beech trees, "you see, I wouldn't be 't all surprised if dat ar gen'lman's crittur should gib a fling, by and by, when he comes to be a gettin' up. You know, Andy, critturs *will* do such things;" and therewith Sam poked Andy in the side.

"High!" said Andy, with an air of instant appreciation.

"Yes, you see, Andy, missis wants to make time — dat ar's clar to der most or'nary 'bserver. I jis make a

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

little for her. Now, you see, get all dese yer hosses loose, caperin' permiscus round dis yer lot and down to de wood dar, and I 'specs mas'r won't be off in a hurry."

Andy grinned.

"Nobuddy neber kin tell what shines a hoss is gwine ter cut up,"

Sam said; "an' ef Mas'r Haley's colt happens ter git away, we all wull jest nachelly have ter let go ob Jerry an' Bill ter help 'im."

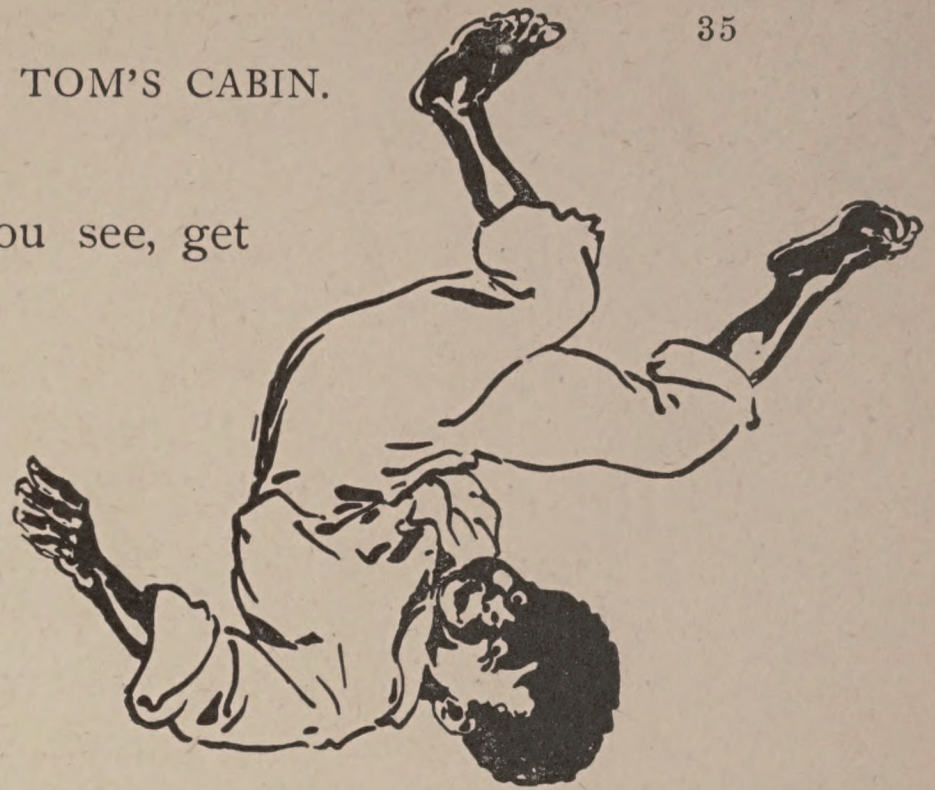
The two went through all sorts of silent dances to express their delight, and finally Sam started from the veranda and turned somersaults all the way down to the

fence, rolling head over heels, like a big black ball. Andy followed, turning handsprings, and landing at the foot of the incline just as Mr. Haley came out of the house.

"Here, you black rascals!" he called, "bring up my horse."

"Yessuh!" Sam unfastened the strap from the post, and a moment later Andy came up with Bill and Jerry.

"Look alive, now," said the



Turned Somersaults.



Andy Followed.

trader, "and see that we don't lose any more time." He sprang to the saddle, and his horse, with a leap and a spring, threw him headlong on to the ground, and, overturning the solemn-faced young Sam, was off and away at full speed down to the farther end of the lot, followed by Bill and Jerry.

Haley jumped to his feet. "Catch 'em!" he cried, starting after the racing horses. Andy looked over his shoulder with innocent eyes.

"Yessur, we's sure gwine ter cotch 'em, right smart," he said; "come on, chillun, yo' all help cotch Mas'r Haley's hoss!"

Fifty or more pickaninnies of all ages started running and whooping and flourishing their arms; and, of course, the horses pranced and cavorted and kept out of reach. Then all the dogs on the plantation added their confusion, and the trader's fleet and spirited horse appeared to take delight in seeing how near he could allow his pursuers to come without touching him. The three runners had for a coursing ground a lawn nearly a mile in extent, and beyond that a woodland of forty acres. Sam had left the bars down that led to the timber, and occasionally the horses would disappear for a while, only to come out as though quite ready to surrender. But the moment a hand stretched out toward their bridles, away they'd go, full tilt, and the trader raged and stormed unheard in the tumult of barks and shouts and clattering hoofs.

Mr. Shelby tried to shout directions from the window, and up on the balcony Mrs. Shelby watched and laughed and sobbed as she prayed for more time for Eliza and

the child. At last, about 12 o'clock, Sam rode up on Jerry, leading Mr. Haley's horse by his side.

'He's cotched!' said the black rascal; "didn't I tol' yo' I'd cotch him?"

"You?" growled the trader. "If it hadn't been for you all this wouldn't have happened."

Mrs. Shelby came out on the veranda, smiling sweetly.

"You really must wait long enough for dinner, now, Mr. Haley," she said, cordially. "It will not detain you long, and you must be quite fatigued."

The man glanced at her keenly, but she looked very innocent, and he said:

"Thank you, ma'am; I believe I might just as well."

Andy and Sam, safe in the shelter of the barn, rolled on the floor and laughed at their success.

"He won't git away from here befo' 2 o'clock," said Sam; "an' by dat time 'Lizy's bound ter hav' a right smart start. Come, Andy, let's go up to the kitchen. Missis'll see dat we git a good bite dis time."

CHAPTER IV.

PAST the boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood lot and along the road Eliza passed, carrying her boy in her arms. She had often been with her mistress to visit some relatives in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. In the first hurried plan for her escape, she thought if she could get across the stream she could make her way to Canada, where she knew she and her child would be safe. All through the night she fled like a shadow, scarcely feeling the weight of the little one; but when day came she knew that she must be careful and not excite suspicion by her haste. She straightened her bonnet and shawl, and set Harry down to walk; and when his tiny feet lagged, she rolled apples in front and coaxed him to run after them. By this strategy they covered many half miles, and then, in the wooded paths again, she caught him up and ran ever onward toward the river.

An hour before sunset they reached the town by the Ohio. Both she and the child were so white that they could not be suspected of being runaway slaves, and that fact made the mother bold, and she turned to a small public house on the bank of the stream. The hostess was busy preparing the evening meal when Eliza's sweet and sorrowful voice called her.

"What is it?" she asked, coming forward.

"Is there any ferry or boat that takes people over?" Eliza asked.



Stumbling — Leaping — Slipping.

"No, indeed; look at the river! The boats have all stopped running."

Eliza glanced toward the stream. It was now early spring, and the water was swollen and turbulent. Great cakes of ice were swinging to and fro in the waters. Owing to the peculiar formation of the Kentucky shore, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been detained and lodged in great quantities, and in the narrow channel that swept around the curve, cakes piled one above the other thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice which lodged into a great raft, filling up the whole river almost to the Kentucky shore.

The woman saw Eliza's look of dismay.

"May be you have some one sick over there?" she said. "You look like you was mighty anxious."

"I have a child in great danger," said Eliza, with a sob. "I never heard of it until last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day to get to the ferry."

"Well now, that is unlucky," said the kind soul. "I'm real sorry for you. Solomon!" she called, and a man with a leather apron and dirty hands answered. "Is that man going to take the barrels over the river to-night?"

"He said he would try, if it was in any way prudent," answered the man; and the woman explained: "There's a man a piece down here that's going over with some truck this evening, if he dares. He'll be here to supper to-night, so you'd best sit down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," she added, offering him a cake; but the child began to cry.

"He's so tired," said Eliza.

“Well, step right in here and rest yourselves,” said the hostess.

Eliza laid her boy on the bed and sat beside him, holding his hands until he slept. An hour after, she looked out of the window just in time to see Haley and the two negro boys ride into the yard. For a moment her heart stopped its beating. Then she caught up her child and was out of the side door of her room and away to the river. The trader caught a glimpse of her just as she was disappearing down the bank, and throwing himself on his horse, and calling loudly to Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that moment her feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and a second brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap — impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam and Andy cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling — leaping — slipping — springing upward again! Her shoes are gone — her stockings cut from her feet — while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

“Yer a brave girl, now, whoever ye are!” said the man.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O, Mr. Symmes—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tain't Shelby's girl!"

"My child! This boy—he'd sold him! There is his master," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy."

"So I have," replied the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank; "besides, you are a brave girl, and I like grit wherever I see it. Go up to that house there," he continued, pointing to a large white building. "There's no place that I can take you; but they will look after you up there. I don't know what my old neighbor Shelby will say to me; but you've earned your freedom, and you shall have it for all of me."

Eliza could not speak, but she looked her thanks; and then, holding her boy close to her heart, walked rapidly on in the direction of the house, and the gray mist came up from the river and hid her from the sight of the trader, who raged and stormed on the opposite bank of the stream.

It was 11 o'clock when Sam and Andy reached home after Eliza's escape and went clattering up to the end of the balcony. Mrs. Shelby flew to the railings.

"Is that you, Sam? Where are they?"

"Mas'r Haley's a-restin' at the tavern; he's drefful tired, missis."

"And Eliza, Sam?"

"Wal, she's clar 'cross Jordan. As a body may say, in the lan' o' Canaan."

"Why, Sam, what *do* you mean?"

"Wal, missis, de Lord he persarves his own. 'Lizy's done gone over de river into 'Hio, as ef de Lord took her over in a chariot of fire an' two hosses."

"Come up here, Sam," said Mr. Shelby, who had followed on to the veranda, "and tell your mistress what she wants. Come, come, Emily," said he, passing his arm around her, "you are cold and all in a shiver; you allow yourself to feel too much."

"Feel too much! Am not I a woman—a mother? Are we not both responsible to God for this poor girl?"

"Here, Andy, yo' niggah, be alive!" called Sam, under the veranda; "take dese yer hosses to de barn; don't yer heah mas'r a callin'?" and Sam soon appeared, palm-leaf in hand, at the parlor door. "Come up here, Sam!"

"Now, Sam, tell us distinctly how the matter was," said Mr. Shelby. "Where is Eliza, if you know?"



“Wal, mas'r, I saw her, with my own eyes, a crossin' on de floatin' ice. It was jes' dis way: Mas'r Haley an' me an' Andy, we comes up to de little tavern, an' I was ahead, case I was de anxiosest ter cotch 'Lizy; an' when I comes by de tavern winder, sure 'nough, der she was right in plain sight, an' dey diggin' on behind. Wal, I loses off my hat, and sings out 'nuff to raise de dead. Course, 'Lizy she hars, an' she dodges back when Mas'r Haley he goes pas' the door; an' then, I tell ye, she clared out de side door; she went down de ribber bank; Mas'r Haley he seed her, and yelled out, an' him an' me an' Andy we took arter. Down she come to de ribber, and thar was de current runnin' ten feet wide by de shore, an' over t'other side, ice a sawin' and a jigglin' up an' down, like a great island. We come right behind her, an' I tho't he'd got her, sure 'nough; when she gin sich a screech as I neber hearn, an' thar she was, clar over t'other side de current, on the ice, and then on she went, a screechin' and a jumpin'—de ice went crack! c'wallop! crackin'! chunk! an' she a boundin' like a deer!”

Mrs. Shelby sat perfectly silent, pale with excitement, while Sam told his story.

“God be praised, she isn't dead!” she said.

“Ef it hadn't been for me to-day,” said Sam, “she'd a been took a dozen times. Warn't it I started off de hosses dis yer mornin', an' kep' 'em chasin' till nigh dinner time? An' didn't I car' Mas'r Haley nigh five miles out of de road, dis evenin', or else he'd a come up with 'Lizy es easy es a dog arter a coon. These yer's all providences.”

“They are a kind of providences that you’ll have to be pretty sparing of, Sam. I allow no such practices with gentlemen on my place,” said Mr. Shelby, with as much sternness as he could command under the circumstances. But he drew a long breath and smiled, as the negroes went out for their reward at the hands of Aunt Chloe in the kitchen.

CHAPTER V.

SENATOR BIRD, of Ohio, was explaining to his wife the new law which had been passed, forbidding people to help or shelter any runaway slaves that came over from Kentucky. And the little woman, who was not taller than her husband's heart was high from the floor, was standing, with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, and declaring that she would break the wicked law if she ever had a chance, when old Cudjoe put his woolly head into the door:



“Missis,” he said, “would yo’ all come ter de kitchen fer a minnit?”

The good little woman hurried out, and the senator stood looking smilingly into the fire until he heard her call suddenly:

“John, John! I wish you would come right out here — quick!”

He laid down his paper and went into the kitchen, and started, quite amazed at the sight that presented itself: A young and slender woman, with garments torn and frozen, with one shoe gone and the stocking torn away from the cut and bleeding foot, was laid back in a swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face, yet

“Would yo’ all come ter de kitchen fer a minnit?”



A young and slender woman, with garments torn and frozen.

none could help feel its mournful and pathetic beauty. He drew his breath short and stood in silence. His wife and old Aunt Dinah were busily engaged in restorative measures, while old Cudjoe had got the boy on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings and chafing his little cold feet.

"Ef she ain't a sight to behold!" said old Dinah; "'pears like 't was the heat that made her faint. She was tol'able peart when she cum in and asked ef she couldn't warm hersef here a spell; an' I was jist a askin' her whar she cum from an' she fainted right down. Nevah done much ha'd work, guess, by de looks ob her han's."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Bird, as the woman slowly unclosed her large, dark eyes and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying, "O, my Harry! Have they got him?"

The boy, at this, jumped from Cudjoe's knee, and, running to her side, put up his arms. "O, he's here, he's here!" she exclaimed.

"O, ma'am!" said she, wildly, to Mrs. Bird, "do protect us! Don't let them get him!"

"Nobody shall hurt you here, my poor woman," said Mrs. Bird, encouragingly. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you!" said the woman, covering her face and sobbing; while the little boy, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap.

With many gentle and womanly offices, which none knew better how to render than Mrs. Bird, Eliza was, in time, rendered more calm. A bed was provided for her

on the settle near the fire, and after a short time she fell into a heavy slumber, with the child, who seemed no less weary, soundly sleeping on her arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird had gone back to the parlor, where no reference was made, on either side, to the preceding conversation; but Mrs. Bird busied herself with her knitting-work, and Mr. Bird pretended to be reading the paper.

"I wonder who she is!" said Mr. Bird, at last, as he laid it down.

"When she wakes up and feels a little rested we will see," said Mrs. Bird.

"I say, wife!" said Mr. Bird, after musing in silence over his newspaper.

"Well, dear?"

"She couldn't wear one of your gowns, could she, by any letting down or such matter? She seems to be rather larger than you are."

A quite perceptible smile glimmered on Mrs. Bird's face as she answered, "We'll see."

Another pause, and Mr. Bird again broke out:

"I say, wife!"

"Well! What now?"

"Why, there is that old cloak that you keep on purpose to put over me when I take my afternoon's nap; you might as well give her that — she needs clothes."

At this instant Dinah looked in to say that the woman was awake and wanted to see missis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went into the kitchen, followed by the two eldest boys.

Eliza was now sitting up on the settle by the fire.

She was looking steadily into the blaze, with a calm, heartbroken expression, very different from her former agitated wildness.

"Did you want me?" said Mrs. Bird, in gentle tones. "I hope you feel better now, poor woman!"

A long-drawn, shivering sigh was the only answer; but she lifted her dark eyes and fixed them on her with such a forlorn and imploring expression that the tears came into the little woman's eyes.

"You needn't be afraid of anything; we are friends here. Tell me where you came from and what you want," said she.

"I came from Kentucky," said Eliza.

"When?" said Mr. Bird.

"To-night."

"How did you come?"

"I crossed on the ice."

"Crossed on the ice?" said everyone present.

"Yes," said Eliza, slowly, "I did. God helping me, I crossed on the ice; for they were behind me—right behind—and there was no other way!"

"La, missis," said Cudjoe, "de ice's all in broken-up blocks, a swingin' an' a teterin' up an' down in de watah!"

"I know it was—I know it!" said she, wildly; but I did it! I wouldn't have thought I could—I didn't think I should get over, but I didn't care! I could but die, if I didn't. The Lord helped me; nobody knows how much the Lord can help 'em till they try," said Eliza, with a flashing eye.

"Were you a slave?" said Mr. Bird.

"Yes, sir; I belonged to a man in Kentucky."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, sir; he was a good master."

"And was your mistress unkind to you?"

"No, sir—no! my mistress was always good to me."

"What could induce you to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?"

"Ma'am," said Eliza, "have you ever lost a child?"

Mr. Bird turned around and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird burst into tears but, recovering her voice, she said:

"Why do you ask that? I have lost a little one."

"Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another—left 'em buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He was my comfort and pride day and night, and, ma'am, they were going to take him away from me—to *sell* him—sell him down south, ma'am, to go all alone—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life! I couldn't stand it, ma'am. I knew I never should be good for anything if they did, and when I knew the papers were signed and he was sold I took him and came off in the night, and they chased me—the man that bought him and some of mas'r's folks, and they were coming down right behind me and I heard 'em. I jumped right on to the ice, and how I got across I don't know; but first I knew a man was helping me up the bank."

The woman did not sob nor weep. She had gone to a place where tears are dry; but every one around her was, in some way characteristic of themselves, showing signs of hearty sympathy.

The two little boys had thrown themselves into the skirts of their mother's gown, where they were sobbing to their hearts' content; Mrs. Bird had her face hidden in her pocket handkerchief, and old Dinah, with tears streaming down her black, honest face, was ejaculating, "Lord have mercy on us!" with all the fervor of a camp-meeting, while old Cudjoe rubbed his eyes very hard with his cuffs.

"And where do you mean to go, my good woman?" said Mrs. Bird when she could speak.

"To Canada, if only I knew where that was. Is it very far off, is Canada?" said she, looking up with a simple confiding air to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Bird involuntarily.

"Is 't a very great way off?"

"Much farther than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird, "but we will try to think what can be done for you. Here, Dinah, make her up a bed in your own room, close by the kitchen, and I'll think what to do for her in the morning."



Where they were sobbing to their hearts' content.

Mrs. Bird and her husband had re-entered the parlor. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room, grumbling to himself, "Pish! pshaw! confounded awkward business!" At length, striding up to his wife, he said:

"I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent bright and early tomorrow morning; if 't was only the woman, she could lie quiet till it was over, but that little chap can't be kept still by a troop of horse and foot, I'll warrant me; he'll bring it all out, popping his head out of some window or door. A pretty kettle of fish it would be for me, too, to be caught with them both here just now! No; they'll have to be got off tonight."

"Tonight! How is it possible—where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots.

Little Mrs. Bird was a discreet woman—a woman who never in her life said, "I told you so!" and, on the present occasion, though pretty well aware of the shape her husband's thoughts were taking, she did not meddle with them, only sat very quietly in her chair and looked quite ready to hear his intentions when he should think proper to utter them.

"You see," he said, "there's my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky and set all his slaves free, and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek here, back in the woods, where nobody goes unless they go on purpose, and it's a place that isn't found in a hurry. There she'd be safe enough; but the plague of

the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there tonight but *me*."

"Why not? Cudjoe is an excellent driver."

"Ay, ay, but here it is. The creek has to be crossed twice, and the second crossing is quite dangerous unless one knows it as I do. I have crossed it a hundred times on horseback and know exactly the turns to take. And so Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be, about twelve o'clock, and I'll take her over; and then he must carry me on to the next tavern to take the stage for Columbus, that comes by about three or four, and so it will look as if I had had the carriage only for that."

"Your heart is better than your head in this case, John," said the wife, laying her little white hand on his. "Could I ever have loved you had I not known you better than you know yourself?" And the little woman looked so handsome, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, that the senator thought he must be a decidedly clever fellow to get such a pretty creature to praise him, and so what could he do but walk off soberly to see about the carriage? At the door he stopped a moment, and then coming back said, with some hesitation:

"Mary, I don't know how you'd feel about it, but there's that drawer full of things—of—of—little Henry's." So saying, he turned quickly on his heel and shut the door after him.

His wife opened the little bedroom door adjoining her room, and, taking the candle, set it down on the top of a bureau there; then from a small recess she took a key and put it thoughtfully in the lock of a drawer and made a sudden pause, while two boys who, boylike, had fol-



Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer.

lowed close on her heels, stood looking at their mother.

Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings, and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy horse and wagon, a top, a ball. She sat down and, leaning her head on her hands, wept till the

tears fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her head she began with nervous haste selecting the plainest and most substantial articles and gathering them into a bundle.

“Mamma,” said one of the boys, looking at her in amazement, “are you going to give away those things?”

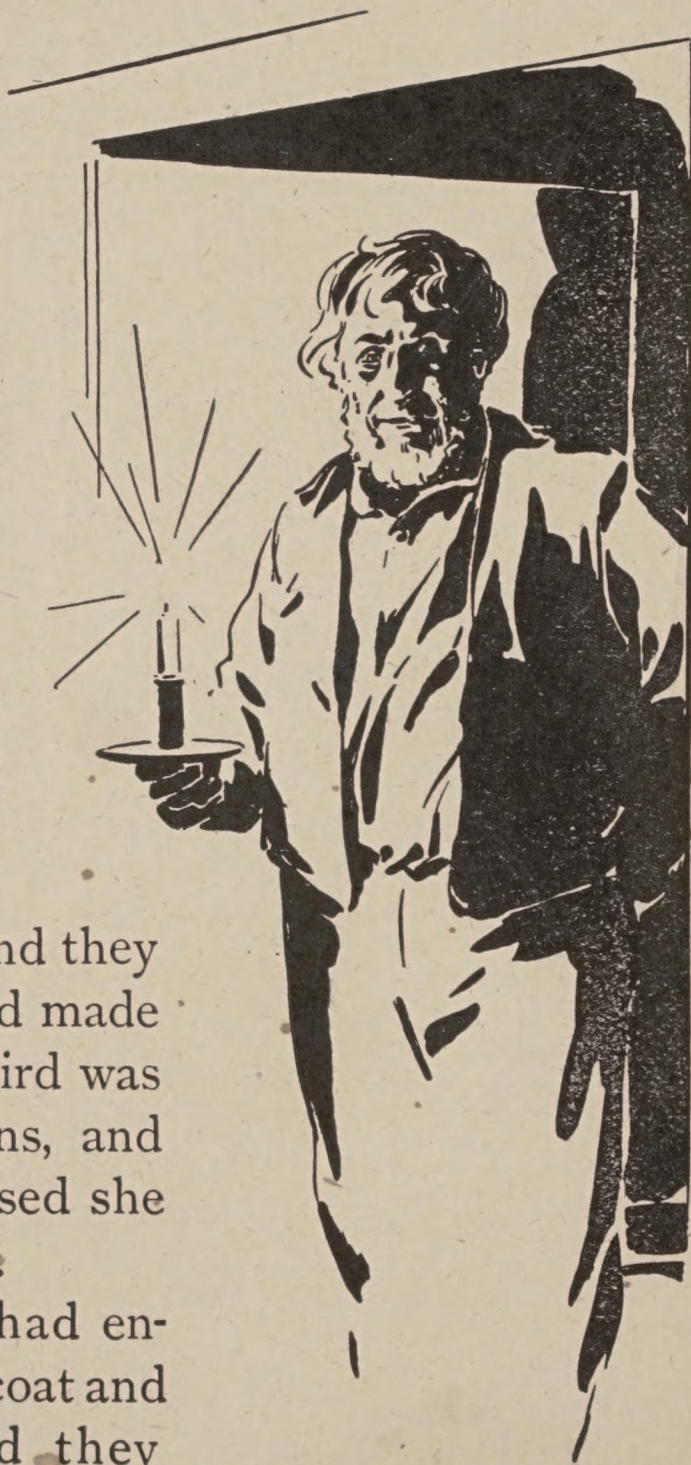
She put her arm around his shoulders tenderly.

“Dear,” she said, “if our little Henry looks down from Heaven he will be glad to have us do this. I could not give them to any one who was happy, but I am giving them to a mother who is even more sorrowful than I am, and I pray God to give his blessing with them.”

The tears were running down her cheeks and some of them sparkled like dew on the little coat, but her lips were smiling sweetly. She turned and took from her own wardrobe some warm and serviceable garments for Eliza, and sat down to lengthen them. The boys brought down a little leather-covered trunk from the attic and helped her pack it. It was long past their bed-time, and they glanced at the clock and at each other and then stole surprised peeps at their mother. But she let them stay up, because she felt that they were having their first great lesson in loving helpfulness toward the unfortunate.

The clock struck 12 and they heard the rumble of wheels on the drive outside. That was the signal for awakening Eliza and the little one. The boys tickled him under his brown chin until he laughed and opened his eyes, and they put on his shoes and stockings and made him ready for his journey. Mrs. Bird was assisting Eliza in her preparations, and when the trembling girl was dressed she wrapped a warm cloak around her.

"Come," called Mr. Bird, who had entered the room, wearing a big overcoat and swinging a lighted lantern, and they



"Yes, please God, I am."

followed him outside where the carriage waited. He helped Eliza in, and she took Harry on her lap, hiding him under the cloak she wore as if she were afraid the stars would see him and betray him to the slave catchers. When they were seated and made comfortable, Mr. Bird took his place in the carriage.

"Good by," said the boys together as they stood beside their mother on the steps.

Eliza leaned out and clasped Mrs. Bird's hand. Once, twice she tried to speak, but words failed her. But her large, dark eyes were fixed with earnest meaning on the face of her friend, and she raised her hand and pointed upward with a look never to be forgotten. Then she covered her face and the carriage door was shut.

"Git up dar an' pick up yo' feet libely," said old Cudjoe to his horses, and they started briskly through the gate and out to the road. The carriage lurched and creaked and sometimes sank hub-deep into the mud, but they went on without accident, for old Cudjoe on the driver's seat knew the story of Eliza's escape and he knew what it meant to be free.

It was late in the night when, after a rough and danger filled journey, the little party reached the last bend of the swollen creek and dashed through it and up to the gate of a large farm house. Mr. Bird went hurriedly up to the door and knocked, and a big, hearty voice from within called:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

Senator Bird replied by telling his name and added:

"I want to know if you are the man who will shelter

and protect a poor woman and her child from the slave catchers?"

And Eliza knew that the long night of terror was past when she saw the strong and noble face that the opened door disclosed and heard the ringing answer:

"Yes, please God, I am."

The broad shouldered farmer set his lamp inside the door on the floor and went out to assist Eliza and Harry; but he stopped and shook hands with Senator Bird and gained the particulars of Eliza's flight from him. Then they all went inside the house, and the fire in the living room, smouldering under its night coat of ashes, was stirred into a cheerful glow. Mr. Bird and Cudjoe stayed only long enough to warm and refresh themselves, for the senator wished to keep that night ride a secret from his neighbors. But Eliza and her boy had been sent upstairs to rest under the care of a sleepy black woman who had been called from her slumbers before they left, and before the homeward trip began Senator Bird was assured by the farmer that he would give the fugitives shelter until he could send them safely to a Quaker settlement, where they would rest until the Friends could get them to Canada.

Then the senator stepped into the carriage, and the horses, that had been unhitched and fed during the stay at the house, started for home.

They reached the Bird place without meeting anyone, and at breakfast that morning one of the boys said:

"Only you and mother and Tom and Cudjoe and the horses and I know about that journey last night, don't we father?"

Mr. Bird smiled and nodded in answer, but the little mother raised her eyes and said, with the tender smile they loved to see:

“Yes, dear ones, God knows.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning sun looked on sad faces when it shone through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. The little table stood out before the fire, covered with an ironing cloth, and a coarse but clean shirt hung on the back of a chair by the fire. Aunt Chloe had another spread out before her, and she carefully rubbed and ironed every fold and hem, now and then putting up her hand to wipe away the tears that gathered in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. Tom sat with his Bible on his knee and his head leaning on his hand, but neither spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay asleep, side by side, in their trundle-bed. Tom got up and walked silently over to look at them.

"It is the las' time," he whispered, and a great sob burst from his lips as he laid his face down upon the ones on the pillow.

Aunt Chloe did not answer, but she rubbed the garment as smooth as hands could make it, and then, setting her iron down, suddenly lifted up her voice and wept:

"O, Tom!" she cried, "I kaint bear it—I jes' kaint! I dunno whar yo'se goin', an' I dunno how yo'se goin' ter be treated. Nobuddy ever cums back dat goes down de river. Dey starves 'em, dat's what dey do! Missis says she's goin' ter bring yo back; but I kaint feel no faith, nohow!"

"I'm in de Lord's hands, Chloe," said Tom. "Don't forget that. An' I thank Him that it's me that's sold,



“O, Tom!” she cried, “I kaint bear it—I jes’ kaint!”

an' not yo all an' de chil'un. Yo'se safe up yere, an' I kin bear whatever load is laid 'pon my shoulders. Let's think on our mercies," he added, tremulously.

"Mercies!" said Aunt Chloe, "I kaint see no mercy in it. 'Taint right, 'taint right! an' mas'r knows it!"

"Chloe, don't talk aginst mas'r," said Tom. "Why, he was put in my arms when he was a little baby, like I was tellin' Mas'r Georgie las' night. I can see him now, laughin' and crowin' up at me. I promised old mas'r that I'd die fer him ef he needed me to, an' I reckon I kaint say anything now aginst bein' sold to save his property, 'corse not. Besides, mas'r couldn't help it. He's gwine, sure, ter miss ole Tom."

The simple breakfast was now on the table, and the children were hurrying to get ready. The dressing process did not take long, and they dodged outside to plunge their shining black faces into the bucket of rain-water which stood under the eaves at the corner of the cabin, and then in again to dry the glistening drops before the fire.

"Dat chickin smells pow'ful good," said little Pete, with a sniff. "Is we all's got cump'ny?"

"Hush yo' mouf!" whispered Mose; "don' yo know nuffin'? Daddy's done ben sold!"

The boys looked on with wide-open eyes. The fearful words stopped their play. To be sold down the river was the greatest harm that could happen to anyone.

Tom had the baby on his knee and was looking into her wee face with fatherly tenderness, when Mrs. Shelby entered the door.

"Uncle Tom," she began, "I came to — Oh! —"

she gazed for a moment at the little group, and then burst into tears.

“Don't, missis, don't!” Aunt Chloe cried, and then they all wept together, the frightened children clinging to their father's hands and pleading:

“Don't go an' leave we all, daddy, don't go!”

Mrs. Shelby went over to Uncle Tom and laid her hand on his.

“Tom,” she said, “I promise that I will bring you back to your home as soon as I can raise the money to buy you. I promise, as I am a Christian woman, that I will set you free. Till then, trust in God.”

A rough kick opened the door, and Haley entered. He was in a bad mood; his loss of Eliza and a long, hard ride back to the Shelby plantation had tired him.

“Come, you nigger, get ready!” he said, and then he noticed Mrs. Shelby and became more respectful. Aunt Chloe corded up the box, and then, getting up, looked at the trader. Her tears seemed suddenly turned to sparks of fire. Tom took the box meekly on his shoulder and followed his new master. Chloe and the children trailed along beside, and all the servants gathered to say good-by.

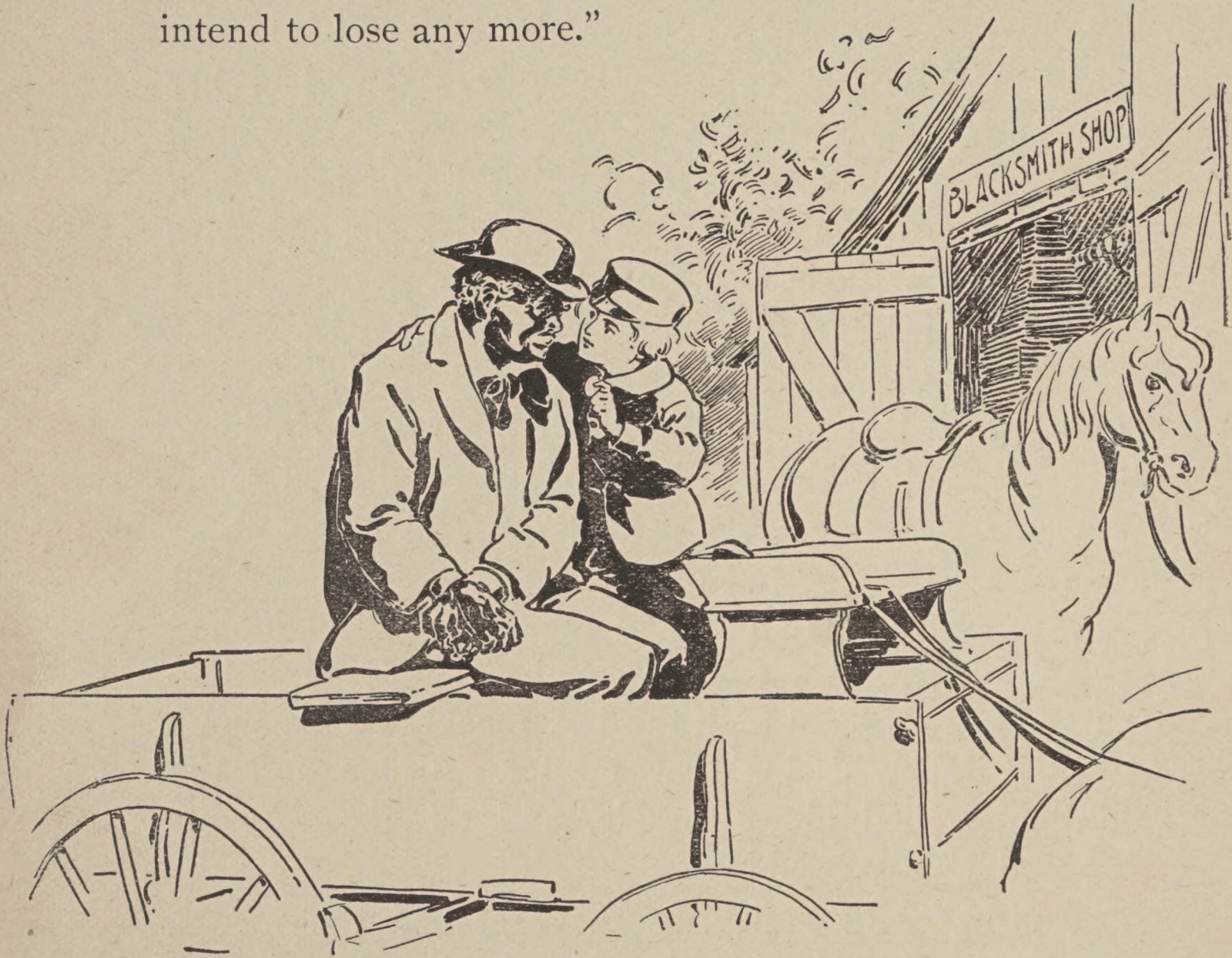
“Get in,” said Haley, as they reached the wagon, standing harnessed at the door. Tom got in, and then, reaching under the seat, the trader drew out a pair of heavy iron shackles, which he fastened around Tom's ankles.

A smothered groan of indignation went around the circle, and Mrs. Shelby called from the veranda:

"Mr. Haley, please do not do that! It is not necessary. Tom will not try to get away."

But the trader laughed:

"He won't get away, whether he tries or not. I've lost five hundred dollars from this place now. I don't intend to lose any more."



"I've brought you my dollar!"

"I'm sorry," said Tom, "that Mas'r Georgie happened ter be gone." George had gone to visit on a neighboring plantation, and had not heard the news of Tom's sale. "Give my love to Mas'r Georgie," he said, "an' give my love to Mas'r Arthur. Tell him I'll love him

like I allus did, as long as I live. Tell him not ter feel bad 'case he's done sol' me. I'd give him my life, ef he hadn't owned it anyway. God bless yo, missis! Good-by, good-by!"

Haley whipped up his horse, and with one last mournful look at the great house and the cabin under the bigonia and the rose, Uncle Tom was gone.

At the blacksmith shop down the road the trader stopped to have a pair of handcuffs fitted to the wrists of his property, and Tom was sitting very sorrowfully waiting for them to be fastened on, when there was a sound of horses' feet on the road, and in a moment his young Master George was in the wagon, with his arms around his old friend's neck.

"O! Mas'r George! this does me good!" said Tom. "I couldn't bar to go off without seein' ye! It does me real good, ye can't tell!" Here Tom made some movement of his feet and George's eyes fell on the fetters.

"What a shame!" he exclaimed, lifting his hands. "I'll knock that old fellow down—I will!"

"No you won't, Mas'r George, and you must not talk so loud. It won't help me any to anger him."

"Well I won't, then, for your sake; but only to think of it—ain't it a shame? They never sent for me, nor sent me any word, and if it hadn't been for Tom Lincoln I shouldn't have heard it. I tell you I blew 'em up well, all of 'em, at home!"

"That ar wasn't right, I'm 'feard, Mas'r George."

"Can't help it! I say it's a shame! Look here, Uncle Tom," said he, turning his back to the shop and speaking in a mysterious tone, "*I've brought you my dollar!*"

"O! I couldn't think o' takin' on't, Mas'r George, no ways in the world!" said Tom, quite moved.

"But you *shall* take it!" said George; "look here—I told Aunt Chloe I'd do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck and keep it out of sight, or this mean scamp would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! It would do me good!"

"No, don't, Mas'r George; for it won't do *me* any good!"

"Well, I won't for your sake," said George, busily tying his dollar round Tom's neck; "but there now, button your coat tight over it and keep it, and remember every time you see it that I'll come down after you and bring you back. Aunt Chloe and I have been talking about it. I told her not to fear; I'll see to it, and I'll tease father's life out if he don't do it."

"O, Mas'r George, ye mustn't talk so 'bout yer own father!"

"Lor, Uncle Tom, I don't mean anything bad."

"And now, Mas'r George," said Tom, "ye must be a good boy; 'member how many hearts is sot on ye. Al'ays keep close to your mother. Don't be gettin' into any of them foolish ways boys has of gettin' too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives a good many things twice over; but he don't give ye a mother but once. So now you hold on to her, and grow up and be a comfort to her, thar's my own good boy—you will now, won't ye?"

"Yes, I will, Uncle Tom," said George, seriously.

"And be careful of yer speaking, Mas'r George.

Young boys, when they comes to your age, is willful sometimes—it's natur they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes you'll be, never lets fall no words that isn't 'spectful to thar parents. Ye ain't 'fended, Mas'r George?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice."

"I's older, ye know," said Tom, stroking the boy's fine curly head with his large, strong hand, but speaking in a voice as tender as a woman's, "and I sees all that's bound up in you. O, Mas'r George, you has everything—l'ranin', privileges, readin', writin'—and you'll grow up to be a great, learned, good man, and all the people on the place, and your mother and father 'll be so proud on ye! Be a good mas'r, like your father; and be a Christian, like your mother. 'Member your Creator in the days o' your youth, Mas'r George."

"I'll be *real* good, Uncle Tom, I tell you," said George. "I'm going to be a *first-rater*; and don't you be discouraged. I'll have you back to the place yet. As I told Aunt Chloe this morning, I'll build your house all over, and you shall have a room for a parlor with a carpet on it, when I'm a man. O, you'll have good times yet!"

Haley now came to the door with the handcuffs in his hands.

"Look here now, mister," said George, with an air of great superiority, as he got out, "I shall let father and mother know how you treat Uncle Tom!"

"You're welcome," said the trader.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to spend all your

life buying men and women and chaining them like cattle. I should think you'd feel mean!" said George.

"So long as your grand folks wants to buy men and women, I'm as good as they is," said Haley; "'tain't any meaner sellin' on 'em than 'tis buyin'."

'I'll never do either when I'm a man," said George.

"Well, good-by, Uncle Tom; keep a stiff upper lip," he said.

"Good-by, Mas'r George," said Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. "God Almighty bless you! Ah! Kentucky hain't got many like you." Away he went, and Tom looked till the clatter of his horse's heels died away, the last sound or sight of his home. But over his heart there seemed to be a warm spot where those young hands had placed that precious dollar. Tom put up his hand and held it close to his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

A QUIET scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatly painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked cooking stove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm; a small flag-bottomed rocking-chair, with a patchwork cushion in it, and a larger sized one, motherly and old—a real comfortable, persuasive old chair—and worth, in the way of honest comfort, a dozen of your plush drawing-room gentry; and in the chair, gently swaying back and forward, her eyes bent on some fine sewing, sat our old friend Eliza. Yes, there she is, paler and thinner than in her Kentucky home, with a world of quiet sorrow lying under her long eyelashes and marking the outline of her gentle mouth. It was plain to see how old and firm the girlish heart had grown under the discipline of heavy sorrow; and when her large dark eyes were raised to follow the gambols of her little Harry, who was playing, like some tropical butterfly, hither and thither over the floor, she showed a depth of firmness and steady resolve that was never there in her earlier and happier days.

By her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap, into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but her's was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to

brighten and adorn. The snowy lisse crape cap, made after the straight Quaker pattern; the plain white muslin handkerchief lying in placid folds across her bosom; the drab shawl and dress, showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered, was parted smoothly back from a placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except peace on earth, good will to men, and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom.

"And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?" she said, as she was quietly looking over her peaches.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza, firmly. "I must go onward. I dare not stop."

"And what 'll thee do when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter."

"My daughter" came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for hers was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world.

Eliza's hands trembled, and some tears fell on her fine work; but she answered, firmly:

"I shall do—anything I can find. I hope I can find something."

"Thee knows thee can stay here as long as thee pleases," said Rachel.

"O, thank you," said Eliza; "but"—she pointed to Harry—"I can't sleep nights; I can't rest. Last night

I dreamed I saw that man coming into the yard," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child!" said Rachel, wiping her eyes; "but thee mustn't feel so. The Lord hath ordered it so that never hath a fugitive been stolen from our village. I trust thine will not be the first."



By her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap.

The door here opened, and a little, short, round woman stood at the threshold, with a cheery, blooming face, like a ripe apple. She was dressed, like Rachel, in sober gray, with the muslin folded neatly across her round, plump little chest.

Ruth Stedman," said Rachel, coming joyfully forward; "how is thee, Ruth?" she said, heartily taking both her hands.

"Nicely," said Ruth, taking off her little drab bonnet, and dusting it with her handkerchief, displaying, as she did so, a round little head, on which the Quaker cap sat with a sort of jaunty air, despite all the stroking and patting of the small fat hands which were busily applied in arranging it. Certain stray locks of decidedly curly hair, too, had escaped here and there, and had to be coaxed and cajoled into their place again; and then the newcomer, who might have been five-and-twenty,

turned from the small looking-glass, before which she had been making these arrangements, and looked well pleased—as most people who looked at her might have been—for she was decidedly a wholesome, whole-hearted,

chirruping little woman, as ever gladdened a man's heart withal.

"Ruth, this friend is Eliza Harris; and this is the little boy I told thee of."

"I am glad to see thee, Eliza—very," said Ruth, shaking hands, as if Eliza were an old friend she had long been expecting; "and this is thy dear boy—I brought a cake for him," she said, holding out a little heart to the boy, who came up, gazing through his curls, and accepted it shyly.



Ruth.

"Where's thy baby, Ruth?" said Rachel.

"O, he's coming; but thy Mary caught him as I came in, and ran off with him to the barn, to show him to the children.

At this moment the door opened, and Mary, an honest, rosy-looking girl, with large brown eyes, like her mother's, came in with the baby.

"Ah! ha!" said Rachel, coming up and taking the great white, fat fellow in her arms; "how good he looks, and how he does grow!"

"To be sure he does," said little bustling Ruth, as she took the child and began taking off a little blue silk hood and various layers and wrappers of outer garments; and having given a twitch here and a pull there, and kissed him heartily, she set him on the floor to collect his thoughts. Baby seemed quite used to this mode of proceeding, for he put his thumb in his mouth, while the mother seated herself, and taking out a long stocking of mixed blue and white yarn, began to knit with briskness.

Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat and trousers, and broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

"How is thee, Ruth?" he said, warmly, as he spread his broad open hand for her little fat palm; "and how is John?"

"O! John is well, and all the rest of our folks," said Ruth, cheerily.

"Any news, father?" said Rachel, as she was putting her biscuits into the oven.

"Peter Stebbins told me that they should be along pres-

ently with *friends*," said Simeon, significantly, as he was washing his hands at a neat sink, on a little back porch.

"Indeed!" said Rachel, looking thoughtfully, and glancing at Eliza.

"Did thee say thy name was Harris?" said Simeon to Eliza, as he re-entered.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered "yes."

"Mother," said Simeon, standing on the porch, and calling Rachel out.

"What does thee want, father?" said Rachel, rubbing her floury hands, as she went out on the porch.

"This child's husband is in the settlement, and will be here soon," said Simeon.

"Now, thee doesn't say that, father?" said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

"It's really true. Peter was down yesterday, with the wagon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men; and one said his name was George Harris; and, from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He is a bright, likely fellow, too."

"Shall we tell her now?" said Simeon.

"Let's tell Ruth," said Rachel. "Here, Ruth—come here."

Ruth laid down her knitting-work, and was on the back porch in a moment.

"Ruth, what does thee think?" said Rachel. "Father says Eliza's husband is in the last company, and will be here shortly."

A burst of joy from the little Quakeress interrupted the speech. She gave such a bound from the floor, as

she clapped her little hands, that two stray curls fell from under her Quaker cap, and lay brightly on her white neckerchief.

“Hush thee, dear!” said Rachel, gently; “hush, Ruth! Tell us, shall we tell her now?”

“Now! to be sure—this very minute. Why, now, suppose 't was my John, how should I feel? Do tell her right off.”

“Thee uses thyself only to learn how to love thy neighbor, Ruth,” said Simeon, looking, with a beaming face, on Ruth.

“To be sure. Isn't it what we are made for? If I didn't love John and the baby, I should not know how to feel for her. Come, now, do tell her—do!” and she laid her hands persuasively on Rachel's arm. “Take her into thy bedroom, there, and let me fry the chicken while thee does it.”

Rachel came out into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and opening the door of a small bedroom, said gently, “Come in here with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee.”

The blood flushed in Eliza's pale face; she rose, trembling with nervous anxiety, and looked toward her boy.

“No, no,” said little Ruth, darting up, and seizing her hands. “Never thee fear; it's good news, Eliza—go in, go in!” And she gently pushed her to the door, which closed after her; and then, turning round, she caught little Harry in her arms, and began kissing him.

“Thee'll see thy father, little one. Does thee know it?”

"Thy father is coming," she said, over and over again, as the boy looked wonderingly at her.

Meanwhile, within the door, another scene was going on. Rachel Halliday drew Eliza toward her, and said, "The Lord hath had mercy on thee, daughter; thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage."

The blood flushed to Eliza's cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with as sudden a rush. She sat down, pale and faint.

"Have courage, child," said Rachel, laying her hand on her head. "He is among friends, who will bring him here soon."

"Soon!" Eliza repeated, "soon!" The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dreamy and confused; all was mist for a moment.

But there was a sound of steps on the walk outside and a light knock at the door; and in a moment Eliza was in her husband's arms, and his tears of joy were falling on her face.

They were all seated at the breakfast table the next morning, and although it was the first time that George Harris had ever sat at a white man's table, he behaved with the gentleness of those around him.



"Thee 'll see thy father, little one."



In a moment Eliza was in her husband's arms.

"Father," said little Simeon, as he buttered his cakes, "what if thee should get found out again?"

"I should pay my fine," answered his father quietly.

"Yes, but what if they put thee in prison?"

"Couldn't thee and mother manage the farm?" said Simeon, smiling. "Mother can do any thing," said the boy, "but isn't it a shame to make such laws? I just hate those old slave-holders, any way."

"I hope, my good sir," said George, "that you are not getting into danger on our account!"

"Friend George, we are sent into the world to help and be of service to one another. It is not for thee but for God we do it. And now thee must keep quiet to-day, and to-night, at 10 o'clock, Phineas Fletcher will carry thee and Eliza and thy company on to the next stand. The pursuers are after thee; we must not delay."

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG the passengers on the boat which bore Uncle Tom and the rest of trader Haley's slave gang down the river to New Orleans was a gentleman by the name of St. Clare and his little six-year-old daughter. This little golden-haired girl flitted about the decks of the Mississippi steamer like a fairy. Now smiling over a bale of cotton at some poor slave; now laying her hands, cool and white as lilies, on some dark and throbbing brow; now listening to the songs the negroes sang in the evenings.

She was slight and fair and her eyes were large and blue. To the sad hearts around her she seemed an angel of kindness and beauty. Her father let her trip around where she pleased on the decks, and she liked to perch, like a bright-winged bird, on some box or bale near where Tom was sitting, and see him make her little baskets out of cherry stones, and odd whistles and jumping figures out of elder pith.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom one day.

"Evangeline St. Clare," the child answered, "but every one calls me just Eva. What's your name?"

"My name 's Tom," he answered; "the little chillun used fer ter call me Uncle Tom back thar in ole Kentuck."

"Then I'll call you Uncle Tom, because you see I like you. Where are you going, Uncle Tom?"

"I dun no, Miss Eva."

"You don't know?"

"No, Miss Eva; I'se gwine ter be sol' ter some one. I dun no who."

"My papa shall buy you," said the child, springing up and clasping her hands. "My papa shall buy you; I'll ask him now. And then you will be my Uncle Tom." She jumped up and turned to run away, but stopped, seeing the tears in Tom's honest eyes. "You will never cry any more if my papa buys you," she said. "Good-by until I come back."



"What's little missy's name?"

Tom looked at his great black hand that the white dress had brushed.

“Lord bless that little lamb,” he whispered. “Bless that little lamb.”

The boat stopped at a small landing to take on cotton, and Tom went below to help put the cargo in place, as he had been found to be strong and reliable, and his master had hired him out to take the place of one of the crew who was sick. He was standing on the lower deck as the boat moved out and something white flashed in front of his face and into the water.

“St. Clare's child!” some one cried. And the next moment Tom was in the water, keeping between the little one and the wheel that would otherwise have caught and crushed her, and managing to catch her in his strong arms as she came to the surface. A hundred hands were stretched to take the dripping little figure that Tom handed up, and in a few moments more she was safe on her father's breast and asking for Tom. “I was just going to tell you I wanted him for my playmate, when I fell in the water,” she explained. “And you will buy him for me, won't you, papa?” She looked up confidently from her place in his arms, and he answered: “Yes, little one, if you wish to have him. Of course I will. Are you going to use him for a rattle-box or a rocking-horse?”

“Papa,” she whispered, “he's my friend.”

Mr. St. Clare laughed. “Your friend? Well, well, what would your mother say to that? But I reckon that he will be a faithful one. I do not forget that he saved my little girl's life to-day.”

The days passed and the long ride was nearly over, when, one morning, Mr. St. Clare found Tom among the cotton bales with Eva beside him listening to a story of Br'er Rabbit and Missy Cotton-tail.

"Dey lived in a patch o' corn right back o' my cabin," he said; "an' one night — now you all mustn't b'lieve dis is true, missy, will yo?"

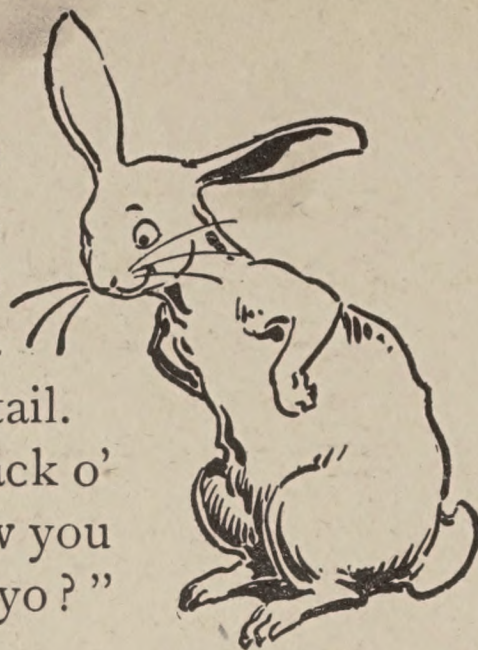
"No; go on, go on, Uncle Tom!"

"Wull, I was a sitting thar, an' I see thet li'l Cotton-tail scamperin' up an' down, an' I sez: 'Howdy, Miss Bunny, is yo folks all well?' Den she jumped furrad, three springs, an' set an' waited, lookin' like she was studyin' my face. Den she come on three springs mo', an' sez she: 'Oh, Uncle Tom, Mr. Rabbit's hurt hissef by stepping in a trap dat yo mas'r lef' roun' kerless, an' I aint got no med'cine in my house.'

"I sez ter her: 'All right, Miss Cotton-tail, I'll fetch yo some lin'ment ef yo'll wait a spell, 'twell I find whar Chloe's got hern sto'ed away.' So I hunted an' I hunted, an' bime by I foun' it, an' den we started for de field, li'l Miss Bunny runnin' ahaid a ways an' den lookin' back ter see ef I'se foolin' huh. But we went along an' thar set Mr. Rabbit with masr's trap hitched ter his leg.

"He looked mighty s'picious at me, an I sez:

"Scuse me, Br'er Rabbit, I jes dropped roun ter see ef ye done got through with mas'rs fox trap? Ef yo is, I'll tote it along home.





“St. Clare’s child!” some one cried.

“Mister Rabbit spoke up perlite: ‘Sut’nly, sah,’ he sez, ‘Ise much ’bleeged for de use of it. Kin I trouble yo ter help yo sef? I’s e feelin’ sort o porely dis evenin.’ He stuck out his feet an’ I took off de trap; an’ li’l Miss Cotton-tail she drapped me a cutsy, so! ‘Wull, good by, Uncle Tom,’ she sez, ‘Ise gwine ter fetch yo linment home t’rectly,’ she sez. No hurry, missy, sez I, good by.”

Mr. St. Clare stepped forward with a laugh, and put his finger carelessly under Tom’s chin.

“Look up, Tom,” he said, “and see how you like your new master.”

Eva gave a shout of delight and Tom’s heart leaped with thankfulness as he said:

“God bless yo, mas’r; I will serve yo an’ little missy with all my strength and heart.”

Eva put her hand on his shoulder: “Tell me another story, Uncle Tom,” she said.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS OPHELIA ST. CLARE had gone down from Vermont to manage her cousin's household affairs, as his wife, the mother of little Eva, was an invalid.

Whoever has traveled in New England will remember, in some cool village, a large well kept farm house where everything is in its place and shining clean; where there is a certain time for every task, and disorder and confusion are never known. Miss Ophelia left such a home of system and order to go and preside over a hundred negro servants, who were all helter-skelter and in each other's way, to the great confusion of household affairs generally. But the fine, tall New Englander was not to be discouraged from what she considered her path of duty. Besides, she loved Eva and longed to make up to her for the mother love she missed in the cold and selfish Mrs. St. Clare. The plantation was one of the largest and most beautiful estates in Louisiana. The house, a splendid old mansion, half colonial, half French in architecture, was the scene of much gayety in the winters, and the servants were happy under



Miss Ophelia.

Augustine St. Clare's careless, kindly rule. Mrs. St. Clare was neither so careless or so kind, but she was too indolent to attend to the management of the house, so Miss Ophelia's work began, and old Dinah's soul was filled with wrath when she made her first tour through the kitchen, which was a large apartment, with a brick floor and a great fire-place stretching along one whole side of the room. Aunt Dinah did not rise, but sat on the floor and smoked her short pipe in silence.

Miss Ophelia commenced opening a set of drawers. "What is this drawer for?" she asked.

"It's handy for most anything, missis," said Dinah. So it appeared to be. From the variety it contained, Miss Ophelia pulled out, first, a fine damask tablecloth, which had been used to envelop raw meat.

"What this, Dinah? You don't wrap up meat in your mistress' best tablecloths?"

"O lan, missis, no; the towels was all a missin', so I jest did it. I laid out to wash that ar; that's why I put it thar."

"Shif'less!" said Miss Ophelia to herself, proceeding to tumble over the drawer, where she found a nutmeg-grater and two or three nutmegs, a Methodist hymn-book, a couple of soiled Madras handkerchiefs, some yarn and knitting-work, a paper of tobacco and a pipe, a few crackers, one or two gilded china-saucers with some pomade in them, one or two thin old



Aunt Dinah.

shoes, a piece of flannel carefully pinned up enclosing some small white onions, several damask table-napkins, some coarse crash towels, some twine and darning-needles, and several broken papers, from which sweet herbs were sifting into the drawer.

"Where do you keep your nutmegs, Dinah?" said Miss Ophelia, with the air of one who prayed for patience.

"Most anywhar, missis; there's some in that cracked teacup up there, and there's some over in that ar cupboard."

"Here are some in the grater," said Miss Ophelia, holding them up.

"Laws, yes, I put 'em there this morning—I likes to keep my things handy," said Dinah.

"What's this?" said Miss Ophelia, holding up the saucer of pomade.

"Laws, it's my har *grease*—I put it thar to have it handy."

"Do you use your mistress' best saucers for that?"

"Law, it was cause I was driv, and in sich a hurry—I was gwine to change it this very day."

"Here are two damask table-napkins."

"Them table-napkins I put thar to get 'em washed out some day."

"Don't you have some place here on purpose for things to be washed?"

"Well, Mas'r St. Clare got dat ar chest, he said, for dat; but I likes to mix up biscuit and hev my things on it some days, and then it ain't handy to be liftin' up the lid."

"Why don't you mix your biscuits on the pastry-table, there?"

"Law, missis, it gets so full of dishes, and one thing and another, der ain't no room, noways."

"But you should *wash* your dishes, and clear them away."

"Wash my dishes!" said Dinah, in a high key, as her wrath began to rise over her habitual respect of manner; "what does ladies know 'bout work, I want to know? When'd mas'r ever get his dinner, if I was to spend all my time a washin' and puttin' up dishes? Miss Marie never telled me so, nohow."

"Well, here are these onions."

"Laws, yes!" said Dinah, "thar *is* whar I put 'em, now. I couldn't 'member. Them's particular onions I was savin' for dis yer very stew. I'd forgot they was in dat ar old flannel."

Miss Ophelia lifted out the sifting papers of sweet herbs.

"I wish missis wouldn't touch dem ar. I likes to keep my things where I knows whar to go to 'em," said Dinah, rather decidedly.

"But you don't want these holes in the papers."

"Them's handy for siftin' on't out," said Dinah.

"But you see it spills all over the drawer."

"Laws, yes! if missis will go a tumblin' things all up so, it will. Missis has spilt lots dat ar way," said Dinah, coming uneasily to the drawers. "If missis only will go upstars till my clarin' up time comes, I'll have everything right; but I can't do nothin' when ladies is round,



Topsy.

a henderin'. You, Sam, don't you gib the baby dat ar sugar-bowl! I'll crack ye over, if ye don't mind!"

"I'm going through the kitchen, to put everything in order, *once*, Dinah; and then I'll expect you to *keep* it so." Miss Ophelia went to work while Topsy looked on, grinning.

Topsy was one of the blackest, funniest specimens of her race, and when Mr. St. Clare, half in pity for the child, bought her of her cruel owners and presented her to Miss Ophelia, that good woman was dumb with amazement. The child was dressed in a coffee sack; her hair was braided in little tails which stuck out like spikes around her head, and her wrinkled, old, odd little face was as solemn as an owl's, except for the twinkling, mischief-filled eyes. There was something goblin-like in her looks and ways, and Mr. St. Clare smiled at the look of terror with which his cousin regarded her as he said:

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. Are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Topsy, her wicked eyes shining.

"Now, Augustine," said Miss Ophelia, "what is the use of bringing that child here? The house is full of little black plagues now. I can't set down my foot in the kitchen without stepping on one. They are overhead, on the stairs, and swarming up everywhere. What am I to do with this girl?"

"I think I should try having her washed, to begin with," said St. Clare. "Some of that black will come off. And then I would send out and get her a more complete costume. I observe some lack in her present make-up. After that—well, you always wanted to teach a negro child the right way to live. Here's the material. You

can try your hand, that strong New England hand, on it. But I shall watch the results."

Miss Ophelia suspected that he was teasing her, but she started off to the kitchen with Topsy, and when the superfluous black had been washed away by Dinah's vigorous hands, the spikes of hair had fallen under the shears, and the child was clothed for the first time in her life in a decent dress, Miss Ophelia began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?" she asked.

"I dunno, missy," she answered with a grin that showed two shining rows of teeth.

"Don't know? Didn't any one ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Neber had no mudder."

"Never had a mother?" Miss Ophelia stared in surprise and disapproval. "What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Neber was born."

"Topsy, I am not playing with you. I want you to tell me where you were born and who your father and mother were. Now answer me quickly."

"I neber was born. Neber had no fadder, an' I neber had no mudder. I was raised by a specumlater fur market wif lots o' little niggers. Ole Aunt Sue brung me up by hand."

The child was evidently sincere, and Jane, the chambermaid, who was present, added:

"La, missis, dat's all true. Speculators buys 'em when dey's little an' gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress, Topsy?"

"I dunno, missis," said Topsy, and then in a moment she was down on the floor walking on her hands, with her black feet in the air. She made the circle once around, before her astonished and horrified mistress caught breath enough to exclaim:

"Get up, Topsy, you wretched child, and tell me—Do you know who made you?"

"No, mom. Nobuddy neber made me. I 'spect I growed. Nobuddy done tuk de trouble ter make me, as I knows."

Miss Ophelia felt that she was not making much progress.

"Do you know how to sew?" she asked.

"No, mom. I dunno how ter sew."

"What did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Nuffin dat I could help."

"Were they good to you?"

"Yessum. Dey licked me free er four times er day ter make me good, but I ain't good yit."

Topsy's black eyes glittered with mischief as she struck up in a shrill voice:

"O I'se a mis'ble sinneh, yes I is;
O I'se a mis'ble sinneh,
An I kaint hab no dinneh,
Yes I is!"

She kept time to this with her feet and hands, knocking



Walking on her hands, with her black feet in the air.

her knees together in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and spinning around, clapping her hands, and then suddenly turning somersaults around the room, she came up standing with a prolonged closing note as loud as a steam-engine's whistle.

Poor Miss Ophelia shuddered when she thought that she was the owner of this monkey child and was expected to make a Christian out of her, and her voice was very weak when she said :

“Come up into my room with me, Topsy.

“Is yo gwine ter whip me? Shall I fetch yo in a hick'ry ter tan me good?”

“No, no,” the lady almost cried in her nervousness, “I am not going to whip you. I never want to whip you. I am going to teach you how to make my bed.”

Topsy looked at her from the corner of a suspicious eye.

“Wullum,” she said.

They went up to Miss Ophelia's room together. No one could tell the sacrifice the stern Vermont house-keeper was making when she allowed the wild little black girl to touch her bed.

“Now, Topsy,” she said kindly, “look here, this is the hem of the sheet and this is the right side, this the wrong — will you remember?”

“Yessum,” said Topsy with a sigh.

“Well now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster, so — and tuck it clear down under the mattress, nice and smooth, so. Do you see?”

“Yessum, I sees.”

“But the upper sheet must be brought down in this

way, firm and smooth, and tucked under at the foot, so, the narrow hem at the lower end. Do you see?"

"Yessum," said Topsy, snatching a ribbon and a pair of gloves from the dressing table and hiding them in her sleeves while Miss Ophelia's back was turned; "yessum, I sees."

"That's a nice, bright girl. O, we shall make a fine little maid of you, I am sure! Now pull all the clothes off and spread them on again, as I told you."

Topsy went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out each wrinkle, and behaving so well that her mistress was delighted. But suddenly Miss Ophelia caught sight of a fluttering fragment of ribbon hanging from Topsy's sleeve, and in a moment she had the child by the shoulder.

"What is this, you wicked, wicked girl? You have been stealing."

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, but she looked at it with much surprise and said:

"For de lan' sakes, hoccum Miss Feely's rib'n in my sleeve? Dat 's the curisist ting I ebber see."

"Topsy, don't tell a lie. You stole that ribbon, and you know it."

"Who? Me? No, mom, I neber stole it. I neber laid my eyes on it twell jes' dis minit."

"Topsy!" Miss Ophelia shook her so hard that the gloves fell from the other sleeve onto the floor. Miss Ophelia could not speak, but Topsy grinned cheerfully.

"I done stole dem gloves," she admitted, "but I hope ter neber see de back o' my neck agin, ef I stole dat ar rib'n."

Miss Ophelia sat down, and looked at her charge sternly over the tops of her glasses.

"Topsy," she said, "tell me all. I won't whip you if you tell me the truth. What more have you taken?"



"What is this, you wicked girl?"

"Wullum, I done tuk Miss Eva's red beads dat she w'ars on huh neck, an' I tuk Rosa's yerrings dat jingled in huh ears, an' I—"

"Topsy, you naughty girl, run and get those things and everything else that you have stolen, and bring them here."

"Lan a goodness, Miss Feely, I kaint do dat, no how."

"Get them this minute! Start!"

"Why, Miss Feely, I done bu'nt 'em all up."

"You have burnt them up! O, what shall I do with you? What did you do that for?"

"'Case I's so wicked, I 'spects. I'se moughty wicked, I is. 'Sides I'm all ober my las' lickin'. Why don' yo all whip me, Miss Feely?"

Just at that moment Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly-ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child!" she said in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must 'fess, and I couldn't think of nuffin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia; "that's telling a lie just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy with an air of innocent wonder.

"La, there ain't any such thing as truth in that limb," said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. "If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I'd whip her, I would — I'd let her catch it!"

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command, which the child could assume at times; "you musn't talk so, Rosa; I can't bear to hear it."

"La sakes! Miss Eva, you's so good, you don't know nothing how to get along with niggers. There's no way but to whip 'em, I tell ye."

"Rosa!" said Eva, "hush! Don't you say another word of that sort!" and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its color.

Rosa was cowed in a moment.

Eva stood looking at Topsy.

"Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You're going to be taken good care of now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye; but it was followed by a short laugh. She did not believe it.

CHAPTER X.

TOM sat in his little room over the carriage house, and looked with pride and delight at a letter he had just received from George Shelby. The round, boyish writing seemed the most wonderful penmanship he had ever seen.

“I tell you, Missy Eva, that boy ’s sure gwine to be a great man,” he said; “he jes nachelly kaint help it. He ain’t but fourteen years old, and he kin send a letter here dat makes my heart sing glory tunes. Read it agin, will you, little missy?”

Eva read the letter again and tears ran down Tom’s cheeks as he heard of his loved ones.

“My dear old Uncle Tom,” the letter said. “We got your letter, and my! we were so glad to know that you are so well contented. But I miss you lots, and we all do. Soon you will be home with us again. Mother was going to take music scholars so she could get money to buy you back, but that won’t be neces-



“Read it agin, will you, little missy?”



Tom sat down on the mossy bank beside her.

L. of C.

sary now, for Aunt Chloe has gone to work as a cook in Louisville and she will save all her money to buy you. I shall help her. If she gets four dollars a week for fifty-two weeks, she'll make four times fifty-two which are two hundred and eight dollars. The children are well, and the baby walks as good as any one. Your cabin is shut up now, but when you come home I'll have it made larger and finer than ever for you. I study reading, writing and several things. Have you got the dollar I gave you yet? I always felt glad that you had it. Well, I can't think of any more to say, but I love you, and I say every day in my prayers that I want you to come home.

Ever your loving,

GEORGE."

Tom drew a long breath of admiration and murmured a blessing on "Mas'r Georgie," and then he went with his little mistress out to watch the sunset.

The family had removed to their summer villa at Lake Pontchartrain, and the pretty East Indian cottage was surrounded by gardens of flowers overlooking the beautiful sheet of water that now glimmered in the golden glow of sunset. Eva sank down in her wicker chair and Tom sat down on the mossy bank beside her. They had grown to be great comrades, this little lily maid and the slave; and the man would have gladly given his life for her if he could have done so, for he saw what others did not—that the sweet child-spirit was pluming its wings for a return to heaven.

The little girl had her Bible on her knee, and as she looked across the lake in the purple and gold and pearl of sunset, and said thoughtfully:

“Tom, where do you suppose the new Jerusalem is?”
He pointed upward, and just then Topsy's voice was borne toward them as she sang:

“Dar's a little blackbird in de tree;
Howdy, Mistah Blackbird, howdy?
'I'se right peart,' he sez, sez ee,
Like a sassy little rowdy.
Howdy, little miss? Howdy, little man?
Howdy, little blackbird, howdy?”

The child made up the words as she sang, and she introduced into the weird melody which carried them all manner of notes which even the mocking bird answered from the thicket.

“Poor little Topsy,” said Eva with a smile, “don't you think, Tom, that she is trying to be good now? I shall be so sorry to leave her.”

Tom's heart grew faint. “Whar—whar's yo all going, little Missy Eva?” he asked.

The child rose and pointed her hand toward the sky. The light shone around her and Tom thought she looked like an angel.

“I am going there, Uncle Tom, up there—before long, too. I must tell papa soon, and then we must help him to bear it, you and I.”

“Oh I'se so wicked I dunno what ter do,
But still I loves huh, yes I do,
I loves Miss Eva truly.”

“Hear that, Uncle Tom, Topsy loves me!”

Tom burst into tears.

“Oh, little lady, little white lamb,” he said, “the Lord sent you here ter bless us. You lay your soft hands on

our sore, black hearts and make them well and clean! Come, little missy, the evenin' dew is fallin'. Come in."

They went toward the house just in time to see Miss Ophelia drag Topsy into the drawing-room.

"Come here, now," she said, "I will tell your master."

Topsy took refuge, as usual, behind Mr. St. Clare's chair. He was always more amused than angry at her



" * * * cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets."

antics. Miss Marie, as Mrs. St. Clare was called by her servants, was far more severe in her treatment.

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn

to study; and what does she do, but spy out where I put my key, and go to my bureau, and get a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces, to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out and have her thoroughly whipped."

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare.

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass room at the corner of the veranda, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room, and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about, now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces toward them. Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try to be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothing 'bout love."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might ——"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."



"No, she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave a short, blunt laugh.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No, she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'! I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

“O, Topsy, poor child, *I* love you!” said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy’s shoulder: “I love you, because you haven’t had any father, or mother, or friends — because you’ve been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I think I shan’t live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake — it’s only a little while I shall be with you.”

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears — large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. She laid her head down between her knees and sobbed.

“Poor Topsy!” said Eva, “don’t you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do — only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to Heaven at last and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy! — *you* can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about.”

“O, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!” said the child; “I will try, I will try; I never did care nothin’ about it before.”

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. “It puts me in mind of mother,” he said.

“Mamma,” said Eva, a few days later. She was in her little white bed now, and her father, who loved her better, far better, than his own life, had been obliged to admit that her stay with him was but for a little while. Her mother was too much occupied with her own ailments to

notice that the angel with the gray wings was already waiting for the child.

“Mamma!” The sweet voice had a clear ring in it. “I want to have a great deal of my hair cut off; please let me.”

“What for?” said Marie in surprise.

“I want to give it to my friends while I am here to put it into their hands myself. Please ask Aunty to cut it for me.” Miss Ophelia entered and looked at the child, inquiringly.

“Come, Aunty, shear the sheep,” she said playfully.

St. Clare entered the room. “What are you doing?” he asked.

“I want to give away my curls, papa.” She looked up into his eyes and he turned away murmuring:

“My baby, my little girl. Everything shall be as you say.”

“Then I want to see our people all together. Please send and have them come to me. I have some things that I must say to them.”

Ophelia went out and dispatched a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were in the room.

Eva sat up and smiled at them so sweetly that more than one felt that it was a smile from the heavenly land.

“I sent for you all,” said Eva, “because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks, you will see me no more ——”

Here she was interrupted by bursts of sobs from all present, and in which her voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment and then said:

“If you love me, you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls. . . . Many of you, I am afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only about this world. I want you to remember that there is a beautiful world, where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there. It is for you as much as me. But, if you want to go there, you must



* * * They gathered around the little creature.

not live idle, careless, thoughtless lives. You must be Christians. Jesus will help you. You must pray to Him; you must read ——

The child checked herself, looked piteously at them, and said, sorrowfully:

“O, dear! you *can't* read—poor souls!” and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those she was addressing, who were kneeling on the floor, aroused her.

"Never mind," she said, raising her face and smiling brightly through her tears, "I have prayed for you; and I know Jesus will help you, even if you can't read. Try all to do the best you can; pray every day; ask Him to help you. I shall see you all in Heaven."

"Amen!" was the murmured response from the lips of Tom and Mammy, and some of the elder ones, who belonged to the Methodist church. The younger and more thoughtless ones, for the time completely overcome, were sobbing, with their heads bowed upon their knees.

"I know," said Eva, "you all love me." There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at it, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to Heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

With tears they gathered around the little creature, and took from her hands a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; sobbed, and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment; and the elder ones poured forth words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings after the manner of their race.

As they took their gift, Miss Ophelia signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last all were gone but Tom and Mammy.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a beautiful one for you. O, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven—for I'm sure I shall; and Mammy—dear, good, kind Mammy!" she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse—"I know you'll be there, too."



She fell into a light slumber, with her head resting on his breast.

"O, Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without ye, no how!" said the faithful creature.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone; but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

"Where did you start up from?" she said, suddenly.

"I was here," said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"O, Miss Eva, I've been a bad girl; but won't you give *me* one, too?"

"Yes, poor Topsy! to be sure I will. There, every time you look at that, think that I love you, and wanted you to be a good girl!"

"O, Miss Eva, I *is* tryin'!" said Topsy, earnestly, "but it's so hard to be good! 'Pears like I ain't used to it, no ways!"

"Jesus knows it, Topsy; He is sorry for you; He will help you."

Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, passed from the apartment, but, as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom.

Mrs. St. Clare and Ophelia left the room and Augustine went over and took his little daughter in his arms. For a time they sat in silence. Then she whispered:

"Sing to me, papa," and he sang until she fell into a light slumber with her head resting on his breast. For a while he watched the long lashes shading the fever flushed cheeks, through his tears. Then the great eyes unclosed.

"Papa," she said, "promise me to set Uncle Tom free; promise me now."

“I will, dearest,” he answered, “I will.”

“Papa,” she said, “it is growing so dark, I cannot see your face.” She put up her hand and touched his cheek tenderly. “But I think I hear Topsy singing somewhere. Be good to all my friends, papa, Where is Tom?”

“Here, Missy, waitin’ at the door.” Tom crept into the room and sat down on the floor at Mr. St. Clare’s feet. He took hold of the hem of Eva’s white dress and his tears fell upon it. Then he raised his eyes and looked deep into the eyes of his master; and the two who loved Eva best forgot that they were master and slave as they waited, with clasped hands, for the coming of the angel. After awhile Eva raised her head and smiled.

“What is it, Eva; what is it, my heart’s love?”

But the beautiful face sank down on his breast and Tom rose to his knees and said solemnly:

“She’s gone, mas’r; she’s in the everlastin’ arms now. The little white lamb has gone home.”

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a gentle stir in the Quaker house as the afternoon drew to a close. Rachel Halliday busied herself collecting from her store such things as could be easily carried by the fugitives in their flight,

for George Harris and the other negro runaways were to start out that night. The afternoon shadows stretched eastward, and the sun hung like a red ball on the horizon. The last rays shone with calm peace into the little room where George and Eliza sat, hand in hand, talking of what the future might bring to them.

"We are not quite out of danger, and we must not be too hopeful. Oh, I shall be so glad when we are safe in Canada."

George stretched out his arms.



Simeon and Phineas.

"Oh," he said, "this breath of freedom has given me the strength of ten men. I feel that I could fight the whole pack of wolves that are after us."

A light knock at the door interrupted them. Eliza started and opened the door. Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher. Phineas was tall, lathy, lank and red-headed, with a droll and whimsical expression, quite different from Simeon's placid and unworldly look. In fact, he had the air of a man who knew a great deal about what was going on in the world and kept his eye on things generally.

"Our friend Phineas hath discovered something of interest to thee and thy party, George," said Simeon. "It will be well for thee to hear."

"That I have," said Phineas, "and it shows the wisdom of always sleeping in strange places with one eye and both ears open. Last night, at a little lone tavern by the river, where I happened to be caught by nightfall, I had my supper, and then stretched myself out on a pile of bags for a bit of a nap before bedtime. There were a number of men in the room talking and I heard them speak about the Quakers. So I went to breathing very deeply, to show them that I was sound asleep, and not likely to hear anything they might be saying in confidence.

"So, ho!" said one, "they are up in the Friends' settlement. Well, there will be no trouble in scaring those meek brothers into



"A smooth-talking rascal."

giving them up. Then I kept still and heard them lay out their plans for capturing this very party. Two constables from a town up the stream are coming with them to make the arrest, and then a smooth-talking young rascal is going to swear that Eliza is his property, and get her delivered over to him to take South. The boy they are going to give up to the trader who bought him from the Shelby plantation in Kentucky, and Jim and his old mother are to be returned to their masters. I think, friend George," continued Phineas, with a whimsical look at Harris, "that it will be as well for thee to get away, for thy old owner intends to take thy hide for a door mat, and make an example that the other negroes on his place will think of when they are inclined to run away. There is to be a posse eight or ten strong on our trail, I think. They seem to know about the direction we mean to take, although I may have confused them a trifle. They questioned me a bit this morning as I was about to come away. Said one:

"Friend, did you see a runaway nigger on the road as you came along?"

"Was he a tall fellow?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Yellow?"

"Yes."

"Pretty intelligent and well dressed?"

"Yes." They were pretty excited by this time.

"Did you see him?"

"No," I answered, "I haven't seen anyone."

"Simeon," said Mrs. Halliday, reprovingly, "did thee provoke thy neighbor to wrath?"

“I shouldn't wonder if I did,” said the Quaker, with a smile. “But come, now, what is to be done? I for one do not intend to let those men get our friends here if there is a way to prevent it. They are wicked and cruel



“Friend, did you see a runaway nigger on the road as you came along?”

men and I am willing to give them a merry chase. What shall we plan to do?”

The group that stood in various attitudes, after this communication, was worthy of a painter. Rachel Halliday, who had taken her hands out of a batch of biscuit to hear the news, stood with them upraised and floury,

and with a face of the deepest concern. Simeon looked profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown her arms around her husband and was looking up to him. George stood with clinched hands and glowing eyes, and looking as any other man might look whose wife was to be sold at auction, and son sent to a trader, all under the shelter of a Christian nation's laws.

"What *shall* we do, George?" said Eliza, faintly.



"I know what *I* shall do," said George.

"I know what *I* shall do," said George, as he stepped into the little room and began examining his pistols.

"Ay, ay," said Phineas, nodding his head to Simeon; "thou seest, Simeon, how it will work."

"I see," said Simeon, sighing; "I pray it come not to that."

"I don't want to involve any one with or for me," said George. "If you will lend me your vehicle and direct

me, I will drive alone to the next stand. Jim is a giant in strength, and brave as death and despair, and so am I."

"Ah, well, friend," said Phineas, "but thee'll need a driver, for all that. Thee's quite welcome to do all the fighting thee knows; but I know a thing or two about the road, that thee doesn't."

"But I don't want to involve you," said George.

"Involve," said Phineas, with a curious and keen expression of face. "When thee does involve me, please to let me know."

"I will attack no man," said George. "All I ask of this country is to be let alone, and I will go out peaceably; but" — he paused, and his brow darkened and his face worked — "am I going to stand by and see them take my wife and sell her, when God has given me a pair of strong arms to defend her? No, I'll fight to the last breath, before they shall take my wife and son. Can you blame me?"

"Mortal man cannot blame thee, George. Flesh and blood could not do otherwise," said Simeon.

"Would not even you, sir, do the same, in my place?"

"I pray that I be not tried," said Simeon; "the flesh is weak."

"I think my flesh would be pretty tolerable strong in such a case," said Phineas, stretching out a pair of arms like the sails of a windmill. "I ain't sure, friend George, that I shouldn't hold a fellow for thee, if thee had any accounts to settle with him."

"If man should *ever* resist evil," said Simeon, "then George should feel free to do it now. Let us pray the Lord that we be not tempted."

"And so *I* do," said Phineas; "but if we are tempted too much — why, let them look out, that's all."

"It's quite plain thee wasn't born a Friend," said Simeon, smiling. "The old nature hath its way in thee pretty strong as yet."

To tell the truth, Phineas had been a hearty, two-fisted backwoodsman, a vigorous hunter, and a dead shot at a buck; but, having wooed a pretty Quakeress, had been moved by the power of her charms to join the society in his neighborhood.

"Friend Phineas will ever have ways of his own," said Rachel Halliday, smiling; "but we all think that his heart is in the right place, after all."

A little while after supper, a large covered wagon drew up before the door; the night was clear starlight; and Phineas jumped briskly down from his seat to arrange his passengers. George walked out of the door, with his child on one arm and his wife on the other. His step was firm, his face settled and resolute. Rachel and Simeon came out after them.

"You get out a moment," said Phineas to those inside, "and let me fix the back of the wagon, there, for the women folks and the boy."

"Here are the two buffaloes," said Rachel. "Make the seats as comfortable as may be; it's hard riding all night."

Jim came out first, and carefully assisted out his old mother, who clung to his arm and looked anxiously about, as if she expected the pursuer every moment.

"Jim, are your pistols all in order?" said George, in a low voice.

"Yes, indeed," said Jim.

"And you've no doubt what you shall do, if they come?"

"I rather think I haven't," said Jim, throwing open his broad chest and taking a deep breath. "Do you think I'll let them get mother again?"

During this brief colloquy, Eliza had been taking her



On, on, on they jogged, hour after hour.

leave of her kind friend, Rachel, and was handed into the carriage by Simeon, and creeping into the back part with her boy, sat down among the buffalo skins. The old woman was next handed in and seated, and George and Jim placed on a rough board seat in front of them, and Phineas mounted in front.

"Farewell, my friends," said Simeon, from without.

"God bless you!" answered all from within.

And the wagon drove off, rattling and jolting over the frozen road.

There was no opportunity for conversation, on account of the roughness of the way and the noise of the wheels. The vehicle, therefore rumbled on, through long, dark stretches of woodland—over wide, dreary plains, up hills, and down valleys—and on, on, on they jogged, hour after hour. The child soon fell asleep; and, mile after mile was passed, the poor woman almost forgot her fears. Suddenly George leaned forward and listened. There was the sound of horses' feet galloping fast behind them. Phineas, with a shrewd glance back at George, speeded his horses up to a steep overhanging rock and stepped out.

"This is the place I have been working to reach," he said: "Out with you and up into these rocks with me."

He caught Harry up in his strong arms, and, with the rest at his heels, scrambled up like a goat to the top of the ledge. The path then narrowed so that only one one could pass at a time until suddenly they came to a chasm more than a yard in breadth, behind which rose a mass of rock thirty feet high with walls as steep and smooth as those of a fortress. Phineas easily leaped across and with little difficulty the women were brought over.

"Come," cried the Quaker, "jump for your lives and liberty." And even the old black woman leaped across. Some fragments of loose stone formed a breastwork and hid them from the sight of those below.

"Here we are," said Phineas, "let them get us if they can. Whoever comes up here will have to come single file between those two rocks in fair range of your pistols, boys, do you see?"

"I do see," said George, firmly; "and now that this is our matter, let us do all the fighting and take all the risks."

The men below consisted of those Haley had employed to hunt down the fugitives. Tom Loker, and a little fox of a lawyer by the name of Marks, whose rum painted nose was in everybody's business. Two constables were with them, empowered to take George and the negro Jim, who had returned from Canada for his old mother. They were just making their way to the rocks when George appeared above them, and speaking in a calm, clear voice, said:

"Gentlemen, who are you, and what do you want?"

"We want a party of runaway niggers," said Tom Loker. "One George Harris, and Eliza Harris, and their son, and Jim Selden, and an old woman. We've got the officers here and a warrant to take 'em; and we're going to have 'em, too. D'ye hear? Ain't you George Harris, that belongs to Mr. Harris, of Shelby county, Kentucky?"

"I am George Harris. A Mr. Harris, of Kentucky, did call me his property. But now I'm a free man, standing on God's free soil; and my wife and my child I claim as mine. Jim and his mother are here. We have arms to defend ourselves, and we mean to do it. You can come up, if you like; but the first one of you that comes within range of our bullets is a dead man, and the next and the next; and so on till the last."

"O, come! come!" said a short, puffy man, stepping forward. "Young man, this ain't any kind of talk at all for you. You see, we're officers of justice. We've got the law on our side, and the power, and so forth; so you'd better give up peaceably, you see: for you'll have to give up, at last."

"I know very well that you've got the law on your side and the power," said George, bitterly. "You mean to take my wife to sell in New Orleans, and put my boy like a calf in a trader's pen, and send Jim's old mother to the brute that abused her before, because he couldn't abuse her son. You want to send Jim and me back to be whipped, and your laws *will* bear you out in it, more shame for you and them! But you haven't got us. We don't own your laws; we don't own your country; we stand here as free, under God's sky, as you are; and by the great God that made us, we'll fight for our liberty till we die."

There is something in boldness and determination that, for a time, hushes even the rudest nature. Marks was the only one who remained wholly untouched. He was deliberately cocking his pistol, and, in the momentary silence that followed George's speech, he fired at him.

"Ye see ye get jist as much for him dead as alive in Kentucky," he said, coolly, as he wiped his pistol on his coat sleeve.

George sprang backward—Eliza uttered a shriek—the ball had passed close to his hair, had nearly grazed the cheek of his wife, and struck in the tree above.

"It's nothing, Eliza," said George, quickly.

"Thee'd better keep out of sight, with thy speechifying," said Phineas; "they're mean scamps."

"Now, Jim," said George, "look that your pistols are all right, and watch that pass with me. The first man that shows himself I fire at; you take the second, and so on. It won't do, you know, to waste two shots on one."

"But what if you don't hit?"

"I *shall* hit," said George, coolly.

"Good! now, there's stuff in that fellow," muttered Phineas, between his teeth.

The party below, after Marks had fired, stood, for a moment, rather undecided.

"I think you must have hit some on 'em," said one of the men. "I heard a squeal!"

"I'm going right up, for one," said Tom. "I never was afraid of niggers, and I ain't going to be now. Who goes after?" he said, springing up the rocks.

George heard the words distinctly. He drew up his pistol, examined it, pointed it toward that point in the defile where the first man would appear.

One of the most courageous of the party followed Tom, and, the way being thus made, the whole party began pushing



And sent him over the edge of the cliff.

up the rock—the hindermost pushing the front ones faster than they would have gone of themselves. On they came, and in a moment the burly form of Tom appeared in sight, almost at the verge of the chasm.

George fired—the shot entered Loker's side—but, though wounded, he would not retreat. With a snarl, he sprang over the chasm, and in a moment more would have been among the little group; but the Quaker, who could not fight, swung out a long arm and sent him over the edge of the cliff, crashing through trees and loose stones until he landed, bruised and broken, thirty feet below.

“Come on!” shouted Phineas; “I am a man of peace, but the next friend that attempts to cross here will go down to keep that gentleman company.”

For a few moments the men seemed undecided what to do. Then Marks ran out and jumped on his horse.

“While you are attending to Tom, I'll ride back for help,” he said, striking his spurs and starting off on a gallop, and in a second the others had mounted.

“We may as well all go,” they said. And they rode on, leaving the unfortunate Loker in the bottom of the ravine.

Phineas watched the proceedings with a laugh.

“I guess the coast is clear now,” he said. “Come, we will move on.”

“Oh,” said Eliza, “that poor man must not be left here alone. Can't we do something for him?”

“It would be no more than Christian,” said George; “let us take him up and carry him along to some place where he can be taken care of.”

The men made their way down to where Loker lay, groaning in pain, and Phineas, who was, in his way, a surgeon, looked after his wound.

“Marks,” said Loker, feebly; “Is that you, Marks?”

“Well, I reckon not, friend,” answered the Quaker. “Marks is looking after himself; he left you to die here alone.”

“You pushed me down there,” said the man faintly.

“Yea, that I did. If I hadn't; thee would have pushed us down; thee sees? There, let me fix this bandage, and then we'll take thee to a bed as soft as thy mother ever made thee.”

Eliza ran and brought a buffalo robe from the wagon, and the men rolled Loker's heavy form into it and bore him in that way to the vehicle. The old negress held his head on her lap, and they went onward toward safety slowly on account of the wounded enemy they carried along with them.

CHAPTER XII.

TOPSY had a talent for all sorts of mimicry. She could tumble, whistle, climb, and imitate every sound of bird or animal that she happened to hear. At first she was despised by all of the St. Clare servants, but after a while she was treated with the greatest consideration and respect; for it was discovered that whoever offended Topsy was sure to come to grief. Some cherished trinket would be missing, or some article of dress ruined, or the person would stumble over a line strung across a dark passage into a pail of hot water, or catch a shower of water thrown from above on their best clothes.

No one ever doubted who the mischief maker was; but she was innocence, itself, when she was accused, and she was too quick to be caught at her pranks. She always timed them when Rosa or Jane, or whoever she chose for a victim, was out of favor with Mrs. St. Clare; and as that happened pretty often, she was reasonably safe from that lady's wrath. So it came about that Topsy was coaxed and conciliated all the time by the rest of the household servants, and she ruled them with a rod of iron.

The child was smart and energetic in all her work. No one could find a word of fault with any bed that Topsy's hands made smooth. But if Miss Ophelia happened to go away and leave her alone to perform her task, Topsy would hold a perfect carnival of confusion



The bolster dressed up in her night clothes, * * * while
Topsy turned hand-springs around it.

for two hours. Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself by pulling off the pillow-cases and butting her woolly head among the pillows until it would be grotesquely ornamented with feathers sticking out in all directions. She would climb the posts and hang, head downward, from the tops, and flourish the sheets and spreads all over the apartment. Miss Ophelia entered one morning to find the bolster dressed up in her night clothes, and standing straight and tall in the center of the room, while Topsy turned hand-springs around it, arrayed in her mistress's best scarlet crepe shawl.

"Topsy!" Miss Ophelia's voice was shrill with anger. "What are you doing with my shawl, and what makes you act so?"

Topsy came to a sudden halt, bolt upright before her.

"I dunno, missy," she said, "I 'spect it's 'cause I'se so wicked."

"I don't know what to do with you, Topsy."

"Lan', missy, I'll tell yo. Yo all 's got ter whip me. My ole missis used ter whip me, an' I ain' used ter workin' without bein' trounced."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. Can't you be good without?"

"Nome. I'se got ter be whipped, sure 'nuff. I'se gwine ter fetch yo in dat hick'ry now, an' yo better tan my black hide good."

She ran out and soon returned with the stick. Miss Ophelia took it in her hand, gingerly, and then laid a light stroke on the child's back; but started in alarm and horror at the awful yell it brought forth.

"Oh, oh, oh, Miss Feely, don't! Yose killin' me! Oh, Miss Feely!"

"Topsy, stop that noise," said the poor lady, trembling. "I scarcely touched you."

"Oh, oh, yo hurt! Don't, Miss Feely, oh, oh!" Then she stopped in the midst of her screams to say:

"Please, ma'am, Miss Feely, give me anudder whack. I needs it, dat I does. I needs it turrible."

"Go out of the room, Topsy, and when you can be a good girl you can come back and make my bed."

Groaning and wailing, Topsy went out, and in a minute more was perched, like a blackbird, on the balcony, with a dozen admiring pickaninnies around her, listening to her experiences.

"Yo all jes' orter feel de whippin' I got off Miss Feely," she boasted. "One little tap dat wouldn't kill a skeeter. Don' yo all wish dat yo was wicked like me? Ise de wickedist nigger on dis yere plantation. Dat I is. Yose all sinners. White folks is sinners, too. Miss Feely says dat, huhsef. But dey ain't nobuddy kin tech me. Ise de wust nigger dat grows. Dey kaint nobuddy do nuffin' with me," and Topsy performed all sorts of gymnastics, to the delight of her audience.

Sundays, Miss Ophelia busied herself teaching Topsy the catechism. The child had a remarkable memory, and could trip through the words with accuracy, and Miss Ophelia had great hopes that the meaning might sink into the heart that had proved itself capable of love when Eva had touched it.

Mr. St. Clare laughed at his cousin for her pains, but

it amused him to hear the child recite, as with hands solemnly folded, and standing like a black statue in front of them, she went on:

"Our fust parents, bein' left to de freedom of dere own will, fell from de state wherein dey were created."

"Who were our first parents, Topsy?" asked St. Clare.

"I dunno, mas'r; I nebber did know dem niggers."

"Augustine," protested Miss Ophelia, "why will you?"

"My dear cousin, I just wanted to get a little information from your pupil. Topsy, what was the state wherein they were created?"

"Why dat was ole Kintuck, mas'r. We all 's come down yere from dar. I done hearn Uncle Tom say dat. Tom's gwine back dar when he gets free. But me an' Miss Feely, we all 's gwine ter up norf tergedder, ain't we, missy?"

"If you are a good girl, Topsy."

"Has I got ter be good er yo won't take me?"

"Yes, Topsy."

"Wull, mebbe I better stay down yere."

"Don't you want to be good, Topsy?" asked Mr. St. Clare, smilingly, as he looked at the girl over his paper.

"Who? Me? No, sah, I don' wanter be good. I likes cump'ny."

Topsy sat on the steps in front of Miss Ophelia and cast her eyes up slyly to look into the stern face.

"Is yo mad, Miss Feely?" she asked.

"No, Topsy."

"Is yo sad, Miss Feely?"

Miss Ophelia's face quivered.

"O yes, Topsy," she said, "O yes."

"'Bout little Miss Eva's gwine away up ter heaben? Why, Miss Feely, she wanted ter go, an' she's gwine ter ask de Lord ter let yo an' me go to huh. Dat she is. I'se gwine ter be a little brack angel wif wings on. What's yo all gwine ter be, Miss Feely?"

Miss Ophelia did not answer, and Tom came around the corner of the house. In the year since the death of Eva he had grown older and more sad. His heart kept turning back toward his own folks in old Kentucky.

Mr. St. Clare had promised him his freedom, but the faithful heart clung to his master in the time of his great sorrow.

"I'll go back home, mas'r, when you feel happy again," he said, and although his very soul grew faint with longing to return, he would not leave his master comfortless.

"Well, Tom," said St. Clare, the day after he had commenced the legal formalities for his enfranchisement, "I'm going to make a free man of you — so have your trunk packed, and get ready to set out for Kentuck."

The sudden light of joy that shone in Tom's face as he raised his hands to heaven, his emphatic "Bless the Lord!" rather discomposed St. Clare; he did not like it that Tom should be so ready to leave him.

"You haven't had such very bad times here, that you need be in such a rapture, Tom," he said dryly.

"No, no, mas'r! 't ain't that; it's bein' a *free man!* That's what I'm joyin' for."

"Why, Tom, don't you think, for your own part, you've been better off than to be free?"

"No, indeed, Mas'r St. Clare," said Tom, with a flash of energy. "No indeed!"

"Why, Tom, you couldn't possibly have earned, by your work, such clothes and such living as I have given you."

"Knows all that, Mas'r St. Clare; mas'r's been too good; but, mas'r, I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have 'em *mine*, than have the best, and have 'em any man's else; I had *so*, mas'r; I think it's natur', mas'r."

"I suppose so, Tom, and you'll be going off and leaving me in a month or so," he added, rather discontentedly.

"Though why you shouldn't, no mortal knows," he said,

in a gayer tone; and, getting up, he began to walk the floor.

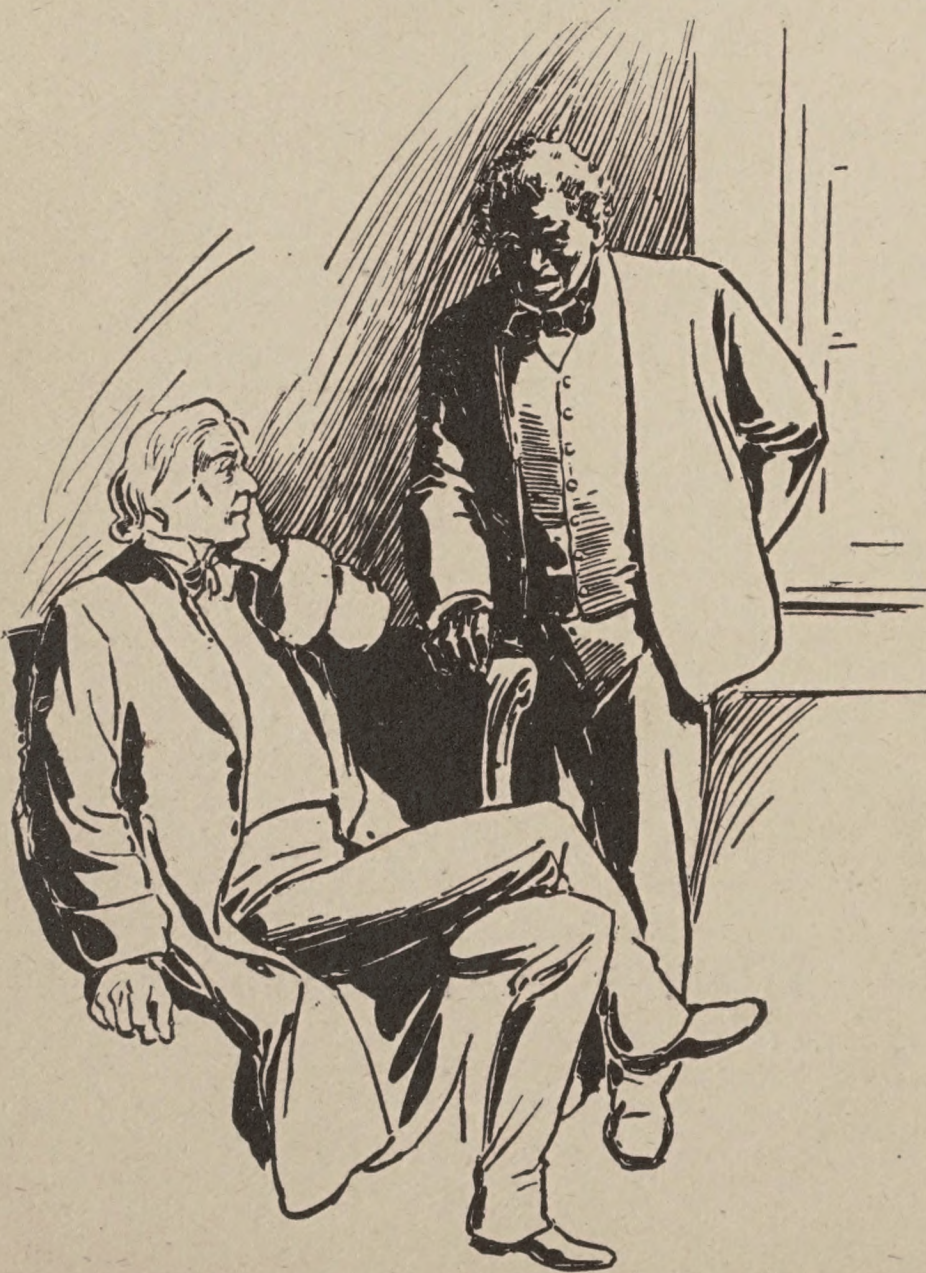
"Not while mas'r is in trouble," said Tom. "I'll stay with mas'r as long as he wants me — so as I can be any use."

"Not while I'm in trouble, Tom?" said St. Clare, looking sadly out of the window. . . .

"And when will *my* trouble be over?"

"When Mas'r St. Clare's a Christian," said Tom.

"And you really mean



"Not while mas'r is in trouble," said Tom.

to stay by till that day comes?" said St. Clare, half smiling, as he turned from the window and laid his hands on Tom's shoulder. "Ah, Tom, you soft, silly boy! I won't keep you till that day. Go home to your wife and children, and give my love to all."

"I's faith to believe that day will come," said Tom, earnestly, and with tears in his eyes; "the Lord has a work for mas'r."

"A work, hey?" said St. Clare; "well, now, Tom, give me your views on what sort of a work it is—let's hear."

"Why, even a poor fellow like me has a work from the Lord; and Mas'r St. Clare, that has larnin', and riches, and friends—how much he might do for the Lord!"

"Tom, you seem to think the Lord needs a great deal done for him," said St. Clare, smiling.

"We does for the Lord when we does for his critturs," said Tom.

"Good theology, Tom; better than Dr. B. preaches," said St. Clare.

Marie St. Clare felt the loss of Eva as deeply as she could feel anything; and, as she was a woman that had a great faculty of making everybody unhappy when she was, her immediate attendants had still stronger reason to regret the loss of their young mistress, whose winning ways and gentle intercessions had so often been a shield to them from the tyrannical and selfish exactions of her mother. Poor old Mammy, in particular, whose heart, severed from all natural domestic ties, had consoled itself with this one beautiful being, was almost heartbroken. She cried day and night, and was, from excess of sorrow, less skillful and alert in her ministra-

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tions on her mistress than usual, which drew down a constant storm of scoldings on her defenseless head.

She heard her husband's voice as he talked with Tom, and with a shrug of her shoulders, turned away.

"I would keep niggers in their place if I had the ruling of this plantation," she said.

But the master and slave sat long together in the fading light; and the father's sore heart was comforted by the words of faith and love that the black lips spoke.

"You shall have your freedom, Tom, my faithful friend," said St. Clare. "To-morrow I shall have your papers made out."

"I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much, to-night. I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she were near me. I keep thinking of things she used to say. Strange, what brings these past things so vividly back to us, sometimes!"

St. Clare walked up and down the room for some minutes more, and then said:

"I believe I'll go down street a few moments, and hear the news."

He took his hat and passed out.

Tom followed him to the passage, out of the court, and asked if he should attend him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare. "I shall be back in an hour."

Tom sat down on the veranda. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he sat watching the rising and falling spray of the fountain, and listening to its murmur. He thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and able to return to it at will. He thought



Tom sat down on the veranda.

how he should work to buy his wife and boys. He felt the muscles of his brawny arms with a sort of joy, as he thought they would soon belong to himself, and how much they could do to work out the freedom of his family. Then he thought of his noble young master, and, ever second to that, came the habitual prayer that he had always offered for him; and then his thoughts passed on to the beautiful Eva, whom he now thought of among the angels; and he thought till he almost fancied that that bright face and golden hair were looking upon him, out of the spray of the fountain. And, so musing, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw her coming bounding toward him, just as she used to come, with a wreath of jessamine in her hair, her cheeks bright, and her eyes radiant with delight; but, as he looked, she seemed to rise from the ground; her cheeks wore a paler hue—her eyes had a deep, divine radiance, a golden halo seemed around her head—and she vanished from his sight; and Tom was awakened by a loud knocking, and a sound of many voices at the gate.

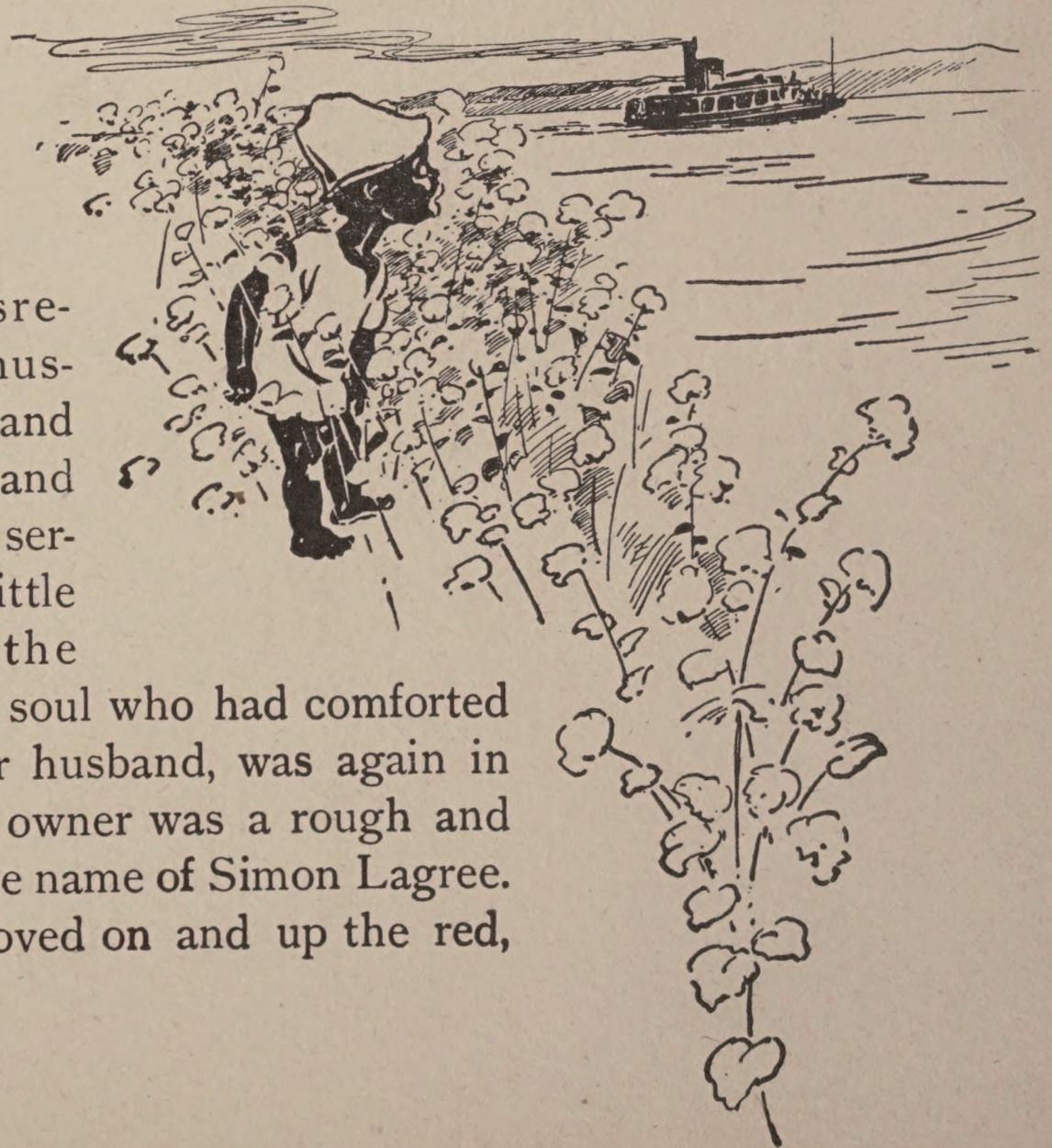
He hastened to undo it; and, with smothered voices and heavy tread, came several men, bringing a body, wrapped in a cloak, and lying on a shutter. The light of the lamp fell full on the face; and Tom gave a wild cry of amazement and despair; for St. Clare, his young master, had caught in his tender heart a bullet intended for some one else as he walked down the street.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the lower part of a small, mean boat on the Red River, Tom sat with chains on his wrists and chains on his hands, and a weight heavier and bitterer than iron on his heart. Moon and star had faded from his sky. Hope had passed him as the trees that edged the banks of the stream were passing now to return no more. The Kentucky home, the little cabin with its precious occupants; the St. Clare plantation with its splendors, and the golden-haired Eva with her saint-like smile and loving-kindness; the gay, gentle, generous young master who had promised him his freedom — all, all were gone. For Mrs. St.

Clare had disregarded her husband's wishes, and had sold Tom and all of the other servants, and her little girl's friend, the faithful, tender soul who had comforted and helped her husband, was again in chains, and his owner was a rough and cruel man by the name of Simon Lagree.

The boat moved on and up the red,



muddy, turbid current, through the abrupt and serpentine windings of the stream, and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep clay banks until the craft came to a stop at a dreary town, and Lagree and his human property disembarked.

Trailing along behind a rude wagon and over a ruder road, Tom and his associates walked with sinking hearts toward the Lagree plantation. They read, with their keen eyes, the wicked face of their owner, and knew that sorrow was to be their lot.

He turned upon them as they walked silently along and shouted:

“Tune up there. Give us something lively. No Methodist hymns, but a jolly song. Hip, hip, there!”

One of the men struck up a negro melody:

“Mas’r seed me cotch a coon,
Lan’, he hollered like a loon,
'Spect I’ll cotch anudder soon —
High, niggers, high!”

The singer made up the words as he went along and all the party took up the chorus:

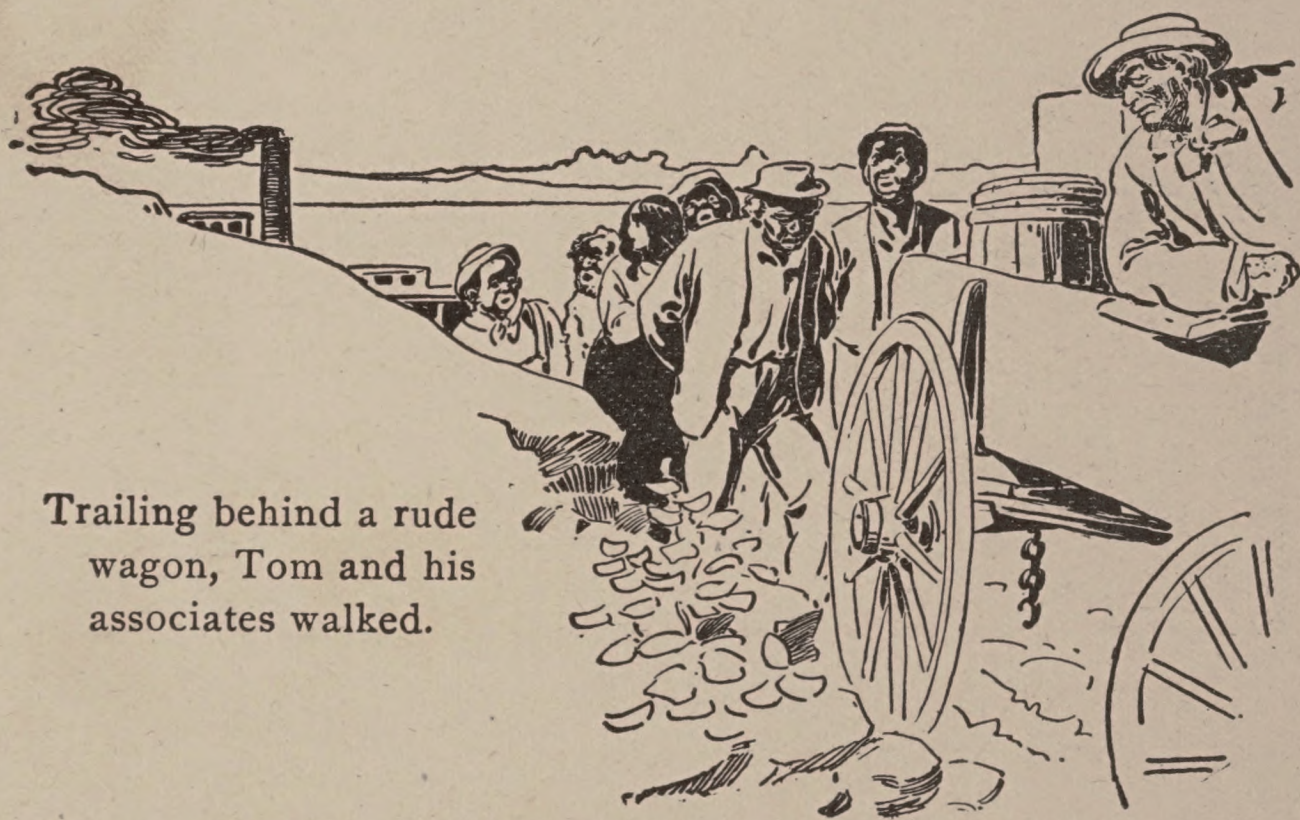
Hi-e-yo, niggers!
Hi-e-o, high!

It was sung very boisterously; but the ear above heard in it a prayer for help and deliverance that the slave-driver did not catch, as he kept them singing until they entered a weed-grown avenue, and walked up to a house that had once been handsome but now bore evidences of neglect and decay. Three or four dogs, fierce and snarling brutes, dashed upon the new arrivals, and would have

torn them to pieces if their master had not driven them back with his black snake whip.

"You see what you can expect if any of you niggers ever try to get away," he said with a significant glance at the dogs. "No one ever gets loose from those jaws alive."

Tom followed Sambo, a big, brutal fellow, to the quarters. He had thought of a rude but quiet place that he could keep clean, where there might be a shelf



Trailing behind a rude wagon, Tom and his associates walked.

for his Bible, and a chance for rest and prayer after the long hours of labor. But here was a row of tumble-down kennels—mere shells, so dirty and forlorn and comfortless, that Tom's stout heart failed. There was not a bit of furniture in any one of them, and the only bed was a heap of musty straw.

"Which of these will be mine?" he asked submissively.

“Dunno; yo kin turn in dar twell somebuddy dribes yo out. Dey don' hab no place here dat 'longs ter any one. Yo alls got ter bunk in with a lot more niggers, I 'spect.”

It was late in the evening when the weary occupants of the shanties came flocking home—men and women, in soiled and tattered garments, surly and uncomfortable, and in no mood to look pleasantly on newcomers. The small village was alive with no inviting sounds; hoarse,



It was late * * * when the weary occupants of the shanties came home.

guttural voices contending at the hand-mills, where their morsel of hard corn was yet to be ground into meal to fit it for the cake that was to be their only supper. From the earliest dawn of the day they had been in the fields, pressed to work under the driving lash of the overseers; for it was now in the very heat and hurry of the season, and no means was left untried to press every one up to the top of their capabilities. Tom looked in vain among the gang, as they poured along, for companionable faces.

He saw only sullen, scowling men, and feeble, discouraged women. To a late hour in the night the sound of the grinding was protracted; for the mills were few in number compared with the grinders, and the weary and feeble ones were driven back by the strong, and came on last in their turn.

Tom was hungry with his day's journey, and almost faint for want of food.

"Thar, you!" said Sambo, throwing down a coarse bag, which contained a peck of corn; "thar, nigger, grab; take car' on't; yo won't get no more, *dis* yer week."

Tom waited until a late hour to get a place at the mills; and then, moved by the utter weariness of two women, whom he saw trying to grind their corn there, he ground for them, put together the decaying brands of the fire, where many had baked cakes before them, and then went about getting his own supper. It was a new kind of work there—a deed of charity, small as it was; but it woke an answering touch in their hearts; an expression of womanly kindness came over their hard faces; they mixed his cake for him and tended its baking; and Tom sat down by the light of the fire and drew out his Bible, for he had need of comfort.

"What's that?" said one of the women.

"A Bible," said Tom.

"Good lan'! hain't seen un since I was in Kentuck."

"Was you raised in Kentuck?" said Tom, with interest.

"Yes, and well raised, too; never 'spected to come to *dis* yer!" said the woman, sighing.

"What's dat ar book, anyway?" said the other woman.

"Why, the Bible."

"Laws a me! what's dat?" said the woman.

"Do tell! you never hearn on't?" said the other woman. "I used to har missis a readin' on't sometimes in Kentuck; but, laws o' me! we don't har nothin' here but crackin' and swarin'."

"Read a piece, anyways!" said the first woman, curiously, seeing Tom attentively poring over it.

Tom read—"Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Them's good words, enough," said the woman; "who says 'em?"

"The Lord," said Tom.

"I jest wish I know'd whar to find him," said the woman. "I would go; 'pears like I never should get rested agin. My flesh is fairly sore, and I tremble all over every day, and Sambo's allers a jawin' at me, 'cause I doesn't pick faster; and nights it's most midnight 'fore I can get my supper; and den 'pears like I don't turn over and shut my eyes, 'fore I hear de horn blow to get up and at it agin in de mornin'. If I knew whar de Lor was I'd tell him."

"He's here; he's everywhere," says Tom.

"Lor, you ain't gwine to make me believe dat ar! I know de Lord ain't here," said the woman; "'taint no use talking, though. I's jest gwine to camp down, and sleep while I ken."

The women went off to their cabins, and Tom sat alone by the smoldering fire, that flickered up redly in his face.

The silver, fair-browed moon rose in the purple sky,

and looked down, calm and silent, as God looks on the scene of misery and oppression—looked calmly on the lone, black man, as he sat, with his arms folded and his Bible on his knee.

In the course of the next day, Tom was working near the mulatto woman who had been bought in the same lot with himself. She was evidently in a condition of great suffering, and Tom often heard her praying, as she wavered and trembled and seemed about to fall down. Tom silently, as he came near to her, transferred several handfuls of cotton from his own sack to hers.

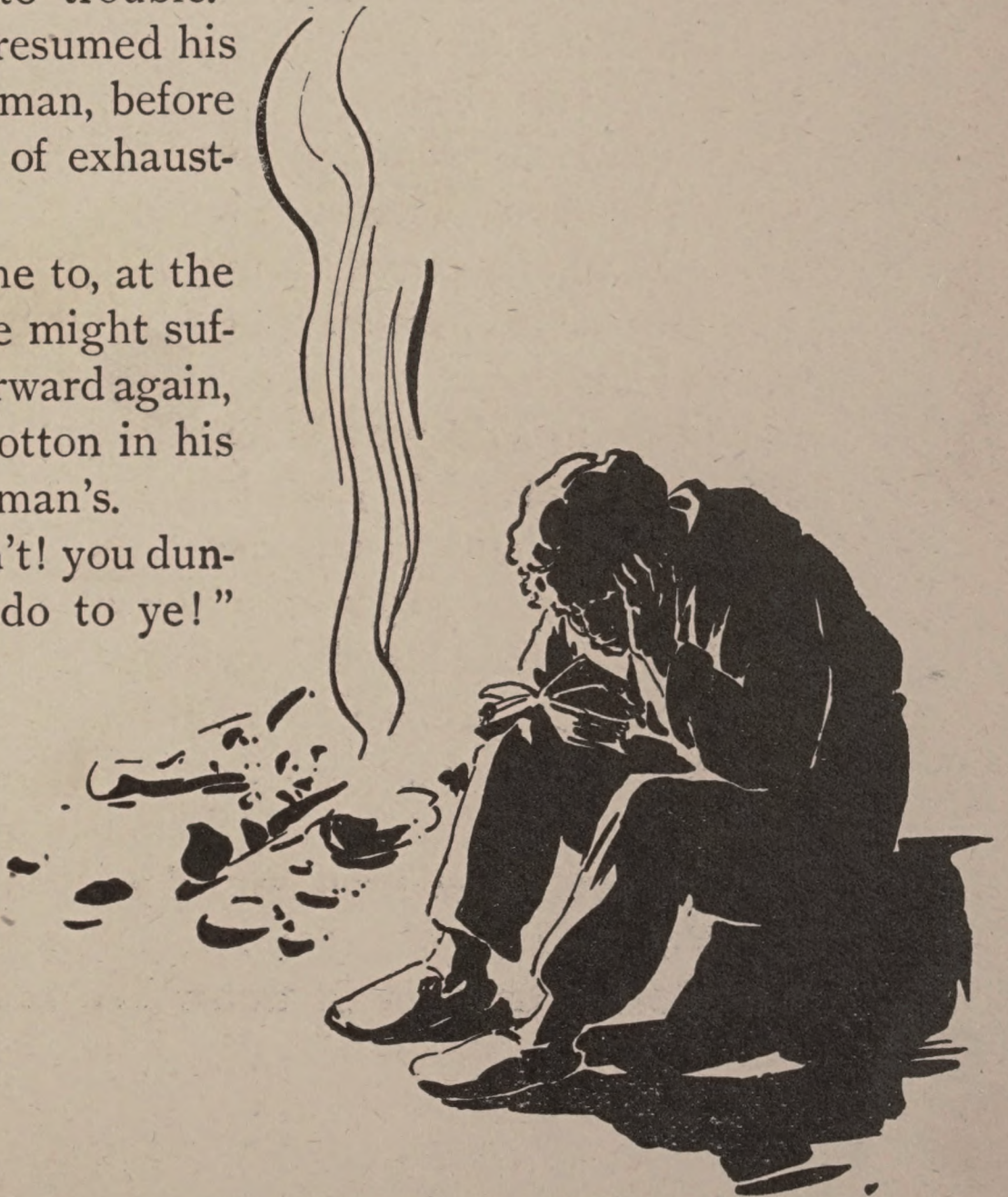
“O, don't, don't!” said the woman, looking surprised; “it'll get you into trouble.”

Tom silently resumed his task; but the woman, before at the last point of exhaustion, fainted.

When she came to, at the risk of all that he might suffer, Tom came forward again, and put all the cotton in his sack into the woman's.

“O, you mustn't! you dunno what they'll do to ye!” said the woman.

“I can bar it!” said Tom, “better'n you;” and he was at his place again. It passed in a moment.



Tom sat down by the light of the fire.

"But that night, in the weighing room, Legree called Tom forward.

"Tom," he said with a wicked smile, "I told you when I bought you that I was going to make you more than a common hand, didn't I now?"

"Yes, mas'r."

"That's right. I did and I am going to keep my word and make you a whipping master. One of these lazy, no account women was seen shirking to-day and letting some one else fill her bag with cotton. Now, you take her out and flog her; do you hear? Flog her and save your own skin, or I'll give the boys a job of bringing you to your senses."

Tom stood perfectly still and made no move toward the trembling woman.

"Well!" shouted Legree, "be off with you to the whipping shed." But still he made no sign. Then the fierce hand of the planter fell on his shoulder; but there was no fear in Tom's eyes as he met the ones scowling above him.

"I beg mas'r's pardon," said he; "hopes mas'r won't set me at that. It's what I ain't used to — never did — and can't do, no way possible."

"Ye'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know, before I've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cowhide, and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There!" he said, "now, will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom, putting up his hand to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to

work night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this yer thing I *never* shall do it—*never!*”

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a respectful manner, that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly, and easily subdued. When he spoke these last words, a thrill of amazement went through every one; the poor woman clasped her hands and said, “O Lord!” and every one looked at each other and drew in their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst.

Legree looked stupefied and confounded; but at last burst forth:

“Ain't I yer master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars cash for all there is inside yer old cussed black shell? Ain't yer mine now, body and soul? Tell me!”

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed:

“No! no! no! my soul ain't yours, mas'r! You haven't bought it—ye can't buy it! It's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it. No matter, no matter, you can't harm me!”

CHAPTER XIV.

HALF blind with rage, Simon Legree followed Tom and the burly negroes who walked on either side of him to the whipping shed. The planter's fierce and wicked heart was filled with murder as he thought of the words of his helpless slave.

"I'll show him whether I can hurt him or not!" he muttered. "I'll show him!"

The shed was some distance from the house, and it



was lighted only by a lantern of tattooed tin which Sambo hung on the wall directly over a post set between iron rings in the side of the building. Quimbo and Sambo dragged Tom over to this and fastened him, with his face to the wall and his hands outstretched and thrust through the shackles. Simon Legree watched the proceedings and with a savage laugh, went over and gripped Tom by his shoulder.

"Do you know that

"Yes, mas'r," answered Tom, calmly.

"I have made up my mind to kill you?" he said, speaking through his teeth.

"Yes, mas'r," answered Tom, calmly.

"I have done just that thing," continued Legree. "You think that I won't; you think I will flog you a little and let you go. But I've brought you here to conquer or to kill. I'll take your blood drop by drop until ye give up."

"Mas'r," said Tom, looking up backward into the terrible face of the white man, "if yo was sick or in trouble, an' I could save you, I'd give yo my life willingly. An' if takin' every drop of blood in my poor, old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em as freely as the Lord Jesus gave his for me. But this will hurt yo more than it will hurt me. I can only die; but yo, mas'r, yo'll have to carry the burden of a crime on your soul always."

For a moment there was a silence. Legree stood aghast. Then the spirit of evil came back, and, foaming with fierce rage, the planter cried hoarsely:

"To your whips, boys!"

The brutal tools of this brutal master swung the writhing lashes above Tom's back.

"Cut deep when I give the word! I'd take fifty dollars for his black carcass now."

"Done! I take you at your word? This man is mine!"

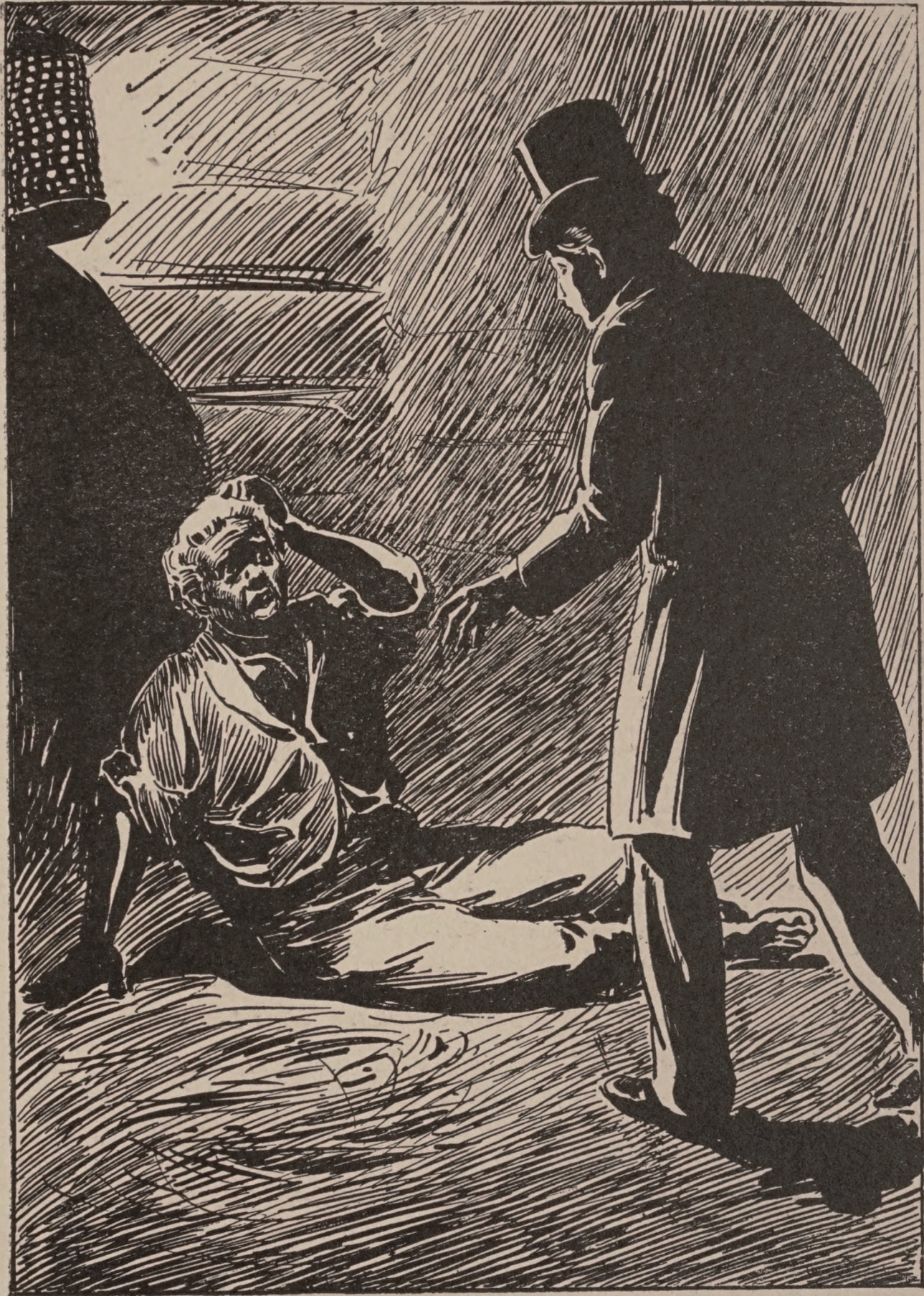
A ringing, boyish voice rose above the fierce mutterings, as a young man burst, without one sign of warning, into the place, and flung himself in front of Tom and under the whips, that fell harmless before his lightning glance.

The planter stepped back in amazement and the negroes crouched against the wall, but Tom turned his dazed and patient eyes up to the stranger's face, and a cry, ringing and triumphant, burst from his lips:

"Mas'r George! My own little Mas'r George! Thank God!"

George Shelby threw his arms around the bare form of the slave. "Uncle Tom," he sobbed, "dear Uncle Tom, I have been searching for you everywhere; but I came in time to save you at last! But I shall have something to settle with this demon before we go home."

He worked with shaking hands to untie the ropes that held Tom, and his face was white as he turned to look for Legree. But the place was empty, save for himself and Tom, who was now sobbing and praying at his feet; for the planter, like all tyrants, was a coward and in fear of the law, which he knew would deal terribly with him in the end. The arrival of the young white man, at the very moment when he had intended to kill Tom, seemed to his excited brain to have been through some supernatural agency, although, as a matter of fact, the boy had been trying for two months, since the death of his father, to find and bring back to the Kentucky plantation the faithful old servant and friend. His arrival, opportune as it was, was the natural result of the trip up the turbid Red River, on a wheezy little steamer which stopped for coal near the Legree farm, and the information he had received before starting northward from New Orleans, that a man by the name of Legree had bought one of the St. Clare servants named Tom. So much for the facts in the case. But who shall say



“Mas'r George! My own little Mas'r George! Thank God!”

the Lord of Hosts was not guiding the deliverer to that whipping shed?

When Tom had recovered somewhat from the shock to his rescue, George linked his arm in his, and together they went up and entered the house. Legree, who had gathered a few scraps of his courage by this time, looked up with a scowl and sneer.

"I suppose you've come to buy that black scoundrel," he said. "Well, I tell you right now that I won't sell him."

He swaggered around the boy, threateningly; but he did not know how brave a heart and cool a head he was dealing with.

"Oh, yes you will," answered George, looking into the small, cruel eyes of the planter until they fell abashed before him. "You will sell Tom and allow him to leave this place with me at once, or answer to the court of justice for more crimes than the attempted one I myself witnessed a few moments ago. There are white men ready to swear as to what goes on in this place, and as I am a Kentucky gentleman, I shall bring you to justice! Come, make out your papers. I will pay you what you gave for Tom."

Tom looked at the lad with tears of pride and joy in his eyes. In that hour he had become a man, strong and powerful to defend and protect. Legree watched him a moment between his half-closed eyes, but the young face was unafraid and resolute, and finally with a laugh more terrible than a groan he slouched over to the table, drew writing materials toward him and made out the bill of sale.

George, with an air of brisk business, counted out the

money and pushed it toward the slave-driver, then putting the papers in his pocket he turned, without a word to Legree, and stretched his hand to the black man standing silent as a statue at the door.

"Come, Uncle Tom," he said, "the old house and the old friends are waiting for you. Aunt Chloe and the



George counted out the money.

children are listening for your steps. I'm going to set you free as soon as you are inside your cabin door. Hark! there is the steamboat whistle at the landing. Come, Uncle Tom, you and I must be going home."

Together they left the place, and the planter sat long at the table where he had made out the bill of sale, with his face buried in his hands. What he thought only the

One who reads all hearts could know; but the servants tiptoed softly by the door, and whispered to each other as they stood in hushed and startled groups outside the house:

“Ole mas'r done got his come uppance dat time, shore.”

Aunt Chloe had donned her best calico dress and a turban of bright Turkey red adorned her head. The children fairly shone in their clean white frocks that Mrs. Shelby had sent to them from the great house in honor of the expected arrival. There was not a spot or speck on the shining cleanness of the place anywhere, and outside the door Mose and Pete, fine large boys now, thrummed on their banjos, and after imitating all the notes of the birds familiar to them, struck up a tune of their own like this:

“Dar's a little chickadee singin' in de brush
Little missy catbird, now yo hush.
Dar's a little chickadee sez to me,
Yo ole daddy's gwine be free.
Oh, ain't dis a good time!”

Aunt Chloe stepped to the door.

“Yo all hasn't hearn no hosses hoofs com dis way yit, has yo chillun? Yo pa an' Mas'r Georgie mus' be almos' yere.”

“Nome, we isn't hearn nuffin. Oh, mammy!”

“Yes, honey.”

Pete looked up anxiously into his mother's face. Something trembled long on his lips before he could speak it. Then he said, “Mammy, w'at if Mas'r Georgie kaint find daddy nowhar?”

A resounding slap on the side of his face rewarded this lack of faith.

"Hush yo mouf' talkin' dat er way 'bout yo own Mas'r Georgie. Cose he'll fin' him. I'se gwine ter put de chicken on ter fry dis berry blessed minute. What's dat I done heah?"

"Nuffin. mammy. Dey ain't no sound yit."

But Aunt Chloe's heart heard before her ears could possibly catch a sound, and her black face grew beautiful with love and thankfulness as she said brokenly:

"Sing, chillun! strike up the bestest tune yo know. I heah de rumble of wagon wheels on de road yander. Yo pa is almost home."

The boys caught up their banjos and sang and danced with all the curves and pigeon-wings imaginable, and Mrs. Shelby came down the steps of the great house and walked over to the cabin. She saw the rejoicing, and the expectant look on the faithful old face of the waiting wife.

"Aunt Chloe," she said very gently, "don't set your hopes too high. Maybe, after all, George has not been able to find Tom. We have not heard, you know."

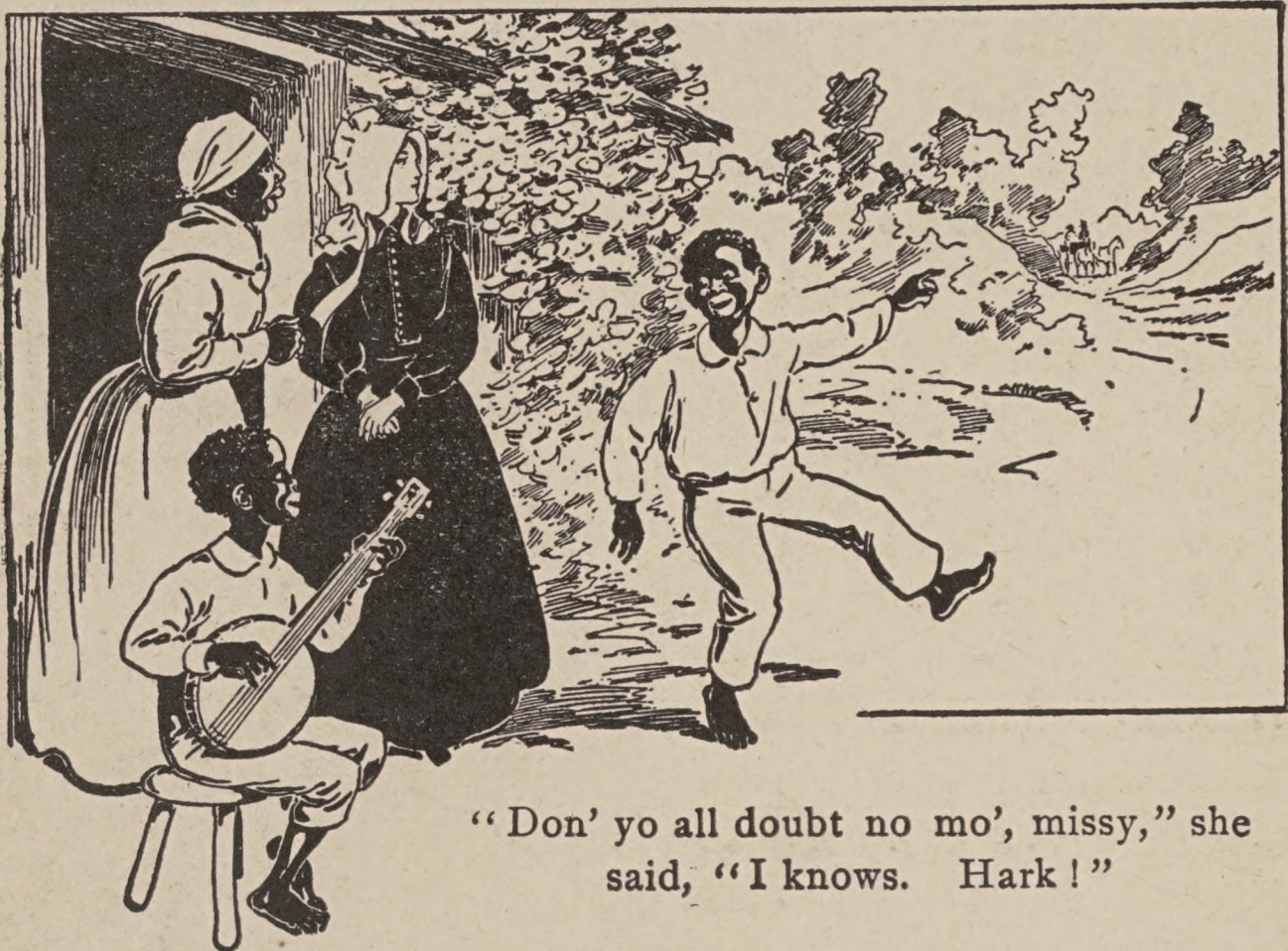
The black woman raised her hands to heaven.



"Hush yo mouf' talkin' dat er way."

“Don’ yo all doubt no mo’, missy,” she said, “I knows. Hark!”

From the distance came the faint but ever increasing sound of a high, sweet tenor voice, accompanied by a boy’s



“Don’ yo all doubt no mo’, missy,” she said, “I knows. Hark!”

uneven notes, and tears of joy streamed down white cheeks and black cheeks alike as the waiting listeners heard:

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.”

Nearer and clearer and more strong came the song, while smiles blossomed beneath the tears, and in a few moments a light wagon dashed into the yard and up with its two happy occupants to the door of Uncle Tom’s cabin.

CHAPTER XV.

FIVE times the roses had bloomed and the begonia blossomed on the cabin by the Shelby mansion. And the years had brought strange changes to the beautiful South. The smiling fields had been trampled by the feet of armies, and the terrible battles of the civil war had been fought among the hunting grounds of the gay and care-free Southern planters. George Shelby had kept his word, and freed the slaves on his estate when he returned to the old home with Tom. Some of them had gone into other States, but the most of them had remained as hired laborers on the place, and they were there, a guard of honor for the "young mas'r" and his mother during the terrors of the rebellion. Now the battle flame and fire had vanished and the old home life had been resumed. Tom had become the manager of the farm, and he had been able, by his wise judgment, to repair the losses that the family suffered during the four years of war. While neighboring plantations had been ruined and laid waste, the Shelby acres were as productive as ever, and the planting and harvesting went on without interruption, whatever the conditions of the country might be.

Mrs. Shelby, a little changed by the



George now stood switching his whip.

passing years, but still fair and sweet, sat out on the veranda with a magazine in her hand and talked to George, who had just sprung from his horse and now stood switching his whip in his hand, and laughing at the antics of a group of pickaninnies on the lawn. He had grown to be a handsome man, and his face was strong and full of kindness.

"I am looking forward with much pleasure to the visit Miss Ophelia St. Clare is going to make us," said Mrs. Shelby. "I grew to feel quite well acquainted with her through the letters we exchanged about Tom. I urged her to come down for a month and she has accepted. I expect she will bring her maid, that funny little Topsy we have heard so much about, with her."

"She went back to the north somewhere, after the death of Mr. St. Clare, didn't she?"

"Yes, she returned to Vermont. Mrs. St. Clare was a most unfortunate lady, I believe. Sick, and without ability to feel for others."

George looked up with an affectionate smile.

"Bless the gentle little mother," he said. "Any one else might have described her with a harsher term than 'unfortunate.' But when is Miss Ophelia coming?"

"Why, I am not quite sure. I told her that she need not let us know, for we were sure to be at home, and the surprise would be delightful. Tom goes to every train from the north. I knew he would be glad to be the first to welcome her. She was kind to him in the old days for the sake of that beautiful child they both loved, little Eva."

"Little Eva," repeated George, softly.



“Eliza, my dear, dear Eliza!”

"Did you ever see the curl of golden hair that she gave Tom when she was dying? It is a sacred thing to him. The little girl must have been an angel on earth to those poor slaves. There is a carriage turning into the drive, mother. Who do you suppose is coming?"

Mrs. Shelby rose and walked to the edge of the veranda.

"It must be Miss Ophelia," she said. "Do see the joy on Tom's face?"

Tom was driving with an air of triumph most unusual to his sober ways, and his face was wreathed with smiles.

"Why, no, mother. That is not Miss St. Clare," said George; "there are three people in the carriage—a lady and a gentleman and a boy."

Tom drove up with a flourish, and the woman sprang out, ran up the steps and clasped Mrs. Shelby in her arms.

"Oh missy, dear missy," she cried, between tears and laughter, and with much joy Mrs. Shelby exclaimed:

"Eliza, my dear, dear Eliza."

George Shelby had gone down to take George Harris by the hand, and to greet his little pet of other times, brown-eyed Harry; and by and by Mrs. Shelby turned from Eliza to give them heartiest welcome.

"You shall have your old room, dear girl," she said, "and Harry shall have the one adjoining. Does he know how you ran away with him in your arms that night so long ago?"

The young man looked up with a flush of emotion on his face. "I know, Mrs. Shelby," he said, "and I am trying to be worthy of my brave mother."

Tom came up to the steps and talked with Harris and his son, while Mrs. Shelby carried Eliza off to her room.

In the few minutes when the visitor was smoothing her hair and freshening her toilet, the woman who had been her friend and mistress learned of all the details of their escape and final flight into Canada.

George occupied a position of trust and importance with a banking firm, and Harry had just been graduated with honors at school in Amherstburg, and had excellent prospects for a successful business career.

“But my heart yearned for a sight of your dear face, missy,” said Eliza, dropping into the old form of address for affection’s sake, “and as soon as we knew that we could come with safety, that the war had freed the slaves, and the freedom we bought so dearly could not be taken away from us, we made up our minds to come.”

Out on the veranda George Shelby listened with interest to the account Harris gave of the fight with the slave-catchers on the rocks, and the subsequent help the wounded enemy gave them.

“Upon the advice of Tom Loker, after I was obliged to shoot him, and who was nursed back to health by a gentle Quakeress and glorious old Phineas Fletcher,” said George Harris, “Eliza dressed in man’s clothes and made Harry look like a little girl. The officer had been warned of our escape, and advertisements were posted on every fence-post and tree, offering a reward for our capture. \$500 was to be paid for me, living or dead. The one who had branded my hand with a hot iron only wanted to be sure that I would never be a free man. But our disguises protected us. And I had the satisfaction of standing close beside Marks and hearing him say:

“I have watched every one that came on board and I

am positive that they are not on this boat. You would hardly know the woman from a white one and the man is a light mulatto," he continued. "He is branded with the letter H on his right hand."

"I was taking my tickets from the clerk at that moment with that very hand. But it did not tremble, and I turned coolly away and went down to the cabin to Eliza and the boy. The bell sounded and Marks and his pack of detectives went down the gang-plank to the shore. We saw them from the lower cabin, but we made no sign of the great relief we felt. Hours went by and we went up on the deck to catch the first glimpse of those blessed Canadian shores. On and on the swift boat swept. Eliza laid her hand on my arm and I felt it tremble as the boat neared the small town of Amherstburg, Canada, and a mist gathered before my eyes. The landing was made and with Harry in my arms we went ashore. I was afraid that Eliza would faint as we crossed that plank. It was like walking across the gulf that leads to heaven. But she was brave to the last, and in a moment we were standing, with tears of thankfulness streaming down our cheeks, under God's free sky, with life before us. For a little while, until the boat moved out again, we stood there in silence. Then when we were free from the gaze of curious eyes, we knelt down on the sand, with our arms around the boy, and gave thanks to God."

Harris told the story with many interruptions from Tom, who exclaimed at intervals: "Bless the Lord!" "Glory be to God!" and many other expressions of his devout faith. And there were tears in the eyes of George Shelby as he listened. But when Harris asked for the

story of Tom's return neither could speak. But he laid his black hand, with infinite tenderness, on his young masr's shoulder and said:

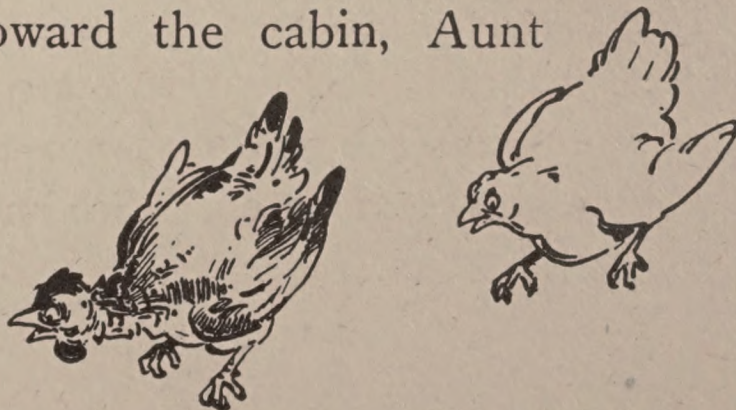
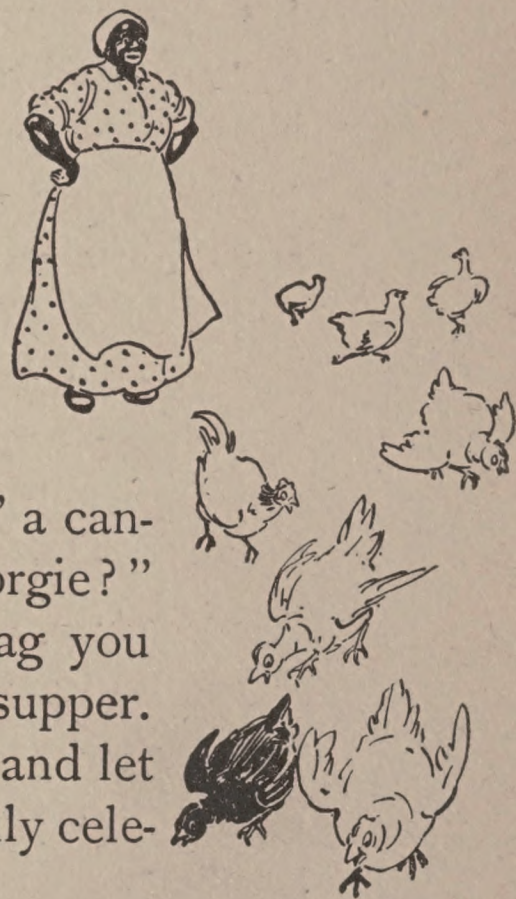
"Mas'r Georgie an' me 'll tell yo that some other time."

Chloe, in a new turban and gay neckerchief over her clean calico dress, came panting around the side of the veranda, and Eliza fled to her arms, and all the company came in for blessings. She admired Harry and exclaimed over the "quality looks" of Eliza and George, and finally carried them off to the cabin for one of her famous suppers.

"I done yank'd a chicken right out o' his skin jes de minit I seed Tom dribin' in de yard," she said, "an' de supper's mos' ready. Ise gwine feed li'l Harry wif de same co'n dodgers dat his Mas'r Georgie uster eat. Lan', lan', how dat chile uster keep me bakin', an den he'd put up his sassy li'l haid an' say: 'I brags yo up ter Tom Lincom, Aunt Chloe,' sez he; 'I brags yo up ter Tom Lincom. Der cook kaint hol' a candle ter yo.' Yo all 'member dat, Mas'r Georgie?"

"I remember, Aunt Chloe. And I brag you up just the same now. I'll be over after supper. Have the boys get out their banjos, Tom, and let them dance and sing. We must have a jolly celebration in honor of Eliza."

The group turned toward the cabin, Aunt Chloe's fat sides still shaking with laughter over the praise she had



I done yank'd a chicken.

received, and Harry, looking with serious eyes at the once familiar scenes of his childhood, George Shelby had started up the steps of the house when he turned suddenly and called:

"Tom, you better go up to the evening train. Miss Ophelia and Topsy may be here in time to join us this evening."

He went in doors and found his mother sitting and smiling in the shadows, and he bent his proud young head and kissed her without a word.

After supper Mose came with a number of colored paper lanterns in his hands and an illuminating smile on his black face.

"I 'lowed missy 'd like ter have these yere hung up 'round the gallery, seein' we all 's goin' ter have more cump'ny."

"That's a good idea, Mose," said Mrs. Shelby. "I think Miss Ophelia will be pleased at that."

"Yessum," beamed Mose, "an' I 'spects Miss Topsy 'll be pleased, too."

Mrs. Shelby laughed. "Oh, I see," she said, "Topsy is the attraction."

"Yessum. I'se done made up a song for huh, too."

He hung the bright Chinese lanterns in a curving line from post to post and fastened a few to the trees. Then he lighted them and they gave the whole place the appearance of a festival.

"I hope that we shall not be disappointed now, Mose," she said. "Why are you so sure that they will arrive this evening?"

Mose looked up confidently.



The two women clasped hands in a friendship that lasted all their lives.

"Mammy felt 'em comin' in huh bones," he replied, and went on stringing more lanterns; an occupation that he did not cease until they heard the sound of wheels on the red clay road, and the carriage entered the big gate. Mrs. Shelby stood in a shaft of light made by the open door behind her, as she went forward to greet her guest, and the tall New England spinster thought she had never bowed to so sweet a presence as that little Southern lady's. The two women clasped hands in a friendship that lasted all their lives, and then George came forward with a cordial welcome to the visitor, while Tom approached Mrs. Shelby to say:

"This is Topsy, missy. I scurcely knowed her myself, 'case she's growed so smart an' tall jes' like a hollyhock in the garden. But this is the same little gal my Missy Eva loved before she went to glory."

Mrs. Shelby greeted the black girl kindly, and then told Tom to take her to the cabin and introduce her to Chloe. Mose stepped out of the shadow of the porch as they passed, and the three entered the cabin together.

Miss Ophelia was given an account of the return of Eliza and her happy family, and the history of her flight from the old plantation; and after the somewhat formal supper was over they all went down to the cabin, as strains of music warned them that the celebration had begun. Aunt Chloe had the same embarrassment about providing chairs for her guests that she had on the occasion of the prayer meeting on that night when George led the reading, and walked home with his young heart full of love for his humble friends, the night before the day that saw Tom sold. A thought of

this crossed his mind as he sat down on the overturned soap box near the door, and he looked up to see his old friend regarding him with a world of eloquence in his black face.

Aunt Chloe drew out a rocker and an arm chair for her mistress and Miss Feely, and Mose took the floor with a profound bow to his spectators and begun singing to the accompaniment of his banjo, alternating clicking his heels and knocking his knees and falling into a double shuffle with the measures of the tune. The performance was all conducted for the benefit of Topsy, who was seated in state well forward in the room devoted to the dancing.

Mose walked forward and back, singing, with many glances toward her:

“Dar was a little cullud gal dat lived
down souf,
De rose it quit a bloomin' when it
seen huh mouf,
Dey tuk huh up de ribber in
de ice an' snow,
An' de lily quit a buddin'
when it seen huh go.”

All the mischief that had been Topsy's strongest characteristic sprang to her face, and in a moment she was up and taking part in the merry dance with all her old time spirit.



Topsy, who was leaping and whirling, and kept time to the melody of the song.

Miss Ophelia gave one shocked cry: "Topsy!" and then turned to say to Mrs. Shelby:

"Dear me! She has not acted this way before for years."

Mrs. Shelby looked with amused eyes at the girl, who was leaping and whirling, with shining teeth and eyes, and with feet that kept time with the melody she sang.

"She is on her native heath now," she said, laughing, "and this is the Topsy that I hoped to see. Do let her play."

All the famous songs and dances of the plantation were given in the simple frankness and good nature of a negro festival, and it was late when the ladies rose to go.

They stepped out into the night. The lanterns had burned themselves out, but the moon's silver lamp shone in full radiance in the sky, and when they looked back from the veranda, they saw the rays rest like a benediction on the gray head of Uncle Tom, as he waved them "Good-night" from the rose-covered doorway of his own home.

THE END.



