

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

FOR
CHILDREN





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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

FOR CHILDREN

DESIGNED BY W. M. RHOADS

BY HARRIET
BEECHER
STOWE

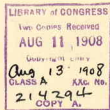


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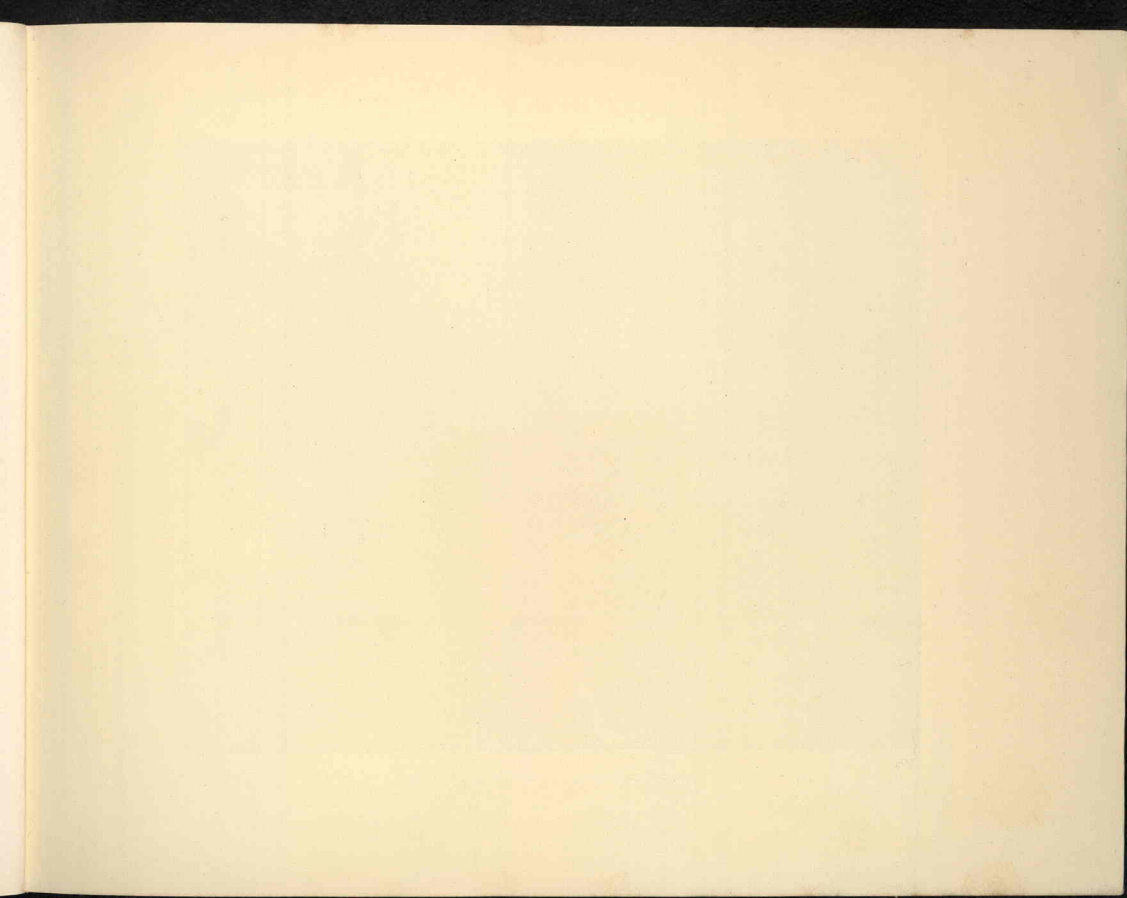


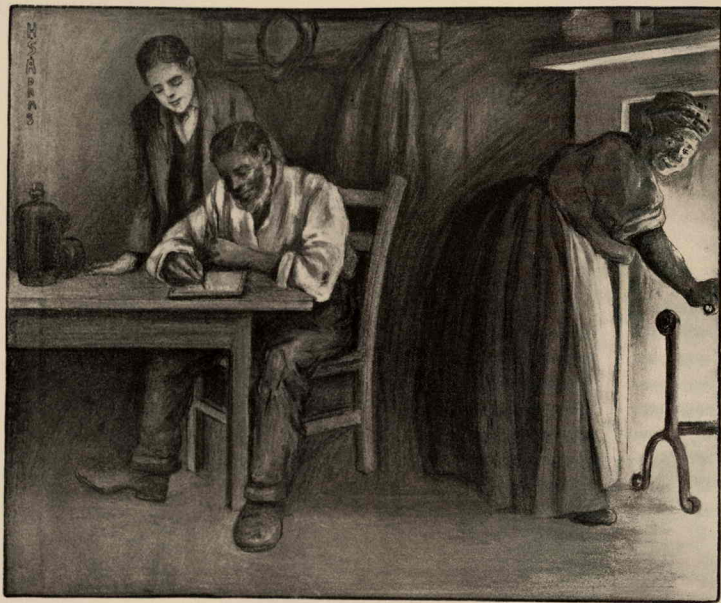
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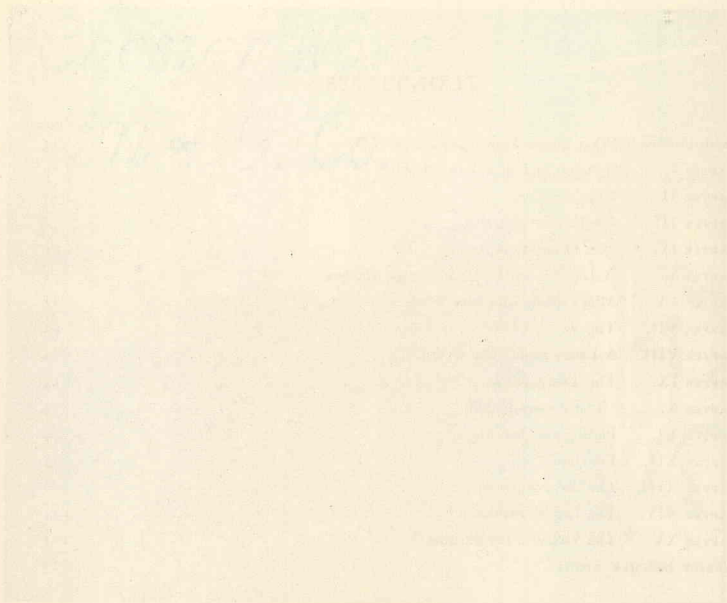




"You white folks at us does things that easy"

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WHAT "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" MEANS NOW

ALL these things happened many years ago. For more than forty years there have been no slaves in this country. They were set free during a long war between the North and the South. It was a war which destroyed slavery and kept our country whole. But it was also a war which brought death to many thousands of the country's best and bravest sons, both North and South. It was a war which brought poverty and sorrow worse than death to many other thousands of men and women.

Our country was scarred like poor Tom under the lash of Legree.

It was made desolate, like a forest when a fire has swept over it.

But as the years pass by new trees spring up in the forest. And flowers grow again, all the more lovely because of the destroying flames.

So it has been with this dear land of ours.

In the long terrible struggle the North and the South learned to know and to respect each other as they had never done before. They learned also, how great their strength would be if they should stand together.

And so they have stood together for many years. The North and the South, the East and the West, our Country, waiting

"The morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

Why, then, it may be asked, should a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" be prepared especially for children?

Why should young boys and girls read this story of cruelties that are past, of scars that are healed, of sad days that may well be forgotten?

There are two answers to this question.

One is the unique place which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" holds in the history of American literature. That has been briefly described in the sketch of Harriet Beecher Stowe with which this volume ends. When young children's minds are first rousing to an interest in the history of their country, then is the time for them to learn about the books which have helped to make that history.

The other reason is a deeper one.

The greatest evils in our country were not swept away by the Emancipation Proclamation. Just such evils as are described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are, to be sure, no longer possible here. But there are even worse forms of slavery than those Mrs. Stowe tells about in her book. There are many cruel masters who still hold the lash.

The boys and girls of to-day, in the South as in the North, will, as men and women, have to do their part in destroying these other forms of slavery.

Every story these children read, which moves their sympathy for the poor and wretched, whether black or white, will help to fit them for the work that lies before them. Every book that teaches them to pity suffering and to hate cruelty, will bring nearer the dawn of a new Emancipation morning.

Such a book, most surely, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



Uncle Tom's Cabin

Uncle Tom's Cabin



CHAPTER I

A NIGHT IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

"NOT that way, Uncle Tom, not that way," said George Shelby quickly, as Uncle Tom brought the tail of his g carefully up on the wrong side. "That makes a q, not a g."

"Law sakes, now, do it?" asked Uncle Tom, meekly. "I'se proud o' you, Mas'r George, to know that all. You suttently is clever." Then he took the slate pencil still more firmly in his big clumsy fingers. Patiently he bent over the slate again and slowly traced the g.

"That's right now," said George, and Aunt Chloe left the griddle she was greasing to admire the work of her "ole man."

Uncle Tom was a negro, big and black and strong, but with a nature as

gentle and simple as a child's. Yet there was an air of dignity about him, too. A dignity that seemed strange in such a man.

For he was a slave. He belonged to the father of the young boy who was trying to teach him how to write.

It was in the days long ago, when in many of the States of our country, the colored people were held as slaves by the white people. When they did wrong, they could be beaten by their masters. And often, no doubt, they were beaten when they did not deserve to be. Children could be sold away from their mothers, and fathers could be sold from their wives and children.

These were some of the dreadful things about slavery.

But there were some pleasant things as well. Many masters and mistresses were very kind to their slaves. They taught them and watched over them and nursed them in sickness. Often a master would free a faithful slave. Often, again, a kind-hearted mistress was heard to say, that she would

as soon think of selling one of her own children, as to sell her old black Mammy, or Mammy's children, or Joe, who had taught her to ride her first horse, or little Dinah, or Sambo, and the list would grow to be a long one.

"Hi!" cried Aunt Chloe, going back to her griddle, "but you white folks al'us does things that easy." Here she rubbed more grease on the iron. "The way you kin write, Mas'r George, an' read, too."

Aunt Chloe was Uncle Tom's wife. The face under her bright plaid turban was black and shiny. Her arms, with the sleeves rolled up, were black and billowy. Her fat body looked as if it were running out over her clothes. But she held herself very straight and proud.

Why should she not be proud? For she was the very best cook in all the country round.

Chloe had just finished cooking supper at "the house," as slaves always called their master's home. Now she had come over to her own snug cabin—"to git my ole man's supper," she said.

There she found "Mas'r George," who was giving Uncle Tom a lesson in writing. A lesson at the cabin always meant a supper there, too, for the young teacher. George was just thirteen, and at thirteen a boy has an appetite "as deep as a well and as wide as a barn door."

"I'm getting mighty hungry, Aunt Chloe," he said, after he had watched Tom make a whole row of g's, with their tails all turned the right way. "Isn't that cake most done?"

"Mos' done, Mas'r George," she answered. "It's brownin' beautiful. Jes look—a real, lovely brown. Let me 'lone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake t'other day, jes to larn her, she said. 'Oh, go 'way, missis,' says I; 'really hurts my feelin's now to see good vittles spiled dat ar way.' Cake riz all to one side—no shape at tall, no moahn' my old shoe! Go way."

And with a grunt of contempt, Aunt Chloe began bustling about getting supper in earnest.

Two small, woolly-headed boys happened to get in her way, as they were trying to teach the youngest baby how to walk. A funny bundle of roly-poly blackness was that youngest baby.

"Here, you Mose and Pete, clar out. Git away, Polly honey, mammy'll giv' her baby sumfin by-an-by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest pitch dem books off dat table an' set down long o' my ole man. I'll take up de sausages and hev de fust griddleful o' cakes on yoah plate in less dan no time."

"They wanted me to come to supper at the house," said George, "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did, honey, so you did," answered Aunt Chloe, as she heaped a smoking pile of cakes on his plate. "You knowed yoah ole Aunt'y'd keep the bes' for you. Oh, let you 'lone for dat. Go way!" And she nudged George in a knowing way, then turned again briskly to her griddle. But even a boy can get enough of griddle cakes after a while. And before long

George was calling for the other cake Aunt Chloe had been so carefully browning. No one but those who have eaten a pound cake baked by an old darky Aunty, knows what pound cake really is.

"Tom Lincoln says," said George, speaking as plainly as a mouth full of cake would let him, "that their Jinny is a better cook than you. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Oh, wall, dem Lincolns haint much 'count, no way," answered Aunt Chloe, with a sniff of contempt. "No 'count 'tall to set 'longside our folks. They's 'spectable folks enough, in a plain kinder way. But when it comes to doin' things in style, they don't begin ter hev a notion on't. Set Mas'r Lincoln, now, side er Mas'r Shelby. My! An' Miss Lincoln—kin she sweep inter a room like my Missis? So kinder grand like? Oh, go 'way! Don't tell me nothin' 'bout dem Lincolns." And Aunt Chloe tossed her head as if to say the Lincolns were quite beneath her notice.

"But law, Mas'r George," she went on, "'taint no fault o' Jinny's that

her fam'ly haint nothin'. She can't be 'spected ter know. Oh, Mas'r George, you doesn't re'lize half yoah privileges in yoah fam'ly an' bringin' up." Here Aunt Chloe rolled her eyes heavenward. Her feelings were quite too strong for more words.

"Well, I know all about my pie and pudding privileges, anyway," answered George. "I can tell you I crow over Tom Lincoln every time I meet him."

At this Aunt Chloe burst into such peals of laughter that the tears rolled down her shiny, black cheeks. As for George, he began to think he must be a very witty fellow.

"And so you crowed over Mas'r Tom, did yer? You crowed over Mas'r Tom! Law, Mas'r George, if you wouldn't make a hornbug laugh."

But now George had come to where he could eat no more—not even of Aunt Chloe's pound cake. So he was ready to notice the woolly-

headed boys who had stopped playing with the baby to watch with hungry eyes every mouthful he swallowed.

"Here, you, Mose, Pete!" and he threw them some bits of the cake. "You want some, too, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, now it's their turn for griddle cakes." The boy moved to a chair in the chimney corner, while Aunt Chloe cooked cakes. Then she took lap and began to fill its and her own with the stopped long enough that Mose and Pete got sight the youngsters their cakes and

another big pile of the fat baby on her mouth with one hand other. But she between bites to see their share. A funny were, as they ate smacked their lips, and rolled about on the floor in a tangle of sticky griddle cakes and yet more sticky darkeys.



They pounced upon the baby

Then they pounced upon the baby, and began kissing it and rolling it about on the floor, too.

"Go long wid yer," said their mother. "It's time yer 'gan to 'have yerselfs. Gim'me Polly. Ye'll all stick together an' never git clar, if yer do dat fashion. Can't yer be decent when white folks come ter see yer? I'll take yer down a buttonhole lower when Mas'r George is gone. Go long ter de spring and wash yerselfs." Here she gave them each a smack, which sounded as if it were meant to hurt. But the boys only laughed the louder, as they made kangaroo leaps for the door.

Uncle Tom picked up the baby. "Ain't she a peart young un?" he asked, holding her up to get a full length view. Then he put her on his big shoulder, and began to caper and dance. This made the pickaninny coo with delight. And when George took to snapping at her with his handkerchief, the cooing became a gurgle of joy.

Just then Mose and Pete rushed back into the cabin, roaring and

jumping about on all fours. This was their way of making believe they were bears.

"Shish yer clack!" shouted Aunt Chloe. "Shish yer clack, I say. Yer fair takes mah haid off wif yoah noise! Thar now," and she began to pull a rude box of a trundle-bed from under the big bed in the corner, "thar now, you Mose an' you Pete, git in dar, fer we's gwine ter hev th' meetin'."

"Oh, mammy, we don' wanter go to bed. We wanter set up ter meetin'. Meetin's is so curi's."

"Shove the trundle-bed under again, and let them stay up," said George, with quite a grown-up air of settling things.

"Wall, mebbe 'twill do 'em some good. They sure nuff needs it," and she shoved the bed back with an air of relief.

The next thing was to get ready for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers, now, I declar I don' know," sighed Aunt Chloe.

But as the meetings were held every week at Uncle Tom's, and never with any more "cheers," nobody seemed worried at that remark.

"Ole Uncle Peter sung bof de laigs out er dat oldest cheer last week," said Mose, with a grin.

"Go 'long, I'se boun yer done it yerself, wid yer shines," answered his mother. Then she turned to Tom, "Wall, ole man, yer'll jis nat'rally hev to tote in dem bar'ls."

With that the youngsters gave a whoop and followed their father out of doors. Soon Uncle Tom came back with two casks. He put stones on each side to keep them from rolling, and laid a long board across to make a bench. Mose and Pete made believe they were helping, though really they were only getting in the way. And Aunt Chloe busied herself propping up rickety chairs till they looked almost safe, and turning down tubs and pails to make more seats.

"Mas'r George reads so fine now, I jes know he'll stay ter read fer us," said Aunt Chloe, with her most winning smile.

Like most boys of thirteen, George was very ready to do anything which would make him seem important. So he opened the Bible and began hunting for the grandest sounding chapter.

Soon the room was full. There were old men of eighty and young boys and girls from all the nearby houses. They told stories about the doings in their "fam'lies" for a little while. Then one of the old men struck up a hymn in which all the others joined with eager voices.

"Oh, I'm goin' to glory—won't you come along with me?
Don't you see the angels beck'ning and a-calling me away?
Don't you see the golden city and the everlasting day?"

And as they sang they shook each other by the hand as if they had already reached the golden city they sang about.

Then one after the other they rose and began to tell what they called their "sperience." One bent old woman told how she was "jarneyin' ter Canaan." A wrinkled old man, whose woolly head was white and who leaned feebly on his cane, was the next speaker. He shouted that he was "jist a-waitin' for theh golden chariot ter come along and take me home." And all the other poor black creatures shouted too, with joy. It seemed as if they really saw a chariot waiting to take them to a heaven where there would be no more slaves and no more masters.

Next Mas'r George read the last chapters of Revelation to them. He read very well for a boy of his age, and his listeners were loud in their praise. So then he went on to explain the text as he had heard his own minister do. It was "reely mazin'," his hearers all agreed. "No preacher couldn't lay it off no better."

Then Uncle Tom rose to pray. He was looked up to by all the other negroes as a sort of minister, and his prayer was always the great event of one

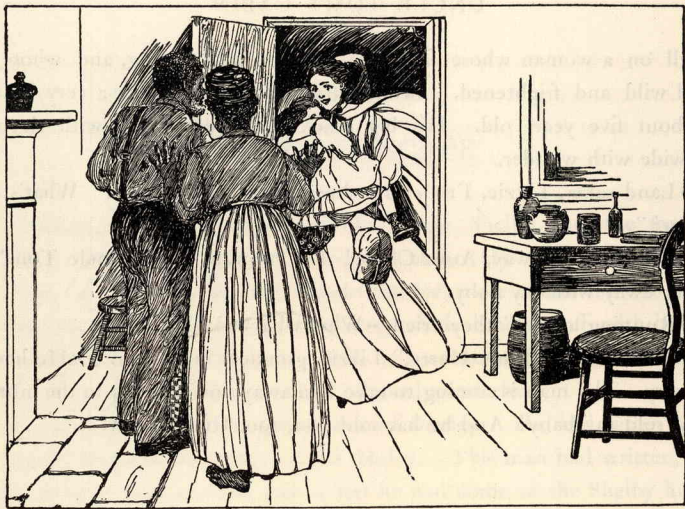
of their meetings. He was only an ignorant slave, but he knew many chapters of the Bible by heart. And from that Bible he drew the words of his prayers. His fellow slaves listened eagerly, breaking out every now and then with cries of "Amen! Glory be!" It seemed as if Tom led them to the gates of the New Jerusalem.

It was late before the meeting ended, and even after the people were all gone, Uncle Tom sat up singing hymn after hymn, while Aunt Chloe beat time with her foot and busily mended the boys' torn trousers.

It was past midnight. The two were just dropping asleep when they heard footsteps pass their door. Then there came a tapping at their window-pane.

"Sakes alive, what's dat?" cried Aunt Chloe, rising and pulling up the curtain. "Law! If it ain't Lizzie! Miss Emily's Lizzie! An' she's got Harry in her arms. What on airth! I'se gwine ter open the door."

With that she threw wide the door. Tom lighted a tallow candle. Its



"I'm running away"

rays fell on a woman whose face was swollen with crying, and whose eyes looked wild and frightened. In her arms she held tightly a very beautiful boy about five years old. His big black eyes were heavy with sleep, but open wide with wonder.

"Land sakes, Lizzie, I'm clean skeered to look at yer. What's come over yer?"

"I'm running away, Aunt Chloe! I'm running away, Uncle Tom! I'm running away with my baby."

"Running away?" they cried, "Why, what—?"

"Mas'r has sold my Harry," Lizzie groaned in answer. "He has sold my Harry. The man is coming to take him away down South in the morning. He has sold my baby! And he has sold you, too, Uncle Tom!"

CHAPTER II

ELIZA'S ESCAPE

ARTHUR SHELBY, the father of George Shelby and the master of Tom and Eliza, was a very easy-going man. He was always kind to his slaves, but that was only because it made him feel more comfortable to be kind.

He often boasted that they were a good deal better off with him for a master than they would be free. And he used to say that he would never sell any of his people so long as they behaved themselves.

But now he was in very great need of money. He had fallen in debt to a coarse, brutal slave trader named Haley. This man had written, saying that he must be paid at once, and at last he had come to the Shelby home to get his money. When Mr. Shelby told Haley that, though he had tried very

hard, he had not been able to get together all he owed, the slave trader said he would take some of the Shelby servants to make up the rest of the debt.

His choice fell upon Uncle Tom. Tom was an unusual negro. He was honest. He was a good manager. For years he had taken full charge of his master's farm.

So Haley said he would take Tom in place of the rest of the money that was owing him if Mr. Shelby would "throw in a youngster" who had taken his fancy. This was little Harry, a very pretty boy of five.

Harry was the only child of Mrs. Shelby's own maid, Eliza, or Lizzie, as the negroes all called her. She had been brought up from childhood by her kind mistress, and was married to a bright young man on one of the neighboring farms.

Mr. Shelby knew that his wife would be very unwilling to let Harry go.

She was a kind-hearted, good woman, who felt that she owed a duty to every one of her servants. She watched over them. She taught them. She

nursed them when they were sick, and they, in their turn, always went to her with their joys and troubles just like children to their mother.

So her husband felt sure that, though she would be very sorry if he sold Tom, she would feel even worse about letting a little child be sold away from its mother. He knew she would think that wicked as well as unnecessary.

So he held out a long time against selling Harry, but at last he gave in. There seemed nothing else to do, and he signed the bill of sale the very hour his son George was teaching Tom the difference between a q and a g.

The men agreed that Haley should call and take away his new slaves early the next morning. So Mrs. Shelby must be told about the sale that same night. It was an unpleasant thing to do, and Mr. Shelby always put off unpleasant things as long as possible. Thus, it was late in the evening before he went to his wife's room to tell her the story.

As he had expected, she was very sad when she heard the news. "Something must be done," she said, "Eliza's little boy must not be taken away

from his mother. It would be too cruel." She would sell her jewelry rather than let that happen.

But her husband told her it was too late. The sale had been already made. Harry now belonged to the slave trader.

There was a third listener to this talk between the husband and wife.

Eliza had come into the room where Haley was talking with her master that afternoon and had overheard a few words. She did not understand what those words meant, but something, she hardly knew what, made her very anxious.

Could Massa be thinking of selling her baby?

Oh no, that was not possible. But yet—

Her mother-heart beat loud with fear.

It was best to make sure.

And so, when her mistress had sent her away for the night, and she saw Mr. Shelby go into his wife's room, she felt that she must hear what he said.

It might be something about Harry. So she hid herself in a large closet which opened both from her mistress's room and from the hall.

With her ear pressed close to the crack of the door, she heard every word that passed between her master and mistress. Then, pale and shivering, she crept softly to her

On the bed lay her
on his rosy lips, and his
thrown out on the bed-
his favorite toy, a gayly

Eliza knelt by the
No mother had ever a
He was like the beautiful
ture in Miss Emily's room.



Eliza knelt by the bed

own little bed-room.
boy. There was a smile
little fat hand was
clothes, still clutching
painted wooden parrot.
bed, sobbing bitterly.
prettier, dearer baby.
little angels in the pic-

Then she rose from her knees with a sudden thought.

She would not let him be taken from her. She would save her baby.

Mas'r had said that the slave-trader was coming in the morning to take away her Harry.

It was nearly twelve o'clock. She had until morning to save her darling. Quickly she made up a little bundle of food and clothes. In all her haste, she did not forget to add to that bundle the gay parrot. Then she woke the little sleeper and dressed him quickly. She hushed in fear his sleepy questions. He must be very, very still, she whispered, or else an ugly man would catch him. Then, taking the child in her arms, she slipped softly across the grounds to Uncle Tom's cabin.

She stopped there for only a moment to warn her friends of Tom's danger. But the moment was long to her, for she seemed to feel Haley's cruel hand trying to pull her Harry out of her arms.

With a shudder, she pressed the boy close to her heart and hurried on into the darkness.

The frosty ground creaked under her feet. Every sound frightened her.

She trembled with fear if a twig crackled or a shadow fell across her path. On and on she walked.

Harry had been very much frightened at first, and begged his mother to hurry so the ugly man could not get him. But soon he fell asleep in her arms.

She left the Shelby farm far behind her. She passed the grove, the wood lot. She entered the road which led to the Ohio River.

This river flowed between slave states on the South and free states, that is, states where there were no slaves, on the North. And Eliza felt that if she could only get across its waters she would be safe. But the river was still many, many miles away.

She hurried on wildly.

The stars began to fade out of the sky. The east grew red with the sunrise.

Then a horse and its rider passed Eliza. She saw the man turn and look

after her. A wagon rattled by with two men on the seat. Then she met another, and another.

She felt that she ought to go more slowly. If she hurried along so fast, people might suspect that she was a slave running away. But they would not notice her, she said to herself, if only she went slowly and did not act so frightened. For she was almost as fair as her mistress, and little Harry was as pretty as any white woman's child, so she thought proudly.

She came to a grove by the side of the road, with a little brook running through it. Here she rested for a while and gave Harry his breakfast from the cakes and apples in her bundle. Then she walked on again. But now she held her boy by the hand. Often she forgot all about what people might think, and tried to hurry his baby steps.

Hour after hour the two traveled on. Mile after mile she walked without once stopping to rest. Part of the time she carried Harry. Part of the time he trudged beside her.

At noon, they got their dinner at a farmhouse. Then they started out again, all the more bravely because of the little rest.

An hour before sunset, Eliza and the child reached a little village on the bank of the Ohio River. The poor woman was very tired. It seemed as if she could go no farther. And yet, for a few moments, she felt almost happy. She could breathe more freely than at any time since she stole into her mistress's closet the night before.

For there was the river so very near. Soon she should get across it and be safe, she thought.

She hurried to the bank. Then she stopped with a cry of terror.

The river was full of great cakes of floating ice. They swung heavily about in the muddy waters and piled up in a bend of the stream like a great ice-raft. No ferry-boat, Eliza felt sure, could move through such ice-packed waters. Here was a trouble she had not thought of.

She turned and went into a small inn close by to ask if there was any way of getting across.

"No," said a woman who was busy over the stove, getting supper ready. "No, the boats have stopped running."

Eliza could not keep back a groan.

The woman looked at her kindly. "Anybody sick?" she asked. "Ye seem mighty anxious to git over."

"I've got a child that's in danger," answered Eliza. "I never heard of it till last last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day in hopes to get to the ferry. It just seems as if I must get across some way."

"A child in danger" meant a very sick child to the woman, and she felt sorry for the poor mother.

"Well now, that's mighty onlucky," she said, "I lost a baby of my own, so I know how 'tis. But I tell ye what. There's a man goin' to tote some

truck over to-night, if he durs to. Anyways, he'll be here to supper, an' if he goes, why there's yer chance."

"Now, yer jes come in here an' rest," and she showed Eliza into a little bedroom. "Ye sure look fit to drop. That's a pretty little fellow ye got. Here, honey, here's a cake fer ye."

It may seem strange that a woman, who much of the way had to carry a heavy child, could walk all day long without being overtaken. A man on horseback, if he took the right road, could very easily have overtaken her. And Haley, who was now the owner of Harry, was not the sort of man to let his slaves get away from him easily.

The slave trader had done his best.

As was planned, he got to Mr. Shelby's house early in the morning, ready to take away Tom and little Harry.

A flock of eager pickaninnies were waiting for him, roosting like crows in the trees and on the railings of the verandahs. Each wanted to be

the first to tell him what had happened. For black children are very much like white ones.

"Lizzie an' Harry done run away! Dey done run away! Dey done run away!" they all shouted in chorus as soon as Haley came in sight.

The little imps had said among themselves that "that thar Haley 'ill talk jes orful when he larns it." And they were not disappointed. He was very angry.

Mr. Shelby, as in honor bound, told him he could have all the horses and servants he needed to catch the runaways. The slave-trader was surly and grumbled that it was "mighty queer the gal knew enough to cut away jes now." But he took care not to let Mr. Shelby hear him, and accepted the offered help.

When it came to getting off, though, he did not find things very easy.

First, the slave-dealer's horse threw him as soon as he touched the saddle, and dashed madly away. Haley would have known the reason for that if he

had seen Sam, one of the colored boys, put a sharp thorn under the horse's saddle. No horse could endure a man on his back with a sharp thorn under the saddle, so it was very plain that Sam, who had been told to help Haley, had queer ideas about help. And when the boys tried to catch the horse, they made such a mad racket that their own horses got frightened and dashed away, too.

Then there was a wild time. There was whooping and shouting and rushing about. But, somehow, the boys were not able to catch the horses. It took all the morning to get three horses ready, a thing that had never happened before in all the history of the Shelby farm.

Since it was so late, Mrs. Shelby asked Haley to stay to dinner, and Aunt Chloe was very slow about that dinner.

When at last they started, Haley and his two guides, Sam and Andy, another queer thing happened. Sam, who knew every foot of the way to the Ohio River, made a mistake and led the party several miles out of the way

by the wrong road. Two hours more were lost in getting back to the highway.

So, it was half an hour after Eliza had laid Harry to sleep in the fresh white bed of the little inn by the side of the river, before the party came riding up to the same place. Eliza saw them as she stood by the window looking out. But Haley did not see her.

For a minute her heart stood still. She looked wildly about her. The room in which she stood opened by a side door to the river. She caught up her child. She threw open this door and sprang down the steps that led to the water.

At that moment, Haley caught sight of her. He threw himself from his horse, called to Sam and Andy, and rushed after her. She flew before him. He followed like a hound. Her feet were at the water's edge. Haley was just behind. With a wild cry and a wilder flying leap, she jumped clear over the current of water near shore to the raft of ice beyond.

The big green mass of ice on which she landed pitched and creaked. But she stayed there only a moment. Then she jumped to another floating cake of ice. Then to another! And another! Springing, stumbling, standing, slipping, leaping! Nearer and nearer she drew to safety. Or to what seemed like safety.

One of her shoes was gone. Her stockings were cut away. Blood marked every step. But she felt nothing, knew nothing, until, dimly, as in a dream, she saw that a man was helping her up the Ohio bank. She had crossed the river.

CHAPTER III

UNCLE TOM AND EVA

AT first Aunt Chloe could not understand what Eliza meant, as she stood moaning in the doorway that cold February night.

"Poor critter! She's done gone out of her haid!" she said to herself.

But as Eliza slipped away into the darkness with her child in her arms, a sudden fear took hold of poor old Chloe.

"What's dat Lizzie said 'bout sellin' folks down de ribber?" she cried to Tom. "That gal sure acted skeert."

"I tell yer," she whispered, "yer'd better git away, too. Run! I say. I haint goin' ter hev my ole man sold down de ribber, nohow!"

It would, indeed, have been very easy for Tom to get away, for he

had often gone on journeys for his master, and had a pass, signed by Mr. Shelby.

But now he shook his head sadly.

"No, Chloe," he answered. "Mas'r allus found me on the spot, an' he allus will. I never broke trust nor used my pass no ways 'against my word. An' I never will."

There was very little sleep for them that night, and in the morning they learned that what Eliza had told them was true.

It was not till the second morning that Haley drove up in a wagon before Tom's cabin to take away his "property." He had left two slave catchers to hunt down Eliza and her boy, and was in a very bad temper over the whole business.

"Git in there, you nigger," said Haley, pointing to the wagon. Tom climbed in. The slave trader bent down to fasten his ankles together with heavy iron chains.

"Oh, don't do that!" said Mrs. Shelby, coming out from the cabin, where she had been trying to comfort poor Chloe. "Oh, don't do that! Indeed, you can trust Tom."

But the man muttered that he'd "lost out enough already with Shelby niggers. I 'haint goin' to run no more risks." Then he drove quickly away.

They had only gone a few miles along the dusty road, when Haley drew up before a blacksmith shop and went in.

Just then, there came the quick clatter of horses' hoofs, and George Shelby rode up. He sprang from his saddle into the wagon. He cried out angrily:

"It's a shame! A mean shame! And I don't care who it was did it. You know I went yesterday morning, early, to stay two days at Tom Lincoln's. And they never sent for me, or let me know a word about anything. If I don't let them hear from me when I get home again! And I'll buy you back, Tom. I'll go down the river myself to fetch you."

"Oh, Mas'r George, Mas'r George!" cried Tom. "You sure done me good a' comin'! You jis can't tell—"

"Look here, Uncle Tom!" George went on. "Just see what I brought you! My silver dollar! I made a hole in it, so you can hang it round your neck. Tuck it away, so that villain, Haley, can't see it. And every time you feel that dollar under your clothes, you must think how I'm coming to bring you back. Don't forget."

Then, as Haley appeared at the door of the blacksmith shop, George jumped on his horse.

"Wall, my boy," said Haley. "Had a visitor, did yer? Too bad he went afore he saw the nice present I got yer." And he laughed as he slipped a pair of handcuffs on Tom's wrists. "Had to git em made bigger in thar," he added. "You surely be a big un!"

Hour after hour, the man and his master jogged along. At noon, they stopped at an inn for dinner. Then Haley drove to a slave market, where

he bought four more slaves, three men and a woman. He put handcuffs on each of them. Then, he fastened each pair of handcuffs to a long chain and drove them before him down to a wharf where lay the boat, "La Belle Riviere."

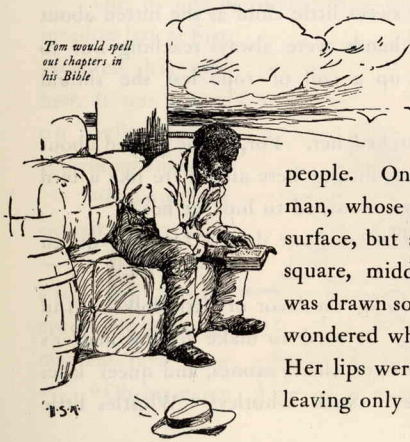
Haley soon got his slaves safely on board. A gang of negroes in chains was a very common sight in those days, and nobody gave them a second glance.

The boat with her heavy load sailed down the Ohio and out into the broad and muddy Mississippi. Onward and ever onward she swept toward Summerland. Past fields of shivery sugar-cane. Past stately mansions, with beautiful green terraces leading up from the river's bank. Past villages of negro huts, the steamer sailed on.

Haley soon saw that Tom could be trusted. He took off the black man's handcuffs and chains, and let him go about freely over the boat, and he soon became a favorite with the crew.

When there was no more work for him to do, he would climb up on a heap of cotton bales on the upper deck, and spell out chapters in his Bible.

*Tom would spell
out chapters in
his Bible*



He read over and over again the verses he loved best, and they comforted him.

Among the passengers on the boat there was one party Tom often watched with interest. It was made up of three people. One of them was a tall, handsome young man, whose blue eyes had always a smile on their surface, but a sting in their depths. Another was a square, middle-aged woman, whose iron-gray hair was drawn so tightly back from her forehead that Tom wondered why it did not pull away the skin with it. Her lips were closed so tight that they disappeared, leaving only a thin straight line in their place.

The third one in the group was a tiny girl of five or six years. She was the daughter of the handsome young man, Tom thought. The big black fellow could hardly keep his eyes off the sweet little child as she flitted about the deck. He noticed how rough, sooty hands were always reaching out to help her over steep places or to pick up a coil of rope lest she should stumble over it.

Tom was not the only one who watched her. For, as she played about the deck with a face so sweet and dreamy, flitting here and there like a bird or a sunbeam, the different passengers always turned to look at her.

"What a little fairy!" Tom heard a lady say one day. "The very queen of the fairies, herself!"

Tom had many simple arts for winning the favor of little folks. And his pockets were still full of the treasures he used to make for his master's children. There were tiny baskets cut out of cherry-stones, and queer faces carved on hickory-nuts. And whistles. Such whistles! Whistles little

and whistles big! Whistles that whe-e-e-e-d high, and whistles that whe-e-e-e-d low.

One by one he offered these to the little girl. But she was as shy as a meadow lark at first. And, though she accepted his gifts with grave politeness, it was several days before they got on really friendly terms. "What's little missy's name?" he asked at last.

"Evangeline answered. But papa, —she is the lady and me — and everybody calls me may call me. Now

"Oh, my name



What's little Missy's name?

St. Clare," she answered. "What's he asked at last. And Cousin Ophelia who is with papa mamma, oh, and Eva. That's what you tell me your name." is Tom. An' back

in old Kentuck whar I came from, all the little chil'un used ter call me Uncle Tom."

"Then I'll call you Uncle Tom, too," said Eva, "for I see I am going to like you."

Just then, the steamboat stopped at a landing to let off some passengers.

Tom went down to the lower deck to help the deckhands with their unloading, and Eva bounded away to join her father.

Then—no one could tell how it happened—little Eva, who had been standing beside the railing with her father, watching how the steamer left the landing, lost her balance. Down she fell, down, down into the churning, muddy waters.

Wildly, her father started to jump after her, but strong hands held him back. There was no need of his help, for his darling was already out of danger.

Tom had been standing on the lower deck, just under Eva and

Mr. St. Clare. Before the child had fairly struck the water, he had jumped after her, had seized her in his arms and swum with her to the boat.

The father carried his precious little daughter to his state-room. Uncle Tom found a sunny corner of the upper deck where he could dry his wet clothes.

Poor kind old Tom! It seemed to him such a simple thing to do. And that evening, he hardly knew what to make of it when the handsome young man, Eva's father, came and shook his hand and thanked him.

"Why, anybody'd done it, Mas'r," he said. "I jis happened to git dar fust!"

By this time, the trip was almost over. The steamer was getting near New Orleans, where Mr. St. Clare's beautiful home was. And, at New Orleans, Haley had planned to sell Tom and his other slaves.

The next morning, there was a great bustle among the passengers.

Miss Ophelia, although it was still more than two hours before the time for landing, had taken her station on the deck. One hand grasped a carpet-bag, The other held her while another carpet-a big bandbox, a little and a blue collar-box as straight as soldiers

Not far away looking wistfully over track. Kentucky and children seemed very

Then he looked He must say good-bye landed. He had in his which he had been



Miss Ophelia had taken her station

umbrella and sunshade, bag, a small hair trunk, bandbox, two baskets were ranged around her on parade.

stood Tom. He was the vessel's long white Chloe and the dear far away.

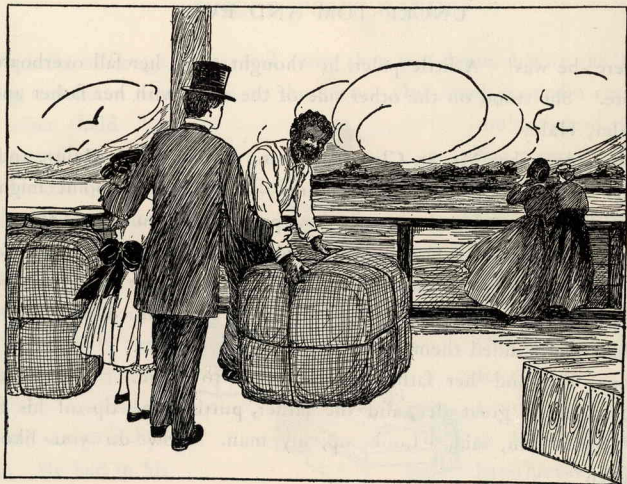
around for little Eva. to her before they hand his very last whistle saving to give her.

There she was! A little paler, he thought, since her fall overboard the day before. She stood on the other side of the deck, with her father and the slave-dealer, Haley.

It was plain that Mr. St. Clare had some business with Haley, and that the trader felt sure of gaining his point—whatever that point might be. Tom saw his master lay down a greasy pocket-book on the cotton bales beside him, and hand Mr. St. Clare a folded paper he had taken from it.

At that moment, the black man saw Eva throw her arms around her father's neck and whisper something to him. Then he counted out a big roll of bills and handed them to Haley.

Then, Eva and her father walked over to Tom. The child was skipping along in great glee, and the father, putting the tips of his fingers under Tom's chin, said, "Look up, my man. How do you like your new master."



“How do you like your new master?”

CHAPTER IV

THE HOME COMING

AT the words, "How do you like your new master?" Tom looked up quickly into the handsome young face beside him. And his black face beamed with joy, as he cried, "God bless you, Mas'r!"

"Well, I hope so, Tom. He's quite as likely to do it for your asking as for mine. Now, Eva, suppose you take your friend over and introduce him to Cousin Ophelia. Tell her he will carry those boxes and bundles for her as carefully as if they were eggs."

Tom's instant liking for his new master was shared by all who knew Augustine St. Clare.

He was as easy with his servants as he was with himself, yet none of

them ever dreamed of disobeying him. Even Miss Ophelia, the stern New England spinster, with whom the word "ought" was law, dearly loved this gay, careless cousin of hers. She shook her head sadly, to be sure, over what she called his "shiftless ways." But he had found it very easy, while he was visiting his uncle's family in Vermont, to persuade her that it was her duty to go back with him to New Orleans.

His wife had long fancied that she was ill. His little daughter was left to the care of old slave mammies. And his home, as he truly told Miss Ophelia, "had to run itself." He needed a woman like her, he said, to take care of his household, and cure him of his "shiftless ways."

So, here was Miss Ophelia, with her carpet bags and umbrellas, her small trunk, her big bandbox, her little bandbox, her baskets and her blue collar box.

Now, they had come to the end of their long journey. Eva was all excitement. "See, Auntie, see! There is our house away up that street!" she cried, eagerly, as the boat began to push up among the steamers of the levee.

"Yes, Eva, yes, I'm sure it's very fine," answered Miss Ophelia. Each hand held a carpet bag now, while the parasol and umbrella stuck out stiffly under her arm like darning-needles in a pincushion. "But where can your father be?"

"No, no, Tom—if that's your name!" she cried. "No, I can't let you carry that carpet-bag. It has bottles in it. And I never trust them to anybody but myself. No, not that bandbox, either."

But luckily, just then, Mr. St. Clare came along.

"Come, come, Miss Vermont," he said, "you needn't think you can come down to New Orleans and set us folks a dreadful example like that! Carrying your own bundles! The idea!" And with that he started Tom toward the carriage with all Miss Ophelia's treasures.

When these were safely stowed away, Tom got up beside the driver, and the carriage rolled off with the travelers.

"I mean Tom shall drive us, after this, Eva," said her father. "Won't

you like that, Puss? I'm going to give him to your mother for a coachman. I'll tell Marie it isn't every New Orleans lady who can have a sort of black bishop to drive her carriage for her."

Just then, the carriage rolled through an arched gateway and along a drive bordered with beautiful trees and flowers. Miss Ophelia saw that they had entered a large courtyard. In the centre of this court rose the spray of a marble fountain, and around all four sides was built the fine old St. Clare mansion.

"Oh, look! look! Aunt Ophelia, this is my own dear, darling home! Isn't it just lovely! Isn't it beautiful to be home again!" cried Eva.

But Miss Ophelia did not seem greatly pleased. The place was very unlike anything she had ever seen in Vermont. And she murmured something about the house being pretty, no doubt, though, for her part, it seemed dreadful heathenish. Eva, however, did not hear her. For before the carriage had fairly stopped, she was out of it, and had flown like a bird to a small room opening on the verandah. There a dark-eyed woman was lying among a



A dark-eyed woman was lying among a heap of pillows

heap of pillows, with a novel in one hand and a bottle of smelling-salts in the other. "Mamma, oh, dearest mamma, I'm home! I'm home!" cried the child, kissing her mother again and again.

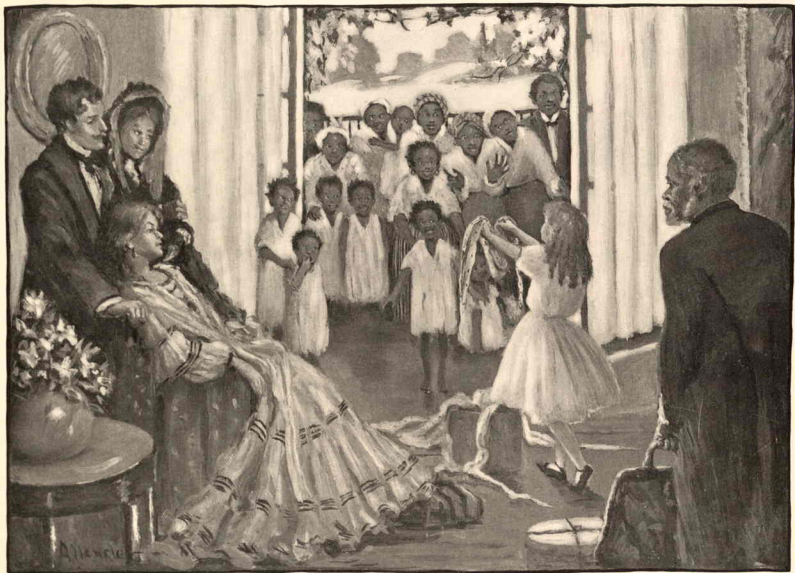


Eva and Mammy Jane

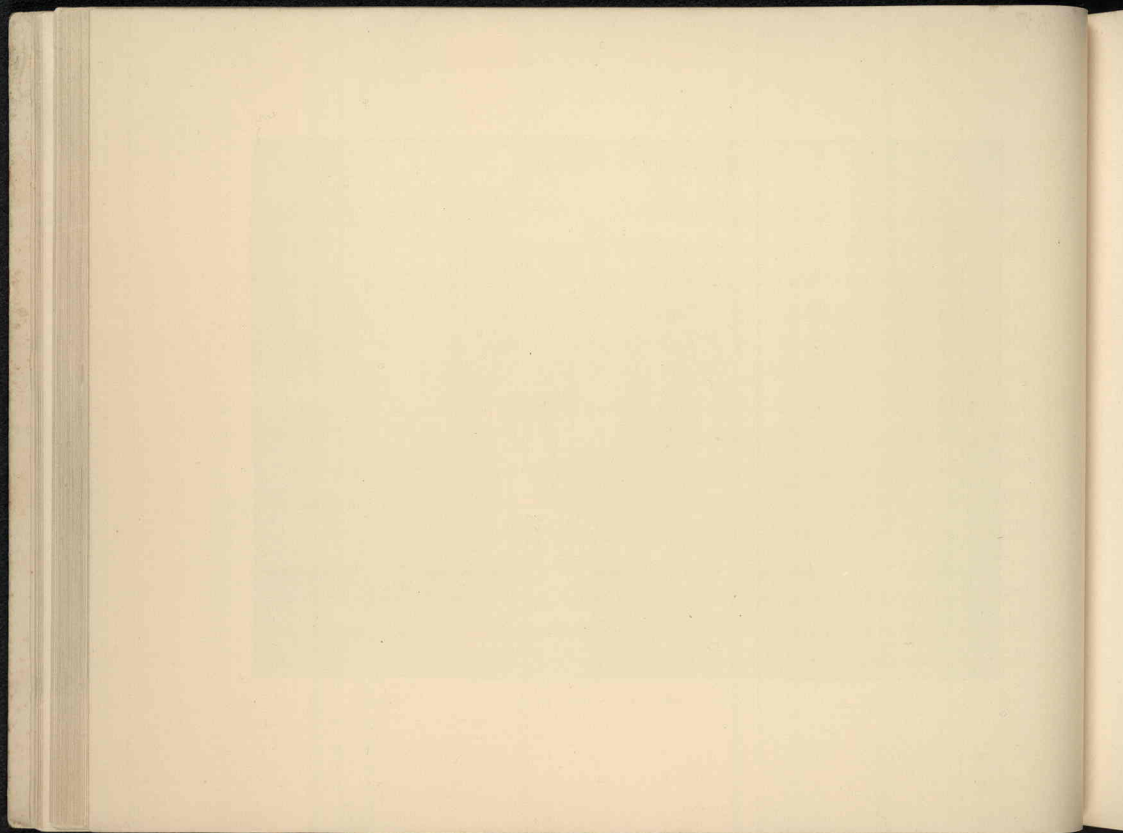
"Oh, there's Mammy! My dear old Mammy!" And in a moment, she had thrown herself into the arms of a middle-aged mulatto woman, who stood beside Mrs. St. Clare's couch.

Mammy folded the little girl to her heart, laughing and crying, by turns, over her "precious lambkin," her "darlin' lil' Miss Eva." Just then, Miss Ophelia and her cousin appeared in the doorway.

"Your golden days have dawned at last, Marie," said Mr. St. Clare. "Here is our good New England cousin, who has promised to take



Eve was flitting from one to the other



all your cares on her shoulders and let you get well again." Marie shook hands with the new comer. Then she said, with a sigh:

"I'm very glad to see you, but I do hope you know what you are coming to. I'm afraid Augustine has made things sound easier than they are. You'll find a house where the servants have it all their own way. Oh, well, it won't take you long, I dare say, to learn that it's we mistresses who are the slaves down here. Do you wonder I'm a wreck, when you see that?" And she pointed to the doorway.

It was crowded with negroes, big and little, young and old, black and yellow. They were pushing into the room. They were blocking the doorway. They were crowding along the verandah.

It was Eva who had drawn them there. Eva, who was flitting from one to the other. And to all of them she was giving the presents which she had chosen during her trip. There were bright ribbons and turbans and pipes and toys and candies.

Miss Ophelia looked at the strange picture with interest, and also with something like disgust.

"Dear me!" she cried. "Your Southern children can do what I couldn't."

"What's that?" asked her cousin.

"Why—I've always wanted to be kind to everybody. But as to kissing—

"Niggers"—he finished for her, "that you're not up to, eh? Oh, I know well enough how you Northern people feel. You don't mind children playing with black dogs or black cats. But as for black people who can think and feel—that's not to be thought of. Custom makes such things seem all right to us. And Christianity ought to be able to do as much for you." Then he turned to the servants.

"Here you, Mammy, Jim, Polly, Sukey! Glad to see Miss Eva back again, are you? 'Glad to see Mas'r, too,' you say? Well, now, that's right!" And he went through the crowd, shaking hands and throwing coins among them.

"Look out for the pickaninnies!" he cried, as he stumbled over a sooty baby. "And come, now, take yourself off, like good boys and girls!" At these words, the whole crowd quickly scattered.

Tom had noticed everything. He had seen how kind his new master was to the servants. And he thought nothing could be more beautiful than those pictures and carpets and curtains. God had been very good to bring him to such a place, he thought. And his big black face looked very happy.

"Here, Tom," called his Master.

"See, Marie, I've brought you a coachman to order, at last! Did you ever see so much dignity in our family before?"

"He's a perfect behemoth!" sighed Marie.

"Of course, he is! That's why I bought him. Haven't you heard that all coachmen in New York have to be at least six feet tall, now? Oh, Tom's just the proper thing!"

"Where's Dolph?" Mr. St. Clare gave a sharp whistle. The sound at

once brought to the door a young mulatto. Very much of a dandy, he was, in a striped satin vest, a bright blue coat, and white trousers. "Well, well, Dolph," said his master, looking him over. "My clothes are surely becoming to you! This is Tom. Take him to the kitchen and tell Dinah to give him a good meal. Mind you, don't put on any of your airs before him, either. He's worth a dozen such puppies as you."

"Hi-yi," snickered Dolph to Tom, as he led him away. "Hi-yi! Mas'r al'us will have his little joke. I'se delighted to see Mas'r in such spirits."

CHAPTER V

A JOURNEY ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

THE man who had helped Eliza up the steep river bank on the night of her wild escape over the ice, turned and looked at her in wonder.

"Why, bless my soul! If it ain't Shelby's Eliza! What on earth are you doing here? Running away, hey?"

"They've sold my boy! They've sold him!" explained Eliza. "There is his new master!" and she pointed to the Kentucky shore." "Oh, Mr. Symmes," she cried, for she knew him as a former neighbor of the Shelby's, "you've got a little boy of your own!"

"So I have," he answered with rough kindness. "An', anyway, I like pluck when I see it. But I've got nowhar here to take you. The best I

can do is to tell you to go to that house thar." Here he pointed to a big white house. "They're kind folks and will look out for you. Hurry now, before anybody else sees you. And good luck!" Eliza thanked him with tears in her eyes, and walked quickly away.

At that very moment, the master and mistress of the big white house were having a very earnest talk together. It was the home of Senator Bird, who had just got back from Columbus, where he was a member of the State Senate. The supper things were cleared away, and the children put to bed, and Mrs. Bird began to show a great interest in politics.

She had just heard something about a new law that had been passed. A law which forbade people to shelter runaway slaves or help them in any way. And she was quite excited about it.

There was no use in Senator Bird's explaining to her that such a law had seemed quite right to him. In vain did he tell her it was no wonder their brothers in the South were angry over the way Northern people had

been helping slaves to run away. Words like these had no effect on Mrs. Bird.

"You don't mean to tell me you voted for any such wicked law, John?" she cried. "That you voted forbidding me—me, your own wife—to help those poor creatures? That you voted I shouldn't give them something to eat, and hide them for a night, before sending them on about their business?"

The Senator tried to show her that she should not look at the question in such a personal way. And he told her he was afraid their country was in great danger because Northern people did not respect the rights of the South. But Mrs. Bird still declared that it was a wicked law.

"No, I won't listen to reason!" she cried. "I hate reason when it makes people cruel. And as for you yourself, John, don't tell me that you would turn a poor, hungry, shivering creature away from your door, just because she had run away from a cruel master. Indeed, you wouldn't. I know you better than that!"

Just then, old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and asked Mrs. Bird if she would please come into the kitchen. In a moment, she called to her husband, "John! John! Come here!"

There in the kitchen he found his wife and old Aunt Dinah, their cook, bending over Eliza, who had fainted. Cudjoe held Harry on his knee, while he rubbed the child's little cold feet. "'Pears like 'twas the heat made her faint," Dinah explained. "She seemed tol'ble peart when she come in, an' then she jis fell plumb over."

At that moment Eliza opened her eyes. "Harry!" she cried wildly. "Harry! Have they got him?" The boy jumped down from Cudjoe's knee and ran to her side.

"Harry is quite safe, you see," said Mrs. Bird gently. "Nobody shall hurt him or you. Just rest here until you feel better. Then you can tell us how we may help you." So to these kind people Eliza told her story.

"Where do you mean to go, you poor soul?" asked Mrs. Bird, when she had ended.

"To Canada! That's where we folks can be free. Is it very far to Canada?"

"Yes, poor child, much farther than you think," answered Senator Bird. "But I guess we can manage it, somehow." His voice as he spoke seemed to prove that Mrs. Bird was quite right in what she had said about him.

"Now, go to sleep in the nice bed Dinah has got ready for you. And in the morning we'll find out what can be done."

But the kind-hearted man was not willing to wait until morning. "I'm afraid some nigger chaser will be down on the girl's trail bright and early," he said to his wife. "We might manage to hide her alone, but with that youngster, it's no use trying. There's no way out of it, I'll have to drive her on to Van Trompe's to-night."

So, at midnight, the Senator, who had voted to make it a crime to help

a runaway slave, woke Cudjoe and ordered him to get the carriage ready. Before waking Eliza, Mrs. Bird had got together plenty of warm clothing for her and Harry. She did not forget a pair of shoes to take the place of those torn away by the ice.

It was a long hard drive. The carriage bumped over stones. It splashed through the creek. It sank into mudholes. And even when at last they reached the farmhouse, there was still no rest for the Senator.

He spoke a few hurried words to his friend, and handed him some money. "For her," he said, with a nod toward Eliza. Then he drove quickly on to catch the early morning stage for Columbus. For if any "nigger chaser" asked why the Bird carriage was taken out at midnight, he wished that the answer should be plain enough.

Eliza was too faint and tired to notice where she had been brought. But there was comfort in the sight of the honest old Dutch farmer whom Senator Bird had roused after much knocking.

"You're safe here," the old man said to her. "If any folks come a-hunting after you, I and my seven sons are ready for 'em."

For several days she rested at the Van Trompe farm. Then it was thought best for her to start on the next stage of her journey. Eliza learned that the quiet farmhouse was a leading station of the Underground Railroad.

Eliza had heard something about the strange workings of this "road," even during her happy days at the Shelby's. But then the interest she felt in it had been not on her own but on her husband's account. George Harris, Eliza's husband, was a very bright negro, who was owned by a harsh master. And for a long time he had been making plans to run away to Canada. There he could soon earn money enough to buy her and Harry, he told his wife. And he whispered to her that he should get away with the help of the Underground Railroad.

And then he explained to Eliza what this Underground Railroad really was. He told her that there were many men and women in the country

who thought slavery wrong, and who believed it was their duty to help runaway slaves to escape to freedom.

That meant, in other words, to escape to Canada. For as soon as a slave touched Canadian soil, the laws of England made him free. And no laws of the United States could ever force him back to slavery. These men and women were called Abolitionists.

It was the Abolitionists, who operated the Underground Railroad. These men and women had planned secret routes by which runaway slaves could be helped northward. Homes along these routes where the runaways might be sure of shelter, were called "Stations." And the kind people living there were always ready to help the poor hunted creatures on to the next "Station."

So the Underground Railroad had many routes and stations in the State of Ohio, to which Eliza had escaped. And during the rest of Eliza's journey to freedom, she always found kind people ready to help her onward. But

she was never out of danger. More than once she almost fell into the clutches of the men whom Haley had set to catch her. Again and again she escaped only through some clever move of her "Underground" friends.

Nearer and nearer she drew to Canada. Sandusky was only thirty miles away, and at Sandusky she was to be put on board one of the steamers running between that city and Canada.

She was staying for a few days in a Quaker village with a family named Halliday. "My daughter, thee is welcome," the mother of the family had greeted her. Never in all her life, Eliza said to herself, had she met such kind, gentle people. Never had she known such peace, such true homeliness.

One afternoon she sat in the big kitchen, with its yellow painted floor, its polished cook stove, and its rows of shining tins. Beside her sat Rachel Halliday. The soft white hair of the Quakeress was tucked away under a snowy cap, and a white muslin kerchief was folded across the bosom

of her plain drab gown. The two women were sewing, and as they sewed they talked over Eliza's plans for the future.



"As soon as I am safe in Canada," said Eliza, "I shall try to get word to George. I know how to do fine washing and ironing, and I can take in plain sewing. Before long, my husband may come to us, too. Oh, I feel sure he will come, some day."

"Thee is a brave child!" said Rachel, wiping her eyes. "Yea, verily, the Lord will help thee."

That night Eliza slept calmly. Her slumber was more peaceful than it had ever been since the midnight hour when she stole from her master's house out into the starlight with her boy in her arms.

She dreamed of a beautiful country. She saw Harry playing among flowers—a free boy! Then she heard footsteps—her husband's footsteps. They were coming nearer. Nearer. His arms were around her. His face was wet with tears.

She awoke. She awoke to find it was not all a dream. Harry lay sleeping by her side. A candle was burning on the stand near the bed. Her husband's arms were around her, and his happy tears were falling on her face.

CHAPTER VI

MISS OPHELIA AND HER TRIALS

AS the days went by in his new home, Tom saw more and more that his lot was not an unhappy one.

A day or two after the return home, Augustine St. Clare sent Tom on some errands. He was surprised to see how quickly and how well his new servant did them. Next he sent Tom to doing a little marketing for the family. Then he gave him more of it to attend to, as he saw how very carefully and well the work was done.

Mr. St. Clare had never thought it possible that a slave could think about saving money for his master. But here were the bills, smaller than ever before, while everything brought into the house was better. So finally,

all such matters were trusted to faithful old Tom. And, like Joseph of old, the slave became, in fact if not in name, the steward of his master's household.

Tom was also head coachman. He always drove Mrs. St. Clare's carriage when she went out. Very fine he looked, too, in his brown broadcloth suit, his smooth beaver hat, his glossy boots, and his snowy wristbands and collar.

But the pleasantest of the black man's duties were those that came on account of little Eva's fondness for him. "When mamma doesn't need Tom to drive her, mayn't he walk and play and ride with me?" she had asked her father.

So Mr. St. Clare had told the old man that, unless his mistress wished to drive, he was to let everything else go and attend Miss Eva. These were very welcome orders to Tom, and he served his little mistress with all the warmth of his loving childlike heart.

But while Tom was finding his life in New Orleans so pleasant, it was very different with Miss Ophelia. The New England woman did not find

things at all to her liking. There was one word which she often used, a word which, as she pronounced it, seemed filled with dreadful meaning. When she said people or things were "shiftless" there seemed nothing more to be said for them!

Now, there was no doubt that that word well described the way things were done in the St. Clare household. Such a houseful of servants could only have been kept in order by a woman who was a very good manager. And that Marie St. Clair had never been. Things were bad enough even before the mistress decided that she had several different diseases, and took to spending most of her time on her couch with a novel and smelling-salts.

At the time of Miss Ophelia's arrival, everything had gone from bad to worse. Dinah, the cook, was also the housekeeper. Though, to be sure, the ideas of housekeeping and of Aunt Dinah never seemed to go together. For her kitchen always looked as if it had been set to rights by letting a whirlwind blow through it. Meals were served when they were ready. Beds

were made when Jane, the chambermaid, was quite through gossiping with Rosa, the parlormaid. And so it went with everything.

The first morning after taking charge of the house, Miss Ophelia was up by sunrise, ready for the work that lay before her. She went from the attic to the cellar. She looked over storerooms and linen presses and china closets.

She even dared to face Dinah in the kitchen. There she found stove polish tucked away in the best china saucers. The choicest table linen she saw used for wrapping up meat. With her own hands she set things in order, while the fat cook grumbled and muttered, quite loud enough for Miss Ophelia to hear, that "If dat ar' de way dem Northern folks does dey hain't no ladies, nohow!"

Miss Ophelia gave all the other servants very careful directions. Then, when the long day was over, she went to her room, thinking that now things ought to run like clockwork. But the next day she found all the

directions had to be given over again. And the day after, Dinah's kitchen was as bad as ever.

"It's no use!" she said to her cousin, one morning. "I never in all my life tried so hard to straighten out things. And I've been at it for a month. But there's no getting anything like order into this family."

"To be sure, there isn't," he answered.

"Such waste, such shiftlessness, I never saw in my life."

"I dare say you never did."

"Well, Augustine, you wouldn't take it so easily if you were house-keeper. Why, I'm even afraid those servants are not honest. The way that sugar goes——"

This was too much for her cousin's gravity.

"Oh, Ophelia! Ophelia! That's too good!" And he laughed loud and long. "Who ever expects them to be? What on earth is there to make them honest, I should like to know?"

"Well, Ophelia," spoke up Mrs. St. Clare from her couch, "I hope you can see for yourself, now, the reason why I am so ill. And to think how you Northern people are always talking about our keeping slaves! Just as if we did it for our own comfort!"

Miss Ophelia looked up from the knitting she always carried about with her. "Well, what do you keep them for?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, unless it's to wear us into our graves. I've only one piece of advice to give you," added Marie. "I should have warned you before this. You must look out for Eva. She needs watching."

"Eva?" exclaimed her husband, looking up in surprise.

"Eva?" echoed Miss Ophelia. "Why she seems to me a very good child."

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl's mother. "In many ways, Eva is all I could ask. But you know, we were talking about keeping servants down. You and I see how important that is, even if my husband doesn't."

"Now, when I was a child, I always played with Father's little negroes, and it never did me a mite of harm. But Eva, as I say, is different. Somehow, she seems to put herself on an equality with every creature that comes near her, and I have never been able to break her of the dreadful habit. I do hope, now you have taken charge of things, and are so strong and well, that you can stop it."

Just then, Eva's gay laugh rang out from the court. Her father stepped quickly to the window opening on the verandah. He pushed aside the curtains and joined in the laughter.

"What is it?" asked Miss Ophelia, going also to the window.

There sat Tom on a little mossy seat, with all his buttonholes stuck full of cape-jessamine. Beside him stood Eva, laughing in great glee as she hung a wreath of roses round his neck.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she cried. "You do look so funny! So very nice and funny."

Then she seated herself on his broad knee, and began to fix the wreath more to her liking. And all the while she laughed and chatted away to Tom.

The big black fellow was smiling in his gentle, childlike way. He seemed, in his quiet fashion, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. But at the sound of his master's laugh, he looked up with an air that was half pride and half apology.

"Oh, how can you let her?" asked Miss Ophelia.

"Why not?" answered her cousin carelessly. "Oh, but I know you New



"Oh, Tom, you do look so funny."

Englishers. You want to educate and elevate the 'poor African'—but you mean to do it with your gloves on. Or, better still, you want to pay somebody else to do it for you. Isn't that so?"

"Perhaps it is," said Miss Ophelia.

"What would the poor and lowly do without children?" her cousin went on, as he watched Eva and Tom, still intent with their play. "A little child is the only true democrat. There is Eva, now. She cares nothing about the color of a man's skin. It doesn't matter to her whether a woman is rich or poor, highborn or low. All she asks is that her friends be heroes and heroines! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Eva could give you and Marie and me some light on that servant problem. Let us see.

"Puss," he called, as he stepped out on the verandah, "Puss, can you leave Tom for a minute and come here?" The child flew through the door and nestled up to her father, with her hands still full of flowers. He put his arm around her and asked her gently:

"Eva, which do you like better—the way they live at your Uncle's home in Vermont, or our way here? There, your aunt and cousins do most of the work themselves, you remember. And here, we have a whole houseful of servants. Which is pleasanter?"

"Why, of course, our way is nicer," said the child quickly.

"But why, dearie?" and her father stroked her long curls.

"Oh," answered Eva, "It's nicer because it makes so many more around for you to love."

CHAPTER VII

TOPSY

"WILL you come down here, please, Ophelia?" called her cousin one May morning. "I have a present for you."

"What is it?" asked Miss Ophelia, coming down stairs with her sewing still in her hands. Then she added in a very different voice, as she stepped out on the verandah, "For goodness, gracious sakes, Augustine St. Clare, what have you there?"

There beside Mr. St. Clare stood a small girl, seven or eight years old. It was the very blackest bit of human blackness Miss Ophelia had ever seen.

Her woolly hair was braided in many funny little tails, which stuck out in all directions as if they were wired, the ends being tied with bits of string and ribbon of all colors. Her dress, made from an old potato sack,

was ragged and dirty. Her hands were demurely folded, and her sooty features were drawn down in very solemn fashion. But at the same time, there was a droll twinkle in her black, glittering, bead-like eyes, and she rolled them about in a queer fashion.



"What have you there?"

"What in the world have you brought that thing here for?" Miss Ophelia went on in real dismay. "Don't tell me you have bought her! The house is running over with the little plagues now! I can hardly set my foot down without stepping on one. I'd like to see anyone do a thing with them, either! And as for—"

"Yes, I know all that," interrupted her cousin gaily. "But you see those youngsters were all spoiled before you came here. Confess now! You're sure that's the reason why you find them so hard to manage. Aren't you?"

So I have caught a fresh one for you. A darkey that has not been brought up in the 'shiftless' ways of this household. And I want you to educate her right from the start. Train her up in the way she should go, you know.

"Here, Topsy, you little imp, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you to her. So you've got to be good. Understand?"

"Yes, Mas'r." And the solemn face grew still more solemn, the droll twinkle in the eyes yet more droll.

"You're going to give her to me?" exclaimed Miss Ophelia in a tone of horror. "Why, Augustine, what can you be thinking of? Me—with a slave?—What would father say? Or, Dr. Mosely, our minister? I tell you I don't want her. And I won't take her!" There was something almost like a sob in the poor woman's voice.

Her cousin at once grew serious. "I beg your pardon," he said. "You are so good! And I am a good-for-nothing to tease you so. The fact is, this poor little Jim Crow belonged to a couple of low creatures who keep

a sort of restaurant I have to pass every day. They were always beating her, and she was always screaming. Poor little scrap! I guess it wore on my nerves. So I bought her, thinking you might be able to make something out of her."

"Well, I'll do what I can," sighed Miss Ophelia. "I guess the first thing will be to give her a bath," and she led her new charge to the kitchen.

Now it must be confessed that Miss Ophelia was not much liked in that region. Ever since she had forbidden Dinah to carry the nutmeg-grater around in her pocket with her tobacco, the autocrat of the kitchen was often heard to say, "That Miss Feely hain't no lady, nohow."

So now the little help which she needed in bathing and dressing Topsy was given with no very good grace by Jane and Molly. And Dinah declared loudly,

"I hain't goin' ter hev that low down nigger roun' under mah feet, I tell yeh!"

At last, the droll, impish creature was dressed in clean clothes. Then Miss Ophelia cropped the funny little tails of wool close to the child's head. Now she was ready to question her.

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

"Dunno, Missis," answered Topsy, with a grin.

"Don't know how old you are! Didn't your mother ever tell you?"

"Never had no mother!" and the youngster's grin was still broader.

"Never had a mother! Why, of course, you did. Where were you born?"

"Never ware born," said Topsy.



"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Jis growed. Never had no mother! Never had no father! Nor nuthin'!" Here the grin was wider and more joyful than ever.

This was certainly a bad beginning. Perhaps it would be better, thought Miss Ophelia, to leave the past alone. The present duty was plain enough.

So she gave Topsy the rest of the day for running about. Then, bright and early the next morning, she led her charge to her own room, and began giving her a lesson in bed-making.

Topsy listened with a very solemn air to her teacher's words. She watched every motion Miss Ophelia made. But she managed, while her mistress's back was turned, to snatch a pair of gloves and a piece of ribbon from a half-open bureau drawer. These she quickly tucked up her sleeve. Then she began smoothing and patting the sheets just as Miss Ophelia had shown her how. As she was doing this, the ribbon fell from her sleeve.

"You naughty child!" cried her mistress, pouncing upon her. "You have been stealing."

But this Topsy denied. The ribbon must have got caught in her sleeve, she explained solemnly. For she had never seen it before in all her life!

Miss Ophelia was so angry at such a barefaced falsehood that she gave the youngster a hard shaking. At which the gloves also fell to the floor.

"There!" she cried. "Will you tell me now that you didn't steal that ribbon? If you confess, I will not whip you this time."

Then Topsy began to whimper. Yes—she had taken the ribbon—Yes! —And the gloves too. Oh, yes! She was very, very wicked! But she would never, never steal again.

"What else have you taken?" asked her mistress. "I know you took things yesterday, when I let you run all over the house. Confess now! That will show me you are truly sorry."

"Laws, Miss Feely, I done took Miss Eva's red thing she wars roun' her neck."

"You bad girl! Eva's coral necklace! And what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings. Them long uns. An' I burned em all up. An' I took—"

But just at that moment, Eva came in with her red coral beads round her neck. And to her Aunt's question about where she had found them, the child answered in surprise, "Why, I've never lost them. And wasn't it funny, Aunt Ophelia," she added, "I forgot to take them off last night. And mammy didn't think about them either, when she was putting me to bed. We had so many things to talk about!" To add to Miss Ophelia's wonder, Rosa walked



"Why, I never lost them!"

into the room just then with a basket of newly-ironed linen. The long red drops were dangling from her ears.

"Why in the world did you tell me you had taken those things?" she asked, turning to Topsy.

"Why, Miss Feely, yeh said I must 'fess! An' I jis couldn't think o' nothin' else to 'fess to," said Topsy.

Miss Ophelia certainly seemed to have her hands full. But she kept on. Topsy was taught to sew and to read. And she soon learned to take care of her mistress's room, making the bed and dusting it quite as well as Miss Ophelia, herself. But she could never be trusted for a minute. Once, when she had been sent to do Miss Ophelia's room, her mistress followed her. She found the bedding piled up in the middle of the room, with the bolster on top dressed up in her own nightgown and nightcap. And Topsy, herself, with Miss Ophelia's best crape shawl wound round her head for a turban, was making faces before the looking-glass.

"Oh, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, with a tired sigh, "what shall I do with you?"

"Laws, Miss Feely, you sut'nly must whip me! Why, my ole missis was al'us whippin' me. I spects it's good for a nigger."

And her mistress, quite at her wit's end, tried Topsy's remedy. The whipping was really a very gentle one. But Topsy groaned and screamed, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she promised to "never do nothin' bad no more."

But a few minutes later she was on the verandah, cackling with her funny laugh, while she told a crowd of black youngsters about it. The little St. Clare darkeys all admired Topsy greatly.

"Laws, Miss Feely's whippin' wouldn't hurt a skeeter!" she cried. "Yeh ought to seen my ole missis whip! She knew how—she did! I bet yeh she could jis make the flesh fly!"

"Huh—you niggers," she added proudly, "yeh don' know nothin'

bout bein' wicked, yeh don't! Why, I'se the very wickedest critter in dis yere whole world. Nobody can't do nothin' with me!"



Eva never tired of watching her

The black children were not the only ones who admired Topsy. Eva never tired of watching her go through her funny antics; mimicing Aunt Dinah, turning somersaults, singing and dancing and whistling and tumbling. Miss Ophelia was troubled about it.

"You really ought to forbid Eva's tagging round after that little imp," she said one day to the child's father. "I'd never let a daughter of mine play with Topsy!"

"Oh, well," he answered carelessly, "your daughter needn't, but mine may. If Eva were going to be spoiled by playing with darkeys, it would have been done long ago."

CHAPTER VIII

A LETTER FROM "OLE KENTUCK"

"**W**HERE has my Puss been ever since dinner?" As he spoke, Mr. St. Clare drew Eva down beside him in the big armchair. The child had just entered the library, where her father was dozing over his book.

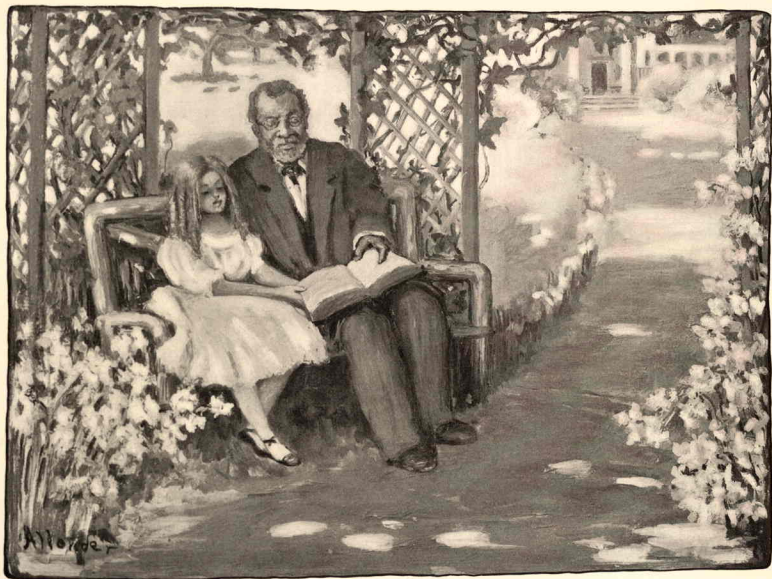
"See," he went on. "This is what comes of having no daughter 'round to talk to. Here I've slept all this long afternoon."

Eva nestled close to her father.

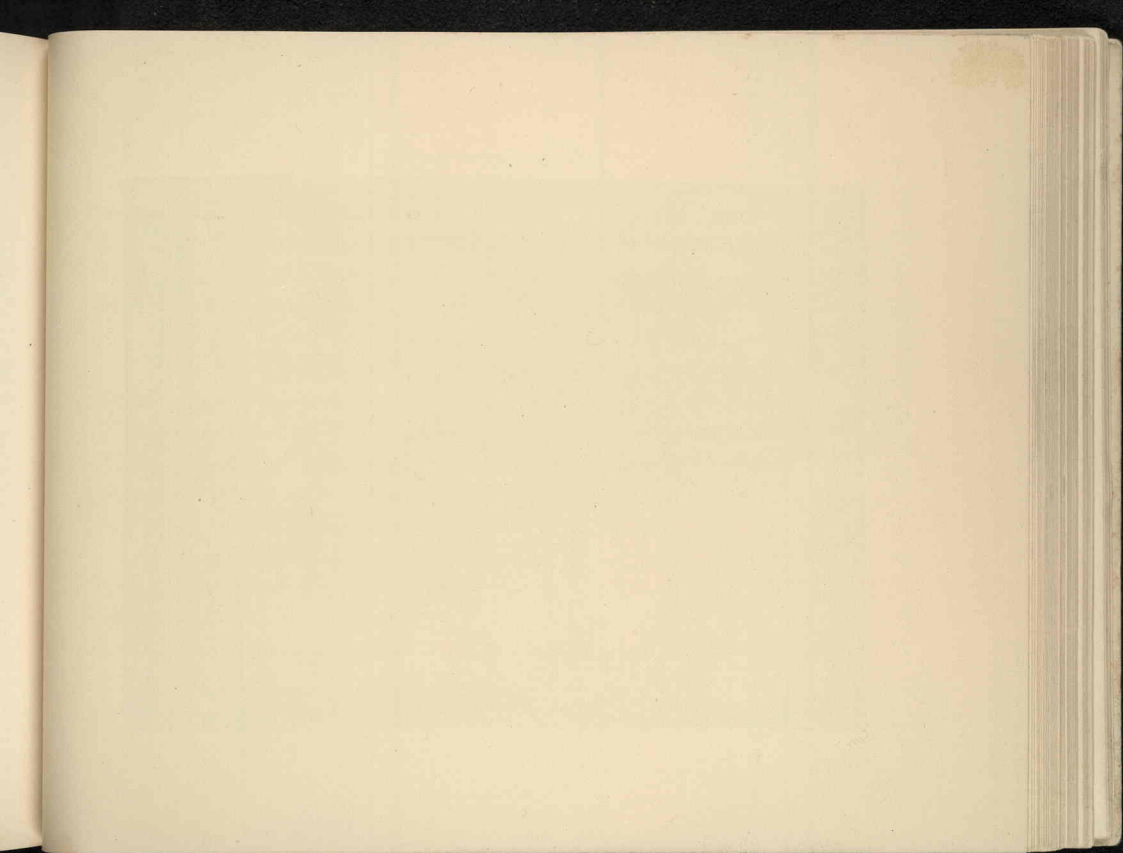
"Oh, I've been up in Uncle Tom's room," she answered. "He's been singing for me."

"So Tom is a singer, eh?"

"Oh, yes! He can sing just beautifully! And he knows such lovely



"He tells me what it all means"



songs about the New Jerusalem, and angels bright, and Canaan Land. He's going to teach them to me, too."

"Singing lessons! Well, well, Eva. You are coming on."

"And I've been reading to him. That's why I've been studying so hard with Miss Lucy, you know. So I could read to Tom from the Bible! And he tells me what it all means."

The friendship between big, black Tom and little Eva was indeed very beautiful. The thought which came to Tom when he first saw the child, on the deck of the Mississippi steamer, had never quite left his mind. He had felt then, that she must be one of the angels who visited him in his dreams. And yet she was to him, at the same time, a dear, frail human child, a child whom he must watch over very tenderly. His first thought always was for her little wants. Love guided his old jack-knife, in making the odd toys she thought so wonderful. And when he went marketing his eyes were always on the lookout for something choice to take "lil' Miss Eva." The sight that



The sight that pleased him most

pleased him most was the dainty little girl waiting for him at the gate with the question:

"Well, Uncle Tom, what have you for me, to-day?"

And Eva was quite as anxious to do things for Uncle Tom.

It was a beautiful sight as she sat beside Uncle Tom in his loft over the stable, or more often, in the garden. Her tiny finger guided her eyes along the printed words as she read the old man the passages he loved best. Every now and then Tom would nod his woolly head gravely. Sometimes, he would interrupt the little reader with "Jis think o' that! Ain't dem blessed words, Miss Eva?"

They were two children together, an old one and a young one.

So the weeks and the months passed on. One spring afternoon, when Tom had been living in his new home for more than a year, Eva climbed up into his big room in the stable. She needed his help.



Something was the matter with her doll's eyes

Something was the matter with her doll's eyes; they would not shut any more.

Uncle Tom was so busy that he did not hear his little mistress till she was beside him. He was bending over a slate which lay on the small table close to his Bible and hymn-book.

"Oh, Uncle Tom, what funny things are you making there?" cried the child. And she quite forgot about dolly as she perched on a rung of his chair, peeping over his shoulder. "Is it a game?"

"No, Miss Eva," said Tom humbly. "It ain't a game. I'se tryin' ter write a letter to my poor ole woman back in Kentuck. Mas'r

George, he done showed me how ter write. But I disremember mose' de letters. I'se 'feard I shan't make it out, nohow."

"Poor Uncle Tom! Perhaps I can help you. Miss Lucy's just beginning to teach me to write."

So Eva put her golden head down beside Tom's woolly black one, and the two went to work with a will. They had to stop very often to discuss things. How did you make a c? Was that letter an a or an o? What should they put in the place of S, since neither of them knew how to make an S—and they needed one? Did you turn to the front or to the back in making an f?



But after a while they began to feel quite delighted with their success. "Why, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "it begins to look like truly writing. Now, I'll get some nice paper and we'll copy it on that. How glad Aunt Chloe will be to get it! And the dear little children! Oh, it's too bad you had to leave them. I tell you! I'll ask Papa to send and buy them, too."

"Missis said as how she'd send down money ter buy me back jis as soon as she could git it together," said Tom. "An' young Mas'r George, he said he'd come an' fetch me. He giv me this yer dollar for a sign."

"Oh, he'll come then, of course. I'm so glad. But, I'll miss you dreadfully, Uncle Tom!"

"Tom! Tom! are you up there?" called Mr. St. Clare.

Then, hearing Eva's voice, he climbed into the loft.

"What are you up to now?" he asked.

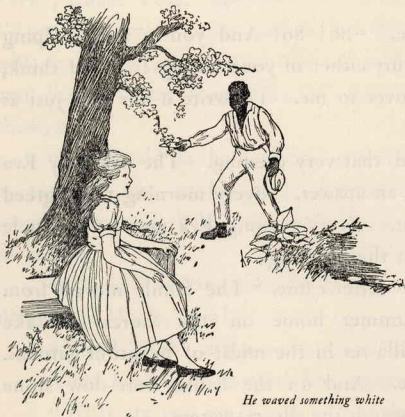
"Oh, Tom's writing a letter!" answered Eva. "And I'm helping him. Isn't it beautiful?"

Her father bent over the slate. "So! So! And you've been helping him, Puss? Well, I don't want to hurt either of your feelings! But I think, Tom, you'd better turn that letter over to me. I'll write it for you just as soon as I come back from my ride."

The letter to Chloe was mailed that very evening. The next day Eva and Uncle Tom began to watch for an answer. Every morning they agreed that it must surely come before night. Every evening Eva said, "Oh, Uncle Tom, I do hope you'll get a letter in the morning."

But the weeks went by and no letter came. The family moved from New Orleans to the St. Clare summer home on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. It was a pleasant villa set in the midst of beautiful gardens. Shady paths led down to the Lake. And on the banks were low stone benches where Eva loved to sit and watch the silvery waters.

It was there that Tom found her one August morning. He waved something white in his hand as he ran towards her.



He waved something white

"See, Miss Eva," he cried. "De answer has come! Miss Feely jis give me dis letter. I'm sure it's from young Mas'r George. An' now I'll learn all about my old woman an' the lil' chil'un. Will yer read it ter me, Miss Eva?"

As Tom had guessed, the letter was from George Shelby. Eva read it slowly, stopping now and then to spell out a word. "Dear Uncle Tom," so

the letter ran, "I read Mr. St. Clare's letter about you to Aunt Chloe. We're all mighty glad you have a kind master. Aunt Chloe doesn't cook for us any more. Mother let her hire herself out to a konfekturmer's at Louisville ('Perfecturmer's' she calls it!) She gets four dollars a week. And mother puts it all into the bank to buy you back with. 'The Uncle Tom fund,' Mother calls it. And she's going to put with it all the money she can spare, too. Mose and Pete are growing just like everything. They do lots of chores about the house. Sally is taking care of baby Polly. You wouldn't know her. She's trotting all over the house, now, and she's so cute. I bet Aunt Chloe misses her a heap. When you get back I'm going to have a carpet put on your cabin. It's shut up, now. I have begun to study Latin. And it's the hardest thing I ever tackled. I take Algebray, too, in school. And Physiology and Composition and Physical Geography and History. History is fine! And we have four new colts. Their names are Blunder and Bishop and Dolly and Molly. They are beauties, and father and mother are very well, too.

"So no more at present. I hope I can go and fetch you very soon. Have you kept that dollar?"

GEORGE."

A very wonderful letter, Eva and Tom agreed.

CHAPTER IX

THE TWO COUSINS

NOT long after the arrival of George's letter, Mr. St. Clare's only brother came to the Lake for a little visit. He brought with him his oldest son, Henrique. He was a handsome, black-eyed boy a few years older than Eva. He had high spirits and a warm heart. But no one had ever taught him to control his temper.

Uncle Tom had taught Eva to ride and she had her own little white pony. Henrique had brought his horse, a small black Arabian. Nothing pleased the two cousins so much as to scurry off for a long ride together. Or, they would paddle about for hours on the Lake, chattering gaily, while faithful old Tom did most of the rowing.



Tom took them rowing

Eva was very fond of Henrique. And she felt sure he must be the bravest, cleverest boy in all the world. Yet some things her cousin did troubled her. Often she used to puzzle over it. Henrique was always so kind to her. Then why was he so rough with the servants?

One morning when the children were ready to start on their ride, Henrique saw some dust on his horse.

"How's this, you lazy dog?" he said to Dodo, his small groom. "You didn't rub Selim down this morning."

"Yes, please, Mas'r! I done rubbed him all right. But he jist"—

Dodo could get no further.

Henrique struck the boy with his riding whip. "What do you mean by talking back to me?" he shouted, "I'll teach you your place!" he went on. Then he beat the boy till he was out of breath. It was in vain that Uncle Tom tried to explain. Dodo rubbed Selim down very nicely, he said. But the Arabian would roll on the ground when they were bringing him up from the stables. Henrique roughly told the old man to hold his tongue.

"Take that horse back to the stable, and clean him properly," he cried, throwing down his whip at last. "I'll show you, Dodo, how to do your work!"

Then he turned to Eva, who was standing on the verandah. His voice was very gentle now. "I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, Eva," he said. "It will be only for a few minutes, I hope. Let us sit down in this swing till they bring Selim back—Why, what's the matter, cousin?"

Eva had turned to him with flashing eyes, "You're a cruel, wicked boy!" she cried. "I don't want to ride with you any more."

"Cruel? Wicked? Why, what do you mean, dear Eva?"

"Don't call me dear again!" And now the boy saw that Eva's eyes were full of tears. "Anyway—not so long as you are cruel to poor Dodo."

"Oh, cousin! I'm so sorry to hurt you! I wouldn't have struck Dodo for the world if I'd thought you minded. But you don't know Dodo. He's so lazy. And I can't believe a word he says. A hard whipping is the only thing that does him any good."

"But this time Dodo was not to blame," answered Eva. "You heard Uncle Tom say so. And Uncle Tom always tells the truth."

"He's a very queer darkey, then! Well, cousin, just forgive me this time! I say again I'm mighty sorry. And I promise you you'll never see me strike Dodo again."

Henrique was not really cruel. But, like most children brought up

among slaves, he could not understand that negroes had feelings like white people. Slaves must be ruled by a word and a blow. And the blow might just as well come first as last.

But to make his sweet little cousin unhappy was quite a different thing. He would never again strike a slave before her. That was certain. It seemed just as certain he would beat Dodo very often—when Eva was not there to see.

The little groom soon came back with Selim. "Well, Dodo, he looks all right this time," said Henrique. And he threw the boy a small coin as he rode off beside Eva.

Dodo picked up the coin from the dust. Then he turned and looked after the two children. The money would buy him candy. But he was not thinking about candy now. There were tears running down his cheeks. They were not for the beating he had just received. He was used to blows.

It was Eva who had brought the tears to his eyes. For when he handed

her the reins of her pony she had said, "That's a good boy, Dodo. Thank you." He was not used to kind words.

When the children cantered back, after a long ride together, Augustine St. Clare and his brother were sitting on the verandah. "Did you ever see a prettier sight, Alfred?" asked Eva's father as the cousins rode up.

It was, indeed, a lovely picture. Henrique, with his handsome face and glossy black curls, was bending from his black horse toward his fair little cousin as they came gaily along. The ride had brought a bright color to Eva's cheeks. And she sat on her little white pony like a fairy princess, her bright curls tossing like a golden mist.

"The most beautiful child I ever saw!" exclaimed her uncle.

"And the best!" said her father softly, as he hurried down the steps to lift Eva from her horse. "Why, my darling," he cried, "I'm afraid you're tired."

"No, papa," she began. Then her breath came short and quick. "I do feel—a little—queer," she ended.

"How could you let Eva ride so hard, Henrique? It's bad for her."

"Oh, no, Papa. It wasn't Henrique's fault," said the child. "But we were having such fun! And I forgot you said I musn't ride fast."

"Well, never mind, dear. Here, rest on the sofa for a while. Now, you're all right again. But Henrique, you must look out for Eva after this. Don't ride fast with her. Remember, little girls are not so strong as big boys."



Eva was curled up in a big chair

That evening after supper Henrique came and sat beside Eva, who was curled up in a big chair by the window. She still seemed a little tired. Both children were strangely quiet. Henrique was the first to speak.

"I'm so sorry, Cousin, that we are going away in a day or two. I'm afraid I shan't see you again for a long time. I tell you it makes a fellow want to be good, just to be with you. And you know, I don't mean to be cruel to Dodo. Oh, no! Only I've got such a temper. I give him a little money every now and then. And, as you see, he always has good clothes. Oh, you needn't worry about Dodo! He's pretty well off, after all."

"But would you think you were well off, Henrique, if there was nobody in the world to love you?"

"I? Of course not. But what has that got to do with Dodo? People don't love their servants."

"I do."

"How odd! But then, Cousin, you're not like other people. You're so good."

Eva was silent for a moment. Then she lifted her blue eyes to her cousin. "Henrique, I wish you would be kinder to poor Dodo. And to all the other servants, too, for my sake," she added, softly.

"Why, I would even love Dodo for your sake!" he cried in his eager, boyish way. "For you are just the dearest, sweetest, loveliest thing I ever saw."

"I am glad you think so," Eva answered simply. "And don't forget."

CHAPTER X

"THE FLOWER FADETH"

TWO days after Eva and Henrique had their twilight talk together, the visitors returned home. And then, for the first time, Augustine St. Clare began to notice that his darling did not seem well. Miss Ophelia had long been worried about Eva. And she had tried to talk about her fears. But he said he hated croaking. The girl was growing fast. That was all. Children always lost strength when they began to grow tall. The cough was nothing but a cold.

"The only thing the child needs is to be kept from the night air," he added. "Oh, and of course, you must see that she eats the right things. And plenty of them, too!"

Mrs. St. Clare had paid even less attention to Miss Ophelia's warnings. Her thoughts were always fixed on herself. "If Eva were as sick as I am, you might talk!" was all Miss Ophelia could get from her. But the kind woman did her best. She tried to keep the child from playing too hard. She made for her the simple home medicines she knew how to prepare.

While Henrique was with her, Eva was so bright and merry, so busy all day playing, that Miss Ophelia felt easier. But as soon as Henrique went away, Eva began to wilt. And now it became plain to everyone that the child was really ill.

A doctor was called in. Under his care the little girl seemed for a while to grow stronger. Her father lost his anxious look. "Eva is quite well again," he kept saying. "The weather has been too hot for her. And then, perhaps, she played a little too hard when her cousin was here."

But Miss Ophelia and the doctor knew better. So, in a calm, sweet fashion, did the child herself. Death was to little Eva only the bright passage

from loving friends on earth to a tender Friend above. It was hard to think of leaving her father. And Mamma. And dear, kind Aunt Ophelia. And then there were the fond faithful servants. There was Mammy and Uncle Tom. As she thought of these black friends of hers, she longed to help them before she went away.

In her own home she had seen only the bright side of slavery. But she was older in some ways than most children of her age, and she knew there was another side. She remembered how one poor little black girl, just her own age, had sobbed all day long because they had taken her away from her mother.

How dreadful it all was. More and more she thought about it. At last the troubled child turned to her father for help.

It was a golden Sabbath morning. Mr. St. Clare sat in a big armchair on the verandah, with Eva curled up close beside him. She had always loved to nestle near her father.

"My darling daughter is so much better," he said. "Before long we shall have her such a big strong girlie that I shall have to buy her a bigger pony."

"Papa," Eva answered very softly, "dearest Papa, I have some things I want to say to you."

"What is it, Sweetheart?"

"Papa, isn't there some way to have all the slaves made free?"

"That is a hard question, little one. I wish myself that there was not a slave in all our big country. But then, you see, there are a good many people who feel just the other way. And so, most wise men are agreed that nothing can be done about it."

"But, Papa, there is surely nobody any wiser than you. Then you are so kind and everybody likes you so. I have noticed how people always listen to you. Now, if you should go around and ask people to set their slaves free, I'm sure they'd do it for you. Oh, Papa, when I have to go away and

leave you—I wish you'd remember—and try to do this. I have thought so much about it.”

“My darling! My dear little Eva! Oh, don't talk in that way. Don't talk about going away. I tell you I cannot let you go, Eva.”

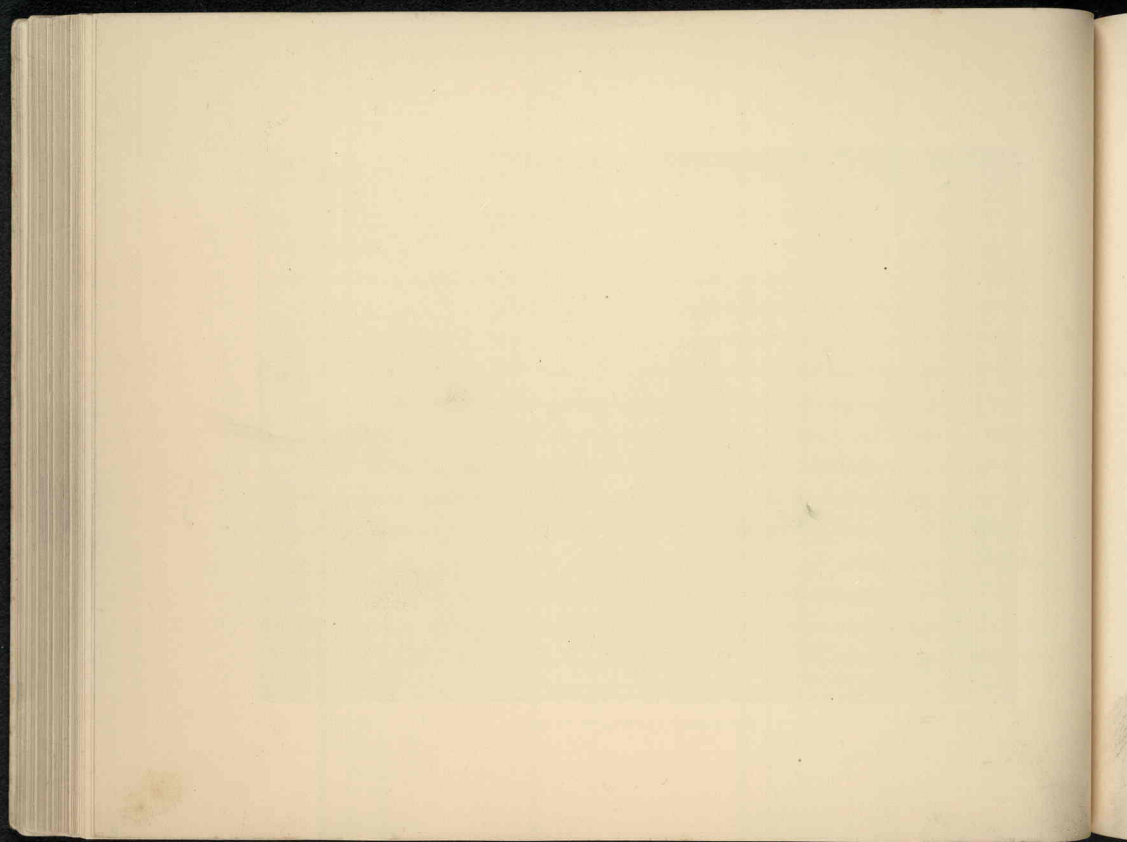
“Papa, dearest Papa—Don't cry! I know how much you love me. And, oh, I love you so. But poor Uncle Tom—he loves his little children, too. Still he had to leave them. And that is another thing. I want you to make Uncle Tom free, so he can go back to his children. I know you will do that, anyway, Papa. Won't you? For my sake.”

Before her father could speak, Miss Ophelia came up the steps. She had just returned from the little country church to which Tom had driven her. She marched straight to her room, as she always did, to put away her bonnet and shawl before speaking to anyone.

In a moment, they heard her voice raised in angry tones. Something she found in her room had plainly vexed her.



She turned everything upside down



"Oh, I'm afraid Topsy has been naughty," said Eva.

Sure enough, a minute later Miss Ophelia came out on the verandah dragging Topsy after her. "Come out here," she cried. "Come out here with me! I will tell your master about your doings."

"What has the little imp been up too, now?" asked her cousin.

"Imp?" jerked out the angry Miss Ophelia. "You may well say imp! I tell you, Augustine, I won't be plagued with that creature a day longer. Here I locked her up and gave her a beautiful hymn to learn while I was away. But as soon as my back was turned, she spied out where I had put my keys, opened my bureau drawers, and turned everything upside down. Then, as if that wasn't enough, she cut up my best bonnet trimming to make her doll a jacket."

"Come here, you monkey," called Mr. St. Clare.

Topsy went up to her master. Her round, bead-like eyes were winking and blinking as usual.

"What makes you behave so?" he asked.

"Spects it's jis my wicked heart. Miss Feely, she say so," the youngster answered glibly.

"But don't you know how much your mistress has done for you? Why do you treat her so?"

"Laws, Mas'r, I'se nothin' but a nigger. What kin yeh spect? My ole missis al'us says nobody can't do nothin' with me, nowadays. I'se jis natch'ly a limb, I is."

"There, you see," cried Miss Ophelia. "There is no making anything out of her. It's no use trying. And I can't be worn out with the girl any longer."

"Just as you please," answered her cousin carelessly. Eva had listened to all that was said. But as her father spoke these words, she stole softly away into a little glass room which opened off the verandah. She beckoned Topsy to follow her.

"What's Eva trying to do now, I wonder," said her father softly.

He stepped to the door of the little room and lifted the curtain. Miss Ophelia followed him. There on the floor sat the two children with their backs toward the listeners. Eva's sweet face was close to the impish black one.

"Oh, Topsy, why don't you try to be good?" she was asking. "Don't you love anybody, Topsy?"

"Yis, Miss Eva, I love candy and sich."

"But I mean people, Topsy. Your father or mother or sister or—"

"Never had none, Miss Eva. I done tole yeh that."

"Oh, yes, I remember. And I'm so sorry for you, Topsy! But still, if you'd only try to be good you might—"

"Wouldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, nohow! If I could be skinned an' come white, then I'd be good."

"But it isn't being white that makes a girl good, Topsy. If you were good, Miss Ophelia would love you, even if you are black."

"Miss Feely?" snorted Topsy. "Miss Feely love a nigger! Hi-yi, Miss Eva, yeh makes me laugh! She jis can't b'ar niggers. She'd as soon hev a toad touch her. But, laws, Miss Eva, I don' care!"

"Anyway, I love color doesn't make a bit and I am just as sorry as naughty, because I know color that keeps people you try to be good,

At those gentle hard little heart melted. head between her knees

had ever heard her sob before. Then she seized Eva's tiny white hand. She kissed it again and again, crying,

"I will try, Miss Eva! 'Fore de Lord I will try."



"Won't you try to be good?"

you, Topsy. And your of difference. I love you, I can be that you are so it is that and not your from loving you. Won't dear Topsy?"

words, the black girl's She put her queer, woolly and sobbed as no one

Mr. St. Clare dropped the curtain.

"The little angel reminds me of my mother," he said tenderly. "It's quite true, as she used to tell me, we can only help people by loving them."

"I'm afraid Topsy is right," answered Miss Ophelia sadly. "I never could bear to have her touch me. But I didn't think she knew it. Well, Augustine, you and Eva have taught me a lesson between you."

"And a little child shall lead them," he murmured, then turned quickly away.

CHAPTER XI

PARTING AND MEETING

A FEW more days passed by. Then little Eva's light step was no longer heard on the verandah. Her happy laughter was hushed forever here. The dear, loving child had become only a sweet memory. Like a blossom she faded. Like a tender flower, softly closing its petals, she was transplanted to the heavenly gardens.

There was peace for her, but for the others there was heavy sorrow. Faithful old Tom tried in his humble way to comfort his master. But his own tears fell when he was alone in his stable room, where Eva would never come again to read to him. Miss Ophelia put her own grief aside, because Mrs. St. Clare needed her help.

Even the youngest of the little black children felt that they had lost a friend. With tears running down their cheeks they sat in the shadow of the big house.

Topsy's grief was more noisy. The morning that the little sleeping figure was to be carried to its last resting place, the child was found lying in a wailing heap on the floor beside Eva's bed. "Oh, Miss Eva, Miss Eva, I wish't I's dead, too. I do, I do," she was crying.

"Hush, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia kindly. "Don't cry so. Miss Eva is gone to heaven."

"She said she loved me," sobbed Topsy. "She said she loved me! She did! She did! Nobody never loved me afore. And now there hain't nobody left to love me agin." The sobs grew louder. The little black heap on the floor was shaken with what Miss Ophelia knew to be real sorrow.

She lifted the child gently and took her out of the room. Until that moment she had kept back her own tears. But now they fell on Topsy's woolly head as she said;

"Topsy, poor child, I can love you and way I can, to grow up to

Perhaps it was the grief which led Miss Ophelia, her cousin, "Augustine, I

The family were back A home which now seemed Mr. St. Clare looked have given her to you,"

"Yes, I know you've



"Poor child, I can love you"

can love you! Yes—and I will help you in every be a good girl."

sight of the girl's very real a few days later, to say to want you to give me Topsy." in their New Orleans home. sadly empty.

up in surprise, "Why, I he answered.

always said she was mine,

but that doesn't really make her mine by law. So just sign a deed of gift, or whatever you call it."

"Whew, Cousin! Just to think of our Miss Abolitionist wanting papers made out to show she is a real slaveholder. What do you suppose those Vermont friends of yours will say?"

"Nonsense, Augustine, you know as well as I do I only ask for her because I want to take her back home and set her free. Topsy has improved a good deal these last weeks. I lay it all to dear little Eva's influence. But there is no sense in my spending my time over her, and then have her shipped to a slave-market. I want to prevent that, whatever may happen."

"Oh, well, I'll do it," he said, as he opened a newspaper. But Miss Ophelia declared that the proper papers must be made out for her then and there.

Mr. St. Clare was vexed. He was very willing to give Topsy to his cousin. But he was a man with whom to-morrow was always the time for

doing things—not to-day. He threw down his newspaper, saying, “Oh, well, I suppose you’ll have to have it before I can get a minute’s peace.” Then he went to his desk. A few moments later he handed Miss Ophelia the deed of gift, properly signed, and with Mrs. St. Clare’s name as witness.

“And now I hope you’re satisfied,” he said.

“Yes, now I am satisfied,” she answered, as she put the paper carefully away. “For now I can make her a free girl. But that reminds me, Augustine,” she added after a moment’s silence. “I hope you have provided for your servants in some way. I mean in case of your death.”

He kept on reading.

“Have you?”

“No.”

“Then the very fact that you have always been so easy with them may make it all the harder for the poor things by and by.”

“Oh, I don’t know, I mean to set them all free in my will.”

"But when are you going to make the will?"

"Oh, one of these days."

"But what if you should die before that day came?"

"Cousin, what's the matter with you? Or, I'd better ask what you think is the matter with me? Why in the world are you in such a hurry to settle my estate!"

"In the midst of life we are in death," quoted Miss Ophelia solemnly.

Her cousin threw down his paper, rose, and walked restlessly about the room. After a little while he turned and said, "Well, Miss-On-the-Minute, you may rest easy about one thing. I'm going to set Tom free at once."

"That's right."

"It was Eva's wish," he added softly. "I told Tom the news to-day. Such things take time, though, I made him understand."

"What did Tom say when you told him he was to be free?"

"Oh, it wasn't so much what he said as the way he looked. Really,

Ophelia, a glory seemed to shine from his face. He just lifted his hands to heaven and cried, 'Bless the Lord'!

"I don't see that you've had such a hard time here, Tom," I said to him. "I think that you've been pretty well off, myself, even if you are so glad to leave us.

"At that the poor fellow tried to tell me that he knew I'd been good to him. But, owning himself meant everything, he explained. It meant a great deal more than having good things to eat and good clothes, or even a good master. Then he went on to say something else which touched me mightily. The good old soul! He said 'An' even when I'se sure 'nuff free I won't leave Mas'r while he's in such trouble.' Ah well, I shall really miss him. But I shall start him back to Kentucky by the first of next week — Eva loved him so —"

The speaker's voice broke. He turned quickly, and walked back and forth, up and down the room. "I guess I'll go down town for a while," he said.

Miss Ophelia kept on with her knitting, while Mrs. St. Clare napped in the next room. She was still knitting when, an hour later, the master of the house was brought back to it, dying. He had stepped into a hotel for a moment. While he was there two men whom he knew slightly quarrelled. Knives were drawn. Mr. St. Clare tried to separate them and in the struggle he was fatally wounded.

The servants gathered about the master they loved. Their wild shrieks and groans filled the house.

Augustine St. Clare opened his eyes and looked about him, "Poor wretches!" he whispered faintly. "But it's too late now. I can do nothing for them."

The doctor ordered the frightened slaves out of the room, so that their master could be quiet. Mrs. St. Clare was in her own room, passing from one fainting fit to another. Miss Ophelia, the doctor and faithful Tom stood together by the side of the dying man.

He reached out his hand and took Tom's hand in his. The black man knelt beside him.

"Pray," he whispered feebly.

"If you would like a clergyman,—” began the doctor.

But Tom knew what his master meant. In a firm voice, with simple earnest words he prayed for that dear master. They did not know when the end came—so calmly it came, while the black hand and the white held each other with an equal clasp.

CHAPTER XII

FREEDOM

BUT what had become of Eliza and Harry all this time? When her husband found her that night at the Halliday home, Eliza felt that there was nothing more to fear.

Late into the night she listened while George told her the story of his escape. He showed his wife the marks on his right hand where his master, a coarse, brutal man, named Harris, had branded it with a red hot iron. The letter H was burned deep into the palm. And wherever he went, this hand-bill stared the runaway in the face. He saw it pasted on inns, on postoffices, and even on the trees, as he passed by:

“Run away from the subscriber; my mulatto boy, George. Said George

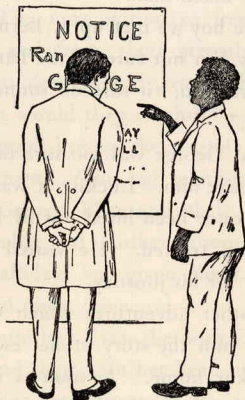
six feet in height, a very light yellow mulatto, brown curly hair. Is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write. Will probably try to pass for a white man. Is deeply scarred on the back and shoulders. Has been branded in the right hand with the letter H. I will give \$400 for him alive, The same will be paid for full proof that he has been killed."

Still, George was not much afraid of being caught. For with the help of the "Underground" people he had made himself look very different from the man described in the handbill. The advertisement said his hair was brown. He dyed it black. A little walnut bark changed the yellow of his skin to a good healthy tan. Then there was another reason why he felt quite safe.

George had a friend named Jim who was once a slave, but who had run away to Canada. This man had come back again to Kentucky and was hiding near his old master's place. It was a dangerous thing to do. But Jim wanted to get his old mother and take her back with him to Canada.

Jim went along with George as his servant. They had been lent a horse and buggy by one of friends. So with his his good clothes, and servant, George was sure

The first day he after being hidden for very daring thing. He a few miles from his was a group of men, knew by sight, sitting George walked to the as Henry Butler, Oak- While he was waiting for carelessly to the adver-



He read the handbill

their "Underground" changed hair and skin, above all, with his black no one would know him. started out in this way, nearly a week, he did a drove up to an inn, only master's house. There nearly all of whom he around the fireplace. desk, and gave his name lands, Shelby County. his supper he walked up tisement which offered

\$400 for his body, dead or alive. "Say Jim," he called, "come here!" Then he read the handbill to the black man.

"Now, wasn't that the boy we met up at Berndon's?" he asked. "Right there by the bridge? Only I'm not sure of the hand."

"Yes, Mas'r," answered Jim, "it sure do sound like him. But I never looked at his hand, nuther."

Now, it happened that George was too sure of himself. For one of the guests at the inn did recognize him. Luckily, it was a kind old gentleman, in whose factory George had once been hired out by his master. He knew how badly the runaway had been treated. He visited George that night in his room and lent him money for his journey.

There were many other adventures which George had to tell Eliza. And she, in her turn, told him the story of her escape. The next day they spent together at the Quaker home. As soon as it grew dark enough, they were started on their long drive to the next station of the Underground Railroad.

"It is the next station to freedom—this Sandusky they are going to drive us to!" whispered George to his wife as he helped her into the wagon. "Think of that, Eliza! The next station to freedom!" Sandusky was on the shore of Lake Erie, and from there steamboats crossed every day to Canada. Before daylight they should reach this Sandusky — this "next station to freedom." But would they reach it?

The fugitives said good-bye to their kind friends. Phineas Fletcher, a Quaker, was to drive them. The big white-covered wagon rolled away into the night. Besides George, Eliza and their boy, there was also in the wagon Jim and Jim's feeble old mother whom he had come back from Canada to free. The Hallidays had given them a big basket of food and warm blankets for the cold night drive.

Little Harry slept soundly. Even the poor frightened old woman, Jim's mother, forgot her fears and slept with her head on Eliza's shoulder. George, Eliza and Jim were counting the minutes to freedom. The East was growing

pale. The stars were fading. They could feel the first free breath of dawn on their faces.

Then suddenly, they heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs. They looked back and saw a man riding in hot haste after them. The rider proved to be a Quaker named Michael Cross. He was Phineas Fletcher's friend, who had agreed to follow and give warning of any danger.

Phineas stopped his horses and waited for Michael to come up with them. The horseman had bad news for the runaways. He told them that close behind there was a party of ten men. There were the two slave-catchers who had so long been hunting Eliza, a lawyer named Marks, and two sheriffs, with a number of idlers.

Eliza pressed Harry to her heart. Its loud beating seemed to rouse the boy, who stirred and sleepily called, "Gee-up!" to the horses. George and Jim got their pistols ready. Phineas lashed his horses. The wagon rattled over the ground. The loud yells of the pursuers, who had caught sight of

the wagon's white cover, sounded very near. Suddenly Phineas, who knew every inch of the ground, turned his wagon sharply from the road. A few rough jolts, and he stopped his horses close to a huge, lonely pile of rocks. The fugitives looked up and saw a steep, overhanging ledge, which rose black against the brightening sky. Phineas hurried the party along a path so narrow that they had to move in single file. They came to a chasm in the rock which they had to jump over. Then up and up they climbed to the very top of the ledge, where some loose stones made a sort of breastwork. Here they waited the attack of the slave-catchers.

The fugitives could hear the shouts of the men below as they dismounted. "Well, I guess we've got them coons treed at last," cried one of them. The others laughed loudly. They never dreamed that runaway slaves could have pistols. But they soon found that treeing coons and catching them were two quite different things.

For as they started up the steep path over the rocks, laughing noisily

at the neat way they had "trapped the niggers," George stepped out from the shelter of the breastwork. In his hand was a pistol.

"I'll shoot the first man of you who gets near enough!" he shouted. "And there's another fellow here to shoot the next, and the next, and the next. We shoot straight, too."

His answer was a shot from one of the slave-catchers. "We'll get just as much for him in Kentucky, dead as alive," the man cried as he cocked his pistol. Luckily, the bullet whistled harmlessly past George's head. The runaway slaves dodged quickly back behind the breastwork.



"There's another fellow here to shoot the next"

Up the path rushed the pursuers. Big, burly Tom Loker, their leader, was in front. They reached the chasm over which Phineas and his party had jumped. At that moment, George fired, wounding Tom Loker in the side. But the man stopped only for a second. Then he jumped across the gap.

Just then, Phineas Fletcher rushed forward. "Friend, thee isn't wanted here!" he cried, and pushed him over the precipice.

The rest of the party turned and ran down the path even more quickly than they had come up. The men had learned some things about runaway slaves and Quakers. They did not wish to add to their knowledge.

They tried to lift Tom Loker to his horse, but the wounded man fainted as they moved him. So they left their leader lying on the ground, bruised and bleeding, while they clattered noisily back along the road they had come.

Michael Cross had gone on with the wagon to get help. To the great joy of the fugitives, they now saw it coming back over the road. Beside it were some men on horseback.

"Safe! You're safe!" shouted Phineas.

"Thank God!" cried Eliza, with tears in her eyes.

But in their hurry, they did not forget the wounded man whom his companions had deserted. They lifted him into the wagon and laid him gently on the buffalo robes and blankets. Phineas whipped up his horses.

Sandusky was only a few miles away. Soon they drove up to a farmhouse just on the edge of the city. Here the tired men and women received a kind welcome. And here Tom Loker was turned over to the care of Aunt Dorcas, a famous nurse among the Quakers. The runaways were not yet safe, but their dangers were almost over. The very next night Jim and his mother were sent safely across the lake. A day or two later, Eliza and George were told to get ready.

Tom Loker was very angry with his partner for leaving him in that way. "Those niggers acted a heap more white than Marks did," he said to Aunt Dorcas. So to show his gratitude, he told his nurse that all the Sandusky

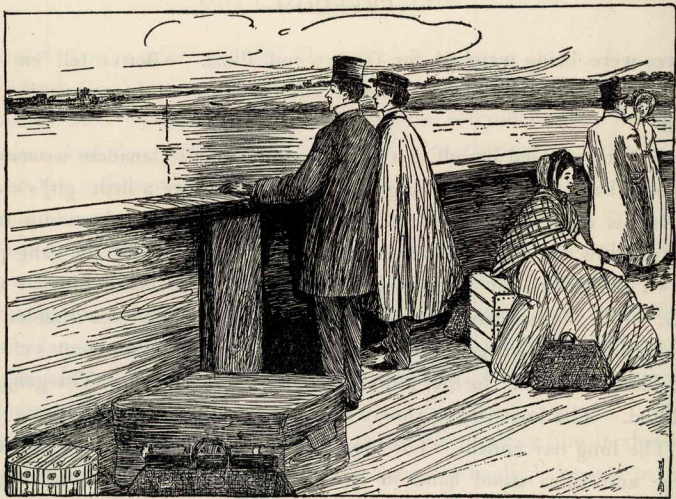
wharves were being watched for George and Eliza. "Better tell 'em to fix up different," he said. "An', hang it all, they musn't keep together in a bunch!"

So Eliza dressed herself as a young man. And a Canadian woman who was going back home took charge of Harry, who wore a little girl's clothes.

It was an anxious moment, when George and Eliza drove up to the wharf and saw Marks, Tom Loker's old partner, watching by the gang-plank.

"The man has an H burned into his hand," they heard him say to the purser. "An' the woman's a real pretty un." No wonder the branded hand trembled, so that George, nicely gloved, had to wait a moment before he dared hand his ticket to the purser. Soon the bell rang. The gangplank was lifted. The boat swung slowly out into the waters of Lake Erie.

The long day ended. The slow night passed. And in the dim dawn, George and Eliza stood hand in hand by the ship's railing, watching with eager eyes the shores of Canada. Very beautiful those shores seemed to them.



George and Eliza stood hand in hand

The landing was made. The passengers hurried over the gangplank, Eliza and George among the first. Close behind followed the Canadian woman with little Harry.

The pair had not a dollar in the world. They did not know where they should get their breakfast, or what roof would shelter them. But they were free. Nothing else mattered.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SLAVE AUCTION

WHEN the St. Clare servants knew that their kind master was dead, their sobs and groans and wailing filled every room. They had all loved him. The poor black men and women all knew that they had lost a kind friend. But there was more than this in their groans and cries.

They knew their mistress. They felt that she had no feeling for them. Often in the past they had heard her find fault with their master for what she called "spoiling the servants."

The funeral was over, with its black streamers and sad faces. Miss Ophelia was getting ready to go back to her Vermont home, where she would take Topsy.

Mrs. St. Clare spent most of her time with the dressmakers. She meant that her mourning should be in the very latest fashion. Her lawyer also came often to see her. The servants soon learned their fate from Adolph.

"We're all goin' to be sold," he told them one evening. They were gathered together in Dinah's kitchen talking over their fears.

"How do you know?" asked Tom.

"Oh, I hid myself behind the curtains when Missis was talking with the lawyer. She's goin' to send us all off to the auction. Leastways, all 'cept Mammy and Jane. She's goin' to sell the house, too, and go back to her paw's plantation."

Tom turned away with a heavy heart. Freedom had been so near. He had dreamed so happily of how he would return to Chloe and the children. He had planned how he would earn money and buy them. He went to Miss Ophelia and told her his story.

"Oh, Miss Feely, won't you please go to Missis and speak for me?" he

begged. "She'll sure feel like going on with the freedom papers when you tell her how Mas'r St. Clare wanted me to be free."

Miss Ophelia promised to do her best. She remembered every word of her cousin's talk about Tom that last evening of his life. And she quoted his very words to the widow.

But Marie answered very sharply, Tom was one of the most valuable servants on the place, and she could not afford to give him up. Besides, she did not believe in freeing slaves. It made them lazy and good for nothing.

It did no good for Miss Ophelia to remind her how dear little Eva had begged for Tom's freedom. Mrs. St. Clare only began to sob and say that people were so cruel to her. "How can you be so unkind? Is it not hard enough that I should have lost such a daughter?" she moaned.

All Miss Ophelia could do was to write to Mrs. Shelby for Tom. She told how he was going to be sold, and begged her to send and buy him, if possible.

In a few days, Tom and Adolph, with several other St. Clare servants, were marched down to a slave warehouse. They were to be sold at auction the next morning. This warehouse was divided into two large rooms, one for men, the other for women. In front was a long, narrow, open shed, where rows of slaves stood all day long. They stood there just like the goods a grocer puts outside his door as samples of the things he has to sell inside.

The warehouse was a very comfortable place. Slaves were worth a good deal of money. If they were not in a good condition they would not sell so well. It was also wise to keep them as merry as possible. So every warehouse had a fiddler to play for dancing.

In the one to which Tom and Adolph were sent there was also a big, clownish darkey whose business it was to keep the slaves laughing.

"Hi-yi! jis see what 'e got here!" cried Sambo, as soon as Adolph was brought in. "Hi-yi! A white nigger!" And then he began imitating the dandy's airs in a way that made everybody laugh. Of course, this made

Adolph angry. He flew at Sambo, and there was a great racket which soon brought the keeper to the door.

He gave a kick here and a cuff there, but was careful not to hurt the men. Then he told them to be good boys and go to sleep, so they would look "nice and chipper" for the auction in the morning.

The slaves threw themselves down on the floor. A few had blankets. Some put their coats under their heads for pillows. And soon they were all sound asleep.

When morning came they were all driven together to the slave market. It was a beautiful place with a big dome and a fine marble pavement. Here and there were placed small platforms, or "slave blocks." On these, one after the other, the huddled men and women were mounted so that their "points" could be more easily seen by those who wished to buy. The auctioneer shouted their praises, and the slaves quickly found new owners.

There were crowds of people standing about the different blocks. Adolph was sold to a young man who bought him for a valet. "I know poor St. Clare always spoiled his niggers," he said to a friend, as he counted out the money. "But I like the fellow's shape. And he'll soon find out he can't play any of his tricks with me. I'll dress him down."

So, one by one, the different black men and women were knocked down to the highest bidders.

At last it was Uncle Tom's turn to step upon the block. He listened as in a dreadful dream to the clatter of the



There were crowds of people

auctioneer. Then there came a quick fire of bids and the final thump of the hammer. "Gone for \$1200!" shouted the auctioneer. Tom had a new master.

The auctioneer pushed him from the block. He was seized roughly by a bullet-headed man who shoved him one side with the words, "Stand there, you."

Tom turned toward the man. He saw a heavy face with a stubby beard, shaggy eyebrows and stiff, sunburnt hair. He saw a large, coarse mouth. He saw in the whole figure dirt and cruelty and brutal strength.

This was Tom's owner. This was the man who stood in the place of kind Mr. Shelby and noble Augustine St. Clare.

"Oh, God help me! God save me!" Tom's lips trembled as he breathed this prayer.

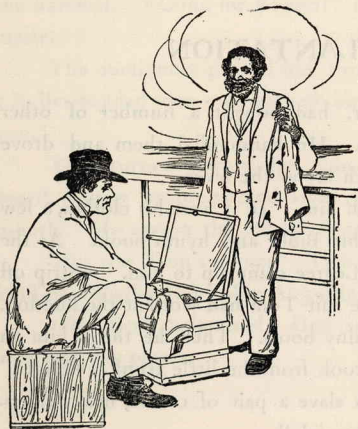
CHAPTER XIV

THE LEGREE PLANTATION

SIMON LEGREE, Tom's new master, had bought a number of other slaves while he was in New Orleans. He handcuffed them and drove them down to the steamer "Pirate," which lay at the levee.

Tom had brought a small trunk with him. In it were his clothes, a few little treasures Eva had given him, and his Bible and hymn book. As the poor old man stood sadly on the deck, Legree came up to him. "Strip off those things," he said, pointing to the nice suit Tom had worn at the auction. "And those," he added, kicking Tom's shiny boots. Then he threw him an old shirt and a pair of trousers which he took from the little trunk. "Here!" the new master shouted as he tossed his slave a pair of coarse, heavy shoes. "Go back o' them cotton-bales and swap quick."

Tom saw all his poor little possessions auctioned off among the deck-



"Here!" the new master shouted

hands. Last of all, the empty trunk was sold, too. And all the while Legree was laughing noisily about being "proud to own such a gentlemanly nigger." Then Legree walked back to Tom. "That's the way I begin with my niggers!" he said. "Here, let me get them pretty bracelets on agin!" He laughed coarsely as he fitted on the handcuffs.

"D'ye see this fist? Heft it!" And he brought it down on Tom's head like a hammer. "This yer fist has got hard as iron knockin' down niggers. So look out yer toe the mark."

Simon Legree was not a typical Southern planter. The truth is he was of New England birth. He had been an idle, unruly boy, and while still very young he had run away to sea. When he tired of the ocean, he bought the Red River plantation at a bargain, and settled down to the life of a cotton planter. His plantation was ten miles from any other house, and was surrounded on all sides by cypress swamps, very dark and dismal places. Many a poor slave had fled from Legree's cruelty and hid in these swamps. But if the snakes spared him, he was usually soon run down by a pack of bloodhounds, which Legree had trained till they were quite as savage as their master.

It was late in the afternoon when Legree and his new slaves reached this dreary place. The house, which was very large, had once been a fine old mansion. It was built of red brick, with stately white columns and wide verandahs on both floors. But now many of the windows were shattered, the broken shutters swung on loose hinges, and everything about the house looked

neglected and forlorn. What had at one time been a beautiful lawn leading up to the front doorway was just a ragged looking waste, strewn with all sorts of rubbish. As Legree drove up, a pack of fierce dogs came tearing to meet him. After them ran two ragged negroes, Sambo and Quimbo. They were slaves whom Legree had trained to be assistant overseers. Sambo was ordered to take the new slaves down to the negro quarters. Tom looked about him, and saw a narrow street of shabby huts. Just as he reached the quarters, the black men and women who lived in these dreary hovels came flocking home from the cotton fields.

From daylight they had been picking cotton in the blistering sun. If they stopped their work for a moment, they felt the lash of one of the drivers. And now they had to grind their own corn for supper. There were only a few handmills for the grinding, and often it was very late before the feeble old negroes could get their turn at one, eat their wretched supper and crawl away to sleep.

This first night was very hard for poor Tom to bear. It was followed by many dreary nights and wretched days. Sometimes he almost lost courage, But he had one means of to put his Bible into his clothes on the steamer. the cotton fields, he would sages by the light of the

Often, he would stop for some poor old woman from the mill. Or, he would which the wretched creastand. Legree noticed these noticed everything. He

overseer. "If that fellow's ever goin' to be good for anything in my work, he'll hev to be hardened. An' that mighty quick, too," Legree muttered to himself.



Tom picking cotton

comfort, for he had thought pocket when he changed After a hard day's work in spell out his favorite pas-cooking-fires.

his reading to grind corn who had been driven away do some other kind act tures could hardly under-little kindnesses, as he had had bought Tom for an

An opportunity to begin the hardening soon came. One night Sambo complained to his master that Tom had been putting some of his pickings into Lucy's basket. Lucy was a mulatto woman who had been bought at the same auction with Tom. She had never been strong, and had grown weaker very fast under the hard life of the plantation. Several times she had been beaten because there was not enough cotton in her basket at the end of the day. Legree always weighed the baskets when the pickers came home at night from the cotton-fields.

Now it happened that the evening Sambo complained about Tom's helping Lucy, the poor woman's basket, thanks to that help, was of full weight. But that did not in the least matter to Legree.

"Short again, you lazy nigger!" he shouted when it was her turn at the scales. "Stand there till it's time for yer to catch it." Then, when all the other baskets had been weighed, he turned to Tom.

"Here," he called out roughly, "I didn't pay down \$1200 for your

black hide jest to keep yer at pickin' cotton. Take this yer yellow gal and give her a floggin' she'll remember."

"I beg Mas'r's pardon," answered Tom slowly. "But I hopes Mas'r won't set me at that all. It's what I can't do, nohow possible."

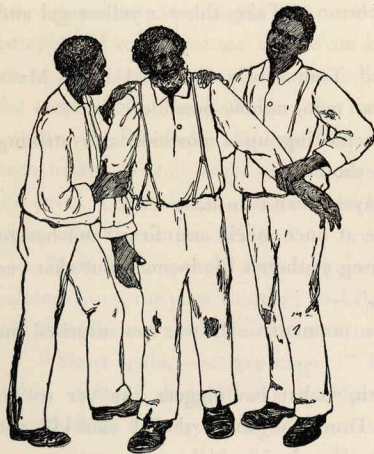
"Yer can't, eh?" shouted Legree, picking up a cowhide and striking Tom across his face and then across his shoulders.

"Yer can't, eh? There! will yer say yer can't do it, now?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Tom, in a voice at once meek and firm. "I hev to say that. I'll work for you, Mas'r, as long as there's life in me. But that yer thing I can't feel it right to do, noways."

The master stood quite still for a moment. He was too surprised for words. At last he found his voice.

"Yer black brute," he burst forth, "what hev niggers like yer to do with what's right or what isn't right? Don't yer know that I can kill yer this minute, if I wan'ter — an' no one ter hender?"



The two big negroes gladly obeyed

"Yes, Mas'r, I know it. An' it's easy enough to die. But as to raisin' my hand agin that poor sick critter—I never will, Mas'r."

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Legree, and his laughter was dreadful to hear. "So I bought a gentleman and a saint, did I, when I only paid for a nigger driver?" And he kicked Tom with his heavy boot.

"I'm right, hain't I?" he shouted, with another kick. "I own yer, don't I, body and soul?"

"No! No!" cried Tom, stretching his arms up toward the starry sky.

"No, Mas'r, my soul ain't yours! You kin do what you likes with this body, Mas'r, I know that, sure 'nuff. But my soul's been bought and paid for by One that's able to keep it. You can't hurt it, Mas'r."

"I can't, eh? Well, we'll see about that. Here, you, Sambo, Quimbo! Take this fellow and give him such a breakin' in as he won't forgit right away."

The two big negroes, who from the first had been jealous of Tom, gladly obeyed their master.



The two were soon fast friends

CHAPTER XV

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

THE rest of poor Tom's story is almost too sad for the telling. For a week after his beating he was not able to go back to work in the cotton fields. He lay on a heap of waste cotton, in an old shed, and there Cassy, a quadroon woman, who was Legree's housekeeper, used to come and care for him. She would bathe his wounds. She would give him the cold water for which he thirsted. And sometimes in the evening she would read the Bible to Tom.

One night she told the old man her story. As a child, she had been brought up just like a white girl and she was very well educated.

Tom sympathized with her, and the two were soon fast friends. More

than once after he went back to work, Cassy saved Tom from Legree's anger. Not that she begged her master to spare him. She knew better than that. But she would taunt Legree with spoiling one of his best workers right in the midst of the busiest season. As Legree's one ambition was to beat the neighboring planters by having the heaviest crops of the season, he left Tom alone for the time, but he never forgave Tom for braving him.

Before long the faithful black man had an opportunity to return Cassy's kindnesses. The attic of the Legree house was a big dusty place. It was filled with old furniture, huge packing-boxes, and all sorts of rubbish. Now, for some reason or other, the negroes about the plantation had long believed that the place was haunted. They used to whisper under their breath strange stories about the dreadful noises which came from the garret. Such sounds as these might, of course, have been easily explained by rats or by winds moaning through the knot-holes of the old place. But the negroes only shook their woolly heads, whispered "ghosts," and shivered with fright.

Now, one day, a sudden thought came to Cassy. She had long wanted to run away, and a chance word from Tom made her see how she might make use of this fear of the garret in planning her escape.

There was a young colored girl in the house named Emmeline, whom Legree had bought the last time he was in New Orleans. Cassy told this young girl of her plan and they agreed to try it together. Some evening when Sambo or Quimbo was sure to see them they would walk boldly past the quarters and enter the swamp. The drivers would, of course, give chase; the dogs would be turned loose; everybody would be tumbling over each other in the uproar. And the house would be deserted.

Close to the edge of the swamp a small creek ran past the house. The two women planned that as soon as they were hidden from sight in the swamp, they would wade into this creek. They would walk through the water till they came opposite the back door, then they would creep into the house and up to the garret, where they would safely hide themselves.

The dogs could not track them there, because water does not hold a scent.

In this garret they got together, a little at a time, plenty of candles, food and clothing. They felt sure no one would look for them there. Then, when Legree had lost all hope of finding them, they would slip softly out of the house some dark night and take the road to the river. Cassy had saved money enough to pay their passage in a boat to the free states. She talked the plan over freely with Tom, never once thinking she was doing him any harm by thus telling him her plans.

The evening came for the attempt. Everything happened just as Cassy had said it would, and while the hue and cry was loudest the two women got safely into the garret.

There they watched through a knot-hole the two later hunts which followed. One was that very night. Legree led the hunt himself, with all the dogs and negroes. The second hunt came the next morning, with the

help of some men and dogs from the nearby plantations. In both cases the two watchers saw the men and dogs start out eagerly. Then they waited, feeling quite calm and safe, till they saw the hunters come back, worn out and very angry.

Cassy had seen beforehand just how this would be. But she had not foreseen what was to follow. When Legree got back from his last unsuccessful search for his two slaves, he turned savagely to Quimbo. "Here," he shouted, "you go and walk that Tom up here right away." Quimbo went with a will and seized Tom by the shoulder.

"Yer'll cotch it now, sure," he cried. "Hi, but Mas'r's mad, now! 'Spects he thinks yeh helped them yeller gals ter run away!" But Tom walked calmly along with Quimbo, up the steps of the big, shabby house.

"Hurry up, there!" yelled Legree. "Got here at last, hev yer? Now I want ter know why yer didn't turn out with the other boys ter help me catch them gals? Knew too well whar they were ter waste yer time that

way, hey? Now tell me all yer know about 'em. An' no lyin', d'ye hear?"

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Mas'r," said Tom slowly.

"Nothin' ter tell! Do yer dare tell me yer don' know whar they be?"

Tom's heart and voice failed him for a moment. For Legree's face was so knotted with anger that it gave him warning of what to expect. Then he answered,

"Yes, I know, Mas'r,—but I can't tell."

"Then I'll kill yer!" shouted his master. And he kept his word.

When he at last left Tom in the old shed where Sambo and Quimbo had been beating the poor man, he thought his slave was dead. But a little life still lingered.

The two drivers, who had only carried out their master's brutal orders, had been moved, in spite of themselves, by Tom's patience. And now they tried their best to do something for him. They made him a soft bed of

cotton. They begged things from the kitchen which they thought he could eat. They bent over him and asked him to forgive them.

At the end of the second day, as the dying man lay in a stupor on his heap of cotton, a young man came softly into the shed and knelt down beside him.

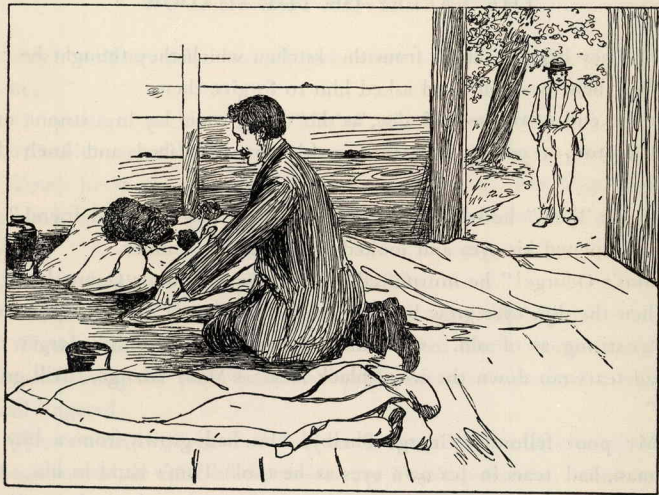
"Uncle Tom," he whispered. "Uncle Tom, my poor old friend."

Tom opened his eyes and looked about him in wonder.

"Mas'r George!" he murmured. "My own lil' Mas'r George!"

Then the dim eyes grew bright. "Bless the Lord!" he cried, in a voice almost as strong as of old. "It's all I wanted! They didn't forget me!" And glad tears ran down the worn black face. "Mas'r George, I still got the dollar!"

"My poor fellow!" George Shelby, who had grown from a boy to a young man, had tears in his own eyes as he took Tom's hand in his. "Oh, to find you like this!" Then he told his old friend how he had searched for



"I still got the dollar!"

him. As soon as Miss Ophelia's letter had reached his mother, they had written at once to Mrs. St. Clare's lawyer to ask who had bought Tom. But the answer was that the man had been sold at public auction and nothing was known of his whereabouts. In the meantime, Mr. Shelby fell ill, and died. But just as soon as George could leave his mother, he started for New Orleans.

"I'll find Uncle Tom," he said to Aunt Chloe, "and bring him back to you." And after many difficulties he found where the old man was.

As he finished his story, George Shelby's voice was choked with tears. Uncle Tom breathed a long sigh of content. He may not have understood all that was said. But this he knew, "Mas'r George" had cared enough to come way down there to find him. "Lil' Mas'r George" had kept his promise.

"The Gates of the Kingdom!" he whispered, "The Gates of the Kingdom!" Then the kind old eyes were closed forever. Uncle Tom was a slave no longer.

What remains of this story is soon told. The morning after Uncle Tom's death, the side door of the Legree house was found to be open. And one of the negroes declared that in the black night he had seen two tall figures, in white sheets, passing silently down the avenue. On and on they had moved, through the gate that opened before them, and out into the high road.

"Spect' they was ghosts that come ter hant Mas'r," the slaves whispered to one another. "Hope they hanted him jes orful."

However that may have been, Cassy and Emmeline that very same morning



On and on they moved

reached the little town on the Red River which was the stopping place of the New Orleans boats. Cassy was dressed as a Creole lady, all in black, with her face hidden by a heavy black veil. Emmeline was dressed as her maid. George Shelby happened to take the same boat they did. From the moment he got the first glimpse of Cassy's face, he began to wonder about her. Where had he seen that face before? Or, if not that face, then where had he seen one very much like it? Cassy noticed that he was watching her. As she met his eyes turned so often toward hers, she felt afraid of him. He must know she was running away. It would be the wisest plan to throw herself at once on his mercy.

So she told George Shelby her story. He set her mind at rest. The very name of Legree was hateful to him, he told her. He would do anything he could to help anyone get away from the horrible place. They had a long talk together, and George found out why Cassy's face puzzled him so. It was Eliza she reminded him of. And no wonder. For Cassy was Eliza's mother.

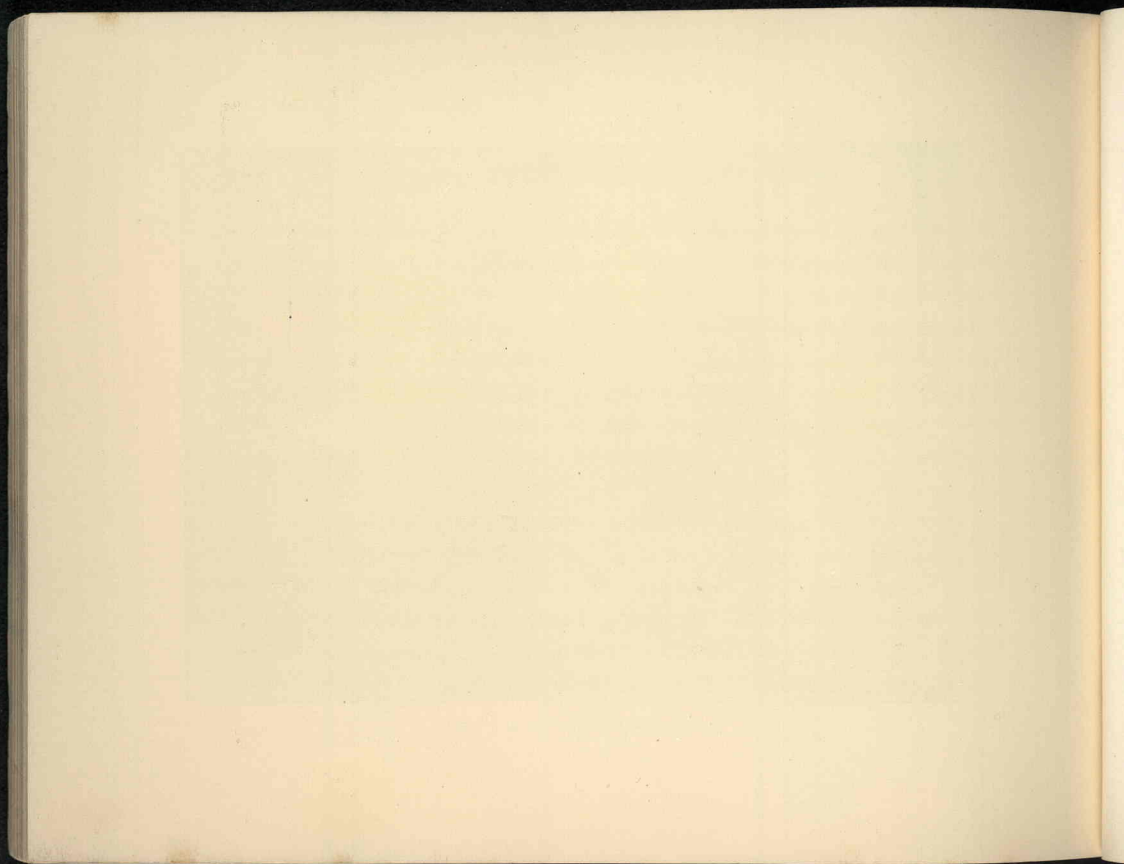
By chance George also made another strange discovery on that trip. One of the passengers on the boat was a handsome woman, by the name of De Theoux. She proved to be the sister of George Harris, Eliza's husband. That fact came out when she asked the young man's advice about the best way of finding "a mulatto by the name of George. He is owned by a man named Harris, who lives somewhere in your state," she went on. "I heard you say you came from Kentucky; so perhaps you know something about my brother's master." When she was a young girl she had been sold to the New Orleans market. A wealthy French gentleman had married her and taken her to the West Indies. Her husband had lately died.

"Your brother has been safe in Canada for years," George Shelby said to her. "He's doing very well there, I hear, and has a nice little family."

So it was that Cassy and Mme. De Theoux found they had much in common, and agreed to go together to Canada. George and Eliza were found with very little trouble. They were very happy in their new home,



They found Topsy a constant delight



where George was earning good wages as a machinist. Madame de Theoux learned from George that the thing he longed for most was a good education. So she decided to take the entire family, including Cassy, to France.

And how about Topsy? Miss Ophelia took the goblin-child home with her to Vermont. At first her New England relatives very much disliked having Topsy about. But Topsy had a quick mind, and she really wished to learn. Before very long, she was a favorite with every member of the family. As for the children of that staid New England village, they found Topsy a constant wonder and delight.

After George Shelby got back to Kentucky he gave free papers to every slave on the estate. Some of them said they didn't wish to leave. But their young master made them understand that they did not have to go away.

"There is work enough for you all, right here," said George. "We need people to work for us just as much as we ever did. Only now we will pay you wages. And you must learn how to spend them for yourselves.



He gave free papers to every slave

“One thing more,” the young man went on. “You all remember our dear, kind Uncle Tom. It was on Uncle Tom’s grave that I made up my mind I would own slaves no longer. So, when you are proud to think you are free, remember that you owe it all to Uncle Tom.

“Try to pay back the debt to his wife and children. Be very kind to them. And I hope that every time you look at Uncle Tom’s Cabin, you will remember how kind he was to everybody, how honest and how good he was. Try to follow in his steps.”

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

"IS this the little woman who brought on this big war?" asked President Lincoln, when Harriet Beecher Stowe was introduced to him. The question was well put. For "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had, perhaps, more to do with bringing on the great war between the states than any other one cause. In some ways it has had more influence than any other novel that was ever written.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811. She was the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, a noted Congregational minister, and was one of a large family of brothers and sisters, nearly every one of whom became well known.

The small girl led a happy, hearty child life. With her chubby little brother, Henry Ward Beecher, who was to become one of the greatest

preachers of his time, she used to walk every day to a small dame-school near her home. Here she quickly learned to read. And when school was over she loved to go off with her older brothers on a tramp through the woods. Sometimes, as a very great favor, they would even take her fishing with them.

She loved also to sit quietly in her father's study, which she describes in this way: "High above the noise of the house, this room had to me the air of a refuge and sanctuary. Its walls were set round from floor to ceiling with the friendly quiet faces of books, and there stood my father's great writing-chair, on the arm of which lay open always his Cruden's Concordance and his Bible. Here I loved to retreat and niche myself down in a quiet corner with my favorite books around me."

When she was six years old, the little girl could read very well, and she began to look about her for books. She tried first a heap of old sermons which she found in the garret. But these did not seem very interesting to her, and she was just sadly making up her mind that reading, after all, was not so delightful

as she had thought, when something very wonderful happened. She found an old volume of "The Arabian Nights." This was a magic book to little Harriet. When things went wrong with the child, when her doll was broken by a younger sister, or when an older brother refused to take her fishing, she had only to curl herself up by the narrow window of the garret, and open the shabby old covers. It was like spreading out a piece of enchanted carpet and sailing away to Wonderland.

When she was twelve, her child life in beautiful Litchfield came to an end. She went to Hartford, Connecticut, to study in a school her sister had opened there. A few years later she became a teacher in the same school. Then when her father decided to move to Cincinnati, Ohio, Catherine and Harriet went with him and opened a school in that city.

In Cincinnati the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" spent the next eighteen years of her life. She taught for a few years. Then she married Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, of the Lane Theological Seminary. It was two or

three years before her marriage that she got her first real knowledge of slavery. She spent a vacation in Kentucky with one of her fellow-teachers. While there, she visited an estate which she afterwards described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the home of Col. Shelby. This first view of slavery must have been a pleasant one.

Prof. Stowe had only a small salary, and his wife was very glad when she saw a way to add to the family income by writing short stories and essays for different magazines. When her little children began to come she still went on with her writing. There was house-cleaning and baking, and the baby's teething to take up her time. There were tiny frocks to be made and tiny stockings to be mended. But Mrs. Stowe always managed, somehow, to find time for her stories.

It was at this time that she began to think a good deal about slavery. Cincinnati was just across the Ohio River from a slave state, so a great many runaway slaves used to pass through the city. Some of the people there were

glad to help them get away. Others were quite as sure it was their duty to help the masters get back their property. So there was a great deal of excitement in the town. Mrs. Stowe was always on the side of the runaway slaves. The "Underground Railroad," which is spoken of so often in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," ran straight through the Stowe house. And the story of Eliza's being driven by Senator Bird over muddy Ohio roads to a friendly farmhouse, happened just as she describes it in the book. But Professor Stowe, not Senator Bird, was the real driver.

In 1850, the Stowe family went to live in Brunswick, Maine, where Professor Stowe had been made a professor in Bowdoin College. This was the year that the Fugitive Slave Act was passed by Congress. It was an act which gave to slaveholders of the South the right to take back into slavery any of their slaves who had escaped into the free states. It also declared that the people of the free states must give the slave-owners any help they needed in getting back their property. There was much excitement all through the

North when this Act was passed. Some people said it was a disgrace to the nation. Others declared, just as strongly, that it was a just law. Slaves were property, they said, and it was only right that a man's property should be protected.

It was at this time that Mrs. Stowe began to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In June, 1851, the first chapter of the story appeared in the "National Era," a weekly paper published in Washington, D. C. It ran in that paper for ten months. Many people watched for it from week to week, eager to hear more about good old Uncle Tom and sweet little Eva and funny Topsy. Words of praise came to the writer, both from the North and the South. Very bitter letters came to her also. Some of them threatened dreadful things if she kept on with the story. Then "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came out in book form. Over three thousand copies of the book were sold on the day of its publication. Within the first year, more than 300,000 copies had been sold. Almost in a day, Mrs. Stowe found herself famous. The quiet

little wife of a poor Maine professor was the most talked about woman in the world.

Everywhere in this country "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was being discussed. In England several different publishers seized upon the book, and it came out in many different editions. The very street-sweepers of London were talking about it. The story was translated at once into French, German and Italian. Before five years had passed it had been translated into every civilized language. Up to the present more copies of it have been sold than of any other book except the Bible.

It was a case of the time and the book and the author all together. Mrs. Stowe took a living theme. It was a theme in everyone's mind at the time. It was a theme that seemed wrought up with the very life of the country. And then she wrote the story out of the depths of her sympathy.

During all the years that followed, from the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" till Mrs. Stowe's death in 1889, she was busy with her pen. She wrote in all twenty-three books, as well as many magazine and newspaper

articles. The best known of these books, after "Uncle Tom," are "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Oldtown Folks," "Agnes of Sorrento," "My Wife and I," and "Poganuc People."

Her passing years were happy ones. Three times she visited Europe, where she met all the distinguished men and women of her day. They delighted to do honor to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The family lived for many years at Andover, Massachusetts, in a very pretty house called "The Cabin." There people of note from all over the world came to visit Mrs. Stowe. Among her friends were George Eliot, the Brownings, George Sand, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Arthur Helps, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the poet Longfellow, Charles Sumner, John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Among the happiest memories of her closing years must have been the celebration in honor of her seventieth birthday. It was planned by her publishers and was held on June 14, 1882, at the "Old Elms," in the suburbs of Boston. Among the guests were two hundred of the best known writers of the day.

These verses from a poem written for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes shows how those who knew her felt toward the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin":

"If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

"Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo
Would shout, 'We know the lady!'

"Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom
And her he learned his gospel from,
Has never heard of Moses.
Full well the brave, black hand we know
That gave to freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.

"When Truth herself was Slavery's slave
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction.
And Truth who soared descends to-day,
Bearing an angel's wreath away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay,
With heaven's own benediction."

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