

now, so we were together again. She read a good deal and told me much of the news of the White House, the president and senators and the big debates on slavery and see like that. After while I got pretty well posted about the White House, at least I thought so, for I would get out some place where none of the bosses could see nor hear me and make speeches to the other slaves. They were hot speeches too, I tell you.

Georgia's head-strong liking for me kept on growing. I don't know why, only it changed with her age. Our drives got longer. I felt kind 'o scarry about it but I couldn't help it. I really liked her but I was afraid of something happening. One day I was out driving with her alone. She hardly ever let anyone else go along with her. It was in the spring of the year, and some way I said, "I wish I was free." "I wish so too," she said. "Then I would—" "Would what?" she put in. "I would ask you to have me."

O, well, she said, turning her head and looking over a big field of young tobacco which we were passing, "It would be easy enough to get free." "How?" I replied right quick. "O, you wouldn't do it any way, you are too chicken-hearted." "O, no I ain't," I said bravely, "but how do you mean to do it?" "Why we could run off and go to Canada where you would be free." "Yes, but you wouldn't leave your big house to live with me in a cabin." "We could fix that too," she said just as unconcerned as could be; "but you wouldn't do it, that's all." "How are you going to do it, Georgia," I asked her. "Never mind about that; did you ever see me try to do a thing and not do it?" When the carriage turned into the long driveway, she looked at me. "You meet me to-night at twelve o'clock in the back yard," she said. "Tomorrow we will take the carriage just as usual, and say we are going to Aunt Lizzie's to stay over night. Instead of that we will go to town, put the horse and carriage in a barn to stay till called for." Somehow I didn't feel

right, I was shivering all over with cold or something. "Then we will take a train for Canada. I will pass you as my servant, and nobody will think a thing about it." I was shaking from head to foot, like I had the ague. "How did you think of all that?" "O, I've been thinking of this for some time," she answered coolly, "but you want to be sure and be ready, 'cause if you go back on me—why you'll be sorry it." We had now reached the house. We didn't say any more.

That night about twelve o'clock I was lying on the ground in the back yard, when Georgia came out on the porch and walked down the path toward me. My heart was beating so loud you could hear it ten yards off, and I was trembling from head to foot. My eyes were glared so she looked to me like a ghost. When she came up she handed me a small sack loaded in both ends, and said in a low voice, as steady as could be, "I don't know how much I've got here, but its all gold." I was so scared and the sack so much heavier than I expected that I dropped it right there on the walk, and it seemed to me like it made noise enough to wake up the dead. I picked it up, and she says, "Now you bury this by the post of the back gate, where nobody will find it. Father will never miss this, in the world. There is enough there to last us manp a day, and we might just as well be doing some good with it as to leave it laying there."

I went out and buried the money, and then went home to bed; but I did not sleep a wink. I thought more that night than I had ever thought all my life before. "Suppose," I said to myself, "I am caught, what will become of me? I would be torn into a thousand pieces." I knew Georgia's father would go through fire for her, his only child and he would spend a half barrel of money but what he would find her and bring her back. I imagined what kind of a rage he would be in. My hide wouldn't hold shucks, if he caught me. I had a million thoughts I guess that night, and the worst was,