

"What if we are caught." Not to go! To tell Georgia I was not going! "I couldn't." To go! To take the risk of such a miserable death! "I couldn't." So there I was in the worst agony you ever heard of.

Next morning I met her in the garden. She was looking as pleasant as could be. When she saw me she stopped picking her flowers, even dropping those she had in her hand, and looked at me, and asked what was the matter. I told her stammering, "I—I am sick."

She stared at me with her piercing eyes and seemed to see clear through me. Then turning two or three colors, she put her hands to her head, as if to keep it from bursting. I turned and hurried out of the garden scared half to death. I shook like a leaf all day but I did not see nor hear anything more of her that day. My first scare wore off partly, but as I did not see her next day, I was a wondering and studying what she was going to do. More days passed. She did not take her rides. I did not see nor hear anything of her. Yet I was awfully stirred up. I couldn't half eat, nor sleep; I had all kinds of bad dreams. A week passed, I was still suffering from the terror of something going to happen: Yet nothing happened.

I was coming to my senses a little when one day I was called into the yard of the big house and was sized up by two men. I didn't mind that, and didn't think a thing about it till one day shortly after that a chain gang came along and I was called into the yard again and turned over to a mean looking whelp. He took me down to this gang. There was about two hundred slaves chained on each side of a long chain which all helped to carry. And I was chained to it also.

I understood well enough. "This I said to myself is Georgia's work. "I can't begin to tell you how I felt. I was sorry to be sure, and I was a little glad.

Well I was carried with the gang to a big iron works in Southern Alabama. I stood

the march pretty well though we had only cotton seed and bacon to eat. It was here I saw the worst of slavery, and for the first time. When we got to our journey's end, before I was put to work, they made me take off my shirt and gave me a sound lashing, just to let me know who "Master" was now. It was my first whipping and my blood fairly boiled. I made many vows, and one was to run away which I did before a month. I stowed myself away in a boat bound to New York, which I reached almost starved. After resting there awhile, I went into Canada. I've been working and drifting around ever since."

My shipmate took his feet down from the railing and stretched his legs out across the deck. He seemed to be still grieving over "spilt milk" when I said to him "come let's turn in." and we went below.

A. J. WALKER.

The Nebraska Teachers' Association.

An organization was formed recently which promises to be of considerable value to the educational interests of the state. It is an association called "The Nebraska Teachers' Association in History," and has for its object the promotion of interest in the study of history and the introduction of better methods of teaching the subject in the public schools. This movement was started at the last session of the Southeastern Nebraska Teachers' Association on a suggestion made by Professor Fling in his lecture before the association. Professors Fling and Caldwell are giving a large portion of their time and attention to this work. J. W. Crabtree who was elected secretary of the new association is highly pleased with the outlook. He finds that the association has the hearty co-operation of the county and city superintendents, and thinks there will be no trouble in getting more history into the schools or in securing the introduction of the method of studying history from the sources. Several members of the departments of history already have places in the county institutes for the summer. Professors Fling and Caldwell will be kept busy lecturing in the institutes during the summer. They are to edit twenty pages of the Northwestern Journal of Education during next year which will be devoted entirely to history.