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IN THE COUNTRY.

A short time ago I went to the country with my father who had business with a farmer there.

It was a long way and although I enjoyed the shady drive I was quite tired and ready to rest when we reached the farm house. My father left me in the cool parlor or front room while he went out to see the farmer and after I drank a glass of milk I felt much refreshed.

I was sitting in a big chair by a window lazily watching a big butterfly fly from flower to flower in the old-fashioned garden. A huge lilac bush just at one side of the open window swayed its branches slowly back and forth in the wind and sent the sweet perfume from its blossoms into the shady room.

Suddenly I was startled by hearing a sharp and shrill voice coming from the kitchen.

"Thar ye sit areadin' an' lettin' yer old mother work like a nigger. Ye haint done a thing, ye lazy, good for nothin'. I told ye an hour ago to scrub the porch an' ye haint done it."

"Yes I hev, too," was the answer in a lower tone.

"Hev ye swep' the stairs?"

"Yes."

"An' dusted?"

"Yes."

There was a silence, then—

"Hev you took back that but er I borrowed o' Miss Field?"

"Yes, I hev."

"Huh! I told ye thim flowers needed waterin'."

"I watered 'em."

"Huh! Did ye wash that window that ye spilled apple sass on?"

"Yes."

"An' dried it?"

"Yes." Another pause.

"Hev ye sewed that hole in yer dress yet?"

"Oh, ma, I forgot."

"Forgot!" came the other voice in a scream. "It's always forgot." Ye never do a hand's turn but forgot! Here I've worked like a beaver all mornin' an' ye aint done nuthin'—nuthin'. Lazy, lazy, laziest girl I ever seen!"

The old woman who comes every Monday to do our washing is Scotch.

Her speech is broken, and, like most of her people, she talks incessantly and makes a great many shrewd and funny remarks. The other day when I came home from school she was talking to my mother about the hard times and I heard her when I was still far off.

When I came up she had stopped and the only sound was a rub-a-dub, splash! rub-a-dub-dub!

But presently she began to talk again and never ceasing in her work but wringing out clothes as fast as she could make her strong arms turn the wringer handle.

"Yis, verra haard teems we're havin' o' it noo" she said. Then as neither mother nor I answered she went on.

"An' ye dinna ken hoo haard teems some folks is o' haen. Theers Miss Cata-nach oot a tha toon wha hae thra wee bonnie bearis ta luik ta. I wa' spakin' wi' her about it. She says 'at hoo she dar'na a lat her wee boy go out an' work a'ho a gentleman deed want tha cheild ta rake snaw off his walk. She's taen in washin' noo tho an' verra weel she's gaen along. She weel ma ax nowt fro noan o' her neighbors."

There was quite a pause. She attacked her wasa board vigorously with a dirty apron.

"You're getting along all right, aren't you?" mother asked.

"Yis, yis, I'm a' right" she said. "Once I wa' scarce o' vittles, but I'd rayther dee ony day nor ask help. I hae ane greet comfort." She smiled broadly.

"Yes" mother said, "What's that?"

"When we had tha awful storm i' tha' weenter ther wa' ane wee hole i' tha wa'.

An ane nicht a eatin' o' ma supper I felt tha wind blaw on ma back a wee bit. Sae, I tuick a wee bit bread an' put i' tha hole. Sae, noo, I'll ollays hae bread i' tha hoose."

HARRIET M. COOK.

May 11, 1897.

AN EASTER SYMBOL.

A Monologue of The Plantation, by
Ruth McEnergy Stuart.

Speaker—A Black Girl.

Time—Easter Morning.

"Scuse me knockin' at yo' do' so early. Miss Betty, but I'e in trouble. Don't set up in bed. Jes' lay still an' lemme talk to yer."

"I come to ax yer to please ma'am loand me a pair o' wings, mistus. No'm I aint crazy. I mean what I say."

"You see, to lay's Easter Sunday, Miss Bettie, an' we're havin' a high time in our chu'ch. An' I's gwine sing de special Easter carol, wid Freckled Frances an' Lame Jane jinin' in de chorus an' our choir. Hit's one o' deze heah choirs sot up next to de pulpit in front o' de congergation."

"Of co'se me singin' de high solo makes me de princplest tiggur, so we 'ranged fur me to stan' in de middle, wid Frances an' Jake on each side, an' I got a bran' new white tarlton frock, wid spangles on it an' a Easter lilly wreath all ready. Of co'se, me bein' de fust singer, dat entit'e me to wear de highest plumage, an' Frances, she knows dat, an' she 'lowed to me she was gwine to wear dat white nainsook lawn you gin'er, an' des a plain secondary hat, an' at de p'inted time we all three got to rise an' courtesy to de congergat on, an' den bust into song. Lame Jake gwine wear dat white duck suit o' Marse John's an' a Easter lilly in his button-hole."

"Well, hit was all fixed dat a-way, peaceable an' proper, but you know de trouble is Freckled Frances is jealous hearted, an' she aint got no principle. I tell you, Miss Annie, when niggers gits white enough to freckle you look out for 'em! Dey jes advanced fur enough along to show white ambition an' nigger principle! An' dat's a dangerous mixture!"

"An' Frances—? She aint got no mo' principle'n a suck' aig dog! Ever sence we 'ranged dat Easter program she been studyin' up some owdacious way to outdo me today in de face of eve'ybody."

"But I'm jes one too many fur any yaller freckled nigger. I'm black—but dey's a heap o' trouble come out o' ink befo' today."

"I done had my eye on Frances. An' fur de las' endurin' week I taken notice ev'ry time we had a choir practisin', Frances, she'd fetch in some talk about butterflys bein' a Easter sign o' de resurrection o' de dead, an' all sech as dat. Well, I know Frances don't keer no mo' 'bout de resurrection o' de dead'n nothin'. Frances is too tuck up wid dis life fer dat! So I watched her. 'An las' night I ketchted up wid'er."

"You know dat great big silk paper butterfly dat you had on yo' pianner lamp, Miss Bettie? She's got it perched up on a wire on top o' dat secondary hat an' she's a-fixin' it to wear it to church today. But she don't know I know it. You see, she knows I kin sing all over her an' dat's huccome she's a-projectin' to ketch de eyes o' de congergation!"

"But ef you'll he'p me out, Miss Bettie, we'll fix'er. You know dem yaller gauzy wings you wo'e in de tab-leaux? Ef you'll loand'em to me an' he'p me on wid'em terreckly when I'm dressed, I'll be a whole live butterfly an' I bet yer when I flut ers into dat choir, Freckled Frances'll feel like snatchin' dat lamp shade off her hat sho's you born! An' fur onct I'm proud I'm so black comected, caze black an' yaller, dey goes toger fur butterflys!"

"Frances 'lowed to kill me today but I lay when she sets eyes on de yaller winged butterfly she'll preciate de resurrection o' de dead ef she never did befo' in her life."



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