

beef, fenison, doorkey, wildt tuck, some kind of game? Also, we dakes early breakfast so as we dake de train oom Acht Oor.

Cyrus—Dat boy! (Flings up his hands.)

Fritz—Wot's the matter wit you now, olt coon?

Cyrus—I tell 'um, you order beefsteak, mutton chop, an fenson hanch. He sway, you all come, daybreak dis mownin' an order fish, crab, prawn, ennyting frum de wawtah.

Mr. Doerffinger—Who is dat wot you are talking about, oldt man?

Cyrus—Dat boy, Pluto. I sway he sholy dreamin'.

Miss Rosie—Ware is he now, uncle?

Cyrus—"Uncle" fo' dem niggah lib way wawtah run one way all de time, way niggah cahn wash he sin 'way clean an see 'um go. Don yuh, way de wawtah salt an good, wite folks, de real true-true buckrah, call ole man like me, "Daddy."

Miss Rosie (laughing)—Well, daddy, wot you mean wen you say, de black people in de up-country can't be baptizt clean? Isn't riffer water shust as goot to wash wit as de sea water?

Cyrus—Dis is de way, missie. Wen de tide cum een, she tumble all obah de sinnah, an wrastle wid 'um, an trow 'um down, an fayly wallah 'nm, tell she scoop out all de sinfulness, an kin see 'um rollin' een de scum 'pun top o' de tide. Den de tide tun, an she run out jess iz fass an iz prancy ez a racin' mare, an she cah out dat niggah sin intah de big oshen, an de sin roll about, an roll about, an roll about tell he trabble right down eentah de debble