

to buy up Texas lands an' come over thar an' rough it part o' th' year. Now they air a-buyin' purty much over all th' kentry. This guv'ment's a lettin' too many furriners gin'rally a comin, an' they air a goin' to prove a nest o' yaller-jackets, thet 'll stick like leeches, an' sting an' keep on a stingin' th' wusser, th' more this guv'ment tries to lick th' devil outer 'em. Got away frum my text? Thet's a fac', stranger. Well, in th' days o' th' Nazarene thar wuz prufets an' false prufets. So in our times thar be sev'ral types o' preachers. One builds his sarmon fust, then tacks on a tex' to suit. Tother takes his tex' anywhars in th' bible an' sticks to it like grim death, an' makes all on 'em bristle wi' damnation an' hell. Another likewise takes his tex', but sails straightway off wi' favorin' winds till he be clar out o' sight o' land, an' mebbe he kin git back an' mebbe not. But, stranger, I be a good cruiser; I'll make th' harbor arter a while," and he laughed a hearty, wholesome laugh, that was pleasant to hear.

"Well," he continued, "th' boss brought over a heap o' sarvants, an' his sister (he wuz a widower), an' his unly chil', a darter o' ten, wi' her maid an' guv'ness, an' Zeke thar. Vi'let wuz th' apple o' her father's eye, an' es purty es a pictur.

Her eyes made me think o' nothin' but th' blue o' summer skies, an' her fluffy yaller hair hed th' gleam-in brightness o' th' horizon w'en th' settin' sun gil's it. She wuz like an angel o' light, flittin' hither an' yon, wi' a pleasant word or a bright look fer all, an' wuz th' idol o' th' sarvants. She an' Zeke wuz fas' frien's, an' allus together. Many's th' time I ha' found her asleep wi' th' dog for a pillar. Her father, too, sot great store by 'im, an' fer th' best o' reasons. Th' dog hed a pedigree thet couldn't be beat nowhars. His mother wuz a Bernard, wi' a streak o' New Foun'lan' blood som'ars back in th' line; an' his father, a full-blooded English bulldog.

"But better 'an th' purity o' his pedigree, wuz th' mem'ry o' his dog's fidelity. Oncet th' master went in bathin'. Fer some onaccountable reason, he become frightened an' lost th' power o' motion. W'en

he wuz sinkin' fer th' last time, he felt 'imself caught by th' arm an' dragged to shore—saved by his faithful shadder. Another time he hed reached hum at dusk wi' a large sum o' money. He brought three gentlemen to dine wi' 'im. Th' dog wuz overjoyed to see his master, but to oncet showed strange aversion to one o' th' three visitors, by snappin' an' snarlin' at his least movement. Later on he manifested great oneasiness an' kep' up a constant beat through th' rooms an' halls, sniffin' an' utterin' low growls, allus endin' wi' his master's bed chamber. His conduct wuz so sing'lar thet th' master an' two o' th' guests detarmined to sarch th' house an' ferret out th' cause. Th' third visitor suddenly complained o' feelin' ill,

an' excusin' 'imself, tuck a hasty leave. On sarchin' his private room, a man wuz found hid behind a large foldin' screen. He hed a long, sharp knife on his person, an' arter'ards confessed thet his purpose wuz murder an' robbery, an' implicated th' third visitor es a pardner in his plan. 'Twuz unly natural thet Zeke wuz ever arter'ards regarded es th' biggest toad in th' puddle.

"You-uns knows how slick a ole wagon runs arter it's smartly cleaned an' greased—not a creak nur a jar nowhars. Well, at th' end o' three month

I hed things in tip-top shape, an' tuck pride in makin' th' best showin' uv any overseer in th' kentry. Th'

boss wuz might'ly pleased, es he orter be, fer it wuz all outgo with t'other man at th' helm. He wuz already talkin' o' goin' back an' leavin' me in full charge, he hed thet confidence in me. But now th' most onaccountable sarkimstance happened. I never could understand it no more 'an th' rest uv 'em. Even Zeke, to this day, is at a loss how it ever could, or did, happen."

In affirmation of this statement, the dog suddenly gave vent to a stifled howl, that was like a sobbing cry.

"Jes' hear 'im now! Don' tell me he don' understand every word thet's said. I'd stake all th' gold in Californy on thet p'int. A dog's mem'ry lasts wi' his life. Es a zale, they never fergit a kindness or a injury. They're purty much like human folks arter all, an' run th' same gamut o' natur an' stock. I ha'

