Reminiscences of Pioneer Days

Section 10, Pages 271 - 300

These reminiscences tell the early history of Kansas City, Kansas and Missouri as written by Mrs. Nelly McCoy Harris. The stories were published in Kansas City newspapers.

Creator: Harris, Nelly McCoy

Date: January 01, 1916

Callnumber: John Calvin McCoy and Woodson McCoy Papers

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 313764

Item Identifier: 313764

www.kansasmemory.org/item/313764

opinions failed of accomplishing the worthy end.

In the fall of 1862 I was in Kansas City within the Union lines and my husband was in the Confederate army in Virginia. I got tired of this state of affairs, and as he could not come to me, I, like David of old, could go to him. I determined to do so or die a trying. While making my arrangements for the long and difficult journey, my kind relative Dr. C., an officer in the Union army, asked me to come to spend a day or so with him and his family. The first evening of my stay with these dear friends Dr. C. came to the sitting room, where his wife and I were crowding in all the talk we could, knowing that in all probability it would be the last for many years, and said: "N, let me have your baby, and I will put yours and mine to sleep at the same time."

He took both babies and adjourned to the nursery. We could hear a medley of songs and whistling and supposed that affairs were progressing favorably until the doctor burst into the room with a very wide awake infant on each arm.

"N.," said he, "it is no go. I know but two tunes, 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie', and when I begin to sing the loyal lay your baby rebels, and when I start with 'Dixie' mine kicks, so to end the conflict, I will have for once to favor secession."

When he sang "Dixie" his baby kicked, and when he hummed "Yankee Doodle" the other howled.

Preachers even were not indifferent on political questions; indeed, some of them were zealous partisians and as deeply interested in the stirring events of the period as were their flocks. A certain congregation, at that time a mere gathering together of two or three, more properly a score or so who were divided in their political predilections, had for their pastor one who seemed desirous, like Paul, of being "all things to all men". One Sunday after hostilities had begun this preacher, feeling anxious, doubtless, to please both parties, like the man who prays "Good Lord; good Devil," in the long prayer before the sermon, earnestly but unjudiciously, entreated the Lord to bless both Federal and Confederate and to give victory to both armies, Union and secession. He loved not wisely, nor too well, and, it is needless to add that this shepherd soon lost his sheep, or, properly speaking, they took occasion to lose him. He soon realized that he needed a change of climate, which he proceeded to seek by going back East without unnecessary delay. I am afraid that after he was fired, (I no longer hesitate to use this expressive term, since Henry Cabot Lodge has assured us that it is a Shakespearianism and not United States slang) he did not pray for either side (he was an Englishman, anyway), or if he did his petitions were after the manner of one I heard of once.

A young man living in Kansas City in the olden times was one day indulging in imprecations against one who had done him an injury. "My son," said his pious aunt,"the Bible tells us to pray for our enemies."

"I do, aunt", he answered. "I pray that Satan may get them."

When hostilities were fairly under way on the border and Kansas City was occupied by Union troops, the secession element at Independence was determined to prevent if possible, the Federal soldiers entering the town, and to that end for a while kept pickets near the east bank of the Blue at both upper and lower fords.

A messenger came one day to our house with a note requesting us to send to these pickets all the firearms we had to spare. The note said: "Take the guns to the Renickschool house." The head of our house was absent, we were within the Federal lines, and there was not a man about the premises except a freshly imported German named Antoine. This recent addition to our population was, as far as he understood the situation, loyal, but at the same time he was always ready and willing to aid and abet his disloyal employers. So I called him and laid the case before him, and he readily agreed to help me convey the guns to my friends and his enemies. But he added:

"By chimminy, how vas you going to go mit dem? Dere is no team on de place."

"Nothing that can pull?" I asked.

"Not*ings but de oldt prown mare mit a young coldt, und she is der piggest fool in de worldt."

"Well," I said, "we must do the best we can: hitch old Brownie to the open buggy and we will try it anyway."

While Antoine was wrestling with the refractory mare I took apart the guns. These I laid on an old patchwork quilt and after we climbed into the buggy we drew the other end of the "kiver" up over our knees. It then appeared only a harmless pioneer lap robe, with no other mission than to keep Antoine and I comfortable, though it might have seemed that it would prove decidedly uncomfortable, as the time was September, and a very hot September at that.

Antoine clucked to the nag, but she did not move with alacrity. Her colt was very young and tender, in fact, only a few days old, and we deemed it inexpedient to permit it to accompany its parent on so long a journey; but the old mare gave us to understand in a most emphatic manner that she did not intend to go without it.

Antoine had closed the gate between the mother and her colt, and she would not budge an inch. We were in mortal dread for fear the Union soldiers would happen along and discover our contraband freight. These fellows were not at all ceremonious in their visits, and when we wanted them least they were pretty apt to drop along unannounced. We were in a predicament truly.

Finally Antoine got out and led old Brownie, greatly against her will, I must say, for she plunged and backed and whinnied; but at last we got her through the pasture. We took this secluded route to avoid a chance meeting with the soldiers. After we got into the big wood near Miss Angeline Parish's Antoine ventured to get in

the buggy. The old mare permitted him to ride a few yards, then she began again to be obstreperous, and the poor Dutchman had to jump out again. Whenever we would go down hill Antoine would have to do all the holding back. I will never forget the figure the poor short-legged Dutchman cut with his right shoulder braced against old Brownie's left, his feet fully twelve inches a head of his body, his hat on the back of his head when it wasn't on the ground; bathed in perspiration, and both he and the horse on a brisk trot; or rather the horse was trotting. Antoine might more properly have been termed a running mate.

This thing kept up for several miles, but at last old Brownie curbed her cussedness, concluding doubtless that she was hurting herself more than anyone else, unless it was the Dutchman, and plodded along quite decently except when we began a down grade; then Antoine had to take his old accustomed place at Brownie's left shoulder.

When we reached the bottom land west of the Blue, as we were passing the Laws homestead I heard someone calling my name. Looking around, we saw Mrs. Laws coming toward us.

"O, N-----," she said in an agitated tone, "do not go any further; a lot of Federal pickets are on the road this side of the creek, and they search every passer-by and take their horses. Turn back, child, do!"

I explained to her our errand, and this increased her alarm.

"If they find those guns," she continued, "there is no telling what they will do with you."

"They are welcome to the old mare," I answered, cheerfully, but before I could say more, Antoine spoke up and said:

"I fix it all right; Cherman beeples is all Union mans, und I tell dose bickets dot mine frau's fadder is deadt alreatty und I take her down to Independence to der funeral."

In spite of the pleadings of our anxious friend, we proceeded on our way. "Now," said Antoine, after we started, "you yust say notings; I vill lie like de dickens und tell dose Federals dot dis is mine frau. (I was 20 and Antoine about 40). Sure enough, when we reached the west bank of the creek we found about fifteen soldiers guarding the road. As we neared them one advanced toward us, commanded us to halt, and then questioned us as to our destination, etc. Antoine put on a very doleful expression, and I tried to look as if "sorrow had marked me for her own." We both looked doubtless like some calamity had overtaken us. Antoine told a heartrending tale of his father-in-law's illness and death, and that we had to hurry in order to be present at the obsequies, and so on.

After a look into the back of the buggy, (the guns were under our feet) we were permitted to continue our sorrowful journey. We crossed the creek and while we were toiling up the long hill beyond, we were alarmed to see a body of soldiers at the summit. We concluded that this must be another lot of Union troops, and as we supposed they had not observed us we drove to the roadside and hastily taking out the guns, hid them in a thicket of paw paw bushes; then climbing into the buggy again resumed our weary pilgrimage. Arriving at the hilltop

the formidable cavalcade advanced to meet us, and to my relief I saw in the van Meredith Masters, and following, many others whom I knew; then I drew one long blessed sigh of relief; that crowd was "secesh" enough to insure my safety, and they were there, "waiting and watching for me," or someone else with those guns. I turned them over to them, and I must say I was never gladder to get rid of anything in my life.

Antoine and I then turned about and retraced our weary way, but we went a mile north, and crossed the Blue at the lower ford, for I was afraid that those pickets on the west bank might think we had disposed of my lamented father's remains with unnecessary nimbleness.

The moment old Brown's head was turned homeward she redeemed her character. Nickering at every bound she tore home like "Tam O'Shanter's maddened mare," up hill and down dale, regardless. When I reached home in the dim twilight my heart went out to John Gilpin as it never had before, and I felt about ready to take the oath not to aid or abet the Confederates; but by morning I had gotten over my bruises and am afraid I was again willing to carry munitions of war to my rebel friends--but I would have walked. The virtue, self-denial, had ample exercise in the later years of the war; pomp and pride were, in a great measure, laid aside, and for once all men and women were on an equal footing, so far as fashion went. I know two ladies now living in Kansas City, who wear fine and stylish apparel, and who were belles in that war time, who were almost beside themselves with delight when they managed once to get a new calico dress. The calico was persimmon colored and so slazy that straws could be shot through it, but it seemed powerful fine to those young ladies then. One cloak, or one pair of Sunday shoes had often to do for a whole family. When one wore these the others stayed at home. So hard indeed was it to obtain bare necessities that such luxuries as yellow silk, jarretiere and embroidered robes de nuit went almost out of fashion. But this caused no actual suffering for happy "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," comes as often and remains as long with wandering Willie who lays him down to sleep by the wayside, his robe de nuit, his diurnal shirt, or with Lo, the poor Indian, with none at all, as it does with Freddie Gebhardt, enveloped within the soft folds of his lace-trimmed silken nightie, which was so graphically described in an Eastern journal a year or so ago.

And most anybody could scare up a couple of strings. And strings are articles not to be despised, as two belles of that period can testify; the same ones who wore the persimmon calico dresses. Near their place of refuge in the Sni hills there lived an individual whose sedentary habits have gained for him the soubriquet "Lazy John". One day while a deep snow was on the ground, "Lazy John" drove up to the home of the young ladies in a dreadful looking old jumper, drawn by a regular Rasinante. The girls began at once to chuckle at the prospect of a beau and a sleigh ride. Beaux were as scarce then as calico.

John entered, greeted by the welcoming smiles of the young ladies, and after he had stretched himself before the fire and yawned a time or two, he said:

"Girls, you had orter take a sleigh ride while the snow lasts."

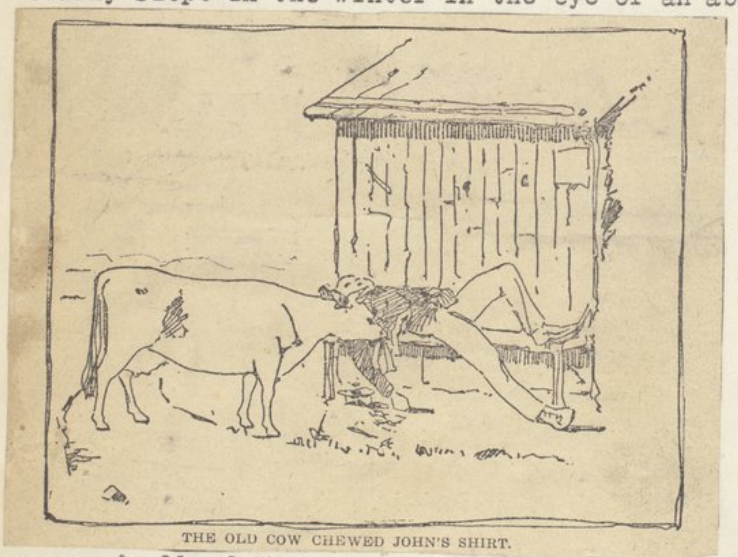
"We would be delighted to," chirruped the belles in concert.

"Well, just go ahead," drawled the bumpkin, "I reckon Josephas will let you drive him."

Not to be outdone by the fellow's lack of gallantry, the damsels donned their wraps, climbed into the greasy sleigh and started off at as merry a pace as the old bag of bones could go. Josephas jerked them along until they got a mile or so from the house, then the old harness fell apart, but the old horse didn't--that was what they had feared.

This was a pretty howdy do; two love-lorn maidens away out on the bleak prairie, the snow a foot deep, and the harness asunder. They climbed out, poor things, and set about to mend matters, but how to proceed was the question of the hour. Seeing that the harness was largely composed of cotton and other strings in the first place, a happy thought struck them and then and there they demonstrated that strings may be made to answer a double purpose. Ribbon elastics would not have been in it.

The beau who provided the equipage for this memorable sleigh ride, led a rather eventful life in spite of his innocuous desuetude. He lived for a while in a shanty in a brush patch. He usually slept in the winter in the eye of an abandoned brick kiln.



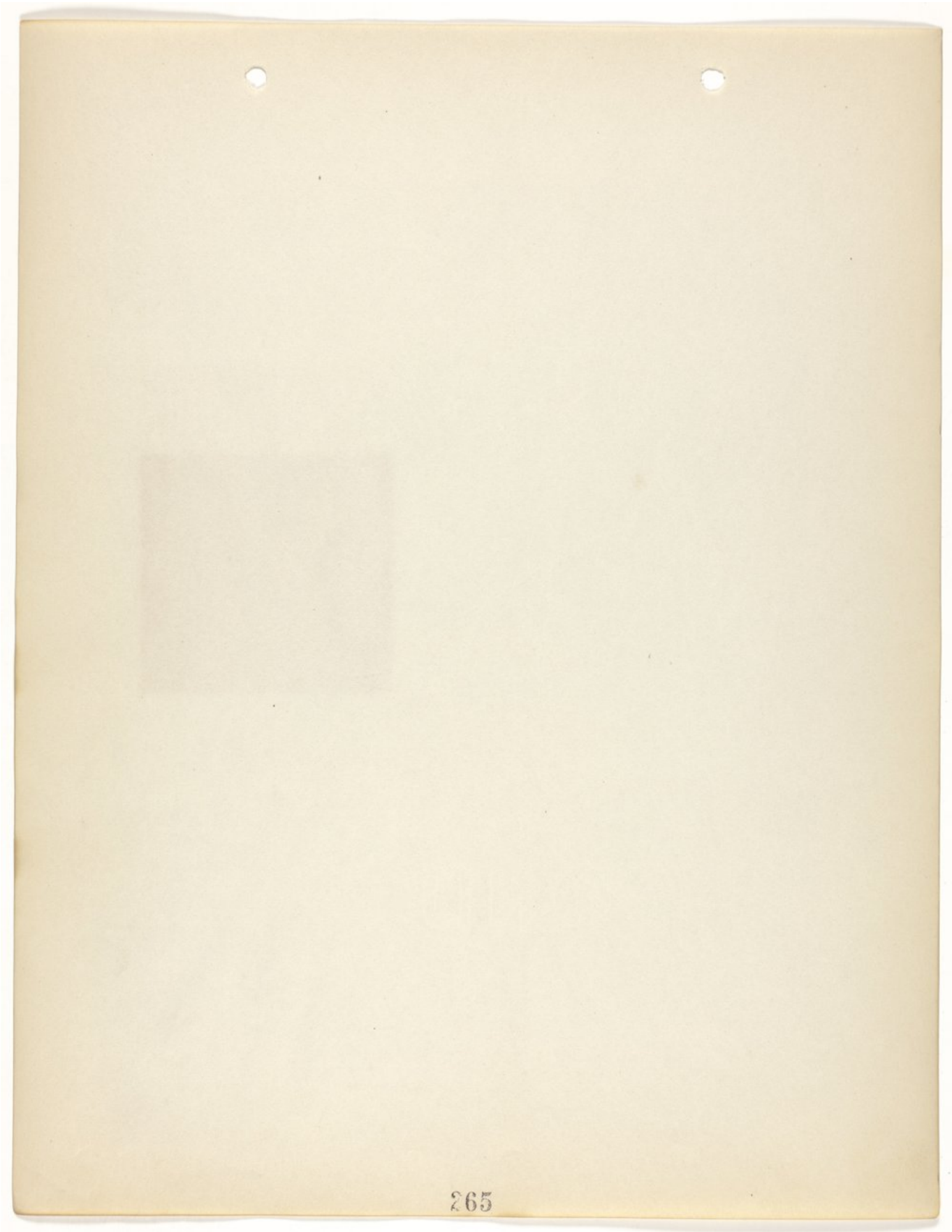
THE OLD COW CHEWED JOHN'S SHIRT.

There was a bench outside his cabin, and here in the summer time, he regaled himself with siestas about twenty hours out of the twenty-four. In one of these prolonged periods of repose, an old cow browsing near, saw the bundle on the bench, and proceeded to investigate, using her five senses in her research. With one sense she discovered salt, and liking this, she began chewing John's shirt, gradually pulling and chewing until she had consumed all of the garment except what was beneath the sleeper's prostrate form. Giving a vigorous pull to get the remainder she tumbled John off the bench and he saved that much of his linen. I am told, I do not know how truly, that the poor, good-for-nothing fellow never had on another shirt during the war.

Happily for us we had something to amuse and divert us during the unfortunate struggle; these, however, were outnumbered far by sorrowful events--severed ties, anxious days, and long nights spent in weeping. Before it was over, most of us could say with Franklin that,

"There never was a good war or a bad peace."

N. M. HARRIS.



TWO EDITORIAL FRIENDS. (K.C.Times,about I9o5)

I read in The Times of the 15th instant an item copied from the New York Sun in reference to Texas county, Missouri. This brought to my mind a phase of journalism, unique to say the least, in that primitive region many years ago.

Two editors shortly after the close of the war took up their residence in a town in Texas county; one published a Democratic, the other a Republican paper. The editor of the former was younger by many years than the one who edited the latter; yet notwithstanding the difference in the ages and politics of these two molders of public opinion, they were warm friends, enjoying many a frolic together. The country round about was settled by a plain but honest, hospitable class of people. The editors "were strangers and they took them in;" they invited them to their barbacues and big dinners and unceremonious parties. Most of the old folks were church members and permitted little or no dancing, but they had kissing games until you couldn't rest, and the creditable and unctuous manner in which our pioneer editors performed the important part in these social diversions would have put to shame the fame in that line of General Sherman or our illustrious consul to Mexico. Both editors kissed the same blooming lasses, and no jealous pangs rent their bosoms or abated their friendship for one another.

At one time the Republican editor was sick, and, as there was no other editorial timber accessible, he sent for the young Democrat.

"Bob," said he, "I wish you would kind of look after my paper. The boys do the best they can, but not a son-of-a-gun in the lot can compose a line."

"All right," replied Bob. "What shall I prepare?"

"O, say what you----please; I'm sick," groaned the Republican editor.

This Bob proceeded to do. He wrote a capital editorial from a republican standpoint. He gave a thrust or so at the Democratic editor of the Alley Organ, for all of which he received the grateful thanks of the sick man.

They often rode about the country soliciting subscribers, going on horse back, with a pair of saddlebags across the saddle, with sample papers on one side, and a bottle on the other side to balance, but the balance of power seemed, singularly, to be on the bottle side always. This was all right, however, for the weight of responsibility was on that side, as the spirits it contained had to keep up the spirits of the editors, animate that of the natives and serve in an emergency,

for rattlesnakes were numerous among those rocks and hills. On their return, the saddle-bags served as receptacles for dried apples and peaches and "peach leather," that they took as pay for the paper where a man had no money. In Texas county in that early day, neighbors, if they could be called neighbors, sometimes lived twenty miles apart, and riding about was a lonesome business, so the two editors often went together.

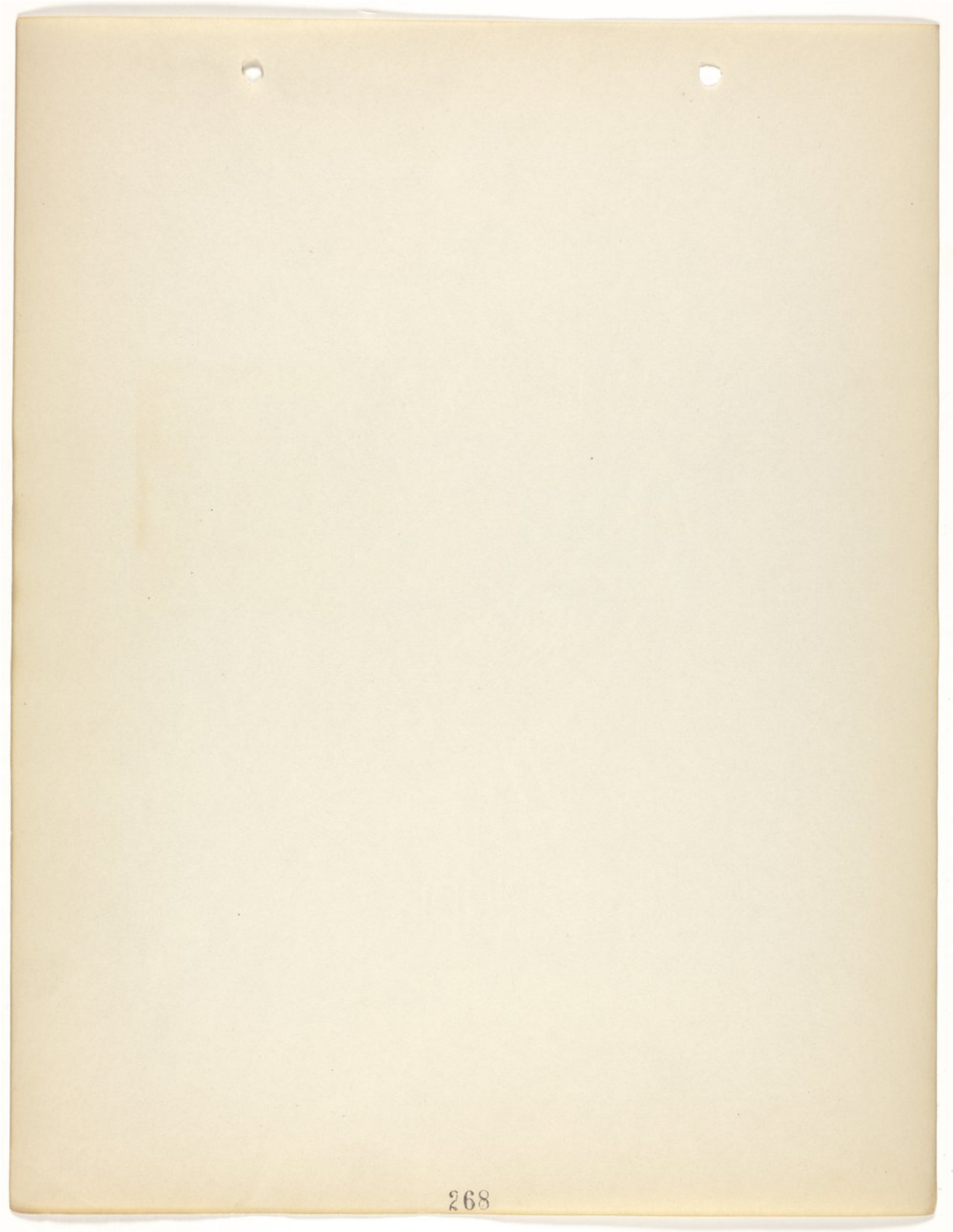
The climax to this Damon and Pythias state of affairs was reached when one day the editor of the Republican paper rode up to the office of his rival, and, calling him out, said: "Bob, here's a dozen or so of subscribers for you. I have been in the country soliciting for my paper, and now and then I would come across a fellow who would swear he wouldn't take a danged Republican newspaper.

"By George, sir", said I," you don't have to, but take some kind of a paper. I've got a friend," says I, "that gets out as good a Democrat paper as there is in the State. Let me take your name for his; and I got most of them."

This unique state of affairs continued until one summer evening a cyclone came tearing through the town, casting to the Winds the establishment of the Democratic editor. He lost his press and his front teeth; became discouraged, left Texas county and sought "other fields and pastures new." He was successful in his new venture, I hear, and is still somewhere in Missouri. His successor in Texas county was the very man who wrote the article for the New York Sun. The editor of the Republican paper escaped destruction by the cyclone and moved sometime after to another county.

These loving friends, our modern Damon and Pythias, still keep up their early-formed friendship.

N. M. H.



PHANTOMS OF THE CROSS STATE HIGHWAY.
(Published in the Kansas City Star, about 1911)

Spooks and ha'nts may confront the cross-state road enthusiasts where now forgotten towns once flourished in stage coach days on the old-time trails. The spirit of the "Big Woman," for instance, that noted wayside tavern keeper in Saline County, who was once the delight and terror of travelers, who furnished the most delicious meals, the softest, tidiest beds; who bossed everybody, from whom no wayfarer ever got away with an unpaid bill; then the noted one-armed host at the Lexington Inn. The ghost of mine host of the famous wayside tavern where travelers in the coach, when rounding a corner near the inn, would hear chickens squawk and by the time the guests had washed the dust from hands and face in a basin on the wide front porch and stretched well their cramped limbs the meal was ready, fried chicken, hot biscuits and all.

On one public highway across the state were once near together three flourishing trading posts now numbered with forgotten towns in Missouri. The first founded was Harmony Mission, known to the Postoffice Department as Batestown in southern Bates County.

HARMONY MISSION

In 1820 a delegation of Osage, the tribe then occupying this section of the state, went to Washington to petition the President to send teachers to their people. In accordance with this request a party of missionaries started from Pittsburgh, Pa., in keel boats in the spring of 1821. They went down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Osage, landing at a point on the latter river called "Rapids de Kaw." The tedious and perilous journey was ended in October, the travelers being six months on the way. Near this point is the site of another once busy, now forgotten, town called Belvior. That pioneer party moved over three miles further to the East bank of the Marias des Cygnes, where they located, calling the place Harmony Mission.

Col. Henry Renick and his son, Burton, built the log houses for the missionaries, arranging in the corner in the dwellings the one-legged bedsteads. Freemon Barrows was the first postmaster at the station Batestown or Harmony. He was also the first county clerk of Vernon and spent the remainder of his life in the immediate vicinity a prominent, wealthy and honored citizen. In 1837 Harmony Mission was abandoned; the Osage Indians for whose benefit it was established were removed further west.

Capt. William Waldo, who brought overland from Boonville the first stock of goods to the place, had faith in the Osage and Marias des Cygnes as navigable streams as far up as Harmony Mission, and in 1844 bought in St. Louis a small steamboat called the Wave, loaded it with an assorted stock of merchandise, and, taking charge himself, brought his cargo safely to Harmony during high water. In 1846 the captain brought another boat, the Maid of the Osage, with its cargo to this port just five miles east of (now) Rich Hill.

This same Captain Waldo, an uncle of Waldo P. Johnson, after the discovery of gold in California, outfitted a company and train for the journey to California. At the election for the first governor of California, Captain Waldo, the Whig candidate, was defeated by only seven votes.

BALL TOWN AND THE FIRST MASONIC LODGE.

Another, and perhaps the most important, of those thriving old towns, now forgotten, was Ball Town, on the stage road to the military post, Fort Scott. Cecil B. Ball was the founder of the town. He built a mill there run by water power in the early '40s.

The first Masonic lodge in Southwest Missouri was organized at Ball Town. Freemon Barrows, Dr. A. L. Badger, C. D. Ball, several of the Dodge brothers I believe, the Waldos, David, Ludlow and William, and others whose names cannot be recalled, were charter members.

The first court in Vernon County was at the residence of Squire Smith, a newly elected justice of the peace. The proceedings were prolonged several days on account of a lawsuit, though the squire several times emphasized the fact that the court was convened essentially to consider public measures. Counsel witnesses and all stayed day and night at the squire's while the term of court lasted. Finally one day the good wife called the squire aside and told him he would have to adjourn court, for the food supply had given out. He, without further ceremony, announced that essentially the courts business was completed and dismissed them, though the suit of the man who sued a neighbor for payment for a cheese hadn't yet finished his plea. It developed later, however, that the prosecutor had recorded the debt by a drawing in his memorandum (he could not write), and discovered later that the round figure indicated a grindstone instead of a cheese--he had neglected to make a hole in the center, hence the mistake.

Employees of the American Fur Company were stationed at Ball Town as well as at Belvoir and Papinville. I remember hearing Mr. Chick of the firm of Northrup & Chick, merchants of early Kansas City, say he made annual trips to Ball Town for furs, hides, etc., buying at one time five hundred venison hams. William R. Bernard and Boone & Hamilton of Westport shipped dry goods and groceries to this trading post, purchasing deerskins, venison, furs, etc.

THE PHANTOM OF A STAGE COACH.

When this route was abandoned and Ball Town's prosperity began to wane, other highways being opened from nearer river points, the old stage coach was sold to the highest bidder, Dr. Joseph Badger, an old and honored resident of the country, living about twelve miles distant. The doctor made the first and only bid, $10, and had figuratively an elephant on his hands--he owned the bulky, high swung vehicle, but no means of getting it home. Pioneers are resourceful, however, so Doctor Badger procured a team, a yoke of oxen, I believe, hooked them in some fashion to his new possession and wended his way homeward. When he drove into the yard with the ludicrous looking combination his good wife was doubltess appalled. She asked the doctor what use he expected to put the unwieldy rig to. "Well, I thought it would make a good nesting place for the chickens." the perplexed purchaser replied. Both he and his wife had a hearty laugh over the situation, but the doctor set to work next morning and acutally fitted up the old stage with roost and nests, the old fashioned folding steps when opened answered the purpose of a ladder. "To what base uses have we come at last."

But I am not done with that old relic of Ball Town's vanished glory. That section of Missouri was sparsely settled. Neighbors were few and far between. One day Mrs. Badger said:

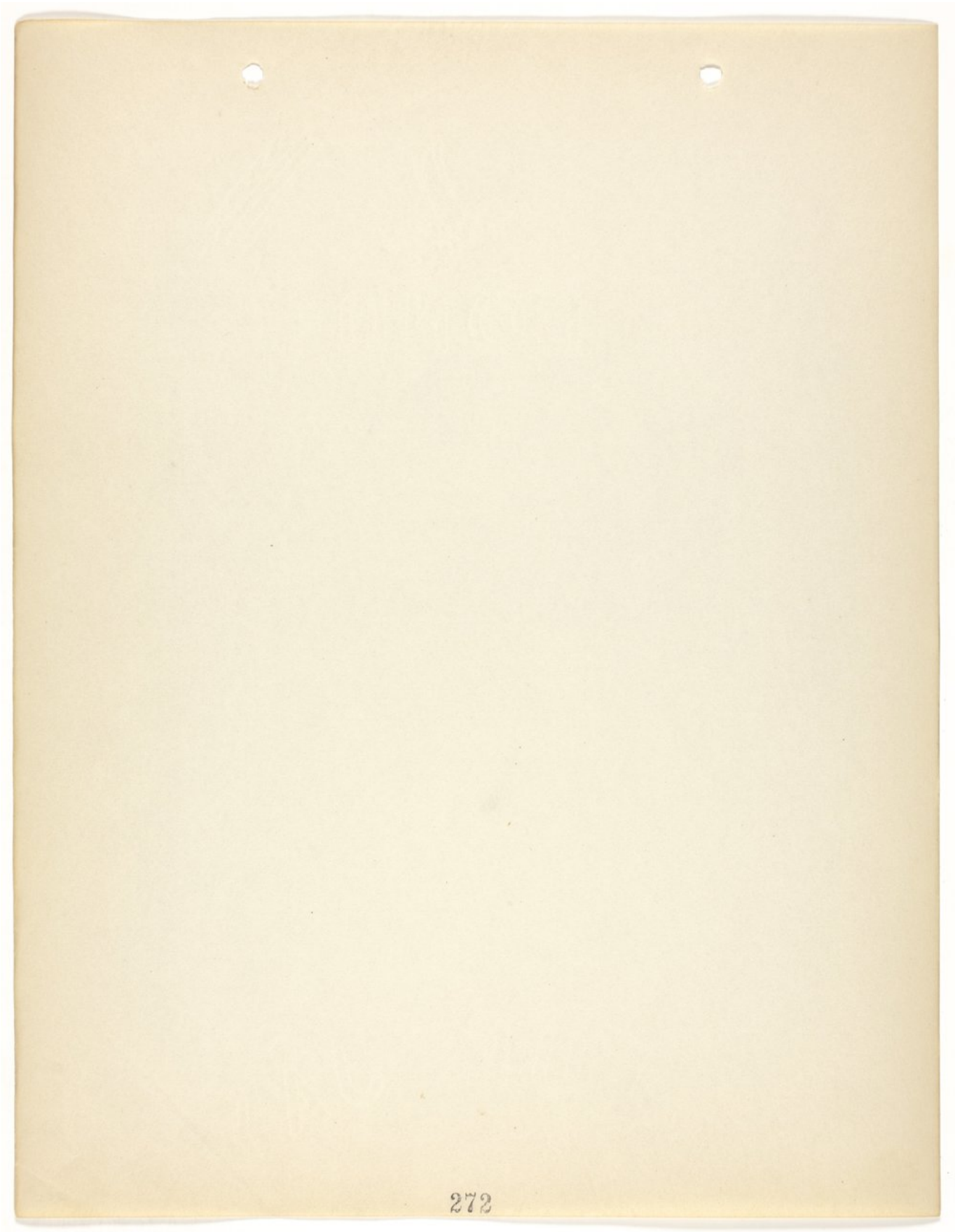
"I actually long to go somewhere. Can't we manage someway to get to Mr. Smith's?" This seemed at first impossible; these good neighbors lived twelve miles away, the roads were rough and the one horse available, could not carry the doctor, his wife and the children. At last a happy thought struck the doctor. There was yet the stage coach, somewhat disfigured, but still in the ring. "I can rearrange that all right," quoth the good doctor. So again he went to work on the ancient rig. He pushed the hens from the nests, removed the roosts, thoroughly renovated the carriage, replaced the seats, and in due time again hitched the oxen to it. Mistress Badger and the children got in, the doctor mounted the high perch in front, and the patient, plodding oxen, Buck and Bally, moved along the unmarked road. It was nightfall when the visitors reached their destination. After a day or so spent with the neighbors they returned home tired out and sore, but satisfied to stay until a more comfortable way of riding could be procured. Along this same route descendants of this excellent pioneer couple whirl in automobiles or fine carriages, thus demonstrating the wonderful evolution of locomotion.

Papinville, a town whose commercial glory has long since departed, though yet the home of well to do fine people, is on the site of the Osage village. It was here that the government surveyor, J. C. McCoy, went to recover his blankets and other things stolen from his camp on the Marmaton nearby. That day, while the surveyor and the men who accompanied him were in the tent "powwowing" with the old chief, the Indians outside shaved their horses' tails as smooth as a rat's, and when they mounted to leave, the squaws and pappooses ran after them, beating on gourds and kettles and shouting, frightening the horses and riders.

A noted character in the vicinity was an old negro preacher whom everyone knew and respected as "Uncle Dicky." He seemed to be a privileged character, coming and going when and where he pleased, preaching often at Harmony Mission to the Indian students. His home was in Ball Town. I could never ascertain whether Uncle Dicky was or ever had been a slave. In slavery states the negro servants who were preachers had special privileges in the old times.

Adjoining the site of this now forgotten town is what is still called Ball Town Graveyard. The dust of the illustrious in the town's history in its flourishing days and of many noted ones of the neighborhood repose in their narrow rooms in this pretty silent home by the banks of the Marmaton.

N. M. H.



LOG CABINS ON LINWOOD.

A Christmas of Plantation Days in Kansas City.

(Published in the Kansas City Star, Sunday, Dec., 18, 1910.)

A Bleak Yuletide of Long Ago When Pioneers Reached Thirty-Second and Woodland in a Frozen Condition---Holidays of Yesterday.

Christmas preparations and festivities were much the same on all plantations hereabouts in the old days. The farmers all had colored servants and to these the holidays meant even more than to the white folks. Their weddings were celebrated in this joyous season and the stork had a way of hovering about the cabins Christmas times, too.

The servants claimed, and got in the main, a fortnight holiday, and they worked like Trojans the weeks preceding Christmas, so that merely the necessary feeding of the people and stock was required of them at this time.

Big loads of hickory and other good firewood were hauled from the timber and deposited in the land lot, and near eventide on these crispy, cold days, the men would go with well ground axes, each take his position on a log at the wood pile and strike in unison a regular concert of whacks, to the right, to the left, that sent huge chips a-flying. As each blow descended the men accompanied the action with sounds--"a-hinch, a-hunch, a-hinch, a-hunch." When sufficient fuel was cut for the holiday supply these stalwart men carried in the huge back-logs and lighter lengths and stacked them upon back porches and about the cabin doors.

"KILL AND DRESS A 'YEARLING' "

Another duty for the men was to kill and dress a "yearling" to augment the meat supply. The forty or fifty fattened hogs had been butchered in the first cold spell so sausage, souse and lard were all made, hams, middlings and shoulders salted down and pig's feet placed in "pickle." The women had made fruit cake and mince meat weeks before, so they now were busy with pound cake and "robins"(doughnuts), and other "goodies" deemed necessary those lavish days.

A few days before Christmas the servants killed and prepared at least two turkeys, half a dozen, say, chicken, as many ducks, and laid them away in the safe in the cool kitchen porch. Always one, often two, hams, a year old at least, were boiled or baked. This was at the "big" house, but all, "culled an' white," as old Annie expressed it, enjoyed this ample supply of meat victuals, to use another darky phase.

AND FAT, SHAMMING 'POSSUMS.

Out near the cabins were barrels holding the fat, shamming

'possums that the negroes considered an indispensable adjunct to the Christmas feast; jars of "chitlins" were stowed away on shelves, in the cabins, metheglin and 'simmon beer was brewing in runlets in the corners; sweet "taters" were sorted from their repository under the cabin floor, stewed pumpkin and cracklins were ready to mix into corn pones-- negroes ridiculed the idea of making pies of pumpkins.

Old-time ladies would not sew or knit on Christmas, they considering it a holy day as well as a holiday.

NEGRO CABINS ON LINWOOD.

Long before dawn on this eventful day a hubbub was heard out at the servants' quarters. I never pass that spot (facing, now, Linwood Boulevard, from Park to Wabash), but I recall the scenes on that little stretch along the road of yesterday. Presently the housemaids were invading every part of the big house. We never locked outside doors in that safe and sane era. "Chris'mus gif', Chris'mus gif', Miss Betsy! I done cotch you-all's. Chris'mus gif'", half a dozen voices would shout at once.

A GIFT OF DELICIOUS WINTER SQUASH.

The gifts were ready and handy and were bestowed then and there. If by chance one of the white folks was first with the greeting the victim was ready also with a present-- a "passle" of hazel nuts, a dish of popcorn or some other simple article within their means. I remember one I received and highly appreciated was the long neck of the sweet winter squash baked all night beneath the ashes on the hot hearth of Cynthia's cabin. Sweet as sugar this homely gift was, and as Cynthia opened it and laid generous lumps of butter along the steaming interior I thought then, and think yet, it was food fit for the gods.

So many frolics and dining days occured in this joyous season in the long ago; hospitality and good will to all was the keynote of people along this road of yesterday. Uninvited or unannounced one felt free to walk in upon a neighbor--even "the stranger within the gates" found welcome.

ONE BLEAK CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

One Christmas on this old, old road threatened to be a disappointing one. The man of the house (master, we would have said then) was a civil engineer and during the summer, autumn and early winter of 1857 was engaged in surveying along the line between Kansas Territory and Nebraska. This was a government contract and required a large corps of assistants. Along with the party, for part time mainly, were a number of "tenderfeet"--young men members of well-to-do families further East, several Washingtonians and Hickman Woodson of Kentucky, Tom Ward of Howard County and John M. Woodson of Illinois.

The weather became bitter cold and "blizzardy" towards the last of December and those of us who had friends in that party

were mighty anxious, for we knew the hazard of a winter in camp in that far West region. For weeks we heard not a word from them.

Only one ray of comfort for this unhappy state of affairs was in evidence, and that shone only in Cynthia's cabin. Mr. M. had taken Isaih, Cynthia's husband, along as cook for the surveyors. Isaih was a tremendous tyrant in his family and his favorite pastime was bumping them around and having them dance trembling attendance upon his whims. He had now been away for months and in that little cabin home, with the wife and seven children, not a bruise, or gash, or bumpy "noggin" could be seen. Heretofore these evidences of Isaih's tyranny were an unbroken record since "Empty Jane," the eldest, was bestowed by a misguided stork upon this colored couple

Near midnight on this Christmas Eve the frosty atmosphere was rent with shouts and yells that awakened the sleepers at Woodside--the seven famed ones would have been aroused by that hubbub. The racket emanated from the turn of the big road about now Thirty-Second and Woodland. Mrs. M. rose at once and called the girls.

"They are coming," she said. "I know it is our men---I would recognize John Woodson's vigorous voice"--I think she said in paradise, though it might have been the reverse.

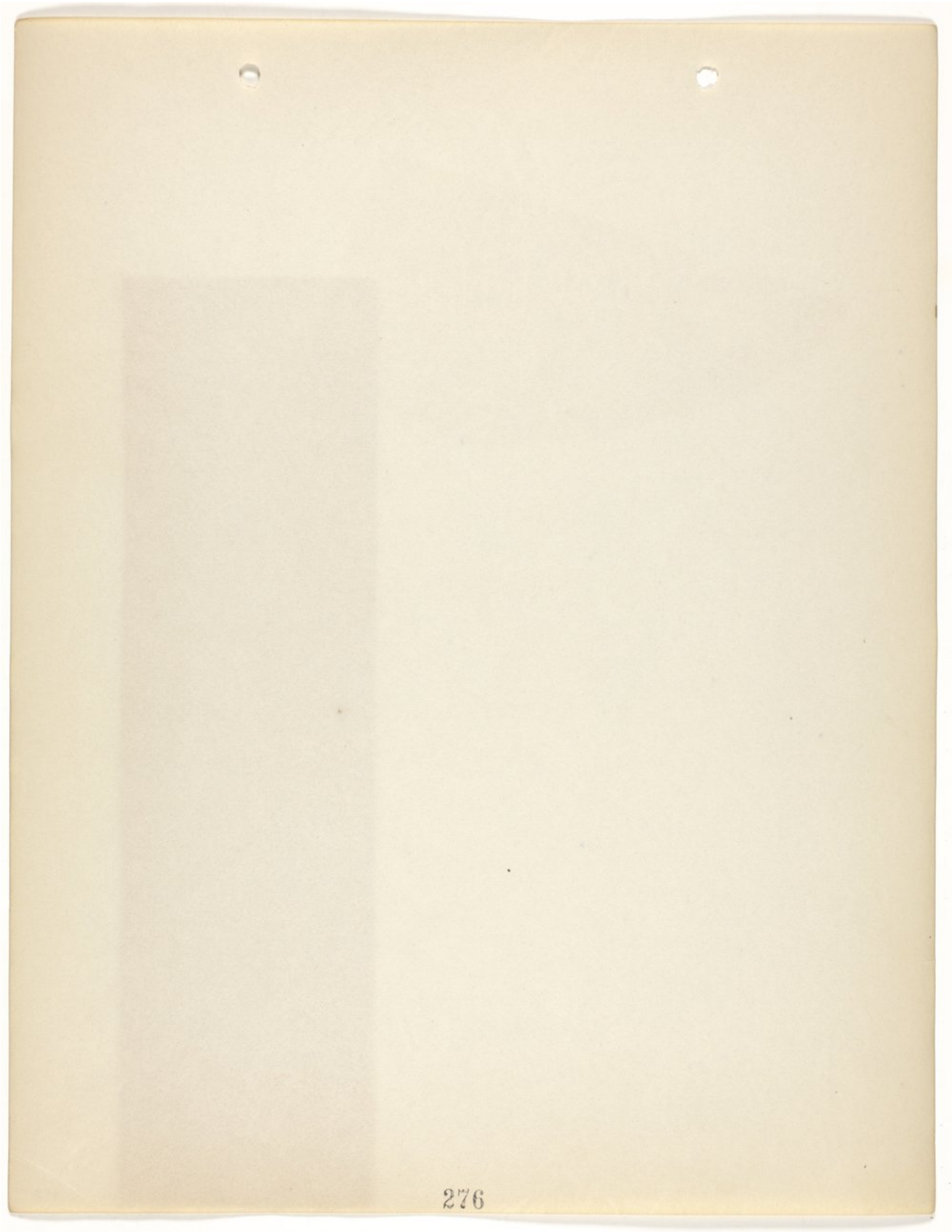
Clothes were hastily donned, fires freshened, "Polly (or another) put the kettle on" to prepare a warm beverage for the poor pilgrims. Unlike the "little old woman" who depended upon the little dog at home to identify her, our returning heroes were not so fortunate. At their approach every flop-eared hound--there were many, for each cabin had its quota-bounded out yelping, and came mighty near completing the wreckage of buck-skin and other garments that the elements and hard service had begun.

FROZEN AT THIRTY-SECOND AND WOODLAND.

Presently like a whirlwind the footsore, half-frozen and hungry bunch burst in upon us and stretched their weary bodies in all attitudes before the cheerful open fires; Mr. M.'s shin was frozen, a number of the men had frosted fingers, toes and ears, and they were bearded and grimy as hoboes.

After this half-starved bunch had given their undivided attention to the food supply prepared for Christmas it began to look like we would have to begin over again if we wanted the victuals to hold out the fortnight.

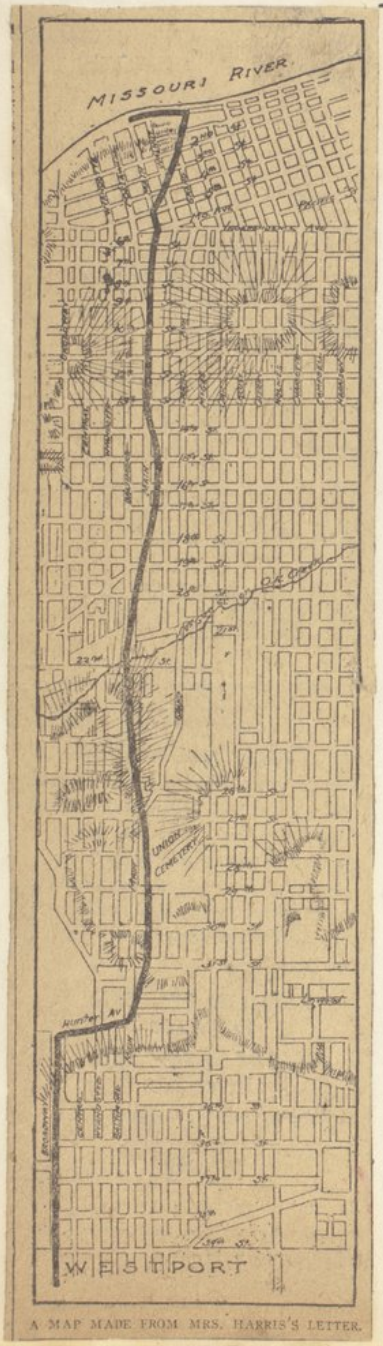
MRS. N. M. H.



SANTA FE TRAIL TO WESTPORT.

(Published in the Kansas City Star)

Mrs. Harris Writes, Giving the Route From the River Through Kansas City.



A MAP MADE FROM MRS. HARRIS'S LETTER.

To the Star: I have been at work lately in an endeavor to locate the old Santa Fe trail from its earliest beginning at Booneville, Mo., later from Fort Osage and Sibley, then from Independence, from Westport and Kansas City to its terminus in New Mexico. If you refer to the old road from Kansas City to Westport as the Santa Fe trail betwen those towns, I believe I could locate it, with possibly a few deviations at certain points from its true course; I know I could if I had as fellow travelers W. R. Bernard, "Cousin" Jimmy Hunter and that fine old pioneer, W. H. Chick, to whom a walk of five miles with his crutches is a common occurence.

I would begin the journey at the river near the foot of Main street, go east to Market street--now Grand avenue--thence south about a block and a half, then diagonally southwest across Walnut into Main street at Fifth street, then south to Thirteenth and Main streets. The road here went a little east of south through the tall timber and continued, after a few hundred yards, nearly due south, crossing McGee creek (O.K. creek now) between Main Street and Baltimore avenue.

The road then extended over the hill, passing about thirty feet in front of Mr. Egelhoff's residence, then south, perhaps half a mile, turning then diagonally to Main street, passing in front of the old Hunter home, now the property of Richard Robertson. From this point, Linwood and Hunter avenues, the earliest road went, as the old settler said, "trianglin," through the woods to Westport. Shortly, however, Jack Harris got enough rails split to fence in his eighty acres along there and we had to turn our course alone to what is now Hunter Avenue to Broadway, thence south to town.

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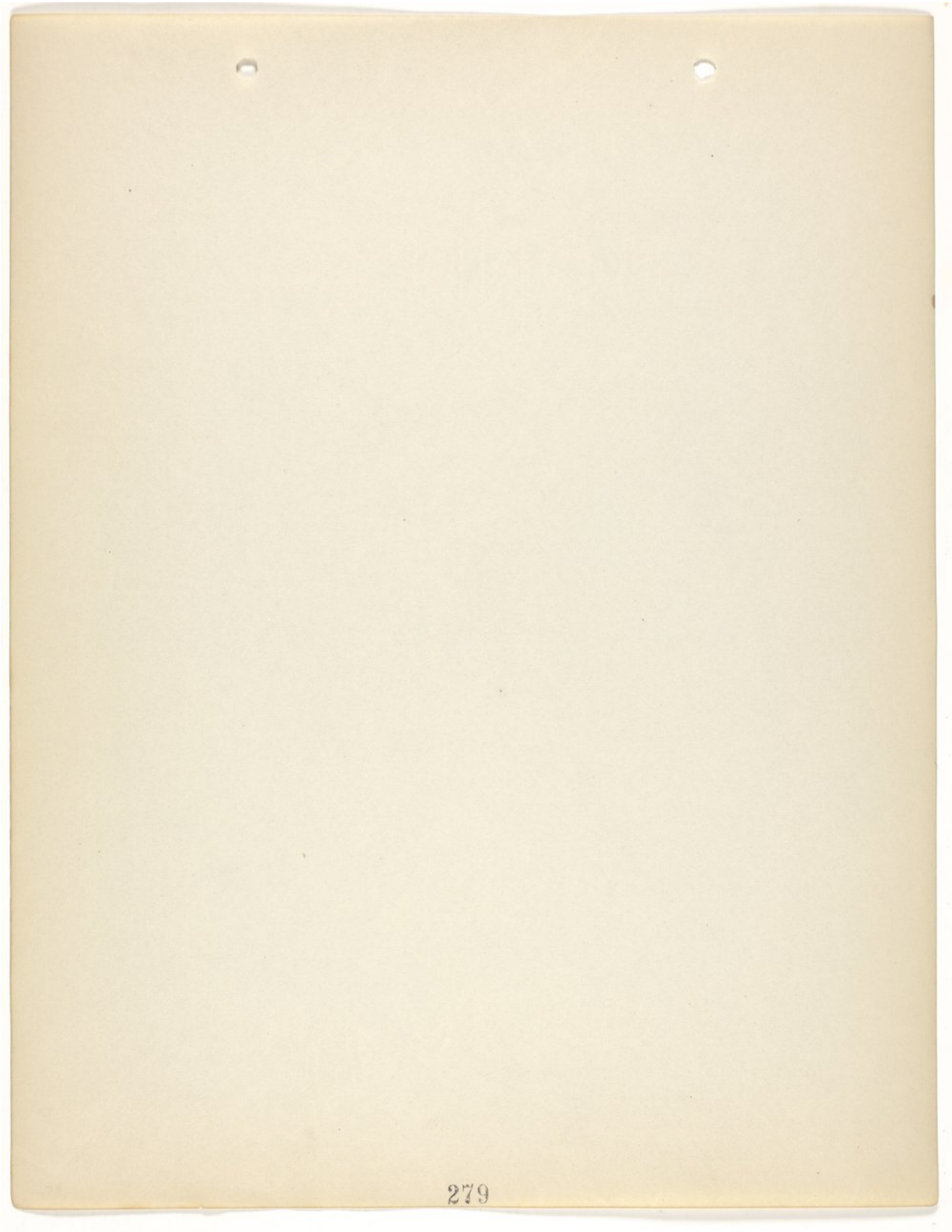
Understand, this was the first main road between Kansas City and Westport; a few changes were attempted, but not for long. At one time, about 1853, I believe, Mobillon McGee was given permission to change the road from about where Thirtieth street is now, southwest to Broadway, in order to pass his tavern--later Dr. Field's property--but the hills were so long and steep along the new road it was soon abandoned. This short piece of road can yet be easily traced through the slavens pasture.

Very little of the land between the two towns was fenced; indeed, none that I remember from the Waldron farm, north of O. K. creek, to the Hunter and McGee plantations.

The old road was laid off to avoid deep ravines, but it seemed to me its projectors hunted up long hills to climb. The highway varied in muddy times, turning this way or that to find firmer footing. Later Main street was extended north from Second street in Kansas City, down a natural ravine, to the levee, but it was too steep for heavily loaded wagons to go up, so the outfits for Santa Fe continued, in the main, to go around to Grand avenue. About 1859, as near as I can remember, a new road, macadamized, was builded between the two towns, along the old dirt road or near it until it reached about Thirty-first street; from there it followed a ravine, thus avoiding the long hill to the west, and entered Kansas City on Grand avenue.

This fine road had a toll gate near the entrance to Union Cemetery. The old citizens and drivers of the freighters' trains did not take kindly to this innovation and determined, some of them, to ignore the demand to pay toll before passing the gate. They resented this as an infringement of their rights as free American citizens, but after awhile they got tired of winding around through the woods and fell into line. But the teamsters of the freighting trains ripped and tore so fast down the hill past the toll gate and carried on the return trip such a defiant air and big blacksnake whips, that the bewildered gatekeeper doubtless longed often for the rest he now enjoys so near that historic spot. I trust his dreams, if he has any in his narrow bed, are undisturbed by recollections of what he had to endure--the maledictions of the old settlers and the exasperating cussedness of the Mexican greasers and other drivers along that famous highway. I heard he got cross-eyed trying to watch both directions at the same time.

N. M. HARRIS.



STAGE COACH DAYS IN MISSOURI.

(Published in the Kansas City Star,Sunday,in Aug.of about I9o5)

The halcyon days of the hitherto--the era of steamboat travel and overland journeys on public highways in the Middle West--seem to be returning.

The suggestion of a graded public roadway extending from Kansas City to St. Louis, brings to memory the old stage road of early days, the busy thoroughfare where no grass grew beneath the feet of the sturdy steers or stanch teams of horses or mules which hauled thousands of tons of freight and many passengers over its picturesque course.

It was said that Daniel Boone, that prince of pioneers, blazed the trail of this old route. When a youth of 18 years he made the journey from Hamilton, O., to St. Louis in thirty days, with no companion on the lonely, perilous journey save his surefooted pony. After a few days' rest in the village of St. Louis the brave boy resumed his westward journey, traveling, I was told by his compeers and kinsmen, very near the exact line of the main old stage highway of after years.

It was asserted that Daniel Boone was the first white person to reach the site of Independence, Mo.

We remember the project to build a national turnpike from Washington city to St. Louis at government expense. It was surveyed along that entire course, but the scheme was abandoned after the roadbed was graded and macadamized as far as Indianapolis, because the states not directly interested or benefited protested against being taxed for its construction. To compensate Missouri for its supposed loss by the abandonment of the project the government ceded to the state the sixteenth section of every township for school purposes.

The traveler of the olden timehad choice of two routes in crossing the state from east to west--one on the north side of the Missouri river, the other on the south side. The south road was most traveled and most noted.

The conveyances on the stage road were various and would seem curious at this day. Sturdy oxen plodded patiently along,drawing the heavy, bulky emigrant wagons, loaded with household effects, men, women and "oodles" of children; white topped Conestoga wagons, hauled by powerful Pennsylvania teams with leather bands strung with tinkling bells about their shoulders; broad wheeled Virginia wagons, the more pretentious Dearborn wagons; the light Carolina cart, to which was harnessed a single ox or sturdy horse; or the big Troy coach, pulled by four mettlesome steeds.

The entrance of a stage coach into the villages along the line was an exciting event. Half a mile or more from town the driver began heralding the approach with blast after blast upon a bugle, a joyous signal. Each time the welcome sound pealed forth women and children stood in the dooryards and men rushed to the halting place. The landlord at the tavern stood ready to receive the mail pouch and the travelers.

There usually was but one inn in the towns where the stage stopped for a change of horses and to allow passengers to get meals.

A peculiar custom of the old time tavern keeper was that he always shook hands with every traveler who alighted from the coach. He was all smiles, and hospitality beamed from his welcoming countenance. One felt on receiving this hearty greeting that he or she had found a friend in a strange land.

'Smiles' of another nature were in store for the weary traveler with in the comfortable inn, and the masculine contingent usually halted there at the ever present "bar." The barrooms of the old taverns had a door, always open, into the unpretentious reception room, where the guests of all ages and sexes assembled, so it is needless to say that no carousing was permitted in what (was then deemed) an essential feature of the public hostelry.

Many wayside inns were far removed from any town and usually were conducted by some thrifty farmer near the highway.

Can any old time traveler by stage ever forget his emotion when he arrived on a cold winter evening at one of these old taverns, where cheer and comfort shone from the open doorway, giving a glimpse of the big log fire blazing on the ample hearth and the tempting aroma of boiling coffee, old ham broiling on the coals, spare ribs, country sausage and other delicious "vittles" greeting his olfactories; and later the fulfillment of the presage around the plain, neat tavern table.

One popular wayside inn on that old stage road was conducted by one who was known to all travelers on its route as "the big woman." She weighed 300 pounds or thereabouts, and though she shook the very rafters of her humble hostelry when she walked across and floor and could sit in only one chair in the house, and that one made to order, she was a thorough and competent hostess, and while generous in providing for the refreshment of her guests, would tolerate no foolishness or imposition from drivers or passengers.

She provided abundant and toothsome repasts for her guests and comfortable, clean beds for their repose. But all stood in awe of the "big woman."

Colonel Lewis of Saline county was another notable figure among the old time in-keepers. This gentleman presented substantial promise of the good cheer awaiting patrons of his house. He was a man of magnificent physique, rotund and rosy, jolly and warm-hearted. The colonel owned and operated the first systematized stage route in the state and brought to Missouri the first Troy coach, that comfortable and handsome vehicle so familiar in the old days to travelers in the public highway. The first Troy coach made its initial trip in 1838 or 1839 from Colonel Lewis's tavern, near the Teetsaw plains in Saline county, to Independence, and in it on this trip rode William McCoy, a pioneer merchant of Independence, and the town's first mayor.

Another noted tavern on the stage road was in Lafayette county, kept by Mr. C. (I "das'ent" give the full name for fear the exceedingly "upity"

descendants of that host would grow indignant because I divulged the fact that this forbear of theirs once kept a wayside inn.) This worthy landlord was noted for his inordinate curiosity, and it was said of him that he showed especial favors to those of his patrons who evinced a willingness to gratify his morbid inquisitiveness. A story was told of him that on one occasion a one-armed army officer, who had spent the night at his tavern, excited the host's curiosity to fever heat. He was frantic to know how the soldier lost his arm, and ventured many hints in that direction. But the officer did not see fit to gratify him. At last, as the guest, having paid his bill, mounted his horse, shook hands with the landlord and started off, the curious man could stand it no longer. He ran after the military man and, overtaking him, held towards him the money just received for the officer's board and lodging.

"Colonel," he shouted, "if you will tell me how you lost your arm you needn't pay a cent for your entertainment."

"One other condition and I'll gratify your curiosity," replied the "colonel," "and that is, after I have told you, you will not ask me another question?"

"Agreed," said the host.

"Well, it was bitten off," laconically answered the guest as he took the money and his departure.

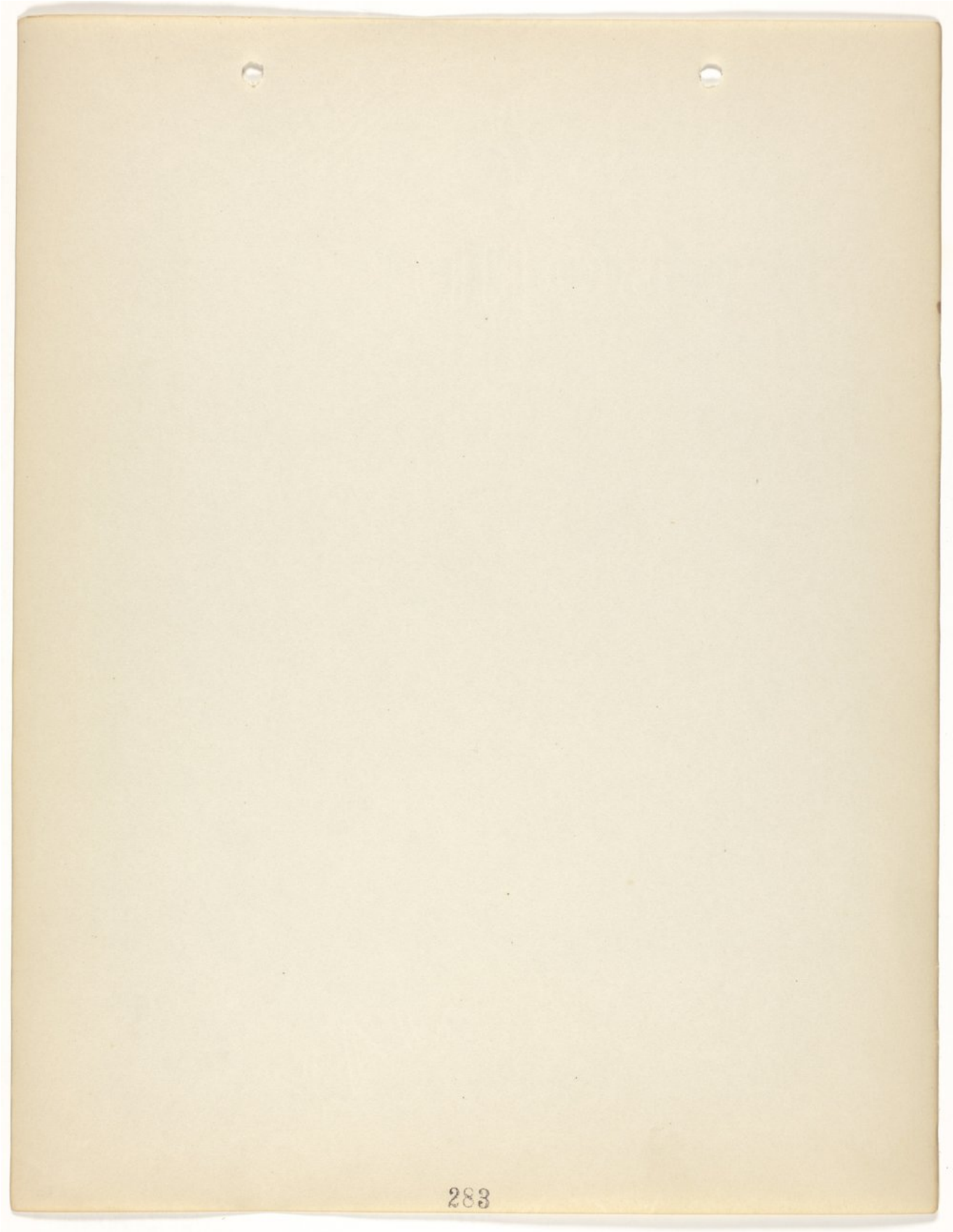
Every overland traveler on the well known stage road in Western Missouri remembers Hambright's tavern, about twenty miles from Independence. The inn was an old fashioned, commodious farmhouse, set well back from the road. This old time tavern was "many a time and oft" a veritable harem of rest to worn pilgrims and provided satisfactory solace for the inner man of the hungry stage coach travelers.

I have been in this inn when every available spot in the house was occupied by sojourners--women and children, merchants, politicians and travelers generally.

From Hambright's tavern by easy stages through shady wood or waving prairie, the coach reached Independence, "loveliest village of the plain." The coach horses dashed to the door of the tavern apparently as lively as at the hour of starting. Their hearty hospitality met the travelers. There "Uncle" Wood Noland gave a cheery greeting and hearty hand shake to each guest as he clambered from the huge Troy coach.

A few years later the stages completed the overland journey at Westport, where the Harris house gave ample and unexcelled entertainment to all sojourners in the then far West.

N. M. HARRIS.



ATROCITIES UPON THE MISSOURI BORDER.

By Mrs. N.M.Harris, Rich Hill, Missouri.

(Appearing in "Reminiscences of the Women of Missouri during the Sixties",compiled and published by the Missouri Division,United Daughters of the Confederacy.) 1913

A history of the Civil war in Missouri recording merely the career of Jennison - not his military exploits,for that outlaw's methods deserve no such honorable distinction - if only this record gave a full account of the raids of this colonel and his cohorts in Missouri, it would fill a volume.

Some contend that it serves no good purpose to chronicle such deeds of outlawry and cruelty as marked Jennison's forays. Why? Isn't this a part of the history of the Civil war? Does any historian spare Quantrill? Would the world's history be complete without the record of the cruelties, the vandalism of Alaric, of Attilla,Geiseric, Herod, Weyler and scores of other miscreants who have figured prominently in public events?

I will attempt a full resume of Jennison's outlawry in Western Missouri - the record, though "true as holy writ",would seem,in this peaceful era, incredible and the details too distressing.

I will give one sample of his many, many misdeeds under the guise of military measures. Col. C. Mc.C-, a bank official in Kansas City, was compelled, on account of his southern sympathies, to leave his home. One night during his absence, in the autumn of I86I, while the family was asleep, the door of Mrs.Mc.C!s room on the first floor was broken open and a squad of noisy soldiers rushed into the apartment. The alarmed lady entreated them to retire until she could put on her clothes, but they cursed her and told her to get up pretty d--n quick or they would prod her with their sabers. A bright fire was burning in the open hearth; the wretches took blazing brands and carried them about as they ransacked the closets, dresser drawers and trunks. A little girl, who was sleeping with her mother, was awakened by the unusual noise and began to cry, and one of the men went to her and, holding a saber against her face, told her if she uttered another sound he would cut her head off. The poor little thing was so frightened and subdued that she did not speak a word for days.

The young girls who were asleep upstairs were aroused by the disturbance below, hastily dressed and ran to their mother's room. The outlaws then turned their attention to the girls, using insulting terms, searched their persons for valuables, all the while singing ribald songs or telling obscene jokes. They took from a pocket in the housemaid's petticoat forty dollars, tearing her apparel from her person. The creatures made the girls go before them as they searched every apartment in the house, from which they purloined every article of value they could carry. Then returning downstairs three of the wretches took by force three of the girls into the yard and marched back and forth in the moonlight, making most vicious threats and insinuations. The fellows demanded to know where a negro man, a faithful servant of the family, was hiding, saying they intended to shoot him on sight because he remained with the

damned rebels when he could go with them and be free. After several hours of this atrocious conduct the creatures started away, but just when the family began to breathe freer they burst in again and demanded breakfast. Not waiting for some one to get food for them- they were too frightened to refuse- they went into the kitchen and pantry and helped themselves to every edible in sight.

Finally the Jayhawkers, with threats and curses, went their way.

Three of these midnight marauders, wearing the uniform of United States soldiers, were recognized by the family. One, an officer, was killed shortly after by a fall from his horse, it was reported. It was believed, however, that he was murdered by a man in his command whom he had wronged.

This episode is typical of many during Jennison's domination on our border. He ordered the execution of wounded Confederate soldiers on parole; he murdered men in the presence of their families, men guilty of no crime save what creatures of Jennison's ilk deemed crime, that their sympathies were with the South or that southern blood flowed in their veins. There yet lives in Jackson county a woman whom Jennison shot for attempting to shield her husband, helpless from illness. This poor lady was crippled for life, never able to walk without crutches. The silver plate and jewelry Jennison and his men stole and carried into Kansas would have stocked many jewelry stores; the bedding, wearing apparel and furniture they carted over into their beloved commonwealth was ample to supply the homes of the whole horde(they carried away three forty-pound feather beds from one house at one time); the cattle, horses and mules these thrifty thieves drove to their state from Missouri were enough to stock(and did) the farms of many of the "emigrant aiders" in Kansas.

A staunch and loyal citizen told me that he went from Maine to Kansas in 1859, expecting to make the new state his home, but when he heard his neighbor's plans he left in disgust. He said the farmers around him boasted of the fine opportunities they would have when hostilities were well under way to go over the border and take what they desired or needed from the rich Missouri planters, and, my friend continued, they carried out this plan to the letter.

Jennison's command hauled from a graveyard near Harrisonville a number of tombstones - this was a gruesome kind of highway robbery, but they doubtless reasoned that the smooth side of the marble slabs would make substantial doorsteps. This regiment was not at all fastidious in their tastes - they took the patchwork quilts from the negro cabins as eagerly as they pulled from the beds of invalids among the aristocracy the downy silken comforts and costly counter-panes.

On one raid into Missouri Jennison's command carried off all the silverware in sight in the neighborhood of the Masons, the Stonestreets, Cowards, Fields, Thorntons and others of the well-to-do residents of that section. They tore up the hearths to seek hidden treasures; they took the family carriages and drove away over towards Kansas with negro women as their occupants; they packed in wagons all wearing apparel, household articles, harness, plows or whatever they wanted and could make room for. They left not a horse, mule or any cattle they could manage to drive away; they robbed hen roosts, took children's toys, even compelling one gentleman to take off his coat, pants and shoes and give them; they broke dishes they could not carry away; handsome party finery that did not appeal to their

pilfering proclivities they wiped their muddy boots on. All this, and the half has not been told. Besides Jennison's raids into Missouri, the sad and sorrowful events told in the Scottish Chiefs sink into insignificance; the forays of the Pawnees and other savage bands into the sparsely settled districts on the frontier wrought not half the desolation and disaster; the history of the world, I believe, furnishes no parallel to the consummate, cruel, lowdown, contemptible conduct of Jennison's band of Jayhawkers when they marched over our fair land.

One Sunday afternoon I counted in the Sni hills seven dwellings burning at once,two the homes of poor widows. And this brings me to what I must add before I finish this record - that is, that in Jennison's command not quite all were utterly conscienceless, there are exceptions to all rules. On this fateful Sabbath day the command came to my father's house and, running into the sitting room,some of the soldiers began taking brands from the fire to burn the house. One man said to them,"Boys,you will never burn this house unless you burn me in it." "Listen to me," he continued, when he saw they were paying no attention to him, "Years ago I emigrated to the West with my little family. I was a poor man with money enough barely to cover our expenses and provide a living for a week or so after we reached our destination. Well, cholera broke out on the boat; I had it, and my doctor's bill and medicine took every cent I had,so when we landed at Kansas City we were in a penniless, pitiful fix, I tell you. The man who lives here now then lived near the town, and he being around the wharf noticed, I guess, that there was something wrong with us. He inquired, and when he learned of our troubles he sent us to a vacant house of his near-by; and that was not all - directly a lot of provisions and fuel were delivered at the house. Then in a day or two our new-found friend came around and offered me a job - and here I am. Now, boys, the world is not swarming with such folks; let's leave them in peace".

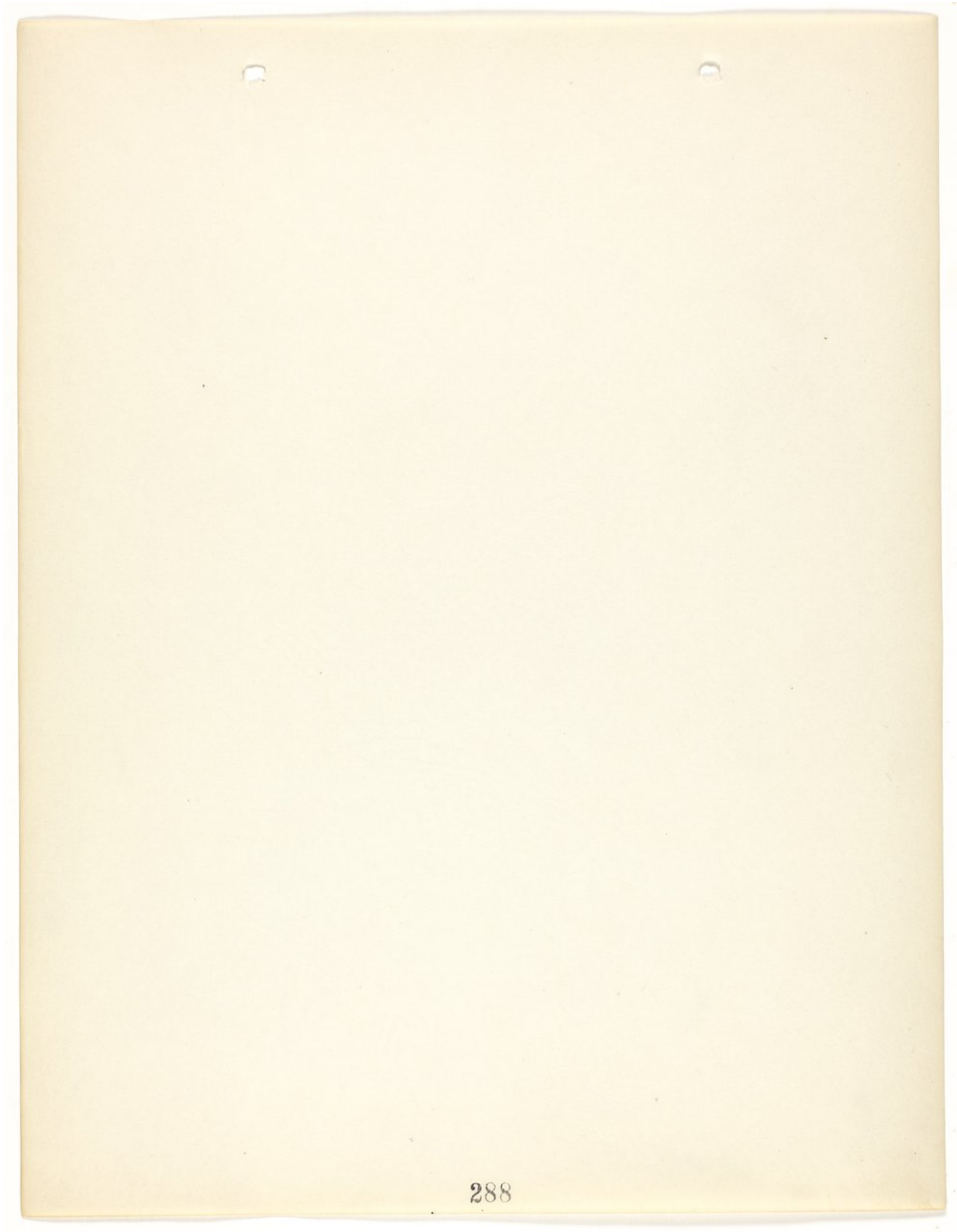
Some of the would-be incendiaries threw their blazing brands in the fire; others said,"This feller's a rebel all right, and hadn't ought to have a home". But the man pleaded again, and finally sat down and said, "All right, burn or not, I will not leave this room." At last, for a wonder, the rapscallions curbed their vicious propensities and left the house standing.

Conditions were piteous during Jennison's domination, yet now and then amusing. I will never forget the difficulties attending a bath when we knew the Union soldiers were in the neighborhood. We knew not the hour when a squad of Jayhawkers would bounce in unannounced, not even waiting to rap on the door. So we took turns at bathing and keeping guard. One watcher would stand in the lane and look to the east, another to the west; one would patrol the orchard on the north, another glue her eyes to the cornfield in front. Often even then ablutions had to be cut short and clothing thrust on haphazard when one or the other on guard would cry,"The Federals are coming!" I remember once in such extremity I put my garments on upside down, wrong side out, and even then the outlaws were up in my room before I could manage to close my inverted basque. One day when it was my turn to stand guard I saw two horsemen riding like Tam O'Shanter in my direction; I knew if they were Jayhawkers somebody was after them or our men flying from danger. So, in either case,I felt I could stand my ground and gratify my curiosity.

As the riders passed me they paused a moment and I recognized Cole Younger and Dave Poole. Dave threw a bundle towards me and said, "Mrs.H.,please hide that somewhere until I can get it; my sister sent me two fine shirts and I cannot afford to lose them". Then off the men galloped like the wind.

I carried the precious parcel into the house and hid it for a week or so when Mr. Poole came for it. These shirts were made of velveteen - no wonder Dave felt he could illy afford to lose them; any kind of a shirt was hard to get in those turbulent times.

Jennison's death by his own hand while he was still in the prime of life was a fitting finale of his wicked career. Let us hope that this deed was an evidence that he had what no one believed, a conscience, at least an atom, that was at last awakened, and that he may have repented of his atrocities upon the Missouri border.



MARSE LEM'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(Illustrated heading missing.)

(Published in the Kansas City Times,

None, save those who lived in the southern states and were familiar with negroes during what they pathetically term "slavery times" - the period that developed their noblest traits, and kept in subjection the inherent propensity for certain vices - can form a true estimate of the characteristics of the race. I think I can best depict the real character of the old time negro by relating a true story of the "olden golden days", though these incidents occurred in a free state.

Before the door of a comfortable cabin in a frontier town there sat in the mellow light of a summer morning a contented looking couple, a tall, lank, gray haired negro man, and his wife, short and stout. A bright bandana handkerchief was coiled turban fashion around her head, another kerchief, snowy white, about her shoulders, and neatly crossed upon her bosom.

The surroundings spoke of peace and plenty. The white folk's house - a large rambling structure, with ample porches and big stone chimneys - stood within a stone's throw of the negro quarters. An old-fashioned stone smoke house was near by, fruit trees and vines were abundant, and chickens and turkeys roamed at will over the spacious grounds.

Conjugal conflicts were mild and rare between this comfortable old couple by the cabin door, yet the unusual silence indicated that something out of the ordinary had occurred to mar the serenity almost ever present in the lives of these good colored folk.

After a period of quiet, painful evidently to both, the old man glanced timidly at his wife, then said in a half-hearted way:

"To be sho, as you say, ole 'oman, somebody is obleege to take keah of do po li'l'baby, dey pintedly is, and I know what a good mammy you was to ole Miss' chillun; but ef you bring de chile heah what is Mass' Lem gwine to say when he come home? Dat's what I am studyin' about".

"How I know what master gwine to say, Jeems? I know dis much: Mass Lem's not de pusson to turn a po', motherless li'l' babe out o' doors. Den, besides, he ain't heah yet; time enough to talk about what he gwine to say when he come. I'm studyin' about de po', hongry li'l' chile over yondah. If's you's willin', Jeems, I'm gwine up dah to de house an' tell de baby's pappy dat we all is willin' to take de li'l' one home and do de best we can for it; leastwise, ontil master come home".

"Go ahead, Henny, go ahead," replied her husband, resignedly. "In general you is a powerful long headed 'oman" (and a strong headed one he added mentally.)

"We all kind o' lonesome when Mass' Lem's way, and de baby will be