nor write. Poor man! he was in a fearful state when told he had to go to prison. He swore that he was innocent; but the "constable," a clever man, made out a clear case against him, which all pretended to believe. John finally came to believe it himself, and despondently offered himself to the stern officer, who suggested that bail might be secured. This was as a straw to a drowning man. A document was drawn up, and John brought it to his employer, who was in the joke, and who gravely signed it at John's prayerful entreaty. The "constable" departed with the document, promising to send a summons in two days. Two days passed, but no summons; and conscientious John had all but decided to go and give himself up to the authorities, when the men let him into the joke. The disclosure made, they fled from his wrath, and kept out of his sight until he had time to cool down. To this day such words as "bail" and "warrant" make him exceedingly uncomfortable.

John has one rule of life, and that is to be "skientiffit." To have "skience" in all he does is his ambition. There is a peculiar way of cleaning a horse, I believe, on which he pins his faith; and I suppose there is a certain best method of sweeping a church, not to use which is to do wrong. He believes in the manly art; for one day when I laughingly challenged him to fight, he "put up his dukes," and feinted and parried, advanced and retreated, in a very lively manner, supposed to display his proficiency, and to intimidate his opponent. The stablemen nudged each other, and in stage whispers remarked on his skill as a boxer, which set him up very much, until I told him that he held his hands wrong, and thereby hurt his feelings. I did not shake his faith in being "skientiffit," however; for later he read me quite a lecture upon the subject, vividly portraying the abject condition of the man that "didn' know how ter do thin's right."

Good-natured, happy John! He is child-like in his simplicity—the slow, unquestioning simplicity of his race,—but he is a good father to his family, a kind husband to his wife. He has no vices. Of course he has his faults, as have all of us, but I imagine that they are not of a serious nature. His life is as happy as most of ours. A life of toil, the quiet, uneventful life of the lower classes, has its compensations, and he thoroughly enjoys the ones he gets. Careless of the troubles that oppress other men, happy as long as he and his are clothed and fed, he is enviable for his contentment, for his light-heartedness, almost for his pickaninnies.

Such is John! So may his children be after him. Indeed, they bid fair to follow in his footsteps. They are as smiling and happy a brood as ever I saw,—true Africans in that respect. I remember a habit of the young ones that always struck me as being a pretty one. Their little house is on a road that is very much traveled, and someone, John, perhaps, has taught the children to wave their hands to everyone who passes. Each traveler sees the group of little brown morsels of humanity, all, down to the baby in his chair by the door, waving their tiny black paws till the carriage is out of sight. It always pleased me greatly to see them start into life as I came along,—the little black toddlers coming from their mud pies, or tumbling out of the cottage, to stand and wave at me till I was round the corner. Good-bye to them! good-bye to John; and peace to them all! I don't know that I shall ever see them again; but if I come back to the pleasant Connecticut town next summer, or ten years hence, I am sure that I shall still expect to see the group of darkies waving at me with their flapping little hands as I come up from the station, and to see the same old John, his face beaming as ever, holding the horse as I get out of the carriage.

The Crescents have been awarded the championship of the American Football Union for 1890.