

two friends. 'Uncle' — he always call me uncle — 'we can marry Clara Francis. She's rich, she's good looking, but den she's got her faults,' says he. 'She don't get up early, till nine, ten 'clock. I fore we want wife get up, do house work 'n' Clara Francis, you see, ~~for~~ she don't want put hands in bread; have hired girl do work staid do it herself, while she play meloodyan (melodican) Then we don't care for her no more in log.' — 'Now Johnny,' we say 'you jest see. She's rich, she's handsome, she's good gal. Don't berry often you see nicer gal.' — 'But, uncle, she's got some faults. We don't know what kind woman she make us — All time you see lookin' 'haid (ahead) lookin' in future see what's going coming. We tell him 'You lend me your shoes. Berry soon we find out. But he don't do nothing. I tell you my nephew Johnny he might 'a married Clara Francis.'

Joe also told us the particulars of Sebastian Soloman's death of which we had heard only. It seems that some