erin’ roun’ ‘bout him. One uv ‘em is white en shiny, en other one is

black. De white one gits him to go right a little while, den de black

one sail

in en bust it all up. A body can tell yit which one gwyne to

fetch him at de las’. But you is all right. You gwyne to have consid-

able trouble in yo’ life, en considable joy. Sometimes you gwyne to

git hurt, en sometimes you gwyne to git sick; but every time you's

gwyne to git well agin. Dey’s two gals flyin’ ‘bout you in yo’ life. One

uy ‘em’ light en vother one is dark. One is rich en Pother is po’.

You's gwyne to marry de po’ one fust en de rich one by en by. You

wants to keep ‘way fum de water as much as you kin, en don't run no

resk, ‘kase it’s down in de bills dat you's gwyne to git hung.”

When I lit my candle and went up to my room that night there sat

pap—his own self