CHAPTER TWO

W. went tiptocing along a path amongst the trees back towards

the end of the widows garden, stooping down so as the branches

wouldn't scrape our heads. When we was passing by the kitchen I fell

over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and laid still. Miss

Watson's big nigger, named Jim, was setting in the kitchen door; we

could see him pretty clear, because there was a light behind him. He

got up and stretched his neck out about a minute, listening. Then he

says:

“Who dah?”

He listened some more; then he come tiptoeing down and stood

right between us; we could a touched him, nearly. Well, likely it was

minutes and minutes that there warn't a sound, and we all there so

close together. There was a place on my ankle that got to itching, but

I dasn't scratch it; and then my ear begun to itch; and next my back,

right beeween my shoulders. Seemed like I'd die if I couldn't scratch.

Well, I've noticed that thing plenty times since. If you are with the

quality, or at a funeral, or trying to go to sleep when you ain't

sleepy—if you are anywheres where it won't do for you to scratch,

why you will itch all over in upwards of a thousand places. Pretty

soon Jim says:

“Say, who is you? Whar is you? Dog my cats ef I didn’ hear sum-

Fn. Well, I know what I's gwyne to do: I's gwyne to set down here

and listen tell I hears it agin.”

So he set down on the ground betwixt me and Tom. He leaned his

back up against a tree, and stretched his legs out till one of them

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