

UNCLE 'RASTUS ON THE ORIGINS OF TROUBLE.

I SPEC, HONEY, dat yo' done heah folks say dat a man doan git inteh no movin' kin' o' trubbul till he gits mah'ied. I spec yo' done heah dat dere wahn't nebbber no trubbul in de worl' till de Lawd done made Eve. I's heah'd fool pussions ob de male pussuasion 'low as how dat war de fac' mahself. But doan' yo' go fur to b'lieve 'em! I knows bettah dan dat, fo' I remembahs what my ole mammy done tole me about Marse Adam, an' I knows dat Eve war only de fine finishin' touches ob de mattah, de peeroaratiun, as de domine ses.

No, sah! Ole Marse Adam had hes han's full ob trubbul befo' dat, an' dis is how it war. Gawd had done put Marse Adam in de Gahd'n ob Edom an' had tole him, "Now yo' g'long an' ten' dis heah gahd'n an' make all de beastises min' yo'," he ses, "an' I hope yo' 'njoy yo'self," he ses, "an' like yo' job." An' jes' at de firs' Marse Adam suttinly did 'joy heself. Fo' dat war a sho'nuff fine gahd'n! De sweet-tatahs dey grew wil', an' de possums dey come tame, an' de wattahmellions dey jes' ripened up in batches all de yeah roun'. But dose beastises war a peck o' trubbul. Yo' see, dey had been jes' natchally turned loose in de gahd'n an' dey war a floppin' roun' doin' what dey gol-durned pleased, an' sech didos yo' nebbah see in all yo' bawn days! Marse Adam he shout an' he holler, but, sakes alive, *he* couldn' do nuthin' wid 'em! Dey wouldn' ansah to deir names, 'cause dey didn' hab none, an' he war chasin' roun' all day shoutin' "Hai, dere!" an' "Say, yo'!" tell he jes' plum sot down an' cussed 'em. An' den, when he had cussed 'em good, he ses to heself, "'Pears like I'll hab to edicate dese heah beastises," he ses. "Dere's some ob 'em," he ses, "as knows sumpin' an' dere's some ob 'em doan' know nuthin'; but de ones dat knows sumpin' doan' seem to know it," he ses, "an' de ones dat doan' know nuthin' is likewise ignorant ob de fac'," he ses. "I mus' teach dem deir names an' deir places an' de fust principuls o' mannahs," he ses, "an' see if I can 'stract a bit ob o'dah out ob all dis yeah circumambulatiun," he ses.

So Ole Marse Adam he posted up a notiss what ses: "On Sunday mawnin' dere will be a gran' baptizin' at de Fus' Baptiss Chu'ch, an' all de beastises in de Gahd'n am requested to atten'."

An', honey, yo' suttinly should hab seen dat congregatiun! Dere war big fat beastises, an' little thin beastises, an' long beastises, an' squat beastises, an' beastises wid hayah, an' beastises wid feddahs, an' beastises wid scales, an' beastises wid skin. An' when he see dat dey war all dere, Marse Adam begun handin' out de names.

He look 'em all obah an' he ses to de fines' ob de lot, "Yo' am de Ephlunt," he ses.

"YAAS, SAH," ses de Ephlunt in hes great big voice.

"An' yo' am de Hippopotmiss," he ses to de nex' one.

"YAAS, SAH," ses de Hippopotmiss wid a monst'ous fine grin.

"An' yo' am —" begun Marse Adam, when a lil' yaller buttahfly in de reah row int'rupted him an' ses, kin' o' sof' like,