intense excitement in the village. Business was practically suspended, and the citizens gathered in little groups to discuss the murder and speculate upon the identity of the murderer. It transpired from testimony at the coroner's inquest held during the morning, that a strange mulatto-harlot had been seen from Troy early Friday morning by a farmer on his way to town. Other circumstances seemed to connect the strangers with the crime. The sheriff organized a posse to search for him, and early in the evening, when most of the citizens of Troy were at supper, the suspected man was brought in and lodged in the county jail.

By the following morning the news of the capture had spread to the farthest limits of the county. A much larger number of people now came to town that Saturday—bearded men in straw hats and blue homespun shirts, and butter-tufts of grass of great amplitude and voluminous outline; women in home-spun frocks and slat-bonnets, with faces as expressionless as the dry summer sandhills which gave them a stranger aspect.

The murder was almost the topic of discussion. A gaudy, strung-out, curious observers visited the home of mourning and gazed upon the flagged face of the old veteran, now stiff and cold in death; and more than one eye dropped a tear at the remembrance of his cheerful smile, and the joke—sometimes superannuated, generally feeble, but always good—natured—with which the captain had been wont to greet his acquaintances. There was a growing sentiment of anger among these stern men towards those who had cut down their friend, and a strong feeling that ordinary justice too was too slight a punishment for such a crime.

Towards noon there was an informal gathering of citizens in Dan Ayson's store.

"I hear it 'lowed that Square Ryland's too sick ter ho' co' this evening," said one, "an' that the puslim'ary hearnin' 't' hat ter go over 'le nex' week. A look of disappointment went round the crowd.

"He's the dunce's, means' murder ever committed in this country," said another, with merry emphasis.

"I 'pose the nigger tolerated the man in some greensbacks," observed a third speaker.

"The Cap'n," said another, with an air of superior information, "has left two hairs of Confederacy money, which he's reckoned to be some good day or other.

"This statement gave rise to a discussion of the speculative value of Confederate money; and as a little while the conversation returned to the murder.

"Hangin' ain't too good fer the murderin'," said one; "he oughter be burnt, stider heur hangin'.

There was an impressive pause at this point, during which a jug of moonlight whisky went round the crowd.

"Well," said a round-shouldered farmer who, in spite of his peaceable expression and faded gray eye, was known to have been one of the most daring followers of a rebel guerrilla chieftain, "what air ye gwine ter do about it? If you fellows air gwine ter set down an' let a useless nigger kill the white folk in Braxson, an' not say nuthin' nor do nuthin', I'll move out the cauntry.

This speech gave tone and direction to the rest of the conversation. Whether the fear of losing the round-shouldered farmer operated to bring about the result or not is immaterial to this narrative; but at all events the crowd decided to Lynch the Negroes. They agreed that this was the least that could be done to avenge the
death of their murdered friend, and that it was a becoming way in which to honor his memory. They had some vague notions of the majesty of the law and obligation, a white man had been killed by a Negro.

"The Cap'n was an ole sodger," said one of his friends solemnly. "He'll sleep better when he knows that a coon-man has been hit an' justice done."

By agreement the lynchers were 'o meet at Tyson's store at five o'clock in the afternoon and proceed thence to the jail, which was situated down the Lumberton Dot Road (as the old turnpike anentalled the plank-road was called) about half a mile south of the court house. When the parlaws of the lynching had been arranged and the crowd assembled, they determined to go to the jail and so some farther than the latter had hitherto been. A fatheaded colored woman came to the door in response to the Negro's knock.

"Hoddy, Sir. Lance."

"Hoddy, Brrt Sam."

"Is de shurff in?" inquired the Negro.

"Yaa, Brrt Sam, he's in' his dinner," was the answer.

"Will yer axin' ter step de do' a minute, Sir. Lance?"

The woman went into the dining room, and a moment later the sheriff came to the door. He was a tall, muscular man, of a rugged complexion than is usual among Southerners. A pair of keen, deep-set gray eyes looked out from under bushy eyebrows, and about his mouth was a masterful expression, which a full beard, once sandy in color but now profusely sprinkled with gray, could not entirely conceal. The day was hot; the sheriff had discarded his coat and vest, and had his white shirt open at the throat.

"What do you want, Sam?" inquired the Negro, who stood in hand, wiping the moisture from his face with a ragged shirt-sleeve.

"Shurff, dey gwine ter hang de prizner wit' lock' up in de jail. Dey're comin' dis a-way now. I wuz layin' down on a sack er corn down at de stoe, behine a pile er flour-bathes, 'en I hear'n Doctor Cain an' kurnell Wight takin' abou' it, en me here as fa' as I could. I hear you sayin' ter de stoe once'nt you sayin' ter de stoe. You sayin' ter de stoe 'bout how you wouldn't walkin' over yo' dead body, en I thought'd I let you know 'fo' dey come, en yo' tell me."

The sheriff listened calmly, but his face grew fumer, and a determined gleam lit up his gray eyes. His frame grew more erect, and he unconsciously assumed the attitude of a soldier who momentarily expects to meet the enemy face to face.

"Much obliged, Sam," he answered. "I'll protect the prizner. Who's comin'?"

"I dunno who-all is comin'," replied the Negro. "Dere's Mistah McWhynone, en Doctor Cain, en Major McDonaull, en Kurnell Wight en a heap er yuther, wuz so skoore I done forget mo' da half er un. I spec' dey mus' be mo' here by dis time, so I'll go outen de way, I fer I don't want nobody fer ter think I woz mixt up in dis business."

He glanced narrowly down the road toward the town, and made a movement as if to go away.
to do his duty faithfully, and he knew what his duty was as sheriff perhaps more clearly than he had apprehended it in other passages of his life. It was therefore with no uncertainty in regard to his course that he prepared his weapon and went over to the jail. He had no fears for Polly's safety.

The sheriff had just locked the heavy front door of the jail behind him when a half dozen horsemen, led by a man on foot, came round a bend in the road and drew near the jail. They halted in front of the picket fence that surrounded the building, while several of the committee of arrangements rode on a few feet further to the sheriff's house. One of them dismounted and rapped on the door with his riding whip.

"Is the sheriff at home?" he inquired.

"No, he has just gone out," replied Polly, who had come to the door.

"We want the jail keys," he continued.

"They are not here," said Polly. "The sheriff has been himself." Then she added, with assumed indifference, "He is at the store now."

The man turned away, and Polly went into the front room, from which she peered anoniously between the slats of the green blinds of a window that looked toward the jail. Meanwhile the messenger returned to his companions and announced his discovery. It looked as though the sheriff had learned of two devices and was preparing to resist it.

One of them stepped forward and rapped on the jail door.

"Well, what is it?" said the sheriff, frowning.

"We want to see you, Sheriff," replied the spokesman.

There was a littleicket in the door, and his sheriff opened, and answered through it.

"All right, boys, talk away. You are all strangers to me, and I don't know what business you have." The sheriff did not think it necessary to recognize anybody in particular on such an occasion, the question of identity sometimes comes up in the investigation of these extrajudicial executions.

"We're a committee of citizens and we want to get into the jail."

"What for? It ain't much trouble to get into jail. Most people want to keep out." The mob was in no humor to appreciate a joke, and the sherrif's witness fell upon an unsparing audience.

"We want to have a talk with the sheriff that killed Garvin Walker."

"You come to that nigger in the courthouse, where he's been out for trial. Court will be in session here next week. I know what you fellows want, but you can't get your prisoner today. Do you want to take the bridge? The court man's sow! I get seventy-five cents a day for keeping this prisoner, and he's the only one in jail. I can't have my family suffer just to please you fellows."

One or two young men in the crowd laughed at the idea of Sheriff Campbell's suffering for want of seventy-five cents a day; but they were fried into silence by those who stood near them.

"If yer don't let us in," cried a voice, "we'll bust the do open."

"Bust away," answered the sheriff, mixing his voice so that all could hear. "But I give you fair warning. The first man that tries it will be filled with buckshot. I'm sheriff of this county; I know my duty, and I mean to do it."

"What's the use of k'ing, Sheriff?" argued one of the leaders of the mob.

"The nigger is sure to hang anyhow, he ricky deserves it; and we've got to do something to teach the niggers they place or white people won't be able to live in the county."

="$There's no use taking boys," responded the sheriff. "I'm a white man outside; but in this jail I'm sheriff; and if this nigger's to be hung in this county, I propose to do the hanging, So you fellows might as well go and march back to Troy. You've had a pleasant trip, and the exercise will be good for you. You know me. I've got powder and ball, and I've faced fire before tow, with nothing between me and the enemy. And I don't abuse that justice to which I'm just able to stoop." Having thus announced his determination, the sheriff closed the wicket and looked around for the best position from which to defend the building.

The crowd drew off a little, and the leaders conversed together in low tones. The Boonson County jail was a small, two-story brick building, strongly constructed, with no attempt at architectural ornamentation. Each floor was divided into two large cells by a passage running from front to rear. A grated outer door gave entrance from the passages to each of the four cells. The jail-warden had many prisoners in it, and the lower windows had been boarded up. When the sheriff had closed the wicket, he ascended the steep wooden stair to the upper floor. There was no window at the front of the upper passage, and the most available position from which to watch the movements of the crowd below was the front window of the cell occupied by the solitary prisoner.

The sheriff unlocked the door and entered the cell. The prisoner was crouched in a corner, his yellow face, blanched with terror, looking ghastly in the semi-darkness of the room. A cold perspiration had gathered on his forehead, and his teeth were chattering with agitation.

"For God's sake, Sheriff," he stammered hoarsely, "don't let 'em 'unch me; I didn't kill the old man."

The sheriff glanced at the cowtering wench with a look of mingled contempt and loathing.

"Get up," he said sharply. "You will probably be hung sooner or later, but it shall not be today if I can help it. I'll unlock your fetters, and I can't hold the jail you'll have to make the best fight you can. If I'm shot, I'll consider my responsibility at an end."

There were iron fetters on the prisoner's ankles, and on his wrists; these the sheriff unlocked, and they fell clanking to the floor.

"Keep back from the window," said the sheriff. "They might shoot if they saw you."

The sheriff drew toward the window a wire bench which formed a part of the scenery furniture of the cell, and laid his revolver upon it. Then he took his gun in hand, and took his stand at the side of the window where he could watch the exposure of himself watch the movements of the crowd below.

The prisoners had not anticipated this move, but they had looked for a formal present, and perhaps sufficient show of opposition to excuse the sheriff in the eye of any stickler for legal formalities. They had no- however come prepared to fight a battle, and no one of them seemed willing to lead an attack upon the jail. The leaders of the party conferred with a good deal of animated gesticulation, which was visible to the sheriff from his outlook, though the distance was too great for him to hear what was said. At length one of them broke away from the group and rode back to the main body of the lynchers, who were recklessly awaiting orders.

"Well, boys," said the messenger, "we have to let a go for the present. The sheriff says he'll shoot, and he's got the drop on us this time. There ain't any of
unthat want to follow Cap'n Walker yet. Besides, the sheriff is a good fellow and we don't want 'im to hurt you. But, he added, as if to reassure the crowd, which began to show signs of disappointment, 'he might as well say his prayers for he ain't got long to live.' There was a murmur of disgust from the north, and several voices inquired that as he stood by the stall. But Pacifica counsel finally prevailed, and the mob suddenly withdrew. The sheriff stood at the window until they had disappeared around the bend in the road. He did not relax his watchfulness when the last one was out of sight. Their withdrawal might be a mere truce, to be followed by a further attempt. So closely adhered was his attention drawn to the内宅, that he neither saw nor heard the prisoner creep stealthily across the floor, reach out his hand and seize the revolver which lay on the bench behind the sheriff, and creep as noiselessly back to his place in the corner of the room. A moment after the last of the lynching party had disappeared there was a thin fixed from the woods across the road; a bullet whistled by the window and turned itself a few inches from where the sheriff was standing. Quick as thought, with the instinct born of a semi-garilla army experience, he raised his gun and fired twice at the points from where a fair pluck of smoke showed the hostile to have been sent. He stood a moment watching, and then raised his gun against the window and marked behind him mechanically for the other weapon. It was not on the bench. As the sheriff realized that fact, he turned his head and looked into the muzzle of the revolver.

'Where are you, Sheriff,' said the prisoner, his eyes glittering, his face almost ready with excitement.

The sheriff mentally cursed his own carelessness for allowing him to be caught in such a predicament. He had not expected anything of the kind. He had relied on the Negro's cowardice and submission in the presence of an armed white man as a matter of course. The sheriff was a brave man, but realized that the prisoner had him at an immense disadvantage. The two men stood thus for a moment, fighting a harmless steel with their eyes.

'Well, what do you mean to do?' asked the sheriff with apparent calmness.

'If you want to get away, run,' said the prisoner in a tone which caused the sheriff to look at him more closely, and with an involuntary feeling of apprehension, if the man was not mad, he was in a state of wild excitement, and quite as dangerous. The sheriff felt that he must speak to the prisoner fair and watch for a chance to turn the tables on him. The keen-eyed, desperate man before him was a different being altogether from the gloating wretch who had begged so pitifully for life a few moments before. At length the sheriff spoke:

'Is that you, George? I'm going to buy your life at the risk of my own. If I had not done so, you would now be swinging from the limb of some neighboring tree.'

'True,' said the prisoner, 'you saved my life, but for how long? When you come to, you said court will sit next week. When the crowd went away they said I had not long to live. It is merely a choice of two nodes.'

'While there's life there's hope,' replied the sheriff. He uttered the common-place mechanically, while his brain was busy in trying to think out some way of escape. 'If you are innocent you can prove it.'

The mutato kept his eye upon the sheriff. 'I didn't kill the old man,' he replied, 'but I shall never be able to clear myself. I was at his house at nine o'clock, I stole from the coat that was on my back when I was sober. I would be convicted even with a fair trial until the real murderer were discovered.'

The sheriff knew this too well. While he was thinking what argument next to use, the prisoner continued—

'Throw me the keys—no, unlock the door.'

The sheriff stood a moment irresolute. The mutato's eyes glittered ominously. The sheriff crossed the room and unlocked the door leading into the passage.

'Now go down and unlock the outside door.'

The heat of the sheriff seeped within. Perhaps he might make a dash for liberty and gain the outside. He descended the narrow stairs, the prisoner keeping close behind him.

The inner door the huge iron key into the lock. The rusty bolt yielded slowly. It still remained for him to pull the open door.

'Stop!' thundered the mutato, who seemed to divine the sheriff's purpose.

'Move a muscle, and I'll blow your brain out.'

The sheriff obeyed; he realized that his chance had not yet come.

'Now keep on that side of the passage and go back upstairs. Keeping the sheriffs under cover of the revolver, the mutato followed him up the stairs. The sheriff expected the prisoner to lock him into the cell and make his own escape. He had about come to the conclusion that the best thing he could do under the circumstances was to submit quietly and take his chances of recapturing the prisoner after the affair had been given. The sheriff had faced deaths more than once upon the battlefield. A few minutes before, well armed, and with a brick wall between him and thee, he had faced a hundred men to fight, but he felt instinctively that the desperate man confronting him was not to be trifled with, and he was too prudent a man to risk his life against such heavy odds. He had Poly to look after and there was a limit beyond which demotion to do would be quixotic and even foolish.

'Ve want to get away,' said the sheriff, 'and I don't want to be captured; for if I am I know I shall be hanged on the spot. I am afraid,' he added somewhat reflectively, 'that in order to save your life I shall have to do what you tell me.'

'Good God!' exclaimed the sheriff in involuntary terror, 'you would not kill the man to whom you owe your own life.'

'You speak more truly than you know,' replied the mutato. 'I indeed owe my life to you.'

The sheriff started. He was capable of surprise, even in that moment of extreme peril. 'Who are you?' he asked in astonishment.

'Tech, Cicely's son,' returned the other. He had closed the door and stood talking to the sheriff through the grated opening. 'Don't you remember Cicely— Cicely whose you sold with her child to the speculator on his way to Alabama?'

The sheriff, did remember. He had been sorry for it many a time since. It had been the old story of debts, managers, and bad crops. He had quarreled with the mother. The price thereof for her and her child had been unsatiable large, and he had yielded to the combination of anger and pecuniary stress.

'Good God!' he gasped, 'you would not murder your own child.'

'My father?' replied the mutato. 'It were well enough for me to claim the
relationship, but it comes with poor paste from you to ask anything by reason of it. What father's son have you ever performed for? Did you give me your name, or even your patron-saint? Other white men gave their colored sons freedom and money, and sent them to the free states. You sold me to the rice swamps.

"At least gave you the life you clung to," murmured the sheriff.

"Life?" said the prisoner, with a sarcastic laugh. "What kind of a life? You gave me your own blood, your own tears—no man need look at us together twice to see than—and you gave me a black mother. Poor wreck! She died under the lash, because she had enough spirit, and you made me a slave, and crushed it out."

"But you are free now," said the sheriff. He had not doubted, could not doubt, the mulatto's word. He knew whose passions covered beneath that swarthy skin and burned in the black eyes opposite his own. He saw in this mulatto what he himself might have become had not the safeguards of parental restraint and public opinion been thrown around him.

"Free to do what?" replied the mulatto. "Free in name, but despised and scorned, and set aside by the people to whose race I belong far more than to my mother's."

"There are schools," said the sheriff. "You have been to school."

"He had noticed the mulatto spoke more eloquently and used better language than most American people.

"I have been to school, and dreamed that I went that it would work some marvelous change in my condition. But what did I learn? I learned to feel that no degree of learning or wisdom will change the color of my skin, and that I shall always wear it in my own country as a badge of degradation. When I think about it seriously I do not care particularly for such a life. It is the misfortune of men, not the man, that bears the gallows. I owe you nothing," he went on, "and expect nothing of you; and I would be no more than justice if I should avenge upon you my master's wrongs and my own. But will I have to shoot you, I have never yet taken human life—no, I did not kill the old captain. Will you promise to bear no stain and make no attempt to capture me until morning, if I do not shoot?"

So absorbed were the two men in their colloquy and their own tumultuous thoughts that neither of them had heard the shot before more upon his hanger. Neither of them had heard a light step come stealthily up the stairs, nor seen a slender form creep along the darkening passage toward the mulatto.

The sheriff hesitated. The struggle between his love of life and his sense of duty was a tenfold one. It may seem strange that a man who could sell his own child into slavery should hesitate at such a moment, when his life was trembling in the balance. But the brutal influence of human slavery poisoned the very fountains of life, and created new standards of right. The sheriff was conscious, now, his consciousness merely warped by his environment. Let no one ask what his answer would have been, he was spared the necessity of a decision.

"Stop," said the mulatto, "you need not promise. I could not or must you if it. It is your life for more; there is but one way for you; you must die." He raised his arm to fire, when there was a flash—a report from the passage behind him. His bolt fell heavily at his side, and the pistol dropped at his feet. The sheriff recovered from his surprise, and, throwing open the door, secured the fallen weapon. Then seizing the prisoner he thrust him into the cell and locked the door upon him; after which he turned to Polly, who leaned half-fainting against the wall, her hands clasped over her heart.

"Oh, Father, I was just in the midst of an idiotic and wildly sobbing, threw herself into her father's arms.

"I watched until they went away," she said, "I heard the shoe from the woods, and I saw you shoot. Then when you did not come out I feared something had happened, that perhaps you had been wounded. I got out the other pistol and ran over here. When I found the door open I knew you were wounded, and when I heard what you were up against, and reached the top line in time to hear him say he would kill you. Oh, it was a narrow escape!"

When she had grown somewhat calmer, the sheriff left her nothing there and went back into the cell. The prisoner's arm was bleeding from a flesh wound. His head had given place to a stone wreck. There was no sign in his face of fear or disappointment or feeling of any kind. "Then you took Polly to the house for cloth, and bound up the prisoner's wound with a rude kid acquired during his army life."

"I have a doctor cover and dress the wound in the morning," he said to the prisoner. "It will do very well until then if you will keep quiet. If the doctor asks you how the wound was caused, you can say that you were struck by the bullet fired from the woods. It would do you no good to have it known that you were shot while attempting to escape."

The prisoner uttered no word of thank or apology, but sat in silent silence. When the wounded arm had been bandaged, Polly and her father returned to the house.

The sheriff was in an unusually thoughtful mood that evening. He put salt in his coffee as supper, and poured vinegar over his pancakes. To many of Polly's question she returned random answers. When he had gone so he lay awake for several hours.

In the silent Wallace of the night, when he was alone with God, there came into his mind a flood of uncalled for thoughts. An hour or two before, standing face to face with death, he had experienced a situation similar to that which drowning men are said to feel—a kind of clarifying of the moral faculty, in which the veil of the flesh, with its obtrusive passions and prejudices, is pushed aside for a moment, and all the acts of man are examined. In the clear light of truth, in its correct proportions and relations—a state of mind in which one sees himself as God may be supposed to see him, in the reaction following his rescue, this feeling had given place for a moment to real emotion. But now, in the silence of midnight, something of this clearness of vision returned to the sheriff. He saw that he had owed some day to this son of his—that neither too nor customs could destroy a responsibility inherent in his being. He could not thus, in the eyes of God, at least, shake off the consequences of his sin.

Had he never sinned, his wayward spirit would never have come back from the vanished past to haunt him. As these thoughts came, his anger against the mulatto died away, and in its place sprung up a great pity. The band of paternal authority might have vanquished the passion he had seen burning in the prisoner's eyes when the desert poor man spoke the words which had seemed to doom his father to death. The sheriff felt that he might have saved this fiery spirit from the sod of slavery, that he might have sent him to the free North and given him there, or in some other land, an opportunity to turn to usefulness and
favorable portrays the talents that had run to crime, perhaps to madness; he might, still less, have given this son of his the poor就算是onof liberty which men of his caste could possess in a slave-holding community; or least of all, but still something, he might have kept the boy on the plantation, where the bonds of slavery would have fallen lightly upon him.

The sheriff recalled his own youth. He had inherited an honored name to keep unwashed; he had had a flavor to make; the picture of a young bride had beckoned him on to happiness. The poor watch now stretched upon a pallet of straw between the brick walls of the jail had none of these things, no name, no father, no mother—in the true meaning of motherhood—and past the few years no possible kin, and that vague and shadowy in the outside, and dependent for form and substance upon the slow solution of a problem in which there were many unknown quantities.

From what he might have yielded was an easy transition for the awkward conciseness of the sheriff. It occurred to him, purely as a hypothesis, that he might permit his prisoner to escape; but his oath of office, his duty as sheriff, stood in the way of such a course, and the sheriff dismissed the idea from his mind. He could, however, investigate the circumstances of the murder and move Heaven and earth to discover the real criminal, for he no longer doubted the prisoner's innocence, he could employ counsel for the ac- cused, and probably influence public opinion in his favor. Acquittal once secured, some plan could be devised by which the sheriff might in some degree avenge his crime against this son of his—against society—against God.

When the sheriff had reached this conclusion he fell into an unquiet slumber, from which he awoke late the next morning.

He went over to the jail before breakfast, and found the prisoner lying on his pallet, his face toward the wall; he did not move when the sheriff entered the door.

"Good morning," said the latter, in a tone intended to waken the prisoner.

There was no response. The sheriff looked more keenly at the recumbent figure; there was an unnatural rigidity about its attitude.

He hastily unlocked the door and, entering the cell, bent over the prostrate form. There was no sound of breathing; he turned the body over—it was cold and still. The prisoner had torn the bandage from his wound and laid to death during the night. He had evidently been dead several hours.

Pauline Elizabeth Hopkins (1859-1930)

In the preface of her novel Concerning Forces (1906), Pauline Elizabeth Hop-kins reveals her pride in the accomplishments of blacks and her belief in the power of writing to mold inter-racial understanding and unity. She writes, "The colored race has historians, lecturers, writers, poets, judges, and lawyers—men of brilliant intellect who have arrested the favorable attention of this busy, energetic nation. But after all, it is the simple, homey tale, unsayingly said, which cemented the bonds of brotherhood among all classes and all complexions."

Born in Portland, Maine, and raised in Boston, Hopkins was a published author before she graduated from high school. At age fifteen, she wrote an essay, "Essays of Intemperance and Their Remedy," that won first prize in the William Wells Brown contest sponsored by the Congregationalist Publishing Society of Bra-

hopkins / A Dash for Liberty

The young Hopkins also appeared onstage with her mother and stepfather as a part of a large theatrical cast, for song and acted the main role in the Hopkins's Colored Tragedian's performance of slaves facetory on the Underground Railroad, an 1880 musical drama. Between 1880 and 1902, Hopkins starred with the show, receiving its central and title role on occasion, and wrote an unproduced play. One scene from the Drama of Early Days, which presents the biblical story of Daniel in the lion's den.

Supporting her talent as a dramatist, Hopkins published her first novel in 1900: Concerning Forces. A Romance Illustrative of Negro Life North and South. She drew upon her performance and lecturing skills to conduct public readings to market the novel, which is described as an "interesting, and amusing book," and "a strikingly young orphan with a bidden, tender past who must prove her virtue through additional suffering, eventually to be rewarded with an ideal husband." The book brought Hopkins enough recognition to receive an invitation to contribute to the new "Colored American" magazine. For her initial series in 1901, Hopkins wrote "The Mystery within Us," a short story. She also included numerous biographical essays for the magazine series on "Famous Women of the Negro Race" and "Famous Men of the Negro Race." However, fiction served as her creative field for exploring issues of inter-racial conflict and inter-racial writing. From 1891 to 1953, Hopkins wrote three novels that are best represented in Colored American, Hagar's Daughter: A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice; Virginia: A Tale of Negro Life in the South and Southwest; and Of One Blood; And The Hiddles Self.

In 1904, Hopkins continued to publish essays and fiction. Her novel, "Topsy Temptation" (1916), appeared in New Era. Toward the end of her life, she returned to short stories for her livelihood. Hopkins died in 1930.

"A Dash for Liberty," which appeared in a 1901 issue of Colored American, is a good example of Hopkins's style, characterizations, and thematic concerns. The story focuses on Madison, an escaped male slave and "an untrained African," who returns to Virginia to free his wife, a "beautiful octoroon," from slavery.

A Dash for Liberty

Founded on an article written by old T. W. Higgins, for the African Monthly, June 1965

"So, Madison, you are bound to try it?"

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

There was silence between the two men in a space. Mr. Dickerson drove his horse to the end of the fence he was making and returned slowly to the turning point, and the weather figures awaiting him.

"Do you not pay you enough, and won't you well? asked the farmer as he halted.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why not stay here and let well enough alone?" "Liberty is worth nothing to me while my wife is a slave."

"We will manage to get her to you in a year or two."

The man smiled and slowly shook his head. "A year or two would mean