

**THE SHADOW  
BETWEEN HIS  
SHOULDER-BLADES**

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The shadow between his shoulder-blades by Joel Chandler Harris

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**JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS**

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"An' how could he, of all men, be so cold an' so cruel?"

*See page 83*

THE  
SHADOW BETWEEN  
HIS SHOULDER-  
BLADES

BY  
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
GEORGE HARDING



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## ILLUSTRATIONS

- "An' how could he, of all men, be so cold an'  
so cruel?" . . . . . *Frontispiece*
- "At one house along the way we swapped the  
rumor for a drink of water" . . . . . *Page 36*
- "'What are you doin' here?' he says to ol'  
Drew, lookin' like he was gwine to bite  
his head off" . . . . . „ 66
- "'Stan' back from the door, whoever you  
are!'" . . . . . „ 128



## THE SHADOW BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER-BLADES

### I

He rode for to ease his conscience, he rode for to rest his soul;  
He followed the flying heron where the Western clouds unroll,  
Till war spread out before him its black and smoking scroll.

— *Herndon's Ballad of the Outrider.*

ONE of the pleasing features of Shady Dale was its wide streets. As Mr. Billy Sanders said, everybody had a chance to turn around twice without knocking the other fellow down. The wide streets were a part of the plans of Raleigh Clopton, the first settler, and they gave to the town a beauty and a charm that still survive. The streets being wide, the courthouse square must needs be spacious, and the restful perspective it offers to the eye is hardly duplicated in any other town.

## THE SHADOW BETWEEN

The tavern faces the square, and its wide and inviting veranda is, perhaps, the most popular resort in the entire neighborhood, especially in warm weather. For a long time Mr. Billy Sanders has made it his headquarters, and this fact, no doubt, has added to its popularity. A visitor to the town was sitting on this veranda one day, listening to the entertaining conversation of Mr. Sanders, when a tall man, with gray hair, rode across the square and disappeared down one of the wide avenues that lead away from the center of the town. Mounted as he was on a fine gray horse, and swaying to its motions as if he were a part of the creature, he presented a very picturesque figure to the eye of the stranger, who made haste to say as much.

"Thar ain't but one Wimberly Driscoll," Mr. Sanders replied, "an' that's

## HIS SHOULDER-BLADES

him. It's a livin' wonder that his restlessness ain't eat him up or burnt him out long ago. He's got a plantation out here a mile or two, an' he runs it like it was a dry-goods store. They tell a tale about one er his great uncles that 'll give you a better idee of Wimberly Driscoll than I can. They say he was a black-haired, gray-eyed man, jest like Wimberly. He was a missionary Baptist, an' he took his Bible an' a big walkin'-stick an' went out arter the heathen. They wanted to make hash of him when they fust seed him, but he jest backed up ag'in' a mud-shanty an' preached 'em a good strong sermon wi' his walkin'-cane. The Lord must 'a' been right wi' 'im, bekaze when he had whipped 'em out, an' got 'em kinder 'umble, he took 'em by the scruff of their necks an' soused 'em in a mud-puddle; an' then, wi' a stick in one hand and the Bible in the