

Joel Chandler Harris.) (

PART MI.

Cawky, the Crow.

After the fex hunt Buster John felt that snying is: Up to that time he had been mewhat handicapped by the experiences of Sweetest Susan. You will remember that It was Sweetest Susan who discovered the Grandmother of the Dolls. This was a very important discovery, too, for it led to the acquaintance of little Mr. Thimblefinger and to the queer adventures of the shildren in to bed, though the sun was shining a warm the country next door to the world. More invitation. He never made a similar mis- from ?" than that, Sweetest Susan had been kidnaped by the crazy man. It was natural, rible warning. therefore, that Buster John should feel "put out," as he expressed it, by these events. the party, but she was particular to lay down conversation But his talk with Mr. Bobs had led to the the conditions under which she would give manufacture of the wonderful bubble, and [the youngsters the pleasure of her company, hans the most interesting one that ever

occurred in all that part of the country. He didn't put on any airs about it, as some boys would have done, but he took pains to relate every event to his sister and dat of man live at? I tell you right now could remember it; and he patiently answered every question they asked him. For rank venom. But of I does go, I ain't gwine



ther two.

she'll gi' mammy de wink, an' mammy'll gi

me a frailin'. Well, I'll take de frailin' I'd ruther be beat ter death on top er de

groun' dan ter git flew'd off wid in a bubble er drowned in dat ar Fimblethinger country. The children faithfully promised that,

natter what happened or what they did, they

woldn't ask Drusilla to join them, and the wouldn't complain about her to their mother

This seemed to lift a heavy load from Dru

silla's mind. She breathed freely and be

The journey to Mr. Bobs' house was in

came even cheerful.

HE PURSUED THE CAT ABOUT.

a long time the story of the fox hunt was the only piece of oral literature the children had to discuss, but there was always something new to be said of Hodo, or the sorrel horse, or Joe Maxwell.

all respects a repetition of the former one-Johnny Bapter driving the two-seated spring Sweetest Susan hardly knew whether to feel sorry for Old Scar-Face or not. Somewagon and singing blithely, and, when they times she was inclined to regret his taking arrived at their destination. Miss Elviry off, but when she remembered the scream was standing at the door with a smile o of the poor little rabbit she was willing to welcome. Little Billy Biscuit had grown believe that the old fox had received his considerably. He had larger ideas, too

As for Drusilia, she had not a spark of sympathy for Old Scar-Face. "I'm glad enddle horse tied to the fence, a chair turned on its side answering all the purposes of dey cotch 'im," she said. "De dogs done fence in this case. The bridle was a length im des like he done de yuther creeturs. An' or two of basting thread, and though it pon top er dat, he sot up dar an' grin an' brag 'bout how he gwine ter outdo um. I seemed to be a frail substitute for a halter it must have been strong, for it served to hear ol' folks say dat dem what do de mos' braggin' is de mos' no 'count. I'm glad dey tremendous efforts to gain its freedom hold this restive horse, which was making got 'im. He had plenty time ter go 'way;

crude and clumsy invention of wild and im carefully, uttering a croaky grumble all possible fiction the time The solemn way in which he went about One day Buster John, walking with his mother through the lot, burst out laughing this was very amusing to the children. at something the Muscovy drake said to the Buster John laughed so loudly that the he had recovered some lost ground, as the big white gander. He laughed so long that crow stopped and looked at him sidewise, his mother concluded that he had hyster- speaking for the first time so the children leism and carried him back to the house, could understand him, and proceeded to dose him with hot and "Cackity! What's

"Cackity! What's all the fuss about?" bitter drinks. He made made matters worse Then he went on eating the dough. by telling her what the drake had said to "What is your name?" asked Buster the gander, for she was then sure he was John. "flighty" in the head, and so he had to go "Cawky-lkey-uk-ek-ik-ak!

"Well, Cawky, where did you come "Anywhere around here, ik-ek." take, nor did Sweetest Susan after this ter-

Miss Elviry came up at this moment, Drusilla finally consented to make one of and, without knowing it, interrupted the "One year the crows built in that pine

thicket down yan'. He must 'a' fell from now he had witnessed a real fox hunt, per- She held up her left hand with the fingers the nest, for one day I found him stretched wide apart, and as she named the conditions out on the ground more dead than alive. 1 she would register them by pulling the fetched him home an' nursed him till he could take keer of hisseif. He goes off an' fingers together with her right hand. "You all say you want me ter go dar whar comes back, an' he's tamer than alry chicken on the place. He pays for his keep, too, for Drusilla, just as it occurred, as far as he I ain't achin' ter go dar, kase I don't like he's our crow trap. I'll tell you about it

de way he look out'n de eye; he chuk full er before you go." "Kuk-akity; how quick she talks! What ter follow atter you in no foolishness. 1 did she say?"

ain't gwine in no bubble"-here she pulled "That you are her crow trap," said Sweetthe little finger of her left hand-"I ain't gwine in no Fimblethinger doin's"-the third est Susan. "Ak-trap, trap-ak," chuckled Cawky

finger was pulled down-"an' I ain't gwine 'What is a trap?'' nowhere ner do nothin' dat folks don't do "Something that catches things," explained when dey got der seven senses"-here the uster John

"Ekek, ak-ak-ak!" laughed the crow withniddle finger was pulled down to join the ut smilling, "I know! In the corn row! Cackity! It's funny! Said one old crow to These were the terms of the contract to

another old crow, 'What makes people do which Buster John and Sweetest Susan were us so? For, you know, since we were born. compelled to give their assent before Druit's been our trade to pull up corn.' Cackilla would consent to go. ak, corn!" "All dat," explained Drusilla, "don't hen-

There was something very quaint about der you all fum gwine whar you choose ter Cawky as he walked back and forth, chuck-Ef you wanter git in bubbles an' git ling, laughing and apparently trying to "show off" before strangers. He did it all flew'd away wid, go an' git in um. Ef you wanter jump in springs an' pon's an' dream so solemnly that it became comical, and the youer some'rs else, go ahead an' do it. But children were so much amused that they don't ax me ter do it, kase if you does you'll laughed till the tears came in their eyeshave a great tale to tell Miss Rachel, an





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lawky seemed to enjoy it, too. But he sub ded when Miss Elviry brought out the Goods shipped in plain package with out marks to indicate room, and went stalking back to the chilren as solemnly as an old-time preacher. out marks to indicati contents, and if no perfectly satisfac-tory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at one "Why do you like to catch your cousins?" sked Buster John. Because-ek! they are my "Cackity! usins, ek-ek!" money at once

"Maybe you've already canght some of your brothers and sisters," said Sweetest Susan, using what Buster John called her

"Ek! I hope so! I want-ek to catch

my daddy and my mammy. Cackity! Didn't

they push me from the nest and leave me

on the ground in the rain and cold? Ek!



EXPRESS

PREPAID

he des hung 'roun' here kaze he b'lieve dey ain't no dog kin outdo 'im." This sort of talk led, of course to Joe Max-

well and Hodo, and before Buster John knew it he would be describing the famous chase over again. For a long time this was interesting, but after awhile the small audience grew tired of hearing it and Buster John grew tired of telling it.

Christmas and New Year came and went and were followed by weather so cold and stormy that the youngsters had to stay in the house, and Johnny Bapter had as much as he could do to keep the big hickory logs piled high enough in the wide fireplace. A fire big enough, it seemed, to roast an ox would hardly keep the dining room or the sitting room warm. It rained and sleeted and then snowed, and the snow stayed on the ground long enough to give the children an opportunity to enjoy themselves on some clumsy sleds that Johnny Banter made for them.

But toward the last of March a heavy rain storm came roaring and sweeping along, and after that spring came out of ber hiding place and brought warm sunshine and the flowers with her. In a little while the peach orchard, which had looked so bleak and cheerless a few weeks before, seemed to be covered with pink snow and the mocking birds flew about singing. Johnny Bapter had one sign for spring weather which he said never failed. "You see dem peach blooms? Well, ol' Jack Frost kin come an' nip um, but when you e an' hear de mockin' bird singin' while he flyin', you kin go on an' plant yo' corn an' cotton, kaze dey ain't gwine be no mo' fros' dat season."

It was while the peach orchard was in full to remember that she had another supply of clothing for little Billy Biscuit, the waif who had been left with Miss Erviry Bobs, "to be called for," as the saying is. Naturally enough, the children were keen to go: Sweetest Susan, because she wanted to play with Billy Biscuit, who, she said, was the cutest thing in the world, and Buster John. because he wanted to have another talk with Mr. Bobs. He had an idea that Mr. Bobs could tell him something new or show him something queer every day in the week, and Saturday, too. Buster John was still loyal to Aaron. More than that, Mr. Bobs was so different from the son of Ben Ali in all re-Crow. spects that there was no danger that admiration for one would clash with admiration for the other.

collectively until, finally, she was I ain't gwineter budge out'n my tracks." obliged to surrender and give her consent. finger the children had grown somewhat ret. the legs.



pawing the ground and kicking out its heels THEY BORE HER SLOWLY TO EARTH. at a terrible rate. The earnestness of Little Billy Biscuit was that is, they all laughed except Drusilla,

comical to see, and Sweetest Susan thought who firmly believed that the crow was a it was the finest spectacle she had ever bird of evil. Once Cawky paused in his promenade. witnessed. She wanted to hug the child then and there; but Miss Elviry shook her seized a ring that Sweetest Susan wore and tried to twist it off. head.

"'Twould upset him for the rest of the "You better not let dat creetur fool wid day," she explained. "Ef you want to you!" Drusilla exclaimed. "I tell you he please him, just say, 'Whoa, there!' Ef de ol' scratch; he'll grab you an' fly away you git on wi' him you've got to believe wid you. You mark what I tell you!" in his make-believe. You wouldn't believe "Ek-ek-ek!" laughed Cawky, whose attenit, honey, but that child ain't half as much tion was attracted to Drusilla. "You have trouble as a grown person. Why, when crows in your family! Cackity! I'd like to you want him to be still all you've got to catch that one in my trap."

do is to the him with some sewin' thread "Huh! ef you wuz a crow, an' not de ol' boy hisself, I'd wring yo' neck," said Druan' say he's a hoss. A hoss he'll be tell you come an' onloose him!" The children entered at once into the "Ek-nack! neck-ek!" chuckled Cawky a spirit of the affair. At a word Sweetest he promenaded about, picking up flakes of Susan and Buster John became horses, and mica or glistening pebbles or broken pieces

Drusilla was a mule. The change was ef- of crockery. fected as suddenly as the genil in the At this point Miss Elviry returned and Arabian Nights could have accomplished it. explained that in the spring when the young No waving of wands nor incantation was corn was just sprouting and showing a necessary. tiny green blade above the soil the crows

This drama of the horses was all very did a good deal of damage. They'd leave well for a little while; but the older chilone of their number watching in the tor dren being used to more variety, soon grew of one of the pines, and the rest would fly tired of it, and it was not long before they down into the cornfield and pull up the succeeded in coaxing Little Billy Biscult young corn, row by row, to get at the grains out of doors. Just as they went into the still clinging to the tender roots. No one yard, Miss Elviry suddenly remembered that could approach near enough to shoot them, she had forgotten to feed the hen with the for the sentinel in the pine top would sound young chickens that had just been "taken | the alarm the moment a human being apoff:" so she mixed some peared in sight, and away all the crows cornmeal and water in a tin pan, and began | would fly, to return promptly when the way to call the hen. was clear.

The call was answered from overhead in One day, however, Miss Elviry heard the most unexpected manner. A crow, great clamor of crows in the cornfield, such cawing and croaking, began to circle around a hubbub, indeed, that it attracted her atblossom that the children's mother chanced Miss Elviry's head, and presently lit in the tention. She went into the field and there were numerous. More than one was com- about Meses?" asked the Sunday school pan of dough.

"O, get away from here!" Miss Elviry about like mad. At first she thought they cried impatiently: "you're allers stickin' had attacked an owl or a hawk, but as she the boldest among them found a place on yourself wheer you ain't wanted." She pushed the crow from the pan, but One of these was making tremendous efforts talons, and hore her slowly to earth, where ern history slightly mixed, 'is that he was he flew back with many croaks, and not, to fly, but the other lying on his back was until Miss Elviry had given him a good holding him.

share of dough, did he cease his flutterings. "''What in the world,' says I to myself,' She dropped a wad of the food on the remarked Miss Elviry. "I went to where ground, and this the crow proceeded to they was at, and there saw Cawky holding devour, talking to himself all the while. the other crow by the feet. The toes of the and Cawky was strutting around her, chuck- maw's just joined? I heard her askin' my Miss Elviry went to another part of the two was so tangled that it was much as I yard, hunting for the young chickens, but | could do to ontangle 'em. That put the idea her with his strong beak if she showed any the children stood still and watched the in my head that maybe Cawky would make sign of life. a good crow trap. So Brother fixed up a

field.

couple of straps wi' pegs at the ends an' we hawk to the house as a trophy, and show "Ain't I done tol' you dey wuz cunjer-Aaron was Aaron and there people?" whispered Drusilla. "Why you took Cawky out in the field, laid him on his her to Miss Elviry, who expressed great satwas nobody like him but himself. Likewise 'can't git in a mile er no crow less'n you back in a corn row, put the straps acrost his isfaction, and gave it as her firm and unalbody and pushed the pegs in the ground to terable opinion that it was the very same Mr. Bobs was Mr. Bobs, quaint and original. been rubbin' agin deze folks. Now min' As both the children had a motive for what I tell you; dis crow sho is satan; hold him. Of all the squallin' an' jabberin' going, they besieged their mother singly you may follow atter 'im ef you wanter, but you've ever heard! Cawky made more fuss chickens right from under her nose for two in one minnit than a flock of crows make in gaasons past. No doubt Miss Elviry was a week. The crows fairly swarmed down on right, for the hawk was very large and fat. Little Billy Biscuit, however, was on If she had known about the wonderful bub- very good terms with the crow. He sat him in a little or no time, an' I run back for ble it is probable she would have refused, on the ground by the bird, and with a fear they'd kill him; but he wan't hurt an' but since their experience with Mr. Thimble- small twig touched him occasionally on he had another crow! Along at first, Cawky The crow saw the movement didn't like it, but he's got so now that when the wagon, and by dinner time they were icent about their adventures. They had every time, but invariably he would raise he hears crows about he'll come a-flyin and dropped hints here and there about what the leg that had been touched, stretch a-runnin' an' make the biggest kind of they had seen, but they were laughed at as out the toes on the foct and examine them fuss till we git out his harness-we call it his harness-an' fasten him down in the

remember! And when I went back among them didn't they drive me away? Cackety! They said I smelt like man. I've paid them well, and I'll pay them better, Ek-ek-ek!" In the distance Buster John saw a chicken hawk circling around. "Get under the house, Cawky; yonder comes a hawk."

"Ek-cackety! A hawk!" He rose in the air and flew to the top of a neighboring pine and sat there swinging. The hawk ame nearer and nearer, circling on moionless pinions, a picture of wild beauty. Suddenly Cawky rose in the air, and began o circle, too.

"Kerray-kerree!" This was the war cry of Cawky's brethren. Twice or thrice reneated at intervals, it meant a hawk, Re peated a dozen times with no interval it leant that an owl had been discovered asleep in the woods.

The hawk made a lusty effort to escape and would have succeeded if Cawky had been without allies, but in every direction rows were seen rising in the air-some head of the hawk, some behind her, and some on each side. Rising and circling, she suddenly swooped and struck at Cawky up? but missed him by a hair's breath, as she

came down with a rush and a swish. It was a fierce, but foolish move. Before the hawk could recover herself the whole colony of crows was upon her, and they began a battle royal, which could have but one result.

The hawk was fierce and desperate, her talons were sharp and her beak was strong.

she saw the crows fluttering and flying pelled to fly heavily away as the result of a teacher of a little fellow in the juvenile moment's contact with the hawk, but finally class.

went nearer they all flew away but two the hawk's back, out of reach of beak and had got his knowledge of ancient and modin the course of a few moments she was found in a rush basket at the battle of killed outright. | Bull Run."

He

The children ran forward as hard as they could when they saw the hawk falling, but the was dead when they reached the scene. through the fence, "what club is it your ling and talking to himself, ready to strike maw to join, too."

hawk that had been snatching her young

By that time Johnny Bapter had returned

called the children and they clambered into

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Willie, I hate to whip you. It hurts me

"Let ma do it, then. She can't pound hard

"Mamma," queried little Bessle, "what is

Before the mother could reply her brother.

"Mamma," said 4-year-old Willie, "when

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, "but you

must remember to be neither selfish nor

aged 6, who was present, answered;

know; he's the husband of a widow."

grow up I'll be a man, won't I?"

from his errand to Harmony Grove,

sufe at home.

widower?"

worse than it does you."

nough to hurt me nor her either."

I reckon they've got some sign of

distress like the Free Masons, for just as

soon as he starts up his hollerin' all the

crows in the settlement 'II come flyin' an'

Again Miss Elviry went to attend to he

bousehold duties, leaving the children with

Cawky, who, while she was talking, had

seen trying to pull the brass buttons from

Buster John's jacket. He succeeded in

getting one, and with this in his beak he ran around and around with his wings half

spread, and uttering loud ories of triumph

Then he ran under the house and hid it

He found the old house cat under there

watching a mouse hole, and he ran her out

had to take the broom to him.

and punsued her about until Miss Elviry lazy."

irs to get him loose."

"I don't know, but from the way she's makin' me and the servants work, I think There was nothing to do but to carry the it must be a drivin' club."

WHEN PAW WAS A BOY.

Georgie in Chicago Times-Herald.

 I wish: 'at I'd of b en here when My paw he was a boy: They must of been excitement then- When my paw was a boy: In school he always look the prize, He used to lick boys twice his size- I bet filks all had bulgin eyes When my naw was a boy.
 When my paw was a boy.

They was a lot of wonders dona When my paw was a boy; How grampa must of loved his son, When my paw was a boy! He'd git the coal and chop the wood, And think up every way he could To always list be sweet and good-When my paw was a boy.

Then everything was in its place, Then everything was in its place, When my paw was a boy!
How he could rassle, rump and race, When my paw was a boy!
He niver, never discheyed;
He niver, never discheyed;
He heat in every game he played— G se! What a record they was made When my paw was a boy!

I wisht at I'd of been here when My paw he was a boy; They'll never be his like agen-Paw was a modifie boy. But still last night I heard my maw Raise up her volce and call my paw The worst fool that sine ever saw-He ought of slayed a boy!

If your dealer don't keep Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne order of American "Why, mamma," queried the little fellow It was great fun for the children, and in astonishment, "do boys who are selfish , Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.





Small Harry was asked upon the arrival of a new member of the family which he would prefer, a brother or sister. ruzzer have a flosipede," he replied. Upon being taken to see the new arrival later, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, zat kid's hair was tut wiz a tuttin' machine!'

adulteration.

"All I know," replied the youngster, who

"Jimmie." inquired the neighbor boy