

PART XII.

The Story of Mr. Coon.

bow Mr. Bobs could set a crow to catch a tion, one of which is presented above. He said the same plan had been | Well (to shoo all this away), Mr. Coon

was securely fastened. But Aaron, on his side, had sometthing

like?" cried Sweetest Susan.

on it?" asked Buster John. "Why didn't dey kill it an' cook it?" inquired Drugilla

asked after a pause. "Something." replied Aaron, smiling. 'But how much?"

"Enough.

I shouldn't have asked. ing back and forth the length of the small, regarded them curiously, twisting the end looking-glass children had their abode. of his sharp nose about, and mechanically

as useful as a boy's hands. When Buster John went nearer, Mr. Coon



tered a cry almost identical with the scream roomer when a hird suddenly flies over or a hawk appears in sight. Buster John knew it was a warning, and so he stopped. What is the trouble, Frog-Eater-Tadpole-Catcher" the Son of Ben Ali sharply inquired.

"You can't fool me," snarled Mr. Coon. "I've seen creatures like him before. They poked my sides with sticks and pulled my "But this one is different, Bug-Eater,"

said Asron.

"O, call me what you please, Son of Ben I was glad to come with you, but I didn't invite myself here, did I? If were hungry and thirsty and tied fast and saw coming toward you one of the creatures that had made misery for you, would you grin and say, 'Welcome, friend?' "
"Likely not," replied Aaron, "But you

have been fed, Frog-Eater. You said you

"Enough of the kind, Son of Ben All; ves and too much. If you want me to eat corn get some that is soft on the cob and juicy. If you want me to be nice fetch me a couple of young chickens-or a handful of black beetles." Sweetest Susan shivered.

"Well, Tadpole-Catcher," said Aaron, "if you want good things to eat go with these friends. They have been touched. They know everything you say, and when you are hungry or thirsty you have only to give the

At this Mr. Coon paced back and forth his impatience. He was anxious to go with them. Aaron unfastened the chain and placed one end in Buster John's hand. The the blood and rushed at me, and then there youngster held it very gingerly and was inclined to shrink when Mr. Coon came too so did Sweetest Susan and Drusilla; so that severely. in a little while they were more familiar with Mr. Coon than they had ever been with

They lost no time in giving him his dinner, which consisted of chicken heads and that he felt better than he had for many a day, and remarked

bigger bed." Freely interpreted, it means: been bringing you a bird?" I continue to get such fine fare, I'll have to get my clothes made larger."

things, and its variations, liblum, loblum, leblim, liblom, etc., mean the thing at hand. | this one? Who brought this one?' I said or, to be more exact, the thing under the nothing, but the others looked at me and nose-the thing talked about.

young to know that in the language of Fetch us some more! Mammy, fetch us animals the root word lablam stands for some more!"

It is a pity that Joe Maxwell, who is re-

the trouble to write the language down from Buster John's recipe. But he put it off from day to day, and now there is nothing left but the rough notes of these stories, Aaron smiled when the children told him and some scattered fragments of explana-

practiced for many long years. He had was highly delighted with his dinner, and heard his father. Ben Ali, tell about it. In- was ready to curl up and take a nap, or deed, the probability is that out of this was willing to join the children in a frolic. practice the saying, "Set a thief to catch a So they led him into their play room in the had arisen, for nobody could trust attle, unsnapped the chain from his collar a thief to catch a thief unless the first thief and gave him the freedom of the wide space.

First, Mr. Coon must poke his nose or quite as interesting to tell the children, his forepaws into everything. He paced From a negro whom he knew he had bought round and round the room, smelling at or a raccoon, a genuine, full-blooded raccoon, feeding in every nook and cranny. When This was news, indeed, and so exciting in its he was satisfied with his inspection, nothcharacter that Aaron was compelled to ing would do but he must feel in Buster answer, or to parry, volley after volley of John's pocket. He pulled out marbles, nails, fragments of chinaware, which the 'O, how old is it, and what does it look youngster used in place of money. With a few fragments of fine chinaware in his "And who is it to belong to, and is it | pocket Buster John always felt rich. With tame, so tame that you can put your hand this form of currency he had bought whole droves of ponies and large arsenals of guns. pistols, swords and war cannon from imag-

inary vendors. Aaron put his fingers in his ears. He | Piece by piece Mr. Coon brought answer all the questions put to John's treasures to light and examined them him. Finally there was a lull in the ex- carefully. The children noticed that Mr. Coon's forepaws were very much like tiny "What did you give for him?" Buster John hands, and that his hind feet made tracks in the sand that looked like those of a wee baby. Of course, it was Sweetest Susan who made this discovery. Whenever Mr. Coon left the prints of his feet visible one could "Shucks," cried Buster John; "if I had almost imagine that some small goblin in known there was some great secret about it human shape had passed that way going on all fours. Almost! Why, Sweetest Susan Aaron pinched the boy's ears gently and did imagine it—was sure of it, indeed—aid: "Come!" He went to his cabin, the whenever she was in Make Believe land. children following, and when they went in where she lived most of the time. Surely the first thing they saw was Mr. Coon, pac- it could not be more wonderful than the country next door to the world, where old steel chain which held him. He paused and Mr. Rabbit and Mrs. Meadows and the

For a few days Mr. Coon feasted and then feeling in the cracks of the floor with his the children thought he should begin to pay forepaws, which seemed to be as supple and for his board; first, by giving an account of himself, and next in any other way that might be devised. So far as Mr. Coon was concerned he was perfectly willing to accommodate the children. He was never badempered unless he saw a cat or dog and ich of these as were about the house and ard soon learned to give him a wide berth. or his claws and teeth were sharp and he vas a born fighter.

In Joe Maxwell's rough notes Mr. Coon "If I had to tell my tale from the talk-

think, as you talk your talk, I'd talk no talk of this thing." As this would be hard to follow it has been rendered into a free translation from first to last.

'If I had to learn my language out of coks, as you do yours," said Mr. Coon, eaning back in a corner of the play room and rubbing his face and nose with both hands, "I wouldn't have much to say about myself, for I wouldn't know how to say it. My home was in the hollow limb of a tree and I can remember how nice it was to sleep in that soft, warm place. There were four others besides me and we used to We were always awake when she came, for we could hear her climbing the tree, and then, if it was not raining, she'd of the others went to the door; the slap he bothered our mammy any more by going to angry I used to get while mammy sat out there cleaning her feet and drying her clothes. But she always took her own time, and then, when she came in, what a scramble there was for the right teat. Mine young things are." was the middle one, but I always had to claw and be clawed before I could get it. We were all ravenous and I never did get as much food as I wanted at one time till I came here. I think our kind are born

escape from those that follow us. The first thing I really remember was once right at our very door. I trembled and crept to the door, and there, right at me, was a bird with a long bill, which he was poking under the bark. Shivering and shaking, I jumped on him, but I came near falling to the ground. He was stronger than he seemed to be, and he had claws, too. He linched me with these, and beat me over over the trees. the head with his wings, but I didn't mind heard myself growl. I didn't know why, but I was furious. I crushed the bird in my teeth until his wings ceased to move; but I was still angry; I had tasted blood; I others had come out just then, I think he would have been sorry. But they were all frightened by the noise and were huddled in very rapidly. This was the way he showed the farthest corner. Then, when I was no longer angry, but proud, I went to the door

was a fight!" "Why, you were fighting your own brothclose, but he soon got over that feeling, and ers and sisters!" said Sweetest Susan.

"So would you, if you were of my kind." replied Mr. Coon. "There was a fight, but they all got a piece of the bird. After that we were changed. It seemed as if we had been asleep all the time, and something had giblets. Mr. Coon smacked his mouth over suddenly awakened us. Then mammy came them, and when he had finished declared bome. She sniffed around and smelt the blood and saw the feathers. She nosed under us as we lay and rooted us out of the "Eg liblum gig loblum og iggle!" which way, but she found nothin more than feathliterally translated means: "Big dinner, ers. 'Well, I declare!" she cried, 'who's

" 'Is that what you call a bird?" asked one It may interest readers who are no longer | they all squalled out: 'O, mammy, mammy!

"But she kept on asking: 'Who brought

though she said nothing she seemed to b pleased, and I noticed that she combed my hair with her tongue a great deaf longer than she ever did before. began to bring us birds and frogs, and once she brought us a big fish, and that was

"Froga!" cried Drusilla. "You hear dat Frogs!

"Not the kind that live on land." plained Mr. Coon, making a wry face, "but the kind that hide on the bank of the creek and jump in when they hear you coming. You have to take many long and hard lessons before you can catch one. Fish are easier to catch. You turn your back to the creek, let the tip of your tail touch the top

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DOGS CAME CHARGING.

of the water, and move it about-and wait. "Huh! I see myseff!" exclaimed Drusilla esentfully. "Hush up," said Buster John; "he's talk-

ing about coons. "Well, some folks call niggers coons," replied Drusilla.

"All this time," Mr. Coon continued, paying no attention to the interruption, "you leave your body turned half around so you can see what is going on in the water. When the fish shows himself you reach down and flirt him out on the bank, and in reaching you have to be quicker than the fish-and fish are mighty quick. But a gnawing stomach (dag ig lublum; literally cryingfor-meat-thing) makes a quick hand.

"Well, mammy was trying to teach us all these things, and we were learning very fast. She took us with her when the sun was low. or when it had just gone away, and, though the light was trying to our eyes, we did very well. Once mammy heard a dog barking, and dog that scared her, and she told us that sit on the outside and dry her feet and when we were older and heard a dog bark get impatient and begin to cry and once one and run in the water whenever we could, because dogs had a way of smelling where we got made him squeal and none of us ever went along and following us wherever we went; and if they followed us home they'd the door. But, my! How hungry and sit at the foot of the tree and bark until a man would come with a sharp cut-thing and hit the tree until it fell.

"All these things we learned, and a great many more, but you know what fool things "I ain't ol', but I know I ain't no fool,"

interrupted Drusilla. "O, will you hush?" cried Buster John. "You know what fool things young things are," repeated Mr. Coon. "They listen to hungry and kept hungry that we may be what their elders say and think it is nothing but talk. The young thing is always a smarter thing than the old thing, and some when I heard a bird chirping and whistling times he is too smart. I remember that one

night I slipped away from the others after shook all over. The others were asleep and mammy had been gone a long time. I was I was glad of it. Shaking and trembling, I careful to make no noise on the tree, but when I reached the ground I felt so happy that I jumped in the air and whirled around for joy. The air was cool and fresh, the swamp smelt good and the dark was fine. I could see everything ever so much better than when the big shine-thing is blazing

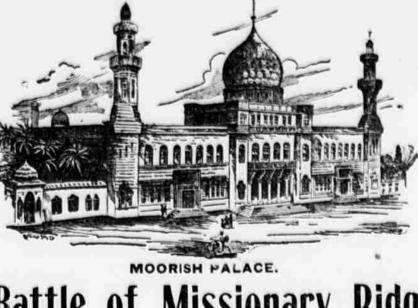
"So I shook myself and started for the that. I didn't mind anything, I shook no pond in the swamp. There I caught some longer. I felt my hair rising on my back, small fish and they tasted ever so much better than those mammy brought home. Then I wandered out of the swamp and went on the hill where the brambles are. hunting for birds and birds' nests. I found had made my first kill. If one of the two birds and one nest with tiny eggs in it and the eggs tasted so nice that I wanted more, and I went rambling all over the hill ever so far. Suddenly I heard a dog bark. The sound of it made me shake and shiver and I stood listening. Presently I heard carrying the bird in my teeth. They smelt the bark again and it was so close at hand that it sounded like a dreadful roaring. "I boun' you had ter hump yo'se'f den, suggested Drusilla.

Mr. Coon, with his eyes half shut, for he was sleepy, kept right on the track of his I heard mammy climbing the tree as hard as "A dreadful roaring. I went away from

there as fast as my legs could carry me and ran right to the swamp. I could hear the dog coming, too, and far off I could didn't have time to take to water!' hear some one crying out."

"That was the man cheering the dog," Buster John explained. "The dog," said Mr. Coon, "seemed to and barked until the men came up with

be coming closer and closer, and I began torches. to run harder than ever. I remembered that going on, though the others were too frightmy mammy had said something about water and dogs, and I ran straight for the big of the others, and when she said it was, pond in the swamp; the Son of Ben All also knows where it is. I slipped into the bim and moved it back and forth behind water and swam to the middle, where him. there's a stump of an old tree. I had hardly reached it when the dog came in sight on The man with a cut thing began to hit the the bank of the pond, and began to whine tree. I never knew what was going to hapand bark. He ran around to see if I had pen until the tree began to sway. Then I gone out on the opposite side, and then he could feel it failing. As it fell I ran down Tommy. caught sight of me. He jumped into the the tree until I came to one of the largest water with a great splash, and when I saw limbs, and by the time I had climbed that Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little him coming fear seemed to leave me. I the tree hit the ground with a noise that son, climbed upon the stump, and when he came | sounded as the clouds sound when they clap near I jumped on his head and bit him on | together and make a big, quick shine. The the neck with all my might. He went limb shook so hard that I came near falling papa's broken it." under, but I turned him loose, and came off, but I held on the best I could, and in a to the top and swam round and round. He | moment I heard a great noise of fighting. came up trying to shake the water from his screaming, howling and growling. 1 was ears, and they flapped on the pond like wild with fear, but I could do nothing. Close You mustn't play with bad little boys, you the wings of a duck that is trying to rise to the limb I was clinging to was a black know!" I had jumped on his head again, and when eyes and the hot smoke stiffed me. I he went down I clawed him with my hind thought none had seen me, but the man to the reform school two times and they've He tried to cry out, but all he could who was not a black man was standing let him out each time on account of good couldn't do it! do was to make bubbles on the water. I apart from the others, and when I looked at behavior sumped on his head twice after this, and the bim I found he was looking at me. third time he never came up any more. I "I kept looking at him and he at ma went out on the bank, shook the water off until I was no longer afraid. I had the my efothes, and cantered toward home. As feeling that he was a friend (close to cousin-I went along, feeling very proud, I heard thing) and I wanted to go to him. But



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called and called; but the dog, being at the thick smoke came in my nose and I the bottom of the mill pond, could make sneezed. The black man yelled, 'Here's another!' and climbed on the tree. He was

"When I reached home I found mammy about to strike me with the torch, but the there. She had heard the dog bark and had Son of Ben All said, 'Walt!' He came going to happen. She was sure of it.

obeying the rules she had made. tired. Mammy dried my clothes while I of the pack. log and tooting his horn-and I was, the nap."

ut as he went by. "Well, I had no more adventures until one sound asleep. night, having come home myself. I heard a rowd of dogs barking. The noise they

made grew louder and louder, and presently

"They are after me,' she cried, 'and I

enough, the dogs came charging through the

they gathered around the tree and howled

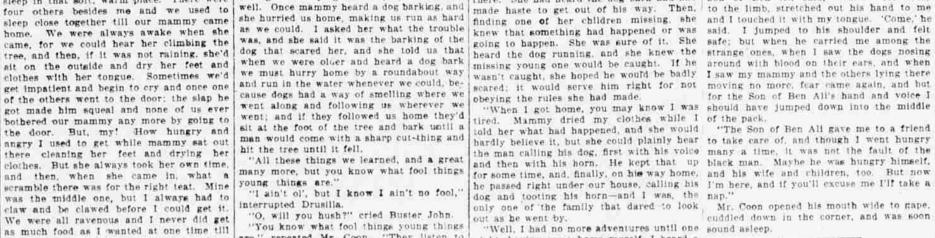
ened to move. I came out and sat on the

hat had the biggest torch held it behind

bushes, howling and panting like mad, and

I was curious to see what was

was scared nearly to death.



COLLEGE YELLS.

Wellesley's the Only One Said to Be Truly Harmonions.
The most musical—the only musical col-

lege yell in fact, is that which the Wellesley

girls have originated. College yells, as a rule, are far from melodious, and it is a constantly recurring source of satisfaction to Wellesley damsels that their yelf is the yell musical. This is the way of it: Tra la la la Tra la la la. Tra la la la, la la la, Wes-Les-Ley

In contract to this is the cry of the University of North Dakota, which more nearly in sound and meaning resembles an Indian war whoop: "Odz-dzo-dzi! Ri-ri-ri! Hy-ah, hyah! North Dakotal'

Williams college boys went rather far afield to find a rhyme "Rah! Rah! Rah! Yums, yams, yums! Will-vums!

The West Pointer also shows some ingenuity in this respect: "Rah! Rah! Ray! Rah! Rah! Ray West Point! West Point! Armay! "Rock-Chalk-Jay-Hawk K. U." is the

ery which does great credit to the ingenuity the University of Kansas boys. Equally touching is the yell which one hears at the University of Illinois 'Rah-hoo-rah, Zip boom ah! Hip-zoo,

she could. She came up so fast that I could rah-zoo, Jimmy blow your bazoo. Ip-sidi hear pieces of bark fall to the ground. She - kl. U. of I. Champaign! The names of the college colors are introduced with the cheer of the University of

Sure North Carolina: "Rah! Rah! Rah!!! White and blue Vive-la! Vive-la N. C. U." Notre Dame university cheer also perpetuates the names of its colors: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Gold and Blue. Rah!

The two shortest yells on record are those imb and looked down at them. The one of Hope and Hanover colleges: "H-O-P-E-Rah-Rah-Hope!" "Han, Han, Han-O-Ver!"

Rah! Rah! N. D. U.!"

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said "I should spank whoever did it." said

your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully, Mother-I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with on the street today.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up

mamma! He's a good little boy! He's been ment-

Tommy-Miss Upjohn, I want to know the there isn't another little Peters boy." names of the twelve disciples. His Sunday School Teacher-Certainly, should consider that about enough." Tommy. They were Peter, James, John.

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Tommy-No fair lookin'! I knowed you

"It's too had," said little Bessle, "that "They have six," said her mother, "I

n a hurry. Before he got through fispping man holding a torch. The light blinded my Son-Oh! he sin't a had little boy, can find the names of the others in a mo. but there isn't any one to take little Johnnie's, and it seems kind of wasteful."

"What is Dicky pounding his poor billygoat so viciously for?" "Well, Dicky stepped off the porch a minute and the goat ate up all his flags and tin soldiers.

"Well," said the little girl, "they can all the more likely you will be to choose Cook's the man calling his dog. First he blew a how could 17 It was the Son of Ben Alt, Andrew, Philip, Thomas, Judas and-and-i take such other's clothes as they grow up, Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.

