

Have You a Bad Back?

Does your back ache night and day, making work a burden and rest impossible? Do you suffer stabbing, darting pains when stooping or lifting? Most bad backs are due to hidden trouble in the kidneys and if the kidney secretions are scant or too frequent of passage, proof of kidney trouble is complete. Delay may pave the way to serious kidney ills. For bad backs and weak kidneys use Doan's Kidney Pills—recommended the world over.

A KANSAS CASE

Charles Cole, 204 K. Buckeye Street, Iola, Kan., says: "My back was so weak and painful that the least exertion made me miserable. My feet and limbs swelled and the kidney secretions were scant and filled with sediment. I was in awful shape when a friend recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me from the first and I kept on until I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Why?

Edith—Why didn't you tell me you had that seat painted yesterday, papa?

Father—Why, what happened?
Edith—Why, Freddy and I sat down on it last night, and Freddy got paint all over the back of his coat and trousers!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy. Adv.

The Trimmer.

"The late Bishop Bowman," said a Philadelphia minister, "once rebuked my too soft and conciliatory leanings by telling me a story about a little girl.

"This little girl, it seems, had written with great pains a composition on the cow. The composition ran as follows:

"The cow is a very useful animal."
"That evening the bishop dined at the little girl's house, and her mother, since she was a very little girl, indeed, was proud of the composition, and requested its author to read it aloud.

"The little girl got her manuscript, but, instead of reading it as it stood, she amended it on the bishop's behalf to that it ran:

"The cow is the most useful animal there is except religion."

Wingless Victory.

Aunt Dinah was a colored saint in Charleston, who could shout above the entire congregation. It was the custom during the collection to sing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," and Aunt Dinah always threw back her head, shut her eyes, and sang away lustily till the plate was returned to the altar.

Deacon Alphonius Green, noting this, stopped when he reached her pew one Sunday, and said:

"Look-a-head, Dinah! What use you a-singing 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel' if you ain't give nothin' to make her fly?"

Double Work.

"Why is it that a man won't wash his face with a washcloth?" demanded Mrs. Wombat. "Men haven't time for all that foolishness," said Mr. Wombat. "First you have to wash your face and then you have to wash the washcloth."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Loose Habits of Industry.

Women of France and other countries of Europe are much more industrious than when they come to this country.

HAPPY NOW

Family of Twelve Drink Postum.

"It certainly has been a blessing in our home" writes a young lady in regard to Postum.

"I am one of a family of twelve, who, before using Postum, would make a healthy person uncomfortable by their complaining of headaches, dizziness, sour stomach, etc., from drinking coffee.

"For years mother suffered from palpitation of the heart, sick headache and bad stomach and at times would be taken violently ill. About a year ago she quit coffee and began Postum.

"My brother was troubled with headache and dizziness all the time he drank coffee. All those troubles of my mother and brother have disappeared since Postum has taken the place of coffee.

"A sister was ill nearly all her life with headache and heart trouble, and about all she cared for was coffee and tea. The doctors told her she must leave them alone, as medicine did her no permanent good.

"She thought nothing would take the place of coffee until we induced her to try Postum. Now her troubles are all gone and she is a happy little woman enjoying life as people should."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—Is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

The MILLIONAIRES

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of THE DAY OF SOULS, MY BROTHERS KEEPER, etc. etc.

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued).

"The paper," he muttered; and signed it as a dying man might drag a pen across its page. Then he sat back, staring at "Black God," he whispered, "not too late—and she need never know!"

When he arose they did not know his face, so changed was it by agony. The judge saw him cross the street in the sunshine and enter his office. There the printer and the press boy saw him fumble among the type of his ancient fonts, his lips moving as he worked. He dragged his steps nearer the printer presently. "Box this, Jim—open the front page form—run it. And get the paper out tonight. I—I'm going." His gray lips whispered.

He moved out slowly, and on the corner in the cold sunshine of the November noon looked at letters of flaming red ink on the boards of the old opera house. A farmer had stopped his shaggy-bellied team to spell the wording:

TONIGHT!

OUR CONGRESSMAN!!!

Curran could not make out more. He crept about the corner where the side street led to the foot of the bluff. Groping that was the way it seemed. When he reached the trail to the hills—

Her hills! The hills of the Midlands! The place of the best men and women.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BETTER PEOPLE.

Many men of the county drove to town early that day. It was the ever-present restlessness of election eve; and in this instance a sense of new issues, of the unusual and dramatic sequences, was in the air. Then it was to be the night of the "big Curran meeting" at the opera house, the wind-up with red fire and the band; and the country people, with a lively appreciation of the spectacular, were eager to hear the candidate, "Wiley," would make the most of his last chance to scald the "county crowd" with his satire, that was sure. All the day the court house was thronged with farmers, politicians, candidates, standing about, smoking, gossiping. The dingy central corridor was a reek of tobacco and smells.

Harlan was wont to pass here on his way to his office. He had not condescended himself with the 11th-hour wrangle and intrigues, for he had no objection in his own fight. The "county crowd" would put young Van Hart over, every one said, and approved. The countrymen looked back at him with diffident respect. Janet noticed Harlan standing at the door of Miss Vance's house, he saw her at her desk. Hemminger, the lonely insurgent board member from the river district, was there, sitting, awkward, constrained, holding his hat. Harlan was waving his hand cheerily in passing, when Janet arrested him with a gesture. Her eyes had a hard brightness. When the young man came in she bade him close the door.

Then she sat again. The hubbub of voices in the hall was lessened. Harlan looked at Harlan in a chair. "We," she began quietly, "have been discussing you. Mr. Hemminger and I have discussed you for two weeks."

Harlan looked up at Hemminger with a surprised smile. "Indeed! Now, I had noticed in your office, in a number of times lately. What is the extraordinary interest?"

She disregarded his easy banter. "Harlan," she went on sharply, "you'll be the next prosecuting attorney."

"Without a doubt. On the first of next month."

She seemed dwelling on the three weeks intervening. Then: "We are going to confide in you something that we might have said before; only—"

He looked at her with a curious suspicion. "Well, I thought we'd better wait until after the election. You owe your nomination to Tanner, the old crowd, and well, you'll pardon my frankness, but we hesitated."

"Hesitated? What on earth are you driving at?"

Hemminger smiled uneasily. "Wondered where you'd stand, Mr. Van Hart. Kind of thought it would put you in bad to load this on you."

She was unlocking the drawer at Janet's desk. She took out an envelope and from it a yellow and worn bit of paper. "We shall demand," she began decisively, "that the first act of your administration is to go before the grand jury and ask for the indictment of Tanner and Dan Boydston and Archie Curry for the giving and the accepting of bribes on the county road contracts for the last six years."

He looked at her. Hemminger shifted his hat nervously. "The proof," Miss Vance went on, "is here." She laid the yellow slip of memoranda on the desk. It was covered with careless entries, figures, abbreviations. "This is what I mean by nothing," said Harlan, "is Boydston's writing—Boydston, the go-between."

"Those old yarns," Harlan murmured; then her dominance stilled him. He looked again at the paper. "You mean this is the evidence?"

"This and Boydston's confession." "Confession?"

"It amounts to that. His admissions to Hemminger, his fellow board member, on the way the last deal—the deal Boydston sold to Diecks when he moved to town. Well, this German had offered Hemminger \$500 to keep silent on this."

She tapped the paper. Harlan stared at her incredulously. "Why, I saw Boydston coming from the bank not an hour ago. There was a conference of some sort. Father was there, and Tanner and Wiley Curran. There are rumors that Tanner threw up the fight, and wants to make an agreement with Wiley and his lawyer backers to keep their hands off the county committee-ship!"

"Boydston," she retorted quietly, "has confessed, two weeks ago. He dare not tell Tanner. He has been begging, pleading, pleading with Mr. Hemminger to keep silence, and to destroy this"—she fingered the paper. "Last Tuesday a week ago this was placed in my hands by a mistake. The silliest thing I have ever done, and only a bungling old farmer like Boydston could have done it. I drove out to the Diecks' place to get a petition that the people have been circulating there to divide their school district. This is the place Boydston sold to Diecks when he moved to town. Well, this German had charge of this petition and kept it in a crack of the chimney in Boydston's old sitting room. When I called for the petition his wife—who can't read a cipher—handed me an envelope, which I did not look at until I came back to town. Then when I went to file that petition I didn't have

it. Instead, these slips of memoranda, I couldn't make any sense of them. But there were computations of money paid, and money divided, all in Boydston's handwriting. I studied it and the dates, and it struck me curiously that the dates of the transactions tallied with several county board meetings. And then I thought of a lightning flash. I sent for Hemminger, and we compared the notes with his recollections of board transactions. Why, Boydston had actually put Thad's name after one division of \$300 between himself and Curran! I don't believe such idiocy. Then Hemminger took the memoranda to Boydston and demanded an explanation, and Boydston collapsed in his front parlor and admitted it. He lost his nerve completely—begged and wept for Hemminger not to show the memoranda—to allow him to settle some way or other; and, above all, not to tell Tanner. Hemminger brought the notes back to me. Ever since we've been wondering—and discussing you."

Harlan's pret her defiant gaze steadily. "Well?"

"The county crowd put you in, Boydston, in his frenzy, declared it would do us no good to publish the notes. He said the new district attorney was Tanner's man. Said we couldn't get it to the grand jury without you."

The young man turned his serious eyes on Hemminger. "Yes?"

"Harlan," put in Janet, "I've decided to contest it. I consulted no one. I was afraid if we exposed it just before election it would look like a roorback of our people and would hurt Wiley some way or other. You know to attack the best families this way—with Tanner's money and Curran's power and Mercury Journal—well, we could not prove the facts for weeks, and it would look like mere politics on our part. But you—she watched him coolly—"I made up my mind today I wanted to know what you'd do when you're elected."

"Do?" He stared at her with a trace of anger. "Janet, you ask what I'd do? Blow the lid off—send Boydston and Curry to the pen! Tanner, too, if I can get him!"

He looked off through the window at the bank corner. "It will be a tremendous job, Harlan, you, a new man—wholly without experience in office, bucking a combination that no man here ever dared to fight. The money, the influence, the people!"

He followed her glance out to the country folk idling about the ancient sidewalk of the First National. Farther down High street, under the leafless maples, he could see the tidy lawns, the prosperous houses, and then his home. The judge was slowly driving from lunch behind Old Dutch. So long he watched, so imperturbably, that she could not guess the struggle in his mind. Not of right or wrong; but to grasp issues dimly limned beyond.

One fight for one fight, one grand one's heritage of thought and feeling; basic greed, the instinct to survive, vestigial promptings from feudal privilege to protect and exculpate—all battled in his subconsciousness for duty and prey and gain.

Hemminger, the pale-eyed countryman, shuffled his feet with nervous apprehension. "I guess there are people out there who will be with you in the fight, better people."

The young man suddenly tipped his chair forward with a smile. "I thank you for the word, Bert. He smiled. He reached for the memoranda. Janet's eyes silently followed him. Almost a trace of suspicion was in them when Harlan placed the papers in his inner pocket. He arose. "I'm going to see father. He's in his chambers by now."

Janet, too, arose with a sharp protest. But before she voiced it, a light burst open. A man reeled in, drunk, in his shirt-sleeves, even though he came from the chill November street. Jim Mims, the News printer, stared wildly at them.

"Where's he gone? Where's Wiley?"

"The printer staggered to Miss Vance's desk. He wiped his unshaven chin, his bleared eyes rolled. "What 'a you done with him?"

"What's the matter?"

He spread a newspaper and ink smeared copy of the News before her. "There!" he waited, "he told me to run this box on the front page! I didn't read it! He set it up, he gave it to me. Me and Aleck we run the whole issue off and then started to fold the mail when I first read it! I was drunk, that's it, or, damn me, I'd never put the press on it! No, sir, not even if he told me!"

The "box" enclosed a bold face type in the center of the sheet. For personal and business reasons, Wiley T. Curran withdraws from the congressional contest in the Eighteenth district.

Nothing more.

Janet was paling to her lips. In the pause, Hemminger seized the paper. "Come!" he shouted and dashed from the room. They followed him, the tramp printer a wailing babbling rear guard. When he reached the News shop he came upon Miss Vance and Hemminger, who were talking to the papers that made up the weekly issue. Young Van Hart was searching feverishly over the editor's desk.

"Not a word," he muttered; "nothing to explain. Has he gone crazy?"

"There's his big meeting tonight," Hemminger blurted. "I hear the band boys practicing. But Wiley—God 'a'mighty! has he gone wrong?"

Harlan suddenly turned on them. "The conference! He was called to Tanner's office this morning. I know, for father was there!"

"They—they"—Janet controlled her voice—"smashed him, Harlan! Somehow, with something! Drove him out of the fight!"

"The younger man turned to Hemminger. "Bar that door! Keep Jim and Aleck here. And don't let a paper go out!"

"Press time they'll somebody come 'round," blubbered Jim. "Some old woman, or some of the old preachers who he always gave papers to for nothing. And the kids to carry 'em, and the 4 o'clock mail to make!"

Harlan was bolting the rear door. "Harlan," draw the curtains. Don't let a person in, don't answer any questions. You don't know anything, remember!"

Janet threw a blank sheet from the stock shelf over the printed issues of the News. Then she turned. "Harlan, do you think this matter of Boydston has anything to do with it?"

"No." He noticed her out the door. "Come. I'm going to father's chambers. There's a court today. And I want you, Janet"—he fixed his blue eyes on her fiercely. "Wiley—he and I have not been friends of late—

but this! If they broke him unfairly, dauntedly, I'll fight!"

She nodded. She knew the estrangement, knew it as she knew the old rare love between them. She had no time to speak until she was with Harlan again in the court, in the judicial chamber just off the hall of justice.

Judge Van Hart was writing at his table. He glanced up with some annoyance at the sight of his boy, with surprise. At Janet's entry he arose with his old fashioned courtesy and bowed.

He had no time for speech. Harlan broke out with the wrath of a man past reason. He towering above the judge when he reached the table.

"Father, what did they do to Curran?"

The judge's face flushed and set to the impressive study it wore upon the bench. He was as if he had expected this from his son, as if he had dreaded it. But a tremor was in his voice at the other's menace.

Mr. Curran had withdrawn.

"Yes, yes! But what did you do?"

"I was called. I into conference with some gentlemen. It was rather a matter of importance—party importance—I may say, of immense importance to the community. They wished me—wanted representative men to witness."

"What did you do to Wiley?"

The judge controlled himself by an effort. "Sit down, Miss Vance. I—this—very unfortunate—painful—"

"I wish to know," she said clearly. "What you know."

"You were there, father. And he has withdrawn."

A wan smile came to the magistrate. "Very good. I assure you it was voluntary on his part. Embarrassing, doubtless, but"—he tried to smile on in Harlan's face and failed. "My dear, the truth! Something he dared not face among honest men."

Janet's eyes were blazing. "You accuse him? I demand to know!"

The judge coughed awkwardly. "My dear, I assure you, perhaps, perhaps, have not heard this campaign—the heat of politics"—he spoke deprecatingly—the detested politics. "If you will withdraw, I might explain to Harlan. Since he demands it," she cried. "I shall not go!"

"She shall not go," said Harlan. "Do you know of that old yarn, Janet, that's been banded about? Of Wiley's—marriage years ago?"

"Yes," she answered calmly. "Heard and forgave. Only—if he had any come to me with it!"

"Was that it, father? That?"

More than that," the judge sighed. It was a delicate affair to mention before women. He had that archaic idea of women which could defend a social economist that sent them to walk the street, but would retreat at the suggestion that they really walked upon legs.

He seated himself. "My boy, I do not know how to begin. The man was sent for. He was told that he was unfit to represent this sober and moral constituency at Washington. He was shown that the truth once out would defeat him among our people, even at this late day."

"The truth?" shouted Harlan; "let's have the truth!"

"The gentlemen discussed the affair with him. He defied them. Then they proved to his satisfaction that this—marriage—resulted in issue. That he had a child, in fact—living. And here!"

They watched him ceaselessly. He fingered with a paper knife and glanced out the window. It was distressing to annoy by having to tell the truth. Janet moved at last, breaking the spell upon them all.

"I do not believe," she muttered, and then looked at the judge with stubborn courage. "Well, then I do! And he that said it!"

"Another detail. This child of his is the girl whose notoriety has set the town by the ears for two seasons, Autelle Lindstrom."

"They did not answer. Then he heard his son's voice. "It's a lie! But Harlan had turned from them to the wall.

"He has admitted it. It was proven to his own complete confession."

Without the window the sparrows twittered, and the fragmentary music of the band practice came to the room. Along the street and in the square, the group could see the passing country people, the teams; and hear the moving of steps in the court house corridor.

Janet spoke again. Always her calmness prevailed. "How admitted it?"

The judge shrugged uneasily. "You just came to tell me that he had withdrawn. Is that not enough? What answer can you demand of me?"

The woman had arisen. She looked at her watch. From the room she could see the News' front windows; the door shut, Hemminger's face appearing once when a lad demanded entrance and was refused. Her head was aching with the press of bewildering problems. Some way out, some light, something to break the hopelessness of it all! She could look down the street to the opera house, the gathering country people reading the bill boards.

(Continued next week.)

"WE LOVE AMERICANS" SAID ENVOY; RECALLED

Washington, Special: That the Mexicans love Americans as much as we love Americans and would not consider going to war with the United States, was the statement of Charge d'Affaires Algara, at the head of the Mexican embassy in Washington, the day before he was recalled by Huerta.

Mexicans feel no animosity, no enthusiasm for war, because of this Tampico incident," said Algara. "This is because they look upon it as a diplomatic matter and feel assured that the Americans will settle it justly. They rely on them not ever to infringe upon the rights of Mexico."

"I am sure it will take something more than is yet in the air to bring about in Mexico what Americans call the psychological moment for war!"

"Why, my people have shown their friendliness to much in Mexico City that no Americans are leaving there for the coast."

"The people of Mexico and America have no quarrel. They are friends. They are brothers. They do not want to stand up and shoot each other down!"

"You cannot make too strong a statement for me to the American people regarding the esteem and affection with which the United States is held by the rank and file of my country. It will take a big thing to turn this love to a hate which shoots bullets into warm bodies."

Algara left Washington at 12:10 a. m. today for Toronto, Canada. He was accompanied by Chief Flynn of the United States secret service.



CHARGE D'AFFAIRES ALGARA, accompanied by Chief Flynn of the United States secret service.

A GOOD OLD REBEL.

By Herbert Quick in Collier's.

What is a ballad? Any high school girl—and even some high school boys—could tell. But the high school definition would scarcely satisfy the American Folklore society. Is "The Ballad of the Hesperus" a ballad? It is the ballad form and is very popular. But it is not a traditional ballad, for the reason that we know its author, and it stands as he wrote it. In the true meaning of the word "vulgar," it is not a vulgar ballad, as is, for instance, that song of Southern fame which lived on a mountain side in a wild and dreary spot, who perversely insisted on going to a dance without sufficient wraps, and was frozen to death by her escort's side for her vanity. Some of our older readers remember this sad tale.

Dr. H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, who is making a collection of the ballads of the southwest, thinks that this definition of the vulgar or traditional ballad is a useful one, though he does not accept it unreservedly. The traditional ballad differs in style and in origin from other poetry. It has no author—at least no single author. It springs from the homogeneous dancing throng. Among its peculiarities are the absence of the personal note, of reflection, and of conscious artistry.

All of which leads us to remark that we have been overwhelmed by the flood of replies to an editorial request for the real American ballad which has never been constructed rebel declares that while he had caught the rheumatism a-fighting in the snow, he'd like to take his musket and go on an "fight some mo'." That refrain, by having to tell the truth, in hundreds who had never seen the verses in print, and were even ignorant of the fact that they were never printed.

But, alas! the quotation is not from a "vulgar" or traditional ballad—dozens of readers have shown us that. It is from a poem written by Major Innes Randolph, a member of General J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and a native of Virginia. He removed to Baltimore shortly after the war, and was a well-known member of artistic literary and musical circles in that city. He was a poet and an essayist, rather than a ballad writer; but it is safe to say that few American ballads have had a wider vogue as real "traditional" ballads than his "Good Old Rebel!"—which follows:

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this "fair land of Freedom"
I'll not care a fig for a dam.
I'm glad I fight against it—
I only wish we'd won.
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this "fair land of Freedom"
I'll not care a fig for a dam.
I'm glad I fight against it—
I only wish we'd won.
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too,
I hates the glorious Union,
Which dripping with blood,
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could!

I hates the Constitution,
I hates the Freedmen's Euro,
In uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty yell,
I hates the "nigger" and fuss;
But the lyn', the evil Yankee,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration