

PART XIV

The Diamond Mine. "I know what you all want," said Aun Minervy Ann, with an air of protest. "You want me ter tell one er dem ar creetur But I kin tell you mo' tales 'bout folks dan what I kin bout creeturs. I b'lieve de creetur tales tooby sho'; I dunner how anybody kin he'p b'lievin' um but dey all tell 'bout de time when de creeture was kinder up in de worl' like folks is now. But sence den look like dey been takin' de wrong kinder doctor truck, bekaze deyer done swunk up so dey hatter hide out. Dey ain't quit talkin', kaze I hear um eay dat A'on an' you all know how in an' tuck der place. I dunno dat anybody or anything is been bettered by de

do de best we kin'. "Well, anyhow, you told us one tale the other day, and you'll have to tell us another to make it even. You know more than This was Buster John's argument "Please stay to dinner and tell us one just one. We are going to have crablanders." This was Sweetest Susan's plea Aunt Minervy Ann looked at the little girl and laughed. "Honey, you know my weakness mighty well. Crablanders!

change; but dar dey is, an' here we is, an'

we all an' dem will hatter scuffle 'roun' an'

um. I know de name, an' 'member de tan'e but dat's all." Why, they boll sweet potatoes till they are soft, scrape the skin off- mash them, sprinkle sugar on them, and then wrap them in piecrust and put them in the oven

ain't seed none in so long dat I dunno what

dey look like, much less how dey make

to bake," said Sweetest Susan. 'Sho nuff sugar, honey?" inquired Aunt Minervy Ann solemnly. "We ain't had no sho nuff sugar at our house sence de bat

tlin' start up.

"Yes," replied Sweetest Susan, "real We have a barrelful." A whole bairiful! Run git de key er de sto'house an' lemme kneel down by

dat bairl an' hug it." The children laughed, and Sweetest Susan pretended to be going after the keys, but Aunt Minervy Ann detained her. "Don't do dat, honey. Miss Rachel'd think dat of Aunt Minervy Ann Perdue come yer for ter say 'howdy' ter de vittles, stidder sayin'

'goodbye' ter de folks." She paused and looked at the children seri-"I'll stay sence I hear you say 'dinner,' kaze we don't have too many dinners at our house, an' dem we does have ain't gwine give nobody de dyspepshy. Whar Miss Rachel? I got sump'n I wanter tell her. an' den, atter dinner, I'll tell you a tale, an' den I'll take my foot in my han' an' go on bout my business-an' it'll be a long time more 'fo' you see ol' Minervy Ann Perdue."

The children's mother was in her room sewing, and thither they piloted Aunt Minervy Ann. Then they went to amuse themselves the best they could until after dinner. What Aunt Minervy Ann had to tell their mother must have been very funny, for presently they heard her laughing so loudly that they looked at each other and laughed, too, in pure sympathy. For a very long time they had not heard their mother



laugh so heartily and so long, and it gave them pleasure to hear it now

After awhile-a very long while it seemed er we ol' ones. I hate ter say it, but de

This was the sort of flattery Jemima appreciated, and she piled Aunt Minervy Ann's fingers an' toes." plate high with the best the kitchen afforded. Then when the guest had finished Jemimy pressed her to have something else, and declared that Aunt Minervy Ann had been 'mincin' an' not eatin'."

lowed as much as she could, announced her scuffle 'roun' fer ter git vittles ter eat an' intention of hunting for the children, but cloze ter w'ar. 'Twuz long' bout de days she didn't have to hunt at all, for they when Brer Rabbit robbed Brer Fox's goobers. were outside the kitchen door. They would First dey wuz a long dry drout, an' den a have been inside but for the fact that they long wet rain dat fresh'd de rivers, an' de BRER WOLF had been warned that they must not watch creeks, an' de branches out'n der banks an' other people while they were eating, neither | washed up all de craps. Dey wuz mo' swimat the table in the dining room' nor any-

the back of her hand and laughed when she dey wuz when de drout' wuz on.

I ever laid eyes on. You des grab holt er ter eat, an' 'nuff cloze to w'ar, an' dey'll

rotested once more.

"I declar' ter gracious!" she cried, "you rollin's an' sech like. all look so solemn an' pious dat it make my ter hol' confabe wid um. But dey ain't head feel empty. You set up here so wuss stidder gittin' better, they drap der Goody-goody! I done foun' de diamon' nigh what dey useter be. Folks done come starchified, des like dey does in church 'fo' work, kaze 'twant no use for work, an' den mine.' Den he clawed on de groun' wid de fust song, dat ef my head had been full dey tuck ter stealin', an' bimeby here dey er tales dey wouldn't be na'er one in it wuz clawin' an' chawin' one an'er; de big fly. now. Why, you make me feel like I did ones eatin' de little ones, an' de little ones de day Brer John Henry Jerding call on eatin de littlest up an down thoo de woods; me at de speunce meetin'. He say, 'Sis- an' fum dat time on dey wuz wil'. Dey quit ter Puddew'-Aunt Minerva Ann was a war'n cloze an' h'ar grow'd on um, an' atter

slice an' wring tales out'n um des like dey | go on behavin' better an' better; but slint wring chicken heads off. How you know um, an' dey'll go on behavin' wuss an' wuss, got any tale ter tell? I boun' you'd be Now dat's de plain, naked trufe, an' you'll sorry fer yo'se'f ef I wuz ter start in an' fin' it out when you git big 'nuff fer ter anything you wanter show me ef 'taint make up a wie." take notice er all de gwines-on you eee no littler dan a seed-tick." Nevertheless, in spite of these protests, 'roun' you. Well, 'twuz endurin' deze hard Aunt Minervy Ann went around to the times I'tellin' you 'bout dat de creeturs 'gun sump'n I wanter whieper in yo' year.' front veranda, saying, "I'll be dat fur on my to hunt one an'er down. Up ter dem times on the steps, and Buster John, Sweetest corn patches an' der goober patches an' der Susan and Drusilla grouped themselves tater patches and der peach orchards, an' about her. There was so much formality dey'd have der barbecues an' dinners, an' n this that Aunt Minervy Ann laughed and ol' Miss Meadows an' de gale wuz dar fer ter have quiltin' bees, an' dey had der log scratch in it. Den he jump up in de a'r an'

"But when times got hard, an' dey got



DEY START IN TER HUNT FOR DAT DIAMON' MINE.

wonderful mimic, and she rolled her eyes | dey'h had blood bread didn't tas'e good no and closed them slowly and flung her head mo'. back—'Sister Puddew, what is de state er "Yit de time I'm gwine ter tell you 'bout yo' soul? Is you still walkin' in re er- wuz when times wuz gittin' wusser, but an' laugh, an' ez ef dat wan't 'nuff he drum de er-narrer paff?' Dey wuz er whole hadn't come ter de wuss. De creeturs wuz on de groun' wid his behine feets an' it passul er niggers dar, men an' wimmin, an' scuffin' an' scrablin' for sump'n to eat, an' some er de wimmin had up an' spoke, an' none 'cept de biggest had 'gun ter claw an' wid yo' fingers.' one un um spoke so loud dat she fell down chaw one an'er. 'For' dem hard times dey an' had ter be toted out. Not ter be out- had been a heap er talk 'bout a diamon' done by um, I riz an' try ter say sump'n min' in dem parts, an' all dat talk had nice, but my han's gun ter trimble, an' my been handed down fer de longest. Brer Wolf knees ter shake, an' my tongue got up in de had heard his great gran'daddy talkin' 'bout | tell un. Well, when Brer Wolf got 'roun roof er my mouf clean out'n my reach. it; Brer Fox gran'deddy know'd sump'n de briar patch an' ain't see needer ha'r ner Well, of you-all had been livin' close ter 'bout it, an' Brer Rabbit gran'mammy had we-all you'd know ol' Aunt Minervy Ann 'lowed dat ef she wuz young ez she use lots better'n you does. When I foun' I can't ter be an' had good use er limbs an' eyes say what I wanter say, my dander riz. I she could go right straight an' put her han' say, 'Sister Puddew, ez you call er, is on de place whar de diamon' min' wuz at. walkin' right whar she wanter walk an' All de ol' creeturs talked dat way, an' de nowhar else, an' he's doin' lots better'n some ol' ones 'fo' dem, way back yan' when de er dem what come yer speshually fer ter creeturs wuz bigger dan what hosses is have fits." "Brer John Henry drawed in his breff an'

der twel long atter de doctor git holt er knew she had scored a point. you. Ef you wanter show off, I'll he'p pou. fix you so folks can see you ez you is." ence meeting" she felt better.

I wuz at home. You all sot down here felt lote better. and look at me so hard dat it tuck my breff way. An' right now I dunno what I come se'f, an' Brer Fox by hisse'f, an' Brer Rab-'roun' here fer."

Minervy Ann," Sweetest Susan declared. | know ef dey fin' de diamon' mine. Minervy Ann, "is why you come ter me an' when night come dey'd dream 'bout teflers on de place? What de matter wid days dey'd go 'roun' huntin' fer vittles. dat gal dar?" pointing to Drusilla. "She Brer Rabbit had some acorns dat his ol" anything, Aunt Minervy Ann went on: de freshet come, an' he got 'long tollable mus' I tell you?"

you to tell, I could tell it myself," said Bus- down ter dis day. ter John. "Don't you know any more tales about Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox?" "Look like you'd a' done got your fill er dem kinder tales by dis time," suggested Aunt Minervy Ann. "I don't git tired un um myse'f, kaze in der gwines on an' in der windin's up, dem tales tetches folks whar to the children-the tinkling bell announced dey live at. Dey does, des ez sho' ez youer dinner, and after that meal was over they settin' dar. I had one in my head ter day, waited patiently for Aunt Minervy Ann, who an' I come mighty nigh tellin' it ter Mars was having her dinner in the kitchen, where Tumlin, kaze I hear 'im say he gwine in she paid Jemimy the highest of compliments pardnership wit dat ar John Jeems Highby eating a great deal of everything that tower, which he say he done fin' a gol' mine came to hand. " "Tain't de yappetite, chile; on his place. Ter hear dat man you'd think it's de cookin'. I use ter b'lieve dat I could all he had ter do wuz to go out in his back to sump'n wid de pots an' ovens myse'f, yard an' git a bairiful er pyo gol' wid no but yo young folks done got clean ahead mo' trouble dan shovelin' it up an' shovelin' it in. Dat de way he talk, an' when I hear trufe mought ez well be tol', speshually dat de tale 'bout ol' Brer Fox diamon' mine pop in my head. But I speck you all done

hear' bout dat mo' times dan wou got But the children protested that they had never heard of Brother Fox's diamond mine. "It seem like dat times wuz mighty hard wid de creeturs, harder dan what dey is wid us right now," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann Finally, aunt Minervy Ann having swal- by way of preface, "an' de creeturs had ter min' dan wadin' an' mo' wadin' dan walkin' bout dat time, an' when de water run'd off, Aunt Minervy Ann wiped her mouth with times wuz des a leetle bit harder dan what

"You all mayn't b'lieve it, but hard times You-all is de outdoinest white chillun will change habits. Let folks have plenty

now." Bigger than horses! The children began fetchid a long groan. 'I 'low, ef youer to open their eyes and Sweetest Susan snug-fetchin' dat groan at me, des walk outer gled up to Aunt Minervy Ann with that dedat door dar, an' I'll gi' you sump'n ter lightful thrill of make-believe dread that groan fer, an' you won't stop groanin' nud- only children can feel. Aunt Minervy Ann

"Yes, la! Bigger dan what hosses is now. I'm a mighty han' at he'pin' folks, an' I'll Dey'd set up cross-legged an' run on 'bout dat diamon' min', des like der gran'daddies The truth is, Aunt Minervy Ann was talk- had done befo' um, an' des like der gran'ing to get rid of the embarrassment which chillun done atter um. An' when de hard had selzed her. And when they laughed times gun ter pinch um, dey start in ter heartily at her description of the "experi- hunt fer dat dimon' mine. Ef dey'd 'a' worked ez hard ez dey hunted, maybe dey "Now, den," she said, "I sorter feel like mought er been better; anyhow dey'd 'a'

"Brer Wolf went off in de woods by his bit by hisse'f, an' dat wuz de way wid all "Why, you were to tell us a tale, Aunt de yuthers. Dey don't want nobody ter "What I wanter know," remarked Aunt hunt an' dey hunt fum dawn twel dark, was thin ez a fence rail an' Bret Fox wus fum laughin' out loud "Why, if I knew which tale I wanted so g'ant dat his fambly ain't never got fat

"Well, one time when de creeturs wuz



TRY TO CLIME

don't b'lieve dey's any diamon' mine any whar roun' in dat country. But Brer Rabbit say his great-gran mammy wuz quainted wid dem dat own de mine. Brer Fox, he ax what der name wuz. Brer Rabbit fow dat der name was needer mo' nor less dan Mammy-Mammy Big-Money, an' de way she got her name wuz on 'count er de dia-

Brer Wolf laugh and say, 'Dat's de trufe an' what's mo,' Brer Fox wouldn't know a he'p you, Brer Wolf?" diamon' fum a pebble less'n it wuz cleaned an' rubbed up

Brer Fox say, 'Don't dey shine like dey got fire in der entrails? Brer Wolf shake his head an' low, 'Not

less dey're cleaned an' rubbed up.' "Dis make Brer Fox open his eye. He say, 'I been buntin' fer shine things; maybe I done fin' de diamon' mine widout knowin'

Brer Wolf wid a grin, an' Brer Rabbit he laugh fit ter kill "Brer Fox he ax what a diamon' look like fo' it's rubbed up an' made shiny. "'Des like plain, ev'y-day dirt,' says Brer Wolf, an' Brer Rabbit 'gree wid 'im.

" "Maybe you is an' maybe you ain't, sez

so bad off en' so venomous fer vittles dat he loped atter 'im. Brer Rabbit seed 'im mighty happy. comin', an' he cantered on ahead. De faster Brer Wolf come, de faster Brer Rabbit went, an' bimeby Brer Rabbit got in de briarbush whar Brer Wolf can't foller. He got in dar, he did, an' set down an' wipe his face wid bofe han's like you see chillun do. Brer Wolf sot not fur off, an' he was so hongry he fair dribble at de mouf.

"Brer Rabbit low, 'Look at me, Brer Wolf; I'm in plain sight. I ain't hidin'." Brer Wolf, say, I wanter show you

"He say, 'Come yer, Brer Rabbit; I wanter

"Brer Rabbit say, 'I ain't got pop-eyes for nothin'. I kin set right here an' see

"Brer Wolf lick his chops an' say, 'I got "Brer Rabbit low, 'My years aint big fer way home, anyhow," and the children fol-lowed her. Once there, she seated herself um des like folks does now. Dey had der is, Brer Wolf. I kin hear you des ez well ef not better, dan ef you had my year in yo'

"Den Brer Wolf walk roun' an' study. Bimeby he look down at de groun' an' sorter whirl 'roun' an' holler, 'Goody-goody, Brer Rabbit! I so glad I projicked wid you! mine.' Den he clawed on de groun' wid han's an' foots an' made de dirt an' pebbles

Brer Rabbit sot dar in de briarbush an watch Brer Wolf fer ter see what he gwine do nex'. Den he went on combin' his ha'r wid his tongue an' rubbin' his face wid his

"Brer Wolf, wid one eye on Brer Rabbit, kep' up his grabbin' in de dirt. He holler, Come on, Brer Rabbit! Deyer here by de bushel. De groun' is fairly strowed wid um!' "Brer Rabbit low, 'Nummine 'bout me, Brer Wolf. Ef dey's nuff fer bofe, I'll git mine atter you git all you want. Ef dey ain't nuff fer bofe, 'tain't no use fer me ter come out dar an' worry you while you

Brer Wolf grabble harder dan ever. He say, 'O, come on, Brer Rabbit! Don't be hangin' back dat way!' "Brer Rabbit low, 'I'm gwine home atter

a bag. My pockets ain't big nuff fer ter hol' all you say you gwineter gi' me.' "Brer Wolf say, 'Come look at um, Brer Rabbit, an' choosen de size an' kin' you

"Brer Rabbit low, 'I'd be monst'ous ongrateful ef I couldn't trust dat ter you,

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit holler, 'Walt fer me, Brer Wolf! Wait fer me!' Den he make a big rustlin' noise in de briar bush like he runnin' thoo um, but he laid his years back an' drapt on the groun' an' watch Brer Wolf. Time Brer Rabbit made de rustlin' noise Brer Wolf stop grabblin' and run 'roun' de briar patch fer ter see ef he can't head Brer Rabbit off an ketch 'im. "When Brer Rabbit see dat he sot up an

laugh, an' lay down an' laugh, an' roll over soun' des like when you thump on a bedtick

"Then he didn't catch Brother Rabbit? said Sweetest Susan.

"Who? Him! Not dat day, ner de nex" ner not na'er udder day dat I ever hear



"I DONE FOUN' DE DIAMON' MINE." hide er Brer Rabbit he say ter hisse'f dat ter tell a tale, when dey's so many tale- it. But dey wuz bleeze ter eat, an' some Brer Rabbit done gone on home in a hurry an' he'll des waylay 'im ez he come back. So he hid in de underbrush an' wait. got a monst'ous nice mammy; how come 'oman had saved up, a' he foun' some sugar He wait an' he wait. But Brer Rabbit she can't tell no tale?" As nobody said cane dat had been buried in de san' when ain't come back, kaze he was settin' not twenty yards fum Brer Wolf an' watchin' What kinder tale you want? Which tale well; but he wa'nt none too fat. Brer Wolf his motions, all de time tryin' ter keep

"Bimeby, who should come promenadin" long but ol' Brer Fox. He wa'nt doin' nothin' in de worl' but huntin' de diamon' takin' a day off, Brer Fox, he low dat he mine. Time Brer Wolf see 'im he made a break atter 'im an' Brer Fox out out ez hard ez he could fer ter keep outer de way. Brer Fox wuz nimble in de feet, but Brer Wolf wuz hongry, an' so dar 'twuz, Bimeby Brer Fox tuck a tree. Brer Wolf try ter clime up atter 'im, but he done dulled his claws by grabblin' an' dey

wouldn't hold in de bark. "Den he try de same game on Brer Fox dat he'd tried on Brer Rabbit. He look at de groun', turn roun' a time er two an' start ter grabblin'. He holler our, 'I mighty glad I played de prank on you, Brer Fox, kaze you lead me right straight ter de diamon' My kite, 'nd gives me change ter spend. mine: you must a' know'd whar 'twuz. Ef you did, I'm mighty much bleege ter you. kaze de diamon' mine is right here an' you shan't lose nothin', Brer Fox.' "Brer Fox look down at 'im, an' look hard,

but Brer Wolf keep on grabblin'. Brer Fox 'Is dey sho' nuff diamon's, Brer

"Brer Wolf make out he ain't hear 'im, an keep on a-grabblin. Bimeby, he hoffer 'Whoo-ee! What a big un!' He grabble harder dan ever, an' den he fetched an'er whoop, 'Jiminy cracky! deze de biggest diamon's I yever laid eyes on."

"Brer Fox say: 'Hol' up one un um Brer Wolf, an' lemme see it.' "Brer Wolf low, 'I ain't got time, Brer Fox: I got ter put in my work 'fo' any er de yuther creeturs come up an' claim der sheer You ain't he'pin' me none, Brer Fox, but don't keer 'bout dat. You wuz de 'casion er my findin' um; ef I hadn't 'a' been prankin' wid you I'd 'a' never foun' dis My pa 'nd me! diamon' mine in de roun' worl'. An' you won't lose nothin' by it, needer.' All de

time talkin', Brer Wolf wuz a-grabblin' an' a-gruntin' "Brer Fox say: 'Mus' I come down an

"Brer Wolf low: 'Come er stay, des ez you choosen, Brer Fox. You ain't gwineter lose

"All dat soun' so nice dat Brer Fox start down. He come down de tree a little way, an' den stop; but Brer Wolf ain't payin' no 'tention. He des keep on a-gruntin' an' agrabblin'. Bimeby Brer Fox made a long jump ter git ez fur 'way fum Brer Wolf ez he kin; but time he lit Brer Wolf had 'im-Dey wuz a kinder scuffle, but, bless yo' soul!

Rabbit come promensdin' 'long. He see or no pay required. It is guaranteed to Brer Wolf an' stop. He look all 'roun' an' Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn he see whar de groun' been grabbled up;

"Well, day went on huntin'. Day hunt he look furder an' he see Brer Fox head high an' dey hunt low, an' bimeby dey got layin' on de groun' grinnin'. Den he low 'Heyo, Brer Wolf! You must 'a' foun dey hatter do sump'n 'sides hunt diamon' an'er diamon' mine. Two in one day is big mines; an' so, one day, when Brer Wolf luck-mighty big luck. Brer Fox is sorter see Brer Rabbit gwine 'long thoo de woods, swunk up, but what dey is lef' un 'im look

"Brer Wolf say: 'O, go 'way, man! I fee! too good!" "

The story was done and Aunt Minervy Ann's time was up. So is mine. We have come to the end of the book, which, after alf, is nothing more than a confused dream of old times.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY. England Alone Has No National Holiday to Celebrate.

There is one country in the world, and one only, which has no birthday or national holiday. Nor is that country in some remote corner of the man-it is England. Although the queen's birthday-May 21is annually celebrated in royal fashion, it is not a national holiday, and Englishmen and women have at last aroused thomselves to the fact that they are quite alone in this

respect. "What day shall we choose for our nation's birthday?" they are now asking. 'Shall it be the queen's birthday-or the day of her ascending the throne, or auy day which she herself shall name?

There was a movement not long ago to bring forward St. George's day as the nation's birthday, St. George being England's patron saint

The birthday of different countries all have very good and substantial reasons for being.

January 18 Germany celebrates her na tional holiday; the day when the king of Prussia was first proclaimed emperor of Germany and Prussia. September 2 is Italy's birthday, for it was

the day on which Italy became a united country July is a pet month for national birthdays, and starts off with July 1, which the Canadians keep as the date upon which

July 14 is France's national holiday, the day the Bastile was taken, and our own national holiday is July 4. Mohammedans keep November 10-Mo-

their present constitution was given.

hammet's birthday.

Every country, of course, has its fete days-often miscalled "national holidays." For example, in England Primrose day April 19, is often called a national holiday, as well as St. Patrick's day in Ireland, and October 24, which the Irishman honors in gala fashion, as Turfcutters' day,

when peat as a fuel was discovered. The Welsh celebrate Ascension day with much pomp and circumstance, nor will any one in that country work on that day, be lieving that a fatal accident will cut off those who go to their daily labor as usual. May 17 the Spaniards make merry and drink to the health of the young king, whose

Honolulu is said to have more publi holidays than any other city in the world.

#### PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. "Stop, Bessie! What are you pounding

ittle brother for?" "Because, mamma, he's sure to do some thing he oughtn't to in about two minutes.

"Can any of you tell me," queried the eacher of the primary class, auses the saltiness of the ocean?" "I guess it's 'cause it's full of codfish, answered one little fellow.

Aunt Sophia-And is Tommy a good litle boy at school?

Tommy-Yes, auntie, Aunt Sophia-And why is Tommy a good Tommy-'Cause it's better fun to see the other boys get a lickin' than to get one

"I love you very much, papa," said 5rear-old Willie, as he crawled.up on his

"And I love you, too, Willie, when you are good," replied the father. "But, papa," continued the little felow, not to be outdone. "I love you just the same even when you ain't no good."

This story is of a little girl, and it may or may not have been told publicly before, says the New York Times. It is a cap story, brought out by that of the little girl and her salutations. This other little girl had been taken to church for the first time, and she was somewhat surprised by the general style of the building, which

seen before. 'Whose house is this?" she asked, "It is God's house," answered mamma and the little girl took another critical view of the building.

was quite unlike anything she had ever

"It is a very nice house," she finally "We have never called upon soliloquized. him before."

If it has ever happened to you to live in an apartment house with a janitor to ita janitor whose word is law, when it isn't profanity-if, I say, you have ever bowed your neck to the yoke, you will appreciate with me the word a little girl added to my vocabulary the other day, says a writer in the Washington Post. I met her toiling down the stairs from the sixth floor with a doll's carriage.

"Why don't you take that down in the elevator?" I asked. "Mr. Smith won't 'low me to," she an swered. "Who is Mr. Smith?" I asked.

"Oh," said the child, "don't you know Mr. Smith bosses things. He's the glan-

My pa!

'Nd sometimes when I climb a tree
'Nd get a lickin', don't you see,
He comes 'nd takes me on his knee. My pa!
'Nd tells me stories bout the bears,
'Till when I go ter bed upstairs,
I ducks my head 'nd says my prayers,
'Nd thinks when pa 'nd me 'll go

fishin',
'Nd you bet! My pa 'nd me

Just waits around 'till circus day,
'Nd then my pa 'll al'ays say,
He thinks it's just the bestest way
Ter edgercate a boy like me.

Ter take 'em to ther circus grounds. Show 'em the lions 'nd trained hounds, 'Nd let 'em hear the joyous sounds!

Did see ther lady with ther snake

-Pa said it wasn't any fake'Nd all the tricks ther monkeys make. When we got home pa patted my head 'Nd told me to run on ter bed, 'Nd kind o' sorry like he said,

Was just a little boy again. Boys like circuses better'n men! You'll find it all out some day, Ben." 'Nd pa he sighed,

pa ne signed, but one year when I couldn't go, ie went alone ter see ther show! But I suppose 'twas so he'd know,

So he could tell it all ter me, When in the evenin', on his knee, We have a circus, don't you see, My pa 'nd me! ANNELLA S. GILMORE.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Dey wuz a kinder scuffle, but, bless yo' soul!

Brer Fox time done come.

"Atter while, when Brer Woff wuz layin' sunnin' hisse'f an' feelin' good, ol' Brer all skin eruptions, and positively cures pifes.

# HEALTH OF POPE LEO XIII

# A Matter of Solicitude to Many Millions of People.

## EIGHTY-NINE YEARS OF AGE, YET VIGOROUS

COLD MEDAL CONFERRED.



In view of the Pope's continued strength of mind and body, as recited in recent cables o the papers throughout the country, the following article will be interesting to all. regardless of religion, as Protestants and Hebrews, as well as Catholics, highly esteem

this grand old man. When, during recent years he was attacked by illness it was astonishing how rapidly he regained his health and strength. The message contained in the following letter from His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla will be somewhat of a surprise to many, as it is so extremely rare that praise and honor are bestowed in such gracious manner from one so highly placed.

Letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla.

Rome, Jan. 2, 1898. "It has pleased His Holiness to instruct me to transmit in his august name his thanks to Monsieur Mariani, and to testify again in a special manner his gratitude. His Holiness has even deigned to offer Monsleur Mariani a Gold Medal bearing his venerable image. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA." Emperors, princes, physicians and prelates

have sounded the keynote of praise in gratand health giving. Not satisfied with merely appreciated by all who receive it.

expressing thanks to Monsieur Mariani, M will be seen from the above letter, his Holiness has been pleased to graciously confer a most beautiful Gold Medal upon the scientific producer of the health-giving Vin Mariani.

What a charm there is in the name Vin Mariani! For three decades it has brought health and happiness to cottager and king. Her Majesty, the Empress of Russia, takes t regularly as a tonic, and the London Court Journal is authority for the statement that the Princess of Wales uses it with best re-

Health is certainly the desire of all creaon. To the thousands who have lost it or never known its delights, a tonic that will rejuvenate the spirit and invigorate the body is indeed a boon of incalculable value.

When the Grip (influenza) is epidemic in Europe, as also in this country, the medical profession rely upon the tonic properties of Vin Mariani. It is given as a preventive and also in convalencence to build up the system and to avoid the many disagreeable after effects so common with this dreaded

Vin Mariani brings cheerfulness to the morbid and depressed; it strengthens the weary; calms the nerves when overwrought by undue excitement-in fact, it makes life worth the living, and is aptly termed by the illustrious writers, Victorien Sardou, Alexandre Dumas and Jules Verne, "The True Promoter of Health," "Elixir of Life," "A Veritable Fountain of Youth." Never has anything received such uniformly high praise

and recognition from eminent authorities. Those readers who are not familiar with the workings and the worth of Vin Mariant should write to Mariani & Co., 52 West 15th street, New York, and they will receive, free of all charge, a beautiful little album containing portraits of Emperors, Empress, itude for benefits obtained. It has been a Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other chorus of thanksgiving and appreciation, and distinguished personages who use and recomnow, as a crowning testimonial, comes the mend this marvelous wine, together with exmessage of gratitude from His Holi- plicit and interesting details on the subject. ness the Pope, who, having used This little album is well worth writing for; Vin Mariani, found it sustaining it is distributed gratuitously, and it will be

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