



# THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

COMIC SECTION

SUNDAY AUGUST 26 1906



## MR. NO-CLAWS-MO-CLAWS

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS  
Pictures by J.M. CONDÉ



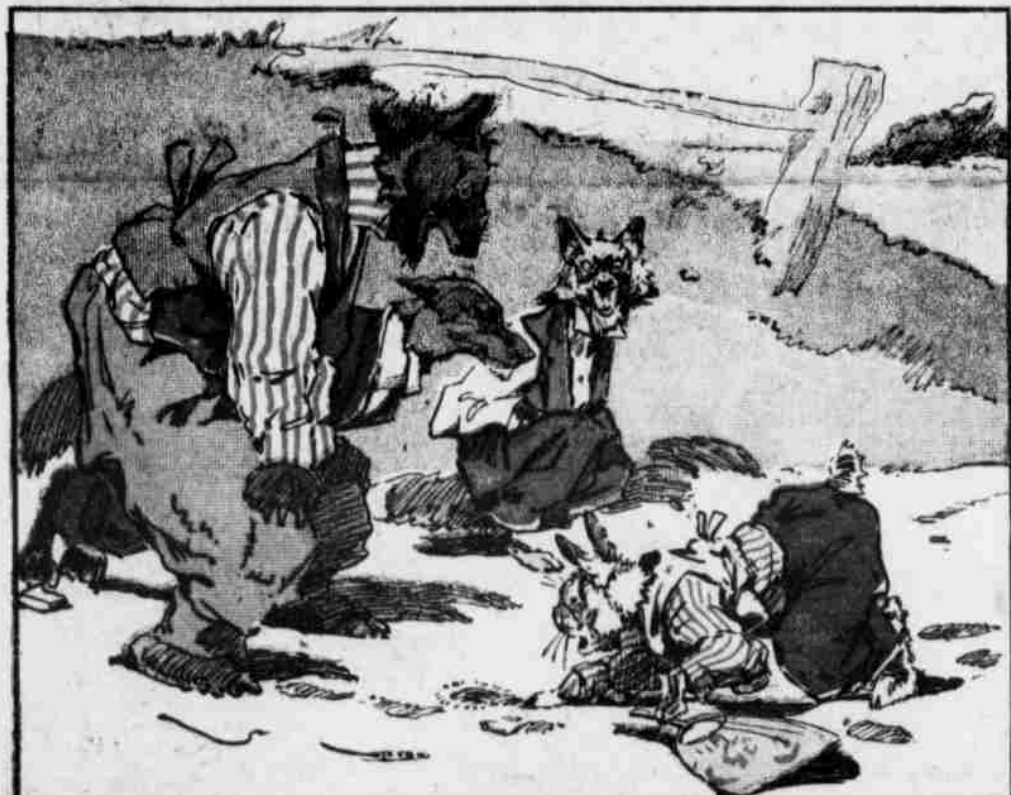
LATE one afternoon when the little boy came to pay his daily visit to Uncle Remus, he heard the old man talking, and concluded that he had company. So he lingered about the humble door-step for some time before venturing in. When he did go in, he was astonished to find that there was no one in the cabin but Uncle Remus. "I thought I heard you talking to some one," he remarked. "I speck you did," replied the old man. "I bleeze ter talk ter some'body, fer ter keep fum feelin' lonesome, an' when dey ain't nobody else 'roun' I des whirln in an' talks ter myse'f." "It's allers been mighty funny ter me," Uncle Remus went on, "dat de creetur know'd what dey know'd in times 'way back yander. Dey know'd mighty nigh ez much ez dey ain't know, an' you can't say dat 'bout folks



So Uncle Remus made himself a little more comfortable on his shoe-bench, and began: "Soon one mornin' Brer B'ar, Brer Wolf, an' Brer Fox wuz gwine home fum de night's promenade, when right in de middle er de big road dey seed a quare-lookin' track—not one, but a whole passel un um. 'Who's dis?' says Brer B'ar. 'It's a bran'-new thing ter me,' says Brer Wolf. 'It's a track dat's bigger dan mine,' says Brer Fox; an' dar dey stood, lookin' an' wonderin'.



"An' whiles dey wuz doin' dis, here come ol' Brer Rabbit down de road, fresh fum some er his pirootin's. He say, sezee, 'Hello, ol' frien's an' neighbors! What you doin' here, when, by good rights, you oughter be at home wid yo' specktable famblies?'



"Brer B'ar, he spoken up an' say, sezee, 'We wuz des a-lookin' at dese tracks in de road, wonderin' who drapt um an' whar he come fum.' Brer Rabbit, he say, sezee, 'I know mighty well de one dat made um. He's been run out'n one county, an' now he's come over here fer ter be de cause er trouble. Ef we all stood tergedder he'd be run out'n dis county, same ez dey runs him out'n all de counties whar he tries fer ter settle down. It ain't nobody in de roun' worl' but Mr. No-Claws-Mo-Claws, an' ef you-all want ter run 'im off I'll 'fine you, an' ef you won't do that, I'll run 'im out by myse'f; I'll say dat much. When it comes ter doin' what oughter be done, here's what'll do it!'



"Well, dey stood dar, rollin' der min's over an' tryin' fer ter make um up like yo' great-gran'-mammy use ter make up her feather bed. Brer Rabbit, watchin' um, kinder smole a little smile, an' 'low, sezee, 'Ef youer skeer'd, ol' frien's, we'll drap de whole business an' say no mo' 'bout it.' Brer B'ar, Brer Wolf, an' Brer Fox look kinder sheepish. Brer B'ar kinder shuffled roun' like a flea wuz bitin' him, an' atter so long a time Brer Fox spoken up an' say, sezee,



"'We'll all go wid you, Brer Rabbit, long ez de journey may be,' an' wid dat dey put out fer ter foller de tracks what dey seed in de road. 'Twan't long 'fo' dey come up wid Mr. No-Claws-Mo-Claws.



"He wuz playin' all by his own 'lone se'f. He'd run 'roun' a tree, den he'd hug it an' jump 'way fum it like he wuz skeer'd. When he seed de yuther creeturs what went wid Brer Rabbit, he looked at um an' grinned. Dis make um mad, an' Brer Fox, he say, sezee, 'Don't you dast ter grin at me, you gran' rascal! I'm come fer ter run you out'n de county!'



"Dis make the creetur grin all de mo', an' Brer Rabbit 'low, sezee, 'You ain't gwine ter put up wid dat, is you, Brer Fox?'. An' Brer Fox, bein' natchally kinder biggity, run at Mr. No-Claws-Mo-Claws wid his mouf wide open, an' he come mighty nigh not runnin' back ag'in, kaze de creetur at de tree wan't nobody in de roun' worl' but ol' Brer Wil'cat, an' he come mighty nigh strippin' off all de cloze dat Brer Fox had on—an' he ain't fetch 'im but two swipes at dat.



"Brer Rabbit, he 'low, 'Brer Fox, I'm afeard you'll hatter git yo' ol' 'oman fer ter patch yo' hide, kaze dis islots wuss dan de Tar-baby trouble what you got me in!'