



# Brer Rabbit & the Goobers

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS  
PICTURES BY J. M. CONDE



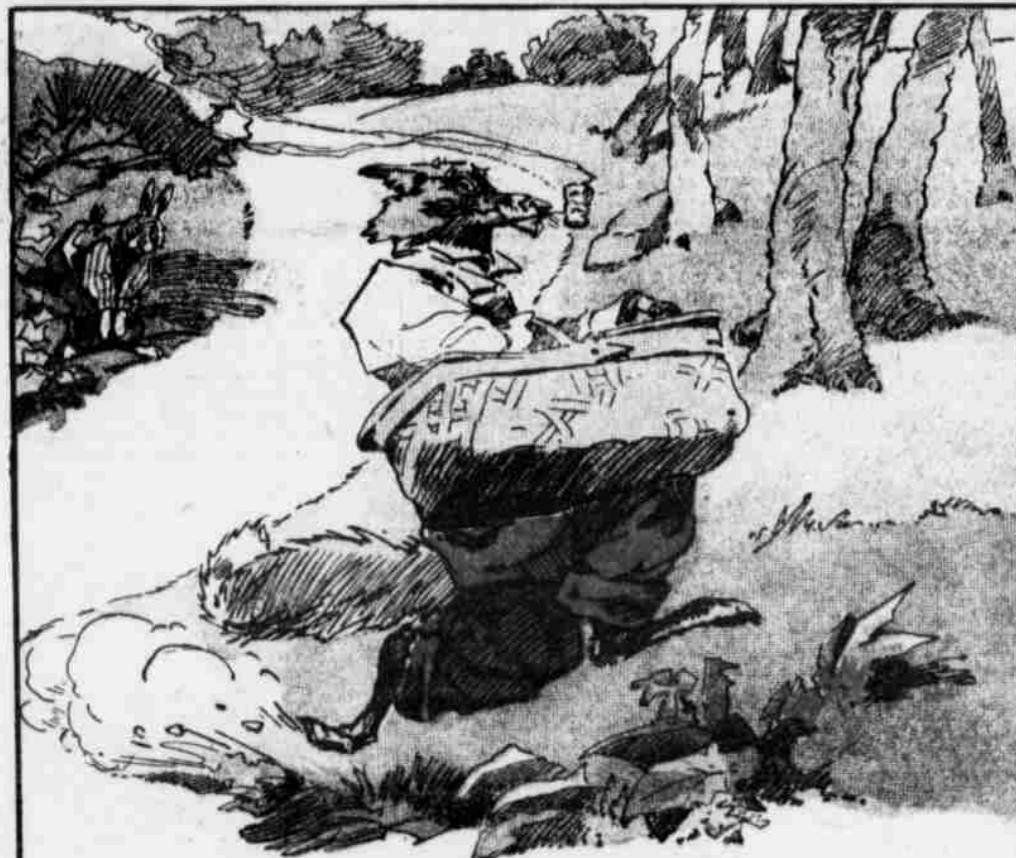
"De fust news you know," remarked Uncle Remus, as the little boy leaned against the shoe-bench, "you'll be settin' on dat wax, an' den whar'll you be, an' whar'll yo' mammy say? It's de same kinder wax dat ol' Brer Fox made de tar-baby out'n, an' it's got a mighty habit er holdin' on when once it gits a grip on you. I had a tale on my min', but you done druv it clean away. 'Bout de time Brer Rabbit wuz so thick wid ol' Brer B'ar, it come 'bout dat de creeturs jine in an' make 'im de Judge er de court-house—an' dey does say dat ol' Brer B'ar made a mighty good Judge, 'specially when he put on his specks, an' cle'r'd his th'ot, an' tuck a pinch er snuff.



"'Long 'bout dat time wuz de famishin' time, an' de creeturs hatter scramble 'roun' might'y ef dey got one full meal a day; it wuz de time when dey wuz all a-huntin' fer de gol'-min' I done tol' you 'bout. Well, one day, whiles Brer Rabbit wuz meanderin' down de big road, who should he meet but ol' Brer Fox? an' mo' dan dat, Brer Fox had a basket, an' de basket lookt like it wuz full er sum'p'n.



"Dey passed de time er day, an' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'What dat you got, Brer Fox?' 'Parched goobers, Brer Rabbit.' Brer Rabbit come mighty nigh drappin' in his tracks; he 'low, 'My goodness, Brer Fox! don't tell me dat; you'll make my mouf water an' dribble fum here plumb home. Parched goobers! Le' me go!' an' wid dat, he put out up de road like de dogs wuz atter 'im.



"But he ain't gone so mighty fur 'fo' he turn in de bushes, an' run throo de underbush twel he catch a glimps er Brer Fox ez he went inter de woods on de yuther side er de road. Brer Rabbit foller so he kin keep bofe eyes on Brer Fox—an' he kep' um dar, mon!



"Brer Fox went on, he did, an' Brer Rabbit foller; on an' on, an' still Brer Rabbit foller. Bimeby, he come ter a clump er bushes, an' in dar, clean out'n sight, he put his basket, an' kiver'd it wid leaves an' trash, kaze Brer Rabbit seen 'im when he done it. Den Brer Fox went off ter whar he been diggin' an' grabblin' fer gol'. Brer Rabbit watch 'im mighty close, an' den he crope back ter de big road, so Brer Fox can't see 'im, an' when he got dar, he run like a race-hoss twel he got home. Dar he got 'im a bag, an' went flyin' back. Den he crope ter whar Brer Fox had hid his basket, scraped off de leaves an' trash, an' put de goobers in his bag; an' atter he got um all, he put de leaves an' trash back whar he foun' um, an' went on home.



"Once dar, him an' his chillun an' his ol' 'oman had a big time wid de goobers." "Wasn't that stealin'?" asked the child. "Not in dem days," responded Uncle Remus. "Dey ain't had no Bibles an' no preachers, an' dey ain't know right fum wrong; ef dey know'd right fum lef' nobody ain't tol me 'bout it.



"But dey wuz one thing dat happen dat Brer Rabbit ain't count on; his chillun, eatin' de goobers, scattered de hulls all over de yard, an' when Brer Fox went on home, atter he fin' his basket empty, he seed um, an' den he know right whar his goobers done gone. He say ter hisse'f, 'I'll git him!' He foun' some er de hulls out in de road, whar Brer Rabbit's chillun been playin' an' he picked um up an' put um in his pocket.



"Den he went right straight ter ol' Judge B'ar an' put in his complaints, an' de Judge say he wuz de one fer ter see things righted. He soun' Brer Wolf ter Brer Rabbit wid a soupbean, an' he hatter go ter de court-house an' stan' trial.



"Dis kinder tarrified Brer Rabbit, kaze he ain't usen ter dat kinder doin's, an' when dey put 'im on de stan' all he kin say is ter wobble his nose an' wiggle his mouf. Den Judge B'ar turn ter Brer Fox, 'Wuz de goobers parched?' Brer Fox say dey mos' sholy wuz, an' de Judge, he say, 'Brer Rabbit, I'm 'shame' er de way you done Brer Fox, an' I pass dis remittance on you: Plant some parched goobers, an' when you raise a crap um, pay Brer Fox back all you owes him! Now, den, I'll rejoin de court.'"