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Don't send any money—Only your name and address, at once, and we will promptly send you by mail, postpaid, the 8 boxes of Pills and the Pins. When sold, remit to us the \$2.00 and we will send you this handsome Violin, etc. just as represented. Write to-day.

Address: THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO.,

an' gi' Brer Rabbit a dollar an' a half an' some bread an' butter.

"Time passed, an' eve'y once in a while Brer Rabbit 'd go ter de house endurin' de day, an' tell Miss Nancy date her daddy say fer ter gi' 'im money an' some bread an' butter. An' de gal, he'd go part er de way ter whar Mr. Man is workin', an' holler an' ax ef he sasso, an' Mr. Man'd holler back, 'Yes, honey, dat what I say.' It got so atter while dat dey ain't so mighty much money in de house, an' 'bout dat time, Miss Nancy, she had a beau, which he useter come ter see her eye'y Sunday, an' sometimes Sat'day, an' it got so, atter while, dat she won't scarcely look at Brer Rabbit.

"Dis make 'im laugh, an' he kinder studied how he gwinter git even w. um, kaze de beau got ter flingin' his sass roun' Brer Rabbit, an' de gal, she'd giggle, ez gals will. But Brer Rabbit des sot dar, he did, an' chaw his terbacker, an' spit in de fier. But one day Mr. Man hear 'im talkin' ter hissef whiles deyer workin' in de same fiel', an' he ax Brer Rabbit what he say. Brer Rabbit 'low dat he des tryin' fer ter larn a speech what he hear a little bird say, an' wid dat he went on diggin' in de groun' des like he don't keer whedder anything happen er not. But dis don't satchify Mr. Man, an' he ax Brer Rabbit what de speech is. Brer Rabbit 'low dat de way little lird say it dey ain't no sense ter it fur ez he kin see. But Mr. Man keep on axin' 'im what 'tis, an' bimeby he up an' 'low, 'De beau kiss de gal an' call her honey; den he kiss her ag'in, an' she gi' 'im de money.'

"Mr. May say, 'Which money?' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Youser too much fer me. Dey tells me dat money's money, no matter whar you git it, er how you git it. Ef de little bird wa'n't singin' a song, den I'm mighty much mistaken.' But dis don't make Mr. Man feel no better dan what he been feelin'. He went on workin', but all de time de speech dat de little bird made was runnin' in his min'.

"De beau kiss de gal, an' call her honey; Den he kiss her ag'in, an' she gi' 'im de money.'

"He keep on sayin' it over in his min', an' de mo' he say it de mo' it worry him. Dat night when he went home, de beau wuz dar, an' he wuz mo' gayly dan ever. He flung sass at Brer Rabbit, an' Brer Rabbit des sot dar an' chaw his terbacker, an' spit in de fier. Den Mr. Man went ter de place whar he kep his money, an' he fin' it mos' all gone. He come back, he did, an' he say, 'Whar my money?' De gal, she ain't wanten have no words 'fo' her beau, an' 'spon', 'You know whar 'tis des ez well ez I does,' an' de man say, 'I speek you er right 'bout dat, an' sence I does, I want you ter pack up an' git right out er dis house an' take yo' beau wid you.' An' so dar 'twuz.

"De gal, she cry some, but de beau muched her up, an' dey went off an' got married, an' Mr. Man tuck all his things an' move off somers, I dunner whar, an' dey wa'n't nobody lef' in dem neighborhoods but me an' Brer Rabbit."

"You and Brother Rabbit?" cried the little boy.

"Dat's what I said," replied Uncle Remus. "Me an' Brer Rabbit. De gal, she tol' her chillun 'bout how Brer Rabbit had done her an' der pa, an' fum dat time on, deyer been persoonin' on atter him."

MERCY ME AND THE FAIRY MOUSE.

There was once a little girl named Goodness Mercy Me who lived in a great big house with her mother and father. She was six years old, and she had golden hair and blue eyes, besides a beautiful dress, two dolls, and a whole lot of toys.

But Mercy Me was not happy, for her mother had caught her eating the jam in the pantry, and had made her stand in the corner.

Now a lot of little mice lived under this pantry, and the front door of their house was a little hole in the corner where Mercy Me stood. They were very happy, fat little mice, and when no one was near they used to run over the pantry and take cheese, and cake, and bread, and other nice things that mice like to eat.

All at once, as Mercy Me stood in the corner, she heard something making an awful squeaking sound, and looking down, she saw two tiny grey mice nibbling at her shoe and struggling to get down through the hole.

But Mercy Me wouldn't let them go. She kept her foot over the hole, and the poor little mice cried and cried, and squeaked at the tops of their voices because they could not get home.

Then there came the sound of squeaking and squealing from under the floor just like a hundred mice all speaking at once. The two little grey mice ran away from Mercy Me's foot and began to bite and gnaw through the floor in another corner of the pantry.

At last they made another new hole, and just as they finished it up came twenty more little grey mice and one very beautiful white mouse with pink eyes and hair like silk.

"Whatever is the matter?" said the white mouse to the two little grey mice.

"Please, Queen we were trying to get home," they said, "but Mercy Me put her foot over the front door and wouldn't let us get past."

"Is that true, Mercy Me?" asked the beautiful white mouse who was the queen of the mice.

"Yes it is," answered Mercy Me rudely. "I do not like mice, and I'll give you all to Tom, the big grey cat."

Now when the Queen of the mice heard what Mercy Me said she was very angry, and as she was also a fairy mouse she sang:

"Hicky, dicky, dickery dice,
I am the fairy queen of the mice.
Hicky, dicky, dickery ho,
One, two, three, and away we go."

And she ran over to Mercy Me and touched her foot three times.

Then, before she could move, Mercy Me found that she was growing smaller and smaller until she was not even the size of the little grey mouse. Then the mice took her a long way under the floor, until they came to a great big cage made of iron; and they put Mercy Me in the cage and locked the door and left her there.

All at once as Mercy Me sat in the cage crying, she heard the sound of hundreds of feet running, and then along came a crowd of mice.

"We're going to give you to a rat to eat!" they cried. And just as they spoke along came a rat who seemed as big as a great tiger to Mercy Me.

"Ho, ho!" said the rat when he saw Mercy Me. "Here's a nice dinner for me."

He opened the door of the cage and was just coming in to eat Mercy Me, when she ran past him and jumped right on to the back of a mouse.

Now the mouse was so afraid that he ran and ran and ran, with Mercy Me clinging on his back, until they came right back to the hole in the pantry.

Then Mercy Me jumped off his back and climbed through the hole. But just as she got through, a great big giant animal caught her in his mouth.

"I've been waiting for you, little mouse," said the great big animal. "I'm Tom, the grey cat, and I'm going to eat you all up."

"Oh, Tom, Tom, don't you know me? I am Mercy Me!" cried Goodness Mercy Me.

"Why, so you are," he said, "and I did not know you, you are so small. Whatever has happened?"

So Mercy Me told Tom all about the mice, and what they were going to do with her, and just as she finished telling Tom, who should come through the hole but the Queen of all the mice.

Now Tom was a very, very clever cat, and as soon as he saw the Queen Mouse he jumped and caught her in his paws.

"Let me go—let me go," she cried!

"Not until you have made Mercy Me a great big girl again," said Tom.

So the Queen of the Mice sang:

"Hicky, dicky, dickery dice,
Never be naughty, always be nice;
Hicky, dicky, dickery den,
Mercy Me, be a girl again."

Then all at once Goodness Mercy Me found herself growing until she was a great big girl again.

So Tom, the big grey cat, let the Queen of the Mice go, and she ran straight home with a squeak.