

The Little Ones.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

SATURDAY.

By Mary E Waterhouse.

When Sat'day comes, an' every one's so busy.
I take my dolls an' go to gran'ma's house;
My gran'ma she is always glad to see me.
She doesn't say, "Be quiet as a mouse."
An' my Aunt Mary she has bakin' bizness.
When Sat'day comes, an' lets me help her too.
I scrape the bowl, and love the chocolate fillin',
An' sometimes bake a little cake, I do.
Then, when I'm all through helpin' my Aunt Mary,
I run right back to where my mamma lives,
An' find that she too's been in bakin' bizness,
An' all the bowls are full, an' flour sieves.
An' when I wait an' wait until she finished,
An then I scrape my mamma's bowls, I do.
I think there's nothin' quite like bakin' bizness,
When Sat'day comes, an' I can scrape, don't you?

BROTHER RABBIT AND MISS NANCY An Uncle Remus Story.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

One day, when Uncle Remus had told one of the stories that have been already set forth, the little boy was unusually thoughtful. He had asked his mother whether there was ever a time when the animals acted and talked like people, and she, without reflecting, being a young and an impulsive woman, had answered most emphatically in the negative. Now, this little boy was shrewder than he was given credit for being, and he knew that neither his grandmother nor Uncle Remus would set great store by what his mother said. How he knew this would be difficult to explain, but he knew it all the same. Therefore, when he interjected a doubt as to the truth of the tales, he kept the name of his authority to himself. "Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "how do you know that the tales you tell are true? Couldn't somebody make them up?"

The old man looked at the little child, and knew who had sown the seeds of doubt in his mind, and the knowledge made him groan and shake his head. "Maybe you think I done it, honey, but ef you does, de sooner you fergit it off'n yo' min', de better fer you, kaze I'd set here an' dry up an' blow 'way fo' I kin tell a tale er my own make up; an' ef dey's anybody deze days what kin make um up, I'd like fer ter snuggle up ter 'im, an' ax 'im ter larn me how."

"Do you really believe the animals could talk?" asked the child.

"What diffunce do it make what I b'lieve, honey? Ef dey kin talk in dem days, er ef dey can't, b'lievin' er not b'lievin' ain't gwineter he'p matters. Ol' folks what live in dem times, dey say de creeturs kin talk, kaze dey done talk wid um, an' dey tell it ter der chillun an' der chillun tell it ter der chillun right on down ter deze days. So den what you gwineter do 'bout it—b'lieve dem what had it fum de ol' folks dat know'd, er dem what aint never hear nothin' 'tall about t'wel dey git it second han' fum a ol' nigger man?"

The child perceived that Uncle Remus was hitting pretty close to home, as the saying is, and he said nothing for a while. "I haven't said that I don't believe them," he remarked presently.

"Ef you said it, honey, you ain't say it whar I kin hear you, but I take notice dat you hol' yo' head on one

side an' kinder wrinkle yo' face up when I tell deze tales. Ef you don't b'lieve um, tain't no mo' use fer me ter tell um dan 'tis fer me ter fly."

"My face always wrinkles when I laugh, Uncle Remus."
"An' when you cry," responded the old man so promptly that the child laughed, though he hardly knew what he was laughing at.

"I'm gwineter tell you one now," remarked Uncle Remus, wiping a smile from his face with the back of his hand, "an' you kin take it er leave it, des ez you please. Ef you see anythin' wrong in it anywhar, you kin p'int it out ez we go 'long. I been tellin' you dat Brer Rabbit wuz a heap bigger in dem days dan what he is now. It look like de fambly done run ter seed, an' I bet you dat ninety-nine thousan' year fum dis ve'y day, de Rabbit-tum-a-hash crowd won' be bigger dan fel'mices—I bet you dat. He wa'n't only bigger, but he wuz mighty handy 'bout a farm, when he tuk a notion, speshually ef Mr. Man had any greens in his truck-patch. Well, one time, times wuz so hard dat he hatter hire out fer his vittles an' close. He had de idee dat he wuz gittin' a mighty he'p fer de work he done, an' Mr. Man tell his daughter dat he wuz gittin' Brer Rabbit mighty cheap. Dey wuz bofe satchified, an' when dat's de case, eve'body else oughter be satchified. Brer Rabbit kin hoe taters, an' chop cotton, an' fetch up breshwood, an' split de kin'lin', an' do right smart."

"He say ter hissef, Brer Rabbit did, dat ef he ain't gittin' no money an' mighty few cloze, he boun' he'd have a plenty vittles. De fust week er two, he ain't cut up no shines; he wuz gittin' usen ter der place. He struck ter his work right straight 'long twel Mr. Man say he one er de bes' han's on de whole place, an' he tell his daughter dat she better set 'er cap fer Brer Rabbit. De gal she toss her head an' make a mouf, sheep eyes at 'im."

"One fine day, when de sun shinin' mighty hot, Brer Rabbit 'gun ter git mighty hongry. He say he want some water. Mr. Man say, 'Dar de bucket, an' yan de spring. Eve'ything fixed so you kin git water monstous easy.' Brer Rabbit git de water, but still de wuz a gnyawin' in his stomach, an' bimeby he say he want some bread. Mr. Man say, 'Tain't been so mighty long sence you had brekkus, but no matter 'bout dat. Yans de house, in de house you'll fin' my daughter, an' she'll gi' you what bread you want."

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit put out fer de house, an' dar he fin' de gal. She say, 'La Brer Rabbit! you oughter be at work, but stidder dat here you is at de house. I hear pap say dat youer mighty good worker, but ef dis de way you does yo' work, I dunner what make 'im sesso.' Brer Rabbit say, 'I'm here, Miss Nancy, kaze yo daddy sont me.' Miss Nancy 'low, 'Ain't you 'shame er yosef fer ter talk dat away? You know pap aint sont you.' Brer Rabbit say, 'Yassum, he did, an' dem he smole one er deze yerlop-si ded smiles. Miss Nancy kinder hang 'er head an' 'low, 'Stop lookin' at me so brazen.' Brer Rabbit stood dar wid his eyes shot, an' he ain't so nothin'. Miss Nancy say, 'Is you gone ter sleep? You oughter be 'shame fer ter drap off dat-a-way whar dey's ladies.'"

"Brer Rabbit make a bow, he did, an' 'low, 'You tol' me not ter look at you, an' ef I ain't ter look at you, I des ez well ter keep my eyes shot.' De gal she giggle an' say Brer Rabbit oughtn't to make fun er her right befo' her face an' eyes. She ax what her pap sont 'im fer, an' he 'low dat Mr. Man sent 'im for a dollar an' a half, an' some read an' butter. Miss Nancy say she don't b'lieve 'im, an' wid dat she run down todes de fiel' where her pap wuz workin' an' holler at 'im—Pap! Oh, pap! Mr. Man make answer, 'Hey?' an' de gal say, 'Is you say what Brer Rabbit say you say?' Mr. Man he holler back dat dat's des what he say, an' Miss Nancy she run back ter de house,

Blow, blow thou
wintry wind!

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