

Uncle Walr

TEN MILLION bones," said good John Dee, "will reach the Sunny South from me; this hookworm scourge, that ruins men, and lays a country waste again, must be suppressed at any cost—those broken men must not be lost! To make them feel like men once more, to drive gaunt Famine from their door, to make them like strong Saxons live, ten million bones I'll freely give. The victims of the hookworm scourge, the toilers at the loom and forge, the humble yeoman at his plow, may see some ray of comfort now! I shudder when I read the tales of ruin in those Southern vales; too tired to do the simplest chores, men lounge all day about their doors, and when the sun's low in the West, the whole caboodle go to rest. And thus these tillers of the soil burn mighty little of my oil. When this outrageous worm decamps, they'll trim the wicks and light the lamps, and read the books they have in stock, and all sit up till one o'clock. The hookworm's acted very mean in shutting off the kerosene, and so I'll send a good big roll, to put the blamed thing in the hole."

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