

## UNCLE REMUS ON WITCHES.

[Joel C. Harris' New Book.]

"Yasser," continued Uncle Remus, with an ominous sigh and a mysterious shake of the head, "ef dey ain't some square gwines on in dish yer naberhood, den I'm de bali-headest creature 'twix' dis en nex' Jinawerry wuz a year 'go, w'ich I knows I ain't. Dat's w'at."

"What is it, Uncle Remus?"

"I know Mars John bin drivin' Cholly sorter hard terday, en I say ter myself dat I'd drap 'roun' 'bout dus' en ding nudder year er corn in de troff en kinder gin 'im a teachin' up wid de kurrler-koam; en bless grashus! I ain't bin in de lot mo'n a minnit 'fo' I seed sump'n wuz wrong wid de hoss, en sho' nuff dar wuz his mane fuller witch-stirrups."

"Full of what, Uncle Remus?"

"Fuller witch-stirrups, honey. Ain't you seed no witch-stirrups? Well, w'en you see two stran' er ha'nt tied tuggededer in a hoss' mane, dar you see a witch-stirrup, en mo'n dat, dat hoss done bin rid by um."

"Do you reckon they have been riding Charley?" inquired the little boy.

"Co'se, honey. Tooby sho dey is: W'at else dey bin doin'?"

"Did you ever see a witch, Uncle Remus?"

"Dat ain't needer yer ner dar. W'en I see coon track in do branch, I know de coon bin long dar."

The argument seemed unanswerable, and the little boy asked with a tone of confidence:

"Uncle Remus, what are witches like?"

"Dey comes diffunt," responded the cautious old darky. "Dey comes en de cunjun fokes. Squinch owl holler eve'y time he see a witch, en w'en you hear de dog howlin' in de middle er de night, one un um's mighty ap'er ter prowl 'roun'. Cunjun fokes kin tell a witch de minnit dey lays der eyes on it, but dem w'at ain't cunjun, hit's mighty hard ter tell w'en dey see one, kaze dey might come in de 'pearunce un a cow en all kinder beast's. I ain't bin useter no cunjun myself, but I bin livin' long nuff fer ter know we'n you meets up wid a big black cat in de middle er de road, wid yaller eyeballs, dars yo' witch fresh fum de Ole Boy. En fuddermo' I know dat tain't proned inter no dogs fer ter ketch de rabbit w'at uses in a berryin'-groun'. Dey er de mos' ongoddies' creatures w'at you ever laid eyes on," continued Uncle Remus, withunction. "Down dar in Putman county yo' Unk Jeems, he make like he gwine ter ketch wunner dem dark graveyard rabbits. Sho nuff, out he goes, en de dogs ain't no mo'n got ter de place fo' up jump de ole rabbit right 'mongst 'em, en after runnin' 'roun' a time or two she skip right up ter Mars Jeems, en Mars Jeems he des put de gun-bairl right on 'er en lammed aloose. Hit tore up de groun' all 'roun', en de dogs, dey rush up, but dey wan't no rabbit dar, but bimeby Mars Jeems he seed de dogs tuckin' der tails 'tween der legs, en he look up en dar wuz de rabbit caperin' 'round en a toom-stone, en wid dat Mars Jeems say he sorter feel like de time done come w'en yo' gran'ma was specin' un him home, en he call of de dogs en put out. But dem wuz ha'nts. Witches is dees yet kinder folks wat kin drap der body en change inter a cat en a wolf en all kinder creatures."

"Papa says there ain't any witches," the little boy interrupted.

"Mars. John ain't live long ez I is," said Uncle Remus by way of comment. "He ain't bin broozin' 'roun' all hours er de night en day. I know'd a nigger w'ich his brer wuz a witch, kaze he up'n tolle me how he tuck'n kyo'd 'im; en he kyo'd 'im good, mon."

"How was the?" inquired the little boy.

"Hit seem like," continued Uncle Remus, "dat witch-fokes is got a sit in de back er de neck, on w'en dey wanter change derse'f, dey des pull de hide over der head same ez if twaz a shut, en dar day is."

"Do they get out of their skins?" asked the little boy in an awed tone.

"Tooby sho, honey. You see yo' pa pull his shut off? Well, dat's des 'zactly de way dey duz. But dish yer nigger w'at I'm tellin' you 'bout he kyo'd his brer de ve'y fus pass he made at him. Hit got so dat fokes in de settlement didn't have no peace. De chilluns 'ud wake up in de mawnins wid der ha'r tangle np, en wid scratches on um like dey bin thoo a brier patch, twel bimeby one day dis nigger he 'low dat he'd set up dat night en keep his eye on his brer; en sho' nuff dat night, dez ez de chickens wuz crowin' er twelve, up jump de brer an pull off his skin en sail out'n de house in de shape un a bat, en w'at duz de nigger do but grab up de hide en turn it wrongrund outards an sprinkle it wid salt. Den he lay down en wachter fer ter see w'at de news wuz gwine ter be. Des 'fo' day yer come a big black cat in de do', en de nigger he git up, he did, en driv her 'way. Bimeby yer come a big black dog snuffin' 'roun', en de nigger up wid a chunk en lammed 'im side er de head. Den a squinch owl lit on de koam er de house, en de nigger jam de shovel in de fire en make 'im flew away. Las' yer come a great big black wolf wid his eyes shinin' like fire-coals, en he grab de hide and rush out. Twan't long 'fo' de nigger hear his brer hollerin' en squallin', en he tuck a light; he did, en went out, en dar wuz his brer walern' on de groun' en squirmin' 'roun', kaze de salt on de skin wuz stingin' wuss' ef he had his britches hide wid yaller-jackets. By nex' mornin' he got so he could sorter shuffle 'long, but he gun up cungun' en ef der wuz enny mo' witches in dat settlement dey kep' mighty close, en dat nigger he aint skunt hisself no mo' not endurin' er my 'membounce."

The result of this was that Uncle Remus had to take the little boy by the hand and go with him to the "big house," which the old man was not loth to do; and when the child went to bed he lay awake a long time expecting an unseemly visitation from some mysterious source. It soothed him, however, to hear the strong, musical voice of his sable patron, not very far away, wrestling, so to speak, with a lusty tune; and to this accompaniment the little boy dropped asleep:

"Hit's eighteen hunder'd, forty-en-eight.  
Christ done made dat crooked way straight.  
En i don't wanter stay here no longer;  
Hit's eighteen hunder'd, forty-en-nine,  
Christ done turn dat water inter wine—  
En i don't wanter stay here no longer."

## BRER RABBIT AND BRER BA'R.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Dar wuz one season," said Uncle Remus, pulling thoughtfully at his whiskers, "w'en Brer Fox say to hisse'f dat he specks better whirl in en plant a goober patch, en in dem days, mon, hit wuz tech an' en go. De wud wern't mo'n out'n his mouf 'fo' de groun' 'uz brok'd up in de goobers 'uz planted. Ole Brer Rabbit he set off en watch de motions he did, en he sorter shot one eye en sing to his chilluns:

"Ti-yil Tungale!  
I eat um pea, I pick um pea,  
Hit grow in de zucru'n, hit grow so free;  
Ti yil dem gooper pea!"  
Sho' nuff, w'en de goobers 'gun ter ripen up, eve'y time Brer Fox go down ter his patch, be fine whar somebody bin grabbin' 'mongst de vines, en he git mighty mad. He sorter speck who de somebody is, but old Brer Rabbit he cover his tracks so cute dat Brer Fox dunner how to ketch 'im. Bimeby, one day Brer Fox takes a walk all roun' de groun'-pea patch, en 'twan't long 'fo' he fine a crack in de fence whar de rail done bin rub right smooce, en right dar he set 'im a trap. He tuck'n ben' down a bikey saplin' grown' in de fence cronder en tie one een' un a plow line on de top, en in de udder een' he fix a loop-knot, en dat he fasten wid a trigger right in de crack. Nex' mawnin' w'en olle Brer Rabbit come slippin' 'long en crope tho de crack, de loop-knot kotch 'im behime de fo'legs, en de saplin' flew'd up, on dar he waz twix' de heaven en de yeth. Dar he swing, en he fear'd he gwinter fall, en he fear'd be wer'nt gwinter fall. Wiles he wuz a fixin' up a tale fer Brer Fox, he hear a lumberin' down de road, en pre'ent'y ter cum ole Brer B'ar amblin' 'long fum whar he bin takin' a bee-tree. Brer Rabbit, he hail 'im:

"Howdy, Brer B'ar!"

"Brer B'ar, he look 'roun' en bimeby he see Brer Rabbit swingin' fum de saplin', en he holler out:

"Heyo, Brer Rabbit! How you come on dis mawnin'?"

"Much oblige, I'm middlin', Brer B'ar," sez Brer Rabbit, sezze.

"Den Brer B'ar, he ax Brer Rabbit w'at he doin' up dar in de elements, en Brer Rabbit, be up' say he makin' a dollar a minnit. Brer B'ar, he say how. Brer Rabbit say he keepin' crows out'n Brer Fox's groun'-pea patch, en den he ax Brer B'ar ef he don't wanter make dollar minnit, kaze he got big family er chilluns fer ter take keer un. en den he make sech nice skeer crow. Brer B'ar 'low dat he take de job, en den Brer Rabbit show 'n how ter beu' down de saplin', en 'twan't long 'fo' Brer B'ar wuz swingin' up dar in Brer Rabbitt's place. Den Brer Rabbit he put out fer Brer Fox's house, en w'en he got dar he sing out:

"Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox! Come out ter, Brer Fox, en I'll show you de man w'at bin stealin' yo' goobers."

"Brer Fox, he grab up his walkin'-stick, en bofe un um went runnin' back down ter de goober-patch, en w'en dey got dar, sho' nuff, dar wuz old Brer B'ar.

"Oh, yes! your kotehd is you," sez Brer Fox, en 'fo' Brer B'ar could 'spain, Brer Rabbit he jump up en down en holler out:

"Hit 'im in de mouf, Brer Fox, hit 'im in de mouf;" en Brer Fox; hit 'im in de mouf; en Brer Fox, he draw'd back wid de walkin'-cane, en blip he tuck 'im, en eve'y time Brer B'ar'd try ter spain, Brer Fox'd shower down on him.

"Wiles all dis 'uz gwine on, Brer Rabbit, he slip off en git in a mud-hole en des lef' his eyes stickin' out, kaze he know'd dat Brer B'ar'd be a comin' after 'im. Sho' nuff, bimeby here come Brer B'ar down de road, en w'en he git ter de mud-hole, he say:

"Howdy, Brer Frog, is you seed Brer Rabbit go by yer?"

"He des gone by," sez Brer Rabbit, en ole man B'ar tuck off down de road like a skeer'd mule, en Brer Rabbit, he come out en dry hisse'f in de sun, en go home to his family same ez ennyudder man."

"The Bear didn't catch the Rabbit then?" inquired the little boy sleepily.

"Jump up fum dar, honey!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, by way of reply. "I ain't got no time fer ter be settin' yer proppin' yo' ye-lods open."

At the End.

[Philip Bourke Marston in Lippincott's.]

Because the shadows deepened heavily,  
Because the end of all seemed near, forsooth,  
Her gracious spirit, ever quick to ruth,  
Had pity on her bond-slave, even on me.  
She came in with the twilight noiselessly;

Fair as a rose, immaculate as truth,

She leaned above my wrecked and wasted youth;

I felt her presence more than I could see.

"God keep you, my poor friend," I heard her say,

And then she kissed my dry, hot lips and eyes.

Kiss thou the next kiss, quiet Death, I pray,

Be instant on this hour, and so surprise

My spirit while her presence seems to stay;

Take thou the heart, with the heart's Paradise.

## "UNCLE IKE FOR HANCOCK."

I was wukin' in de corn-field 'bout de middle ob de day

A diggin' an' a-grumblin' in de rezerlation way,  
Kase weeds was so contrary like, an' tough an' strong an' ole,  
Dey stuck ges same ns 'Publicans whar once dev got a hole.

I hardly could git shet ob dem dey was so loff to go,

Altio' I kep' a grubbin' wid my Dimmverate hoe,  
Dem weeds, like offic-holders, too, bekase de me' I delve

De tighter dey stuck in de groun' or wrap aroun' de helv.

'Tis hard for to dislodge 'em bef' us sho' as you is born,

Kase dev lub to suck de goodness fum de country an' de corn.

I was studyin' 'bout dem ar things an' notice'n 'round,

When I see Mars John ardin' by jus comm'n fum de town.

So I leaned upon de hoe-helv for to ax him 'bout de news,

An' res' my back a minute while I listen to his views.

He reined up by de fence side, an' he look so mighty pleased,

I thought he'd rot a for'tin, or dat 'bacca 'd rose at least;

Den he tolle me dat de reason why he was so awful glad,

Was kase de party done put up de bestest man dev had;

Dey had quit all der foolishness, like honest men an' true,

An' shoulder stood to shoulder in de way dey ought to do.

Mars Gin'el Hancock was de man to he'p us out at las',

An' heal up all de sentions ob de bitter, dreadful pas;

A gent'man an' a sojer was de party's nominee,

De proper sort ob leader to insure de victory.

"You'll hab to vote my ticket, Ike," Mars John say when we part,

He hep' to set you free, you know, so show a grateful heart.

I fought agin him once myself, in years now dead an' gone,

I'll fight as hard now for him, Ike, as sho' as you are born."

De news was 'ightful to me, kase I thinkin' to myself

"Twas time dat dese here 'Publicans was laid upon de shelf;

For years dey bin de spiders, an' de people was de flies

Dat swallow all der foolishness and listen to der lies.

T'well dey eat so many ob 'em and dey got so fat an' bold

Dey think de web o' Guberment is made for der stronghold.

Jus' as wise as any serpent wid der 'nouverin' and pains,

For nigh on twenty ye'r dey'd kep' a tight hold on de reins.

Dey got so used to comin' out de big end ob de horn,

Dev seem to think der party all is 'so de manor born.'

De 'Publicans bin sorry frien's to culud men, I knows,

Kase dey pocketed de halfpence an' dey lei' him all de blows.

Dey see'd fum de beginnin' dat de niggers all was tools,

So dey tolle him fairy stories 'bout de 'acres an' de mules."

Dey used 'is rights like tunnups for to hang befo' his nose.

To make de donkies trot along de path dey allers chows.

Dey keered no mo' about him den I does for dat dead shoot,

'Cept only jus' to use him an' to fool him out his vote.

De only "rights" dey gir him yet dat eber I has seen,

Is de right ob payin' taxes, gwine to jail an' actin' mean.

So I for one is glad de time is come for dem to go,

An' I'll vote for Gin'el Hancock in November—dat I know—

Kase, no matter how dey try it, folks can't tallus be a fool,

An', I tell you, we is mighty sick of dis here sort of rule.

It politics like huntin', when de dogs eat up de birds

An' hunt for no one but herself, and doesn't min' a word,

Mos' folks will 'gree wid me, I spec, an' think it buffin' strange

Ef we'd oursel ob dat ar breed un try a little change.

Dis nigger think de 'Publicans so mighty po' for high,

He gwine take de stump for Hancock when he git be drop laid by.

M. G. MO.

## THREE TROUBLES.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

Three carpets hung waving in the breeze,

A broad in the breeze as the sun went down;

And three husbands, with patches of dirt on their knees,

Whacked whacks that were heard for miles up down.

For men must work, and women must clean,

And the carpets be beaten, no matter how mean,

While the neighbors do the bossing.

Three housewives leaned out of their windows raised—

Of their windows raised, where the light streamed in;

And they scrubbed and rubbed, till their heads grew dazed,

And their ears were filled with a horrible din.

For the pots will fall, and kettles go bang,

And boilers refuse in the attic to hang,

While the husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the haymows to hide—

In the haymows to hide, where their wives ne'er looked.

Each said, as he rolled himself o'er on his side,

"I guess I will snooze, for I know I am booked.

For men may swear, but women may dust;

And before I move that stove that I must

"I'll stay right here till morning!"

Three Judges sat on their benches to judge