

# MISS MINERVA and WILLIAM GREEN HILL

By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

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## CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Did you all hear what Miss Larrimore, who teaches the little children at school, said about us?" asked Lina importantly.

"Now," they chorused, "what was it?"

"She told the superintendent," was the reply of Lina, pleased with herself and with that big word, "that she would have to have more money next year, for she heard that Lina Hamilton, Frances Black, William Hill and Jimmy Garner were all coming to school, and she said we were the most notorious bad children in town."

"She is the spitefullest woman they is," Jimmy's black eyes snapped; "she 'bout the meddlesomest teacher in town."

"Who told you 'bout it, Lina?" questioned the other little girl.

"The superintendent told his wife and you know how some ladies are—they just can't keep a secret. Now it is just like burying it to tell mother anything; she never tells anybody but father, and grandmother, and grandfather, and Uncle Ed, and Brother Johnson, and she makes them promise never to breathe it to a living soul. But the superintendent's wife is different; she tells everything she hears, and now everybody knows what that teacher said about us."

"Everybody says she is the crankiest teacher they is," cried Jimmy, "she won't let you bring nothing to school 'cepting your books; you can't even take your slingshot, nor your air-gun, nor—"

"Nor your dolls," chimed in Frances, "and she won't let you bat your eye, nor say a word, nor cross your legs, nor blow your nose."

"What do she think we 's goin' to her of school fer if we can't have fun?" asked Billy. "Tabernicle sho' had fun when he went to school. He put a pin in the teacher's chair an' she sat down on it plumb up to the head, an' he tie the strings together what two nigger gals had they hair wropped with, an' he squeeze up a little boy's legs in front of him with a rooster foot tell he squalled out loud, an' he th'owed spitballs, an' he make him some watermelon teeth, an' he paint a chicken light red an' tuck it to the teacher fer a dodo, an' he put cotton in his pants 'fore he got locked, an' he drawed the teacher on a slate. That 's what you go to school fer is to have fun, an' I sho' is goin' to have fun when I goes, an' I ain't goin' to take no bulldozin' offer her, neither."

"I bet we can squelch her," cried Frances, vindictively.

"Yes, we 'll show her a thing or two—for once Jimmy agreed with her, 'she 'bout the butt-in-est old woman they is, and she's goin' to find out 'bout the squelchingest kids ever she tackle."

"Alfred Gage went to school to her last year," said Frances, "and he can read and write."

"Yes," joined in Jimmy, "and he 'bout the proudest boy they is; all time got to write his name all over everything."

"You 'member 'bout last Communion Sunday," went on the little girl, "when they hand roun' the little girl, and they tell all the folks what was willing to give five dollars more on the pastor's sally just to write his name; so Alfred he so frisky 'cause he know how to write; so he taken one of the little envelopes and worten 'Alfred Gage' on it; so when his papa find out 'bout it he say that kid got to work and pay that five dollars hisself, 'cause he done sign his name to it."

"And if he ain't 'bout the sickest kid they is," declared Jimmy; "I'll betcher he won't get fresh no more soon. He telled me the other day he ain't had a drink of soda water this summer, 'cause every nickel he gets got to go to Mr. Pastor's sally; he says he plumb tired supporting Brother Johnson and all his family; and, he say, every time he go up town he sees Johnny Johnson a-setting on a stool in Baltzer's drug store just a-swiggin' milk-shakes; he says he going to knock him off some day 'cause it's his nickels that kid 's spending."

There was a short silence, broken by Billy, who remarked, apropos of nothing:

"I sho' is glad I don't hafta be a 'oman when I puts on long pants; mens is heap mo' account."

"I wouldn't be a woman for nothing at all," Jimmy fully agreed with him; "they have the pokiest time they is."

"I'm glad I am going to be a young lady when I grow up," Lina declared. "I would n't be a gentleman for anything. I'm going to wear pretty clothes and be beautiful and be a belle like mother was, and have lots of lovers kneel at my feet on one knee and play the guitar with the other—"

"How they goin' to play the guitar with the other knee?" asked the practical Billy.

"And sting 'Call Me Thine Own,'" she continued, ignoring his interruption. "Father got on his knees to mother thirty-seven-and-a-hal' times before she'd say, 'I will.'"

"Looks like he'd 'a' wore his breeches out," said Billy.

"I don't want to be a lady," declared Frances; "they can't ever ride straddle nor climb a tree, and they got to squinch up their waists and toes. I wish I could kiss my elbow right now and turn to a boy."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Unconditional Surrender.

"They 's going to be a big nigger 'scursion to Memphis at 'leven o'clock," said Jimmy as he met the other little boy at the dividing fence; "Sam Lamb 's going and 'most all the niggers they is. Sarah Jane 'loved she 's going, but she ain't got nobody to 'tend to Bennie Dick. Wouldn't you like to go, Billy?"

"You can't go 'thout you 's a nigger," was the reply; "Sam Lamb say they ain't no white folks 'loved on this train 'ceptin' the engineer an' conductor."

"Sam Lamb 'd take care of us if we could go," continued Jimmy. "Let 's



They Darkened Their Faces, Heads, Hands and Feet.

slip off and go down to the depot and see the niggers get on. There 'll be 'bout a million."

Billy's eyes sparkled with appreciation.

"I sho' wish I could," he said; "but Aunt Minerva 'd make me stay in bed a whole week if I went near the railroad."

"My mama 'd gimme 'bout a million licks, too, if I projected with a nigger 'scursion; she 'bout the spankinest woman they is. My papa put some burnt cork on his face in the Knights er Pyth's minstrels and I know where we can get some to make us black; you got to get Miss Minerva's ink bottle, too, that 'll help some, and get some matches, and I 'll go get the cork and we can go to Sarah Jane's house and make usselfs black."

"I ain't never promise not to black up and go down to the depot," said Billy waveringly. "I promise not to never be no mo' Injun—I—"

"Well, run then," Jimmy interrupted impatiently. "We 'll just slip down to the railroad and take a look at the niggers. You don't hafta get on the train just 'cause you down to the depot."

So Miss Minerva's nephew, after tiptoeing into the house for her ink bottle and filling his pockets with contraband matches, met his chum at the cabin. There, under the critical survey of Bennie Dick from his customary place on the floor, they darkened their faces, heads, hands, feet and legs; then, pulling their caps over their eyes, these energetic little boys stole out of the back gate and fairly flew down an alley to the station. No one noticed them in that hot, perspiring crowd. A lively band was playing and the mob of good-humored, happy negroes, dressed in their Sunday best, laughing and joking, pushing and elbowing, made their way to the excursion train standing on the track.

The two excited children got directly behind a broad, pompous negro and slipped on the car just after him. Fortunately they found a seat in the rear of the coach and there they sat unobserved, still and quiet, except for an occasional delighted giggle, till the bell changed and the train started off.

"We'll see Sam Lamb toreckly," whispered Jimmy, "and he'll take care of us."

The train was made up of seven coaches, which had been taking on negroes at every station up the road as far as Paducah, and it happened that the two little boys did not know a soul in their car.

But when they were nearing Woodstock, a little station not far from Memphis, Sam Lamb, making a tour of the cars, came into their coach and was promptly hailed by the children. When he recognized them, he burst into such a roar of laughter that it caused all the other passengers to turn around and look in their direction.

"What y' all gwine to do nex' I jes' wonder," he exclaimed. "Yo' ekals ain't made dis side o' ternity. Lordee, Lordee," he gazed at them admiringly, "you sho' is genouine corn-fed, sterlin' silver, all-wool-an'-a-yard-wide, pure-leaf, Green-River Lollapalooas."

"And reverencing whiskers as I do, I shall never cease to regret a joke I once perpetrated in Nola Chucky."

"We were playing in Nola Chucky during a campaign, and one evening on my return to the hotel I was amazed to find the whole place packed and jammed with sleeping and bewhiskered farmers."

"They had come in, you see, from miles around to vote, and now, utterly

Does yo' folks know 'bout yer? Lordee! What I axin' sech a fool question fer? 'Course dey don't. Come on, I gwine to take y' all off 'm dese cars right here at dis Woodstock, an' we kin ketch de 'commodation back home."

"But Sam," protested Billy, "We don't want to go back home. We wants to go to Memphis."

"Hit don't matter what y' all wants," was the negro's reply, "y' all gotta git right off. Dis-here 'scursion train don't leave Memphis twell twelve o'clock tonight an' yuh see how slow she am runnin', and evy no 'count nigger on her 'll be full o' red eye. An' yo' folks is plumb 'stracted 'bout yer dis minute, I 'low. Come on. She am gittin' ready to stop."

He grabbed the blackened hand of each, pushing Jimmy and pulling Billy, and towed the reluctant little boys through the coach.

"Yuh sho' is 'spiled my fun," he growled as he hustled them across the platform to the waiting-room. "Dis-here 's de fus 'scursion I been on widout Sukkey a-taggin' long in five year an' I aimed fo' to roll 'em high; an' now, 'case o' ketchin' up wid y' all, I gotta go right back home. Now y' all set jes' as straight as yer kin set on dis here bench," he admonished, "whilst I send a telegraph to Marse Jeems Garner. An' don' yuh try to 'lope out on de platform neider. Set whar I kin keep my eye skinned on yuh, yuh little slippy-ellum eels. Den I gwine to come back an' wash yer, so y' all look like 'spectable white folks."

Miss Minerva came out of her front door looking for Billy at the same time

when he is by himself, but he is easily led into mischief."

Miss Minerva's face blazed with indignation.

"William's fault indeed!" she answered back. "There never was a sweeter child than William; for the lonely woman knew the truth at last. At the thought that her little nephew might be hurt, a long forgotten tenderness stirred her bosom and she realized for the first time how the child had grown into her life.

The telegram came.

"They are all right," shouted Mr. Garner joyously, as he quickly opened and read the yellow missive, "they went on the excursion and Sam Lamb is bringing them home on the accommodation."

As the major, short, plump, rubland, jolly, and Miss Minerva, tall, sallow, angular, solemn, were walking to the station to meet the train that was bringing home the runaway, the elderly lover knew himself to be at last master of the situation.

"The trouble with Billy—" he began, adjusting his steps to Miss Minerva's mincing walk.

"William," she corrected, faintly.

"The trouble with Billy," repeated her suitor firmly, "is this: You have tried to make a girl out of a healthy, high-spirited boy; you have n't given him the toys and playthings a boy should have; you have not even given the child common love and affection." He was letting himself go, for he knew that she needed the lecture, and wonderful to tell, she was listening meekly. "You have steeled your heart," he went on, "against Billy and against me. You have about as much idea how to manage a boy as a—"

he hesitated for a suitable comparison; he wanted to say "goat," but gallantry forbade; "as any other old maid," he blurted out, realizing as he did so that a woman had rather be called a goat than an old maid any time.

The color mounted to Miss Minerva's face.

"I don't have to be an old maid," she snapped sulkily.

"No; and you are not going to be one any longer," he answered with decision. "I tell you what, Miss Minerva, we are going to make a fine, manly boy out of that nephew of yours."

"Yes, we! I said we, didn't I?" replied the major ostentatiously. "The child shall have a pony to ride and everything else that a boy ought to have. He is full of natural animal spirits and has to find some outlet for them; that is the reason he is always in mischief. Now, I think I understand children." He drew himself up proudly. "We shall be married tomorrow," he announced, "that I may assume at once my part of the responsibility of Billy's rearing."

Miss Minerva looked at him in fluttering consternation.

"Oh, no, not tomorrow," she protested; "possibly next year some time."

"Tomorrow," reiterated the major, his white mustache bristling with determination. Having at last asserted himself, he was enjoying the situation immensely and was not going to give way one inch.

"We will be married tomorrow and—"

"Next month," she suggested timidly.

"Tomorrow, I tell you!"

"Next week," she answered.

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" cried the major, happy as a schoolboy.

"Next Sunday night after church," pleaded Miss Minerva.

"No, not next Sunday or Monday or Tuesday. We will be married tomorrow," declared the dictatorial Confederate veteran.

Billy's aunt succumbed.

"Oh, Joseph," she said with almost a simper, "you are so masterful."

"How would you like me for an uncle?" Miss Minerva's affianced asked Billy a few minutes later.

"Fine an' dandy," was the answer, as the child wriggled himself out of

that Mrs. Garner appeared on her porch in search of Jimmy.

"William! You William!" called one woman.

"Jimmee-ee! O Jimmee-ee-ee!" called the other.

"Have you seen my nephew?" asked the one.

"No. Have you seen anything of Jimmy?" was the reply of the other.

"They were talking together at the fence about an hour ago," said Billy's aunt. "Possibly they are down at the livery stable with Sam Lamb; I 'll phone and find out."

"And I 'll ring up Mrs. Black and Mrs. Hamilton. They may have gone to see Lina and Frances."

In a short time both women appeared on their porches again:

"They have not been to the stable this morning," said Miss Minerva uneasily, "and Sam went to Memphis on the excursion train."

"And they are not with Lina or Frances,"—Mrs. Garner's face wore an anxious look, "I declare I never saw two such children. Still, I don't think we need worry as it is nearly dinner time, and they never miss their meals, you know."

But the noon hour came and with it no hungry little boys. Then, indeed, did the relatives of the children grow uneasy. The two telephones were kept busy, and Mr. Garner, with several

other men on horseback, scoured the village. Not a soul had seen either child.

At three o'clock Miss Minerva, worn with anxiety and on the verge of a collapse, dropped into a chair on her veranda, her faithful Major by her side. He had come to offer help and sympathy as soon as he heard of her distress, and, finding her in such a softened, dependent and receptive mood, the Major had remained to try to cheer her up.

Mr. and Mrs. Garner were also on the porch, discussing what further steps they could take.

"It is all the fault of that William of yours," snapped one little boy's mother to the other little boy's aunt. "Jimmy is the best child in the world

worn out, they lay snoring everywhere. Yes, the entire floor space of the hotel was covered with sleeping farmers. All were whiskered, and their whiskers, sticking up in the air, caused the hotel halls to resemble fields of grain. Those upstanding whiskers in the draughty corridors waved in the breeze, for all the world like fields of nodding grain on a windy day.

"Then I played my joke. I shouted at the top of my lungs: 'Hit the one with the whiskers.'"

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"Then I played my joke. I shouted at the top of my lungs: 'Hit the one with the whiskers.'"

"And instantly every blessed farmer leaped to his feet with doubled fists."

Had Lived in the City.

Conductor—Your ticket is for Lawrence, and we don't stop until we get to Trenton. This is the lightning express.

Suburban Resident—Ah! right when we get to Lawrence 'll jump. I've got off of street cars many a time, when the motorman was hove-ward bound on his last trip.

THE END.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of  
**INFANTS & CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Aperient Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
Fac-Simile Signature of  
**Chas. H. Fletcher**  
NEW YORK.  
16 months old  
**35 Doses—35 CENTS**  
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.  
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of  
**Chas. H. Fletcher**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### UP TO HIM.

Mr. Shyboy—Have you—have you ever been kissed?  
Miss Wise—Gracious! Do I look as homely as that?

Paradise Lost.  
Blingley, why does Oldboy refuse to speak to you? You used to be great friends.  
"Yes, when we were bachelors; but he's married now."  
"And what difference does that make?"  
"Well, the fact is, I made him a handsome wedding present of a book, and he hasn't spoken to me since."  
"What was the book?"  
"Paradise Lost."

### ERUPTION COVERED BODY

"Three years ago this winter I had a breaking out that covered my whole body. It itched so it seemed as if I should go crazy. It first came out in little pimples on my back and spread till it covered my whole body and limbs down to my knees, also my arms down to my elbows. Where I scratched it made sores, and the terrible itching and burning kept me from sleeping. I tried several remedies all to no purpose. Then I concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, also the Resolvent, for about four months, and they completely cured me of eczema. I have had no return of the disease since. I never had a good night's rest after the skin eruption first broke out till I commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I had only used them a few days before I could see they were beginning to heal, and the terrible itching was gone.

"Those that lived in the house at the time know how I suffered, and how the Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me. I never take a bath without using the Cuticura Soap, and I do not believe there are better remedies for any skin disease than the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Miss Sarah Calkins, Waukegan, Ill., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

### Her Chief Characteristic.

Miss Green, who was giving the best lesson in mythology, turned suddenly to one untidy little fellow and said:

"Brownman, tell me for what virtues Diana was especially celebrated."

"For takin' baths," replied Brownman promptly.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. 15 cents each at dealers or six sent prepaid for \$1.00. H. SOMERS, 156 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### The Bvnc Game.

"You can't fool all the people all the time."  
"You don't need to; if you can fool half of the people some of the time you can make a good living."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

As soon as a woman discovers that she is unable to reform her husband she begins on her neighbors.

Disrespectful, despar not! While there's Garfield Tea, there's hope.

A fellow can make a bit with a girl by telling how much he misses her.

### Revenge is Sweet.

"The drinks is on me," said the little man with the greasy vest. "I'm feelin' good and I don't care what happens."  
"What's matter?" said the barkeep.  
"Birthday?"  
"No," replied the little man. "I took my wife down to the river to the Echo Rocks and she's so durn mad she's speechless. For the first time in her life she didn't get in the last word. Here's to the echo."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Aches and Twinges Point to Hidden Kidney Trouble.

Have you a lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel a sharp pain after bending over? When the kidneys seem sore and the action irregular, use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

J. W. Priest, Third St., Marysville, Ohio, says: "I was in awful condition from kidney trouble, having run down in weight from 220 to 150 pounds. The pains across my back and loins were constantly growing worse and kidney secretions caused untold annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after doctors failed and I have had no trouble since."

"When your Back is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### John's Logic.

John returned home at a very questionable hour, and among other souvenirs of a special evening he carried a considerable gash on his forehead. His wife demanded an explanation of the wound.

"Nothin' be 'larmed 'bout, m' dear. Jes' bit m' self."

"John Brown! How could you bite yourself on the forehead?" exclaimed his irritated helpmate.

This had presented no difficulties to the versatile John, if it had taxed the credulity of his spouse.

"I stood on chair, y'know," he exclaimed glibly.

Sure Thing.

"Do you believe she will love me long?"

"Well, I know she won't love you short."

Don't make shipwreck of your health when a course of Garfield Tea can cure you of indigestion.

Most men have yearned to fly or to be a little fly from the first.

### FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS.

Some women complain that they periodically suffer from dull and heavy feelings, or dizziness in the head, nervousness, pain and benumbed feelings which should not occur to the normal healthy woman. But most every woman is subject to these pains at some time in her life, due to abnormal conditions in life, such as corsets, over-taxed strength, bad air, poor or improper food, wet feet, sluggish liver, etc. A regulator and female tonic made from native medicinal roots with pure glycerin, and without the use of alcohol, called

### DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION,

has proven its value in thousands of cases, like the following:

Mrs. DONA M. MARTIN, of Auburn, Mebr., Route 1, Box 84, says: "I thought I would write you in regard to what your medicines have done for me. I have used them for thirty years for female trouble and general weakness with the very best result, and they have saved me hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills. I buy the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and take them together. I never was disappointed in your remedies and take pleasure in recommending them to any suffering lady. I am now almost fifty years old; at forty-five I took your medicines, both kinds, and I passed that period very easily and left me fat and healthy. I feel like a young girl. If any lady cares to write me, I will gladly tell her more about the good work of your medicines."

DR. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOKS, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—of 1068 pages, answers hosts of delicate questions which you can save money by knowing. Sent free in cloth binding to any address on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only.

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