

MISS MINERVA and WILLIAM GREEN HILL

By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

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CHAPTER VIII.

Tellers of Tales.

The days flew rapidly by. Miss Minerva usually attempted to train Billy all the morning, and by the mid-day dinner hour she was so exhausted that she was glad to let him play in the front yard during the afternoon.

Here he was often joined by the three children whose acquaintance he had made the day after his arrival, and the quartet became staunch friends and chums.

All four were sitting in the swing one warm spring day, under the surveillance of Billy's aunt, sewing on the veranda.

"Let's tell tales," suggested Jimmy. "All right," agreed Frances. "I'll tell the first. Once there was—"

"Now, you ain't neither," interrupted the little boy. "You all time talking 'bout you going to tell the first tale. I'm going to tell the first tale myself. One time they was—"

"No, you are not either," said Lina positively. "Frances is a girl and she ought to be the first if she wants to. Don't you think so, Billy?"

"Yes, I does," championed he; "go on, Frances."

That little girl, thus encouraged, proceeded to tell the first tale:

"Once there was a man named Mr. Elisha, and he had a friend named Mr. Elijah, so his mantelpiece fell on top of his head and make him perfectly bald; he hasn't got a single hair and he hasn't got any money, 'cause mama read me 'bout he rented his garments, which is clo'es, 'cause he didn't have none at all what belong to him. I 'pecc' he just rented him a shirt and a pair o' breeches and wore 'em next to his hide 'thout no undershirt at all. He was drea'ful poor and had a miser'ble time and mean Mr. Per'dventure took him up on a high mountain and left him, so when he come down some bad little children say, 'Go 'long back, bald head!' and they make pock-mocks on him. Seems like everybody treat him bad, so he cuss 'em, so I never see anybody with a bald head 'thout I run, 'cause I don't want to get cussed. So two Teddy bears come out of the woods and ate up forty-two hundred of 'em."

"Why, Frances," reproved Lina, "you always get things wrong. I don't believe they ate up that many children."

"Yes, they did too," championed Jimmy. "'cause it's in the Bible and Miss Cecilia 'splained all 'bout it to me, and she's our Sunday school

bird, de big bird make-a me seek."

"Them Dagoes 'bout the funniest talking folks they is," said Jimmy, "but they got to talk that way 'cause it's in the Bible. They 'spuited on the tower of Babel and the Lord say 'Confound you!' Miss Cecilia 'splained it all to me and she's 'bout the dandiest 'splainer they is."

"You may tell your tale now, Jimmy," said Lina.

"I'm going to tell 'bout William Tell 'cause he's in the Bible," said Jimmy. "Once they was a man name—"

"William Tell isn't in the Bible," declared Lina.

"Yes, he is too," contended the little boy, "Miss Cecilia 'splained it to me. You all time setting yourself up to know more'n me and Miss Cecilia. One time they was a man name William Tell and he had a little boy what's the cutest kid they is and the devil come 'long and tempt him. Then the Lord say, 'William Tell, you and Adam and Eve can taste everything they is in the garden 'cepting this one apple tree; you can get all the pears and bunnans and peaches and grapes and oranges and plums and persimmons and scalybarks and fig leaves and 'bout a million other kinds of fruit if you want to, but don't you tech a single apple.' And the devil tempt him and say he going to put his cap on a pole and everybody got to bow down to it for a idol and if William Tell don't bow down to it he got to shoot an apple for good or evil 't'm his little boy's head. That's all the little boy William Tell and Adam and Eve got, but he ain't going to fall down and worship no gray image on top a pole, so he put a tomahawk in his bosom and he taken his bow and arrow and shot the apple plumb 't'oo the middle and never swings a hair of his head. And Eve nibble off the apple and give Adam the core, and Lina all time 'spuited 'bout Adam and Eve and William Tell ain't in the Bible. They're our first parents."

"Now, Billy, you tell a tale and then it will be my time," said Lina with a savoring-the-best-for-the-last air.

"Once there was a ol' witch," said Billy, "what got outer her skin ev'ry night an' let it on the he'rth an' turnt herself to a great, big, black cat an' go up the chim'ly an' go round an' ride folks fer horses, an' set on ev'rybody's chis an' suck they breath an' kill 'em an' then come back to bed. An' can't nobody ketch her tell one night her husband watch her an' he see her jump outer her skin an' drop it on the he'rth an' turn to a'normous black cat an' go up the chim'ly. An' he got outer the bed an' put some salt an' pepper an' vinegar on the skin an'

I can't ever see my lover any more." So the fairy touched her head with her wand and told her to hang her hair out of the window, and she did and it reached the ground, and her lover, hiding a rope ladder in one hand and playing the guitar and singing with the other, climbed up by her hair and took her down on the ladder and his big black horse was standing near, all booted and spurred, and they rode away and lived happy ever after."

"How he goin' to clam' up, Lina," asked Billy, "with a rope ladder in one hand and his guitar in the other?"

"I don't know," was the dignified answer. "That is the way it is told in my fairy-tale book."

CHAPTER IX.

Changing the Ethiopian, Billy and Jimmy were sitting in the swing.

"What makes your hair curl just like a girl's?" asked the latter. "It's 'bout the curliest hair they is."

"Yes, it do," was Billy's mournful response. "It done worry me 'mos' to death. Ever since me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln's born we done try ev'rything to get the curl out. They was a Yankee man come 'long las' fall a-sellin' some stuff in a bottle what he call 'No-To-Kink' what he say would take the kink outer any nigger's head. An' Aunt Cindy bought a bottle fer to take the kink outer her hair an' me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln put some on us heads an' it jes' make mine curlier'n what it was already. I's 'shame' to go round 't'wixt folks with my cap off, a-lookin' like a frizzly chicken. Miss Cecilia say she like it though, an' we's engaged. We's goin' to git married soon's I puts on long pants."

"How long you been here, Billy?" asked the other boy.

"Well, I don't know per'actly, but I been to Sunday-School four times. I got engaged to Miss Cecilia that very first Sunday, but he did n' know it till I went over to her house the nex' day an' tol' her 'bout it. She say she think my hair is so pretty."

"Pretty nothin'," sneered his rival. "She jus' stuffin' you full'n a tick with hot air. It just makes you look like a girl. There's a young lady come to spend a week with my mama not long ago and she put somepin' on her head to make it right yeller. She left the bottle to our house and I know where 't' is. Maybe if you'd put some o' that on your head 'twould take the curl out."

"Tain't nothin' a-goin' to do it no good," gloomily replied Billy. "'Twould jes' make it yeller'n what 'tis now. Won't I be a pretty sight when I puts on long pants with these here yaller curls stuck on topper my head? I'd 'nuther sight ruther be bal'-headed."

"Bennie Dick's got 'bout the kinkiest head they is."

Bennie Dick was the two-year-old baby of Mrs. Garner's cook, Sarah Jane.

"It sho' is," replied Billy "Wouldn't he look funny if he had yaller hair, 'cause his face is so black?"

"I know where the bottle is," cried Jimmy, snatching eagerly at the suggestion. "Let's go get it and put some on Bennie Dick's head and see if it'll turn it yeller."

"Aunt Minerva don't want me to go over to yo' house," objected Billy.

"You all time talking 'bout Miss Minerva won't let you go nowhere; she sure is impudent to you. You 'bout the 'fraidest boy they is. . . . Come on, Billy," pleaded Jimmy.

The little boy hesitated. "I don't want to git Aunt Minerva's dander up any more'n I jes' natchelly boun' to," he said, following Jimmy reluctantly to the fence; "but I'll jes' take a look at that bottle an' see if it looks anything 't all like 'No-To-Kink'."

To be continued.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

GILLIAM

The city council of Slater met with the County Court here Friday to consider the resignation of the special road overseers of the Slater District. They are R. L. Hains, W. H. Steele, and Joseph A. Lineberry. The resignation of the gentlemen was accepted and later others will be appointed. Frank Brockway, who was one of the three appointed for the Arrow Rock District has also resigned.—W. B. Richardson is in Kansas City this week taking in the Auto Show.—The county fair held at the High School Friday and Saturday nights was enjoyed by all that attended, the teachers and pupils are to be congratulated on their success, they realized about \$175 for the two nights. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the new library.—Martha Ann Woody, colored, died Monday after an illness of two years.—Globe.

Home Money

I have some \$250,000 belonging to an estate which I want to loan on good farms at 6 per cent. Security and title passed on by me without delay. I also have Eastern money at five per cent.

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HOUSTONIA

E. H. Berry has purchased from his father, T. C. Berry, the old homestead, halfway between Houston and Sweet Springs. The place comprises 240 acres, and joins a tract of 300 acres which E. H. Berry formerly owned. This tract of 540 in addition to the other holdings makes Mr. Berry the owner of a little over 900 acres of rich Pettis and Saline county land.—Ralph and Mary Bess, the little children of W. C. Eckles, were made seriously ill several days the first of the week by eating canned hominy which contained ptomaines. Mr. Eckles ate some of the hominy, but suffered no bad results.—Houstonian

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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NELSON

Messrs. Wade and Jack Higginbotham have leased Mrs. M. L. Finley's meat market for the coming year and will take possession the 1st of March. They intend to keep a stock of groceries in connection with the meat and poultry market.—F. B. Ault had the misfortune of spraining his ankle the first of the week by falling on a board loose in the side-walk by Hilderbrands barn. He was unable to be out for several days but is now able to work.—Lewis Richardson and son, Hugh, departed Saturday for Hannibal for a visit with B. J. Mense and wife. Mr. Richardson will leave for his home in Maine in a short time.—Record.

The Trials of a Traveler

"I am a traveling salesman," writes E. E. Youngs, E. Berkshire, Vt. "and was often troubled with constipation and indigestion till I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills, which I have found an excellent remedy." For all stomach, liver or kidney troubles they are unequalled. Only 25c at P. H. Franklin.

BLACKBURN

William Meyer moved into the residence he lately purchased of L. Hering, Jr., on Thursday. We extend to Mr. Meyer a cordial welcome to our town.—Thos. W. and Richard Davis, W. P. and E. E. Logsdon, August, Herman and Theodore Rehkop, Harry Herndon, R. G. Frizzell and John F. Martin attended the sale of the Charles Logsdon farm at Marshall Saturday. It sold to C. H. Kane, of Chicago, for \$85 per acre.—Record.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ARROW ROCK Author Dickson has sold his farm known as the D. J. Dickson place to O. C. Brown and father. Price paid, we understand, was \$85.00 per acre.—Uncle Dan Watts is housed up this week suffering from sciatic rheumatism. He was down at the barn we understand, a few days ago and went to pump some water for the cow when in some way he wrenched his back which started his trouble.—Mrs. J. R. Pummell and her little daughter, of Centertown, Mo., are visiting the former's parents and her grandmother, Mrs. India Park, who is quite ill.—J. W. Moore, of Clay township, was here on business the first of the week. He has sold his farm of 80 acres where he lives and has purchased another of 200 acres near Gilliam.—Statesman.

Are Ever at War

There are two things everlastingly at war, joy and piles. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve will banish piles in any form. It soon subdues the itching, irritation, inflammation or swelling. It gives comfort, invites joy. Greatest healer of burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, eczema, bruises, scalds, pimples, skin eruptions. Only 25 cents at P. H. Franklin.

SLATER Will Collins is out again, after being laid up about six weeks with a sprained foot, a result of falling into the pit at the 'round house.—Tim Ryan was in town Saturday. This was Mr. Ryan's first trip out since he jumped from the top of a telephone pole several weeks ago and sprained an ankle.—Miss Sophia Bartels of Sweet Springs has sued Henry Busch of Sedalia for \$5,000 for breach of promise of marriage. Wayne Hayman of Sweet Springs and W. G. Lynch of Sedalia are Miss Bartel's attorneys.—News.

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teacher and 'bout the bullyest 'splainer they is. Them Teddy bears ate up 'bout a million children, which is all the little boys and girls two Teddy bears can hold at a time."

"I know a man what ain't got no hair 't all on his head," remarked Billy; "he's a capture-man an' me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln been talkin' to him ever since we's born an' he ain't never cuss us, an' I ain't never got eat up by no Teddy bears neither. Hucoome him to be bald? He's out in the fel' one day a'pickin' cotton when he sees a tu'key buzzard an' he talk to her like this: "I say tu'key buzzard, I say, Who shall I see unexpected to-day?" "If she flop her wings three times you goin' to see yo' sweetheart, but this here buzzard ain't flop no wings 't all; she jes' lean over an' throw up on his head an' he been bald ever since; ev'ry single hair come out."

she come back an' turnt to a 'oman an' try to git back in her skin an' she can't 'cause the salt an' pepper an' vinegar mos' burn her up, an' she keep on a-tryin' an' she can't never snuggle inter her skin 'cause it keep on a burnin' worse'n ever, an' there she is a 'oman 'thout no skin on. So she try to turn back to a cat an' she can't 'cause it's pas' twelve o'clock, an' she jes' swivvie an' swivvie tell finely she jes' swivvie all up. An' that was the las' of the ole witch an' her husband live happy ever after. Amen."

"Once upon a time," said Lina, "there was a beautiful maiden and she was in love, but her wicked old parent wants her to marry a rich old man threescore and ten years old, which is 'most all the old you can get unless you are going to die; and the lovely princess, said, 'No, father, you may cut me in the twain but I will never marry any but my true love.' So the wicked parent shut up the lovely maiden in a high tower many miles from the ground, and made her live 't'urnips and she had nothing else to eat; so one day when she was crying a little fairy flew in at the window and asked, 'Why do you weep, fair one?' And she said, 'A wicked parent hath shut me up and