

# Uncle Remus and the Little Boy

Joel Chandler Harris



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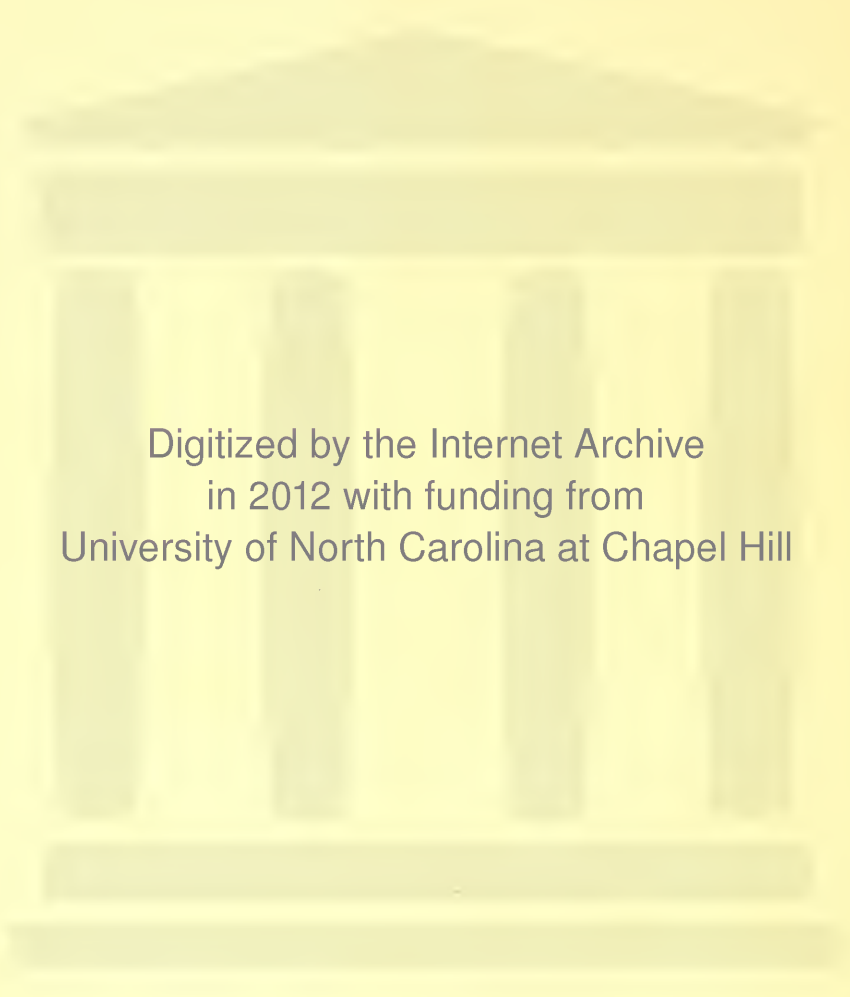
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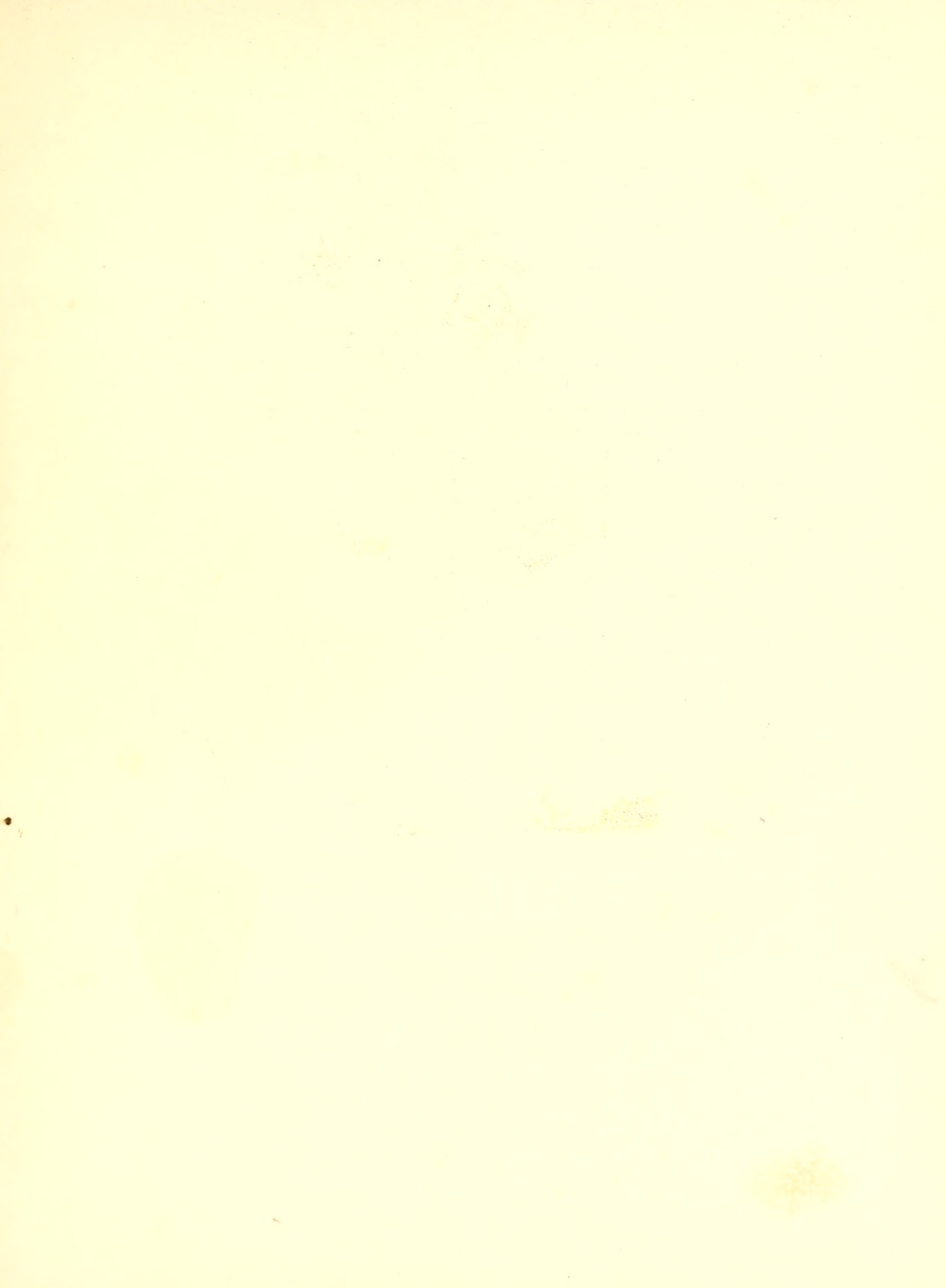


UNCLE REMUS AND THE LITTLE BOY



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*“I wish,” said the little boy, “I wish I could fly”*

SILS call  
J  
Harris

# UNCLE REMUS AND THE LITTLE BOY

BY  
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. CONDÉ



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## THE STORY OF THE DOODANG

“**I** WISH,” said the little boy, sitting in the doorway of Uncle Remus’s cabin, and watching a vulture poised on motionless wing, almost as high as the clouds that sailed by — “I wish I could fly.”

The old man regarded him curiously, and then a frown crept up and sat down on his forehead. “I’ll tell you dis much, honey,” he said, “ef eve’ybody wuz ter git all der wishes, de wide worl’ ’ud be turned upside down, an’ be rollin’ over de wrong way. It sho would!” He continued to regard the little boy with such a solemn aspect that the child moved uneasily in his seat on the door-step. “You sho does put me in min’ er de ol’ Doodang

## THE STORY OF THE DOODANG

dat useter live in de mud-flats down on de river. I aint never see 'im myse'f, but I done seed dem what say dey hear tell er dem what is see 'im.

“None un um can't tell what kinder creetur de Doodang wuz. He had a long tail, like a yallergater, a great big body, four short legs, two short y'ears, an' a head mo' funny lookin' dan de rhynossy-hoss. His mouf retched frum de een' er his nose ter his shoulder-blades, an' his tushes wuz big 'nough, long 'nough, an' sharp 'nough fer ter bite off de behime leg uv a elephant. He could live in de water, er he could live on dry lan', but he mos'ly wallered in de mud-flats, whar he could retch down in de water an' ketch a fish, er retch up in de bushes an' ketch a bird. But all dis aint suit 'im a tall;



*"He tuk ter wantin' things he aint got"*

## THE STORY OF THE DOODANG

he got restless; he tuk ter wantin' things he aint got; an' he worried an' worried, an' groaned an' growled. He kep' all de creeturs, fur and feather, wide awake fer miles aroun'.

“Bimeby, one day, Brer Rabbit come a-sa'nterin' by, an' he ax de Doodang what de name er goodness is de matter, an' de Doodang 'spon' an' say dat he wanter swim ez good ez de fishes does.

“Brer Rabbit say, ‘Ouch! you make de col' chills run up an' down my back when you talk 'bout swimmin' in de water. Swim on dry lan' ol' frien' —swim on dry lan'!’

“But some er de fishes done hear what de Doodang say, an' dey helt a big 'sembly. Dey vow dey can't stan' de racket dat he been makin' bofe day an' night.



“ Brer Rabbit say ‘ Ouch ! you make de col’ chills run up an’ down my back’ ”

## THE STORY OF THE DOODANG

De upshot uv de 'sembly wuz dat all de fishes 'gree fer ter loan de Doodang one fin apiece. So said, so done, an' when dey tol' de Doodang about it, he fetched one loud howl, an' rolled inter shaller water. Once dar, de fishes loant 'im eve'y one a fin, some big an' some little, an' atter dey done dat, de Doodang 'skivver dat he kin swim des ez nimble ez de rest.

“He skeeted about in de water, wavin' his tail fum side ter side, an' swimmin' fur an' wide. Brer Rabbit wuz settin' off in de bushes watchin'. Atter while de Doodang git tired, an' start ter go on dry lan', but de fishes kick up sech a big fuss, an' make sech a cry, dat he say he better gi' um back der fins, an' den he crawled out on de mud-flats fer ter take his nap.



## THE STORY OF THE DOODANG

“He aint been dozin’ so mighty long, ’fo’ he hear a mighty big fuss, an’ he look up an’ see dat de blue sky wuz fa’rly black wid birds, big an’ little. De trees on de islan’ wuz der roostin’ place, but dey wuz comin’ home soon so dey kin git some sleep ’fo’ de Doodang set up his howlin’ an’ growlin’, an moanin’ an’ groanin’. Well, de birds aint mo’n got settle,’ ’fo’ de Doodang start up his howlin’ an’ bellerin’. Den de King-Bird flew’d down an’ ax de Doodang what de nam’er goodness is de matter. Den de Doodang turn over in de mud, an’ howl an’ beller. De King-Bird flew’d aroun’, an’ den he come back, an’ ax what de trouble is. Atter so long a time, de Doodang say dat de trouble wid him wuz dat he wanted ter fly. He say all

## THE STORY OF THE DOODANG

he want wuz some feathers, an' den he kin fly ez good ez anybody.

“Den der birds hol' a 'sembly, an' dey all 'gree fer ter loan de Doodang a feather apiece. So said, so done, an' in a minnit er mo' he had de feathers a-plenty. He shuck his wings, an' ax whar'bouts he mus' fly fer de fust try.

“Brer Buzzard say de best place wuz ter de islan' what aint got nothin' but dead trees on it, an' wid dat, de Doodang tuk a runnin' start, an' headed fer de place. He wuz kinder clumsy, but he got dar all right. De birds went 'long fer ter see how de Doodang 'ud come out. He landed wid a turrible splash an' splutter, an' he aint hardly hit de groun' 'fo' Brer Buzzard say he don't want his feather fer ter git wet, an' he grabbed it. Den



*“ Brer Rabbit wanter know what done gone wid de Doodang ”*

THE STORY OF THE DOODANG  
all de birds grabbed der'n, an' dar he  
wuz.

“Days an' days come an' went, an' bimeby Brer Rabbit wanter know what done gone wid de Doodang. Brer Buzzard say, ‘You see my fambly settin' in de dead trees? Well, dar's whar de Doodang is, en' ef you 'll git me a bag, I'll fetch you his bones!’ An' den Brer Rabbit sot back an' laugh twel his sides ache!”

“Anyhow,” said the little boy, “I should like to fly.”

“Fly, den,” replied Uncle Remus; “Fly right in de house dis minnit, ter yo' mammy!”

## HELLO, HOUSE!

**B**RER RABBIT, he live in a house  
on de hill,  
Ef he aint move off, he's a-livin'  
dar still,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

An' he 'd hail eve'ybody dat pass 'long  
de road,

Whedder dey comed er whedder dey go'd,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

He wuz mighty good frien's wid ol' Brer  
B'ar,

An' dey'd ramble tergedder mos' eve'ywhar,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

Dey'd go a-fishin' an' stay all day,

Dey wuz des ez frien'ly ez clabber an'  
whey,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

## HELLO, HOUSE!

Dey'd march down de big road arm-in-arm,  
A-doin' uv nobody speshual harm,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

All went well, twel one fine day,  
Dey went ter Miss Meadows' an' de gals  
made um stay,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

Brer Fox wuz a-watchin' an' he seed um  
when dey went,

An' his head got full er devilment,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

Den up ter cabin he tuck'n crope,  
An' he sot down an' giggle, "Dis is luck,  
I hope!"

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*



*Dey'd march down de big road arm-in-arm*

## HELLO, HOUSE!

Kaze de cabin do' wuz stan'in' ajar,  
It 'd been lef' so by ol' Brer B'ar,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

“De do' bein' open, I better go in,  
An' see how ol' Brer Rabbit's been,”

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

An' in he went an' shot de do' tight,  
An' made de best er de lack er light,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

He drapt off ter sleep, an' he sleep mighty  
long,

Kaze dat's what dey tol' me in de song,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*



10 BREER  
1 RABBIT



*An' in he went an' shot de do' tight*

## HELLO, HOUSE!

Brer B'ar an' Brer Rabbit, dey stay an'  
stay,

But atter so long, dey come away.

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

An' when de time come fer de two ter  
part,

Dey far'well'd an' so-long'd wid der han's  
on der heart,

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

When Brer Rabbit loped up, he seed  
sump'n wuz wrong,

De do' wuz done shot, an' s'picion wuz  
strong,

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

He backed off a little ways, wid "Hello,  
House!"

But eve'ything dar wuz as still ez a mouse,

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*



*Dey far'well'd an' so-long'd wid der han's on der heart*



## HELLO, HOUSE!

He wobbled his nose an' shuck his head,  
Wid, "I reely hopes my House aint dead,

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

Sump'n done happen, an' dat much I  
knows,

But I don't wantar w'ar my mournin'  
cloze,"

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

"Hello, House, hello!" wuz his loud cry,  
An' he wope an' wipe his weepin' eye,

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

"Dis de fust time my House fail ter  
answer me,

An' my heart is heavy ez lead," sezee,

*An' a hi-bo-hi an' a beyo!*

## HELLO, HOUSE!

Den ol' Brer Fox put de do' on de chink  
An Brer Rabbit grinned an' 'gun an' er  
wink,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

Wid, "Oh, House, my House! why don't  
you answer me?"

"Hello!" sez Brer Fox, an' "Hello!"  
sezee,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

Brer Rabbit, he 'low, "Well, I'll hatter  
leave,

Yo' voice done change so it makes me  
grieve,"

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*

An' den he hid un' de honeysuckle vine,  
An' Brer Fox sneaked out, an' went whar  
he's gwine,

*An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo!*



Emery

*"I reely hopes my House aint dead"*

## BRER RABBIT HAS TROUBLE WITH THE MOON

**O**NE day the little boy hurt his toe against a sharp rock, and he ran to Uncle Remus for both aid and consolation. The old man, in the course of his long life, had had considerable experience in such matters, and, after anointing the wound with a salve made of mutton suet and white resin, he bandaged it up as neatly as a woman could have done.

“Dar’s a heap er up an’ downs in dis worl’,” he remarked, “mo’ speshually downs. ’Taint nigh like it wuz when Brer Rabbit an’ all de yuther creeturs wuz nex’-do’ neighbors ter de Moon. Dar want no hard times in dat country. Dey had lots mo’ frolickin’ an’ fiddlin’,



## BRER RABBIT HAS TROUBLE

an' not nigh so much scuffin' 'roun fer vittles."

"Where was that, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"Up dar in dat country whar dey wuz nigh neighbors ter Unk' Moon," replied the old man, solemnly. "But dey had der troubles, kaze dar wuz one time when ol' Unk' Moon 'gun ter git puny, an' it look mighty like he gwineter have a spell er sickness."

"But how could they live up there without falling off?" the child interrupted.

"Des like we does down here," Uncle Remus responded, "heads up an' fots down. Now when de creeturs seed dat Unk' Moon wuz in a bad way, dey ax deyse'f what de matter. Dey call an' ax 'im how he gittin' on an' he say he aint

## BRER RABBIT HAS TROUBLE

feelin' so well. It got so, atter 'while, dat Unk' Moon 'ud set out in de back yard mighty nigh de whole time. It went on dis way, twel, bimeby, Brer Rabbit clum on de fence, an' 'taint take him long fer ter see dat Unk' Moon wuz in a mighty bad way. It seem like he wuz swinkin' up.

“He hear de fuss Brer Rabbit make when he clum de fence, an' he look up an' say howdy. Brer Rabbit howdy'd wid 'im, an' den ax 'im what de name er goodness is de matter. He say, ‘Aint dar nothin' I kin do fer ter he'p you out?’

“Unk' Moon say, sezee, ‘I'm feared not; you aint soople 'nough.’

“‘When it come ter soopliness,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘I takes it wid me wharsomever I goes.’



*"Brer Rabbit howdy'd wid 'im, an' den ax 'im what de name er  
goodness is de matter"*



## BRER RABBIT HAS TROUBLE

“Den Unk’ Moon say, ‘I’ll tell you des how ’tis; I wanten sen’ word ter Mr. Man dat I aint feelin’ right well. I been shinin’ fer ’im at night, an’ done cotch col’ fum bein’ out in de night a’r so much, en’ ef I don’t put out my light, an take a recess, I’ll be in a mighty bad way. I wanten take a holiday, but ef I don’t sen’ Mr. Man word, he’ll be skeer’d ter death.’

“‘Des show me de way fer ter go,’ sez ol’ Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘kaze I wanten see dis thing you call Mr. Man.’

“So Unk’ Moon show’d ’im de way, an’ tol’ ’im what ter say: ‘I’m gittin’ weak fer ter be mo’ strong; I’m gwine in de shade fer ter git mo’ light!’

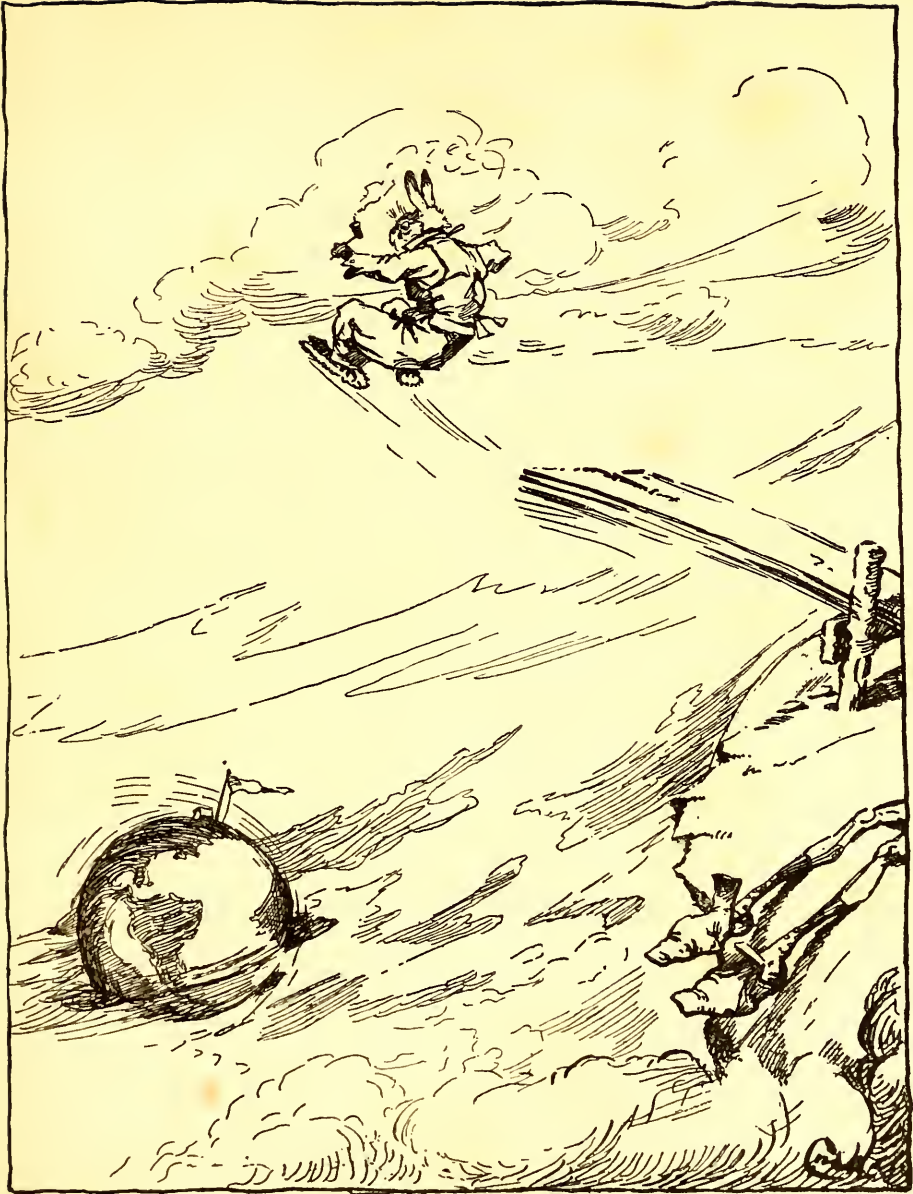
“Brer Rabbit say dis over an’ over, an’ den he tuck a runnin’ start, an’ jump de long jump; an’ it sho wuz a long un, mon!

## BRER RABBIT HAS TROUBLE

He tuck a notion dat he wuz fallin', stidder jumpin', an' dis make 'im open bofe eyes big an' wide, an' dey been big an' wide sense dat time. He landed all right, an' den he got up an' kinder romp about fer ter see ef his j'intz wuz soople. He look in Mr. Man's gyarden, an' dar he see green peas, an' cabbage, an' collards, an' sparrer-grass, an' dey make 'im dribble at de mouf.

“He knock at de do', an' Mr. Man ax 'im what he want. He try ter say de words dat Unk' Moon had sont. He say 'Unk' Moon sont dis word: “I'm gittin' weak; I got no strenk; I'm gwine whar de shadders stay.””

“Mr. Man can't make dis out, so he sont word back: ‘Seldom seed an' soon forgot; when Unk' Moon dies his foots gits col'!’”



*“ He tuck a runnin’ start, an’ jump de long jump ”*

## BRER RABBIT HAS TROUBLE

“Wid dat, Brer Rabbit tuck de long jump ag’in an’ run an’ tol’ Unk’ Moon what Mr. Man say, an’ dis make ’im mighty mad; he up wid a shovel an’ hit Brer Rabbit on de mouf an’ split his lip. Brer Rabbit jump at Unk’ Moon wid toof an’ claw, an’ dar dey had it up an’ down. You kin see de marks down ter dis day — Brer Rabbit, wid his split lip, an’ Unk’ Moon wid de scratches on his face.

“Den, atter dat, Brer Rabbit tell de yuther creeturs ’bout de sheep an’ de goats an’ de fine fat pigs what Mr. Man raisin’, an’ bimeby, one day, dey all tuck de long jump, an’ dey all been here sense dat time. An’ mo’ dan dat, you better not let yo’ mammy see dat rag on yo’ toe, kaze she wont let you go bar’footed no mo’!”





*"He try ter say de words dat Unk' Moon had soun"*

## OL' JOSHWAY AN' DE SUN

**O**L' Joshway stood in front er his tent,  
An' sicc'd his soldiers on,  
But when he turned fer ter look  
aroun',

De day wuz nearly gone.  
He rubbed his beard, he scratched his  
head,  
An' kicked his heel in de groun';  
Kaze he wanter finish de battle-job  
Befo' de Sun went down.

He look ter de East an' he look ter de  
West,  
An' he wave his han' on high,  
"King Sun," sezee, "I want you ter  
see

Me smite um hip an' thigh!



*He look ter de East an' he look ter de West*

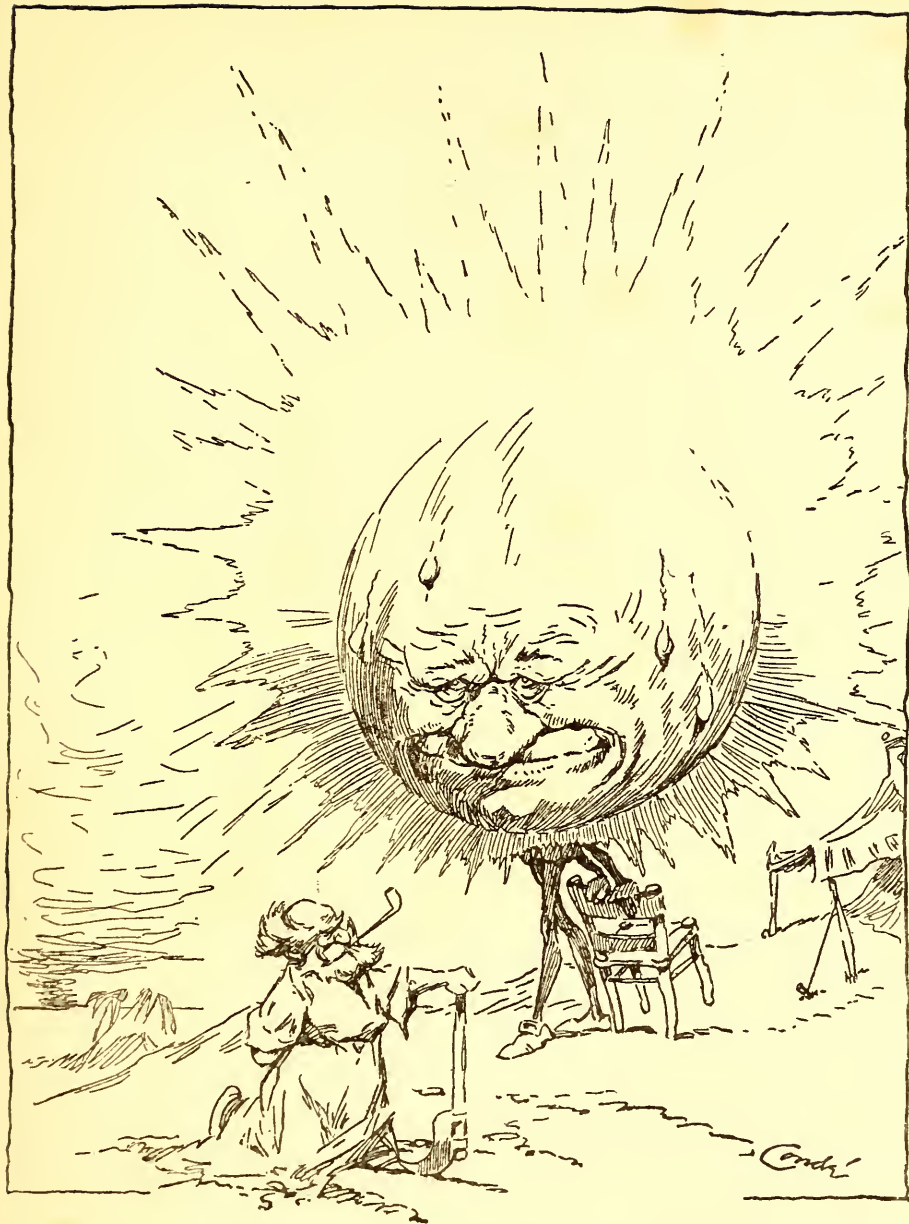
## OL' JOSHWAY AN' DE SUN

Come down ter camp an' rest yo'se'f  
A little while wid me,  
I'll git you a fan an' big wide cheer  
An' set it whar you kin see."

Dey wuz lots mo' talk, but de Sun come  
down

An' tuck a little ease,  
An' when he got too awful hot,  
He called up ol' Brer Breeze!  
"My time is short," sez de Sun, sezee,  
"An' you better do yo' do,  
Kaze I'm feelin' like I wanter see  
Dis mortual scuffle throo!"

Well, dey fit an' fit an' fowt an' fowt  
Right dar in de light er de Sun,  
But Joshway frailed um out an' soon  
He had um on de run.



King Sun, he say, "I'm over due. 'Cross dar whar de night's still black"

## OL' JOSHWAY AN' DE SUN

King Sun, he say, "I'm over due.

'Cross dar whar de night's still black  
De folks will wake 'fo' de chickens crow  
An' put der big clocks back."

Ol' Joshway thanked him mighty polite,  
An' ax him fer ter come ag'in;

King Sun, he say, "I speck dat I  
Will be whar I've allers been."

Den he mosied off, kaze he aint got  
time

Fer ter set an' talk an' stay;  
He hatter go off whar de night still dark  
An' start ter breakin' day.

Well, time run on an' people 'spute

'Bout Joshway an' de Sun,  
Some say dis an' some say dat,  
An' splain why Joshway won;

# OL' JOSHWAY AN' DE SUN

Sometimes when he wuz settin' 'roun'

Whar he could n't he'p but hear,

He'd say, "Go in de settin'-room an see

How he scorched my big armcheer!"

## BRER RABBIT CAUSES BRER FOX TO LOSE HIS HIDE

**O**NE day when the sun was shining brightly, and everything appeared to be serene, the little boy seemed to be worried about something. Uncle Remus was putting the finishing touches to a fish-basket that had been taking up his time for several days, and, for a minute or two, he paid no attention to the youngster, who was sitting on the door-sill, gazing into far-off space.

“What de matter, honey? It look like ter me dat you got trouble on de min’. Dat kinder trouble is sorter like a baby’s toof-ache: you dunner how ter git at it.”

“I was just thinking,” said the little boy, “how the lion could have any hair on his





*"Well, Brer Lion, he scramble out des ez hard ez he kin"*



## BRER FOX LOSES HIS HIDE

body if he was scalded. Mother says he could n't."

"What Miss Sally say?" Uncle Remus asked.

"Why, grandmother said she'd rather count the hairs on a tarrypin's back than to bother about the small things in a story that was worth listening to."

The grin on Uncle Remus's face was one of pure joy. "What I been telling you 'bout yo' gran'mammy. Miss Sally oughter be de gov'ner er de Nunited State er Georgy, kaze what she dunno, dey aint nobody gwine ter tell you. You aint hear all dat tale, an', by good rights, you oughter ax me de questions what you ax yo' mammy. She aint tell you de tale." This was a rebuke, and the little boy received it as such, and he ap-

## BRER FOX LOSES HIS HIDE

peared to be very penitent, though he said nothing.

“What you gwine do when you fin’ yo’self in scaldin’ water?” Uncle Remus inquired. “Is you gwine ter set in it twel you done cooked? Well, Brer Lion, he scramble out des ez hard ez he kin, an’ dat wa’n’t quick ’nough fer ter save his wool. An’ needer wuz it quick ’nough, fer ter keep ’im fum bein’ mighty so’ in a ’bun-nunce er places here an’ dar on his hide. He went home, he did, an’ tuck ter his bed, an’ he stay dar twel he get so dat he kin move about widout squallin’.

“In dem times, he wuz de king er de creeturs, an’ whiles he wuz layin’ dar in bed dey all call on ’im fer ter see how he gittin’ on. Dey all pay him visits ’ceppin’ ol’ Brer Rabbit; he aint gone ter de house,



*“Dis make Brer Rabbit set down an’ study”*

## BRER FOX LOSES HIS HIDE

but he went nigh 'nough ter fin' out dat Brer Fox been tellin' some mighty mean tales 'bout 'im.

“When de yuther creeturs hear Brer Fox runnin' Brer Rabbit down, an' see dat Brer Lion wuz willin' fer ter lissen at 'im, dey all jine in an' say de wuss dey kin; an what dey aint know dey make up. Eve'y whar he go, Brer Rabbit hear 'bout de talk dey been havin', an' some un it wuz so bad dat it fa'rly make his y'ears burn. Den one day he hear tell dat Brer Lion, bein' de King er de creetur's, had tol' Brer Fox fer ter ketch 'im an' fetch 'im dar whar Brer Lion live at.

“Dis make Brer Rabbit set down an' study. He know Brer Fox can't ketch 'im, but he study how he gwine ter git even wid 'im. He study, an' study, twel

## BRER FOX LOSES HIS HIDE

bimeby, one day, he put out fer ter see how Brer Lion gittin' on.

“De road he went tuck 'im right by Brer Fox house. Brer Fox wuz settin' on de front porch when Brer Rabbit went by, an' he look like he 'stonish'; but he aint say nothin'. Brer Rabbit aint turn his head, kaze he know'd dat Brer Fox 'ud foller 'long atter.

“He went on, he did, twel he git ter Brer Lion's house. He rap on de do', an' Brer Lion groan an' growl, an' say, ‘Come in.’ So said, so done. Brer Lion watch Brer Rabbit mighty hard, an' bimeby he say, ‘What's all dis I hear?’

“‘You'll hatter tell me,’ sez ol' Brer Rabbit, ‘kaze I been off on a long journey. Stidder callin' on you an' settin' 'roun' here, a-doin' uv no good whatsomever, I

## BRER FOX LOSES HIS HIDE

been tryin' fer ter fin' sump'n dat'd kyo you.'

“ ‘Don't tell me 'bout it,' sez Brer Lion, sezee. ‘Eve'ybody been tellin' me what'd kyo me, an' I aint kyo'd yit; I'm wuss off dan befo'!’ ”

“ ‘Brer Rabbit say, ‘I could 'a' come des ez much ez de rest er de creeturs, an' 'twould 'a' done des ez much good. But I know'd,' sezee, ‘dat when anybody gits scald' wid milk-warm water, dey's sump'n de matter wid um sho'nough. So I tuck'n went off whar Mammy-Bammy-Big-Money live at, an' I ax her what de matter when some folks kin git scald' in milk-warm water. She tuck off her lef' slipper, shuck out de pebbles an' count 'em ez dey fell out, an' say de onliest way fer ter work a kyo is ter poultice de burns wid de fresh





*“ Brer Lion say, ‘ What’s all dis I hear ? ’ ”*

## BRER FOX LOSES HIS HIDE

hide er his best frien'. I ax who it is,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' she say he got sharp nose, short y'ears, slim legs, an' a bushy tail.'

“Brer Lion aint wait a minit; he call ter some er de creeturs what hangin' 'roun', an' he say, ‘Fetch me de hide er Brer Fox!’”

Uncle Remus paused and leaned his head on his hand.

“What then?” the little boy inquired.

“De creeturs, dey fotch it,” replied the old man, with something like a sigh.

## UNCLE REMUS ADDRESSES BROTHER WIND

**B**RER WIND, please stop yo'  
prankin',  
Ez you go ridin' by!

You keer no mo' fer Chris'mus  
Dan a mule in a patch er rye!  
You make folks drap der bundles  
Dat deyer totin' by;  
Ef I could change my howdye,  
I'd make it a short good-bye!  
But 'fo' you go, please tell us  
Whar you hid at last July?  
De 9 er last July?

De country roun' we panted—  
You could hear de babies cry—

## BROTHER WIND

De Breeze you sont wuz feeble,  
He couldn't do mo' dan sigh,  
An' when we wanter cool off,  
You never did come nigh!  
Now, whiles youer here, please tell me  
Whar you stayed at last July —  
De 9 er last July.

You stayed 'way all de summer,  
A-lettin' us sweat an' fry;  
So please des stop yo' capers,  
An' tell me de reason why;  
Now, here you come at Chris'mus,  
A-ridin' yo' hosses high!  
I never did like sech doin's,  
An' dis is de reason why:  
I'd heap ruther tol' you howdye  
Some time in last July —  
De 9 er last July!



*He could n't do mo' dan sigh*

## BROTHER WIND

It's gittin' close to Chris'mus,  
Wid de chillun feelin' spry,  
An' here you come wid yo' rippit,  
A-blowin' san' in der eye,  
An' tryin' ter drive ol' Santy  
'Way off ter de Bye-an'-Bye,  
An' leave de empty stockin's  
A-hangin' high an' dry!  
Des stop an' tell me, please, suh —  
Whar wuz you last July?  
De 9 er last July?

Youer roarin' up de chimbleys,  
An' a-rampin' thoo de sky;  
Youer whistlin' roun' de cornders,  
An' folks kin hear you cry!  
De chillun got de shivers,  
Dey dunner how er why;  
You make um think of ghostes  
Dat come a-ramblin' nigh!



*An' tryin' ter drive of Santy 'way off ter de Bye-an'-Bye*

## BROTHER WIND

Now, stop an' le' me ax you,  
Whar wuz you last July?  
De 9 er last July?

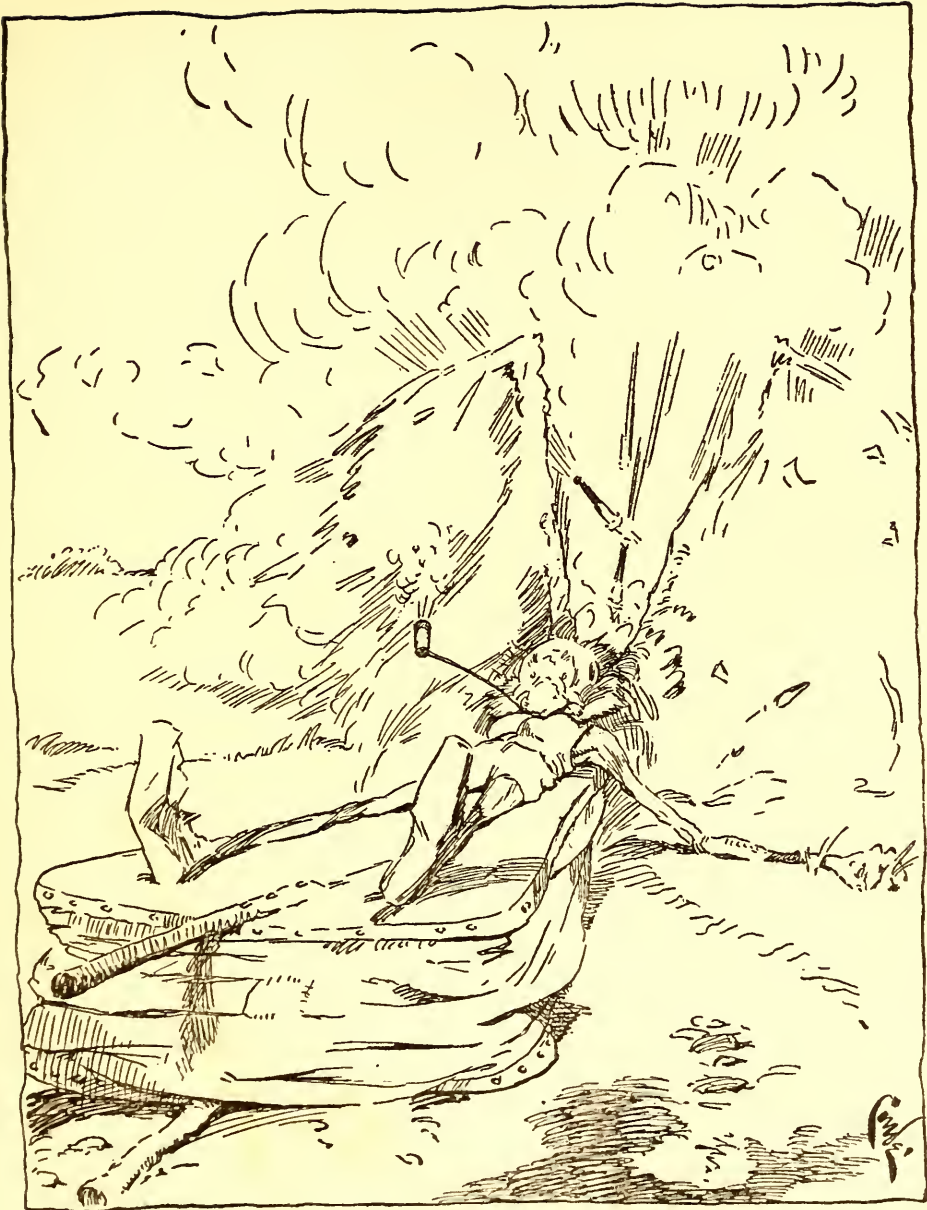
Ez fur ez de birds an' furder,  
You spread yo' wings an' fly;  
An' you take along de snow-storm  
Dat you 've picked up on de sly!  
Col' breff, col' feet an' fingers!

No wonder you cough an' cry;  
It makes me sick fer ter hear you,  
Whiles youer sailin' by!

But I wish you 'd stop an' tell me  
Whar you slep' at last July —  
De 9 er last July!

Ef you 'd 'a' been lyin' off some'rs  
When de heat wuz a-risin' high,  
I bet you 'd 'a' heern us pantin' —  
I bet you 'd 'a' heern us fry!





*I wish you 'd 'a' cum an' fanned us sometime in last July*

## BROTHER WIND

Kaze all de green wuz a-wiltin',  
An' de gyarden groun' wuz dry ;  
King Sun, he say, " I 'll sizzle um,  
Er I 'll know de reason why !"  
I wish you 'd 'a' cum an' fanned us  
Sometime in last July —  
De 9 er last July!

Brer Wind, please stop an' lissen,  
An' heed my Chris'mus cry —  
Quit cuttin' up yo' capers  
Under de wide blue sky !  
You hear dem chillun singin' ?  
Well, you better min' yo' eye!  
Des save yo' strenk fer summer,  
An' don't fergit fer ter try  
An' wake us up an' cool us  
Sometime in hot July —  
De 9 er next July!

## HOW BRER RABBIT SAVED BRER B'AR'S LIFE

**J**UST above the spring, on the home-place, there was a large over-hanging rock that was a source of great interest to the little boy. He wondered how it grew there, he wondered if it had anything to do with the water-supply that bubbled beneath it, and when he had forgotten to wonder about one thing, he speedily began to wonder about something else concerning the rock — whether there was a gold mine beneath it, or a cavern, and if this were so, whether a door would fly open if some particular word or phrase was said. It presented a problem to the youngster that he could not long escape from; and it was so interesting in all its parts and particulars that it would be well if some of our noisy

## BRER B'AR'S LIFE IS SAVED

modern scientists would leave their foolish speculations, go to the old plantation, and there contemplate the puzzle presented by the hanging rock. The little boy asked Uncle Remus about it more than once, and he was so persistent in recurring to the matter that the old man finally told him a story about it.

“Ef I aint mighty much mistookin,’” he said, “dat ar rock is de ve’y one what Brer Rabbit fool some er de creeturs wid. I dunno ef ’t wuz Brer B’ar er Brer Fox, but we ’ll say dat ’t wuz ol’ Brer B’ar, an’ let it go at dat. In one way an’ anudder, Brer Rabbit wuz all de time a-pesterin’ de yuther creeturs, pullin’ der tails an’ runnin’ off, er makin’ jokes ’bout um, er playin’ pranks on um.

“Ef you been follerin’ me ’long dis fur,



“ You think you got me, don't you, Brer Bar ? ”

## BRER B'AR'S LIFE IS SAVED

you know dat some er de pranks dat ol' Brer Rabbit played on de creeturs got um in deep trouble. Ol' Brer B'ar aint got no tail fer ter be pulled, but he had feelin's fer ter be hurted. I dunner what Brer Rabbit done ter him at dis intickler time, but he done sump'n, an' I speck 't wuz a-plenty. Anyhow, Brer B'ar got right behime Brer Rabbit, an' he pusht him so close, dat befo' Brer Rabbit kin git in a holler-tree, Brer B'ar ketched him by de behime leg an' helt 'im. He try fer ter pull 'im out, but Brer Rabbit kinder brace hisse'f ag'in de inside, an' dar he wuz. He stick his head ez fur up de holler ez he kin an' den he laugh an' say, sezee:

“ ‘ You think you got me, don't you, Brer B'ar? Well, you aint; dat what youer pullin' an' tuggin' at aint nothin' ”



“ Anyhow, Brer B'ar got right behime Brer Rabbit, an' he pusht him close ”





## BRER B'AR'S LIFE IS SAVED

but a last year's sprout growin' out'n de groun' in here. Ef you think it's my behime leg, des git a rock an' hit, an' hit, an' you'll see dat I wont flinch.'

“ Brer B'ar looked aroun' fer ter fin' a rock, but dar wan't none right at han', an' so he went off fer ter git one. Time he come back, he say, sezee, ‘Whar de sprout, Brer Rabbit?’”

“ Brer Rabbit, he 'spon', sezee, ‘I thought you want comin' back, Brer B'ar, an' I tuck'n broke it off so I kin take it ter my ol' 'oman fer ter make a toof-bresh out'n; she'll like it fine!’”

“ I speck,” Uncle Remus went on, looking curiously at the child, “dat dat holler-tree must 'a' been up dar in de pastur' whar de barn is, an' ef dat's so, we kin foller de tale wid bofe eyes an' min'.

## BRER B'AR'S LIFE IS SAVED

When Brer Rabbit come out 'n de holler fer ter go home, he know'd in reason dat Brer B'ar wuz some'rs close about watchin' fer 'im. He crope out, he did, an' look all 'roun', an' den he made a dash fer de open, but ol' Brer B'ar wuz right at han', an' when Brer Rabbit made his dash, Brer B'ar made one too, an' he wuz so servigrous dat Brer Rabbit hatter run un' dat hangin' rock dat's been a-pesterin' you. He run un' dar, he did, an' Brer B'ar retched fer 'im, an' he come so close ter gittin' 'im dat he 'uz skeer'd mighty nigh col'.

“He holler out, he did. ‘Look out dar, Brer B'ar! I feel dis rock a-fallin'! It'll git me, but it'll git you, too, an' den what good is yo' temper gwine do you? Don't you feel it sinkin' down? Go git



*“ Look out dar, Brer B'ar ! I feel dis rock a-fallin' ! ”*

## BRER B'AR'S LIFE IS SAVED

sump'n fer ter prop it up wid! I don't min' gittin' ketched myse'f, but I don't wanter set here an' see you mashed ez flat ez a battercake!'

"An' so Brer B'ar, he run off fer ter get a pole fer ter prop up de rock wid, an' when he come back, Brer Rabbit wuz done gone, an' 't wuz many a long day 'fo' he seed 'im ag'in."

The little boy sat reflecting, and finally he said:

"Well I knew there was something curious about the rock."

Whereupon, Uncle Remus closed his eyes and held them so until the child slipped out of the house and went to play.

## UNCLE REMUS SINGS A SONG

**B**RER B'AR came a-loping down de  
road —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

De Swamp Owl hooted, an' a Rooster  
crow'd —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

De ol' Oak say, "I'm a-stayin' whar I grow'd  
(Too long — too long fer you!)

Brer Coon come a-pacin' down de road —  
(Too long — too long fer you!)

Brer Rabbit say, "Yo' legs been bow'd  
(Too long — too long fer you!)

An' what you is de folks done know'd  
(Too long — too long fer you!)

"Ez ter what you is, der min's bestow'd  
(Too long — too long fer you!)

Kaze de little gray monkey's tail done grow'd  
(Too long — too long fer you!)

## UNCLE REMUS SINGS A SONG

An' de Elephant comin' wid his snout  
done th'ow'd

(Too long — too long fer you!)

“An' ol' Rhynossyhoss, his horn a load —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

Will soon come a-trottin' down de road —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

I'm afeard he'll tromple down de Toad —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

“Don't you never go down de ol' West  
Road —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

Kaze a mighty heap er folks has long ago  
go'd —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

All a-cuttin' de craps what dey has sow'd —

(Too long — too long fer you!)



*"An' de Elephant comin' wid his snout done th'ow'd"*

## UNCLE REMUS SINGS A SONG

“Dey all went by, kaze dey thunk dey  
know’d —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

How many come back when der beards  
had grow’d —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

How many saved de seed what dey had  
mow’d —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

“An’ ol’ Brer B’ar, wid his whiskers  
grow’d —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

Tried ter fin’ out sump’n dat he never had  
know’d —

(Too long — too long fer you!)

How kin a man flourish when he’s pigeon-  
toed?

(Too long — too long fer you!”)



## UNCLE REMUS RECEIVES A LETTER

I HOPE I see you well," Uncle Remus remarked politely to the cook.

"Well, I aint right well," was the reply; "how you come on?"

"I'm kinder 'twix' de ham an' shoulder; I b'lieves dey calls it middlin'. I'm here ef dat 's anything fer ter be thankful fer; I'm still a-shufflin' 'long, pickin' up a stray meal's vittles whar I kin. But you look like you been sick; I speck you must 'a' shed many a pound sence last I seed you. Ef I had n't 'a' bit my tongue, I'd 'a' ax'd you whar dey planted you dat you could 'a' grabbed out so quick, an' I'd 'a' ax'd ef you brung back de box dat dey buried you in. But I done got so now

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

dat I don't run on like I useter. Times change, an' folks changes wid um. Dem what I meet wid now aint no mo' like dey useter be dan a blackjack is a sweetgum. You kin see money writ all over der face; dey gits up soon an' goes ter bed late, an' dey don't know der own chillun when dey meet um on de street."

"Yes," said the cook, with a sigh, "I speck that's about de way of it. I aint so mighty old myse'f but folks has done change might'ly sence I grow'd up, bofe white an' black."

"Aint it de trufe?" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "But fer dat, I would n't be here right now. What you reckon Miss Sally done done? She done gone an' sont her gran'child 'way off yan whar de wedder aint so changeable. She hear him sneeze



*“Dey gits up soon an’ goes ter bed late, an’ dey don’t know der own chillun  
when dey meet um”*

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

three times one night, an' nothin' would do but he must be toted off ter de eend er de worl'. I up an' tol' her dat I could stan' it ef she could, an' den she tuck an' flew up, an' gi' me what she call a piece un her mind. De chile's mammy aint a-keerin', kaze she like fer ter be on de go, an' now dey done been gone dis long time. Nobody kin out-talk Miss Sally. You kin go out'n de room an' leave 'er, an' she'll be talkin' at you when you come back. Whar de boss?"

"He's in there," answered the cook;  
"I'll go see ef he's busy er no."

"Des tell 'im dat ol' man Remus is out here watchin' de oven, an' dat he's done got a letter fum Miss Sally's gran'-baby dat he wants read out des like it is, wid all de words in de right place."



*"I got a whole bag full er reasons," the old man responded*

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

“Whyn't you git yo' Miss Sally to read it to you, ef she's so high an' mighty.”

“I got a whole bag full er reasons,” the old man responded, with a twinkle in his eye. “Miss Sally's a settled 'oman by now, but she don't no mo' mind pro-jickin' wid you dan' she minds eatin'. She'd read it, an' be mighty glad ter do it, but you'd never know ef de talk she read out wuz in dar er no. She'll joke wid you ef you so sick you can't skacely hol' yo' head up. She'd be sho fer ter put sump'n in de letter dat aint dar, an' you never kin tell when she's leavin' sump'n out. But nummine dat, dey aint nobody on de top side er de green groun' dat y'ever got ahead of her yit. I may talk about her myse'f, but I aint gwine ter stan' aroun' an' let nobody else do it, kaze

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

I knows her better dan she knows 'erse'f. When I was a boy, I use ter caper 'roun' an' frolic wid her gran'daddy, an' now here she is a gran'mammy in her own right, an' lookin' mighty nigh ez young ez de boy's mammy. But you aint got no time fer ter lissen at me; you done got dinner on, an' you don't wanten stan' dar an' see it burn. Go tell de boss dat ol' man Remus is out here, an' ef he can't see me, well an' good; I'll stay here twel he kin, an' maybe I'll git my name in de pot. Seem like ter me dat I smells sump'n dat'll tas'e mighty like collards when you git um in yo' mouf."

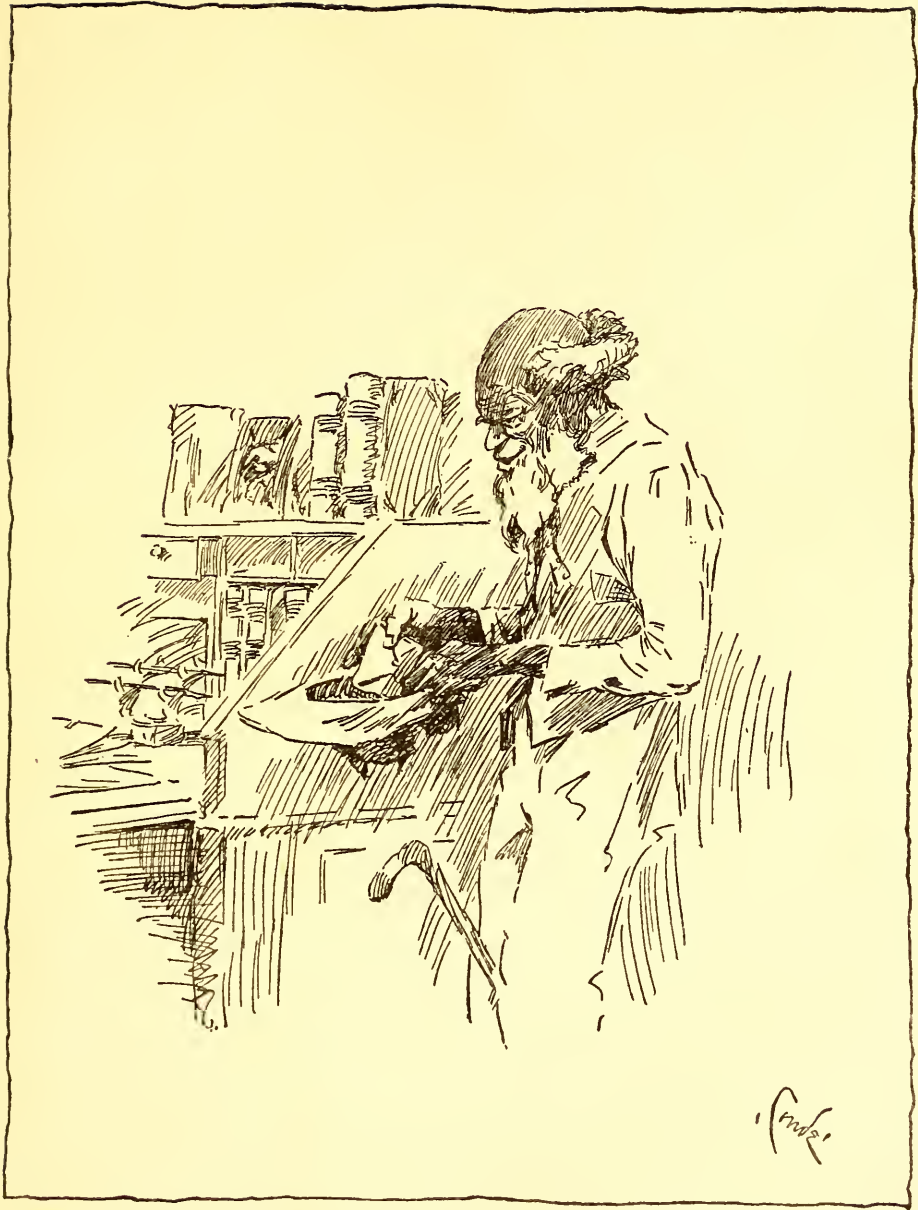
The cook laughed and went into the house to inquire if Uncle Remus could see his old-time friend. He could, to a certainty, and he did. From the bottom of

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

his hat, which he held in his hand, Uncle Remus took a letter that had been delivered by the postman, and asked if it would be too much trouble to read it. Why, it would be no trouble at all. The letter had never been opened since the child-writer sealed it, but this was soon remedied. The handwriting was that of a little fellow who was trying to learn the vertical style, which has done so much to destroy the individuality of the younger generation, and it read as follows:

DEAR UNCLE REMUS, — We are stopping at this place to wait for a little while until another train passes, because there has been a reck on the road, and mamma has gone to sleep with a handchif over her face, to keep off the flies that are made alive by the heat in the sleeping car. There's very many of them specially where a bald-hedded man is trying to keep hissself awake by fighting of them.

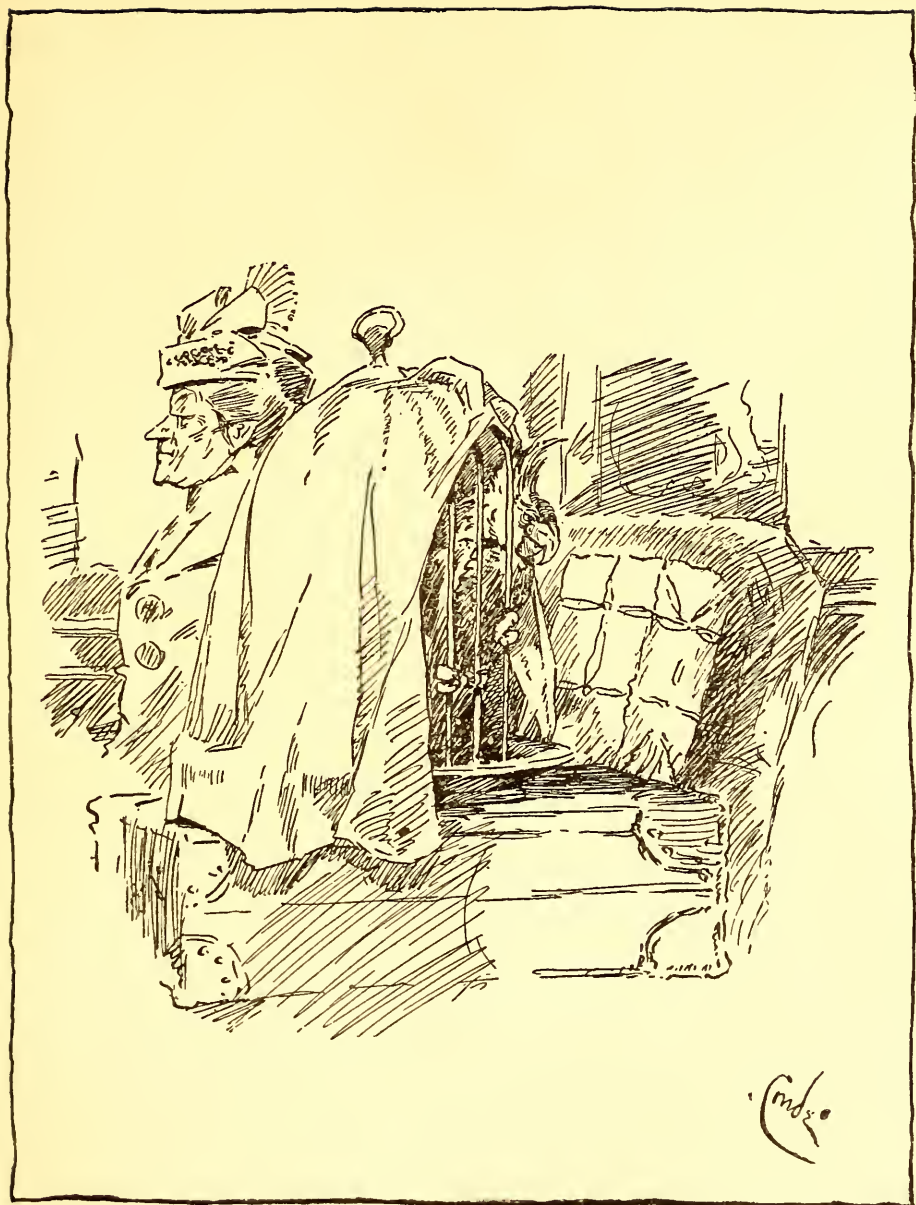




*From the bottom of his hat Uncle Remus took a letter*

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

One has just lit on this paper. I would kill him only it might blot the paper. How are you getting on without me? I hear you are taken up with another little boy which is pretyer than me. I did n't want to leave at all, but you know how granma is, if I sneeze more than twicte she gives me a mustard plaster or a hot bath, and both of them are very warm. Mamma said when she got on the car that she hoped to have a little piece now, and there was a lady with a parrot that looked at me very hard. The bird is pigin-toed, an' has a bill as big as the horn of my gote. It is fixed so he can hang on the lim of a tree. The lady told me three times not to put my finger in the cage because the parrot will nip it. Granma isnt here, and so I am waiting for the parrot to doze off so I can see whether his top-not is dyed. Please don't tell any more Brother Rabbit tales till I get back, which I hope will be rite soon. Mamma has just woke up an' asked a man if we were going to stay here all night, and the man said he would n't know til about six o'clock to-morer morning. Mamma got kind of red in the face and turned her back on the man, and then he winked



*I am waiting for the parrot to doze off so I can see whether his top-not is dyed*

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

at me and opened his mouth very wide. When he goes away, Mamma will say he has been drinking. If its ginjer-rale, I hope he will give me some, because ginjer-rale makes a fuss when you take out the stoper, and is warm as brinjer when you drink it fast. I didnt know I could rite such a long letter. But Mamma says that wen you travel, it is improving to the mind. I have only one more page of paper left, and so I must close soon, because there are some dogs around the Car, and I am going to bet the porter a dime that he can't make them Fite. If he does I know which one will whip he is a brinnel dog with a ring around his nek, and he hold his bob-tail very high. I hear a wistle some where and I am afraid its the train we are waiting for, because I havent seen a sure enough dog fite not since I left home. Well, I must close, write as soon as you get this. Grandma will give you a stamp, and tell me what she says when you ask her. I sure wish she was here now.

Uncle Remus stood very still while the reading was going on, and when it was

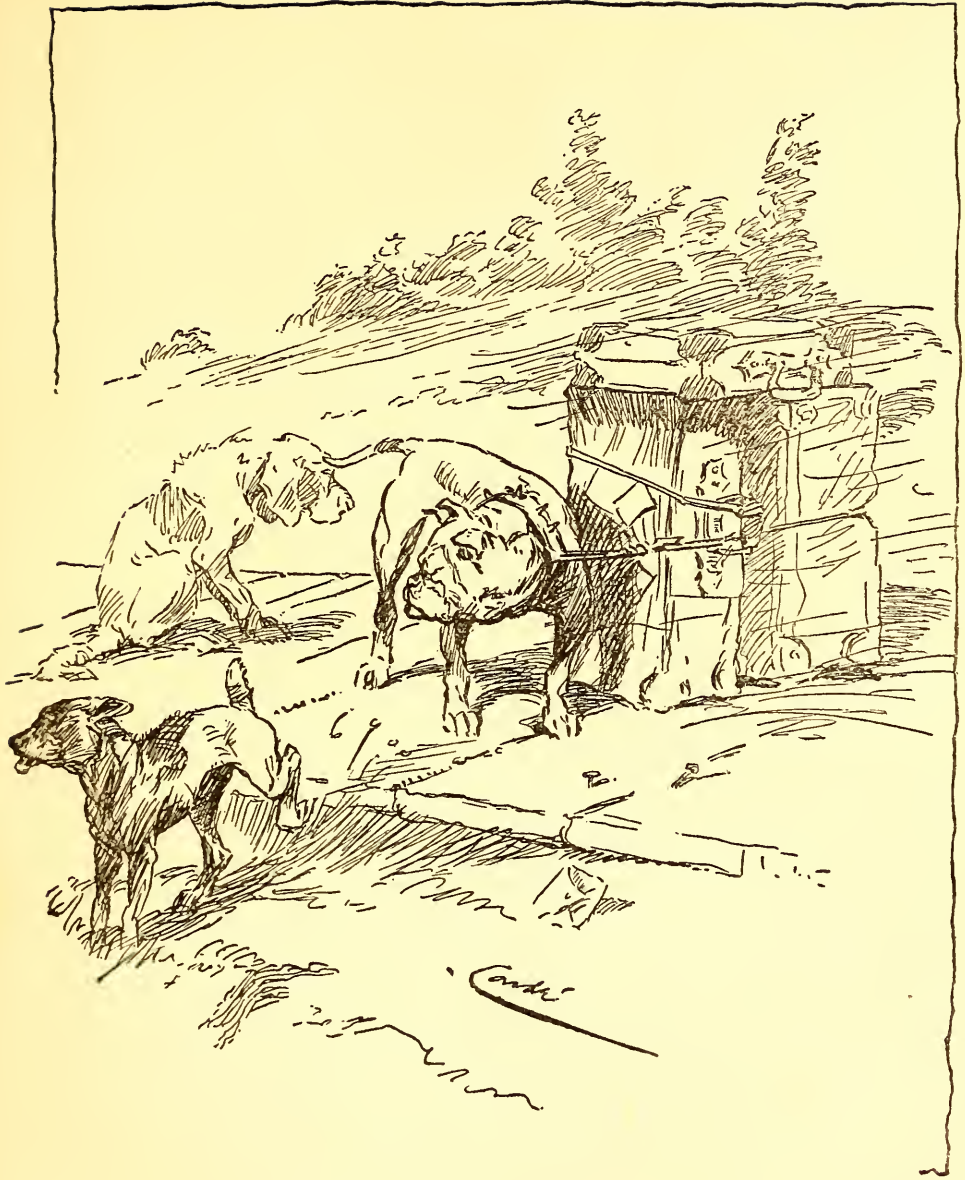
## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

over with, it was some time before he said anything. He stooped and picked up a stray pin that he saw lying on the floor, and sighed. Finally he made a remark that seemed to ease his mind. "Well, suh!" he said, "is anybody ever see de beat er dat? Dat little bit er feller, not much bigger dan yo' two fists, a-settin' right flat down an' a-writin' all dat to de ol' nigger. You mayn't b'lieve me, suh, but dat wipes out de whole war. I'm kinder skeer'd fer ter show dat letter ter Miss Sally, bekaze she'll make a heap er fun un it, an' do like she's a-laughin' fit ter kill, an' when you look at 'er right close, you'll find dat she's been a-cryin' all de time. I don't mind seein' some folks cry, but when Miss Sally starts her boo-hoo ter gwine, I know dat dar's sump'n

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

'way back yander dat I dunno nothin' 'bout, an' when I try fer ter think what 'tis, it seem mo' like a dream, no matter how bright de sun tryin' ter shine, bekaze when Miss Sally cries I know 't aint 'bout nothin' right at hand, but 'bout sump'n way back yander dat she done most fergot about, less'n a word er a letter. You know how wimmen is, suh; dey er fur an' away ahead er de men folks. It seem like dey er constant a-runnin' back ter ol' times. You think de young gals giggles too much: well, des wait twel you have a granchil', an' den you 'll see ef dey been gigglin' too much. Let um giggle, *I* say!"

The old man thankfully accepted the invitation to stay to dinner, and went back to the kitchen, where he could be heard trying to convert the cook to some new



*"I am going to bet the porter a dime that he can't make them Fite"*

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

form of belief—not that he believed it himself, but in the hope that he could aggravate her into showering upon him the friendly abuse he was so fond of. The cook, however, was very even-tempered, and as a last resort, Uncle Remus sang this old song.

### OL' JOB! POOR JOB!

Moses had trouble, trouble enough,

Sence he floated on de Niles,

But, at de wust, he'd up an' say,

Des look at Job an' his biles!

Ol' Job! Poor Job!

He'd lay an' sweat fum day ter  
day,

He had so many biles!

He had no room fer smiles!





*Accepted the invitation to stay to dinner, and went back to the kitchen*

## UNCLE REMUS' LETTER

John, he paced his prison cage,  
I dunner how many miles,  
An' den he say ter de king's daughter  
What you think er Job an' his biles?  
Ol' Job! Poor Job!  
He had no room fer smiles;  
He railed at all de neighbors,  
He had so many biles!

St. Paul, he wandered 'roun' an' 'roun'  
A-many a thousand miles,  
An' he allers tell de folks what he see  
Fer ter 'member Job an' his biles!  
Ol' Job! Poor Job!  
He aint got time fer smiles;  
Atter countin' all his goats and camels,  
He tried fer ter count his biles!

# HOW BRER RABBIT RAISED THE DUST

**O**NCE 'pon a time, er two times er  
mo',  
Molly-ily-oly, oly-ily-mo'!

De creeturs tuck a notion dey'd a-courtin'  
go,

Gooly-ooly, an' a gil-gal go!

Dey pestered Miss Meadows bofe day an'  
night,

An' eve'y body knows dat dat want right!

Riley-ooly-rinktum, riley-ily-right!

But dat Miss Meadows—mon, she's a sight!

“Is my house a tavern?” she ax de gals,  
Gilly-ill-gooly, gilly-ill-gals!

“I lay I'll fix um wid der shills an' der  
shalls!

Shilly-ooly-sholy, sholy-iley-shalls!

## BREER RABBIT RAISED DUST

An' you better go put on yo' balmorals!  
An' don't pester me wid yo' dil-dol-dals,"  
    Dilly-ann-dinktum, illy-oll-dals!  
De dil-dol-dals wuz Sue's an' Sal's.

Well, de ve'y nex' day, all de creeturs wuz  
    dar,  
    Darly-ily-oly, oly-ily-dar!  
Brer Wolf wid his grin, an' ol' Brer B'ar,  
    Barly-billy-bumptom, billy-bumptom  
    bar!  
Brer Fox an' Brer Rabbit, wid his pop-  
    eye!  
A-seein' what he seed, an' tryin' fer ter  
    sigh,  
    Sigh-along, fly-along, sing-along-a-  
    sigh!  
An' so humble dat he showed de white er  
    his eye.



*De creeturs tuck a notion dey 'd a-courtin' go*

## BREER RABBIT RAISED DUST

Miss Meadows an' de gals had on der  
best frocks,

Frackity-ackity, purty little frock!

An' "Why does you gents allers come in  
flocks?"

Fle-flo-flickity, fly-flee-flock!

"Down here by de branch dar's a great  
big rock,

An' de gent dat kin take a sludge-ham-  
mer an' knock

Knick-knack-knock, knickity-ann-  
knock!

Out de dust gits a gal wid 'er smick-  
smack-smock!"

Dey 'p'inted de day, an' all un um dar  
Dooly-ily-dum, dooly-ily-dar!

Kinder thunk dat de gal'd go ter Brer B'ar,  
Billy-illy-bumptom, ol' Billy B'ar!



*"De gent dat kin take a sludge-hammer an' knock  
Out de dust gits a gat wid 'er smick-smack-smock!"*

## BRER RABBIT RAISED DUST

Brer Rabbit, he sot down ter work de  
matter out,

An' he aint thunk long, 'fo' he riz wid a  
shout!

Sholy-sheely-shoo, an' sheely-sholy-  
shout!

An' he dance de double-shuffle fer a nour,  
nigh about!

When de time come, his slippers he got,  
Gooly-ooly-goo, gilly-ooly-got!

An' filled um wid ashes fum de ol' ash-pot,  
Pottery-ottery, black ol' pot!

He shuffle ter de place, wid, "Good-day,  
gents!

I'm a-feelin' dat weak dat I could n't clim'  
a fence,

Feely-oly-foo, an-a-ten-rail-fence!

But ter git dat gal is my intents!"





*An' filled um wid ashes fum de ol' ash-pot*

## BRER RABBIT RAISED DUST

“An’ de same is mine,” growled ol’ Brer  
B’ar,

Barley-o, an’ Billy-Billy-B’ar!

“I’ll knock out de dust an’ never raise a  
ha’r!”

Hilly-hilly-ho, an’ hilly-hilly-har!

Brer Wolf, he grin, “You’ll fin’ me dar,  
I’m sump’n uv a hitter, I thank my  
star!”

Star-ee-star-oo, an’ a-twinkle little star!  
An’ ol’ Brer Fox say, “De trial must be  
fa’r.”

All er de creeturs wuz ter have three tries,  
Trinky-tree, trinky-ann-tries!  
An’ de gals wuz afeard dey’d git dust in  
der eyes,

Izy-oozy-izzy, oozy-izzy-eyes!  
Brer Wolf wuz de fust, an’ den Brer Fox,



*An' de dust flew'd up ter de top er de tree*



## BRER RABBIT RAISED DUST

An' dey like to a-knock deyse'fs out'n der  
socks!

Sicky-icky-ox, sicky-ann-socks!

But de dust aint come, spite er der knocks!

Den ol' Brer B'ar, he hit, an' he failed,  
Filamaloo-fail, filmo-failed!

Sezee, "By jing! I thunk I had her nailed,"  
Nail-a-roo, nail-a-rum nailed!

Den ol' Brer Rabbit, he hit de rock three,  
An' de dust flew'd up ter de top er de  
tree,

Treelum-troolum, tricky-ann-tree!

Kaze de ashes dey riz eve'y time he bent  
his knee!

## THE STORY OF TEENCHY- TINY DUCK

**A**S usual Uncle Remus made his appearance just before dinner. When asked about it, he laughed heartily. "Well, suh," he said, "I never yit seed a dinner dat could skeer me. I don't keer how big it is, ner how fine, I kin look it right in de face an' eyes, an' never turn a ha'r. Ol' Miss use ter say dat I wuz a mighty bol' nigger when it come ter vittles, an' I speck dat 's so, kaze de onliest skeer I have is dat de cook wont save me none."

"Where is the little boy?"

"Oh, he done come back. He went out dar ter Californy fer ter fix his lungs an' livers, an' he come wid me fer ter see how fur you live fum town. He's out

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

dar in de yard fishin' fer jacks. He'll take a piece er grass an' run it down in a hole, an' de fust news you know, he done cotch one. I tol' him dat ef he wanted ter hear me tell a tale, he'd hatter come in here an' tell you howdye. I'm mighty glad yo' room is so close ter der kitchen; I kin set on dis trunk an' tell you what you gwineter have fer dinner. Cabbage fer one thing, an' inguns fer an'er. De cook sho must 'a' know'd I wuz comin'."

At this juncture, the little boy ran in, full of health and perspiration; he had been having a glorious time, and he wished that he lived somewhere where there were plenty of trees and grass. The jack-bugs that you caught in town were hardly worth fishing for, they were so small and poor. His trip to Southern California had evi-

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

dently done him a world of good. His pallor had disappeared, and he was now as ruddy and rugged as you could wish. He was very polite, too, for he knew that Uncle Remus was regarding him with critical eyes. But when all the formalities were over, his mind reverted to the story that he had been promised, and he reminded Uncle Remus of it.

“You hear dat!” the old negro exclaimed. “All you hear fum dat boy is tell me a tale, tell me a tale, an’ when dat’s done, it’s tell me anudder, tell me anudder; it don’t make no diffunce dat age is a-creepin’ on de ol’ nigger. An’ I speck I’ll hatter turn over an’ do de best I kin. It puts me in mind er ol’ Teenchy Duck dat foun’ a money-purse in de river.”

“How was that?” the little boy asked;





“Singin’ de hongry song — ‘Quack! quack! gi’ me a piece er bread!’”

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

“you never told me that story; you’ve been keeping it to yourself all this time.”

“Name er goodness, honey! I’m bleeze ter have some secrets; look how ol’ I is, an’ how wobbly! You don’t want me not to have no secrets, does you?”

“No,” said the boy unblushingly; “not story secrets. How can a common everyday story be a secret!”

“Well ef de tales I tells is des ever-day tales, an’ common too, you mought ez well not take de trouble fer ter lissen at um. Go out dar an’ ketch you some mo’ jack-bugs.”

The little boy looked at the old negro as though he did n’t understand what had been said; he made no movement to go, but was evidently uneasy. “Well, tell me about Teenchy Duck,” he said after a while.

## TEENCHY—TINY DUCK

“’T aint no use,” replied Uncle Remus; “she wa’n’t nothin’ but a common ever’-day puddle duck; an’ mo’ dan dat she aint got but two foots fer ter waddle about on. Aint she too common fer you?”

The little boy made no answer whatever; he had grown wise to the old negro’s methods, and so he simply waited. Uncle Remus, seated upon the low trunk, pulled a few ravelings from his sleeve, cleared his throat, and told the following story:

“One time—I dunner ef it wuz in Greene County, er in Bald’in—dar lived a man an’ a ’oman dat wuz mighty poor. Dey aint got no money, an’ dey aint had time fer ter save none; much ez dey kin do fer ter keep body an’ soul tergedder. Dey aint got no farm, an’ dey aint got no

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

gyarden patch. All dey had in de roun' worl' wuz a little puddle duck dat walked roun' an' roun' all day singin' de hongry song—'Quack! quack! gi' me a piece er bread!' Look like it would n't 'a' took much ter feed her, kaze she wuz sech a little bit er duck dat folks called her Teenchy-Tiny Duck. Well, one day, whiles she wuz paddlin' in de river—I dunno ef it wuz de Oconee er de Ocmulgee—she up an' found a money-purse all full er shiny gold. No sooner did she see it dan she made a turrible racket: 'Somebody los' der purty money! Purty money! purty money! Who los' der purty money?'

“Brer Rabbit, on de bank, look out'n his hidin' place, an' kinder grin, an' den he wunk one eye, but he aint say a word.



1903

*“ He holler out : ‘ Dat’s mine ! dat’s mine ! I des now drapt it ’ ”*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

Bimeby a rich man come 'long; he had a walkin'-stick in his han', an' ever' once an' awhile he'd stop an' make marks in de san', a-countin' up de money what he had, an' dat what he done lent out; he wuz one er de kind what you call big rich fer dem days. Well, whiles he wuz walkin' 'long, he hear de fuss dat Teenchy-Tiny Duck's a-makin', an' he look close fer ter see what de matter. Den an' dar his eye lit on de money-purse, an' he seed de gold a-shinin' thoo. He holler out: 'Dat's mine! dat's mine! I des now drapt it;' an' wid dat he tuck de gold an' slapped it in his kyarpet-sack.

“Atter he done gone, Teenchy-Tiny got so mad dat all she kin do is ter dance 'roun' on her two footsies. She say, ‘De gran' rascal done took it all, an' aint never



*"Brer Rabbit see her an' ax her what de matter mought be"*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

gi' me nothin' fer findin' it!' Den she waddled off home an' tol' um what done happened. De man wuz so mad dat he wanter pull all his ha'r out; he say, he did, 'Git outer my house an' lot, sech as dey is, and don't never come back here twel you git dat money what de rich man tuck!' Teenchy-Tiny Duck aint know what ter do. She went back ter de river bank, an' sot down an' cried. Brer Rabbit see her an' ax her what de matter mought be. She up an' tol' 'im all about it, an' he wiped one eye an' wunk de udder. Sezee, 'Well, why n't you go atter de man an' git de money?' She say, 'How I gwineter git de money atter I find de man?' Brer Rabbit say, sezee, 'Dey's allers a way, ef not two.'

“So off she put, a-waddlin' an'



## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

a-quackin', 'I want my purty money! I want my purty money!' She foller'd de man by de marks er de cane in de ground. She pass by ol' Brer Fox, an' he ax her what de matter. She up 'n' tol' 'im. He ax her what she gwiner do when she fin' de rich man, an' she say she gwine git de purty money an' take it back home. 'Shill I go wid you?' sez ol' Brer Fox, sezee, an' she say dat nothin' 'll suit her better. 'I'll hatter hide,' sez ol' Brer Fox; 'how I gwine do it?' 'Git in my satchel,' sez Teenchy-Tiny. Brer Fox say 'taint nigh big enough, an' she make answer. 'My satchel is a stretchin' satchel.'

"She aint gone fur befo' she met ol' Brer Wolf. He lissen at de talk 'bout de money, an' say, 'Whar you come fum an' whar you gwine, an' what you gwine atter?'

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

She up an' tol' 'im. 'Maybe I kin he'p you,' sezee, 'but I'm tired, an' I can't go so fur.' She says, se' she, 'Git in my satchel.' He say, 'Taint nigh big 'nough.' She say, 'It's de stretchin' satchel; jump in.' Well, in he jumped, an' atter dat, Teenchy-Tiny can't go so mighty fast, kaze she got too big a load. But she waddled on, quackin' 'bout de purty money.

"Bimeby, whiles she wuz gwine on down de road, she come up wid Uncle Ladder, takin' his noon rest by de side of a tree. Uncle Ladder, he say, sezee, 'You must not feel so well fum de way youer gwine on.' Den Teenchy-Tiny up an' tol' him about de bad luck she done had; she shuck her head backerds an' forrerds, an' quacked so loud, dat Uncle



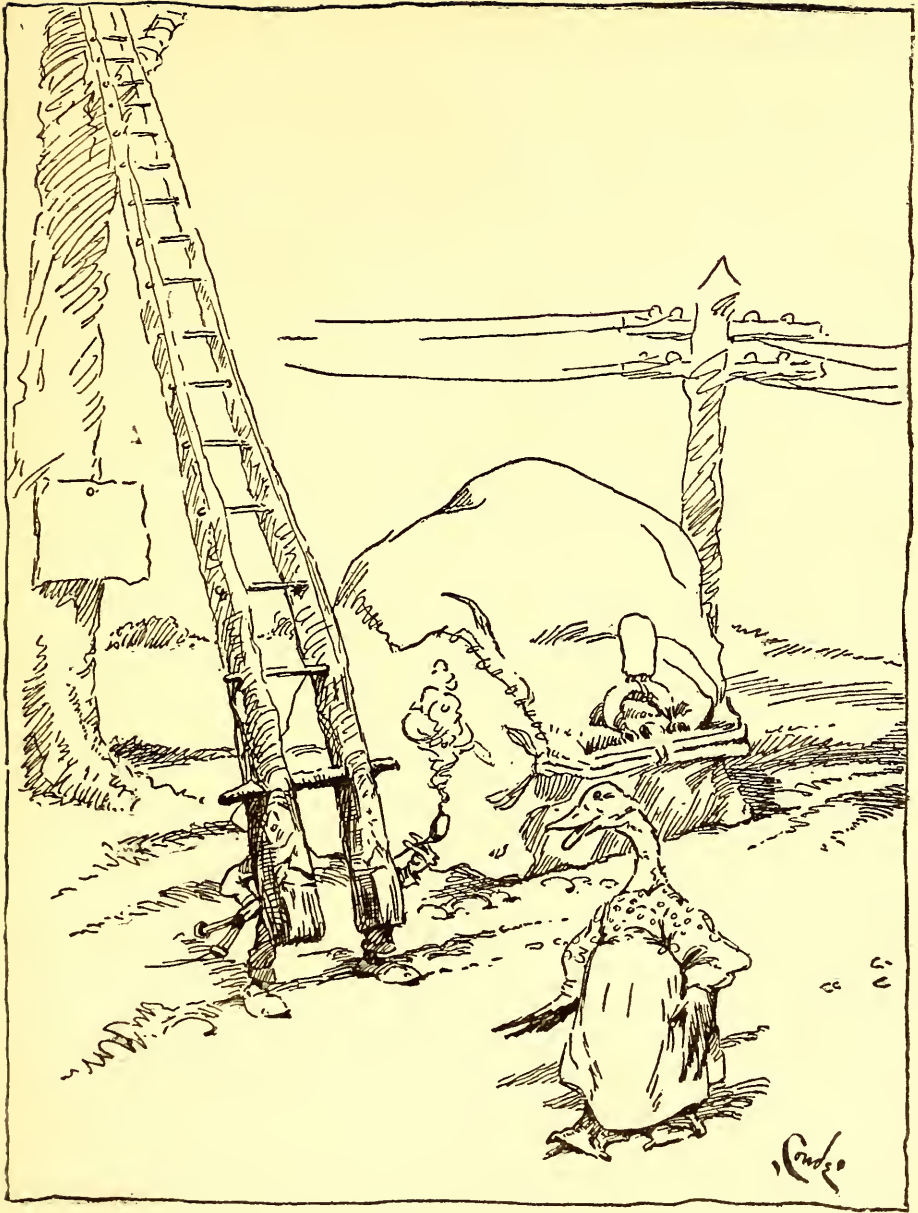
*"She say, 'It's de stretchin' satchel; jump in'"*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

Ladder wuz sorry. He ax her ef he kin do anything fer ter he'p her out, an' she say she speck he kin do a heap to he'p her. Uncle Ladder says, sezee, dat he 'd be glad ef he kin, but he can't walk, an' he dunner how he gwine wid her. Teenchy-Tiny say, 'Des git in my satchel, an' I'll tote you de best I know how.' So Uncle Ladder got in de satchel, an' off she started."

At this point Uncle Remus glanced suddenly at the little boy, who had an expression of unbelief on his face. He caught the eye of the old negro, and remarked, "I was just thinking what mother would say to that."

"Is she here?" Uncle Remus inquired in a matter-of-fact way. "Well, den, honey, ef she aint here, an' not likely ter be, dey aint no reason why de tale aint



*"She quacked so loud dat Uncle Ladder wuz sorry"*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

des ez good ez some yuther tales you've hearn me tell 'fo' now.

“Well, Uncle Ladder clomb in de satchel, an' he had plenty er room, an' Teenchy-Tiny Puddle Duck went wobblin' on, quackin' 'bout de purty money what done been tuck fum 'er. Now whiles she gwine on, follerin' de tracks er de rich man's walkin'-cane, she come right face wid de best frien' she'd y'ever had, an' dat wuz Gran'pappy River. He stop runnin', he did, an' say, sezee, ‘Why, what de matter? When I seed you dis mornin', you look like you wuz happy, an' now, here you is in deep trouble. How kin I he'p you? Maybe I'd better go wid you; I sholy would ef I had legs.’”

Here Uncle Remus paused a moment to glance at the little boy out of the corner



*"She come right face wid Gran'pappy River"*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

of his eye, but the youngster had ceased to be doubtful; he had become interested. Uncle Remus shook his head triumphantly, and went on: "Gran'pappy River got in de satchel widout drownin' anybody, an' Teenchy-Tiny Duck went on, still follerin' de tracks dat de rich man's walkin'-cane had made in de groun', an' purty soon, ef not sooner, she come ter a big Bee Hive. Ol' man Drone wuz a-sunnin' hisse'f, an' when he seed her he got ter laughin' an' 'twant long 'fo' all de Bees had come out fer ter see what de trouble wuz all about. An' when dey seed her, dey laugh an' laugh twel some on 'em fell down fum de bench. But Teenchy-Tiny Puddle Duck look so sollum dat dey hushed up one an'er atter while, an' say, 'We-all wuz des laughin' kaze you got





*"Ol' man Drone wuz a-sunnin' hisse'f"*



## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

sech a big fat satchel. Tell us what de matter is.'

"She sot down an' tol' 'em all about her troubles, an' it look like dey git bigger an' wusser de mo' she talk about um. De Bees said dey'd be mo' dan glad fer ter he'p her out ef dey know'd how, an' dey ax ef dey can't go wid 'er. 'Git in my satchel,' se' she, an', sho 'nough, in dey swarmed. She went on, sometimes a-waddlin' an' sometimes a-toddlin', an' long about night, she come ter de place whar de rich man live at. She crope un' de gate, an' went up ter de big house hollerin' fer her purty money. De rich man he hear her, an' he know'd des 'zackly what she come fer. He laugh, he did, an' make some er de niggers put her in de hen-house 'long wid de geese an' de tur-

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

keys, an' tol' de cook fer ter have 'er fer dinner de nex' day. So said, so done. Inter de hen-house she went, an' time she git in dar de yuther fowls 'gun ter make a mighty racket; I speck dey must er ketch a whiff er Brer Fox. Anyhow, dey got atter her, dark ez 't wuz, dey got atter her, an' pecked on her an' beat her wid der wings, an' she hatter call on Brer Fox fer ter come outer de satchel an' see what he kin do ter settle de 'spute.

“Well, out he come, an' mighty glad er de chance. All de fowls quit der 'sputin' an' when de cook come out de nex' mornin' fer ter git Teenchy-Tiny, she sho did open her eyes. De groun' wuz strowed wid dead chickens, an' turkeys, an' geeses, kaze Brer Fox sho had done his work well. De cook was so 'stonish' dat she



"De cook was so 'stonish' dat she run ter de big house"

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

run ter de big house widout takin' time fer ter pull de hen-house door shet. Teenchy-Tiny Duck marched out wid her fat satchel an' went 'roun' ter de front, quackin' an squallin', 'Gi' me back my purty money! Gi' me back my purty money!' De rich man's wife, when de cook got thoo tellin' her tale, up an' say, 'Dat aint no Duck; it's a witch. Ef you don't gi' her her money back, we'll sho have bad luck!' But de man des laugh, an' he laughed ever' time he hear Teenchy-Tiny Duck holler. An' she kep' it up all day long. Sometimes she'd set down an' rest, but de most er de time, she wuz totin' her big satchel about over de place, an' hollerin' ter de man fer ter gi' her back her purty money what she found.

“Night come ez night will, an' de rich

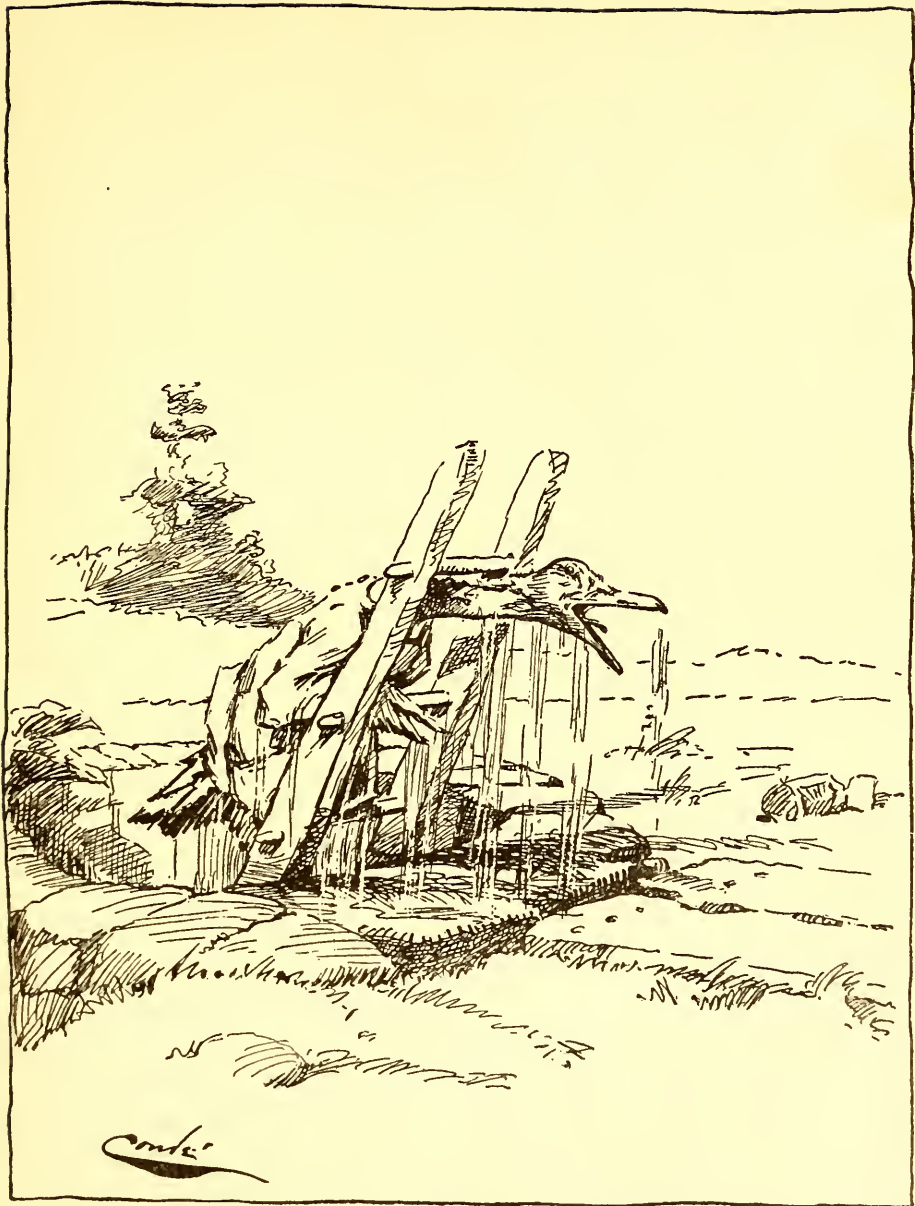


*"Put her in de stable 'long wid de mules an' hosses"*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

man made de niggers take de Duck an' put her in de stable 'long wid de mules an' hosses. He say, 'We'll see what she'll holler in de mornin'.' No sooner said dan done, an' Teenchy-Tiny Duck wuz so skeer'd dat she call ter Brer Wolf, dat ef he don't come an he'p 'er, she sholy will be trompled under de creeturs' foots. Well, Brer Wolf aint need no second tellin'; he work so hard an' he work so fast, dat when de plough-hands an' de waggin drivers come for ter git der teams de nex' mornin', dey fin' um all stretched out stiff. When dis word went out, de rich man's ol' 'oman beg an' beg 'im fer ter gi' de money back ter Teenchy-Tiny Duck. But de man wuz too mad ter lissen. So he went out in de yard, an' tell his niggers fer ter fling her in de well.





*“ An’ Teenchy-Tiny Duck clom it round by round, an’ she come out a-hollerin’  
fer her purty money ”*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

“All dis time, an’ whiles dey wuz totin’ her off, Teenchy-Tiny Duck keep on squallin’ an’ quackin’, ‘Gi’ me back my purty money!’ Dey flung her in de well, an’ ez she fell, she holler ter de Ladder fer come he’p her. De Ladder got out’n de satchel an’ kinder stretched itse’f, kaze it had been might’ly cramped in dar. It stretched itse’f twel it got ter de top, an’ Teenchy-Tiny Duck clom it round by round, an’ come out, an’ she come a-hollerin’ fer her purty money. You may well believe dat dem are niggers an’ all de balance wuz might’ly ’stonished. But de rich man got madder dan he wuz befo’. He stomped his foots an’ pulled his ha’r, an’ des vow dat he aint gwine ter turn de money loose. He run out, he did, an’ tol’ um ter heat de bakin’ oven red-hot an’

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

put her in. An' all dat time Teenchy-Tiny wuz marchin' up an' down squallin' an' quackin' fer her purty money. Dey got de oven mighty hot, an' de rich man tol' um fer ter fling her in. De niggers wuz skeer'd but dey hatter do what der marster tol' um. Time dey done it, Teenchy-Tiny Duck call fer ol' friend, de River, an' he bust outer de satchel an' squelched de fier, an' Teenchy-Tiny come marchin' out, hollerin' louder dan ever fer her purty money.

“An' still de rich man wont turn de money loose, no matter how much his wife beg him. He say he'll 'ten' ter de job hisse'f; an' dat night, when ever'body but him had done gone ter bed, he tuck his walkin'-cane, an' went out an' got Teenchy-Tiny Duck, an' wuz des in de ac' er beatin'

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

her plum ter death, when she called on de Bees fer ter come an' he'p her. Dey come swarmin' out, an' de way dey treat dat rich man wuz 'nough fer ter make you smile er cry, whichever way yo' mind mought lean. He could n't run fast 'nough fer ter git de money, an' when he got it he hand it ter Teenchy-Tiny Duck, an' tol' her ter go on 'bout her business, an' pester him no mo'. She waddled off down de road, an' she tuck all her friends back whar dey j'ined her — de Bees ter de Hive, de Ladder ter de wall, an' de River ter its bed. Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox 'low dat dey kin walk faster dan she could tote um. Her marster an' mistiss got de money dat aint b'long ter um, an' it look like dey ought er be happy, but dey wa'n't; dey know'd dey wuz spendin' dat dat wa'n't



*“ An’ tol’ her ter go on ’bout her business, an’ pester him no mo’ ”*

## TEENCHY-TINY DUCK

der'n. But dey feed Teenchy-Tiny Duck twel she got so fat an' sassy dat she wont 'sociate wid nobody but de fambly dat dey calls Muscovvey; you know what I mean."

Of course the little boy knew, but he was thinking about it so hard that he forgot to laugh. Uncle Remus adjourned to the kitchen, where he soon had the cook talking in wrathful tones. As for the little boy he found a big picture book, in which he became so absorbed that it would have been difficult for a stranger to imagine that there was a little boy in the house.

## BRER RABBIT AND THE PIMERLY PLUM

**B**Y de side er de road, Brer Rabbit  
sot down,

Wid a look on his face 'twixt a  
smile an' a frown,

Kaze he waitin' fer Brer Fox ter come back  
fum town;

Brer Rabbit wait 'twixt doubt an' hope,  
Den he hear Brer Fox, kaze he know'd  
his lope;

Brer Fox come up wid a sneeze an' a grin,  
An' he say, "Brer Rabbit, wharbouts you  
been?"

Brer Rabbit, he 'low, "I been rovin' some,  
An' den I been huntin' de Pimmerly Plum!

"I got on de trail, an' here I come,  
Kaze a poun' er sugar an' a pint er rum

## THE PIMMERLY PLUM

Aint nigh so sweet ez de Pimmerly Plum!”

Now, de Pimmerly Plum wuz monstus  
skace,

An’ Brer Fox can’t ermember dat he  
y’ever had a tas’e;

So he sot right down on his hunkers an’  
wait;

Brer Rabbit hummed a chune dat he’d  
l’arned uv late —

“Good luck, good luck ter mine an’ me,  
Kaze we sot in de shade er de sweet-gum  
tree!”

“Make ’as’e, Brer Rabbit,” sez ol’ Brer  
Fox,

“Kaze I done got myse’f in a kin’ uv a  
box,

Brer B’ar is a-comin’ an’ he’ll chunk me  
wid rocks,





*So he sot right down on his hunkers an' wait*

## THE PIMMERLY PLUM

An' ol' Brer Wolf, he's a-comin' too —  
I 'clar' ter gracious, I dunner what ter do.”  
Brer Rabbit, he chuckle wid his he-he-he,  
“Brer Fox, go git un' de sweet-gum tree.”  
Brer Fox, he say, “I aint feelin' well,  
An' I know I'll be sick ef you don't tell!”

Brer Rabbit start ag'in wid his te-he-he,  
An' “Mo' dan once, I've tol' you,” sezee,  
“An' ef you can't hear, why, don't blame  
me;

I done tol' you 'bout de ol' sweet-gum,  
Kaze dat's whar you'll fin' de Pimmerly  
Plum!

You'll hatter put yo' unpatience aside,  
Git under a Plum, an' dar abide;  
You shet yo' eyes an' open yo' mouf,  
An' you won't wait long, kaze dar's been  
a drouf!”



*"You'll hatter put yo' unpatience aside"*

## THE PIMMERLY PLUM

Brer Fox say, “Goody!” an’ show his  
gum,

An’ he say ter Brer Rabbit, “Please do  
come,

Kaze I want you ter show me de Pim-  
merly Plum!”

Brer Rabbit giggle, but he tuck ’im along,  
An’ ez he went, he sing dis song—

“A poun’ er sugar an’ a pint er rum,  
Aint nigh so sweet ez de Pimmerly Plum!”

He made ’im set down un’ de sweet-gum  
tree,

An’ he went sneakin’ off wid his te-he-he!

Brer Fox helt his mouf like he ’bout ter  
gi’ a yap,

But he wuz a-waitin’ fer de Plum ter drap!  
An’ Brer Rabbit make like he gwine ter  
take a nap;

## THE PIMMERLY PLUM

Brer B'ar an' Brer Wolf come swingin'  
along,

A-whistlin' a chune, er singin' a song;

Brer Rabbit wave his han' an' p'int ter  
Brer Fox

A-settin' dar like his jaws got de locks;

Hearin' a big ha-ha! Brer Fox lookt  
aroun',

An' I let you know he snoke fum dat  
groun'!

## THE STORY OF BRER FOX AND LITTLE MR. CRICKET

**T**HE little boy had made no comments on the story of Teenchy-Tiny Duck after Uncle Remus told it, preferring to bury his talents in the new picture book, but he asked the old negro about it when they were ready to go home. “How did the Duck get the Ladder in her satchel?” he inquired.

Uncle Remus sighed and looked around him. “We aint in no court-house, is we, honey? Kaze ef we is, I’m gwine off some’rs whar dey aint no court-houses an’ lawyers; I done had my fill un um. Plain livin’ suits me, an’ de planer it is de better I likes it. Now, maybe dat Ladder wuz one er de telescopus kind what kin

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

fold up. I aint never seed one un um myself, but I speck dey had um in dem days. We got mighty big idees, but we aint no smarter dan folks dat's done come an' gone. Mo' dan dat, a tale's a tale, an' you can't make nothin' else out'n um. When de tale wuz tolden unto me, I aint ax nothin' about no Ladder. 'T wuz in de satchel in de tale, an' 'twant no business er mine fer ter take it out. It'd be dar yit, ef I had my way. Furdermo', when you git so you can't b'lieve tales, it's time fer yo' pa fer ter put you in some sto' whar you kin l'arn all about swindlin' yo neighbors. Dat's de kind er folks dat wanter pick a tale ter pieces like dey wuz pickin' a chicken — an' goodness knows I wish I had one ter pick right now!"

“How deep was the well that the Lad-

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

der helped the Duck out of?" inquired the little boy.

"Ah! now you're tryin' fer ter talk hoss sense! I dunner how deep de well wuz; it mought 'a' been a inch an' a quarter, er it mought er been sev'mty-five feet; ez de well wuz, so wuz de Ladder, an' I'll let you medjur um fer yo'se'f, kaze I aint gwine roun' medjurin' yuther folks's wells an' Ladders; I got sump'n better ter do dan dat. I had a tale on my mind dat I wuz des gwine fer ter tell you, but, la! you done got me so mixt up dat I aint got right good sense. Is ter-day yistiddy, er is it day 'fo' yistiddy? I wish you'd tell me dat, kaze somebody done tol' me dat my allmanac is got rain whar it oughter be shine?"

"Can't you remember the story?"





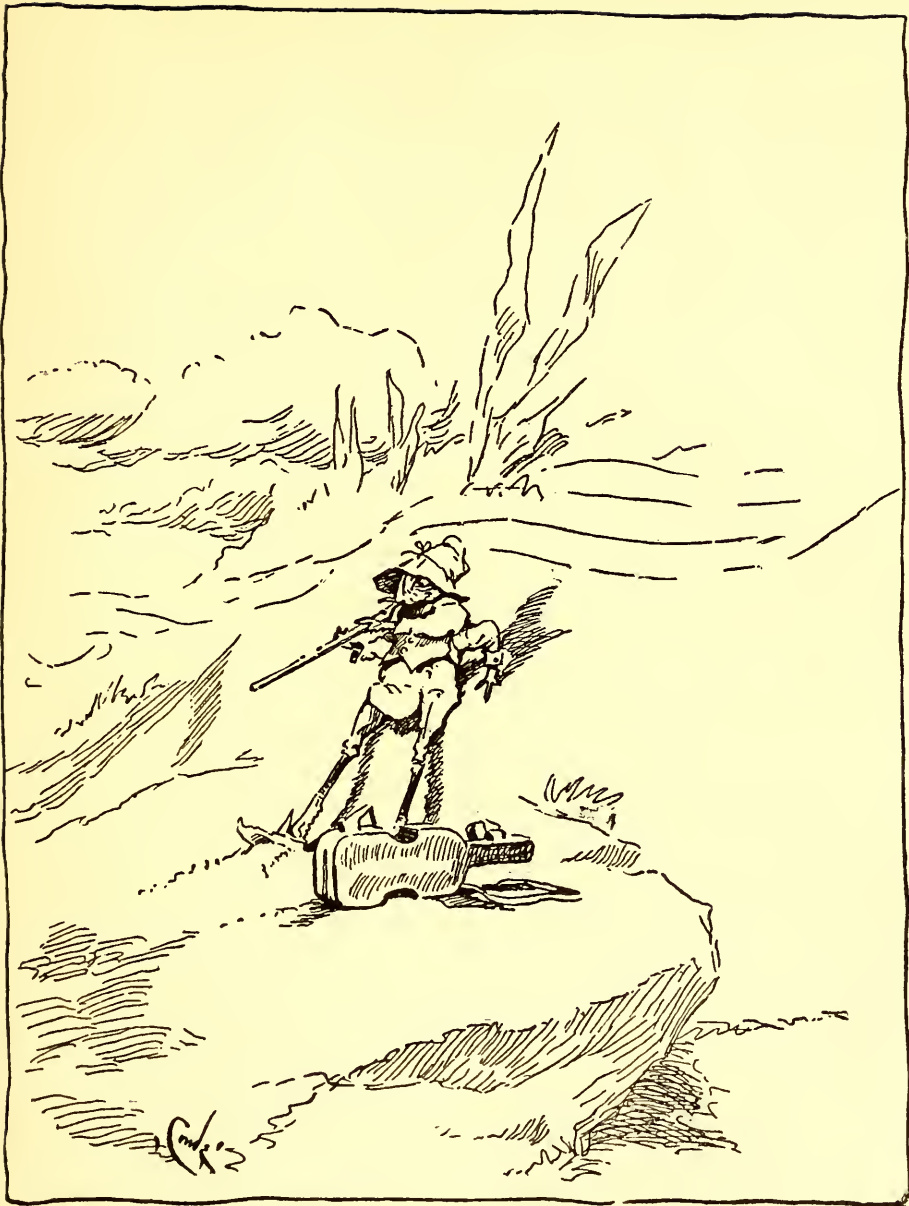
*“’T wuz in de satchel in de tale, an’ ’t want no business er mine fer ter  
take it out”*

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

asked the little boy. "Can't you tie a string around your thumb and remember it? That's the way mamma does when she wants papa to bring her something from town."

"No, no, honey! Dey tells me dat when a man gits in de inhabitants of tyin' strings on his fingers, he'll be sho ter die wid a rope roun' his neck. Dat may not be so, an' you neen'ter run an' tell yo' mammy 'bout it; you may tell Miss Sally, but nobody else, kaze ef you does you'll sho git me in trouble when I go atter you fer ter fetch you down. An', speakin' er town, dat ve'y word makes de tale pop back in my mind. Aint I tell you a tale once 'bout little Mr. Cricket? Ef 't want you, den it wuz yo' pa.

"Well, you know Mr. Cricket aint so



*"Mr. Cricket did n't do nothin' in de roun' worl' but play on his fife an his fiddle"*

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

mighty big, but he big 'nough fer ter make a heap er fuss in de worl'; some er de creeturs say dat he made mo' fuss dan he done good. I aint 'sputin' dat, an' I aint 'greein' wid it, kaze we er all here fer sump'n, good er bad, an' we bleedze fer ter foller our noses ef we git anywhar 'tall, an' ef we don't fall down an' git talked about, we may thank all de stars on de underside er de sky.

“Dis Mr. Cricket I'm tellin' you 'bout aint never had no chance fer ter live in no chimbly-jam. He stayed out in de bushes an' de high grass, an' he did n't do nothin' in de roun' worl' but play on his fife an' his fiddle; when he got tired er one, he'd turn ter de udder.

“He done dis spite er de fack dat dey'd had a mighty bad year; not much rain,



“ Hello, Brer Fox! whar you gwine? ”

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

but a mighty sight er thunder. When you git ez old ez Noah you'll know what I mean. Little Mr. Cricket went on dis-a-way twell de cool nights an' days 'gunter come on, an' sometimes he hatter warm hisse'f by gittin' under a clump er grass. But he wuz cheerful; he aint drapt no sobs, an' he aint shed no sighs, an' he kep on a-flutin' an' a-fiddlin'.

“One day when de sun wuz shinin' kinder thankful like, he clum on top er de tall grass, an' fiddled away like somebody wuz fryin' meat. He hear some un comin', an' he look right close, an', lo beholes! it wuz ol' Brer Fox. He 'low, ‘Hello, Brer Fox! whar you gwine?’”

“Brer Fox kinder pull hisse'f up, an' ax ‘who dat?’”

“Little Mr. Cricket say, ‘It aint no-



*“I useter be a rover in my young days, an’ I’m still a-rovin’”*

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

body in de roun' worl' but me; I know I aint much, but I'm mighty lively when de sun shines hot. Whar you gwine, Brer Fox?'

“Brer Fox, he say, ‘I’m gwine whar I’m gwine, dat’s whar I’m gwine, an’ I wouldn’t be too much ’stonished ef I wuz ter land in town in time fer ter git my dinner. I useter be a rover in my young days, an’ I’m still a-rovin’.’

“‘Well, well!’ sez little Mr. Cricket, sezee, ‘we all goes de way we’re pushed by mind er hand, an’ it takes a mighty little shove fer ter send us de way we’re gwine. I use’ ter belong ter de rover fambly myse’f, but now I done settle down, an’ don’t do a thing in de worl’ but have my own fun in my own way an’ time. But sence I seed you an’ hear you talk so





“‘Ef he aint,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee, ‘I’ll ketch him’”

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

gayly, I done tuck a notion fer take dinner in town myse'f.'

“Brer Fox 'low, ‘How will you git dar, little friend?’

“Mr. Cricket say, ‘Aint you never watched my motions? I got legs an' feet, an' I done cotch de jumpin' habit fum ol' Cousin Brown Grasshopper—de kind what crawls a little, walks a little, flies a little, an' hops like two-forty on de shell road. What time you speck fer ter git ter town?’

“Brer Fox 'spon', ‘Gi' me two good hours, an' I'll be right dar wid my appetite wid me.'

“Little Mr. Cricket seem like he wuz 'stonished; he helt up all his hands an' mighty nigh all his footses. ‘Two hours! Well, by de time you git dar, I'll done



“ Brer Fox pant an’ ’low, ‘ No, suh, I been comin’ full tilt all de time ’ ”



## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

been had my dinner, an' ready for ter take my nap.'

“Brer Fox grin at him, an' 'low, ‘Ef you'll beat me so much ez ten inches, I'll pervide yo' dinner, an' let you choosen yo' own provender. Ef I beat you, why, den you'll hatter pervide de dinner—a half-grown lam' an' a sucklin' shote.’

“Little Mr. Cricket say he'll be mo' dan glad fer ter fill out dat p'ogrance. An' den Brer Fox, atter grinnin' ag'in, started off in a lope. But, des 'fo' Brer Fox make his start, little Mr. Cricket made his; he tuck a flyin' jump an' land on Brer Fox big bushy tail, an' dar he stayed.

“When Brer Fox had been gwine a little mo' dan a hour, he meet Brer Rabbit on de road, an' dey howdied. Brer Fox laugh an' up an' tell Brer Rabbit 'bout de

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

race twix' him an' Mr. Cricket. Ol' Brer Rabbit, he smole a smile an' roll his eyeballs; he do so funny dat Brer Fox ax 'im what de nation is de matter wid 'im.

“Brer Rabbit say he wus des thinkin' how Brer Fox'd feel fer ter find Mr. Cricket dar befo' him. Brer Rabbit 'low, 'De cute little creetur passed me on de road a quarter hour ago; ef you're gwine ter git dar ahead un him, you'll hatter whip up yo' hosses. What you been doin' all dis time? You must 'a' fell asleep an' did n't know it.' Brer Fox pant an' 'low, 'No, suh, I been comin' full tilt all de time.'

“Brer Rabbit 'spon', 'Den all I got fer ter say is dat Mr. Cricket is got a mighty knack fer gittin' over groun'. I speck he done dar by dis time!'

“‘Ef he aint,' sez Brer Fox, sezee,



*"Mr. Cricket tuck a flyin' jump"*

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

‘I’ll ketch him,’ an’ wid dat, he put out an’ went des ez hard ez he kin; but fast ez he went Mr. Cricket wuz gwine des ez fast; — I dunno but what he had gone fast asleep in de saft bed whar he wuz hidin’ at.

“When Brer Rabbit see Brer Fox mend his gait, he des roll over an’ waller in de san’, an’ laugh fit fer ter kill. He say ter hisse’f, ‘I’m mighty glad I met my ol’ friend, kaze now I know dat all de fools aint dead — an’ long may dey live fer ter gi’ me sump’n ter do. I dunner how in de wide worl’ I’d git along widout um. Dey keeps me fat an’ sassy, whedder craps is good er not.’ Kaze when Brer Rabbit wuz lookin’ Brer Fox over, his eye fell on little Mr. Cricket, an’ dis what make he roll it so; he seed Mr. Cricket settin’ up





“ He say, ‘ How in de wide worl’ did you git here so quick,  
Mr. Cricket?’ ”

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

dar des ez snug ez a bug in a rug, ef you know how snug dat is.

“Well, de upshot er de whole business wuz dat when Brer Fox got ter town an’ come ter de gate—dey had towns walled in in dem days—Mr. Cricket tuck a flyin’ jump an’ landed on top whar he could watch Brer Fox, an’ see what he gwine ter do.

“Brer Fox, he knock at de gate, an’ den walk up an’ down waitin’ fer some un ter open it.

“Mr. Cricket, on top er de wall, holler out, ‘Heyo, Brer Fox! whar you been all dis time? You must ’a’ stopped some’rs on de road fer ter git yo’ dinner; an’ I’m sorry, too. I done been had mine so long dat I’m e’en about ready an’ willin’ fer ter eat ag’in. I had de idee, fum what you

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

said, dat you wuz gwine ter come on ez hard ez you could. You must 'a' stopped on de way an' had a confab wid Brer Rabbit; I met him on de way, an' it look like ter me dat he wuz ready fer ter pass de time er day wid anybody dat come along.'

“Brer Fox look like he wuz 'stonished. He say, ‘How in de wide worl’ did you git here so quick, Mr. Cricket?’ Mr. Cricket, he make answer, ‘I kin hardly tell you, Brer Fox. You know how I travels—wid a hop, skip an’ a jump—well, I hopped, an’ skipped an’ jumped a little quicker dis time, an’ got here all safe an’ soun’. When ol’ ’quaintances holler at me on de road, I des kep’ on a-gwine; I done foun’ out long ago dat de way fer ter git anywhar is ter go on whar you gwine.’

## LITTLE MR. CRICKET

“Brer Fox shuck his head, an’ panted, an’ when dey let him in de gate, he run his han’ in his pocket, an’ paid fer Mr. Cricket’s dinner; an’ den, atter dinner, Mr. Cricket sot back an’ tuck a chaw ter-backer, an’ warmed hisse’f in de sun.

“Now, den,” remarked the old darkey, “ef you want ter know de rest er de tale, you’ll hatter git some un else fer ter tell you, kaze it aint no nigger tale, nohow.”

But the little boy seemed to be satisfied with it all, and presently he was lying flat on the floor gazing at the ceiling.





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