By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued.

Jimmy seeing no hope of eluding

Sarah Jane's vigilance, resorted to strategy and deceit. "'Tain't no fun setting out here," he called to her, "so I'm going in the

house and take a nap." She wilingly consented, as she was through with her ironing and thought to snatch a few winks of sleep her-

self. The little boy slipped quietly through the house, noiselessly across the back yard and into his father's big garden, which was separated from that of his neighbor Ly a high board fence. He quickly climbed the fence, flew across Miss Minerva's tomato patch and tiptoed up her back steps to the back porch, his little bare feet giving no sign of his presence. Hearing curious noises coming from the bath room, where Billy was bumping the chair up and down in his efforts to release his mouth, he made for that spot, promptly unlocked the door and walked in. Billy by scuffling and tugging had freed his mouth from the towel that bound it at that mo-

"Hush!" he whispered as Jimmy opened the door, "you'll get eat up alive if you don't look out." His tone was so mysterious and thrilling and he looked so scared tied to the chair that the younger boy's blood almost froze in his veins.

ment

"What you doing all tied up so? he asked, in low, frightened tones. "Mr. Algernon Jones done it. I spec' he's a robber an' is jes' a-robberin' right now," answered Billy. "I'll untie you," said his chum.

"Naw; you better not," said Billy bravely. "He might git away. You leave me jes' like he fixed me so's you can try to ketch him. I hear him in the dinin' room now. You leave me right here an' step over to yo' house an' phone to some mens to come and git him quick. Shet the do' ag'in an' don't make no noise. Fly,

And Jimmy did fly. He again took at the telephone with the receiver to the do' an' untie me." his ear.

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Central? This is me," he howled into the transmitter. "Gimme Miss Minerva's beau. I don't know his number, but he's got a office over my papa's bank."

His father being out of town, the little boy shrewdly decided that Miss Minerva's beau was the next best man to help capture the robber.

"Miss Minerva what lives by me,"

spoons from the sideboard to his pockets when a noise at the dining room door caused him to look in that direction. With an oath he sprang forward, and landed his fist upon the nose of a plump gentleman standing there, bringing a stream of blood and sending him sprawling to the floor. Mr. Jones overturned a big-eyed little boy who was in his way, and walking rapidly in the direction of the railroad, the erstwhile plumber was seen no more.

Jimmy quickly recovered himself and sprang to his feet. Seeing the blood streaming down the white shirt front of Miss Minerva's unconscious beau, he gathered his wits together and took the thread of events again into his own little hands. He flung himself over the fence careless of Sarah Jane this time, mounted a chair

and once more rang the telephone. "Hello! Is that you, Miss Central? This is me some more. Gimme Dr. E .uford's office please."

"Hello! Is that you, doctor? This is me. Mr. Algernon Jones done kilt Miss Minerva's beau. He's on her back porch bloody all over. He's 'bout the deadest man they is. You'd better come toreckly you can and bring the hearse, and a coffin and a clean shirt and a tombstone. He's wounded me but I ain't dead yet. Goodby."

Dr. Sanford received Jimmy's crazy message in astonishment. He, too, rang the telephone again and again, but could hear nothing more, so he walked down to Miss Minerva's house and rang the door bell. Jimmy opened the door and led the way to the back porch, where the injured man, who had just recovered consciousness, was sitting limply in a chair.

"What does all this mean? Are you hurt?" asked the doctor as he examined Mr. Jones' victim.

"No, I think I'm all right now," was the reply; "but that scoundrel certainly gave me a severe blow."

Billy, shut up in the bath room and listening to all the noises and confusoin, had been scared nearly out of his senses. He had kept still as a mouse till now, when thinking he heard the garden route and in a minute was friendly voices he yelled out: "Open

"We done forgot Billy," said the little rescuer, as he ran to the bath room door and opened it. He was followed by the doctor, who cut the

cords that bound the prisoner. "Now, William," commanded Dr. Sanford, as they grouped themselves around the stout, plump gentleman in the chair, "begin at the beginning, and let us get at the bottom of this.'

"Mr. Algernon Jones he come to the gate," explained the little boy, "an' he

plump tickled at him an' I tuck him

"And he'd more'n a million whis

"One at a time," said the doctor.

"An' he say he'll bust my brains out-

to a chair an' tie my mouth up an'

"And I comed over," said Jimmy

Mr. Algernon Jones is a robber an'

'phoned to Miss Minerva's beau, and if

he'd brunged what I telled him, he

like Mr. Algernon Jones done crack

him, and Billy got to all time let rob-

bers in the house so they can knock

"While you stand talking here the

"That's so," agreed Dr. Sanford,

Sarah Jane's huge form loomed up

'so I'll go and find the sheriff."

scoundrel will get away," said the in-

"Proceed, William."

The Major Smiled at the Little Boy, a Man-to-Man Smile.

of the chair,

er boy.

Jimmy.

open.'

command.

skunk.

one;

feet, saying:

me.

ing."

Billy's little neart went out to him | laughter so merry and so loud that

"I can't take off my shoes at present," said the veteran. "Well, I must be going; I feel all right now." Billy looked at him with big, sol-

you a nap is yuh, yuh 'ceitful caterpil-

"Lemme go, Sarah Jane," protest-

ed the little boy trying to jerk away

from her, "I got to stay here and

pertec' Billy and Miss Minerva's beau,

'cause they's a robber might come

back and tie 'em up and make 'em

"Did Mr. Algernon Jones make all

that blood?" asked the awe-stricken

little boy gazing in admiration at the

victim of Mr. Jones' energy. "You sho'

is a hero to stan' up an' let him knock

woman dragged him kicking and strug-

gling through the hall, "we's all he-

roes, but I bet I'm the heroest hero

they is, and I bet Miss Minerva's go-

ing to be mad 'bout you all spilling all

"Lemme see yo' big toe what was

shot off by all them Yankees and In-

funs what you killed in the war," said

The major smiled at the little boy;

a man-to-man smile, full of good com-

that blood on her nice clean floor."

Billy to Miss Minerva's beau.

"Yes," cried Jimmy, as the black

bleed if I ain't here."

you down like he done."

lar. Come on home dis minute."

emn eyes. "You couldn't never go 'thout yo' pants, could you?" he asked, "'cause

Aunt Minerva jest nachelly despises pants. The man eyed him quizzically. "Well, no; I don't think I could," he replied: "I don't think I'd look any

better in a Mother Hubbard or a ki-

mono." The little boy sighed. "Which you think is the fittenest name." asked he, "Billy or William?" "Billy, Billy," enthusiastically came

the reply. "I like mens," said William Green Hill. "I sho' wisht' you could come and live right here with me and Aunt

Minerva." "I wish so, too," said the major.

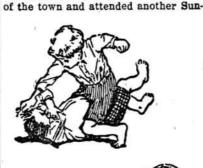
Billy, the Credulous.

After the advent and disappearance of the exciting Mr. Jones, Miss Minerva, much to Billy's joy, had a telephone put in the house. He sat in the hall the day it was put in waiting for get mad." it to ring.

Jimmy, coming up on the front porch and through the half-open door and seeing him sitting there, rang the door bell just for a joke, ready to burst into a laugh when the other little boy turned around and saw who it was. Billy, however, in his eagerness mistook the ring for the telephone bell and joyfully climbed up on the chair, which he had stationed in readiness. He took down the receiver as he had seen Jimmy do in his home, and, without once seeing that little boy standing a few feet from him, he yelled at the top of his lungs:

"Hello! Who is that?" "This is Marie Yarbrough," replied Jimmy from the doorway, instantly

recognizing Billy's mistake. Marie Yarbrough was a little girl much admired by the two boys, as she had a pony and a cart of her very own. However, she lived in a different part



"You Got to Say It," Insisted the Victor.

day school, so they had no speaking acquaintance with her.

"I jus' wanted to talk to you," went on the counterfeit Marie, stifling a new trousers what I ain't never wore laugh and trying to talk like a girl. tell today. Ain't you got a needle an' "I think you're 'bout the sweetest little boy there is and I want you to come to my party."

"I sho' will," screamed the gratified Billy, "if Aunt Minerva'll lemme. What makes you talk so much like

took one.

them all his batting arm would soon

examining his mail. Out of the 50odd communications before him he

going to write to this old fellow."

who read: "Dere Marster Cobb-How you kumin 'long? My rispecks to Madom

At least, not until they reached the child. They have but one child, you know." "How about the dogs?" "That was easy. They had two dogs." "I see. Well, what did they do?" "Why, niggers down here in Misisipi says I generosity. He took the child and don't know you and I wants to show let his wife have both dogs."

SESSION HAS ENDED The child was silent for a long inte his little mind busy, then he began: She peered at him over her glasses

> THE DRUGGISTS OF SOUTH CAR-OLINA CLOSE MEETING AT ISLE OF PALMS.

TO MEET AT GLENN SPRINGS

Pharmacists' Association Goes on Record as Favoring Two Grades of Licenses Instead of One-Bill Providing Change To Be Drafted.

Charleston.-In a haze of blue smoke and delightful memories the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the South Carolina Pharmaceuti: 1 Association came to a close. The final act of the programme was the smoker ut the Seashore Hotel, isle of Palms, and here the druggists enjoyed one of the most pleasurable events of the entire meeting. The thirty seventh annual meeting will be held at Glenn Springs, Spartanburg county, according to the decision of the body.

Dr. O. Frank Hart, of Columbia, was elected president of the association for the coming year. Dr. Arthur Irwin, of Spartanburg and Dr. O. A. Matthews, of Bennettsville, were chosen first and second vice presidents, and for the thirteenth consecutive time Dr. Frank M. Smith, of this city, was elected secretary and treasurer of the organization. Dr. T. P. Young, of Greenwood, was elected a member of the state examining board, to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of the term of Dr. H. E. Heintish, Jr.; of Spartanburg. The board of exantiners will hold its next meeting at Chester on November 20.

The South Carolina Pharmaceutical Association opened its annual meeting at the Isle of Palms the Seashore Hotel being headquarters for the convention. Among the features of the first day's meetings was an enjoyable cruise around the harbor in the steamer Sappho, in which a large number of the ladies and gentlemen attending the convention took part. The convention was a great success.

Lexington Fair Association. Lexington.-The Lexington county fair association will hold its annual fair this year on October 22, 23, 24 and 25. This will be the first year in the history of the association that the fair will be held for four days and it is announced that every day will have a special feature. The Lexington county fair has the reputation of being one of the very best agricultural fairs in the state. It is purely a farmers' fair, and here the produ 's. of the Lexington soil are always shown to good effect. C. M. Efird, secretary of the association, is busy making arrangements for the several attractions, and some good exhibtions will be secured.

Reports on Crops are Varying Greenville.-Replies to specific inquiries as to the condition of the corn and cotton crop from the widely scattered sections of Greenville county give varying reports. From Simpsonville, Fountain Inn and Fairview reports are encouraging, though some restricted localities complain of lack of rainfall. Chick Springs, Taylors and Greer farmers declare their crops will fall little short of last year's crop. Traveler's Rest and Marietta report fairly encouraging as to corn but not so hopeful as to cotton.

Complete Examination of Polls. Charleston.-The sub-committee on club rolls of the Charleston county Democratic executive committee has just completed the examination of the rolls, making up a list of the duplicates in the 39 clubs of the county and with this work completed, the cou mittee will now at once examine the 24 city rolls and 15 county club roles for inaccuracies and irregularities which may be found. It is not known just when the sub-committee will finish its job for it has no easy task in hand. The enrollment of the city clubs aggregate 8,707 and the rural clubs 1,234, making an aggregate of 9,950. How much these figures will be reduced ifter the executive committee has nade its revision, remains to be seen.

Returned Verdict In Tucker Case.

Laurens.-The jury in second case of Mrs. Nannie Tucker as administratrix against the Clinton cotton mills for \$30,000 for the death by drowning of her little son, Thomas Tucker, in the pond of the defendant company at the same time his brother, Roy Tucker, lost his life rendered a verdict giving the plaintiff \$800. Practically four days were consumed in the trial of the two suits, the first having resulted in a mistrial. A new trial was granted by Judge Gary in the last

Two Escaped Convicts Caught. Columbia.-William Cordoza and Jim Kenny, two negroes, who some time back escaped from the Richland county chaingangs, were returned having been apprehended by the police of Hartsville. The men were brought to Columbia by W. R. Black, who was sent for the men by W. F. Muller, county supervisor. Williams was sent to the gang for three years in October, 1909, for carbreaking and larceny, and escaped after serving about one year of the term. He admits that he owes the county two years.

Special Term of Court For Winnsbore Winnsboro-A special term of criminal court will be held here beginning August 5 for the purpose of hearing the case of Ed Anderson, a negro who it is alleged attempted a criminal assault on a white woman. The negrawas chased for two days and was finally captured on the railroad near Blair's station and brought to Winnsboro. Violence was first feared, but the intense excitement soon subsided after the relatives of the woman stated that they desired that the negro be given a legal trial.

Fortunately Central recognized his say he goin' to fix the water pipe an' Landed Upon the Nose of a Plump Gentleman.

childish voice and was willing to hu- | he say he's a plumber. He's a very mor him, so as she too knew Miss | 'greeable man, but I don't want Aunt Minerva's beau the connection was Minerva to marry him, now. I was

quickly made. "Hello! Is that you, major? This to the bath room an' fust thing I is me. If you don't want Mr. Alger- knowed he grabbed holter me an non Jones to be robbering everything shuck me like what you see a cat Miss Minerva's got you getter get a do a mouse, an' he say-" move on and come right this minute. You got to hustle and bring 'bout' a kers," interrupted Jimmy, who million pistols and guns and swords thought Billy was receiving too much and tomahawks and all the mans you attention, "and he-" can find and dogs. He's the flercest robber ever was, and he's already done tie Billy to the bath room chair and done eat up 'bout a million cold er my head if I holler, an' I ain't abiscuits, I spec'. All of us is 'bout | goin' to holler neither, an' he tie me

to be slewed. Goodby." The plump, round gentleman at the lock the do'other end of the wire heard this amazing message in the utmost confusion eagerly, "and I run home and I see and consternation. He frantically rang the telephone again and again but could get no answer from the Garner's home so he put on his hat and | wouldn't never got cracked in the face walked the short distance to Miss Minerva's house.

Jimmy was waiting to receive him at the front gate, having again eluded | mans and little boys down."

Sarah Jane's vigilance. "Hush!" he whispered mysteriously, "he's in the dining room. Ain't jured man. you bringed nobody else? Get your

pistol and come on." Mr. Algernon Jones, feeling safe and secure for the next hour and hav- in the back hall doorway, and she ing partaken of a light lunch, was in grabbed Jimmy by the arm. the act of transferring some silver "Yaas," she cried, "you gwine take Jimmy?"

heart's Affection Satisfied Him

on One Point

that the engagement is now broken

Not Overcome by Sorrow Young Man's Novel Test of Sweet Roix, and after a few minutes' conversation, during which he affected he was able to watch the effect on her

great mental depression, he asked her of his own death. Without the slightfor a drink of water. As he took the est show of sorrow she hastened to Alphonse Marron of Paris, a glass from her hand he produced a the telephone and rang up the police young man of independent means. tiny phial from his pocket, and, emp- station to say that a suicide had been has found a novel way of testing his tying the contents into the water, committed in her apartments, and begfiancee's affection, with the result drank it off before she could hinder ging that the body might be removed him. His face then contracted and he as soon as possible.

forgiveness before he expired, as she thought.

Unfortunately for Suzanne, Alphonse was not even unconscious, and

sank a helpless mass on the floor. He | This was too much for Alphonse. He called on the girl, Mile. Suzanne had only time to beg his sweetheart's who promptly resurrected himself and be a wreck.

left the house, after telling his former sweetheart what he thought of her.

Ty Cobb's Correspondence.

Ty Cobb, Detroit's star player, gets as much mail every day as a member of congress, according to the Popular Magazine. Letters come to him from girls who admire his style of beauty, from boys who study his style of batting, and from seasoned "fans." If he attempted to answer

One morning, in Chicago, he was dem yore letter. Yores rispeckful,

"This letter," he said, "is the only He passed the letter to a friend,

Gildey's Generosity.

"Did the Gildeys have much troubis one that gets a rise out of me. I'm in arranging their separation?" "No. Cobb. Pleas, sir, rite me a line. Dese Gildey suddenly developed a streak of



walk backward.

"Yo' unions is injured plum scan-

"Aunt Minerva-"

day."

plied.

second, then dropped her eyes to the

paper where an interesting article on

"Aunt Minerva, I snagged-Aunt

"Let me see the place," she said, ab-

sently, her eyes glued to a paragraph

"I 's a-settin' on it right now," he re

Another long silence ensued. Billy

"I's gettin' sleepy," he yawned.

'Aunt Minerva, I want to say my pray-

She laid her paper down and he

dropped to his knees by her side. He

usually sprawled all over her lap dur-

ing his lengthy devotions, but tonight

he clasped his little hands and rear-

ed back like a rabbit on its haunches.

After he had rapidly repeated the

Lord's Prayer, which he had recent-

ly learned, and had invoked blessings

on all his new friends and never-to-be-

forgotten old ones, he concluded with:

"An', O Lord,, you done kep' me

f'om meddlin' with Aunt Minerva's

hose any mo', an' you done kep' me

f'om gittin' any mo' Easter eggs, an'

playin' any mo' Injun, an' you done

kep' me f'm lettin' Mr. Algernon Jones

come ag'in, an' now, O Lord, please

don't lemme worry the very 'zistence

outer Aunt Minerva any mo' 'n you

can help, like she said I done this

mornin', an' please, if thy will be done,

don't lemme tear the next new

breeches what she'll gimme like I done

CHAPTER XVII.

A Green-Eyed Billy.

"Have some candy?" said Miss Ce-

cilia, offering a big box of bonbons

"Where'd you git 'em?" he asked, as

"Maurice sent them to me this morn

Billy put all his candy back into the

"I don't believe I want noner yo

candy," he said, scowling darkly. "T

reckon you likes him better 'n me any

"I love you dearly," she replied.

The child stood in front of her and

looked her squarely in the eye. His

little form was drawn to its full, proud

height, his soft, fair cheeks were flush-

ed, his big, beautiful gray eyes looked

"Is you in love with that red-

headed Maurice Richmond, an' jes' a-

foolin' o' me?" he asked with dig-

A bright flush dyed crimson the

She put her arm around the childish,

"Now, honey, you mustn't be silly,"

she said, gently, "you are my own,

"An' I reckon he's yo' own, dear,

big sweetheart," said the jealous Billy.

"Well, all I got to say is this-here: if

got to choose 'tween us right this min-

ute; he comes down here mos' ev'y

day, he's tuck you drivin' more'n fifty

hunderd times, an' he's give you all

"He is not the only one who comes

to see me," she said smiling down at

him. "Jimmy comes often and Len

Hamner and Will Reid. Don't you want

"Don't nobody pay no 'tention to

Jimmy," he replied contemptuously;

"he ain't nothin' but a baby, an' them

other mens can come if you wants 'em

to; but," said Billy, with a lover's un-

erring intuition, "I ain't a-goin' to

stand for that long-legged, sorrel-top

Maurice Richmond a-trottin' his great

big carkiss down here ev'y minute. I

wish Aunt Minerva'd let me put on

long pants tomorrer so's we could git

married." He caught sight of a new

"Who give you that ring?" he ask

"A little bird brought it to me," she

"A big red-headed peckerwood," said

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

said, trying to speak gayly and blush-

ring sparkling on her finger.

the candy you can stuff."

them to come?"

ed sharply.

ing again.

graceful figure and drew the little boy

young lady's pretty face.

to the sofa beside her.

dear, little sweetheart."

ruint these here what I got on."

to Billy, who was visiting her.

he helped himself generously.

box.

nity.

how, don't you?"

somber and sad.

describing a cannibal feast.

resolved to settle the matter.

ers and go to bed."

Minerva, I snagged my-my skin to-

Foreign Missions held her attention.

"and hit 'pears ter me dat yo' hide

The child sighed. The injury to the

flesh was of small importance-he

rent in his trousers was a serious

"I wish I could get 'em mended 'fore

"I tell you what do," suggested

"Well, you see, Sam, me an' Miss

Cecilia's engaged an' we's fixin' to

marry jes' 's soon's I put on long

pants, an' I 'shame' to ask her. An'

I don't believe young 'omans patches

the breeches of young mans what

they's goin' to marry nohow. Do you?

Aunt Minerva ain' never patched no

breeches for the major. And then,"

with a modest blush, "my unions is

Again he turned his back to his

"She am visible ter the naked eye,"

"I don't believe God pays me much

attention nohow," said the little boy

dolefully; "ev'y day I gets put to bed

'cause sumpin's all time a-happenin'.

If he'd had a eye on me like he ought-

er they wouldn't a been no snaggin'.

Aunt Minerva's goin' to be mad th'oo

so's dey won't be so turrible bad,"

suggested the negro, "'tain't fer, so

you jes' run down ter my cabin an' tell

The child needed no second bidding

he fairly flew. Sam's wife was cook-

ing, but she cheerfully stopped her

work to help the little boy. She sew-

ed up the union suit and put a bright

blue patch on his brown linen

Billy felt a little more cheerful,

though he still dreaded confessing to

his aunt, and he loitered along the

way till it was nearly dark. Supper

was ready when he got home and he

walked into the dining room with his

customary ease and grace. But he took

his seat uneasily, and he was so quiet

during the meal and ate so little that

his aunt asked him if he was sick.

He was planning in his mind how to

break the news of the day's disaster

"You are improving, William," she

remarked presently, "you haven't got

into any mischief today. You have

been a mighty good little boy now for

Billy flushed at the compliment and

shifted uneasily in his seat. That

"If God'd jest do his part," he said

After supper Miss Minerva washed

the dishes in the kitchen sink and

Billy carried them back to the dining-

room. His aunt caught him several

times prancing sideways in the most

patch seemed to burn him.

Sukey I say fix dem breeches."

"May be my ol' 'oman can fix 'em;

friend and, his clouded little face look-

ing over his shoulder, he asked: "Do

and Sam Lamb laughed loudly at his

my meat show. Sam?"

own wit.

breeches.

to her.

two days."

He promptly hung up the receiver and darkly, "I wouldn't never git in no

Sam, "I 'low Miss Cecilia'll holp yeh;

jest go by her house an' she'll darn

goes home," he said wistfully.

"Who?-that little old Jimmy Gar-

better'n him. You're a plumb jim- scratch."

chicken: he's 'bout the measliest boy

dandy, Billy," came from the door-

Jimmy thought he would pop

"How'd you like to be my sweet-

"I's already promised to marry

Miss Cecilia when I puts on long

pants, but if we ever gets a 'vorce I'd

'nother sight ruther have you 'n

anybody. You can be my lady frien',

"I'm coming for you to go riding in

"All right, I's going to ask Aunt Mi-

nerva to lemme go. Can't we take

This was too much for the little

Billy, turning quickly, almost fell out

"What you doin', a-listening to me

talk to Marie Yarbrough th'oo the tel-

"Marie you pig's foot," was the in-

elegant response. "That was just me

a-talking to you all the time. You all

time think you talking to little girls

and all times 't ain't nobody but me.'

A light dawned on the innocent one

my was fully aware of his intention,

Billy had thrown him to the floor and

"Say you got 'nough?" he growled

"I got 'nough, Billy," repeated

"I say I sorry I done it," abjectly

repeated the younger child. "Get up,

Billy, 'fore you bust my stommick

"Say you ain't never a-goin' to tell

"I say I ain't never going to tell no-

body, cross my heart. Get up, Billy,

'fore you makes me mad, and ain't

no telling what I'll do to you if I

"Say you's a low-down Jezebel

"I ain't going to say I'm nothing of

low-down Isabella skunk yourself."

victor, renewing hostilities.

was the threatening rejoinder.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Humble Petition.

conversation with Sam Lamb. He was

getting out of the vehicle when the

sharp wire around the broken rod

caught in the back of his trousers and

tore a great hole. He felt a tingling

investigate. Not being satisfied with

the result, he turned his back to the

"Dey am dat," was the reply, "dey

"What I goin' to do 'bout it?" ask-

ed the little boy. "Aunt Minerva sho'

will be mad. These here's bran-spankin'

thread so's you can fix 'em, Sam?"

"Nary er needle," said Sam Lamb.

am busted f'm Dan ter Beersheba."

breeches tore, Sam?"

spection.

tion.

Billy, sitting in an old buggy in

nobody, cross yo' heart," was the next

from his position astride of the oth-

was giving him a good pommeling.

"Say you sorry you done it."

got down out of the chair. Before Jim- meanness."

ephone?" he questioned angrily.

my little pony and cart," said a gig-

anyhow." was the loud reply.

wide open in his efforts to keep from

ed and flattered Billy.

heart?" he asked.

laughing.

gling Jimmy.

Jimmy, too?"

radeship, humor and understanding. as possible. He burst into a peal of to hide my skin."

ner? I hope I don't talk like that erlous," was his discouraging decision,

that is and I like you 'nother sight done suffer, too; you's got er turrible

"So's you," howled back the delight- could hide that from his aunt-but the

boy. He had held himself in as long tore, too, an' I ain't got on nothin' else

matter.

'em up fer yeh."

Billy hesitated.

"William," she said, sharply, "you will break my plates. What is the matter with you tonight?"

A little later they were sitting quietly in Miss Minerva's room. She was reading "The Christian at Home," and front of the livery stable, had just he was absently looking at a picture

engaged in a long and interesting book. "Sam Lamb's wife Sukey sho' is a beautiful patcher," he remarked, feel-

ing his way. She made no answering comment, and the discouraged little boy was sipain and looked over his shoulder to lent for a few minutes. He had worn Aunt Cindy's many-colored patches too often to be ashamed of this one for negro and anxiously inquired: "Is my himself, but he felt that he would like

to draw his aunt out and find how she stood on the subject of patches. "Aunt Minerva," he presently asked, "what sorter patches'd you ruther wear on yo' pants, blue patches or

brown?" "On my what?" she asked, looking

at him severely over her paper. "I mean if you're me," he hastily explained. "Don't you think blue patches "Is my union suit tore, too?" asked

is the mos' nat'ral lookin'?" "What are you driving at, William?" she asked; but without waiting for his

Billy again turning his back for in-His friend made a close examina-

Billy savagely. answer she went on with her read-

BEN JACKSON."