

MISS MINERVA and WILLIAM GREEN HILL

By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN (Copyright, by Reilly & Britton Co.)

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Maurice loves you, too"—she hoped to conciliate him: "he says you are the brightest kid in town." "Kid," was the scornful echo, "cause he's so big and tall, he's got to call me a kid. Well, he'd jes' a-wastin' hisself lovin' me; I don't like him an' I ain't a-goin' to never like him, an' soon's I put on long pants he's got to get 'bout the worstes' lickin' he ever did see.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clearer Than a Brother. It was a bad, rainy day. Jimmy and Billy were playing in Sarah Jane's cabin, she, however, being in happy ignorance of the fact. Her large stays, worn to the preaching the night before, were hanging on the back of a chair.

do, William Hill, than any boy they is," cried the other; "you all time want to get us hooked up in Sarah Jane's corset and you all time can't get nobody loose. What you want to get us hooked up in this thing for?" "You done it yo'self," defended the boy in front with rising passion. "Squeeze in, Jimmy; we jes' boun' to git outer this 'fore somebody finds it out."

co'set. Y' all gotta go right to y' all's mamas an' Miss Minerva dis very minute. I low dey 'll settle yo' hashes. Don't y' all know dat Larroes ketch meddlers?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Twins and a Sissy. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Black were sitting on Miss Minerva's veranda talking to her, and Lina and Frances were in the swing with Billy. The attraction proved too great for Jimmy; he impolitely left a disconsolate little visitor sitting on his own porch while he jumped the fence and joined the other children.

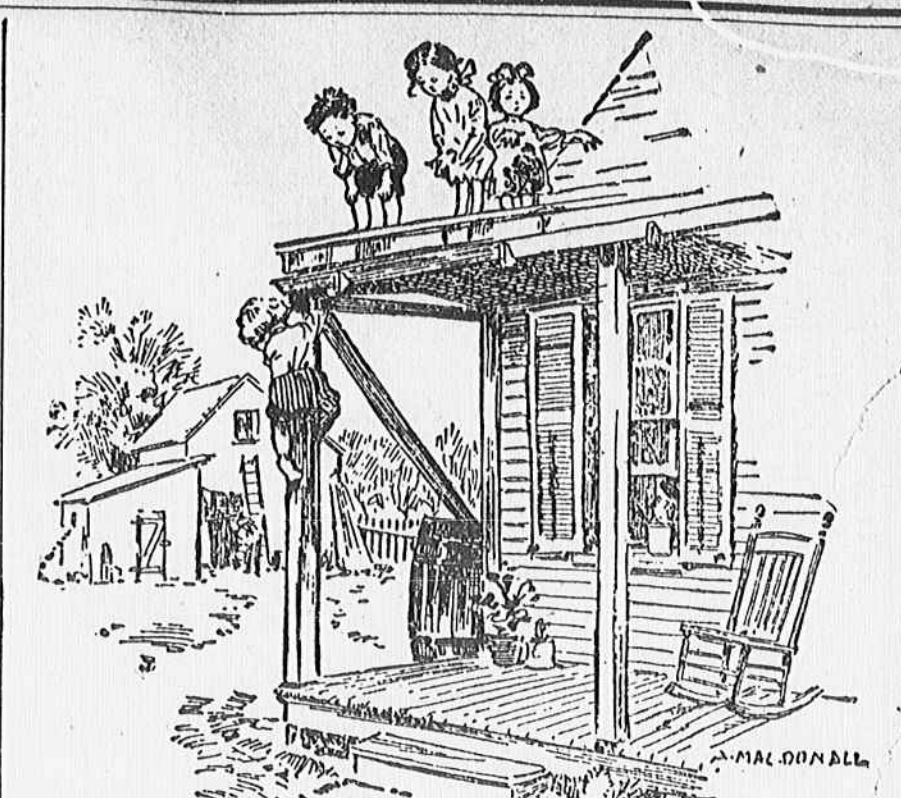
"Don't you all wish you could see Mrs. Brown's new twines?" was his greeting as he took his seat by Billy. "Where 'd she get 'em?" asked Frances. "Doctor Sanford taken 'em to her last night."

"I think he's a beautiful little boy," championed Lina. "Call him over here, Jimmy." "Naw, I don't want to. You all 'll like him a heap better over there; he's one o' these-ere kids what the funder you got 'way from 'em, the better you like 'em."

"He sho' do look lonesome," said Billy; "vite him over, Jimmy." "Leon!" screamed his cousin, "you can come over here if you wanta." The lonesome-looking little boy promptly accepted the invitation, and came primly through the two gates. He walked proudly to the swing and stood, cap in hand, waiting for an introduction.

"I'm Lina Hamilton," said the little girl on his right. "And I'm Frances Black, and Jimmy ought to be 'shamed to treat you like he does." "I knows a terrible skeery tale," remarked a malicious Billy, looking at Lina and Frances. "If y' all wa'n't girls I 'd tell it to you."

"I'm no more scared 'n nothing," and indignant Frances hurled at his back. "You 're just scared yourself." Jimmy giggled happily. "What 'd I tell you all," he cried, gleefully. "Lina and Frances got to all time set little 'traid cats 'tween 'em," he snorted. "It 's just like I tell you, he 's the sissiest boy 's; and he don't care who kiss him neither; he'll let any woman kiss him what wants to."



"You Can't Clam' Down Nothin' at All"

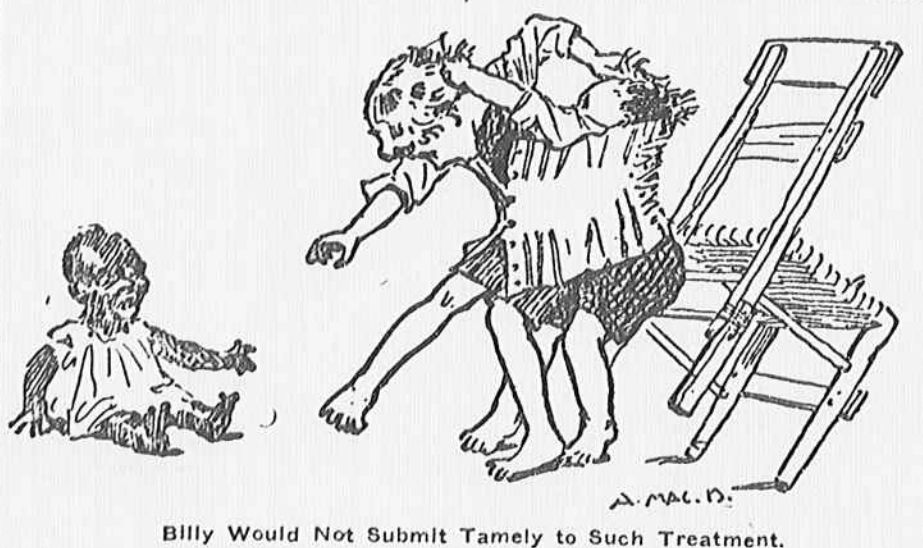
"You-all 'bout the skeeriest folks they is," sneered Jimmy. "Mama 'll whip me going and coming if she finds out 'bout it, but I ain't skeered. I dare anybody to dare me to clam' up."

"I dare you to clam' this ladder," responded an accommodating Frances. "I ain't never taken a dare yet," boasted the little boy proudly, his foot on the bottom rung. "Who 's going to toller me?" "Don't we have fun?" cried a jubilant Frances.

Billy glanced nonchalantly at her. "Don't you think, Aunt Minerva," he made answer, "I 's gittin' too big to go 'bout any shoes? I 's mos' ready to put on long pants, an' how'd I look, I 'd jest like to know, goin' round' bare-footed an' got on long breeches. I don't believe I 'll go barefooted no mo'—I 'll jest wear my shoes ev'ry day."

CHAPTER XXI.

Pretending Reality. The chain-gang had been working in the street not far from Miss Minerva's house, and Lina, Frances, Billy and Jimmy had hung on her front fence for an hour, watching them with eager interest. The negroes were chained together in pairs, and guarded by two, big, burly white men.



Billy Would Not Submit Tamely to Such Treatment.

factory down by the railroad, and angels jus' all time make they arms and legs, like niggers do at the chair factory, and all God got to do is jus' glue 'em together, and stick in their souls. God got 'bout the easiest job they is."

"I thought angels jes' clam' the golden stair and play they harps," said Billy. "Ain't we going to look sweet at Miss Cecilia's wedding?" said Frances, after a short silence.

CHAPTER XX.

Rising in the World.

The painter had just finished putting a bright green coat of paint upon the low, flat roof of Miss Minerva's long back-porch. And he left his ladder leaning against the house while he went inside to confer with her in regard to some other work.

CHAPTER XXI.

Color Contrasts.

She (tarty)—Don't congratulate yourself that everything is going to be lovely when you reform. He (startled)—Why not? She—Because rosy futures don't go with purple pasts.