THURSDAY DECEMBER 13 1894 CHRISTMAS In Annt Haly's Log Cabin.

I'M Hongry, what us gwine git somp's sho''nouf t'est ?"

ginger bread and arose from the crowded onto. beach in front of Mr. Kelley's store.

country folks had congregated. A high such expectations were vain. She was is sembled here dis night to an en-exblue felt hat was tilted forward over her seated on the doorstep in workaday home-plore yo' probestingness for our backbange-arranged in infinitesimal plats span and platd "headhan kercher," and slidin' en onchristianness. Dat de way with bushy ends-and at the same time her bands, shining with the brass rings Brer Brown make a start over to Mr, allowed a good view of her back hair, which she were as preventives of eramp, Zion

which had been divided off into squares industriously twined holly and cedar into So instrucked: Patsy began anew, and and so tightly wrapped with red cord that wreaths. These were for decking the progressed smoothly until she entered each little que stood out stiffly, after a graves of her "white folks," according to the field of individual wants "Soud fashion that is very popular, because such f a yule custom prevailing in many families [Pellmy," she prayed, "a new calker coattreatment is believed to result in a much and now maintained by this quandam desired lengthening and straightening of retainer.

the kinky wool. The maiden smoothed ber variegated costume coquettishly and turned to her companion, a youth in jeans, jes like I tell you, Sandy Claws den' ento dis po sinner. Pellmy, in de low th'ow off no time foolin' longer dirt po grounds er sorrow. with a head covering ingeniously fashioned by neatly sewing a circular top into folkes like we all, ner nobody else don',

a section of trousers leg. "Gwine git sump'n t'eat at a rusty-rant, uv cose," declared the latter individual, fee, dey ain't no meat, dey ain't skacely perfect satisfaction, suddenly ended. leading the way toward Aunt Ceely Goff's nuthin' 'tall to eat in de house, on Gawd eating house.

"Dat what make me say what I does," dat moggige jue de fust day or Jinewerry. observed a dusky listener, watching the de which gwine turn us outen dis house mighty perlite, en den drap off wid plain pair. "Cain't nobody upon 'low a nigger | er ourn."

hisse'f 'twell he leetle mo'n hus'."

ain't wuth 'how come dey in dis world ?" voiced clock towered above several sorter like hit ought to be.

"O, shucks, Unker Poliam," interrupted very precious china pieces on a fat colored woman mildly, "you hatter shelf, and a small table upheld ricklee' dis here's Chris'mus, en ev'ybody the large family Bible, the spiritual boun' to take dey swing den." comfort of which probably emanated from

"Come to study bout dat, dar two its more presence, since none of the folkses I ain' hear tell er takin' no swing household could read. A four post bedner buyin' no Chris'mus, nuther, en dey stead, furnished with a puffy feather Brer Primus en Sis Haly. Enny you all "rick" and adorned with a bright-hued harshly. seen um?" inquired Unker Poliam, ad- patchwork quilt occupied half the room, dressing the crowd at large. and beyond, through an open doorway,

"Lawd, no !" declared Sis Tempy, was visible a stout pine table, a lofty taking her souff brush from behind her shelf sustaining a water bucket and drinkear, and reaching into a capacious pocket ing gourd, an ironing board, a spinning for the little tin snuff box. "Las' time I wheel, and, in the yawning fire place, a laid eyes on Brer Primus he was all pot and three legged skillet, hobnebling ricketed up wid takin' turkentime fer de among the ashes. rheamatiz en Lupen lowed, right den, "Tain't much, Gawd knows," ac

\*Brer Primus, you done collapted now- knowledged Aunt Haly patherically, "but you better let turkentime "lone, er you'll hit's all curn, what us done sweat en be double collapted !" wrassle for, en look like hit jes' tear out.

"En dat place or dern," commented de unchel heart strings to gin hit up. another of the group, "hit de numbes". Lawd' Lawd" Aud big tears fell among lookin' place in creashun, na' er chicken, the crimson bolly berries, as Aunt Haly ner pig, nor nothin' to make it homesome. gathered up her we atlas and started for Dey po' as Joh's turkey, yit dey hol' the lonely ourial plot. deyse'f gyearted up same like dey was After a while the children, who had quality niggers." remained at home, decided to build a

"Dat don't fool nobody," asserted fire, "'Ginst gran pow come from look-Unker Poliam, taking his cornech pipe in' atter he traps, den granny mout make from his lips to rearrange its glowing some coffee, bein's es how dis here. contents with a callous forefinger. "Hit Christmas Eve," Palmyre, the second don't inquire no turble lot er sence to girl, suggested, spresify dat dey done reach de cond er

"I'm sustonished at you, Pellmy, well dey row, sho's you born; en I knows es you done heard granny say us ain't pintedly dat day has not got do needces- got no coffee 'tall," corrected Jinsy, the sary cash to lif' dat moggige, do which eldest.

gwine sell 'em out fast day er Jinewerry." "Wull, den, a hoe eake," said Palmyn

THE ROANOKE NEWS, Christmas cheer which the old couple's "Nigger you sho is got sence like a dopleted exchequer could not provide unde," dociared Palacyre adminingly, up-Consequently, there followed no stowing on the story's conduction. "Cost us kinaway of mysterious brown bundles under 'pen on de Lawd, but us dan'know how the wagon seat, as had been the custom to in no proyer." at previous Christmas times; yet so exu "I does," cried Patsy cagerly; and berant is youthful hope that even this plumping upon her knees, she began, fact failed to check the little darkies "Lawd, sen Sandy Claws to---happy anticipations of the holiday. "You ain' got to go hodaciously into "Cose Sandy Claws come to evybody prayer like dat," interrupted Bud Chug

house," they assured one another, "on authoritatively. This young person, with dey ain't no 'scuse for skippin' ourn, caze an aim for future ministerial honors, had de chimbly mighty big on handy es a devoted much thought to such matters, The questioner swallowed a last bit of boss rack for hitchin dem deers or hisn and had stored his memory with choice callings from the negro paster's perora-

Great, then, was the dismay when tions. "You commences, 'Mussyful where the greatest number of colored Aunt Haly announced next day that Father on glorable Gawd, us po' sinners

> "Shucks?" broke in Bud Chug, "yan ain' come at de Lawd so familious like "Yes, chillen," she confessed as she I done told you. You oughter say,

wrought, "granny mighty sorry, but hit "Gressious Gawd, turns yo' incountenance Along this line the praver continued nuther; I done had de spelunce er dat, down to the final clause, when Patsy,

En us wussen dirt po'-dey ain't no cof- having set forth the family needs to ber elubbing offer. "Dat a turble onrespectful way to knows dey ain't na'er dollar ready ginst oend," remonstrated Bud Chug severely "Ax for whatsomedever you wants, 'Amen!' You hatter slope 'long sorter

The-

-AND-

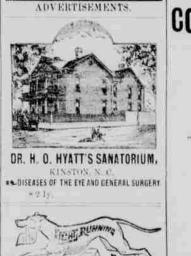
got to be rale holler 'fo' he tech vittles, The old woman turned sorrowfally easy, like Brer Brown does. Dos say, caze of hitlef wid him, he gwine stuff toward the rude cabin, built with such En now homni-presents Father, us have hopeful toil, and set with the humble ax yo actention to dese humble words of "Trouf, too, Sis Tempy," agreed an treasures of a lifetime. Faded lithegrapha, ouro, dough as ain crackin' ourselves up old man with a venerable white poll, "en magazine cuts and instalment bought to serve nothin of thee, "cept'n thoo de furder mo', de young race, dese days, chromos decorated the walls; a loud- blood of de Lamb. Dat kin' of cend

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The good things of life always come singly. We can't have the oyster and the summer girl both. Of all conquering nations Spain has

treated those subjected to her rule most

The largest egg is that of the ostrich, which usually weighs about three pounds. Bavarian radiahes are a new fad. They grow like large cucumbers and are served cold, cut in large thin slices.



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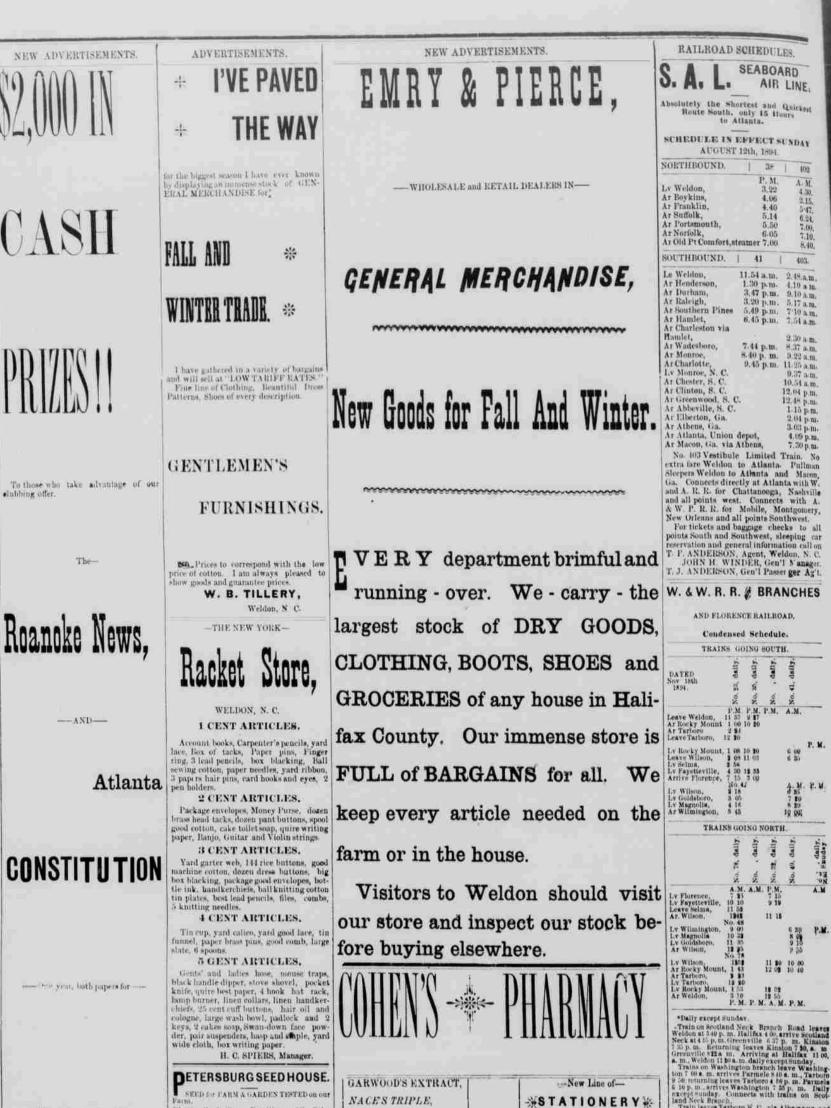
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gazing down the street. "Talk 'bout de des holler es a gode, I sho' is!" cion, en dar you gwine fine de tracks By this time Jinsy, Palmyre, ophonet-Ef yon'er ain't Bror Primus en Sis Haly | ically, "Pelliny") and their brother Tom, wid all de graschillen piled up in dey nicknamed "Bud Chug" as a contraction convenience, samer on millions in a of "sugar," had sprawled before the watermillion wagon !"

squeaks and groans, as if bewailing its pudgy, good ustured features; but Patsy, own approaching dissolution or that of the youngest, sat silently in the shadow. the work worn mustang which Unker "What you study'n hout now, Patsy? Primus found no difficulty in haiting on asked Joney. "You de culouses' human the outskirts of a crowd of vehicles that being in creashon, anyhow!" blocked the thoroughfare. Aunt Huly, "I ain' no human being. I'm proudly resolved to hide her misfortunes folkses like you all is," cried Patsy, indigprying acquaintances, briskly nantly rejecting her sister's term as one alighted, and, wending her way among of sun sted approbrium. the stubborn-looking mules, ancient nage "Do 's de same thing," explained Jin and heavy yoked oxen, was soon engaged sy, "but what is you study a 'hout, dar in greeting the side walk assemblage with in de d ek? You look like you done all the broad bonhomie and quist choori- fell off de roos', chile' ness of the true Southern negro.

"Howdy, Brer Poliam ?" called she to granny done 'low 'bout Sundy Claws, the patriarch, who by reason of his age confessed Patsy, rubbing a tear from he and ecclosiastical prominence merited eye with a grimy fist, ten I des study n To Invest and escheration provide comin' on ?" "Wull, Sis Haly," answered he,""I seem like de Lawd mout seu' ole Sandy

think Gawd I'm so's to be here. I ain' Claws to we all house after he done wint nuver been right smart sence I taken wid de round. Unk' Sampson, over to Fog dat cowbunker on my naik, yistiddy wuz Level, 'low folkses allus got to 'pind' on a mont' ago. How yo' folks, Sis Haly?" de Lawd. He say dat how come de

Sis Tempy, as she waddled up to shake Gawd," declared the little creature with hands heartily with the new comer. "Dat who I lows hit is, chile, least

ways I ain't heard teller no change er pusson since I lef home," declared Aunt Haly with a gay laugh.

Inker Primus came la for his share of welcome after he had hicehed the mighty brach, on flawed backlerds and pony and helped out the children, and for ards, wid his eye sot for a squ'l or a then the family party marched into the chicken, whilst de bazzard, he des sail store-first, Aunt Haly in an antique round sorter sleepy, with his eyes half alpaca and a long mantle that was green shot, like he ain' keerin' to bother hisish with age and very bald as to its fur se'f 'b at nothin'. Do hock up'n 'low. trimmings; next, Unker Primus buttoned Brer Buzzard, look like you ain' hustelin' up to the chin in a rough overcoat, the yo'se'f 'bout dis bisness.' 'D.m' hatter, original fastenings of which had been Brer Hock, says de buzaard. Vittles replaced by little oak sticks secured with don' never bees no botherment to me, for twine; and last but not least conspicuous, [ Ipen's on de Lowd, I does' 'Dat mout the four children in motley garb, their do for you, de hock say, 'but I looks to eyes and mouths wide open with delighted myse'f for all I gits," en wid dat de hock IFUEDI wonder at the fascinating display of tuck'n drap down into Mr. Man's chick-

Christmas goods. But in all the bewildering array noth-Dominicker pullets. Den de man runned en yard, en grab holt er one of de fattes' ing received Auut Haly's approval. This out wid a gun en kilt de hock. Atter "wa'n't fitten for a dawg," that "wa'n't while, here come de buzzard. En time ekel de money axt," and much more t. he seed de boek layin' dar in de fence the same intent; for, if the truth must corner, he tuck'n lit, en he hop up de be told, the trip to town was but a ruse, eyarkiss, en he 'low, 'Po' Brer Hock, designed to afford the children the nom you'd better 'pended on de Lawd, like I " en be' 'mn eatin' wid dat."

"Bless Gawd !" interjected Sis Tempy, retrenching: "dat's fillin', anyhow, en I'm

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"Sorter slow, Brer Poliam, sorter slow" | buzzard ain postered 'boat nothio' like "Lawd, dat you, Sis Haly," interposed tur' beastesses is, case he allus lo kin' to all a child's simple faith.

> "Umph, how at?" inquired the more skeptical Jinsy.

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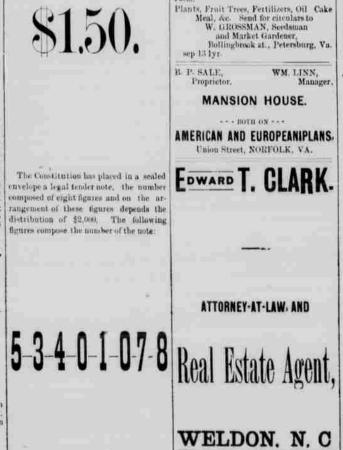
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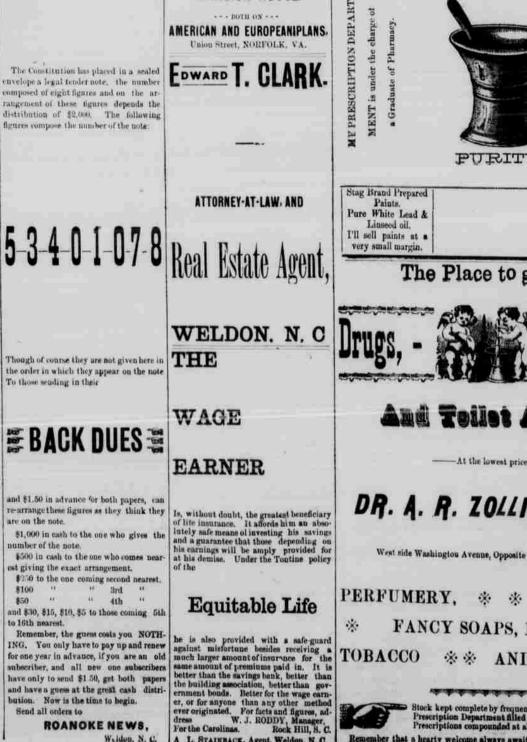
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