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\$20.00 suits for	\$17.75
22.00 suits for	18.75
24.00 suits for	20.00
26.00 suits for	22.00
28.00 suits for	24.00
30.00 suits for	25.00
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All Work Guaranteed

J. L. FOBERT,

Emporium, Pa.

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

"O L E Suki Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
O le Suki Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
O le Ann Suki Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Cesar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Suki.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' er' face, by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lam-mines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat was de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projek on Unc' Ike an' Ann Suki.

"Long time fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' fom Ann Suki. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Wou'ed w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fetch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Betjuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses ing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars along by 'n' nev' so much es notice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er roun' pea in 'em.'

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n' good shape. We all know ole Ann Suki ain't got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cided we gwine ter see' Ann Suki 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n' dey seben senses.

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we was er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Suki come by wid some truck ter make de fish wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink
O le Suki had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
O le Suki had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
O le Suki had fo' suppah—
Apple sass an' sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearu us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' 'cull us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Ann Suki's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spite-ful'es' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grumlin' 'bout sumpin'. He couldn't ros' easy less'n he studin' up some kin' er meanness. I don't see w'at mek ole marse kep' dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain't fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n' it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin' wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'leve ev'y' w'o'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no dif-fence how much de ole scoun' stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Ann Suki an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin':
"Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go;
Suki bake de ashcake slow,
Dat's so;
Suki bake de ashcake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go!
"Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole



"LAWD ER MASSY, IEE, HE'S COME!"

Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git 'fom dar.

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse he mek er long highferlutin' speech an' tell us dat long w'e all b'aved out's'e's purty well an' wo'k hard an' nek er good erop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem was de w'ite boys—slip out'n' de buck do' an' des lit out. Down at de funniss wech dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projek fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' man! he de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don't get coteh up wid!' Jack say, 'No, I ha'n't, sander, 'case yo' boys run an' let me in' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin.

To be'n can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'No min', I be de ole headman. We'll git er 'fokked him', an' put er shunk 'n' haches an' er ole hat on de heah, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' make mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll be up on de roof an' let de ole Sandy Claws down des es sofly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some no' er dat song an' laff 'bout he'n' we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er time, we git every-thing all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an' con-trary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off 'fom de res' wech de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'! 'dow so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keeful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chim-bly. Any yudder time Ann Suki done be'n settin' by de fish er noppin' an' er' smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain't gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She lay-in' down, an' done had er head kiver-ed up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an' ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole nigger-killer 'taters roastin' in de ashes fo' de brekfus.

"Ann Suki keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's er gittin' late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Suki, yo' des' shtet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin' 'bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'long, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo.'

"Den I sorter hum low:
"Pateroller, pateroller, let Ike pars,
Suki cook slow, but she eat mighty fas'.
Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las'.
Do, Mistah Pateroller, let Ike pars."

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah side, ways an' listen an' den mummull out sumpin' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sass'y rasc'l's yit. See 'I I don't tell ole marse.'

"Ann Suki say: 'W'at yo' er mut-terin' an' mumm'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stir-rin' up dem coals.'

"Unc' Ike say: 'It's er-tal-kin' ter my-self, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Suki, yo' de bigges' gump I ev'n seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwine ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, s'ree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo, an' yo' bak'in' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter t'ied, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-tal-kin' 'bout errops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyting fo' ter worry Ann Suki, who ain't sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter sno', an' den Ann Suki rise up an' look 'all erroun' des' as 'cussin' lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep.

"Dey was er little chunk er fish w'at kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de b'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we gittin' t'ied, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I climb right easy up de co'ner an' outer de aidge er de ruff, an' fom dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chim-bly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter git ready fo' de cirks. De chim-bly was about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chim-bly an' w'en I fatch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:
"O le Suki Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax' me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Ann Suki squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, Ike, he's come!'

"Des den de clof tetched de little blaze er fish, an' hit blazed way up, an' hit stilled me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clutter clatter, rip an' ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters.

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' judgmen't. Ann Suki she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' Ike! An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teawoods. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' w'iles I scuffin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an' was des er lambastin' me.

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don't hit me no mo', Hit's Ceze, Unc' Ike! Please don't hit me no mo'!' But de ole scamp, gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin' me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' ben singin' 'bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Suki Blueskin you!'

"Bont dat time ole marse he come to'ds de quatahs, an' he coteh Jack an' Tom des as dey was er gittin' ovah de fence.

"W'ats de mattah, Suki?
"Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'
"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n' de do' ole marse grab me.
"Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'euse me er tryin' ter 'bun de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme a' hunderd.

"O le marse lis'n, an' a'ter erwiles he 'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down 'fom dat day twel dis. But Ann Suki-um-m! Dat ole pusson had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' he ve'y' minit Unc' Ike the lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' fo' sumpin' ter ding at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin' ter fo'git 'bout Ann Suki's Sandy Claws.'—New York Evening Post.

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