

**UNCLE BOB:
HIS REFLECTIONS**

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Uncle Bob: his reflections by Laura Fitzhugh Preston

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LAURA FITZHUGH PRESTON

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BY

LAURA FITZHUGH PRESTON

WITH FRONTISPIECE BY
R. F. OUTCAULT



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UNCLE BOB

THE COAT OF MANY COLORS

AB'EHAM! 'Ab'cham!" called Uncle Bob lustily. "Whar' on de yearth dat limb o' Satan done took hisse'f off?" he grumbled, pausing in his palmetto plaiting to glare up disapprovingly from under his shaggy brows in the direction but lately pursued by the missing one.

"Dat boy allays out'n de way on de few 'casions when his comp'ny ain't des er reel eye-soah, an' er tem'tashun ob de Evil One!"—the temptation consisting in the overwhelming desire experienced by Uncle Bob, at times, to try a shingle on the rear of the youngster's nether garments.

"Now, des when I gits raidy ter talk ter dat boy, an' 'struct him up in de trooves ob Holy Writ, he done dis-appeah. Ab'cham! Ab'cham!" raising his voice in a wail of crescendo.

In answer to this appeal a small darkey appeared on the scene with such surprising readiness that the impression would have been at once conveyed to a more suspicious nature than that of Uncle Bob that he had, in reality, been lurking near by.

"U-m-hum! dar you is. Des you come heah——"

"Unc' Bob," broke in the little darkey, looking stead-