

Special Sale of

# Dining Room Furniture

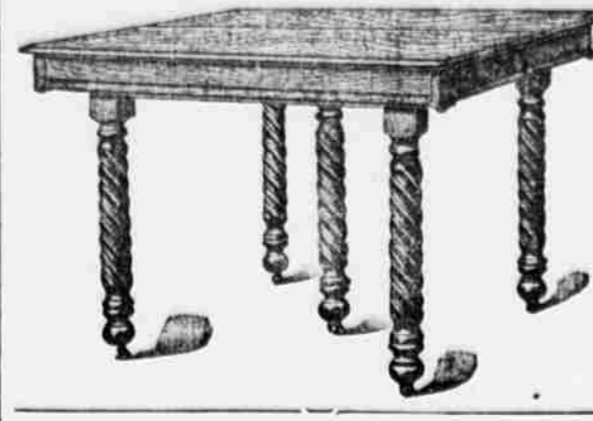
This Week

25 PER CENT



This sideboard—solid oak, golden antique finish—polished top 24x48 inches—\$1750

A complete Dining Room Set, consisting of this Sideboard and Table and six of these chairs, all solid oak and well made, for..... \$2945



This Extension Table—solid oak—golden antique finish—polished top 42x42 inches..... \$565



This Dining Chair, solid oak, \$105 cane seat, embossed back



This Dining Chair—solid quartered oak—golden antique finish—boxed frame seat..... \$275

\$6625 For this Dining Room outfit—sideboard, 8-foot extension table and six chairs—all quartered oak and finely polished.



This Dining Table—solid oak—golden antique finish—polished top 48x48 inches fine quartered oak..... \$1325



This Sideboard—solid quartered oak, golden antique finish, polished top 24x48 inches, glass 24x48—French bevel..... \$3650

Discount from the regular price of all Dining Room Furniture this week. A fine assortment in all the different woods to select from.

- 110 patterns in SIDEBOARDS—\$675 up
- 78 styles in Extension Tables—\$350 up
- 97 designs in Dining Chairs—75c up
- 32 new ideas in BUFFETS..... \$500 up
- 83 China Closets \$975 up

Dining Room Furniture consists of a full assortment of Sideboards, Chairs, China Closets, Buffets, Extension Tables, Plate Racks, Side Tables, etc., and they are shown in antique, golden, English or Flemish oak and solid mahogany. We have just received four carloads of these goods and on account of our late spring we find ourselves overstocked, and are willing to give our customers the benefit of some low prices in order to quickly reduce our stock.



This Sideboard, solid oak, antique finish, \$675 top 19x42, glass 12x20, French bevel.....



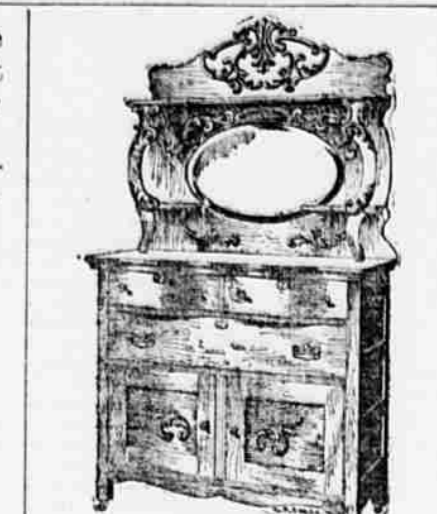
This extension Table, solid oak, golden antique finish, polished top 45x45 inches, all quarter sawed oak..... \$1050



This Dining Table, solid quarter sawed oak, polished top 48x48 inches..... \$1425



This Extension Table, solid quartered oak, polished top 50x50 inches, an extra heavy table throughout, 8-inch legs..... \$2325



This Sideboard, solid oak, antique finish, \$975 top 19x42—glass 16x20—French bevel.....

Our present stock is the most complete ever assembled. We have a number of sample pieces in each line which we offer at about one-half the regular price. Five mahogany Sideboards will be sold without regards to cost.

Hundreds of new pieces just received in Golden Oak, and everything pertaining to the dining room is included in this sale.

## Dewey & Stone Furniture Co.

Cash Must Accompany All Mail Orders.

1115-1117 Farnam Street.

It Will Pay You to Buy This Week.



Flantation Pageants by Joel Chandler Harris

(Copyright, 1899, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

**Talk About a Fox Hunt, and What it Led To**

If the children were not willing to say that Mr. Bobs was a smarter man than Aaron, they were, at any rate, willing to admit that he had given them something to talk about. Drusilla, however, refused to admit that there was any merit in that. "Ef dat ol' white man'll gi' me sumptin' dat'll wipe all dat out'n my min' an' make me fergit 'bout him an' his bubble, 'll say anywhar dat he de smartest man in de wold," but when he say any smintness in de keekin' chillun out'n der growth? Ez I is now, des so you'll see me when I'm 70 year ol'. Ef gittin' skeer'd will stunt folks, den I'm dun stunted, an' stunted bad."

"Maybe we were dreamin'." Sweetest Susan remarked when Drusilla made this remark.

"Dream nuthin'!" Drusilla retorted. "How kin folks stan' flat-footed in de broad open daylight, an' have 'zactly de same dream. Nohody ain't never see no creetur like dat. In no dream, kaze ef dey did, folks 'ud set up an' hie somebody fer to keep um 'wake. You all do mighty funny. Wuz you two skeered ter look at de creetur? Here's what 'uz dea skeer'd 'nough ter look at it good. You call dat dreamin', does you?"

The truth is, the whole affair had been so unusual, so unexpected and unique that it took its place in Sweetest Susan's mind, as well as in Buster John's, as a sort of waking dream. But Drusilla had seen what had been and was by her own expression, she had looked at it mighty hard. Buster John and Sweetest Susan were very busy in telling their experiences in the bubble, to their elders. They had been laughed at on other occasions when giving hints as to what they had seen in the country next door the wold, and that fact made them somewhat doubtful and timid. As for Drusilla, she had in the negroes an audience ready to welcome any statement, no matter how wonderful. Words were unable to convey to their minds a real comprehension of what Drusilla had seen, but they knew it was something awful, and from that time forward they and all the negroes for miles around regarded Mr. Bobs and his sister as conjurers in active practice. In a way this

notoriety helped Mr. Bobs, for no negro refused to work for him when requested. But no negro would remain near his house at night. This, however, did not grieve him to any great extent.

In the south December is usually marked by very fair weather, the mornings cool and crisp and the afternoons warm and balmy enough to invite the mocking birds to sing. The December following Stermann's march to the sea was no exception, and as the holiday seasons drew near Buster John and Sweetest Susan heard hints to the effect that



NO NEGRO WOULD REMAIN NEAR HIS HOUSE.

some of their grandfather's kinsmen and friends intended to assemble at the Abercrombie place and indulge in an old-fashioned fox hunt. It might be thought that all the able-bodied men of the region were fighting, but war is never so exacting that it sweeps everybody into the ranks and there were many men exempted from conscription either by their occupation or by their age.

The news of the fox hunt was not particularly interesting to Sweetest Susan, but Buster John was stirred by it. He wondered why it was that he should be too young to go fox hunting, and the more he thought about it the stronger grew the conviction that youth is a hardship invented to punish children. His views in that respect underwent a great change some years later, but at that particular time he was quite sure that youth was something that had to be endured, only because there was no help for it. His mind was full of fox hunt and he sought information on the matter whenever it was to be found. Old Fountain was an authority on the matter when Buster John was told, and the youngster lost no time in questioning the negro.

"Uncle Fountain," he said on the first occasion that presented itself, "they say there's goin' to be a big fox hunt here Christmas week."

"I hear um sesmo," replied Fountain. "Well, let um hunt ef dey will; I done had my day at dat, I speek. Dey use ter hunt 'em here a right smart; an' when dey got

in de notion, nobody couldn't do nothin' fer um but Fountain. "Tuzw' Fountain here an' Fountain dar, twel some ere de quality, newer ter de place, would up an' ax' ef all de niggers from de plantation is name Fountain. Yes—yes, sub—I see mysef' now havin' de mommo made fer de dogs, corn meal steered thick, wid a hanful or cracklin's flung in; an' den de nex' mornin', 'fo' de day, de cry would be fer Fountain; an' nothin' mus' do, but Fountain mus' straddle a mule—'ol' Pias, de pacin' mule—an' go 'long wid um, I had him in de mornin' days, 'luzas, ef you'll believe me. Yes—yes, sub—I wuz soopie fun de wold go—work all day, an' frolic all night."

"Dat's so," said Big Sal, lifting her sad face and looking at the children.

"I member one time," Fountain continued, "dat I went 'long fer ter look arter de little Marster;" he paused and began to pick at a patched place on his knee, and Big Sal drew a long breath. "Now, dar wuz a chap fer you!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Dey say he died kaze he wuz puny; but don't you b'lieve it; he died kaze his heart an' his head wuz too big. Dey tuk in all dat he ever seed, or heard, or dreamt 'bout. No human being could go 'thoo life wid kinder head an' heart; it's again' natur'."

"Dat's de Lord's truff!" cried Big Sal.

The children knew, of course, that the reference was to Little Marster, dead long ago, and so they sat silent and thoughtful.

"Yes—yes, sub—I member de time dos ez well ez ef 'tuzw' yistiddy, maybe better. We put out, we did, 'bout light; an' 'fo' we went a mile up jumped a gray—de reds hadn't come in den—an' here dey had dat 'round an' 'round same ez chasin' a rabbit. I wuz ter take keer ef de little Marster, but bless yo' soul! he ain't gi' me time ter do dat. I alters still b'lieve dat him an' dat gray pony had some deep partnership wid one another, bekaze ef it hadn't been ter dat, de little Marster would 'a' been drug out de saddle whistler dey runnin' thro' de scrub pines an' de black jacks. Dey went skeetin' here an' dar, an' when de dogs ketch'd, dar wuz de little Marster, an' de pony, right in 'mongst um. Hite so, ez sho ez I'm a-settin' here."

Fountain paused and sighed, then he went on: "I speek my blood'll be het up ef I hear de horn a-blowin' and de dogs a-yelpin', but I'm lets too old fer den kinder doin'; Let um call on Johnny Bapster. He may not be so mighty knowin', but he's young and soopie. But in times now gone, no' speshally when de reds come in an' driv' de grays out, I know'd de feedin' groud, an' de promenade of all de foxes fun here ter de river—ev'ry one um. An' mo' dat, I know whar one ol' red stays right now. He's ez big ez a cur dog. Folks tried de level ber' fer ter ketch dat ol' fox 'fo' de war. Dey bring dos here from away off yars, but he de played wid um. He kin tell a houn' f'm a house dug by de bark, an' time he hear one after midnight, he done gone—he done up an' gone! He got a white patch 'twixt his eyes, an' on 'count er dat dey call 'em Scar-Face."

"Scar-Face," Buster John corrected. "Why, he's de fox they are going to catch!"

Fountain laughed softly. "Oh, dey ar gwine ter ketch 'im? Well, atter he's catch I hope dey'll show 'im ter me. Scar-Face, er Sear-Face, I wanter see what dat white mark is 'twixt his eyes."

"They are going to bring Birdsong ter me," Old Molly Cottontail, all eyes and ears, could sit in her cozy home and never know that old Scar-Face was in the neighborhood until she felt his cruel teeth. And even the wood rat, whose keen eyes fairly glistened with cunning, hardly dared to shake a straw in all that field for fear of being pounced upon.

Well, then, how could the children hope to catch a glimpse of this wild and cunning creature? Aaron was the one to solve the problem for them, and to Aaron they went. He tamed the White Pig for them, and had made them familiar with the

some yuther kinder song 'fore dey ketch dat fox."

Besides all the other dogs, Joe Maxwell is to bring Hoodo," remarked Buster John. "I hear toll er dat dog," replied Fountain. "Dey say he sho is a mover. But, shucks! you kin hear dat kinder talk 'bout mos' any dog. But dish yer Hoodo got ter have brains ez well ez legs ef he ketch ol' Sour-Face. I'm a-takin' now, sho."

"Where does old Scar-Face stay, Uncle Fountain?" asked Buster John.

"You know dat ar broom-sago fiel', right up yan, cross de road fum de gin house? Well, he stay right dar. Ef you wuz ter go out er door dar an' holler right loud, he'd hear you, less'n he's promenadin' some're else. He be dar dis long time. Dey don't a week pass but what I sees him slippin' an' slidin' 'long. He moves dese like a shadder; once an' awhile he'll stop an' look at you, but mos' er de time his twill! an' he done gone. He got sense same as folks."

Buster John asked Fountain a great many questions about Scar-Face, with the result that he made up his mind to see the fox himself. His curiosity affected Sweetest Susan and she expressed a desire to see old Scar-Face. As for Drusilla, she didn't care one way or de other. So long as there was no bubble and no live nightmares around she was satisfied—at least, she was not content; though she predicted now, as she had been doing all day long, that the children would "keep on follin' 'round an' gwine whar dey got no business tell some kind er creetur would snap um up, an' walk off wid um."

It was an easy matter for Buster John and Sweetest Susan to say they would like to see old Scar-Face, the red fox, but how to see him was a very different matter. They might walk through the "broom-sago" every day for a week, or a month, or a year, and never see him; they might sit in the fence corner and peep between the rails from sunup till sundown, and never catch a glimpse of him. Old Scar-Face would see them. O, wuz no doubt about that. It was his business to see without being seen. He began to learn that trade when



HE DOCTORED THE TORN HEAD.

he wasn't bigger than Buster John's two feet, and by constant practice he had developed it into a fine art. The shyest and wariest birds could light within an inch of his nose and never see him; could light there, but they never flew away any more. Old Molly Cottontail, all eyes and ears, could sit in her cozy home and never know that old Scar-Face was in the neighborhood until she felt his cruel teeth. And even the wood rat, whose keen eyes fairly glistened with cunning, hardly dared to shake a straw in all that field for fear of being pounced upon.

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Black Stallion—that fierce creature whose neigh was sufficient to stampede the whole plantation. If Aaron could do these things, he could also bring them to old Scar-Face, the red fox. So to Aaron they went, with many explanations and pleadings. Mention of the old fox caused Aaron to reflect a little over the past. He had known old Scar-Face when he was "puppy," a statement that caused the children to laugh.

There is war between the reds and grays, as the son of Ben All explained, a war that began many years ago over some family matter. Fox to fox, the reds can whip the grays, and this fact has become so well established that the grays always get out of the way when they can. It happened one day when Scar-Face was a "puppy," as Aaron said, with big legs and a very wobbly body, he met a big gray in the woods. Some instinct or other caused the red to rush at the gray, and that was the cause of the red's scar. The gray would have run away if he could, but Scar-Face caught him by the flank and held on like a bull-terrier, while the gray, frightened and hurt, gnawed away on Scar-Face's head until the top of it was bare of hide and hair.

It was then that the son of Ben All chanced to pass, and the gray with a scream of fear tore away, leaving some of his pelt between Scar-Face's teeth. After some trouble Aaron explained to the red that he was no enemy, having himself been a hunted animal at one time. He "doctored" the torn head the best he could, but the wound left a mark, a bare place fringed with white hair.

Aaron was very much interested in the proposed fox hunt, and asked many questions about it. Finally he promised the children that, if they would remind him of it the next afternoon, he would go with them to the sedge field and try to find old Scar-Face. He counted on his fingers, and made out the age of the red to be nearly eight years, and concluded that if the dogs were good and swift they ought to be able to run him down in about eight hours.

"It 'twas me," remarked the son of Ben All, "I'd find out the day the dogs come, and then I'd pack my wallet and take my walking stick, and move into the middle of the big swamp. But he won't do it. He don't like the swamp; too much water, maybe, or maybe too much coon. I'll give him fair warning."

The next afternoon being clear and pleasant the children were trotting to Aaron's heels a full hour before he was ready to go. If he had to go to the horse lot, they trotted after him, if to the carriage house, it was the same thing. Occupied with as many duties, he sometimes forgot his half-playful promises, and so, when the youngsters were in earnest about anything, they had a habit of trotting at his heels until, in short self-defense, he was compelled to carry out their wishes as far as he could. Toward the middle of the afternoon he advanced himself ready, and, with Buster John and Sweetest Susan jumping and skipping at his side, and Drusilla more soberly bringing up the rear, he went to the field where old Scar-Face was said to have his home. Before the broom sedge took the field had been used as a pasture for the cows, but it was now pastured only in the early spring, when the tender shoots of the sedge are putting out. This was why bars had been placed at the gate. Two of the bars were already down, and it was an easy matter for the son of Ben All to stoop and pass under the topmost bar. The children followed promptly, and he passed to arrange the entrance so that no stray cattle from neighborhood might stray through open gates or fallen bars.

"We are hunting foxes on a new plan," said Buster somewhat boastfully. "But Aaron warned him to be quiet."

They went through the sedge, which was as high as Aaron's waist, and higher than Sweetest Susan's head until they came to a pine thicket. In a desert this small pine orchard would be called an oasis. In the sedge-field it was known as the pine thicket. The pines were not large; they had sprung up since the field had been abandoned, but they were large enough and

thick enough to afford shelter from the sun in hot weather, and to form a sort of playground or meeting place for the wild creatures at night. On the side toward the high road the sedge shut this playground in from observation, and on the opposite side there was a wall of brambles and wild briars and blackberry bushes. This wall had a door, too. When the rains fell the lay of the land caused hundreds of little rivulets to trickle through the sedge toward the thicket. On the other side these tiny rivulets, coming together, gathered force and strength, and the force thus collected dug its way through the briary wall. By some this door would be called a drain or "green," by others a gully. Anyhow, there it was, and in good weather it formed a neat entrance for the wild creatures coming from the forest side. It was to this playground that Aaron led the youngsters. By a motion of his hand the son of Ben All



"DAR WUZ DE LITTLE MARSTER AND DE PONY RIGHT IN MONGST UM."

indicated that they were to sit on the carpet of pine needles, thickly spread over the ground. He had no need to ask them to refrain from talking. His expectant attitude was sufficient of itself to command their silence, and there was something in the situation that kept the children quiet. They felt now, as they sometimes did when playing hide and seek in the big, dark barn, when those who played the part of it were afraid that one of the hidden ones or something else would jump out of the gloom and seize them.

Aaron remained standing, one hand resting on the trunk of a pine. The silence was so profound that the wind softly blowing through the dry sedge sounded like the flight of frightened creatures. How long they remained thus the children could never guess, but it seemed a very long time indeed. Suddenly the son of Ben All, using his hand as a sort of trumpet, gave a peculiar cry, having been "touched," understood this as once.

Almost instantly this was answered by a series of short, sharp yells, which, to the ordinary ear, would have sounded like the cry of welcome or of pain made by a very small dog. But to Aaron and the children it meant this:

"Cunning one! Where are you? Where are you?"

At the same instant the head of old Scar-Face appeared in the opening of the tunnel made by the gully and the overhanging briars.

"I am here, Son of Ben All; here and waiting. But what is dis you have brought?"

**CHILDREN FOUND IN A CHURCH.**

**Lived Solitary and Hungry in a Deserted Cuban Village.**

About forty trained women nurses accompanied the army of occupation to Cuba

last autumn, and remained on duty there at the division hospitals all winter. The work was light, and so thoroughly systematized that three or four at a time were often granted a day off.

One day—the 8th of February—they drove to a village named Red Eye, eighteen miles from Havana. The place had been almost entirely destroyed, but from the nature of the ruins it was evident that they were the remnants of substantial houses, in which well-to-do people had possessed themselves. The parish church stood in the midst, and this the party had the curiosity to enter. They found it entirely dismantled and the walls fast falling away, but in one corner of this desolate place two little waifs had taken refuge. They looked like crumpled, had sought sanctuary in the church and found it. A girl of 12, with her knees drawn up, sat on the floor by an empty can and an old iron kettle. She had a mop of black hair and luminous dark eyes, which showed no lack of intelligence, and shone with unusual brilliancy out of her pinched face. Huddled close to her was a boy of 5, with the same dark features, and the same look of patient, hopeless endurance. A small bundle of rags on which they sat and slept completed the list of their possessions.

A few questions drew out their story. Their mother and father had died of the fever, they had no relatives, no friends, nowhere to go, no one to succor them. They had lived in the church five months. There were three of them at first, but one, a sister, had died; God only knows how she was buried. They had subsisted on what the little boy could beg or find from day to day. He, taking at that early age the masculine part of breakfast, had come forth with glean scraps of food, no matter what, so long as they could eat it. She—the woman—had been true to the feminine role, the role of self-sacrifice, for, while the boy was still plump, her features and limbs were emaciated, and starvation looked from her eyes.

Her feet were drawn up and were stiffened from sitting forever in that one position, and she was unable to stretch them out. Their names were Sabrina and Guillermo Hernandez. They made no complaint; they regarded it as entirely natural. They did not expect anything else, and had lived on day after day, kept alive by their instinct of self-preservation, their keen intelligence, dead to the possibilities of life.

"The kind-hearted nurses melted over the pathetic story, and they determined to carry the children back to camp. There was nobody to raise any objection, and to the paradise a little tent was pitched back of the nurses' row at the division hospital, and the children were washed and clothed and fed, and were given, besides scientific care, the love and tenderness which is even more of a blessing to orphaned childhood.

Guillermo soon became strong, and, clothed in a beautiful new sailor suit, presented a wonderful contrast to the ragged, hungry little being of a short time since. But Sabrina, though she rewarded the kindness lavished upon her with gratitude, had gone one step too far on that long, painful way which leads to death by starvation. All they could do was to lessen her suffering as they watched her waste away. She showed the utmost intelligence of mind and an inexhaustible patience, for she had been well drilled in all the grades of physical suffering. She retained her brightness until she breathed her last tortured breath, and the wasted body was still. A post-mortem examination proved that she had starved to death.

Guillermo came north with the nurses. He is to spend his summer in Virginia.

People who have once taken DeWitt's Little Early Risers will never have anything else. They are the famous little pills for torpid liver and all irregularities of the system. Try them and you will always use them.

Colonel Daniel F. Hitt of Ottawa, Ill., whose death at the age of 59 is announced, was a famous pioneer of LaSalle county, Illinois, and was widely known throughout the state. He was the father of Andrew J. Hitt, superintendent of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, and an uncle of Congressman Robert B. Hitt, who served with distinction in the Black Hawk and civil wars.