

Plantation Pageants

by Joel Chandler Harris

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VIII.

Old Scar-Face, the Red Fox, Does Some Bragging.

"What is it, and who is it?" Old Scar-Face repeated, holding himself ready to disappear in the bushes at a word, at a motion of the hand. But the children had had some experience with wild creatures, and they sat as still as statues.

"The time was," said the Son of Ben All, "when you came at my call and asked no questions. You have forgotten, but I remember."

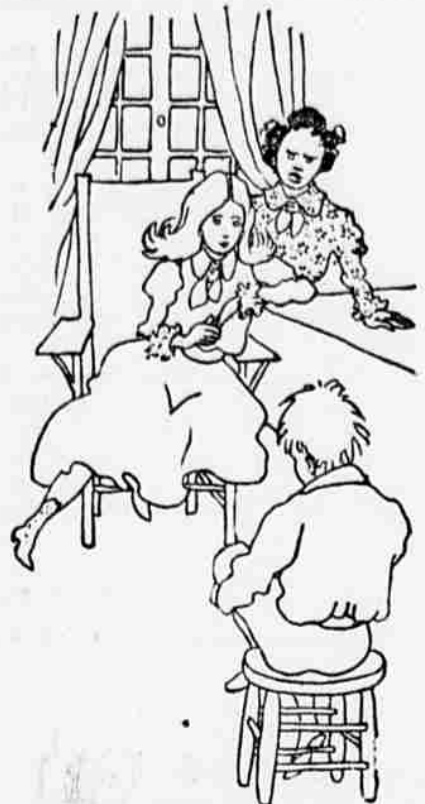
"No, Son of Ben All," old Scar-Face replied, "I have not forgotten; but when you came, you came alone; you brought no strangers with you."

"I said you had forgotten," remarked Aaron. "What of Rambler, the track dog?"

"True—Oh, most true, Son of Ben All!" exclaimed Old Scar-Face, lowering his head in apparent humility, a fact that caused Drusilla to remark, in a whisper, "He do like he human!"

And the countenance of old Scar-Face, cruel and crafty, certainly had a human aspect. The children tried in vain to remember who he resembled. One and all were sure in their own minds they had seen some one who looked like him. He was the personification of craft and fear—the sharp nose, the white teeth gleaming, the glitter-

ing, shifty eyes, the pointed ears, turning about to catch every sound, and so keen of hearing that the fall of a pine needle attracted their attention. This was old Scar-Face, the invincible, celebrated throughout middle Georgia as the fox which had out-footed and out-manuevered every kennel of hounds brought against him. The ordinary hounds which had been used for chasing gray foxes, were simply the playthings of old Scar-Face. He was in the habit of using them for the purpose of practicing new movements. He had one scheme, which when he was not feeling well, he was in the habit of working on his pursuers. It may be called the triple links, as for instance:



THE YOUNGSTERS PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

Imagine the links to cover a half-mile each, and the difficulty which a dog would have in untagging them with his nose, and that, too, while he is trying to go at full speed, will be easily perceived. When the ordinary hounds failed to catch old Scar-Face, he was in the habit of using them for the purpose of practicing new movements. He had one scheme, which when he was not feeling well, he was in the habit of working on his pursuers. It may be called the triple links, as for instance:



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Here, then, was this famous old fox, grinning at Aaron and the children, almost within reach of their hands. Sweetest Susan and Drusilla were plainly afraid of him, for the white scar on his forehead did not add to his beauty, but Buster John regarded him with great curiosity and interest.

"I had forgotten Rambler, Son of Ben All," said old Scar-Face, musingly. "But I was not the first to forget; more than once I heard Rambler howling for my blood."

"Yes; he made no bargain with me," Aaron remarked. "But here are those who heard of you, and who begged to see you. They have some news for you."

"It is long since I had any," said old Scar-Face.

Whereupon Aaron told of the fox hunt that was to take place and of a hound named Hodo, who was almost so famous among fox hunters as old Scar-Face himself. During this recital the fox came out of the tunnel, but sat upon his haunches close to the mouth of it and held himself in readiness to take refuge therein on the slightest alarm.

"When is this hunt to be?" asked old Scar-Face.

"In the days when there is no working in the fields and woods. When you fall to hear the ax and the rattle of the wagon, then you may know the time for the hunt is near at hand," said Aaron.

There was a pause, and during this pause

and Aaron and the children went home. "Why did you let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise?"

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

Inquiring Boy (to his mother)—"Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

Teddy (who has just begun to go to school)—"Papa, do you know what six boys and five girls make?"

"Yes," answered his father, "a racket."

"Are two heads better than one?" asked the teacher.

"Sure," answered the boy.

"How do you know?"

"Because when a man and a woman get their heads together I ain't in it at all."

The superintendent of a city Sunday school was making an appeal for a collection for a shut-in society, and he said:

"Can any boy or girl tell me of any

shut-in person mentioned in the bible? Ah, I see several hands raised. That is good. This little boy right in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud so that all will hear you, Johnnie."

"Jonah!" shrieked Johnnie.

His mother was trying to demonstrate to him how much better off he was in his nice new sailor suit than some of the street arabs they encountered.

"Now, Johnnie," she said, "how would you like to be like that poor little boy over there?"

"Bully well," he answered promptly. "Then I wouldn't have to have my face washed."

Now, Sweetest Susan, who knew that she could not go in any event, was very anxious for her brother to see the hunt, and if her reason was partly a selfish one, it was no different in that respect from the reasons of a great many grown persons. She wanted to hear all about the chase, and she knew that Buster John could tell her about it better than anyone else. This was the selfish part. On the other hand, she also wanted Buster John to go because his desire was so keen. He had never seen a fox hunt, and he was getting quite old enough, in Sweetest Susan's opinion, to share in some of the amusements of his elders. True, fox-hunting is a rough sport when it is carried out with energy, but Buster John didn't have to break his neck riding across ditches and gullies, and jumping fences. He could ride behind Fountain or Johnny Bapter, or on one of the fat and sober carriage horses. Sweetest Susan had heard her grandfather say many times that wild good dogs, and a hot hunter needn't ride very far nor very fast to see pretty much all that was to be seen of a fox hunt. She didn't remember just these words, but she knew what her grandfather meant, for he himself was among those who had ceased to be ambitious to "kill the fox," and was content to center from one position to another, so as to be able to see the most exciting events in a fox chase.

So the youngsters, as children will, put their heads together and laid the plan of a campaign, and it was a very cunning one.

Old Scar-Face tried to reach with his hind foot a flea that was tickling him on the top of his back near his shoulder, and in making the effort he stretched out his neck, closed his eye and grinned so comically that the children laughed.

"Come and I'll scratch you," said Aaron. Old Scar-Face took a step forward, but hesitated. "No, Son of Ben All," he said, "I makes me cold to be too near the new ones."

Whereupon Aaron himself took a step forward and scratched old Scar-Face on the back with a pine cone, and this operation seemed to be so pleasing that the fox kept time to the scratching by patting the ground with one of his hind feet, as though he were trying in this way to aid Aaron. When old Scar-Face had been thoroughly scratched along the spine, where his hind foot could not reach, he shook himself, licked his chops, and seemed to feel very much better.

"And so you think I should move away from my home, Son of Ben All," old Scar-Face remarked. "Well, if you had come saying, 'My friend, you are in danger; fly and remain away many suns, tomorrow's dawn would have found me miles away. But when you say, 'Beware of the dogs, there is one called Hodo coming to run you down,' that is different. I want to hear this strange dog yelping behind me, not too close, but far enough away to make him weary. I want to hear the noise of his paws, and know that he is running wildly after me, and yonder, sick to know where the Woodranger has gone."

"As you please, old friend," said Aaron. "This Hodo has made great talk among the hunters. I have warned you; it is all I can do."

"There have been swift dogs after me, Son of Ben All, but they have always been behind me. Not one of them has ever untangled the loops of my tangle; not one have I ever carried into the middle winds. This strange dog should like to carry there if he has strength enough; once there I'll bid him goodbye."

"You'll be surprised if he tells you howdy," suggested Aaron.

"So would you, Son of Ben All."

"No, you're wrong; it would be no surprise to me," Aaron replied. "You have won many a race; you have broken down many a pack of hounds; but you are not as young as you were. And something tells me that if you were in your prime this hound would outfoot you. I know what I know."

"And I know what I can do, Son of Ben All, and I'll show you when the time comes. I'll give this hound a warm scent, and I'll cut out for him a journey he'll long remember."

"This thing of remembering," said Aaron, "depends on whether you are well enough to remember. I hope you'll be well enough for that when the race is over."

"Don't worry about me, Son of Ben All. Many things I know were taught me by you; many I learned myself. I have been putting them all together until now I want to see what the strange hound will make of them."

"Well, so long," said Aaron. "You are warned; that is enough. Go to your rabbit before he is cold, and I'll go to my work." Old Scar-Face disappeared in the tunnel

too. Not a word was to be said about the hunt until they knew the very day on which it was to take place. Then the day before the matter was to be broached by Jimmy, not seriously, but in a half-joking way. This would be followed by Sweetest Susan and then Buster John himself would make an appeal, an appeal full of tears if necessary.

"You never have seen one cry as hard as I can," he declared to Sweetest Susan.

"What you want wait so long 'fo' you git after 'em 'bout it?" inquired Drusilla.

"Yes," said Sweetest Susan, "why?"

"If you begin too soon," explained Buster John, "mamma will find forty reasons why I shouldn't go, and they'll all be good ones. If we begin the day before she'll be too busy fixing up the house for the gentlemen who are to go hunting; she'll be too busy finding any reason she can find to keep me from going when company is coming."

"I'm dreading the day," said Drusilla with emphasis. "When company comin' de whole house got ter be tore up an' cleaned, and everything got ter be desso."

"And when company comes," chimed in Sweetest Susan, "she'll let us do anything we ask her. When Mrs. Terrell came that time I asked mamma if me and Drusilla might play in the barn loft, and she kissed me and said 'yes.' And the next day she happened to think about the loose planks up there, and then she said we mustn't go in the loft never any more."

"If Mrs. Terrell hadn't been there," said Buster John, "she'd have thought about the loose planks right on the spot." And to this Sweetest Susan readily assented.

Their mother, like most mothers had not the faintest idea that the children were able to put their small fingers on some of her characteristics; but youngsters the world over are more observing and know a great deal more than their elders give them credit for. The most of them are discreet enough to keep their knowledge to themselves.

Well, Buster John's plan of campaign was as we have outlined above, and (though he did afterwards develop into a very successful politician) it must not be supposed that his plan displayed any special aptness or brilliancy. No, he was merely a very bright boy, whose common sense was in process of development.

Moreover, if his plan had cost him any serious thought, it would have been labor thrown away; for as matters turned out, it was not necessary at all. Indeed, it might have fallen but for one of those lucky incidents that sometimes happen to us all. Buster John not only saw the fox hunt, or at least the part of it that could be seen, but he saw it in such a fortunate way and under such delightful circumstances that it remained for many years a red letter day in his memory.

END PART VIII.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Frances," said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you

could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady."

Frances retired and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear, I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise?"

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

Inquiring Boy (to his mother)—"Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

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Without hidden away in a dark corner of the model room in the patent office at Washington, with the dust of years giving its brown surface a coat of gray, is an apparently worthless block of wood cut in the shape of a star, with small blocks of wood mounted on wires on each of the stars.

When I happened to see this object while looking through the 400,000 models the other day I thought it must be some sort of child's plaything. On closer examination my curiosity was aroused, so that I induced one of the busy attendants to look up the matter for me. It was discovered to be the first "typewriter" ever made in the United States—perhaps in the world.

If placed by the side of one of our 1899 model typewriters, the first typewriter could not fail to provoke a smile from the spectator. Instead of dainty black and nickel letter keys, with an open framework showing the easy working of the intricate machinery of the inside, as is usual in the typewriters of today, this first typewriter consisted of a closed wooden box with blocks of wood half an inch square for its letter keys. The paper carriage of the first typewriter is also of wood, and instead of the operator turning the paper carriage by a mere touch on an extension rod, as is done with all typewriters now in use, when one line was finished on the first typewriter the operator had to use both hands to turn the paper carriage—one hand to lift a catch from the cogwheel and the other hand to push the paper around as far as desired.

However, much as the first typewriter differs from its grandchildren, close examination shows that it has all the essentials of typewriters as we know them today. The inventor of the typewriter was R. T. P. Allen of Farmdale, Ky., who secured his patent in 1876. There were other so-called typewriters invented before this date, but the Allen invention is the first machine which bore fruit, and it is that machine which may be looked upon as the parent of the 5,000,000 or more typewriters in use in the United States today.

Learned Barbers in Missouri. Governor Stephens of Missouri has signed the Rollins barber bill. It requires those who are not now in the business and who desire to enter the trade to pass an examination before the State Board of Examiners, to be appointed by the governor. They must show they are qualified and properly schooled in skin diseases. An apprenticeship of two years is required before a license can be secured. Barbers now in the business may secure a license by the payment of \$1 to the board.



AT HIS FEET LAY THE RABBIT.

Heals Quickly and Without Scar. GERMZONE is a soothing, healing lotion which, when applied to the scalp, or mucous membrane, reduces inflammation, allays itching and irritation, and heals any cut, wound, sore, ulcer, eczema, tetter, salt rheum, or other skin or scalp disease, quickly and without scar. There is no danger of blood poisoning when GERMZONE is used for cuts, poisoned wounds, sores, or ulcers; no danger of diphtheria when GERMZONE is used for sore throat; no danger of ulceration or granulation when used for sore eyes or mouth; no danger of baldness when used for dandruff, but in all cases a positive certainty of cure.

R. H. DeLarimer, of New Whatcom, Wash., writes: "My wife's sister had tetter so bad on both of her hands that she could scarcely use them. She tried every kind of ointment but nothing did her any good, so I got her to try GERMZONE. It was a week before she was almost cured, but her hands were all raw, especially between the fingers, now they are healed and she thinks there is nothing like GERMZONE."

If your druggist does not have GERMZONE, we send prepaid on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Geo. H. Lee Chemical Co., Omaha, Neb.

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Four Omaha Girls...



THE OMAHA BEE will give to the four most popular Omaha girls who earn their own living a summer vacation trip of two weeks either to the lakes or mountains, with all hotel and traveling expenses paid. Who these popular young ladies shall be, we have no concern, but every subscriber of THE OMAHA BEE has a right to vote for his favorite.

Who are they? The Ballot Must Tell.

VOTES will be counted when made on a coupon cut from the DAILY or SUNDAY BEE deposited with the Circulation Department at the Business Office in the Bee Building.

IN ALL THE WORLD NO TRIPS LIKE THESE:

FROM Omaha via the Union Pacific, the Overland Route, to Salt Lake City. This trip through the heart of Nebraska is an education in itself, teaching the resources of Nebraska and giving a view of the most thriving towns of our state. The altitude gradually increases until at Cheyenne one is 8,050 feet above the ocean, soon plunging into the Rocky Mountains, through the grandest scenery of all the continents. This includes ten days at the Hotel Knutsford at Salt Lake City, the reputation of which extends in either direction across the continent as one of the finest hostleries of the country. When one goes to Salt Lake the Knutsford is the place at which everybody stays. Salt Lake will have more than its ordinary attractions this year on account of the Salt Place festivities. Salt Lake is within easy reach of Garfield Beach and Salsair, famous for their splendid bathing facilities. The return trip will be via Denver, with three days at the Brown Palace Hotel, the just pride of Denver. It is well named, for it is a veritable palace. A day's excursion around the famous Georgetown Loop and then return home via the Union Pacific.

THIS trip will be over the great Rock Island Route to Denver, Colorado Springs and Manitou. There is only one Rock Island and everybody praises its splendid equipment and reliable service. A night's journey and then one is at Denver, with three days at the Brown Palace Hotel. A day's excursion on the Union Pacific through Clear Creek Canon up to Georgetown, around the famous Loop, and then back again to Denver before evening. It is a pleasant trip between Denver and Colorado Springs, with another taste of the grandeur of the Rockies and ten days in the Switzerland of America at the Broadmoor Hotel, just outside of Colorado Springs. This is at the base of grand old Cheyenne Mountain, where Helen Hunt Jackson is buried and within easy reach of the wonders of the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak and all that is famous in Colorado. No more beautiful situation for a hotel could be found than this romantic spot, with its pure mountain air and magnificent scenery, combined with the luxuries of the most up-to-date hotel service.

ANOTHER trip is over the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad to the Black Hills and Hot Springs and return. The Elkhorn carries you through one of the most beautiful farming countries in the world—the Elkhorn Valley, with its fertile fields and well built towns. Thence to the Black Hills, both picturesque and interesting, with its gold mines and typical western towns. The chief attraction there will be a two weeks' stay at the finest appointed hotel in the west at Hot Springs, which boasts of the largest and finest plunge bath in America. This will include all the privileges of the baths without expense, and this is a treat to be envied. Pleasant paths and drives, wonderful caves, canyons, canons, flowers and waterfalls go to make up the beauties which nature has abundantly furnished.

FROM Omaha to Chicago and return over the Milwaukee Road, the only electric lighted train between the two cities, through the vast farming districts of Iowa and Illinois. At Chicago will be a two days' stay at the Grand Pacific Hotel, which has been entirely rebuilt and refurnished, making it second to no house in Chicago. Then a two days' trip across Lake Michigan, with berth and meals on the magnificent boats of the Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation company to Mackinac Island, fragrant with the breath of the pines and its romantic old forts and remnants of Indian days. Two weeks at the Grand Hotel, with opportunity for plenty of fishing and boating and all the attractions which have made Mackinac and the Grand Hotel famous. The island is a wooded luxury, with drives, shaded walks and beautiful sunsets.

The young lady receiving the highest number of votes will have first choice of the six trips, the next highest 2nd choice and so on. No votes will be counted for anyone who does not earn her own living. The vote will be published each day in the Omaha Bee. The contest will close at 6 p. m. July 1, 1899.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Omaha Bee Single Summer Vacation Coupon—

ONE VOTE for the most popular young lady in Omaha who earns her own living.

Name of Young Lady _____

MISS _____

WORKS FOR _____

CUT THIS OUT. Deposit at or Mail to Bee Office.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Omaha Bee Subscription Summer Vacation Coupon—

THIS COUPON, if accompanied by a prepaid new subscription to The Bee, counts 12 votes for each week prepaid, for the most popular young lady in Omaha who earns her own living.

(NO.) VOTES FOR MISS _____

SEND THE BEE TO (Name) _____

FOR WEEKS (Address) _____

WORKS FOR _____

N. B.—This Coupon must be stamped by the Circulation Department of The Bee before it is deposited.

Omaha Bee Vacation Department.

"HAVE ANOTHER?" See that Blatz is on the cork.

Welcome words when reference is had to

Blatz THE STAR MILWAUKEE BEER Highest grade components, delicate flavor, purity, age and strength combine to make this the one perfect beer.

Latest victory—First Awards at International Exposition, Omaha.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.

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