

string."

bome.

direction

call him out."

"Will he stay?"

HE CREPT DIRECTLY UNDER THE HEN.

as you may

gesture,

Collingsworth jokingly.

sponded Joe Maxwell.

him in the morning."

faults, a bad temper and a hard head."

culiar fashion, and ran around, and hither

Maxwell was so astonished at these mani-

festations that he could do nothing but

laugh. Hodo's antics, however, had at-

brindle cur belonging to one of the negroes

as Hodo, and quite as formidable looking.

Buster John Sees Hodo. Now the lucky chance which gave Buster John opportutalty to see the fox hunt was both curious and interesting. The date was fixed upon and the children's grandfather invited the hunters to spend the night with

him, so as to have an early start the next morning. So, one Friday afternoon-the hunt was to take place on Saturday-the hunters began to arrive, some singly and some in couples, until all had arrived except young Maxwell and his hound .Hodo. Kilpatrick came, bringing Music and Whalebone, and Tip with others. Mr. Collingsworth brought Fanny and Rocket and Bartow with their chorus; and Mr. Dennis brought Rowan and Ruth, and Top, and Flirt. There were other hunters with their dogs, and one or two gentlemen who had no dogs, but who wanted to see the sport.

But these hunters, their friends and their dogs, were not the ones Buster John wanted to see. So he continued to watch the big gate at the head of the avefage. Sweetest Susan watched with him, Drusilla being busy helping their mother, who, as a good housekeeper, looked after her dining room and was not afraid to go into the kitchen. Buster John was anxious lest young Maxwell would fall to come, and said so many times. He had once heard his grandfather reading something that Maxwell had written in the county paper, and he had also heard the negroes talking about the young man, how clever and kind he was. And then his horse, Butterfly, and his hound Hodo! What wonderful tales old Fountain and Johnny Bapter had told about these animals But when the sun was about an hour high, and just as Buster John had given up all hope, he saw the big gate swing open. A large dog came through, and after him a rider on a sorrel horse. Without alighting from his horse, the rider pulled the gate to and, leaning down until Buster John could

see nothing but one of his feet pressing against the saddle, fastened the catch. Buster John had never seen the gate opened and shut in this fashion before, for the latch had been purposely fixed low so that the little negroes could open the gate for vehicles going out and coming in. The dog waited with much dignity for the gate to be shut, and then came trotting along the avenue, close at the heels of the cantering horse. "That's him," cried Buster John, clapping

his hands. How often had Johnny Bapter and old Fountain described the horse and rider! "Pale little fellow, look like he 'bout 12 year of'. Rangy sorrel horse, wid long mane, an' a tail dat drag de groun.." The tail was tied up, owing to the muddy roads, but the mane was loose, and gave heard a heap of loose talk about this wonthe horse a very attractive and ploturesque derful dog of yours. I lay you I have two appearance.

Both Buster John and Sweetest Susan ran Kilpatrick another. Where've you hid him? I don't mind dark horses in politics, but I to meet young Maxwell, but Johnny Bapter was before them.

"Howdy, Marse Joe?" cried Johnny Bap-Joe Maxwell, "for he's very dark, almost ter joyously "Why, howdy, Johnny Bapter?" Then as black. Come, Hodo."

the children came up, Maxwell shut both eyes tight and said: "Wait! Johnny Bapter, I'll bet you a twist of tobacco that the turned expectantly to one side. This young man over here is Buster John, and that this beautiful young woman over here was somewhat comical, but it was impresis Sweatest Susan." While he was speak-ing. Joinany Bapter pushed the children sive, too. Hodo was large for a hound, but very compactly built. His breast bone and

When This, of course, was very pleasing to Joe Sure enought they reached the side fence, there was Hodo Maxwell; for ordinarily Hodo was very ying directly under the saddle and blanket, victous with strangers, and especially with which Johnny Bapter had placed on the ohildren. fence. "You can see the dog and saddle." When supper, which was a very sub-

remarked Maxwell, "but you can't see the stantial meal, had been discussed, Joe Maxwell called for Buster John and the two Buster John suggested the old carpenter went to the lot. On the way there they shop, which was a long shed room, the were joined by Johnny Bapter.

"Show me where my horse is, Johnny entrance to which had no door. There was Bapter," said Joe Maxwell. pile of shavings in the shop and Joe

"He right yonder, sub, in de best stall Maxwell said it was the very place of all dey is. His legs all clean." "Well, then, Johnny Bapter, I want fifothers. So he placed his saddle on the workbench, kicked the shavings together teen ears of corn, not the biggest, with sound and told Hodo he could go to bed and pull ends, and two bundles of fodder. Put the the cover over his head when he got ready corn in the trough, untie the bundles of Buster John asked. fodder outside and whip as much dust out of The other dogs were all fastened up in the as you can. And then place a bucket of blacksmith shop to keep them from going water in one end of the trough."

This was all very quickly and deftly done, Young Maxwell laughed, "He'll stay for Joe Maxwell's tobacco, as Johnny Bapter there till I come after the saddle, unless I described it, "tasted like mo'," and the way to get more was to look after that sorrel He was for returning to the house, but

just then the children saw their grand- horse father and his other guests coming in their "I hope you are going along with us in the morning," said Joe Maxwell to Buster "Maxwell," said Mr. Collingsworth, "I've John as they were returning to the house.

"Oh, I wish I could!" the boy exclaimed; 'I'd give anything to go, but mamma says I'm too young. She's afraid something will happen to me." Young Maxwell laughed. "Why, I went

ox hunting before I was as old as you. Mr. Dennis took me behind him twice, because 1 promised I wouldn't hunt rabbits with his lox hounds. "Please tell mamma that!" cried Buster

John. "I certainly will," said Maxwell.

And he did. As soon as they went in the house he took Buster John by the hand and went into the parlor where the lady was entertaining her guests with music and conversation. She was in high good humor. Her eyes sparkled, and her laughter was pleasing to the ear.

"Come in, you two boys," she cried merrily. "Here's a comfortable chair by me-shall I call you Mr. Maxwell? I used to call you Joe when you were younger." "Everybody calls me Joe," said Maxwell. I have come to ask you a favor. Will you llow Buster John to go hunting with us to-

norrow morning?" "Why, who ever heard of such a thing?" "Mr. Dennis, there, has heard of itwice." The woman looked at Mr. Dennis, w.ho

gave an affirmative nod. "How would be go?" she asked. "On my horse, behind me." "What do you think of it, father?" "Why, I think he will be perfectly safe

ith Joe "Let him go, by all means," said Mr.

Dennis emphatically. "It will help to make can outfoot him. Dennis has another, and a man of him." "But two on a horse in a fox chase? Why, it's ridiculous," exclaimed the woman. don't like dark dogs in fox chases." "Then you'll not like Hodo," remarked The horse would break down in half an

hour." "How much does Buster John weigh?" Joe Maxwell asked. "Fifty-five," said Buster John proudly. The hound instantly came from the shed and stood looking at his master, his head

"Then the horse would carry 140 pounds. Mr. Dennis weighs at least thirty pounds more than that, and he's the smallest man __ call it, in the party." There was nothing for the mother to do

but give her consent, though she gave it fore shoulders were very prominent, his with many misgivings, as mothers will, and

Furniture Polish 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. lonely and begin to bark and howl. Old Buster John ventured to say. "Oh, does he? Well, it will be a mighty Scar-Face knew this well, but he didn't good thing for him if he has moved his quar- know that seasoned dogs rarely ever make ters; but we'll beat around and about, and such a demonstration unless they are hungry. Consequently, when he heard no barksee if he won't give us a dare." "I know where he used to stay," said ing and howling, he was almost convinced Buster John. He didn't know whether he that, after a night's foray, he could return

was doing right or wrong. "Aaron showed to the sedgefield and sleep undisturbed the next day. Still there was a doubt, and to "Aaron? Well, Aaron knows all about ease his fears he decided to test the matter , and he knows a good deal more than more fully. On a fence near him a hen and half a

that. Some of these days I'm going to dozen pullets were peacefully roosting. He "Sure enough?" cried Buster John. crept up directly under the hen, gathered can tell you lots of things to put in it. I his strong legs under him, leaped upward, can tell you things that nobody would beand the next moment was cantering through the dry weeds dragging the squalling hen "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said

by the wing. Surely the racket was sufficient to alarm the plantation. At the barn he dropped the hen, placed a forefoot firmly upon her, and held his head high to listen. There was certainly a loud response to the hen's alarm. The geese in the spring lot made a tremendous outcry, seconded by the guineas, but the only dog that barked was the cur that made a mistake by attacking

Hodo This certainly seemed to be a fair test and Old Scar-Face was satisfied. He crushed the poor hen's neck in his cruel jaws, and put an end to her appeal for help. He was not very hungry, but he carried the hen home, promising himself a hearty breakfast in the morning. He ate a good ration, however, and then curled himself snugly together until he looked like a big ball of yellow fur. He was awake early the next morning, but before he was half through his break fast the light of day was beginning to creep under the briars, when he heard a long, mournful wail at the Abercrombie place, followed by another. How often he had heard this wail! It was the cry of foxhounds. He stayed not to hear it repeated but skipped out into the gray dawn, like the shadow of fear stealing away from the light.





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HE HAD SEEN MORE THAN ONE HORSE AND RIDER PASS ALONG THE ROAD. and yonder, as if he were keen for a frotic.

around deftly so that they exchanged positions.

Then: "I'll take de bet!" exclaimed Johnny Bapter.

"You've lost," said young Maxwell; "look took offense at the playful spirit of the at my hand." It was open; the forefinger strange dog, and came rushing toward him, was pointing at Buster John and the little barking ferociously. The cur was as large finger at Sweetest Susan. This sort of an introduction charmed the The hound heard the challenge and rushed children, who were shy, and put them at to accept it, and the two dogs came to-

gether some distance from the spectators. their ease at once. "Here's your tobacco, Johnny Bapter. Now There was a flerce wrangle for the advandon't feed my horse till I come out tonight, tage, and then those who were watching and do put him in a dry place where the the contest saw Hodo dragging the cur wind can't strike him, and if you have time about by the neck and shaking him furiwash his legs. The roads are awful. Hang ously. When Hodo finally gave him his my saddle and blanket on the side fence liberty, the cur ran toward the negro quartyonder. I'll go in and tell 'em howdy, and ers. then I'll come out and look after them." "I "I told you he wasn't a hound!" ex

He went in the house with each of the claimed Mr. Collingsworth. "If he is, he's children holding him by a hand. He seemed not a common hound." "I agree with you there," said Joe Max-

to be a child with them. He shook hands with the host and with the other guests, and well, laughing. Returning from his encounter, Hodo went excused himself on the plea that he wanted to have a frolic with the children. He was 17, but had none of the characteristics of that age. He was even more juvenile in his

actions than Sweetest Susan. He made the ohildren call him Joe, and asked them where there was a shelter where he could put his saddle to keep it out of the dew.

"Make Johnny Bapter hang it up with the rest in the carriage house," suggested Buster John.

"No," said young Maxwell. "This is a peculiar saddle. It has a dog tied to it by an



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chest was deep and full, his hams were al- with many admonitions to Joe Maxwell to most abnormally developed and his tail ran take care of the boy, which he faithfully to a keen point. His color was glossy black promised to do.

To make sure that he would not be left except for a dash of brown and white on his breast and legs and a white strip be- behind, Buster John begged to be allowed This tween his eyes. His ears were shorter than to sleep in the room with Maxwell. those of the average pointer. His shape point was easily carried, and the youngand build were on the order of a finely bred ster went off to bed triumphantly an hour earlier than usual. He was asleep when the hounds were fed on warm combread, esbull terrier, daly on a very much larger scale.

pecially prepared for them, and he was far "You call that a hound." remarked Mr. in the land of dreams when, a little later, Joe Maxwell carried Hcdo his supper, "If the Birdsong dogs are hounds," rewhich Jemimy (bribed with tobacco for her pipe) had "saved out" for him, It "He's a pretty dog," said Mr. Kilpatrick, was not large in amount, but carefully se-"but he'll have some warm work cut out for lected, and no doubt Hodo enjoyed it, for he made no complaint about it.

During this brief conversation Buster Buster John, as has been said, went to John had approached close to Hodo, and bed happy and triumphant, and it seemed to now laid his hand on the dog caressingly. him that he had been in bed but a few mo-Hodo flinched os if he had been stung, ments when he felt Joe Maxwell shaking and snarled savagely, but instinct or curland rolling him about in bed, and heard him osity caused him to nose the youngster, and crying out: then he whined and wagged his tail joy-

"Where's this famous fox hunter who was ously as if he had found an old friend to go along and take care of me this morn-"Well, well!" exclaimed Maxwell; "this ing? The horses are all ready, breakfast is Joe Maxwell, "we'll make a bargain. You

is the first time I have ever known him to ready (so Jemimy says), and everybody is shall tail the fox today if you'll tell me all make friends with a stranger He has two ready except the Great North American Fox about Aaron." Hunter, known far and wide as Buster John. Buster John agreed and the two shook Hodo fawned on Buster John and whined hands over the contract in the most solemn amples: What can be the matter with him?" wistfully. Once he curved his tall in pe-

In this way Buster John was aroused to fashion. In a few moments they were eating the realities, and he remembered with a breakfast, which was a very good one for thrin of delight that this was to be the day that part of the country, even if the coffee of days, so far as he was concerned. He was made of parched rye and sweetened with

leapt from the bed and was dressed in a honey. Shortly afterward the hunters were ready to ride to the field. It was still dark, tracted attention in another quarter. A jiffy.

write a book about Aaron."

lieve if they hadn't seen 'em.'

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sedge-field through the bars, crossed

'I KNOW WHERE HE USED TO STAY,'

SAID BUSTER JOHN.

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"Don't wake the house, my son," said Joe but dawh was beginning to show itself, and Maxwell solemnly, "There's your overcoat by the time the final start was made-the your mother sent up last night; the air is children's grandfather having to give some chilly this morning. There was a cold rain directions to Aaron-dawn was fairly upon them, and the chickens were fluttering from during the night." "But you have no overcoat," remarked their roosts to the ground and walking dubiously about in the half-light.

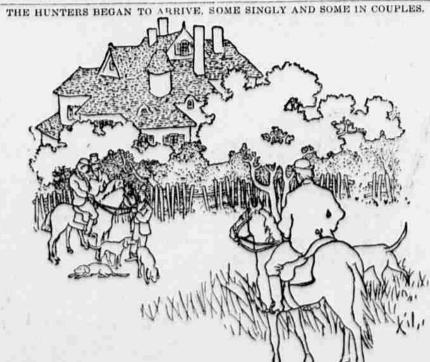
Buster John. "Oh, I'm tough," replied Joe Maxwell. Now, old Scar-Face, confident of his

'I've been out to look after my horse and powers. had done a very foolish thing. log. They are both prime, and the weather During the night, and while the rain was s prime. If the fox we are going after is a still falling, he had ventured to reconnoiter riend of yours, you may as well bid him the Abercrombie place. He came out of the ood-bye this morning."

"He's very cunning," explained Buster road and went sneaking as far as the gin-"He's very cunning," explained Buster John. "A great many logs have chased him. He is called Scar-Face." "I've heard of him many a time," replied to human cars—the playful squeak of a rat He is called Scar-Face."

Joe Maxwell. "That's 'he reason I'm here Joe Maxwelf. "That's he reason I'm here somewhere in the gin-house, a field mouse today. If he's in the neighborhool this skipping through the weeds, the fluttering morning, and you get a good chance, tell him

to Buster John and rubbed his head against good-bye." "I think he knows all about this hunt," the youngster, and followed him about.



PARADOXICAL PROVERBS.

Some Wise Old Saws and Their Contradictory Mates.

The person who sets out to regulate his life according to proverbs will be in a quandary when he realizes how many of them have their "opposites." Here are a few ex-

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure, and "Happy is the wooing that's not long a-doing."

"Out of sight, out of mind," and "Absen makes the heart grow fonder."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," "A setting hen gathers no feathers." "A stitch in time saves nine," and "It's never too late to mend.""

"There's honor among thieves," and "Se thief to catch a thief."

"Discretion is the better part of valor, and "Nothing venture, nothing gain." "The man who is his own fawyer has fool for a client," and "'If you want any thing done well, do it yourself."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mother-Dear me, Bobby! our teacher tells me you stood at the foot of your class this month.

Bobby (blubbering)-Well, that ain't my fault. They've taken Tommy Tuffnutt out and sent him to the reform school.

of wings of some night bird. He heard the "I'll be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," said little Willie, as his mother finished the operation. "Why, so, dear?" said she asked.

"'Cause then I won't wash it," replied the precocious youth.

"You have been in another fight. Tommy." said a west side mother to her 7-year-old

"Nom, I wuzn't either," was the dogged reply.

ance that you have been fighting. Your face is all scratched up. You mustn't story about it.' prowling cat that had paused to investi-

gate the noise in the shavings, flitted away. All the sounds that came to old Scar-Face's in it, an' I wuzn't."

ears were familiar; so, from the gin-house "Tommy, you greedy boy," said a he sneaked to the barn, as noiselessly as a mother to her small 4-year-old son, ghost, pausing on the way to listen. Hear-"you've eaten every cooky there was on ing nothing, he went further until he was under the caves of the barn, in one end the plate, and I told you to take but

stabled. Here he stopped and listened for some time. What could the silence mean? "Yes, I know you did, mamma," replied the little fellow, "but there | ere three on some time. What control of the sedge-field during the the plate, and I didn't kno which one "Mamma," she said one day, "my kitty afternoon, he had seen more than one horse you meant, so I just had to t 'em all to must have been a paper of pins in a preafternoon, he had seen more than one horse and rider pass along the road, and several be sure I'd get the right one."

whiffs of strange dogs came to his sensi-tive nose. He concluded that these men In McCook, Neb., recently a preacher and dogs meant another chase after him, but was building a picket fence, when a kidlet he was not certain, so came forth to the stopped and observed the proceedings. "What are you waiting for, my little dark to investigate.

Usually when hounds are taken away from home and fastened up out of sight of their you want to help me?" masters, some of the younger ones will get

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barking of dogs, too, but not a strange voice among them. He heard the Spivey catch-dog, with his gruff and threatening bark. Far away he heard a hound howling mournfully. The hound was evidently tied Close at hand barked the cur that had challenged Hodo; he had not yet recovered his good humor.

But not a strange voice came to his ears. This was easily accounted for. The hounds boy. that were to pursue him had been comfortably fed and were now fast asleep, while

Hodo was curled up in shavings, dreaming "Why, Tommy, I can tell by your appearthat he had his mouth right on a fleeing fox, but couldn't seize him. He whined and moved his limbs as he dreamed, and a

"I ain't tellin' no story. I said I wuzn't

of which the horses of the huntsmen were one.

man," asked the reverend gentleman, "do