

PLANTATION PAGEANTS.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

IX--BUSTER JOHN SEES HODO.

Now the lucky chance which gave Buster John opportunity 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 bound Hodo. Mr. Kilpatrick came, bringing Music and Whirlbone, and two other hunters. Mr. Collingsworth brought Panny, and Rocket, and Barrow 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.

has another, said Kilpatrick merrily. Where've you hid him? I don't mind dark horses in politics, but I don't like dark dogs in fox-chases. "Then you'll not like Hodo," remarked Joe Maxwell, "for he's very dark, almost black. Come, Hodo." The hound instantly came from the shed, and stood looking at his master, his head turned expectantly to one side. This gesture, as you may call it, "Where's this famous fox-hunter who was somewhat comical, but it was impressive, too. Hodo was large for a hound, but very compactly built. His breast bone and fore shoulders were very prominent, his chest was deep and full, his hams were almost abnormally developed, and his tail ran to a keen point. His color was glossy black except for a dash of brown and white on his breast and legs, and a white strip between his eyes. His ears were shorter than those of the average pointer. His shape and build were on the order of a finely bred bull terrier, only on a very much larger scale.

weight?" Joe Maxwell asked. "Fifty-five," said Buster John, proudly. "Then the horse would carry a hundred and forty pounds. Mr. Dennis weighs at least thirty pounds more than that, and he's the smallest man in the party." "There was nothing for the mother to do but give, but she did, though she gave it with many misgivings, as Mother's will, and with many admonitions to Joe Maxwell to take care of the boy, which he faithfully promised to do. To make sure that he would not be left behind, Buster John begged to be allowed to sleep in the room with Maxwell. This point was easily carried, and the youngster went off to bed triumphantly, an hour earlier than usual. He was asleep when the hounds were fed on warm corn-bread, especially prepared for them; and he was far in the land of dreams when, a little later, Joe Maxwell carried Hodo his supper, which Jimminy (brillied with tobacco for her pipe) had "saved out" for him. It was not large in amount, but carefully selected, and he doubt Hodo would be glad, for he made no complaint about it.

"Buster John, as has been said, went to bed happy and triumphant, and it seemed to him that he had been in bed but a few moments when he felt Joe Maxwell shaking and rolling him about in bed, and heard him crying out: 'me this morning? The horses are all ready, breakfast is ready (so Jimminy says), and everybody is ready except the Great North American Fox-Hunter, known far and wide as Buster John. What can be the matter with him?' In this way Buster John was aroused to the realities, and he remembered with a thrill of delight that this was to be the day of days, as far as he was concerned. He leapt from the bed and was dressed in a fifty minutes. "Don't wake the house, my son," said Joe Maxwell solemnly. "There's your overcoat your mother sent up last night; the air is chilly this morning. There was a cold rain during the night." "But you have no overcoat," remarked Buster John. "Oh, I'm tough," replied Joe Maxwell. "I've been out to look after my horse and dog. They are both prime, and the weather is prime. If the fox we are going after is a friend of yours, you may as well bid him good-bye this morning."

A WISE COON THIS.

Deceived Two Dogs By Jumping Under a Fence a Coon and Coming Out a Rabbit. Georgetown, S. C., June 17.--For many years Manuel Martin has been champion coon hunter of the Pee Dee country. Scores of wily ring-tails have fallen victims to his cunning, and stories of his exploits have been spread far and wide by sportsmen who accompanied him on his hunts. Ducks from the North and West regard a coon hunt with Martin as one of the features of their outing. He guarded corn patches and hen roosts against midnight depredations, and farmers are distressed now that he has forewarned them of their danger. A few days ago he took several deep pulls at a dispensary bottle and straddled a sack of coffee in Ben Edge's grocery to give his reasons for swearing off, as something due to the community. "I suppose this way," he began. "The fellows as I took hunting told coon stories in newspapers and sent me the papers all ink marked. I came almost to believe their yarns and thought that I was getting any coon that ever shucked another ear of corn. To catch coons you got to remember they are wise and you are a fool; else you can't start low down to get around their tricks. Freezing, shaking down and high wind do not do the coon. He comes in a different. Besides their strength and endurance, every one has his own way to judge dogs. "Not long ago Jim Dickson sent me word that a coon was eating all his corn down in a bottom near the farm. He knew it was a coon 'cause he couldn't catch him. I took Gen. Lee and Stonewall Jackson over to help Jim out. Gen. Lee is a cur with a little brand and the other is a coon. Stonewall Jackson is a half hound and a half bull. They've got sharp noses, pluck, endurance, strength and character enough not to run rabbits, foxes or possums under no circumstances. He's a different. Besides their real officers in the military. "Me and the dogs ran that coon through water, bogs, rattan, grape-vines, brambles, cane-brakes and cypress knees, and finally got him through the Atlantic ocean if it had been in the swamp instead of somewhere else. Every time Gen. Lee and Stonewall Jackson trailed out to high land and lost the scent at a tall fence. I took all the dogs and the coon, and Gen. Lee's nose along the top rail, but he had to give it up for a bad job. One night I made a nigger stand at the fence to see what the coon did with himself. Sambo, that's his name, swore to grad that a coon went under the fence, turned around and came out a rabbit. All the niggers got scared. They took it into their heads I was chasing my grandfather's ghost. The niggers made up their mind to catch him anyhow, though Jim's corn was safe in the crib and mine wasn't. "I wore out both dogs, and had to fall back on curs. Curlike, when the rabbit came out, they lit off after him, yelping like they were trailing a coon full of coons. I went home powerful mad at cur dogs. Next thing I went again with cur dogs, and I got a coon, and I think I've got it. I took half of me to catch that coon like a leech takes half of a rotten log. And we caught him. That is, the cur got in a fight with him under the fence, and he was the winner. He was in the club before he had time to lick them and get away. "The thing seemed simple enough after I found out, but it showed how much sense a coon can have. He was in the club before he had time to lick them and get away. "The thing seemed simple enough after I found out, but it showed how much sense a coon can have. He was in the club before he had time to lick them and get away. "The thing seemed simple enough after I found out, but it showed how much sense a coon can have. He was in the club before he had time to lick them and get away."

HAIR HEALTH.

DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. The sale of three million bottles of this elegant hair dressing in the United States and Great Britain in 1898 proves surprising merit. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH produces a new growth of hair, restores color and luster to gray hair, cures itching scalp, dandruff, and falling and breaking hair. FREE SOAP offer. Cut this advertisement out with a sign your name and address to...

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED. Cured by an invisible device, helps ears as glassed eyes after all other remedies have failed. Music conversation, whistles heard distinctly. Send for FREE BROCHURE. Bleecker street. He is survived by his parents, Nicola and Carmel De Vito, three sisters and a brother, Michael. The father and brother live in Utica, the mother and sisters in Italy. He was a member of the Consistory of St. Charles and of the musical society connected therewith. HERMANT--At his home in Deerfield, Monday morning, died Theodore...

BEABY AND BUGGY.

Fall Over a Precipice, Without Injury to the Infant. Wappinger's Falls are still wondering how George Sherman's baby, Annie, aged 4 years, escaped with her life after experiencing a fearful fall of 90 feet over a precipice on a recent evening. Loretta Sherman, an older sister of Annie, took the child out to give her a ride in a baby carriage. She left the child for a moment to speak to a friend and when she returned she was amazed to find the carriage on a down grade toward a precipice at the edge of Wappinger's Creek. As she gazed, horror struck, the carriage passed over the edge of the ravine and disappeared. The girl's father was notified. He made his way with haste to the foot of the declivity, expecting to find his child a mangled corpse. To his joyful surprise she was alive, and although badly bruised, escaped without a broken bone. The carriage was shattered into fragments.

Iceberg Off the Southern Coast.

Baltimore, June 17.--James E. Tyson, who returned to Ellicott City the other day from Ocean City, Md., states that recently at sunset an iceberg was reported off the Worcester coast of Maryland. Thermometers there had been as high as 90 degrees until the visitor from the polar region appeared. He says there was a sudden drop in the temperature of 60 degrees. Women on the porch found it necessary to change on heavy wraps. Such a sudden change was never before known. It is said at Ocean City, Mr. Tyson said the iceberg seemed to be three or four miles from shore, appearing like a white mass towering above the ocean as a mountain and was veiled in a mist that hid it from view except when a glass was employed, but he did not say what kind of a glass or how employed. The iceberg had no mist around it, but seemed to the observer to be a broken one. It was a mass of relieving suffering humanity from the intense and sudden heat.

I Was Fat.

Now I Am 32 Pounds Lighter.

I Starr Ave., Binghamton, N. Y. Oct. 23, 1898. Loring & Co. Ltd., New York City.

I have been taking Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Salt and Reducing Tablets since I last wrote you and am very much pleased with the results, my weight is reduced from 150 pounds to 117 1/2, a reduction of 32 1/2 pounds. The treatment is easy and pleasant to take and does not injure the health in the least. In fact my general health has been much better since taking the remedies. You have my consent to refer to me any one who doubts the great value of the Edison remedies and I will be pleased to answer their questions. Yours respectfully, MRS. WM. CLARK. TRY THEM YOURSELF. Price of Dr. Edison's Obesity Salt, 61 a package; Pills, 61, 60, or 3 for 60. At all first-class druggists, or by mail. SEND FOR BOOK ON OBESITY. LORING & CO. (Ltd.), Dept. 354. No. 49 W. 2nd St., near 6th Ave. New York. No. 68 Wabash Ave., Chicago Ill.

How That Hated Bicycle.

New York, June 17.--A sixteen-year-old son of William Miller, an Elizabeth blacksmith, living on Morris avenue, was knocked down, trampled upon and badly injured last night by a vicious horse. The animal just fed and watered, was returning to the stable when he saw the youth riding a bicycle through the yard. The horse rushed at him, knocking him off and trampling him. He was literally pounded the bicycle to fragments with his hoofs. It took three men to get the animal away from the wheel, and which it paid more attention than to the rider. Young Miller will recover.

Breach Pin in His Head.

Columbia, Ky., June 17.--A few days ago Will Miller was shooting at some birds, and was using an old Confederate brass musket. He happened to use too much powder. The breach pin blew out and struck him in the forehead with such force as to carry it in the skull. The animal about two and a half inches. It was driven in and down until the eye was almost forced out of the socket. The shoulders of the block were lodged so firmly behind the bone that it was impossible to remove it by a straight pull. A pair of pliers, such as blacksmiths use for cutting off nails in shoeing horses, were used and the block was driven at least a table-spoonful of the colored man's brains came out with it. He is now on the road to complete recovery. His sight is not affected in the least.

Cheap Excursion.

Next Wednesday, June 21, there will be an attractive excursion to the Thousand Islands. Round trip tickets \$2. Children 1/2. Train leaves Utica at 8 a. m. Particulars can be obtained by applying to H. Irving Fay, No. 1 Bagg's Hotel, Utica.

OBITUARY.

GRIFFIN--At his home in the town of Florence, last Sunday, occurred the death of Mrs. Griffin, wife of Charles A. Griffin of the firm of Griffin & Burke of this city. He was born in Clinton in 1829, and went to Florence when young years of age and had resided there until his death. He was survived by children, Pansy, Griffin and Mrs. Ella A. Dunn of Florence, and Charles A. Griffin of this city; eight grandchildren, one of them being the late Mrs. E. V. Paine of West Canada.

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