

Mr. Crenshaw took up the narrative

"When morning come she was

gone, but the child done stayed be-

The old general was borne across

what had once been the west lawn to

lay, and the record of the family was

They passed from room to room se

curing doors and windows, and at

There on a bench by the kitchen

"Hullo!" said Yancy, pointing.

own house," said Crenshaw.

shan't lose by it."

on the boy's shoulder.

across his knees.

Crenshaw.

CHAPTER I.

The Boy at the Barony,

The Guintards had not prospered hind. I've heard Aunt Alsidia tell as on the barren tands of the pine woods how the old general said that mornwhither they had emigrated to es- ing, pale and shaking like, 'You'll find cape the malaria of the low coast, but a boy asleep in the red room; he's to this no longer mattered, for the last be fed and cared to', but keep him of his name and race, old General out of my sight. His name is Hanni-Quintard, was dead in the great house bal Wayne Hazard.' That is all the his father had built almost a century general ever said on the matter." before and the thin acres of the Barony, where he had made his last to claim him, now that he had given where the dead and gone of his race up the struggle in their midst.

Though he had lived continuously at the Barony for almost a quarter of Then Crenshaw, assisted by Bob a century, there was none among his Yancy, proceeded to secure the great neighbors who could say he had house against intrusion. looked on that thin, aquiline face in all that time.

That notable man of business, Jonathan Crenshaw, was closeted in the tibrary with a stranger to whom rumor fixed the name of Bladen, supposing him to be the legal representative of certain remote connections of the old general's.

Crenshaw sat before the fist-topped mahogany desk with several accountbooks before him. Bladen stood by the window.

"I suppose you will buy in the property when it comes up for sale?" the domestic thraidom. latter was saving.

Crenshaw nodded.

"He lived entirely alone, saw no one, 1 understand?" said Bladen. "Alone with his two or three old to say, what's to hinder me from

slaves-yes, sir. He wouldn't even toting that boy to my home?" see me." There was a brief pause, then Cren-

shaw spoke again. "I reckon, sir, if you know anything about the old gentieman's private affairs you don't feel no call to speak on that point?"

"All I know is this: General Quintard was a conspicuous man in these parts fifty years ago; he married a Beaufort."

"So he did," said Crenshaw, "and there was one child, a daughter; she married a South Carolinian by the name of Turberville. Great folks, those Turbervilles, rolling rich."

"And what became of the daughter who married Turberville?"

"Died years ago," said Crenshaw. They were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Crenshaw. The door opened and a small boy entered the room dragging after him a long rifle. Suddenly overcome by a shyness, he paused on the threshold to stare with round, wondering eyes at the two men. "Well, sonny, what do you want?" asked Mr. Crenshaw indulgently. "Please, sir, I want this here old

Yancy moved off in the direction of his mule, the child following. Thereafter beguiling speech flowed lips, in the midst of which relations were established between the mule and cart, and the boy quitted the

Barony for a new world. The afternoon sun waned as they journey's end, a widely scattered settlement on a hill above a branch. "This," said _fr. Yancy, "are

Scratch Hill, sonny. Why Scratch Hill? Some say it's the fleas; others agin hold it's the eternal bother of making a living here, but whether fleas or living you scratch fo' both."

CHAPTER II.

Captain Murrell Asks Questions. In the deep peace that rested like a benediction on the pine-clad slopes of Scratch Hill the boy Hannibal fol-

lowed at Yancy's heels as that gentleman pursued the not arduous rounds of temperate industry which made up his daily life. The Barony had been offered for sale and bought in by Crenshaw for eleven thousand dollars, this being months later he sold the plantation

for fifteen thousand dollars to Nastand against age and poverty, were his resting-place in the neglected acre thaniel Ferris, of Currituck county. "There's money in the old place, Bob, at that figure," Crenshaw told

complete, as far as any man knew. Yancy. "Bladen's got an answer from them South Carolina Quintards, and they don't know nothing about the boy," added Crenshaw. "So you can rest

easy, Bob; they ain't going to want last stepped out upon the back porch. him. "Well, sir, that surely is a passel of comfort to me," said Yancy.

door was Hannibal Wayne Hazard Just beyond the Barony, which was asleep, with his old spo'tin' rifle midway between Balaam's and the Hill, down the long stretch of sandy "Well, I declare to goodness!" said road he saw two mounted figures, then as they drew nearer he caught "I reckon you'd-rather drop a word the flutter of skirts and recognized with yo' missus before you toted him one of the horsewomen. It was Mrs. home?" suggested Yancy, who knew Ferris, wife of the Barony's new own-

something of the nature of his friend's er. She reined in her horse abreast of his cart. "A woman ought to be boss in her "Aren't you Mr. Yancy?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Ferris, and I am very "Feelin' the truth of that, I've never pleased to make your acquaintance." married, Mr. John. But I was going "The same here," murmured Yancy with winning civility. Mrs. Ferris' companion leaned for-

"If you'll take the boy, Bob, you ward, her face averted, and stroked her horse's neck with gloved hand. Yancy rested a big knotted hand "This is my friend, Miss Betty Mal-

rov.' "Come, wake up, sonny!" The child roused with a start and stared into "Glad to know you, ma'am," said the strange bearded face that was Yancy.

bent toward him. "It's 35 Uncle Miss Malrov faced him, smiling, Bob," continued Yancy in a wheedling She was quite radiant with youth and tone. "Here, give us the spo'tin' rifle beauty.

to tote!" "We are just returning from Scratch Yancy balanced the rifle on his Hill," said Mrs. Ferris.



"I am going to have Sunday school there for the children; they shan't be neglected any longer if I can help steadily from Mr. Yancy's bearded it. Now won't you let your little nephew come?"

"I reckon you-all can count on my nevvy," Bob said.

Hannibal and Yancy were the first to arrive at the deserted cabin in the went deeper and deeper into the pine old field Sunday afternoon. Shy chilwoods, but at last they came to their dren from the pine woods, big brothers with little sisters and big sisters with little brothers, drifted out of the encircling forest.

Mrs. Ferris' missionary spirit manifested itself agreeably enough on the whole. She read certain chapters from the Bible, finishing with the story of David, a narrative that made a deep impression upon Yancy, com-

fortably seated in the doorway. "You will all be here next Sunday, won't you?-and at the same hour?" she said, rising.

There was a sudden clatter of hoofs beyond the door. A man, well dressed and well mounted had ridden into the yard. As Mrs. Ferris came from the cabin he flung himself out of the saddle and, hat in hand, approached her.

"I am hunting a place called the Barony; can you tell me if I am on the amount of his claim. Some six the right road?" he asked. He was a man in the early thirties, graceful and powerful of build, with a handsome face.

"It is my husband you wish to see? I am Mrs. Ferris." "Then General Quintard is dead?"

His tone was one of surprise.

"His death occurred over a year ago, and my husband now owns the Barony; were you a friend of the general's?"

"No, madam; he was my father's friend, but I had hoped to meet him." His manner was adroit and plausible. "Will you ride on with us to the

Barony and meet my husband, Mr. ?" she paused "Murrell-Captain Murrell. Thank

you; I should like to see the old place. I should highly value the privilege," then his eyes rested on Miss Mairoy.

"Betty, let me present Captain Murrell."

The captain bowed, giving her glance of bold admiration.

By this time the children had straggled off into the pine woods as sllently as they had assembled; only Yancy and Hannibal remained. Mrs. Ferris turned to the former.

"If you will close the cabin door. Mr. Yancy, everything will be ready for next Sunday," she said, and moved toward the horses, followed by Murrell. Betty Malroy lingered for a moment at Hannibal's side.

"Good-by, little boy; you must ask the big house to see me," and stooping she kissed him. "Good-by, Mr. Yancy."

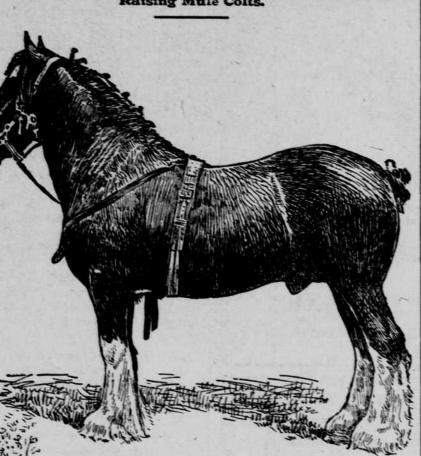
CHAPTER III.

Trouble at Scratch Hill, Captain Murrell had established himself at Balaam's Cross Roads. He pany with Crenshaw visited the nu-

"The Barony would have

RAISING HORSES FOR GENERAL FARM WORK MADE PROFITABLE

Possible to Breed Farm Mares and Make Lucrative Business Out of Colts at Very Small Expense-With Large Animals There Is Better Profit in Raising Mule Colts.



Champion Sire Stallion, "Tatton Harold."

The matter of supplying teams for a | less than a mile in five minutes. Her farm of any size is one that is a mat- activity and quick movements made ter of importance from the purely me think she was a young mare, as business standpoint, as well as from she had none of the appearance of age. personal interest. There was a time I said to the owner, "That mare looks when this question was very general like a mare it would pay to get some for farmers who had land at all suit- colts from."

able for the business to raise their "I have been breeding her, but have own colts to supply the deficiency quit now," he replied. "She will soon from time to time in the teams for be twenty-one years old, and I have had fourteen colts from her since she

It is less so now in these days when was seven. They were all good, and making a specialty of things has the youngest, now six months old, reached the point that seems almost looks as good as any of the rest did." a craze. I am old fogy enough to like This mare had been doing farm work the "good old ways," says a writer in mostly during all that time, and was the Farm Progress, and I still think used a great deal for driving, because that on the great majority of farms, if she was quick and always ready to go. not absolutely all of them, it will pay The fourteen colts no doubt averaged to raise all the colts that may be \$150 as three-year-olds. A few years ago needed for use on the farm, and any I had a mare with the same qualities more that can be raised without inter- from which I got some splendid colts,

used her for farm work as well as driving; still she was twenty-five years your Uncle Bob to bring you up to it did pay to raise good horses. And tack of colic. Some of her colts sold time in the last two generations when old when she died from an acute at-

Of course, it is sometimes a little tainly taken the place of a vast num- annoying to either drive or plow with ber of horses, first-class animals are a mare with a young colt, but fall selling at as good prices as they ever colts, as a rule, do not give nearly so did. Consequently, there is profit in much trouble as those that come in the business, even if at times it is a the spring. This makes it possible to breed farm mares and make a profita-

was supposed to be interested in the make something out of every depart- small expense. I never half-starved The thrifty farmer will generally ble business out of colts at a very ment, if possible, on the farm where our colts. When foaled in the fall general farming is done. The amount they were ready to run to pasture by merous tracts of land which the mer-

gether on the capacity of the individ- who cannot supply ample pasturage

"I'M ONLY A LITTLE GIRL"

Failing Eyesight Responsible for an Old Man's Mistake-Rebuke Hardly Effective.

A certain group of youngsters in an exclusive West side residential section had been very noisy throughout the forenoon.

The children were still doing their utmost to imitate a bedlam, when a very angry old man appeared at the door of a nearby apartment house. He was quite old, and it was evident that his eyesight was not the best, but he finally succeeded in picking out a youngster who was aiding very strenuously in the noise making.

The aged man walked over to the child, took it by the hand and walked back to the apartment. When he reached the doorway he turned to the child and said:

"Don't you know it's against the law to make so much noise?"

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply. "Well, don't you know that you'll be arrested and put in jail, and then you can never be president of the United States?"

"Please, sir?" replied the child, "I don't care; I'm only a little girl."-New York Mail.

IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles-mental because of disfiguration, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents. Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on skin and scalp treatment.

One Man's Way.

"Is Brimson a man who makes the best of what befalls?"

"No. When things go wrong Brimson starts to swearing and soon becomes so interested in thinking up new forms of profanity that he forgets all about his troubles.

Too Favorable a Description. "That man is a pinhead. "You flatter him. A pinhead knows

just how far to go."

A large percentage of all sickness starts with unhealthy conditions of the digestive organs. Garfield Tea will set them right.

Some people are so wrapped up in themselves as to suggest human balls of twine.

LEWIS' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Made of extra quality

Even the thirst for glory may have its direful after effects.

Liver and kidney complaints will be greatly belped by taking Garfield Tea regularly.

cessful liar.

A good memory is essential to a suc-

The

"Fighting Chance"

farm work.

fering with the farm work.

There has not often, if ever, been a now, although power vehicles and as high as \$175 each. power-driven implements have cer-

little inconvenient.

MAKE THE CROP

Grows and Plan for

Rotation.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)

spotin' rifle," said the child.

"I reckon you may keep it-at least I've no objection." Crenshaw glanced at Bladen.

"Oh, by all means," said the latter. Spasms of delight shook the small figure. With a murmur that was meant for thanks he backed from the room, closing the door. Bladen glanced inquiringly at Crenshaw,

"You want to know about him, sir? Well, that's Hannibal Wayne Hazard. But who Hannibal Wayne Hazard is -just wait a minute, sir"-and quitting his chair Mr. Crenshaw hurried from the room to return almost immediately with a tall countryman. "Mr. Bladen, this is Bob Yancy. Bob, the gentleman wants to hear about the woman and the child; that's your story."

"Howdy, sir," said Mr. Yancy. He appeared to meditate on the mental effort that was required of him.

"It was four years ago come next Christmas," said Crenshaw,

"Old Christmas," corrected Mr. Yancy. "The evening belo', it was, and I'd gone to Fayetteville to get my Christmas fixin's. Just at sundown 1 hooked up that blind mule of mine to the cart and started fo' home. A mile out of town I heard some one sloshing through the rain after me. 1 pulled up and waited, and then I made out it was a woman. She spoke when she was alongside the cart and says, 'Can you drive me on to the Barony?'

When I got down to help her into the speculative cast. cart 1 saw she was toting a child in her arms. Well, sir, she hardly spoke loading this old gun, and firing this until we came to the red gate, when old gun, and hearing this old gun she says, 'Stop, if you please; I'll go-bang! Eh?" walk the rest of the way.' The last i seen of her she was hurrying through the rain toting the child in bang!" her arms."

"This," Said Yancy, "Are Scratch Hill."

great palm and his eyes assumed a | "I wonder what's to hinder us from it was Betty Malroy who spoke. what enigmatically.

The child's blue eyes grew wide. "Please, Uncle Bob, make it go in by the big ping?-the Blount place?" asked Mrs. Ferris. "You come along, then," and Mr.

"And the dear little boy we met is your nephew, is he not, Mr. Yancy?" "In a manner he is and in a man- of 'em ever wrote." ner he ain't," explained Yancy, some-"Do you know the old deserted cab-

"Yes, ma'am, I know it."

the British embassy encountered him

one evening, and just at the moment

me," he told Bladen one day. They had just returned from an excursion interests. into the country and were seated in the lawyer's office.

"You say your father was a friend of the old general's?" said Bladen. "Years ago, in the north-yes," an-

swered Murrell. Murrell regarded the lawyer in silence for a moment out of his deeply sunk eyes.

"Too bad about the boy," he said at length slowly.

"How do you mean, Captain?" asked Bladen.

"I mean it's a pity he has no one except Yancy to look after him," said Murrell; but Bladen showed no interest and Murrell went on: "Has Farmer Needs to Study Require-Yancy any legal claim on the boy?" "No, certainly not; the boy was merely left with Yancy because Crenshaw didn't know what else to do with him."

"Get possession of him, and if I don't buy land here I'll take him west with me," said Murrell quietly. "I am willing to spend five hundred dollars on this if necessary."

"I'll have to think your proposition over." said Bladen. and more certain profits. There is The immediate result of this con-

about the preference of crops for cerversation was that within twenty-four hours a man driving two horses tain soils and climates. hitched to a light buggy arrived at Scratch Hill in quest of Bob Yancy, whom he found at dinner and to whom he delivered a letter. Mr. Yancy was profoundly impressed by the attention, for holding the letter at arm's length, he said:

grown under the most favorable con-"Well, sir, I've lived nigh on to ditions. forty years, but I never got a piece While I am a staunch friend of staof writing befo'-never, sir. People, ble manure and constantly urging the if they was close by, spoke to me, if keeping of more and better farm at a distance they hollered, but none stock, yet I can see the necessity of facing the situation in a practical man-"What's your answer?" demanded

the stranger. "You tell him I'll be monstrous point where stable manure will not glad to talk it over with him any time he fancies to come out here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Peculiar Freak of Nature

ual to supply the executive ability for colts at least nine months in the needed to do justice to a variety of year. But with plenty of clover hay, or pea hay, colts can get along with Not long ago I took a drive of ten very little grazing or grain.

miles with a man who was taking me If, therefore, any one is in a posito his home on the farm. He was driv- tion to get some colts from work ing a sorrel mare of about medium mares I would counsel them, by all weight, and extremely quick and alert means, to breed them. In most cases, in her movements. She was not fast, with large mares, there is a better but seemed to go along at a good, profit in breeding to a jack and raising steady trot, and was reeling off not mule colts.

> grain and other farm crops, and the only sensible thing to do is to supply FIT THE SOIL the deficient elements.

ity, especially phosphorus, and it is clearly to our interest to supply this ments of Various Crops He one element to our soils if we fit the soils to the needs of our crops.

On soils possessing an abundance of humus and nitrogen we may purchase the phosphorus in the form of the raw There is no use in trying to achieve ground phosphate rock and mix it success with a soil not fitted to the with the stable manure, but on soils cron. We must make a more intellithat are lacking in humus and nitrogent study of the selection of crops gen better results will be obtained by that are better adapted to our soils using acid phosphate, which is readand that can be made to return larger ily available to the growing crops. With clover and manure plowed un-

something that is very interesting der, to liberate potash, and supplemented with this purchased phosphorus, the fertility problem will be

One of the first things for farmers solved on the average stock farm. On to learn is to find out which crops are many types of soil potash will be best adapted to his soil and grow needed, but the average stock farm them on his farm. He needs to study in the middle west has plenty of potthe requirements of the various crops ash locked up in its soil to produce that he grows and plan his rotation good crops for a hundred years or of crops so that each crop may be more.

> Iowa Farms. Within ten years farm lands and buildings in Iowa have increased 117 per cent. in value, and the average value per farm has increased 130 per

The average farmer has reached a Planting Evergreens. supply the adequate amount of plant Evergreens ought to be planted as food to produce the maximum yield of | early as possible.

> the farm is that which comes from the dairy house. Every week the milk and butter goes out and the money comes back.

to go to the bank to borrow money to t.de him over till he sells his crops,

plum grower. No method of fighting it has given

not afford to despise any help in fighting this formidable enemy. There may be some kind of fowls which shy at bugs, but the Leghorns

have the credit of good bug eaters. Arsenical poisons are some help in cleaning out curculio; also hogs in the orchard do good. Cattle and well-improved farm. sheep also destroy the insects by The only regular money crop for eating the wormy fruit.

Your Stomach needs is The generality of soils on our stock farms are deficient in mineral fertil-Stomach Bitters Taken regularly, it

wards off the ills man is heir to, by toning up and strengthening the digestive organs. Keeping it in perfect condition to do the work nature has allotted it. Just try it.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels



Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

s is the age of research and experiment re, so to speak, is ransacked by the sci comfort and happiness of man. Sciet is the by no means least i les in medicine comes that of This we understand, been used with g rench Hospitals and that it is wor nerrous diseases, chronic weaknesses, un eruptions, piles, &c., we think there is no hact it seems evident from the big st imongst specialists, that THERAPION is to cast into oblivion all those questionable that were formerly the sole reliance of me it is of corner impossible to tell sufferers all like to tell them in this short article, but it is interested and would like to know more a dy that has effected so many-we might aim miraculous cures, have only to send address lope for FEEE book to Dr. Le Cierc Med (erstock Road, Hampstend, London, Eng. and des ether The New Fre "THERAPION," is what they require and whithey may have been seeking in vain during a life antold misery, suffering, ill bealth and unhapping ng a life of

Statest seiling book we have ever published. Grad all details of awful disaster, including report o all details of awful disaster, including report o arestigating Com. at Washington; con bleto book ow ready. Soo pages, magnificent ph. tograph ow ready. estimating com at washingten; or ready. S50 pages, magnificent ; ents coining money; one agent rep t day. Price only \$1. Cost to agent a, Write today. See.6.Clows(o., Dept.K, F

HAMSHIRE HOGS for sale. Bred, gilts and fall Board 130-175 No. pedigree furnished. W.S. Lawson, Baveawood, Mo

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 24-1912.

Are Known by Their Titles Simple Reason Why the Western kingdom, and ul is the definite article. Mind Is Slow to Grasp Nomen-Hence, Nasr-ul-Mulk means simply clature of Persian Officials. the help of the kingdom. The present

Chinese and Arab names have lately been under discussion. Now Persian names are as much in our news-The trouble with Persians. however, at any rate with all who get into the papers, is that they do not call themselves either by their names or surnames, but only by titles. What, for instance, is Sardar Assad, by which the valiant chief of the Bakhtiaris is known to all newspaper readers! It is not a name at all, but a of the government, and so forth .- Philtitle. The real name of the gentle man is Ali Ghui, and so, indeed, while Minister of the Interior, he used to sign all official papers. But to the world at large he is only known as Sardar Assad, which means a lion. The same applies to other Persians who are well known to the European The present Regent is Nasr-ul-

evening. He nearly sobbed on the boobvious embarrassment, and informed chemist's). While hot apply this mixprime minister of Persia is Samsames-Sultaneh. This is not his name at him, between his tears (and drinks), ture to the mackintosh with a brush. all. It is a glorious title, meaning the Never-Bending Sword of the Empire. The word "dowleh" means in Persian "government." Hence, you will find numerous "names" which are not names at all compounded with Dowleh. such as Mushir-ed-Dowleh, counseilor of the government (Mushir being counsellor and ed denoting in a way the genitive case), Salared-Dowleh, leader adelphia Telegraph.

Cold-Blooded Advice.

Filial disobedience was once assert- ed sanitary officer in St. Louis. She ed by that amiable old villain, the works under the direction of the city's ate King Milan of Servia. It was in recreation department and visits rest troupe of black warriors. Her child ae days after his deposition, when his rooms and public comfort stations to and her sisters are black, as are all thief object in life seemed to be how see that all sanitary precautions are others of the family, and, like a freak nany liquors he could absorb in Paris taken and that the places are kept of nature, the woman is quite white. Nasr means help. Mulk is a given time. A young attache of perfectly clean.

that his son, the late murdered king Allow it about 48 hours to dry in, and of Servia, was slowly but surely break- then wash the whole over with india ing his heart. "I had a letter from rubber solution dissolved in methy-him the other day," he gurgled, "in lated spirits to the thickness of cream. which he plainly consigned me to the Leave this another two days to dry infernal regions. What do you think and the mackintosh will be found to of that?" The attache was lost in have a smaath and hard surface, as thought for a moment. Then, with a calculated to resist all moisture as udden burst of inspiration, he replied, when the coat was new. The same "Well, why not humor him, just for process will, o fcourse, do for rain once, and go there?" hats, sponge bags and all water-proofed things. Woman City Sanitary Officer. Mrs. Mary Carroll has been appoint

skin as well as hair.

READY RESULTS Reviving Old Mackintoshes. Shabby old mackintoshes can be that he had reached the pathetic made as good as new at home for a **FROM A DAIRY** stage. This, it may be added, was small outlay, and by the exercise of a usually about eleven o'clock in the little care and patience. Boil a little linseed oil and add to this about som of the diplomatist, much to his 20 drops of terebene (to be had at any

cerned - Regular Money Crop.

nection with mixed or diversified farming is that the cow is a constant quantity, so far as her production of milk is concerned. She can be banked on more than poultry, hogs or field salable products every week, if she plum grove, 150 to the acre." is given a variety of good feeds and

This cash coming in at regular and frequent intervals from dairying enables the farmer of moderate means to use the money to good advantage as it is needed, for general running expenses and making things go. For this reason the average dairyman should become prosperous and have a well-improved farm.

because he is selling his crops every week. Plum Curculio.

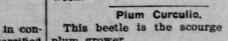
The modern dairyman seldom has



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

SINKING OF THE TITANIC"

This beetle is the scourge of the



cent.

mplete success. This is so true that an old plum ex-

pert lately said: "The best way to crops to yield a constant amount of fight it is to pasture hens in the

Where this plan is feasible it is a help not to be despised, and we can-

Cow Is Constant Quantity as Far as Her Production Is Con-

The great value of dairying in con-

general good care.

A very strange sight is a white negress at present in Berlin with a