

SYNOPSIS.

Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Na-thaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, ap-pears and asks questions about the Bar-ony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Han-nibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Cap-tain Morrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Mairoy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Cap-tain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carington. flesh. her, and is rescued by Bruce Carington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recog-nizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue pancy, who is apparently dead. Price ireaks jall. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Han-nibal and Betty meet again. Murrell'var-rives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream-less sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mys-teriously assaulted. Norton informs Car-rington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans upris-ing of negroes. Judge Price, with Hanni-bal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy es a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, faughter of the overseer, who warms Betty of danger and counsels her to have Belle Plain at once. Betty, terri-fied, acts on Bess' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an aimost innocessible spot, and there Mur-rell visits Betty and reveals his part in her, and is rescued by Bruce Carington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Mur-rell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans ac-tion. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted. Carrington visits the judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Fentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Mur-rell is arrested for negro stealing and his bubble bursts. The Judge and Mahaffy ficcuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and Hami-bal, and a fierce gun fight follows, Yancy appears and assists in the rescue.

CHAPTER XXIX .- (Continued.) But Betty shrank from him in involuntary agitation.

forget him!" she cried brokenly, in mine." protest.

violence of any sort apparently had no place in his nature. He was deep-

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out couthern plantation, known as the Bar-ony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man. a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard a movierious child of the oil clasped in the Scratch Hiller's while to have achieved " clasped in the Scratch Hiller's, while | to have achieved." about them were ranged the six small Cavendishes sedately sharing in the reunion of uncle and nevvy, toward which they felt they had honorably labored. "And you wa'n't dead, Uncle Bob?" said Hannibal with a deep breath, ing. viewing Yancy unmistakably in the

> "Never once. I been floating peacefully along with these here titled to assume you're legally entitled to am not forgotten-no, damn it-no!" friends of mine; but I was some anx- the rest of it. It clears up a point he exulted under his breath. "Recalls ious about you, son."

> you smack him like you smacked smarter." Dave Blount that day when he tried to steal me?" asked Hannibal, whose childish sense of justice demanded your shingle here, some one wrote a well calculated to disturb the sour reparation for the wrongs they had

> suffered. Mr. Yancy extended a big right hand, the knuckle of which was couldn't locate the handwriting, and ties at last! Even a federal judgeship, skinned and bruised.

> "He were the meanest man I ever felt obliged fo' to hit with my fist, It ain't that I'm one of your spying something! He would make Solomon Nevvy; it appeared like he had teeth all over his face."

> "Sho'-where's his hide. Uncle Bob?" cried the little Cavendishes in gotten the unique enterprise to which -I couldn't make out who was cor- the unique sensation. Taxes were be-Mr. Yancy was committed, but the allusion to Slosson had revived their memory of it.

"Well, he begged so piteous to be allowed fo' to keep his hide, I hadn't the heart to strip it off," explained Mr. Yancy pleasantly. "And the winter's comin' on-at this moment I can feel a chill in the air-don't you-all reckon he's going' to need it fo' to keep the cold out? Sho', you mustn't be bloodyminded!"

"What was it about Mr. Slosson's hide, Uncle Bob?" demanded Hannibal. "What was you a-goin' to do to that?"

"Why, Nevvy, after he beat me up and throwed me in the river, I was some peevish fo' a spell in my feelings fo' him," said Yancy in a tone of gentle regret. He glanced at his "Oh. not now, Bruce-not now-we bruised hand. "But I'm right pleased mustn't speak of that-it's wrong- to be able to say that I've got over it's wicked-you mustn't make me all them oncharitable thoughts of

"And you seen the judge, Uncle

counter, yet it was well to provide for fine air of indifference he tossed the a possible emergency-had he not his letter on the table grandson's future to consider? While thus occupied he saw the afternoon cried Mr. Wesley. stage arrive and depart from before the City Tavern

Half an hour later Mr. Wesley, the postmaster, came sauntering up the street. In his hand he carried a letter.

"Howdy," he drawled, from just beyond the judge's open door. The judge glanced up, his quill pen poised aloft.

"Good evening, sir; won't you step inside and be seated?" he asked graclously. His dealings with the United States mail service were of the most insignificant description, and in personally delivering a letter, if this was what had brought him there, he felt Mr. Wesley had reached the limit of official courtesy and despatch. "Well, sir; it looks like you'd never

told us more than two-thirds of the

"There is something in that, too,"

agreed Mr. Wesley. "Who is Colonel Slocum Price Turberville?" The judge, started up from his chair.

"I have that honor," said he, bow-

"Well, here's a letter come in ad-

"What point, may I ask?"

about me!" "Certainly not," agreed the judge.

an excited chorus. "Sho'-did you for- that letter, seeing this one comes un- receipt of an income! get that?" They themselves had for- der a frank from Washington. No, sir

"And do you snow Old Hickory?"

"Why not? Does it surprise you?" inquired the judge. It was only his innate courtesy which restrained him from kicking the postmaster into the street, so intense was his desire to be rid of him.

"No. I don't know as it does, judge, Naturally a public man like him is in the way of meeting with all sorts. A politician can't afford to be too blame particular. Well, next time you write you might just send him my regards-G. W. M. de L. Wesley's regardsthere was considerable contention over my getting this office; I reckon he ain't forgot. There was speeches made, I understand the lie was passed between two United States senators, and that a quid of tobacco was throwed in anger." Having thus clearly established the fact that he was a more or less national character, Mr. Wesley took himself off.

When he had disappeared from sight down the street, the judge closed the door. Then he picked up the letter. For a long minute he held it in his hand, uncertain, fearful, while his mind slipped back into the past until his inward searching vision ferreted out a handsome soldierly figure-his own.

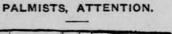
"That's what Jackson remembers if he remembers anything!" he muttered, as with trembling fingers be broke the seal. Almost instantly a smile overspread his battered teadressed like that, and as you've been tures. He hitched his chin higher and using part of the name I am willing squared his ponderous shoulders. "I that off and on has troubled me con- me with sincere esteem and consid-"And Mr. Slosson, Uncle Bob-did siderable. I can only wonder I wa'n't ers my services to the country as well worthy of recognition-" the judge breathed deep. What would Mahaffy "Why, about the time you hung out | find to say now! Certainly this was letter to General Jackson. It was cynicism of his friend. His bleared mailed after night, and when I seen it eyes brimmed. After all his groping in the morning I was clean beat. 1 he had touched hands with the realiyet I kept that letter back a couple of though not an office of first repute in days and give it all my spare time. the south, had its dignity-it signified sort-there's nothing of the Yankee his clerk! The judge reached for his

hat. Mahaffy must know at once that fortune had mended for them. Why, "Candid, judge. I reckon you wrote at that moment he was actually in

He sat down, the better to enjoy

A PENALTY OF AGE

Calumet Ends "Bad Luck." Remember when you were a youngster, what a trial baking day was? If Mother was lucky, everything went finely-but if she had "bad luck" her cakes and her ples and her bread wore failures. Her success in baking seemed to depend al-most altogether on "luck." "Nowadays there's no such thing as "baking luck." At least, not in the kitch-ens of the up-to-date cooks. Simply be-cause Calumet Baking Powder has smash-ed that old time idea. It has made bak-ing sure of success. It has made bak-baking powder made-and guaranteed not only to BE pure, but to stay pure in the CAN and in the BAKING. Calumet has twice been officially judged the BEST baking powder made-receiving the high-est awards at the World's Pure Food Ex-positions in Chicago (1907) and in Paris The tendency of advancing years to restrict activity and exercise is responsible for the constipated condition of most elderly people. The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels and the digestive organs are more sensitive to the demands upon them and rebel more quickly. Cathartics and purgatives are violent and drastic in their action and should not be used to correct constipation. A mild. yet positively effective remedy, and one that is recommended by physicians as well as by thousands who have used it, is the compound of simpositions in Chicago (1907) and in Paris (1912). Adv. ple laxative herbs with pepsin prescribed by Dr. W. B. Caldwell over thirty years ago and now sold by druggists everywhere under the name of "Suppose I were to ask you to con-Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Dr. tribute a hundred dollars to my cam-Caldwell wants everyone troubled with paign fund," said the ambitions young constipation to try Syrup Pepsin and man. "What would you do?" will send a trial bottle, free of charge, "That isn't the important question." to all who write for it. Address Dr. replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "If I should W. B. Caldwell, 203 West St., Monti- help to elect you, what would you



cello, Ill. Adv.



Game Care She-Do you think that big hands are a sign of generosity? He-Sure; the generosity of na-

It looked like red pimples. In a few the breaking out.

1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

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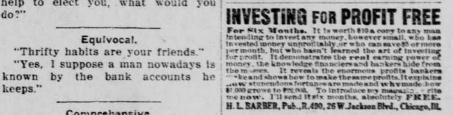


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of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns sh insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

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If you feel "out of sorts"-"run down" or "got blues," suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diser chronic weaknesses, pleens, skin eruptions, ples. Ac-write for my FREE book. It is the most instructive medical book ever written. It tells all about these diseases and the remarkable cures effected by the New French ikemedy "THERAPHON" No. I. No. 2, and you can decide for yourself if it is the remedy for your ailment. Don't send a cent. It's absolutely FREE. No "follow-up" circulars. Dr.LeClere Med. Co., Haverstock Rd., Hampstead, Lados, Kag.



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TO THE SETTLER

00 ACRE

THE AMERICAN RUSH TO

WESTERN CANADA

> IS INCREASING

Free Homestead

In the new District Manitoba, Saskat

wan and Alberta are thousands of Homesteads left, y to the man making

As a girl grows older she becomes wiser and quits wearing so many pins **CANADA'S OFFERING** in the vicinity of her waist line.

A listener may hear good of himself-after talking into a phonograph.

TIRED BLOOD WEAKENS THE HEART

Calumet Ends "Bad Luck."

Question of Gratitude.

Equivocal.

Comprehensive.

chological drama go in this town?

Blunt Manager-It goes broke.

Uplift Theorist-How does the psy-

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-

tion, allays pain, cures wind collo, 25c a bottle.46c

do?

keeps.

(Copyright 1912 by the Tonitives Co) Heart Weakness is caused by Tired Blood which lacks the necessary power and energy to produce proper muscular heart action, causing Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Poor Circu-

TONITIVES These symptoms of Heart Weak-TIREDBLOOD ing that the



ture. **BASH SPREAD TO ARMS** 759 Roach Ave., Indianapolis, Ind .-"At first I noticed small eruptions on lation, Irregular Beats, Cold Hands my face. The trouble began as a rash. and Feet, Fainting, Dizzy Spells, etc.

days they spread to my arms and back. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them and of course the result was blood and matter. The erupheart is not receiving sufficient nourtions festered, broke, opened and dried ishment. We can secure the best reup, leaving the skin dry and scaly. I sults, meeting the demand for tonitized spent many sleepless nights, my back, blood, by a treatment of Tonitives, arms and face burning and itching; taken regularly until the symptoms sleep was purely and simply out of described have entirely disappeared. the question. The trouble also caused 75c. per box of dealers or by mail. disfigurement. My clothing irritated The Tonitives Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

"By this time I had used several



Forgive me, Betty, I'll not speak of it again," he said.

"Wait, Bruce, and some time-Oh, don't make me say it," she gasped, "or I shall hate myself!" for in his presence she was feeling the horror of her past experience grow strangely remote, only the dull ache of her Raleigh along after noon to 'tend to memories remained, and to these she clung. They were silent for a moment, then Carrington said:

"After I'm sure you'll be safe here perhaps I'll go south into the Choctaw Sho'-why, words flowed out of him Purchase. I've been thinking of that as naturally as water out of a branch." recently; but I'll find my way back here-don't misunderstand me-I'll not come too soon for even you, Bet- was a secret to be revealed by the ty. I loved Norton. He was one of judge himself when he should see fit. my best friends, too," he continued gently. "But you know-and I know -dear, the day will come when no iously. matter where you are I shall find you and not lose you!'

but a soft and eloquent little hand will just go on living with him." was slipped into his and allowed to rest there.

Presently a light wind stirred the face to Yancy's. dead dense atmosphere, the mist lifted and enveloped the shore, showing them the river between piled-up mass of vapor. Apparently it ran for their raft alone. It was just twenty-four hours since Carrington had living with him, too." looked upon such another night, but this was a different world the gray log was unmasking-a world of hopes, and dreams, and rich content. Then the thought of Norton-poor Nortonwho had had his world, too, of hopes and dreams and rich content-

The calm of a highly domestic existence had resumed its interrupted sway on the raft. Mr. Cavendish, astain ear-splitting manifestations of diligently to shaping that miracleferocious rage, became in the bosom working document which he was pre-

"Yes, I've seen the judge. We was together fo' part of a day. Me and him gets on fine?"

"Where is he now, Uncle Bob?" "I reckon he's back at Belle Plain by this time. You see we left him in some business he had on hand. I never seen a gentleman of his weight so truly spry on his legs-and all about you, Nevvy; while as to mind! Of Hannibal's relationship to the judge he said nothing. He felt that "Uncle Bob, who'm I going to live with now?" questioned Hannibal anx-"That p'int's already come up

Nevvy-him and me's decided that Betty made no answer in words, there won't be no friction. You-all

> "But what about you. Uncle Bob?" cried Hannibal, lifting a wistful little

> "Oh, me?-well, you-all will go right on living with me."

"And what will come of Mr. Mahaffy?" "I reckon you-all will go right on

"Uncle Bob, you mean you reckon

we all are going to live in one house?"

"I 'low it will have to be fixed thata-ways," agreed Yancy.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Judge Receives a Letter. After he had parted with Solomon sociated in Betty's memory with cer- Mahaffy the judge applied himself cial business. He surrendered the

Music ra a Municipal Asset.

many as three or four stamps in a cessities as he now viewed them. single day he might have been parlightly dealt with the burden of offi- was overmastering.

"I Was Quite Peevish After He Threw Me in the River.

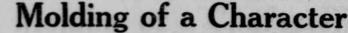
letter with marked reluctance. his five s,nall sons; while Yancy was guine as he was sanguinary he conti- and unless I am greatly mistaken I sumed his pen. again the Bob Yancy of Scratch Hill, dently expected to survive the en- have my answer here." And with a

first rank. They are Chicago, St.

responding with the president, and it | ing levied and collected with no other worried me, not knowing, more than | end in view than his stipend-his aranything I've had to contend against dent fancy saw the whole machinery since I came into office. I calculate of government in operation for his there ain't a postmaster in the United benefit. It was a singular feeling he States takes a more personal interest experienced. Then promptly his in the service than me. I've frequent, spendthrift brain became active. He ly set patrons right when they was needed clothes-so did Mahaffy-so in doubt as to the date they had | did his grandson; they must take a mailed such and such a letter." As larger house; he would buy himself a Mr. Wesley sometimes canceled as man servant; these were pressing ne-Once again he reached for his hat: doned his pride in a brain which thus the desire to rush off to Belle Plain

"I reckon I'd be justified in hiring a conveyance from Pegloe," he "Your surmise is correct," said the thought, but just here he had a savof his family low-voiced and genial paring as an offset to whatever risk judge with dignity. "I had occasion ing memory of his unfinished task; and hopelessly impotent to deal with he ran in meeting Fentress. As san- to write my friend, General Jackson, that claimed precedence and he re-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Matter of the Greatest Moment to to weigh our own defects and look Which Too Little Thought Is Directed.

To nothing in life, perhaps, is there directed so little thought as to the shaping of a career-the molding of a character. Thousands of mea and women around us live their indifferent lives, and pass away without doing get out of life its best and most beaurifei We need not achieve wonderful things or become great personages matters not whether we are king . mass of material or the masterpiece of phony orchestra .- Metropolitan Maga Micheiangelo. Which shail we azine. peasant, the stamp of merit is plas at on those who give their whole-hear ed choose? attention to whatever they under the Whether it be the making on an 'atri-

cate marvel of workmanship or tre ex ecution of everyday duties. Whatever is assigned to us should call fori-) the best that is in us.

faults. It requires courage, certainly, support symthony orchestras of the Americans or Englishmen.

Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. A symphony orchestra, be it known, is the ne plus ultra of a music-center. To support them bravely in the face; but it is such a luxury is impossible save with only by so doing that we may overthe help of many well-to-do John come them and cast them aside. Shall Stones. It is also impossible without we be content to drift along without a solid foundation of music-lovers-

striving to rise above the level of enough to fill the hall nearly every those who do not care? Our charac- time. The city that has one has someter lies in our own hands. There is no ibing that its commercial association one else in the world who can can use with large effect in advertismake or mar it. We may be influ- ing literature. For it has come to be anything really worth while, failing to enced, of course, by good or evil as- recognized in the west that musical know everybody here?" sociates, but with ourselves lies the achievement is a municipal asset. The uniform molding of our career' We "boosters" of a city now call attenare the sculptors, our life is the clay. tion to its banks, its newspapers, its to know one."-New York Telegraph. high in the esteem of the world; . We can make it an indistinguishable wharves, its factories-and its sym-

> Tea Testino as a Business. In the far east the chast is the

The deep save of enthus'esm for most important man in the tra busimusic is in the country; the crest of ness. He inspects and test: samples the wave is in the cities. Svery ne of all teas offered to his firm, and his of self-preservation well developed, tropolis-we have more that one-is judgment setermines the price to be stops at no mean or underhanded Let us Let be afraid to examine our a mammoth conservatory. Az atties paid. In Formosa the tea testers are method to save himself real work and

A man, evidently from the rural districts, stepped up to the ticket seller in the Forty-second street subway station and asked: "Been in town long?" "Quite a while," replied the ticket

Ought to Know One.

seller. "Know a man named O'Connell?"

"No." "Sure you don't know O'Connell?" "Say," said the ticket seller, impatiently, "there are 5 million people in this city. Do you expect me to

"No," replied the ruralist, "but I thought you might have sense enough

Ill-Disciplined Children.

The child allowed to follow the path of least resistance, to turn aside because of the most shadowy obstacles in the road to accomplishment, is the father of the man who seeks sinecures, who, with the most selfish sense honest effort.