

## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. 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 mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy,

CHAPTER III. (Continued).

The next day Yancy had occasion to visit Balaam's Cross Roads. Crenshaw gave him a disquieting opinion as to the probable contents of his letter, for he himself had heard from Bladen that he had decided to assume the care of the boy.

"I reckon Bladen will have the law on his side, Bob!"

"The law be damned--I got what's fair on mine. I don't wish fo' better than that," exclaimed Yancy, over his an impending tragedy leaped up within him, and the miles were many that lay between him and the Hill.

As he breasted the slope he came within sight of a little group in his own dooryard. Saving only Uncle Sammy Bellamy, the group resolved itself into the women and children of the Hill, but there was one small ried toward him, leaning on his cane. "They've took your nevvy, Bob!" he

eried, in a high, thin voice. "Who's took him?" asked Yancy hoarsely.

"Hit were Dave Blount. Get your gun, Bob, and go after him-kill the miserable sneaking cuss!" cried Uncle Sammy. "By the Fayetteville Road, Bob, not ten minutes ago-you can

cut him off at Ox Road forks!" Yancy breathed a sign of relief. A rifle was placed in Yancy's hands.

"Thank you-all kindly," said Yancy, and turning away he struck off body and mind; and, whereas, it is through the pine woods. A brisk walk further alleged that said murderous of twenty minutes brought him to the Ox Road forks.

He had not long to wait, for presently the buggy hove in sight. As the

"Uncle Bob-Uncle Bob-" he cried. "Yes, it's Uncle Bob. You can light down, Nevvy."

"Leggo them horses!" said Mr. Blount.

"Light down, Nevvy," said Yancy, still pleasantly.

Hannibal instantly availed himself of the invitation. At the same moment Blount struck at Yancy with his whip, and his horses reared wildly, thinking the blow meant for them. Seeing that the boy had reached the ground in safety, Yancy relaxed his hold on the team, which instantly plunged forward. Then as the buggy swept past him he made a grab at Blount and dragged him out over the wheels into the road, where he proceeded to fetch Mr. Blount a smack in the jaw. Then with a final skilful kick he sent Mr. Blount sprawling. "Don't let me catch you around these diggings again, Dave Blount, or I swear to God I'll be the death of you!"

Hannibal rode home through the pine woods in triumph on his Uncle Bob's mighty shoulders.

## CHAPTER IV.

Law at Balaam's Cross Roads. But Mr. Yancy was only at the beginning of his trouble. Three days later there appeared on the borders of Scratch Hill a gentleman armed with a rifle. It was Charley Balaam, old Squire Balaam's nephew.

"Can I see you friendly, Bob Yancy?" Balaam demanded with the lungs of a stentor, sheltering himself behind the thick bole of a sweetgum, for he observed that Yancy held his rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I reckon you can, Charley Balaam, if you are friendly," said Yancy. "I'm a-going to trust you, Bob," said

Balaam. And forsaking the shelter of the sweetgum he shuffled up the slope.

"How are you, Charley?" asked Yancy, as they shook hands.

"Only just tolerable, Bob. You've been warranted-Dave Blount swore hit on to you." He displayed a sheet of paper covered with much writing and decorated with



nevvy out of that buggy!"

out over the wheel."

buggy whip."

here order from the co't, Bob?"

"Didn't he say nothing about this

"There wa'n't much conversation,

squire. I invited my nevvy to light

down, and then I snaked Dave Blount

"He did. He struck at me with his

Squire Balaam removed his spec-

"It's the opinion of this here co't

tacles and leaned back in his chair.

that the whole question of assault

order. Bob Yancy swears he didn't

see it, while Dave Blount swears he

showed it to him, If Bob Yancy didn't

know of the existence of the order he

was clearly actin' on the idea that

Blount was stealin' his nevvy, and he

done what any one would have done

under the circumstances. If, on the

other hand, he knowed of this order

from the co't, he was not only guilty

of assault, but he was guilty of re-

sistin' an officer of the co't." The

squire paused impressively. His audi-

"Can a body drap a word here?"

It was Uncle Sammy's thin voice that

"Certainly, Uncle Sammy. This here co't will always admire to listen

"Well, I'd like to say that I con-

sider that Fayetteville co't mighty of-

ficious with its orders. This part of

the county won't take nothin' off

Fayetteville! We don't interfere with

Fayetteville, and blamed if we'll let

Fayetteville interfere with us!"

There was a murmur of approval.

Scratch Hill remembered the rifles in

co't than this, Uncle Sammy,"

patriarch. "I've seen hit's steeple."

plained the squire indulgently.

asked the squire deferentially.

"The Fayetteville co't air a higher

"I'm aweer of that," snapped the

"Air you finished, Uncle Sammy?"

"I 'low I am. But I 'low that if

this here case is goin' again Bob

and not listen to no mo' foolishness."

setting still while I finish this case,"

said the squire with dignity. "Mr.

Yancy has sworn to one thing, Mr.

Blount to another. Now the Yancys

air an old family in these parts; Mr.

quently," pursued the squire, some-

He Had Non Long to Walt, for Pres

time in which to form an opinion of a nice little boy, Hannibal-you

Blount's folks air strangers. Conse-

"Mr. Yancy will oblige this co't by

its hands and took comfort.

ence drew a long breath.

cut into the silence.

"Who struck the first blow?"

ton," commanded Uncle Sammy. At squire. He'd have taken his licking the name both Yancy and Balaam just the same and I'd have had my manifested interest. They saw a man in the early twentles, clean-limbed and broad-shouldered, with a handsome face and shapely head. "Yes, sir, hit's a grandson of Tom Carrington that used to own the grist-mill down at the Forks."

"Where you located at, Mr. Carrington?" asked Yancy. But Carrington was not given a chance to reply. Uncle Sammy saved him the

"Back in Kentucky. He takes rafts down the river to New Orleans, then he comes back on ships to Baltimore, or else he hoofs it no'th overland. He wants to visit the Forks," be added.

"I'm shortly goin' that way myself, Mr. Carrington, and I'll be pleased of your company-but first I got to get through with Bob Yancy," said Bashoulder. He strode from the store laam, and again he produced the warand started down the sandy road at a rant. "If agreeable to you, Bob, I'll brisk run. Miserable forebodings of ask Uncle Sammy to read this here warrant."

"Who's been a-warrantin' Bob Yancy?" cried Uncle Sammy.

"Dave Blount has." "I knowed hit-I knowed he'd try to get even! What's the charge agin you, Bob?"

"Read bit," said Balaam. "Why, sho'-can't you read plain writin', figure he missed. The patriarch hur- Uncle Sammy?" for the patriarch was 'to you." showing signs of embarrassment.

"If you gentlemen will let me-" said Carrington pleasantly. After a moment's scrutiny of the paper that Balaam had thrust in his hand, Carrington began:

"To the Sheriff of the County of Cum-

berland: Greetings: "Whereas, It is alleged that a murderous assault has been committed on one David Blount, of Fayetteville, by Robert Yancy, of Scratch Hill, said Blount sustaining numerous bruises and contusions, to his great injury of assault was wholly unprovoked and without cause, you will forthwith take into custody the person of said Yancy, of Scratch Hill, charged with having Yancy I'd recommend him to go home buggy came nearer he recognized his inflicted the bruises and contusions ancient enemy in the person of the herein set forth in the complaint of man who sat at Hannibal's side, and said Blount, and instantly bring him into our presence to answer to these horses by their bits. At sight of him and several crimes and misdemean-Hannibal shrieked his name in de- ors. You are empowered to seize said Yancy wherever he may be at; whether on the hillside or in the valley, eating or sleeping, or at rest.

DE LANCY BALAAM, Magistrate. "Fourth District, County of Cumberland, State of North Carolina. Done this twenty-fourth day of May, 1836. "P. S .- Dear Bob: Dave Blount says

he ain't able to chew his meat. thought you'd be glad to know." Smilingly Carrington folded the

warrant and handed it to Yancy. "Well, what are you goin' to do about hit, Bob?" inquired Balaam.

"Maybe I'd ought to go. I'd like to oblige the squire," said Yancy. "Suppose I come to the Cross Roads this evening?"

"That's agreeable," said the deputy. who presently departed in company with Carrington.

Some hours later the male population of Scratch Hill, with a gravity befitting the occasion, prepared itself to descend on the Cross Roads and give its support to Mr. Yancy in his hour of need. Even Uncle Sammy, who had not been off the Hill in years, announced that no consideration of fatigue would keep him away from the scene of action, and Yancy loaned him his mule and cart for the occasion. Yancy led the straggling procession, with the boy trotting by his side, his little sunburned fist

clasped in the man's great hand. The squire's court held its infrequent sittings in the best room of the Balaam homestead, a double cabin of hewn logs. Here Scratch Hill was gratified with a view of Mr. Blount's

battered visage. "What's all this here fuss between you and Bob Yancy?" demanded the squire when he had administered the oath to Blount. Mr. Blount's statement was brief and very much to the

"He done give me the order from the judge of the co't-I was to show

it to Bob Yancy-" "Got that order?" demanded the squire sharply. With a smile, damaged, but clearly a smile, Blount produced the order. "Hmm-app'inted guardeen of the boy-" the squire was presently heard to murmur. The



The Encounter. Betty Malroy had ridden into the oned the Scratch Hiller to her.

"You are not going to lose your nephew, are you, Mr. Yancy?" she asked eagerly, when Yancy stood at her side.

"No, ma'am." But his sense of elation was plainly tempered.

"I am very glad. I rode out to the Hill to say good-by to Hannibal and rests on whether Bob Yancy saw the to you, but they said you were here

Captain Murrell, with Crenshaw and the squire, came from the house, and Murrell's swarthy face lit up at sight of the girl. Yancy would have yielded his place, but Betty detained him. asked with concern.

"Yes-to my home in west Tennessee," and a cloud crossed her smooth

"But ain't you ever coming back, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal rather fearfully.

"Oh, I hope so, dear." She turned to Yancy. "I wonder you don't leave the Hill, Mr. Yancy. You could so easily go where Mr. Bladen would never find you. Haven't you thought of this?"

slowly. "Might I ask you what parts you'd specially recommend?" lifting his grave eyes to hers.

"It would really be the sensible thing to do!" said Betty. "I am sure you would like west Tennessee-they say you are a great hunter." Yancy smiled almost guiltily.

the plantation—it's not hard to find; just don't forget-Belle Plain." "I won't forget, and mebby you will

see us there one of these days, Sho', I've seen mighty little of the worldabout as far as a dog can trot in a couple of hours!" Betty glanced toward the squire

and Mr. Crenshaw. They were standing near the bars that gave entrance to the lane. Murrell had left them and was walking briskly down the road toward Crenshaw's store, where his horse was tied. She bent down and gave Yancy her slim white hand. "Good-by, Mr. Yancy-lift Hannibal so that I can kiss him!" Yancy swung what vindictively, "we ain't had any the child aloft. "I think you are such

squire's yard during the progress of the trial and when Yancy and Hannibal came from the house she beck-

and that the trial was today."

"Are you going away, ma'am?" he

brow.

"That are a p'int," agreed Yancy

"Mr. Yancy, if you should cross the

mountains, remember I live near Memphis. Belle Plain is the name of



The "change of life" is a most critical period in a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not

Markewomanship.

gettes are going to give us serious

trouble," said one London policeman.

'They mean business."

"I am afraid those militant suffra-

"Why do you think so?" inquired

rades and making speeches and are

practicing with quoits and baseballs."

without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, she may be predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of some organ. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared to meet the needs of women's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

Marie Tempest's Nose. At the Lenten musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria a young matron related a bon-mot of Marie Tempest's.

"Miss Tempest's nose is frightfully pug, isn't it?" she began. "Well, I met her at a tea once, and she joked about her nose as if it belonged to some-

'When the Creator,' she said, 'was looking for a nose for me he took, you nentlycu see, the first one that turned up."

Great System. "This winter air is nice and fresh," said the brisk citizen.

"That's where you are wrong," re plied the man from Chicago. "It's the same old air; it only seems fresh because it has been in cold storage."

Since it is worth while to be well, tak Gardeld Tea, Nature's Medicine.

Aiways remember to be a gentleman—unless you are a woman.



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TREATMENT AND

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from Rheumatism, write. If you suffer from

Kidney Trouble, write. No matter what

MUNYON'S DOCTORS

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

Offer Is Good for the Next Thirty Days

you suffer from, write to

"A lot of them have quit giving pa- no matter what your disease. If you suffer

Homen

·Mrs. Estella Gillispie

ONE CASE OUT OF MANY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS.

St. Anne, Ill.—"I was passing through the change of life and I was a perfect wreck from female troubles. I had a displacement and bearing down pains, weak fainting spells, dizziness, then numb and cold feelings. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen. I was irregular and had so much backache and headache, was nervous, irritable and was despondent. Sometimes my appetite was good but more often it was not. My kidneys troubled me at times and I could walk only a short distance.

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and took Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, and I was helped from the first. At the end of two months the swelling had gone down, I was relieved of pain, and could walk with ease. I continued with the medicine and now I do almost all my housework. I know your medicine has saved me from the grave and I am willing for you to publish anything I write to you, for the good of others."—Mrs. ESTELLA GILLISPIE, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 34, St. Anne, Illinois.

The Army of Constipation Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief - they perma-

them for SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

A BLOOD MEDICINE WITHOUT ALCOHOL

Recently it has been definitly proven by experiments on animals that alcohol lowers the germicidal power of the body and that alcohol paralyzes the white corpuscies of the blood and readers them unable to take up and destroy disease germs. Disease germs cause the death of over one-half of the human race.

A blood medicine, made entirely without alcohol, which is a pure glyceric extract of roots, such as Bloodroot, Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Mandrake and Stone root, has been extensively sold by druggists for the past forty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an Alterative Extract of

practice, was the first to make up an ALTERATIVE EXTRACT of roots, without a particle of alcohol or narcotic.

"It is with the greatest of pleasure, that I write to let you know of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines and self-treatment at home," writes MES. WM. HEYER, of Ladyamith, B. C. "I suffered for three years from a running sore. Consulted four doctors but they failed to mend or give relief. Finally I was told I was in consumption and would have to consult a specialist concerning my ear, that the dead bone must be cut out before the wound would heal. A kind friend advised me to write to Dr. Pierce, which I did, and after seven months' use of the treatment the sore is healed, and I enjoy better health than I



Dr. Pierce's Places