

## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is faild 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 Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Hazard, a mysterious child of the old Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nasouthern family, makes his appearance, thantel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Capitain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

When Betty Malroy rode away from Squire Balaam's Murrell galloped after her. Presently she heard the beat of his horse's hoofs as he came pounding along the sandy road, and glanced back over her shoulder. With an exclamation of displeasure she reined in her horse. Murrell quickly gained a place at her side.

"I suppose Ferris is at the Barony?" he said, drawing his horse down to a

"I believe he is," said Betty with a curt little air.

"May I ride with you?" he gave her a swift glance. She nodded indifferently and would have urged her horse into a gallop again, but he made a gesture of protest. "Don't-or I shall think you are still running away from me," he said with a short laugh.

"Were you at the trial?" she asked. "I am glad they didn't get Hannibal away from Yancy."

"Oh, Yancy will have his hands full with that later—so will Bladen," he added, significantly. He studied her out of those deeply sunken eyes of his in which no shadow of youth iingered, for men such as he reached their prime early, and it was a swiftly passing splendor. "Ferris tells me you are going to west Tennessee?" he said at length. "Yes."

"I know your half-brother, Tom Ware—I know him very well."

'So you know Tom?" she observed, and frowned slightly. Tom was her guardian, and her memories of him were not satisfactory. A burly, unshaven man with a queer streak of meanness through his character.

"You've spent much of your time up north?" suggested Murrell.

"Four years. I've been at school, Merris."

"I hope you'll like west Tennessee. It's still a bit raw compared with what you've been accustomed to in the north. You haven't been back in all those four years?" Betty shook her head. "Nor seen Tom-nor any one from out yonder?" For some reason a little tinge of color had crept into Betty's cheeks. "Will you let me renew our acquaintance at Belle Plain? I shall be in west Tennessee before the summer is over; probably I shall leave here within a week," he said, bending toward her. His glance dwelt on her face and on the pliant lines of her figure, and his senses swam.

"I imagine you will be welcome at Belle Plain. You are Tom's friend." Murrell bit his lip, and then laughed as his mind conjured up a picture of the cherished Tom. Suddenly he reached out and rested his hand on

"Betty-if I might this -" he belove-making was usually of a savage sort, but some quality in the girl held him in check. Betty drew away from him, an angry color on her cheeks and an angry light in her eyes. "Forgive me, Betty!" murmured Murrell, but his heart beat against his ribs, and passion sent its surges through "Don't you know what I'm trying to tell you?" he whispered. Betty gathered up her reins. "Not yet-" he cried, and again he rested a heavy hand on hers.

"Let me go-let me go!" cried Betty indignantly.

"No-not yet!" He urged his horse still nearer and gathered her close. "You've got to hear me. I've loved you since the first moment I rested he toyed with his glass, if it could my eyes on you-and, by God, you shall love me in return!" He felt her struggle to free herself from his grasp with a sense of savage triumph

Bruce Carrington, on his way back to Fayetteville from the Forks, came about a turn in the road. Betty saw a tall, handsome fellow in the first flush of manhood; Carrington, an angry girl struggling in a man's

At sight of the new-comer, Murrell with an oath, released Betty. who, striking her horse with the whip, gailoped down the road toward the Barony. As she fled past Carrington she bent low in her saddle.

"Don't let him follow me!" she gasped, and Carrington, striding forward, caught Murrell's horse by the the driver to look sharp when he

"Let go!" roared Murrell, and a





"I Don't Know but What I Should Pull You Out of That Saddle and Twist Your Neck."

out of that saddle and twist your | Mairoy the day before he saw her neck!" said Carrington botly. Murrell's face underwent a swift change. "You're a bold fellow to force your

that.

CHAPTER VI.

Sets Out for Tennessee

with long nights when he perched be-

side his father on the cabin roof of their keel-boat and watched the stars or the blurred line of the shore where it lay against the sky, or the lights on other barges and rafts drifting as they were drifting, with their wheat and corn and whisky, to that common market at the river's mouth. Bruce Carrington had seen the day

of barge and raft reach its zenith, had heard the first steam packet's shricking whistle, which sounded the death-knell of the ancient order. though the shifting of the trade was a slow matter and the glory of the old did not pass over to the new at once. but lingered still in mighty fleets of rafts and keel-boats and in the Homeric carousals of some ten thousand of the half-horse, half-alligator breed that nightly gathered in New Orleans.

After the reading of the warrant that morning, Charley Balaam had shown Carrington the road to the Forks, assuring him when they separated that with a little care and decent use of his eyes it would be possible to fetch up there and not pass plumb through the settlement without knowing where he was.

He was on his way to Fayetteville, where he intended to spend the night, and perhaps a day or two in looking around, when the meeting with Betty and Murrell occurred. The girl's face remained with him. It was a face be would like to see again.

He was still thinking of the girl when he ate his supper that night at Cleggett's Tayern. Later, in the har. he engaged his host in idle gossip. He had met a gentleman and a lady on the road that day! he wondered, as have been the Ferrises? Mounted? Yes, mounted. Then it was Ferris and his wife-or it might have been Captain Murrell and Miss Malroy Miss Mairoy did not live in that part of the country; she was a friend of Mrs. Ferris', belonged in Kentucky or Tennessee, or somewhere out yonder -at any rate she was bringing her visit to an end, for Ferris had instructed him to reserve a place for her in the north-bound stage on the

morrow. Carrington suddenly remembered that he had thought of starting north in the morning himself.

The stage left at six, and as Carrington climbed to his seat the next morning Mr. Cleggett was advising came to the Barony road, as he was to pick up a party there. It was Carmurderous light shot from his eyes. | rington who looked sharp, and almost "I don't know but I should pull you at the spot where he had seen Miss said Hetty quickly.

again, with Ferris and Judith and a pile of luggage bestowed by the wayside. Betty did not observe him as way into a lover's quarrel," he said the coach stopped, for she was inquietly. Carrington's arm dropped at | tent on her farewells with her friends. his side. Perhaps, after all, it was There were hasty words of advice from Ferris, prolonged good-bys to Judith, tears-kisses-while a place was being made for her many boxes and trunks. Carrington gathered that she was going north to Washington: Bruce's first memories had to do that her final destination was some point either on the Ohio or Mississippi, and that her name was Betty. Then the door slammed and the stage was in motion again.

All through the morning they swung forward in the heat and dust and glare, and at midday rattled into the shaded main street of a sleepy village and drew up before the tavern where dinner was waiting them.

Betty saw Carrington when she took her seat, and gave a scarcely perceptible start of surprise. Then her face was flooded with a rich color. This was the man who saw her with Captain Murrell yesterday! There was a brief moment of irresolution and then she bowed coldly.

It was four days to Richmond. Four days of hot, dusty travel, four nights of uncomfortable cross-road stations. where Betty suffered sleepless nights and the unaccustomed pangs of early rising. She occasionally found herself wondering who Carrington was. She approved of the manner in which he conducted himself. She liked a man who could be unobtrusive.

The next morning he found himself seated opposite her at breakfast. He received another curt little nod, cool and distant, as he took his seat. "You stop in Washington?"

Carrington. Betty shook her head. "No, 1 am

going on to Wheeling." "You're fortunate in being so nearly home," he observed. "I'm going

on to Memphis." Betty exclaimed: "Why, I am going to Memphis, too!"

"Are you? By canal to Cumber-

land, and then by stage over the National Road to Wheeling?" Betty nodded. "It makes one wish they'd finish their railroads, doesn't

it? Do you suppose they'll ever get as far west as Memphis?" she said. "They say it's going to be bad for the river trade when they're built on something besides paper," answered Carrington. "And I happen to be a

flatboatman, Miss Malroy." No more was said just then, for Betty became reserved and did not attempt to resume the conversation. A day later they rumbled into Washington, and as Betty descended from the

coach Carrington stepped to her side. "I suppose you'll stop here, Miss Malroy," he said, indicating the tavern before which the stage had come to a stand.

"Yes," said Betty briefly. "If I can be of any service to youhe began, with just a touch of awkwardness in his manner.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Carrington,"

"Good night . good-by." turned away, and Betty saw his tall form disappear in the twilight.

A month and more had elapsed since Bob Yancy's trial. Just two days later man and boy disappeared from Scratch Hill. Murrell was soon on their trail and pressing forward in hot pursuit. Reaching the mountains, he heard of them first as ten days ahead of him and bound for west Tennessee; the ten days dwindled to a week, the week became five days, the five days three; and now as he emerged from the last range of hills he caught sight of them.

Yancy glanced back at the blue wall of the mountains where it lay along the horizon.

"Well, Nevvy," he said, "we've put heap of distance between us and old Scratch Hill."

For the past ten days their journey had been conducted in a leisurely fashion. As Yancy said, they were seeing the world, and it was well to take a good look at it while they had a chance.

Suddenly out of the silence came the regular beat of hoofs. These grew nearer and nearer, and at last when they were quite close, Yancy faced about. Smilingly Murrell reined in his horse.

"Why-Bob Yancy!" he cried in apparent astonishment.

"Yes, sir-Bob Yancy. Does it happen you are looking fo' him, Captain?" inquired Yancy. "No-no, Bob. I'm on my way

West." Murrell slipped from his saddle and fell into step at Yancy's side as they moved forward.

"They were mightily stirred up at the Cross Roads when I left, wondering what had come of you," he observed.

"That's kind of them," responded Yancy, a little dryly. There was no reason for it, but he was becoming distrustful of Murrell, and uneasy.

They went forward in silence. A sudden turn in the foad brought them to the edge of an extensive clearing. Close to the road there were several buildings, but not a tree had been spared to shelter them and they stood forth starkly, the completing touch to a civilization that was still in its youth, unkempt, rather savage, and nounced the dingy structure of logs nearest the roadside a tavern.

From the door of the tavern the figure of a man emerged. He was black-haired and bull-necked, and there was about him a certain shagginess which a recent toilet performed at the horse trough had not served to mitigate.

"Howdy?" he drawled. "Howdy?" responded Mr. Yancy.

"Shall you stop here?" asked Murrell, sinking his voice. Yancy nodded. "Can you put us up?" inquired Murrell, turning to the tavern-keeper.

"I reckon that's what I'm here for." said Slosson. Murrell glanced about the empty yard. "Slack," observed Slosson languidly. "Yes, sir, slack's the only name for it." It was understood he referred to the state of trade, He looked from one to the other of the two men. As his eyes rested on Murrell, that gentleman raised the first three fingers of his right hand. The gesture was ever so little, yet it seemed to have a tonic effect on Mr. Slosson. What might have developed into a smile had he not immediately suppressed it, twisted his bearded lips as he made an answering movement. "Eph, come here, you!" Slosson raised his voice. This call brought a half-grown black boy from about a corner of the tavern, to whom Murrell relinquished his horse.

"Let's liquor," said the captain over his shoulder, moving off in the direction of the bar.

"Come on, Nevvy!" said Yancy following, and they all entered the tavern.

"Well, here's to the best of good luck!" said Murrell, as he raised his glass to his lips. "Same here," responded Yancy.

Murrell pulled out a roll of bills, one of which he tossed on the bar. Then after a moment's hesitation he detached a second bill from the roll and turned to Hannibal. "Here, youngster-a present for

you," he said good-naturedly. Hannibal, embarrassed by the unexpected gift, edged to his Uncle Bob's side. "Thank you, sir," said the boy.

"Let's have another drink," suggested Murrell, Presently Hannibal stole out into

the yard. He still held the bill in his hand, for he did not quite know how to dispose of his great wealth. After debating this matter for a moment he knotted it carefully in one corner of his handkerchief.

(TO BE CONTENUED.)

Let Them Go On Training. The woman who thinks she has the best husband in the world probably doesn't know any better.

## WOMEN AND HEALTH.

Women are beginning to realize more fully that good health is not to be found in the use of cosmetics and face powders. The appearance of health may follow facial treatment, but health itself lies much deeper than the surface.

ery woman is regularity of the bowels and digestive organs. The weary CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for Most important to the health of eveyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples and general air of lassitude, is in most every case due to constipation or indigestion, or both. There in Use For Over 30 Years. are various remedies prescribed for this condition, but the easiest, most pleasant and certainly effective, is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This simple remedy is far preferable to harsh salts and cathartics and violent purgative waters that disturb the whole system without affording more

than temporary relief. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a tonic laxative, mild in its action, pleasant to the taste and positive in its effect, strengthening the muscles of stomach and bowels so that after a short time these organs regain the power to perform their natural functions without assistance.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists everywhere in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it, write for a sample to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.; he will gladly send a trial bottle without any expense to you whatever.

Story of a Bible.

A case that had to do with the theft of a Bible was before the grand jury some time ago and after it had been disposed of, George W. Seibert, foreman of the jury, related a story in which a Bible figured prominently. Mr. Seibert said that his mother had given him an old-fashioned family Bible when he married. About two years after his marriage Mr. Seibert needed money, he said, and had almost decided to dispose of the Bible. When such thoughts were occupying his mind, Mr. Seibert picked up the Bible one day and began turning over the leaves of the book. He had passed over several pages when his eyes fell on two \$50 bills. His mother had placed them in the Bible when she had presented the book to him. Mr. Seibert still has the Bible.-Indianapolis News.

Kindly Scribe.

"The editor of the Weekly Plain Dealer is a charitable sort of feller," commented honest Farmer Hornbeak, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper, wherein he had encountered an example of the linotype's peculiar perversity. "In his article on the death of Lafe Dabsack, who, be twixt me and you, hadn't much to recommend him except that he wasn't quite as bad sometimes as he was others, he says that 'the deceased was generally regarded as hijjdyt89mfwrdetahrmfwadfyp!"

"And I guess that's about as near ruthlessly utilitarian. A sign an- as anybody could get to making an special directions, my trouble is estimate of the departed without hurting his relatives' feelings."-Puck.

A Slight Mistake.

"Katle, I can't find any of the breakfast food. "O hevings, mem, I must of took it for the sawdust to put on the ice on the pavement, mem.

What Happened?

"Yes, I am going to kiss you when I "Leave the house at once, sir!"

A girl can be sentimental even about he way she eats pickles.

THANKSGIVING PSALM A Rhythmical and Grateful Chant.

A teacher in a Terre Haute public school joins in the chorus: "Teaching is a business which re

quires a great deal of brain and nerve force. Unless this force is renewed as fast as expended the teacher is exhausted before the close of the year. Many resort to stimulating tonics for relief. "For 3 years I struggled against al-

most complete exhaustion, getting what relief I could from doctors' tonics. Then in the spring of 1903 I had an attack of la grippe and malaria which left me too weak to continue my work. Medicine failed to give me any relief, a change of climate failed. I thought I should never be able to go back in school again. "I ate enough food (the ordinary

meats—white bread, vegetables, etc.), but was hungry after meals.

"I happened at this time to read an article giving the experience of another teacher who had been helped by Grape-Nuts food. I decided to try Grape-Nuts and cream, as an experiment. It was a delightful experience, and continues so after a year and a half of constant use.

"First, I noticed that I was not hungry after meals. "In a few days that tired feeling left

me, and I felt fresh and bright, instead of dull and sleepy. "In three months, more than my usual

strength returned, and I had gained 15 pounds in weight. "I finished the year's work without any kind of tonics-was not absent

from duty even half a day. "Am still in best of health, with all who know me wondering at the improvement.

"I tell them all "Try Grape-Nuts!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new

Not Resentful.

people say they don't be "Those lieve you ever reached the pole." "That's all right," replied the explorer, as he looked up from his manuscript. "The more doubts there are

as to whether I landed or not, the longer this rather remunerative discussion is going to last."

infants and children, and see that it

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A Soft Answer.

He (triumphantly, reading from a newspaper) — "Suffragist speaker heckled by geese at a county fair." Ha, ha! Even the geese are against woman suffrage, my dear!

She (contemptuously)-That's because they are geese.-Judge.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, you can wear a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foots Ease, the antiseptic powder, into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties and for Breaking in New Shoes. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

annoyed when he gets the worst of a horse trade, as that was what he was trying to hand the other fellow.

It isn't any wonder that a man is

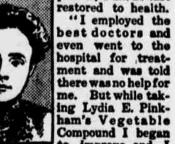
Health is the fashion. Take Garfield Tea, the herb laxative which purifies the blood and brings good health.

Nothing pleases a woman more than her inability to show her age.

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Elgin, Ill.-"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health.



to improve and I continued its use until I was made well." Mrs. HENRY LEISEBERG, 748 Adams St.

Kearneysville, W. Va.-"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet.
"After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."- Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



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right the stomach and bowels are right.

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