

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worm-out southern plantation, known as the Barrony. 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. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Beratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell'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 Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trall. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend.

CHAPTER VII-(Continued). "Boy, don't be afraid. Look on me as a friend," urged the judge. "I reckon I'll be glad to stop," an

swered Hannibal.

"Such confidence is inspiring. Are you hungry?"

'Yes, sir," replied Hannibal. "What do you say to cold fish?" the judge smacked his lips to impart a relish to the idea. "I dare swear I can find you some corn bread into the bargain." He began to assemble the dainties he had enumerated. "Here you are!" he cleared his throat impressively, while benignity shone from every feature of his face. "A moment since you allowed me to think you were solvent to the extent of fifty cents-" Hannibal looked puzgled. "I wonder if you could be induced to make a temporary loan of spectable in the aged. I'll not disthat fifty cents? The sum involved is really such a ridiculous trifle i don't need to point out to you the ab-

ing it at an early date." It was not the loss of his money that Hannibal most feared, and the coin passed from his possession into his host's custody.

solute moral certainty of my return-

"Thank you, my boy! I must step down to the tavern-when I return, please God, we shall know more of each other." While he was still speaking, he had produced a jug from behind the quilt that screened his bed, and now took himself off into the night.

Left alone, Hannibal gravely seated himself at the table. What the judge's larder lacked in variety it more than made up for in quantity, and the boy was grateful for this fact. Presently he heard the judge's heavy, shuffling step as he came up the path from the road, and a moment later his gross bulk of body filled the doorway. Breathing hard and perspiring, the judge entered the shanty, but his eagerness kept him silent until he had established himself in his chair beside the table, with the jug and a cracked glass at his elbow. Then, bland and smiling, he turned toward his guest.

"My tenderest regards, Hannibal!" and he nodded over the rim of the cracked glass his shaking hand had carried to his lips. Twice the glass was filled and emptied, and then again, his roving, watery eyes rested meditatively on the child. "Have you a father?" he asked suddenly. Hannibal shook his head. "A mother?"

"They both of them done died years and years ago," answered the boy. "I can't tell you how long back it was, but I reckon I don't know much about it. I must have been a small child."

"Ho-a small child!" cried the judge, laughing. He cocked his head on one side and surveyed Hannibal Wayne Hazard with a glance of comic seriousness. "In God's name what de you call yourself now?"

"I'm most ten," said Hannibal, with dignity.

"I can well believe it," responded the judge. "Where did you come

drunk."

said:

CHAPTER VIII.

Boon Companions.

Some time later the judge was

aware of a step on the path beyond

his door, and glancing up, saw the

tall figure of a man pause on his

threshold. A whispered curse slipped

from between his lips. Aloud he

"Is that you, Mr. Mehaffy?" He

got no reply, but the tall figure, pro-

pelled by very long legs, stalked into

the shanty and a pair of keen, rest-

less eyes deeply set under a high, baid

head were bent curiously upon him.

comer said sourly.

"I take it I'm intruding," the new-

"Why should you think that, Solo-

mon Mahaffy? When has my door

been closed on you?" the judge asked.

"From across the mountains." "And where are you going?"

"To west Tennessee." "Have you any friends there?"

"Yes, sir." "You've money enough to see you through?" and what the judge intend-

ed for a smile of fatherly affection became a leer of infinite cunning. "I got ten dollars." "Ten dollars-" the judge smacked

his lips once. "Ten dollars-" he repeated, and smacked his lips twice. The purple flush on the judge's face, where the dignity that belonged to age had gone down in wreck, deep-

He quitted his chair and, lurching somewhat as he did so, began to pace the floor.

"Take me for your example, boy! You may be poor, you may possibly but there was a guilty deepening of be hungry-you'll often be thirsty, the flush on his face. Mr. Mahaffy but through it all you will remain glanced at the jug, at the half-emptied that splendid thing-a gentleman! glass, lastly at the judge himself.



Perhaps you'll contend that the old ! order is overthrown, that family has gone to the devil? You are right, and there's the pity of it! The social fabric is tottering-I can see it totsaid this.

"Well, I'm an old man-the spectacle won't long offend me. I'll die presently." He was so profoundly moved by the thought that he could not go on. His voice broke, and he buried his face in his arms. A sympathetic moisture had gathered in the child's eyes. He slipped from his

chair and stole to the judge's side. "I'm mighty sorry you're going to dle."

"Bless you, Hannipal!" cried the judge, looking wonderfully cheerful, despite his recent bitterness of spirit. "I'm not experiencing any of the pange of mortality now. My dissolution ain't a matter of tonight or tomorrowthere's some life in Slocum Price yet, for all the rough usage, eh? I think you'd better go to bed."

"I reckon I had," agreed Hannibal, slipping from his chair.

"Well, take my bed back of the quilt. You'll find a hoe there. You can dig up the dirt under the shuck tick with it-which helps astonishingly. What would the world say if it could know that Judge Slocum Price makes his bed with a hoe!"

Hannibal retired behind the quilt. "Do you find it comfortable?" the judge asked, when the rustling of the shuck tick informed him that the child had lain down.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Have you said your prayers?" inquired the judge.

"No, sir. I ain't said 'em yet." "Well, say them now. Religion is as becoming in the young as it is re-

"His Grandson is Eack of That Curtain, Now-Asleep in

that I should stay up and get very haffy, as unfit as the judge himself,

arms

and for the same reason, but sour and

bitter with the world, believing al-

ways in the possibility of some mir-

At the judge's elbow Mr. Mahaffy

changed his position with nervous

suddenness. Then he folded his long

"You asked if there was any news

Price; while we were waiting for the

boat a raft tied up to the bank; the

fellow aboard of it had a man he'd

fished up out of the river, a man

who'd been pretty well cut to pieces."

"Who was he?" asked the judge.

"Nobody knew, and he wasn't con-

scious. I shouldn't be surprised if he

never opens his lips again. When

the doctor had looked to his cuts, the

fellow on the raft cast off and went

it occurred to the judge that he

"While you've been taking your

himself had news to impart. He must

account for the boy's presence.

acle of regeneration.

on down the Elk."

hell all by yourself."

"Oh, be reasonable, Solomon. You'd gone down to the steamboat landing," said the judge plaintively. By ter—" and he tottered himself as he way of answer, Mahaffy shot him a contemptuous glance. "Take a chair

-do, Solomon!" entreated the judge. "When did I ever sneak a jug into my shanty?" asked Mahaffy sternly, evidently conscious of entire rectitude in this matter.

"I deplore your choice of words, Solomon," said the judge. "You know damn well that if you'd been here I couldn't have got past your place with that jug! But let's deal with conditions. Here's the jug, with some liquor left in it-here's a glass, Now what more do you want?"

Mr. Mahaffy drew near the table. "Sit down," urged the judge.

"I hope you feel mean?" said Ma-"If it's any satisfaction to you, I

do," admitted the judge. "You ought to." Mahaffy drew forward a chair. The judge filled his

"What's the news from the landing?"

Mahaffy brought his fist down on the table.

"I heard the boat churning away round back of the bend, then I saw the lights, and she tied up and they tossed off the freight. Inen she churned away again and her lights got back of the trees on the bank. There was the lap of waves on the shore, and I was left with the halfdozen miserable loafers who'd crawled out to see the boat come in. That's the news six days a week!"

By the river had come the judge, tentatively hopeful, but at heart expecting nothing, therefore immune to disappointment and equipped for fail-



"You seem to be raising first-rate | encing a most extraordinary coincidence. When I went to the war of '12, a Hazard accompanied me as my orderly. His grandson is back of that curtain now-asleep-in my bed!" Mahaffy put down his glass.

"You were like this once before," he said darkly. But at that instant the shuck tick rattled notsily at some movement of the sleeping boy. Mahaffy quitted his chair, and crossing the room, drew the quilt aside. A glance sufficed to assure him that in part, at least, the judge spoke the truth

There was a hoof-beat on the road. It came nearer and nearer, and presently sounded just beyond the door. Then it ceased, and a voice said:

"Hullo, there!" The judge scrambled to his feet, and taking up the candle, staggered into the yard. Mahaffy followed him.

"What's wanted?" asked the judge holding his candle aloft. The light showed a tall fellow mounted on a bandsome bay horse. It was Murrell.

"Have either of you gentlemen seen a boy go through here today?" Murrell glanced from one to the other. Mr. Mahaffy's thin lips twisted themselves into a sarcastic smile. He turned to the judge, who spoke up quickly.

"Did he carry a bundle and rifle?" be asked. Murrell gave eager assent. "Well," said the judge, "he stopped here along about four o'clock, and asked his way to the nearest river landing."

"Hannibal-" the judge's voice and manner were rather stern. "Hanntbal, a man rode by here last night on a big bay horse. He said he was looking for a boy about ten years old -a boy with a bundle and rifle." There was an awful pause. "Who was that man, Hannibal?"

"It were Captain Murrell." judge raised his fist and brought it down with a great crash on the table. "We don't know any boy ten years old with a rifle and bundle!" he said.

"Please-you won't let him take me cried Hannibal. He slipped you!" from his chair, and passing about the table, seized the judge by the hand. The judge was visibly affected.

"No!" he roared. "He shan't have you. Is he kin to you?" et me away from my Uncle Bob

"Where is your Uncle Bob?" "He's dead." And the child began to weep bitterly. The judge bent and lifted him into his lap.

"There, my son-" he said soothingly. "Now you tell me when he died, and all about it."

"He were killed. It were only yesterday, and I can't forget him. I don't want to-but it hurts-it hurts terrible!" Hannibal buried his head in the judge's shoulder and sobbed aloud. Presently his small hands stole about the judge's neck, and that gentleman experienced a strange thrill of pleasure.

"Tell me how he died, Hannibal," he urged gently. In a voice broken by sobs, the child began the story of their flight, a confused narrative. The judge shuddered. "Can such things be," he murmured at last. Then he remembered what Mahaffy had told him of the man on the raft. "Hannibal," he said, "Solomon Mahaffy, who was here last night, told me he saw down at the river landing, a man who had been fished up out of the Elk-a man who had been roughly handled."

"Were it my Uncle Bob?" cried Hannibal, lifting a swollen face to

"Dear lad, I don't know," said the judge sympathetically.

"It were Uncle Bob! I know were my Uncle Bob! I must go find him!" and Hannibal slipped from the judge's lap and ran for his rifle and bundle. turb you tonight, for it is God's will | ure. By the river had come Mr. Ma-

"Stop a bit!" cried the judge. "Now, If it was your Uncle Bob, he'll come back the moment he is able to travel. Meantime, you must remain under my protection while we investigate this

man Slosson." It was Saturday, and in Pleasantville a jail-raising was in progress. During all the years of its corporate dignity the village had never boasted any building where the evil-doer could be placed under restraint; hence had arisen its peculiar habit of dealing with crime; but a leading citizen had donated half an acre of ground lying midway between the town and the river landing as a site for the proposed structure, and the scattered population of the region had assem-

bled for the raising. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Turned Her Gold Into Nugget. Mme. Couly of Romortin, France. who had concealed \$400 in gold in her kitchen grate during a brief absence. forgot all about it on her return, and whist of life down at the steamboat lit a fire which converted her whole landing. Mahaffy, I've been experi- fortune into a gold nugget.



LOSS OF ARM AND LEG RESULT IN DEATH.

NEWS FROM OVER THE STATE

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readers Throughout Nebraska and Vicinity.

Lincoln.-Following the amputation of his right arm and right leg. George Krummack, a 7-year-old boy died on Wednesday morning at a local hospital. The accident occurred Tuesday afternoon when George with several other boys was playing about a flat car in the Missouri Pacific yards. The car was one of a long string on a side track, and when struck by a switch engine, young Krummack fell off and beneath the wheels, one truck passing over him.

Asphyxiated by Gas.

Lincoln, Neb.-Rev. Harrison Presson, a pioneer preacher of Methodism in Nebraska, and Miss Gladys Whitlock, aged fourteen, are dead, and Mrs. H. T. Whitlock, grandmother of the girl and housekeeper for Mr. Presson, is seriously ill. as a result of gas escaping from a defective fixture in their home at 622 South Nineteenth street in this city.

Carried 1,500 Feet by Tornado.

Broken Bow .- A tornado struck the southeast part of the county last week and did much damage. The Algernon school house was completely wrecked. In it at the time were twelve children and the teacher, Miss Clara Mills. The building was lifted while they were in it and carried a distance of 1,500 feet.

Floods Caused Great Damage.

Fremont.-That the damage to land along the Platte river between Omaha and Columbus, where the receding floods left a coating of sand, amounts to between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000, is the estimate of a Fremont man who has been over the situation closely since the flood, and who knows the value of the land.

Drops Dead During Pool Game." Auburn.-John Collier, aged 66 years, fell dead while engaged in a pool game here. He was in apparent good health, went to the rack and counted the balls and then sank to the floor. He was litted to the counter, but was dead before a doctor could be called.

New Monastery at Humphrey. Humphrey.-Work has begun on the new \$30,000 Franciscan monastery at away, judge-I want to stop with this place. The work of tearing down the old building will be hurrled, and the new building completed before fall. For the present the priests will live in the school building.

Hastings.—The first forward step in "No," said Hannibal. "He tried to the movement inaugurated by the hamber of Commerce to remove the graves from the old cometery in the city park to Parkview was taken when the council ordered the preparation of an ordinance to prohibit further interments in the old burying ground.

> Fremont, Neb .- A watch lost by Miss Georgia Smith during the festival last fall was found by Henry Peters in an alleyway. Mr. Peters restored the timepiece to its owner. Though it had lain in the snow all winter, it was undamaged.

NEWS FROM THE STATE HOUSE

All effort to retain Commandant Yates of the university cadets in his present position has been practically abandoned. Chancellor Avery thinks that he has done everything in his power to get the war department to change its decision that Captain Yates must rejoin his old regiment, and he dropped the matter.

In view of the recent calamity at Morningside College in Sloux City, Is., the executive committee of the board of trustees has offered free tuition to any students of that institution who may wish to attend Wesleyan for the remainder of the school year.

Commissioner McFadden has just issued a bulletin to hotel men of the state urging their co-operation in support of the sanitary measures and asking a careful perusal of the copy of the hotel laws which accompanied the bulletin.

Governor Aldrich has appointed Superintendent A. L. Caviness of the Fairbury city schools to be a member of the state board of education to succeed Dr. Shellhorn of Peru. The appointment is to take effect June 25.

Major Julius A. Penn, Twelfth United States infantry, has returned from Missouri, where he conducted an inspection of militia companies for the war department. His inspection of the Nebraska national guard is completed. October 8 and 9 have been decided

upon for the German day celebration at Lincoln this fall. Graham Taylor, the sociologist who

visited Lincoln last March in the interests of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, has written to Governor Aldrich to explain that his statement recently published in the Eurvey magazine, of which he is associate editor, was written in the hope of recuring needed reforms at the Nelruska penitentiary. Dr. Taylor and the governor were the participants in a rather heated controversy when the former was in Lincoln.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Aches and Twinges Point to Hidden

Kidney Trouble. Have you a lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel a sharp pain after bending over? When the kidneys seem sore and the action irregular,

> Pills, which have cured thousands. J. W. Priest, Third St., Marys ville, Ohio, says: "I was in awful condition from kide ney trouble, having run down in weight from 220 to 150 pounds. The pains across my back and loins were constantly growing worse and

use Doan's Kidney

kidney secretions caused untold annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after doctors falled and I have had no trouble since."

Picture

Telle a

"When your Back is Lame, Remember the Name-DOAN'S."50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Murphy-So your son Dinnia fell from his airyoplane? Sure, Ot thought he was learnin' to fly in a corrispondence school.

Mrs. Casey-He was, but he shtopped short in the middle of a lesson.-Lippincott's.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisaive is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Didn't Want Him to Laugh. Hewitt-You would make a donkey

Jewett-Cut out your hijarity.

Kill the Files Now and Prevent disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it.
Kills thousands. Lasts all season. 15 cents
each at dealers or six sent prepaid for \$1.00.
H. SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Situation. Knicker-What is the matter? Bocker-The cook has divorced us and wants allmony .- Harper's Bazar.

Tell your troubles, and your friends will see to it that you have plenty to

Before retiring, a cup of Garfield Tea For good digestion and continued good health.

As a stimulant an ounce of censure is often worth a pound of praise.

BACKACHE **NOT A DISEASE**

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get per-manent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Woodall's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky. - "I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad



and I had a continual backsche which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensa-tions I could hardly

bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may pub-lish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Mor-

ton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Constipation Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegeta-ble — act surely

but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

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



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