

The boy shook his head.

fixed it for me to learn?"

have been worse.

him into her arms.

the other day."

5

walk.

was a little girl, Hannibal!"

ty well," said Hannibal loyally.

stump you some to guess now he's

"He's drawn the letters for you is

Betty was experiencing a certain re-

Mahaffy were concerned. They were

doubtless bad enough, but they could

"No, ma'am; he done soaked the

label off one of Mr. Pegloe's whisky

bottles and pasted it on the wall just

as high as my chin, so's I can see it

good, and he's learning me that-a-

way! Maybe you've seen the kind of

bottle I mean-Pegloe's Mississippi

Pilot; Pure Corn Whisky?" But Han-

nihal's bright little face fell. He was

quick to see that the educational sys-

"You shall have my books-the

"I like learning from the label pret-

label, he and Bety went out for a

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 Hannibai 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 Hannibai Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibai is kidnaped by Dave 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 Ferrisse, 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 Hannibai disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless 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 mysteriously assaulted. Norton Informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion.

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued). "Miss Betty, he's just like my Uncle Bob was-he ain't afraid of nothing! He totes them pistols of his-loaded -if you notice good you can see where they bulge out his coat!" Hannibal's eyes, very round and big. looked up into hers.

"Is he as poor as he seems, Hannibal?" inquired Betty.

"He never has no money, Miss Betty, but I don't reckon he's what a body would call pore."

It might have baffled a far more mature intelligence than Hannibal's to comprehend those peculiar processes by which the judge sustained himself and his intimate fellowship with adversity-that it was his magnificence of mind which made the aqualor of his daily life seem merely a passing phase-but the boy had managed to point a delicate distinction, and Betty grasped something of the hope and faith which never quite died out in Slocum Price's indomitable breast.

"But you always have enough to ent, dear?" she questioned anxiously. Hannibal promptly reassured her on this point. "You wouldn't let me think anything that was not true. Han nibai-you are quite sure you have never been hungry?"

"Never, Miss Betty; bonest!"

Betty gave a sigh of relief. She had been reproaching herself for her neglect of the child; she had meant to do so much for him and had done nothing! Now it was too late for her personally to interest herself in his behalf, yet before she left for the east she would provide for him. If she bad felt it was possible to trust the judge she would have made him her agent, but even in his best aspect he seymed a dubious dependence Tom, for quite different reasons, was equally out of the question. She thought of Mr. Mahaffy.

"What kind of a man ta Mr. Mahaffy, Hannibal?"

"He's an awful nice man, Miss Betty, only he never lets on; a body's got to find it out for his own seifhe ain't like the judge." "Does he drink, too, Hannibal?

questioned Betty. "Oh, yes; when he can get the licker, he does." It was evident that Hannibal was cheerfully tolerant of this weakness on the part of the austere Mahaffy.

"But, no matter what they do, they are very, very kind to you?" she continued tremulously.

"Yes, ma'am-why, Miss Betty, they're lovely men!'

And do you ever hear the things spoken of you learned about at Mrs. Ferris' Sunday-school?"

"When the judge is drunk he talks a beap about 'em. It's beautiful to hear him then; you'd love it, Miss denly. Betty," and Hannibal smiled up sweet-'y into her face.

"Does he have you go to Sundayschool in Raleigh?"

"No. ma'am-it ain't that-i was ust thinking-

baffy?"

Thinking about what, dear?"

"About my Uncle Bob." The small face was very wistful. "Oh-and you still miss him so much, Hannibal?"

"I bet I do-I reckon anybody who Betty! The judge is mighty kind, kind, Miss Betty, and it seems like with Uncle Bob, when he liked you, he just laid himself out to let you tered.

"That does make a great difference, doesn't it?" agreed Betty sadiy. and two pitcous tearful eyes were bent upon him.

"Don't you reckon if Uncle Bob is "I ain't got no clothes that's fitten to wear, nor no pennies to give, but ever going to find me, he had ought to be here by now?" continued Hanthe judge, he 'lows that as soon as he can make a raise I got to go, and he's nibal anxiously.

learning me my letters-but we ain't "But it hasn't been such a great toward the boat a book. Miss Betty, I reckon it'd while, Hannibal; it's only that so much has happened to you. If he weeks before he could travel; and that the way?" In spite of herself, then when he could, perhaps he went back to that tavern to try to learn vulsion of feeling where the judge and what had become of you. But we may be quite certain he will never abandon his search until he has made every possible effort to find you, That means he will sooner or later come to west Tennessee, for there will always be the hope that you have found your way here."

"Sometimes I get mighty tired waiting, Miss Betty," confessed the boy. 'Seems like I just couldn't wait no longer-" He sighed gently, and then his face cleared. "You reckon he'll come most any time, don't you, Miss tem devised by the judge did not im- Betty?"

press Betty at all favorably. She drew "Yes, Hannibal; any day or hour!" "Whoop!" muttered Hannibal softly under his breath. Presently he books I learned to read out of when I asked: "Where does that branch take you to?" He nodded toward the bayou at the foot of the terraced bluff, "It empties into the river," an-"But you'll like the books better, swered Betty.

dear, when you see them. I know just Hannibal saw a small skiff beached where they are, for I happened on among the cottonwoods that grew them on a shelf in the library only along the water's edge and his eyes lighted up instantly. He had a juvenile After they had found and examined passion for boats.

the books and Hannibal had gruding-"Why, you got a boat, ain't you, Miss Beily?" This was a charming ly admitted that they might possess certain points of advantage over the and an important discovery.

"Would you like to go down to it?" inquired Betty

go back to the judge and Mr. Ma- | it in crossing to the other side where they are clearing land for cotton. It saves him a long walk or ride about the head of the payou."

"Like I should take you out in her. Miss Betty?" demanded Hannibal with palpitating anxiety.

They had entered the scattering timber when Betty paused suddenly with a startled exclamation, and Hanknew Uncle Bob would never get over | nibal felt her fingers close convulmissing him; they just couldn't, Miss sively about his. The sound she had heard might have been only the rustand so is Mr. Mahaffy-they're awful ling of the wind among the branches overhead in that shadowy silence, but they get kinder all the time-but Betty's nerves, the placid nerves of youth and perfect health, were shat-

"Didn't you hear something, Han-

nibal?" she whispered fearfully. For answer Hannibal pointed mysteriously, and glancing in the direction he indicated, Betty saw a woman advancing along the path toward alive, like the judge says, and he's them. The look of alarm slowly died out of his eyes.

"I think it's the overseer's niece," she told Hannibal, and they kept on

The girl came rapidly up the path, which closely followed the irregular was very badly hurt it may have been | line of the shore in its windings. Once she was seen to stop and glance back over her shoulder, her attitude intent and fistening, then she hurried forward again. Just at the boat the three met.

"Good evening!" said Betty pleasantly.

The girl made no reply to this; she merely regarded Betty with a fixed stare. At length she broke the silence abruptly. "I got something I want to say to

you-you know who I am, I reckon?" She was a girl of about Betty's own age, with a certain dark, sullen beauty and that physical attraction which Tom, in spite of his vexed mood, had taken note of earlier in the day.

"You are Bess Hicks," said Betty. "Make the boy go back toward the house a spell-I got something I want to say to you." Betty hesitated. She was offended by the girl's manner, which was as rude as her speech. "I ain't going to hurt you-you needn't be afraid of me, I got something important to say-send him off, I tell you: there ain't no time to lose!" The girl stamped her foot impatiently.

Betty made a sign to Hannibal and he passed slowly back along the path. He went unwillingly, and he kept his head turned that he might see what was done, even if he were not to hear what was said.

"That will do, Hannibal-walt there -don't go any farther!" Betty called after him when he had reached a in an ordinary tone. "Now, what is it? Speak quickly if you have anything to tell me!"

girl with a scowi. Her manuer was sible to make, we shall come back to tor's bill. There is, however, no law still flerce and repellant, and she gave Betty a certain jealous regard out of her black eyes which the latter was at a loss to explain. "Where's Mr. Tom?" she demanded.

"Tom? Why, about the place, I suppose-in his office, perhaps." So it had to do with Tom. . Betty elt sudden disgust with the situation.

"No, he ain't about the place, either! He done struck out for Memphis two hours after sun-up, and what's more, he ain't coming back here tonight-" There was a moment of silence. The girl tooked about apprehensively. She continued, fixing her black eyes on Betty: "You're here alone at Belle Plain-you know what happened when Mr. Tom started for Memphis last time-1 reckon you-all ain't forgot that!"

Betty felt a pallor steal over her face. She rested a hand that shook on the trunk of a tree to steady herself. The girl laughed shortly.

"Don't be so scared; I reckon Belle Plain's as good as his if anything happened to you?" By a great effort Betty gained a

measure of control over herself. She took a step nearer and looked the girl steadily in the face.

"Perhaps you will stop this sort of talk, and tell me what is going to happen to me-if you know?" she said

quietly. "Why do you reckon Mr. Norton was shot? I can tell you why-it was all along of you-that was why!" The girl's furtive giance, which searched and watched the gathering shadows, came back as it always did to Betty's pale face. "You ain't no safer than he was, I tell you!" and she sucked in her breath sharply between her full red lips.

"What do you mean?" faitered

Betty. "Do you reckon you're safe here in the big house alone? Why do you reckon Mr. Tom cleared out for Memphis? It was because he couldn't be loneliness through which he had lived, there ain't no better fun than rowing around and have anything happen to you-that was why!" and the girl sank her voice to a whisper. "You quit Belle Plain now-tonight-just as soon as you can!"

"This is absurd-you are trying to frighten me!" "Did they stop with trying to tright-

en Charley Norton?" demanded Bess, with harsh insistence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



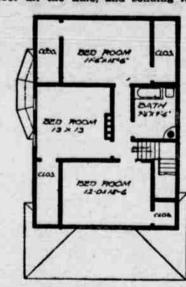
paper. On account of his wide experience is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Almost perfect as regards comfort and economy, is the little house illustrated in the perspective view and floor-plans herewith. It is a 6-room house, 27 feet wide by 38 feet long, exclusive of the porch. It would be difficult to put the same amount of building material together in any other form to make such a perfect arrangement of rooms, and not exceed in cost the amount of money that this house can be built for. Prices vary so much in different parts of the country that it is impossible to make an estimate of cost which will apply to every location; but a range varying from \$1,400 to \$1,700 may be given as a rough estimate for this cosy little cottage.

The tastes of individuals in selecting materials has a great deal to do with the cost of a house-in quality of finish and hardware. The cost of extra fine locks and hinges is not so much in itself; but if the same grade of furnishing is carried throughout, there will be a great difference in the final footing-up of the bill. We have all heard the story about the man who was ruined by a pair of lace curtains. When the curtains were bung, it was discovered that everything else about the house must be in keeping or the curtains would not look right. It seems very easy to set a higher standbecause any high-ideal standard has so many branches leading off in different directions, and it is the following-up of the different branches that involves so much expense.

This is a style of house that will point sufficiently distant to be out of fads about different kinds of entrancehearing of a conversation carried on ways and different arrangements of rooms; we may do away with the hall: we may do away with the front room: but after we have experimented with "I got a heap to say," answered the all the different arrangements possi- books every little while to pay a doc-

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this have, but it is the best ventilator that was ever put into a house. You cannot have good air in a dwelling without some proper means of changing it, and this should be continuous. You can open the doors and windows once in a while, and let the foul ale out and the fresh, pure air from outside come in and take its place; but you can't be doing this all the time. On the other hand, a fire in the grate is drawing the foul air from near the floor all the time, and sending it up



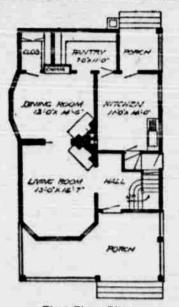
Second Floor Plan.

the chimney. Good air from outside comes in through the cracks around the doors and windows to take its place. Some people make the mistake. ard, but it is difficult to live up to it, of using double windows and rubber strips to keep this pure air out. I do not understand intelligent people doing that way in these days of education. Everyone knows that pure air is absolutely necessary for good health, and I cannot understand the never go out of fashion. We may have peculiar mental process by which people can deliberately set themselves to

work to shut out their greatest necessity. I have acquaintances who never open a window if they can help it. 1 notice they usually open their pocket-



the front hall and the front stairway | to compel them to breathe pure air is going up from it with a good, comfort- they don't want to. able living room to one side, as an old standby for the most satisfactory and desirable entrance to a dwelling. hall and a front stairway, and she does not care to have the stairway placed in some inconvenient corner just because that happens to be a fad. Some of the peculiar structures that are now being built will be considered freaky and undesirable in a few years'



First Floor Plan.

time. They may look very pretty when new, and the oddities worked into them may appeal for a time to certain young folks who think they want something smart or a little different Nellie?" from the ordinary; but such people usually acknowledge after a while that they made a mistake in selecting the house plan they did.

One of the most desirable features in this house is the two open fireplaces | Chicago Tribune. -one in the living room and the other in the dining room. It is intended, of course, to heat the house with a small furnace in the cellar; but there are many days in the spring and fall when through college. we do not want a furnace fire, and yet the house is too chilly and uncomfortable without some artificial heat. Then, too, there is a saving in the winter time by running the furnace low, and having a grate fire to keep one room warm enough to sit in. A temperature of 60 to 65 is warm enough for the whole house if you have the dining room or living room heated up to about 72. By managing this way, probabaly a ton of coal would be saved during the winter.

But there is a greater advantage the hammock were whispering about.

Another point of superiority about this house is the arrangement of the dining room, china closet, pantry, and Every woman likes to have a front kitchen. It would be difficult to invent an arrangement better than this for a woman who does her own work. There is, in addition, a good closet off the dining room, to hold a hundred things which a woman likes to have near by, but which are not always in sight. The fine, large dining room windows is a good place, for example, for the sewing machine; but a woman does not care to store a sewing machine in the dining room. With the arrangement here given, the machine can easily be wheeled into the closet, and left there until wanted next time.

A built-in back porch that can easily be screened against files and mosquitoes, is another very good feature. It is impossible to keep flies out of the kitchen when they are gathered in multitudes on the back porch. A screen door is not sufficient. It is difficult and expensive to screen some porches, but this one is an exception. Screening can be done so easily that there is no excuse for leaving the porch open as an invitation for flies and mosquitoes.

Refreshing Bit of Devotion. Some children were grouped about a rough looking huckster, whose horse had picked up a piece of bright paper. The huckster was quietly and tenderly removing it, and as he had finished he patted the animal's head and said to the children:

"That's the finest little lady in Chicago. She's my best girl-ain't you, And he gave her a bit of sugar,

dering admiration. Such a refreshing bit of devotion to see in the heart of a busy, hot city!-

while the children looked on in won-

Field Neglected. Mrs. Struckit Rich-Our walter is

a student. He is working his way Mr. Struckit Rich-You don't tell me! Well, if the colleges would only turn out a few more good waiters I'd have more respect for them seats of

learning.-Puck.

A Mean Man. Belle-This paper says to eliminate the squeak, a Georgia man has patented a hammock that automatically

lubricates itself with graphite. Beulah-Mean man! He was likely anxious to hear what the couple in



That's the kind - Libby's - There isn't another sliced dried beef like it. Good? It's the inside cut of the finest beef sliced to wafer thinness.

## Sliced **Dried Beef**

stands supreme. The tasty dishes one can make with it are almost numberless. Let's see! There's creamed dried beef, and-but just try it. Then you'll know !

## Always Insist on Libby's

Don't accept "a just as good." From relish to roast, from condiment to conserve, the quality of Libby's Ready-to-Serve Foods is always superior. And they don't cost one whit more than the ordinary kinds.

Put up in sterilized glass or tin containers At Every Grocers



HER LITTLE HAND IN HIS

Mr. Pecke's Explanation as to Reason Somewhat Dispelled the Odor of Romance.

Henne and Pecke were two henpecked married men. The other day they met, and, after a few casual remarks concerning the weather, the subject of women and unfortunate husbands was-perhaps naturally-discussed. To Henne, however, suddenly came thoughts of years ago, when he was a happy bachelor, and (unconsciously of what Fate had in store for him) was "walking out" a girl who was, later on, destined to bring him sorrow and misery.

Pecke, seeing a "far-away" look in his companion's eyes, inquired the meaning. Henne retorted dramatically, "I was just then thinking, old fellow, of those happy days long agowhen I used to hold that girl's hand

in mine for hours-when-' But the equally unfortunate Pecke suddenly cut his companion short by exclaiming: "Why, that's nothing! Cheer up! Do you know, only yesterday I held my wife's hand for three

solid hours." What?" said the startled Henne. "Yes, it's a fact," resumed Pecke, sorrowfully; "and I declare if I'd let loose she'd have killed me."-London

More Time Needed. "You must get three weeks' vaca-

tion this year." "Why?" "Two weeks aren't enough."

"They're all I can get." "I don't care. You've got to have three. Last year I had to come home with two new dresses that I hadn't had time to wear."

Lacks Originality. "Bilkins tells me that he has lately subscribed for a new thought maga-

gine." "I hope its perusal will inspire himwith some new thoughts, Nobody talks about the weather more than Bilkins does."

Their Place. "Where are marital rods in pickle

"I should suggest in family jars."

Even a wisdom dispenser shouldn't prolong the performance until people get weary.

> A Triumph Of Cookery-

## **Post Toasties**

Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.

But none of these creations excels Post Toasties in tempting the palate.

"Toasties" are a luxury that make a delightful hot - weather economy.

The first package tells its own story.

"The Memory Lingers" Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited. Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

## Great Emperor's Pet Name

panionable.

Permits Himself to Be Known as "Willy."

in the Woman's Home Companion there is an intimate personal story of Emperor William's only daughter, Victoria Luise, in which many new facts are brought out about the emperor and empress of Germany. Following is a brief extract:

"The emperor, in absence of his consort, speaks of her as 'my wife;' the empress in the home circle addresses him as 'Willy.' The former alludes to his family, from the crown prince to the princess, as 'my young nes;' the latter speaks of them not by title, but as 'my children,' both expressions so clearly conveying the close existing attachment.

ever-present thought with him of his the "wabbling" beroine, the lady who ing is eligible to sue for his hand. He

In Home Circle German War Lord tertained at state banquets as the slip bonbons into his pocket, quietly ways tastes better; I know that from | ed a strong blas in that direction.

Hannibal looked up into her face. [

never very long absent from his

mind, and Miss Betty had been the

victim of a similarly sinister tragedy.

He recalled those first awful days of

when there was no Uncle Bob-soft-

voiced, smiling and infinitely com-

"Why, Hannibal, you are crying-

"No, ma'am; I sin't crying," said

"Are you homesick-do you wish to

Hannibal stoutly, but his wet lashes

gave the lie to his words.

what about, dear?" asked Betty sud-

The memory of his own loss was any, Miss Betty?"

Needn't Be Afraid, I Got Something Important to Say."

path.

might do?"

experience. "It is told of the emperor that in Rome, when he was selecting a gown of fashion. People have no time to to take home as a present to the empress, a relative advised as choice an are now realizing the futility of doing elaborate creation, mainly of lace, so. Like Omar Khayyam, they under-'Impossible!' he answered. 'With the stand that no one can rub out what her, it would soon be in ribbons."

Decline of Repentance.

Repentance—once so universally practiced at this season of the year, as well as on birthdays, and some times on Sundays-is rapidly becom- through a local paper that he wants "Very often the emperor gives evi- ing one of the obsolete virtues. Even to get married, and any woman who sence at unexpected moments of the novelists seem to have grown tired of has always been economical and sav-'amily. At times, when they were plunged into exotic sins one day and is by trade an interor decorator. His how to get free tickets to the grand small children, and he was being en betook berself (metaphorically) to a only son is twenty-one years old.

army of backsliders with greater zest than ever as soon as her fit of penitence was over. Despite copybook he should resign, until he was 87. maxims warning the unwary of the guest of princes or cities, he would futility of indulging in lamentation over spilt milk, repentance has floursaying. These are for the young ished exceedingly, and women espe-ones; something brought home at cially have hitherto always manifestished exceedingly, and women espe-

"'Deed I would! Does she leak

"I don't know about that Do

"Why, you ain't ever been out row-

ing her, Miss Betty, have you?-and

a boat!" They had started down the

"I used to think that, too, Hanni-

bal; how do you suppose it is that

when people grow up they forget all

about the really nice things they

"What use is she if you don't go

"Oh, but it is used. Mr. Tom uses

rowing in her?" persisted Hannibal.

boats usually leak, Hannibai?"

Repentance needs leisure, and that may be why it is gradually going out look backwards, and, moreover, they children constantly clambering over the moving Finger has written, and that tears are powerless to undo what

has once been done.-Exchange. Wants a Leap Year Proposal. Pittsfield, Mass.-Adam Turner, Sr., forty-eight years old, announces

nunnery the next, only to join the | Curran and the Irish Chief Justice. Lord Norbury held his post as Irish chief justice, in defiance of hints that When he was 86 it was suggested to him very strongly by the Lord Lieutenant that he ought to go, but the negotiations were broken off by Norbury challenging the envoy to fight. His rambling and irrelevant comments often annoyed counsel. Once when he was maundering on he was interrupted by a sound which he only partially heard but which was really the braying of a donkey. "What noise was that?" he asked. "Merely an echo of the court, m'lud," replied Curran gravely.

Another judge called Fletcher, very surly person, said to counsel, Sir. I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to the stake." "No, not tled, 'm'lud," was the suave interruption.-Westminster Gazette

That Will Get You Out.

One of the best ways in which to break up a cold is to manage some