The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barsaty. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Creashaw, 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. Nascouthern family, makes his appearance. southern family, makes his appearance, thandel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards Geny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

When Betty Mairoy rode away from Squire Stataam'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 exher horse. Murrell quickly gained a place at her side.

walk

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

"May I ride with you?" he gave her a swift glance. She nodded indifterently and would have urged her borse 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 Hannibat 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 linpered, 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?" be 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, you know. That's where I met Judith

Ferris. It's still a bit raw compared with what you've been accustomed to in the north. You haven't been back to all those four years?" Betty shook her head. "Nor seen Tom-nor any one from out vonder?" 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.

"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

him. "Don't you know what I'm trygathered up her reins. "Not yet-" hand on hers.

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

still nearer and gathered her close. without knowing where he was. "You've got to hear me. I've loved you since the first moment I rested my eyes on you-and, by God, you shall love me in return!" He felt ber Bruce Carrington, on his way back

to Fayetteville from the Forks, came about a turn in the road. At sight of the new-comer, Murrell,

she bent low in her saddle.

Russians Do Well to Reverence the

Memory of King Who Really

Made Country Great.

have named "the Father of His Coun-

try," is celebrated in Russia each

many tangible memorials of his work-

sumed every character on the pro-

gram in the drama of his time. "He

gave a polish," says Voltaire, "to his

people and was himself a savage; he

"protean actor," Peter successfully as- brown paper.

Worthy of Nation's Honor

January 28, 1725, whom the Russians makers, carvers, anchorsmiths, cop-

taught them the art of war, of which hose on the burning ruins of the

he was bimself ignorant; from the Equitable building at New York on

sight of a small boat on the River the second day of the fire, a middle

gasped, and Carrington, striding forward, caught Murrell's horse by the

"Let go!" roared Murrell, and a murderous light shot from his eyes.

that.

CHAPTER VI.

Betty Sets Out for Tennessee.

Bruce's first memories had to do with long nights when he perched be- dinner was waiting them. side his father on the cabin roof of mon market at the river's mouth.

Bruce Carrington had seen the day of barge and raft reach its zenith, days of hot, dusty travél, four nights had heard the first steam packet's of uncomfortable cross-road stations,

and his wife-or it might have been day later they rumbled into Washing-Captain Murrell and Miss Mairoy, ton, and as Betty descended from the Miss Malroy did not live in that part | coach Carrington stepped to her side. of the country; she was a friend of "I suppose you'll stop here, Miss Mrs. Ferris', belonged in Kentucky or Malroy," he said, indicating the tav-Tennessee, or somewhere out yonder ern before which the stage had come -at any rate she was bringing her to a stand. visit to an end, for Ferris had instructed him to reserve a place for her in the north-bound stage on the

Carrington suddenly remembered

"Yes." said Betty briefly.

wardness in his manner.

"If I can be of any service to you-

he began, with just a touch of awk-

"Why-Bob Yancy!" he cried in

"Yes, sir-Bob Yancy, Does it har

"No-no, Bob. I'm on my way

Murrell slipped from his saddle and

"They were mightily stirred up at

"That's kind of them," responded

Yancy, a little dryly. There was no

reason for it, but he was becoming

They went forward in silence. A

sudden turn in the road 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

ruthlessly utilitarian. A sign an-

nounced the dingy structure of logs

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 shag-

giness which a recent toilet performed

at the horse trough had not served to

"Howdy?" responded Mr. Yancy.

"Shall you stop here?" asked Mur-

rell, sinking his voice. Yancy nodded

"Can you put us up?" inquired Mur-

"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 under-

stood he referred to the state of trade.

He looked from one to the other of

luck!" said Murrell, as he raised his

Murrell pulled out a roll of bills, one

"Same here," responded Yancy,

"Here, youngster-a present for

gift, edged to his Uncle Bob's side.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy.

Presently Hannibal stole out into

reli, turning to the tavern-keeper.

nearest the roadside a tavern.

"Howdy?" he drawled.

distrustful of Murrell, and uneasy.

fell into step at Yancy's side as they

the Cross Roads when I left, wonder-

ing what had come of you," he ob-

moved forward.

served.

mitigate.

pen you are looking to' him, Cap-

their keel-boat and watched the stars took her seat, and gave a scarcely grew nearer and nearer, and at last clamation of displeasure she reined in or the blurred line of the shore where perceptible start of surprise. Then when they were quite close, Yancy it lay against the sky, or the lights on her face was flooded with a rich col- faced about. Smilingly Murrell reined other barges and rafts drifting as or. This was the man who saw her in his horse. they were drifting, with their wheat with Captain Murrell yesterday! he said drawing his horse down to a and corn and whisky, to that com- There was a brief moment of irreso apparent astonishment. lution and then she bowed coldiv.

tain?" inquired Yancy.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Carrington," that he had thought of starting north said Betty quickly. "Good night . . . good-by." He in the morning himself. The stage left at six, and as Car- turned away, and Betty saw his tall rington climbed to his seat the next form disappear in the twilight. morning Mr. Cleggett was advising . . the driver to lock sharp when he A month and more had elapsed came to the Barony road, as he was since Bob Yancy's trial. Just two to pick up a party there. It was Car- days later man and boy disappeared rington who looked sharp, and almost from Scratch Hill. Murrell was soon at the spot where he had seen Miss on their trail and pressing forward Malroy the day before he saw her in hot pursuit. Reaching the mounagain, with Ferris and Judith and a tains, he heard of them first as ten pile of luggage bestowed by the way- days ahead of him and bound for side. Betty did not observe him as west Tennessee; the ten days dwinthe coach stopped, for she was in- dled to a week, the week became five tent on her farewells with her triends. | days, the five days three; and now "I don't know but I should pull you There were hasty words of advice as he emerged from the last range of out of that saddle and twist your from Ferris, prolonged good-bys to hills he caught sight of them. neck!" said Carrington hotly. Mur. Judith, tears-kisses-while a place. Yancy glanced back at the blue wall rell's face underwent a swift change. was being made for her many boxes of the mountains where it lay along "You're a bold fellow to force your and trunks. Carrington gathered that the horizon, way into a lover's quarrel," he said she was going north to Washington; "Well, Nevvy," he said, "we've put quietly. Carrington's arm dropped at that her final destination was some a heap of distance between us and his side. Perhaps, after all, it was point either on the Ohio or Missis- old Scratch Hill." sippl, and that her name was Belty. For the past ten days their journey All through the morning they swung had been conducted in a leisurely forward in the heat and dust and fashion. As Yancy said, they were glare, and at midday rattled into the seeing the world, and it was well to shaded main street of a sleepy village take a good look at it while they had and drew up before the tavern where a chance Suddenly out of the silence came Betty saw Carrington when she the regular beat of hoofs. These

It was four days to Richmond. Four



Your Neck."

"Betty-if I might think-" he be- shricking whistle, which sounded the | where Betty suffered sleepless nights ment. "Eph, come here, you!" Slosgan but his tongue stumbled. His death-knell of the ancient order, and the unaccustomed pangs of early son raised his voice. This call love-making was usually of a savage though the shifting of the trade was a rising. She occasionally found her- brought a half-grown black boy from sort, but some quality in the girl held slow matter and the glory of the old self wondering who Carrington was. him in check. Betty drew away from did not pass over to the new at once, She approved of the manner in which Murrell relinquished his horse. him, an angry color on her cheeks but lingered still in mighty fleets of and an angry light in her eyes. "For- rafts and keel-boats and in the Hogive me, Betty!" murmured Murrell, meric carousals of some ten thousand but his heart beat against his ribs, of the half-horse, half-alligator breed

After the reading of the warrant ing to tell you?" he whispered. Betty that morning, Charley Balaam had shown Carrington the road to the he cried, and again he rested a heavy Forks, assuring him when they separated that with a little care and decent use of his eyes it would be "No-not yet!" He urged his horse pass plumb through the settlement

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 struggle to free herself from his and Murrell occurred. The girl's face grasp with a sense of savage triumph. 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 Tavern. Later, in the bar, with an oath, released Betty. who, he engaged his host in idle gossip. He striking her horse with the whip, gai- had met a gentleman and a lady on loped down the road toward the the road that day! he wondered, as Parony. As she fled past Carrington he toyed with his glass, if it could have been the Ferrises? Mounted?

country." He visited England in the

of ships, pilots, surgeons, gunners,

persmiths-in all nearly 500 persons.

While some fifty firemen, shivering

from the cold, were still playing a

he conducted himself. She liked a man who could be unobtrusive

The next morning he found himself tion of the bar. seated opposite her at breakfast. He and passion sent its surges through that nightly gathered in New Orleans. received another curt little nod, cool lowing, and they all entered the tayand distant, as he took his seat. "You stop in Washington?" said

Carrington

Betty shook her head. "No. 1 am glass to his lips. going on to Wheeling." "You're fortunate in being so near-

possible to fetch up there and not ly home," he observed. "I'm going of which he tossed on the bar. Then 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 Na tional Road to Wheeling?"

Betty nodded. "It makes one wish they'd finish their railroads, doesn't 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 at- his handkerchief. "Bon't let him follow me!" she Yes, mounted. Then it was Ferris tempt to resume the conversation. A

and buy some coffee for the men; they |

knotted it carefully in one corner of (TO BE CONTINUED.)

turned to Hannibai,

gested Murrell,

Sensitive. "You've lost him for good this time."

"Yes, but I forgot." "That's no excuse. If you can't at-

"What's the trouble?" inquired a "He didn't brush the gentleman

"Certainly, and that is why he should have brushed it. Bald-headed

"Never. He'll try some other barber's next time, and will even advise

"Yes; she never shuts up

Children Cry for Fletcher's

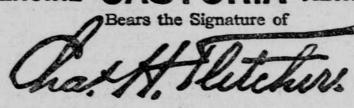
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 20 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Chart that Sonat supervision continues and Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

Needed No More Help.

Nothing was heard from the French-

"In small time I can learn so many

English from his text-book and her

Clothes and the Man.

walking many miles through mud, ac-

costed a passerby and suggested the

purchase of the Bible. He was re-

town and had the pleasure of selling

met a muddy man yesterday with

Bibles," said he, "who looked like a

Methodist tramp. When I buys a Bi-

ble I buys it from a Baptist gentle-

A Prediction.

reach a green old age?"

"Do you think Biffels will ever

"He surely will, if he lives long

Fathers' Day.

Mothers' day. Why don't they have a

Gabe-I see that they celebrated

Steve-Father has every Saturday

Make your failure tragical by the

earnestness of your endeavor, and

then it will not differ much from suc-

Children who have been brought

If you would discover a woman's

weakness, keep quiet and listen

up as pets may never get over being

man.'

Fathers' day?

cess .- Thoreau.

a Bible to the very man who had re

fused to purchase the day before.

A colporteur in South Carolina,

LANDLORD KNEW THE GAME

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

900 Drops

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion.Cheefi

ness and Rest.Contains neithe

Opium Morphine nor Mineral

NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Desiman Places

Aperfect Remedy for Consilpation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhose

Worms.Convulsions.Feverish

ness and Loss of SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Charff Eletetier.

NEW YORK.

Atb months old

5 Doses - 35 CENTS

inaranteed under the Food a

Spared His Tenant the Enumeration of the Time-Honored and Yearly "Bluff."

"I have called to collect the rent,"

said the landlord. "Yes," replied the lady of the house, "come in. Now, before I give you the money this month, I-'

"Just a minute, madam," said the landlord. "I can save time for you. I know the parlor isn't fit for a pig to live in, the dining room wall paper is a shock to people of refinement, the kitchen walls are a disgrace, and the back perch is a menace to life and limb. I'm also aware that you won't stay here another month unless the barber-shop wallpaper in the back bedroom is changed to something in a delicate pink and I'm next to the fact that you're ashamed to have people look at such gas fixtures as I have provided. I'm going to paint the front and back porches and let it go at

"Thank you very much," said the lady meekly. "You have saved me a afraid you'll be laughing at me in a lot of trouble. That is all we really few minutes. expected to have done, but I was afraid that I should have to make the same old bluff to get that much out of you."-Detroit Free Press.

That Was Different.

told a young man who was paying his, his exercises to him he would willing- upon his shelves.-Youth's Companion. addresses to his daughter not to visit ly correct them. the house again without his permission, which he never intended to give, man for some time, but finally a letter was surprised when he answered a came couched in the following choice and shut. ring at the doorbell late one evening English: to see the young man waiting on the

dictionary as I think I will to come at "Sir," said he in anger, "didn't I tell, the America and to go on the scaffold "Yes," said the young man. to lecture."

fused. The next day, says the Record The Lesser Half. Henpecked Husband-Is my wife of Christian Work, after a night's rest and cleanup, he set up his stand in

Henpecked Husband-Do you know if I am going with her?

she may realize that there is nothing better to cry on than a man's shoul-

Nuts for breakfast and very soon found I could do without meat, for my body got all the nourishment necessary from the Grape-Nuts and since then I have not had any indigestion | night, hasn't be? and am feeling better and have in-

hand, for he did not quite know how from Grape-Nuts I have prescribed the to dispose of his great wealth. After food for all my patients suffering from dehating this matter for a mement he indigestion or over-feeding and also for those recovering from disease where I want a food easy to take and certain to digest and which will not overtax the stomach.

when I prescribe Grape-Nuts. For ethical reasons please omit my name." Name given by mail by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

amount of nutriment, and the easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is not hard to find.

In the first place, the starchy part of the wheat and barley goes through various processes of cooking, to perfectly change the starch into dextrose or grape-sugar, in which state it is ready to be easily absorbed by the

which Nature can make use of for rebuilding brain and nerve centers are retained in this remarkable food, and thus the human body is supplied with the powerful strength producers, so easily noticed after one has eaten Grape-Nuts each day for a week or

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

HE DIDN'T STAY TO LAUGH. WENT BACK ON THE SHELVES

> Crowning Insult to His Beloved Books Was More Than the Professor Could Stand. Perhaps the bitterest moment in the life of a lover of books is when he finds that his treasures are valued by no one but himself. The late Prof. Churton Collins once tried to weed out his books, after he had become

> > their owner would have to move out of the library. The weeding was a painful process, but at last the second-hand book-dealer was invited to name his price for the uprooted "weeds." "They're no good to me," was the disconcerting re-

convinced that either the surplus or

"What, none of them." "No, not one."

Some one suggested that as the Chinner-I had to laugh at the ball books had to go, the dealer had betgame today. It always makes me ter have them for nothing. It was a laugh when anybody's caught nap-bitter moment for Mr. Collins, but finally he assented. The man then re-Miss Wearyone-Really? Then I'm marked:

"That'll be half a dollar."

"What do you mean? What for?" exclaimed the victim in a restrained tone of voice.

An American gentleman got ac-"To take them away," said the man. That was too much for Mr. Collins. very anxious to acquire the English The dealer was driven forth with ob language. The American in order to jurgations, after which, with a sigh of A stern father who had repeatedly help him said that if he would send relief, the owner replaced the books

> Yet Solomon in all his glory never wore an opera hat that would open

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all lue. Ask your grocer.

Some philanthropist should offer a reward for a college that doesn't need

The finger of destiny is undoubtedly on the hand of fate.

A postal card to Garfield Tea Co., Brook-

The man who sings his own praise seldom gets an encore



'ASTY, tempting and appetizing. Corned Beef Fine for a light luncheon or a

hearty meal. Ready to serve-no cooking odor to permeate the house,

and economical as well. Makes excellent corn beef hash, At Every Grocers Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

Datisfies There never was a thirst that Coca-Cola couldn't satisfy. It goes, straight as an arrow, to the dry spot. And besides this, satisfies to a T the call for something

THE COCA-COLA CO.

Moskwa he erected a powerful fleet, aged man, wearing a silk hat, brushed made himself an expert, and active through the police lines and inquired shipwright, sailor, pilot and command- for the man in charge of the firemen. er; he changed the manners, customs "I won't tell you what my name is," and the coming celebration is largely and laws of the Russians, and lives said the silk hatted one, when he met in their memory as the father of his the fire leader. "but, here, take this lished in 1811.-Youth's Companion.

need it." Four hundred dollars in \$100 bills were thrust into the hands of the fire leader. Too astonished for utterance, the fire chief looked at the reign of William of Orange, and when money. He could hardly believe his eyes. Suddenly a smile broke out on he left there went with him captains his face. He thought of how much The death day of Peter the Great, mast makers, boat builders, sail coffee he could get for \$400. When relieved from duty he figured the problem and found that 40,000 men could At his departure he presented to each have a cup of coffee from what could be purchased at wholesale rates year. No ruler has had so carefully King William a ruby valued at more preserved by an admiring people so than \$50,000 which he brought in his for \$400. The money will go to the waistcoat pocket and placed in the general coffee fund of the department. manship. As a "many-sided man" and king's hand wrapped up in a piece of

Krupp Centenary.

One of the centenaries to be celebrated this year-and a grim one, when all its significance is considered-is that of the famous Trupp cannon foundry at Essen. Prussia. Frederick Krupp, who established the i business, was a grocer before he became a cannon-maker. His son, Al- his friends to avoid this." fred, who brought the foundries to their great success, was born in 1812. in his bonor. The works were estab-

said the master barber to one of his assistants as a customer went out and slammed the door behind him.

tend to business, you must go." customer

head." "But his head was a bald as an egg!"

men are very sensitive; you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice of their baldness." "And won't that customer return?"

The Real Thing. "That girl seems to have very much

the two men. As his eyes rested on Murrell, that gentleman raised the first three fingers of his right hand you not to call again, eh, sir?" The gesture was ever so little, yet it seemed to have a tonic effect on Mr. know, but I didn't call to see your Slosson. What might have developed daughter. I came on behalf of our into a smile had he not immediately firm about that little bill." suppressed it, twisted his bearded "Oh-er-er-" stammered the stern lips as he made an answering movefather, "call again, will you?" going out, Dora? Dora-Yes, sir.

about a corner of the tavern, to whom "Let's liquor," said the captain over his shoulder, moving off in the direc-"Come on, Nevvy!" said Yancy fol-

A girl may laugh at love, but later "Well, here's to the best of good

> DOCTOR'S SHIFT. Now Gets Along Without It.

A physician says: "Until last fall I after a moment's hesitation he deused to eat meat for my breakfast and enough and doesn't know more then tached a second bill from the roll and suffered with indigestion until the than he does now." meat had passed from the stomach. "Last fall I began the use of Grape you," he said good-naturedly. Hannibal, embarrassed by the unexpected "Let's have another drink," sug:

creased in weight. the yard. He still held the bill in his "Since finding the benefit I derived

"I always find the results I look for

blood The parts in the wheat and barley

The reason for the wonderful