

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out scenthern plantation, known as the Barcany. 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 briend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch 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 Bainam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, 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 Haccathal disappear, with Murrell on Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal 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 fancy, who is apparently dead. Price freaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER X.

Belle Plain. "Now, Tom," said Betty, with a little air of excitement as she rose from the breakfast table that first morning at Belle Plain, "I want you to show me everything!"

"I reckon you'll notice some changes," remarked Tom.

He went from the room and down the hall a step or two in advance of her. On the Wide porch Betty paused, breathing deep. The house stood on an eminence; directly before it at the bottom of the slight descent was a small hayou, beyond this the forest stretched away in one un roken mass to the Mississippi.

"What is it you want to see, anyhow, Betty?" Tom demanded.

"Everything-the place, Tom-Belle Piain! Oh, isn't it beautiful! I had no idea how lovely it was!" cried lietty, as with her eyes still fixed on the distant panorama of wood and at her hoels—he bet she'd get sick of him; he could not speak. it all soon enough, that was one com-

"Why, Tom! Why does the lawn look like this?"

"Like what?" inquired Tom, "Why, this-all weeds and briers,

and the paths overgrown?" Mr. Ware rubbed his chin reflectively with the back of his hand.

That sort of thing looked all right. Bet," he said, "but it kept five or six of the best hands out of the fields right at the busiest time of the year." "Haven't I slaves enough?" she

cheeks. He hated her for that "I!" So she was going to come that on him, was she?

"Don't you want to see the crops.

The girl shook her head and moved swiftly down the path that led from terrace to terrace to the margin of the bayou. At the first terrace she

"It's positively squalid!" cried Betty, with a little stamp of her foot. Ware glanced about with dull eyes. "Th tell you, Betty, I'm busy this

morning; you poke about and see what you want done and we'll do it," his office. Betty returned to the porch and

seating herself on the top step, with ber elbows on her knees and her chin sunk in the paims of her hands, gazed Miss." about her miserably enough. She was still there when half an hour later Charley Norton galloped up the drive from the highroad. Catching st. bt of her on the porch, he sprang from the dows, but she instantly recognized saddle, and, throwing his reins to a those broad shoulders, and the fine noons, when they took the road. black boy, hurried to her side.

"inspecting your domain, Betty?" he asked, as he took his place near her on the step.

"Why didn't you tell me, Charleyor at least prepare me for this?" she asked, almost tearfully,

haven't been here since you went suddenly that night-" away, dear-what was there to bring me? Old Tom would make a cow wouldn't he-a beautiful, practical, I were not, Betty. sordid soul he is:"

ment they had reached on board The Naiad, he proposed twice.

Tom was mistaken in his suppost-Belle Plain. She demanded men, and teams, and began on the lawns. This interested and fascinated her. She was out at sun-up to direct her labor-Norton's presence and advice for the greater part of each day in the week. and Sundays he came to look over what had been accomplished, and, as Tom firmly believed, to put that little fool up to fresh nonsense. He could have booted him!

As the grounds took shape before her delighted eyes, Betty found leisure to institute a thorough reformation indoors. A number of house servants were rescued from the quarters and she began to instruct them in inflection. their new duties.

Betty's sphere of influence extended itself. She soon began to have her doubts concerning the treatment accorded the slaves, and was not long in discovering that Hicks, the overseer, ran things with a heavy hand. Matters reached a crisis one day a refractory black. She turned sick had gone. at the sight. Here was a slave actually being whipped by another slave while Hicks stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, and with a brutal, satisfied air.

"Stop!" commanded Betty, her eyes blazing. She strove to keep her voice staggering blow, there began a some- was ashen. steady. "You shall not remain at Belle Plain another hour."

Hicks said nothing. He knew it would take more than her saying so to get him off the place. Betty turned her horse and gailoped back to the house. She felt that she was in no condition to see Tom just at that moment, and dismounting at the door, ran upstairs to her room.

Meantime the overseer sought out Ware in his office. His manner of stating his grievance was singular. He began by swearing at his employer. He had been insulted before all water she went down the steps, him the quarter-his rage fairly choked

Tom seized the opportunity to swear back.

"Sent you off the place, did she; well, you'll have to eat crow. I'll do all I can. I don't know' what girls were ever made for anyhow, damned if I do!" he added.

Hicks consented to eat crow only after Mr. Ware had cursed and joled him into a better and more forgiving frame of mind.

Later, after Hicks had made his apology, the two men smoked a friendly pipe and discussed the situation. Tom pointed out that opposi-The dull color crept into Ware's tion was useless, a losing game,

In the midst of her activities Betty occasionally found time to think of Bruce Carrington. She was sure she did not wish to see him again! But when three weeks had passed she began to feel incensed that he had not appeared. She thought of him with hot cheeks and a quickening of the beart. It was anger.

Then one day when she had decid ed forever to banish all memory of him from her mind, he presented himself at Belle Plain.

She was in her room just putting the finishing touches to an especially satisfying toilet when her maid tapped he said, and made a hasty retreat to on the door and told her there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see her.

"Is it Mr. Norton?" asked Betty. "No, Miss-he didn't give no name.

poise of the shapely head that surmounted them.

out a frigid hand. "I didn't know- sign of human occupancy. "How was I to know, Betty? I so you are alive-you disappeared so

"Do you still hate me, Betty-Miss side. Norton spent the day at Belle Plain; Malroy-is there anything I can say and though he was there on his good or do that will make you forgive me?" behavior as the result of an agree. He looked at her penitently.

But Betty hardened her heart shabby wayfarers. against him and prepared to keep

"Will you sit down?" she indicated a chair. He seated himself and Betty put a safe distance between them. 'Are you staying in the neighborhood, Mr. Carrington?" she asked, rather unkindly.

"No, I'm not staying in the neighborhood. When I left you, I made up my mind I'd wait at New Madrid un- whose spirit of appreciation shews til I could come on down here and his familiarity with a literary allusay I was sorry"

"And it's taken you all this time?" Carrington regarded her seriously. "I reckon I must have come for

more time, Betty-Miss Malroy." In and you'll find that out-everybody's spite of herself, Betty glowed under the caressing humor of his tone.

poorly then when you selected New the shooting. Why ain't you there, Madrid. It couldn't have been a good Mr. Carrington?" place for your purpose."

"I think if I could have made up my mind to stay there long enough, tion that Betty would soon tire of it would have answered," said Carrington. "But when a down-river boat tied up there yesterday it was more than I could stand. You see there's danger in a town like New Madrid of ers. She had the advantage of Charley | getting too sorry. I thought we'd better discuss this point-"

"Mayn't I show you Belle Plain?" asked Betty quickly. But Carrington shook his head.

"I don't care anything about that," he said. "I didn't come here to see Belle Plain."

"Then you expect to remain in the neighborhood?" "I've given up the river, and I'm going to get hold of some land."

"Land?" said Betty, with a rising

'Yes, land"

"I thought you were a river-man?" going to be a planter now. But I'll beat!" he observed, tell you why, and all about it some other day." Then he held out his hand. "Good-by," he added.

"Are you going?-good-by, Mr. Carwhen, happening to ride through the rington," and Betty's fingers tingled quarters, she found him disciplining with his masterful clasp long after he

CHAPTER XI.

The Shooting-Match at Boggs'. The judge's faith in the reasonable- startling suddenness. ness of mankind having received a

"This is Raleigh, in Shelby county,

Tennessee," said the landlord. "Are you the voice from the tomb?" inquired the judge, in a tone of playful sarcasm.

Carrington, amused, sauntered toward him. "That's one for you, Mr. Pegloe!"

he said. "I am charmed to meet a gentleman

sion," said the judge, bowing. "We ain't so dead as we look," said

Pegloe. "Just you keep on to Boggs" race-track, straight down the road, there to the hoss-racing and shootingmatch. I reckon you've missed the "Really-you must have chosen hoss-racing, but you'll be in time for

"I'm going now, Mr. Pegloe," answered Carrington, as he followed the judge, who, with Mahaffy and the boy, had moved off.

"Better stop at Boggs'!" Pegloe called after them.

But the judge had already formed his decision. Horse-racing and shooting-matches were suggestive of that progressive spirit, the absence of which he had so much lamented at the jail raising at Pleasantville, Memphis was their objective point, but Boggs' became a side issue of importance. They had gained the edge of the village when Carrington overtook them. He stepped to Hannibal's

"Here, let me carry that long rifle, son!" he said. Hannibal looked up into his face, and yielded the piece without a word. Carrington balanced it on his big palm. "I reckon it can "I'm a river-man no longer. I am shoot—these old guns are hard to

"She's the closest shooting rifle 1 ever sighted," said Hannibal prompt-

Carrington laughed. There was a rusty name-plate on the stock of the old sporting rifle; this caught Carrington's eye. "What's the name here? Oh. Tur-

berville." The judge, a step or two in advance, wheeled in his tracks with a

"What?" he faltered, and his face



She Instantly Recognized the Broad Shoulders.

When Betty entered the parlor a what furtive existence for himself, moment later she saw her caller for Solomon Mahaffy, and for the boy. here; it is yours, sir, I suppose?" said standing with his back turned toward | They kept to little frequented byways, | Carrington her as he gazed from one of the win- and usually it was the early hours of the morning, or the cool of late after-

A certain hot afternoon brought stupidly at Carrington, them into the shaded main street of "Oh, Mr. Carrington-" and Betty a straggling village. Near the door of to have heard it before?" said the latstopped short, while her face grew the principal building, a frame tavern, ter. rather pale and then crimsoned a man was seated, with his feet on Then she advanced boldly and held the horse-rack. There was no other

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before this solitary in-"Yes, I'm alive," he said, and then dividual whom he conjectured to be with a smile, "but I fear before you the landlord. "What's the name of pasture out of the Garden of Eden. get through with me we'll both wish this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one

As he spoke, Bruce Carrington ap- sir; Mr. Crenshaw said I might have peared in the tavern door; pausing it." there, he glanced curiously at the

"Nothing, I was reading the name

"No, sir-no; my name is Price-Slocum Price! Turberville-Turberville-" he muttered thickly, staring

"It's not a common name; you seem A spasm of pain passed over the

judge's face. "I-I've heard it. The name is on the rifle, you say?"

"Here on the stock, yes," The judge took the gun and exam-

ined it in silence. "Where did you get this rifle, Hannibal?" he at length asked brokenly. "I fetched it away from the Barony,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Depended on His Wife

most Siept Himself to Death, Never Eating.

it seems that an old man with some of hearing, too. So he depended a good \$14.36 in groceries alone. deal on his wife, you understand. He'd wake up in the morning and wonder if So he'd slide out of bed and look into land Plain Dealer. his wife's room. If she was up, he'd begin dressing; if she was still in the bay, he'd go back and have another

How the Nearsighted Old Man Al- awhile he took another observation.

Same business. blame near slept himself to death, resumed work on the church roof, property had married an elderly lady. meanwhile. He never had a meal and The lady was a sprightly dame, execu- he got weaker and weaker, but he tive, lively and keen. The bridegroom never get up. He didn't know it was could not see more than an inch be morning yet. And the old lady had yond his nose, and he was pretty hard the time of her life; she had saved

Higgins, the driver of the ple wagit wasn't time to get up for breakfast. true, but we swear not at all.—Cleve to relieve it, and later heard a thud

A contractor and three carpenters nap. Well, the lady got on to this habit were painfully stung when they of his. She fixed up a dummy out of climbed to the top of the First Bapbedciothes one morning just before tist church, in New Castle, Del., reshe went downstairs. The old man cently, to make repairs to the roofs. came into the room an hour later. Thousands of yellow jackets had made squinted at the bed and said, "Anna's their home in the belfry, and they restill asleep," and went right back to sented the intrusion and drove the the feathers. After he had slept men to the ground. One of the men

made his way to the belfry and with tar paper closed all exits by which the insects could escape. Then he placed more variety than their successors. A four sulphur candles under the cupola work published in 1592 describes a and lighted them. After the candles barber's greeting to a customer: "Sir, had burned out enough dead insects will you have your hair cut after the It was ten days before he found out were found to fill a peach basket to Italian manner, short and round and how his wife had been fooling him. He overflowing, and the carpenters then then frounst with the curling irons to

A keeper, who was attracted the roarings from the elephant cage in a found one of the elephants in an on, told us this. And he swears it's agony of toothache. He was unable on the floor. It was found that the

> it is stated, about seven pounds. Trouble Forecast "My wife says women ought to vote," said Mr. Meekton.

> elephant had cast a tooth weighing.

"Well, have you any objection?" "No. But there's going to be a terrible row if the women of our community get the vote and then try to vote for anybody except her."

Old-time barbers had to display

make it look like a half moon in a mist, or like a Spaniard, long at the ears and curled like the two ends of an old periwig, or will you be Frenchother day by trumpetings and loud ified with a lovelock down to your shoulders? The English cut is base, menagerie at Woodbridge, England, and gentlemen scorn 4; novelty is dainty. Speak the word, sir, my scissors are ready to execute your worshin's will "

Sport of the Antipodes.

A favorite sport in New Zealand, as also in Australia and Tasmania, is competition in wood chopping and sawing; and in these contests, which attract a great deal of interest, the championships are always won through the use of American tools. In fact the expert woodsman working for a prize would never think of using any other kind of tools.

LOGICAL QUESTION.



Stage Manager-Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "Come forth?"

Supe-Oi was waitin' for the other

ECZEMA CAME ON SCALP

could I come forth if I wint first?

Lebanon, O .- "My eczema started on my thigh with a small pimple. It awful itching. I would scratch until Harper's Weekly. the blood would soak through my underwear, and I couldn't talk to my friends on the street but I would be digging and punching that spot, until tered her classroom, she saw leaving I was very much ashamed. The itching was so intense I could not sleep still smaller brother. after once in bed and warm. I certainly suffered torment with that eczema away?" she exclaimed in surprise.

for many years. "I chased after everything I ever heard of, but all to no avail. I saw th' thwallowed hith collection."-Lipthe advertisement for Cuticura Soap pincott's. and Ointment and sent for a sample. Imagine my delight when I applied the first dose to that awful itching fire on my leg and scalp, in less than a minute the itching on both places ceased, I got some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the second day I never had another itching spell, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me. I was troubled with awful dandruff all over my scalp. The Cuticura Soap has cured that trouble." (Signed) L. R. Fink, Jan. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cutlcura, Dept. L. Boston."

To Protect the Flowers.

Edelweiss and other characteristic Swiss flowers are said to be in danger of total extinction because of the craze of tourists for collecting them.

Women tourists especially are always

The nort of a burn of a cut steps when Cole's Carbolisative is applied. It heals druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis. anxious to take away souvenirs in the way of a plant, and do not simply pull the flowers, but dig up the plant. It is proposed to introduce a law that will prevent the buying, selling or dig- a piano just after he had varnished it. ging of edelweiss, fire lily, Siberian spring crocus, Alpine columbine, the Daphne, Alpine violet or other na- a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that sall blue. tional flowers.

Unless a woman is a first-class artist preciate heaven if there are no wash she seldom has a good complexion. days or house cleaning seasons there.

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.

AVegetable Preparation for As

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INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion Cheeful ness and Rest Contains neither Opium Morphine nor Mineral

NOT NARCOTIC.

Prope of Old De-SIMIELPHOUR

Aperfect Remedy for Constitution, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoe Worms, Convulsions, Feverish

ness and Loss of SLEEP.

FacSimile Signature of

NEW YORK.

Atb months old

German's Struggle With the English Language Praiseworthy, but Somewhat Mirth Provoking. Prince Henry of Reuss, who speaks

superb English, laughed good-naturedly at a dinner in New York, over the How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., account of certain officers of the German fleet.

"One of our chaplains," said the prince, "had the hardihood to preach in English at one of your Lutheran chapels the other day. He astonished his congregation by saying, as he rose, that he would choose for his text the words:

"'And he tore his shirt."

"A quite audible snicker went round. The chaplain noticed it, flushed, and repeated the text in a louder, slower, more distinct and impressive voice: "And he tore his shirt."

The chaplain noticed it, flushed, and the pastor rose and said: "'Our good brother is quoting, of course, the familiar words: "'And the door is shut."

Excellent Plan. "I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling "that you three to go on first. Sure, an' how have a Chinese chauffeur. Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle, "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my also came on my scalp. It began to limousine I have his pigtail stuck itch and I began to scratch. For through a little hole in the plate glass eighteen or twenty years I could not window and I use it as a sort of bell tell what I passed through with that rope to tell him where to stop."-

> As the Sunday school teacher enin great haste a little girl and her

"Why, Mary, you aren't going "Pleathe, Mith Anne, we've got to go," was the distressed reply: "Jimmy

Her Error.

Mrs. Stranger-Can you tell me who that stout man is over there? He is the worst softsoaper I ever met. Dowager-Yes. He is my husband.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston. Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request. Height of Selfishness.

Some men are so selfish that if they were living in a haunted house they wouldn't be willing to give up the ghost.-Florida Times Union.

Stop the Pain. The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when

An Enigram. Job was a patient man, but he never found the cat asleep on the

Only a married man can fully ap-

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It'

TEXT WAS NEW TO HEARERS SAVED FROM

Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.-"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done



from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."- Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided

Jessup, Pa .- "After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that

"Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."-Mrs. JOSEPH A.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known. before submitting to a surgical opera-

Don't Persecute



Genuine must bear Signature

NFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent, or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent, or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Letters from Prominent Physicians

addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher. Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy." Dr. Frederick D. Rogers, of Chicago, Ill., says: I have found Fletcher's

Castoria very useful in the treatment of children's complaints. Dr. William C. Bloomer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: In my practice I am glad to recommend your Castoria, knowing it is perfectly harmless and always satisfactory.

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients." Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Cas-

toria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm." Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious

to the most delicate of children." Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an

exception for conditions which arise in the care of children." Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and chil-

dren. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments." Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency,

and merits." GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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Save the Babies.