

Eph Wiley says he has noticed that the man with a long chin is the one most likely to accentuate it by wearing whiskers.

Faxline Antiseptic sprayed into the nasal passages is a surprisingly successful remedy for catarrh. At drug-gists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Of the Bird Kind,
"Say, pa?"
"What is it?"
"Is an aviary a hospital for avia-tors?"

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Feltcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Rare Books for Harvard.
Harry Elkins Widener, who was lost on the Titanic, had a very valuable collection of books, and these will go to Harvard university. His grandfather, P. A. B. Widener, will provide a building in which the books will be adequately housed. The collection includes a first folio Shakespeare, a copy of Shakespeare's poems in the original binding, and what is described as the finest collection in the world of Robert Louis Stevenson's works.

Tetterine Conquers Poison Oak.
I enclose 50 cents in stamps for a box of Tetterine. I have poison oak on me again, and that is all that ever has cured it. Please hurry it on to *M. E. Hamlett*.

Montalba, Tex., May 21, '08.
Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Itching Piles, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Chills and every form of Scap and Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c; Tetterine Soap 25c. Your druggist, or by mail from the manufacturer, The Shup-trine Co., Savannah, Ga.
With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shuptrine's Ice Liver Pills free.

"Exclamatory" Was Right.
Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's ve'y pol'y, ma'am, pol'y," answered the woman. "He's got the ex-clamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."—Judge.

Mike Amazed.
Jerry was treating Mike to a trolley ride, says Judge. The conductor, a good-looking young Irishman, came through, collecting the fares. Mike watched his progress with great interest. Presently he turned to Jerry with tears in his eyes.
"Jerry," he said huskily, "I've a lump in me throat."
"What for?" demanded Jerry.
"Tis the gladness of me that's too big to swally!" said Mike. "Every American has the big, generous heart! D'ye mind the poor young felly with the blue cap? 'Tis beggin' his livin' he is. I saw him hold out his hand to twenty-five people and I've blessed wan of thim gave him a nickle!"

UP TO HIM.



"Mamma, what you goin' to gib me on mah birthday?"
"Nuffin' if you's good, chile."

To The Last

Mouthful

one enjoys a bowl of crisp, delightful

Post Toasties

with cream or stewed fruit—or both.

Some people make an entire breakfast out of this combination.

Try it!

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. 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 Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the Barony, mysteriously appears. 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 boy. Yancy is kidnapped 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 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. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Blount Price. The judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescues Yancy who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discharges 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 with Hannibal. They meet Boss Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once.

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

Whatever the promptings that inspired this warning, they plainly had nothing to do with either liking or sympathy. Her dominating emotion seemed to be a sullen sort of resentment which lit up her glance with a dull fire; yet her feelings were so clearly and so keenly personal that Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, she found, left her wondering just where and how her own fate was linked with that of this poor white. "You have been waiting some time to see me?" she asked.
"Ever since about noon."
"You were afraid to come to the house?"
"I didn't want to be seen there."
"And yet you knew I was alone."
"Alone—but how do you know who's watching the place?"
"Do you think there was reason to be afraid of that?" asked Betty.
Again the girl stamped her foot with angry impatience.
"You're just wastin' time—just foolin' it away—and you ain't got none to spare!"
"You must tell me what I have to fear—I must know more or I shall stay just where I am!"
"Well, then, stay!" The girl turned away, and then as quickly turned back and faced Betty once more. "I reckon he'd kill me if he knew—I reckon I've earned that already."
"Of whom are you speaking?"
"He'll have you away from here tonight!"
"He? who? and what if I refuse to go?"
"Did they ask Charley Norton whether he wanted to live or die?" came the sinister question.
A shiver passed through Betty. She was seeing it all again—Charley as he groped among the graves with the hand of death heavy upon him.
A moment later she was alone. The girl had disappeared. There were only the shifting shadows as the wind tossed the branches of the trees, and the bands of golden light that stanted along the empty path. The fear of the unknown leaped up afresh in Betty's soul; in an instant flying feet had borne her to the boy's side.
"Come—come quick, Hannibal!" she gasped out, and seized his hand.
"What is it, Miss Betty? What's the matter?" asked Hannibal as they fled panting up the terraces.
"I don't know—only we must get away from here just as soon as we can!" Then, seeing the look of alarm on the child's face, she added more quietly, "Don't be frightened, dear, only we must get away from Belle Plain at once." But where they were to go, she had not considered.
Reaching the house, they stole to Betty's room. Her well-filled purse was the important thing; that, together with some necessary clothing, went into a small hand-bag.
"You must carry this, Hannibal; if any one sees us leave the house they'll think it something you are taking away," she explained. Hannibal nodded understandingly.
"Don't you trust your niggers, Miss Betty?" he whispered as they went from the room.
"I only trust you, dear!"
"What makes you go? Was it something that woman told you? Are they coming after us, Miss Betty? Is it Captain Murrell?"
"Captain Murrell!" There was less of mystery now, but more of terror,



and her hand stole up to her heart, and, white and slim, rested against the black fabric of her dress.

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty!" said Hannibal.

They went silently from the house and again crossed the lawn to the terrace. Under the leafy arch which canopied them there was already the deep purple of twilight.

"Do you reckon it were Captain Murrell shot Mr. Norton, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering whisper.

"Hush—Oh, hush, Hannibal! It is too awful to even speak of—" and, sobbing and half hysterical, she covered her face with her hands.

"But where are we going, Miss Betty?" asked the boy.

"I don't know, dear!" She had an agonizing sense of the night's approach and of her own utter helplessness.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Betty, let's go to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy!" said Hannibal.

"Judge Price?" She had not thought of him as a possible protector.

"Why, Miss Betty, ain't I told you he ain't afraid of nothing? We could walk to Raleigh easy if you don't want your niggers to hook up a team for you."

Betty suddenly remembered the carriage which had taken the judge into town; she was sure it had not yet returned.

"We will go to the judge, Hannibal! George, who drove him into Raleigh, has not come back; if we hurry we may meet him on the road."

Screened by the thick shadows, they passed up the path that edged the bayou; at the head of the inlet they entered a clearing, and crossing this they came to the corn-field which lay between the house and the high-road. Following one of the shock rows they hurried to the mouth of the lane.

"Hannibal, I don't want to tell the judge why I am leaving Belle Plain—about the woman, I mean," said Betty.

"You reckon they'd kill her, don't you, Miss Betty, if they knew what she'd done?" speculated the boy. It occurred to him that an adequate explanation of their flight would require preparation, since the judge was at all times singularly alive to the slightest discrepancy of statement. They had issued from the corn-field and went along the road toward Raleigh. Suddenly Betty paused.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal reassuringly, and they hurried forward again. In the utter stillness through which they moved Betty heard the beating of her own heart, and the soft and all but inaudible patter of the boy's bare feet on the warm dust of the road. Vague forms that resolved themselves into trees and bushes seemed to creep toward them out of the night's black uncertainty. Once more Betty paused.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said

Hannibal as before, and he returned to his consideration of the judge. He sensed something of that intellectual imbalances which his patron's physical make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left one in doubt as to just how much of what he heard succeeded in making its impression on him; but the boy knew that Slocum Price's blind side was a shelterless exposure.

"You don't think the carriage could have passed us while we were crossing the corn-field?" said Betty.

"No, I reckon we couldn't a-missed hearing it," answered Hannibal. He had scarcely spoken when they caught the rattle of wheels and the beat of hoofs. These sounds swept nearer and nearer, and the darkness disgorged the Belle Plain team and carriage.

"George!" cried Betty, a world of relief in her tones.

"Whoo, you!" and George reined in his horses with a jerk. "Who's dar?" he asked, bending forward on the box as he sought to pierce the darkness with his glance.

"George—"

"Oh, it you, Missy?"

"Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Hannibal entered the carriage.

"All right, Missy. Yo'all ready fo' me to go along out o' here?"

"Yes—drive fast, George!" urged Betty.

"It's right dark fo' fas' driving, Missy, with the road jes' aimin' fo' to bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in the direction of Raleigh while he was speaking. "It's scandalous how in these 'eah woods, Missy—I 'clar I never seen it no blicker!"

The carriage swung forward for perhaps a hundred yards, then suddenly the horses came to a dead stop.

"Go along on, dar!" cried George, and struck them with his whip, but the horses only reared and plunged.

"Hold on, nigger!" said a rough voice out of the darkness.

"What you doin'?" the coachman gasped. "Don' yo' know dis de Belle Plain carriage? Take yo' han's offen dem hosses' bits!"

Two men stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Show your light, Bunker," said the same rough voice that had spoken before. Instantly a hooded lantern was uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry of terror. He was looking into the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prisoners.

In the face of Betty's indignant protest Slosson and the man named Bunker climbed into the carriage.

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly of whisky. "I wouldn't lift my hand ag'in no good-looking female except in kindness."

"How dare you stop my carriage?" cried Betty, with a very genuine an-

ger which for the moment dominated all her other emotions. She struggled to her feet, but Slosson put out a heavy hand and thrust her back.

"There now," he urged soothingly.

"Why make a fuss? We ain't going to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum of money. Drive on, Jim—drive like hell!" This last was addressed to the man who had taken George's place on the box, where a fourth member of Slosson's band had forced the coachman down into the narrow space between the seat and dashboard, and was holding a pistol to his head while he sternly enjoined silence.

With a word to the horses Jim swung about and the carriage rolled off through the night at a breakneck pace. Betty's shaking hands drew Hannibal closer to her side as she felt the surge of her terrors rise within her. Who were these men—where could they be taking her—and for what purpose? The events of the past week linked themselves in tragic sequence in her mind. What was it she had to fear? Was it Tom for whom these men were acting? Tom who would profit greatly by her disappearance or death?

They swept past the entrance at Belle Plain, past a break in the wall of the forest where the pale light of stars showed Betty the cornfield she and Hannibal had but lately crossed, and then on into pitchy darkness again. She clung to the desperate hope that they might meet some one on the road, when she could cry out and give the alarm. She held herself in readiness for this, but there was only the steady pounding of the big bays as Jim with voice and whip urged them forward. At last he abruptly checked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Get down, ma'am!" said the latter.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Betty, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"You must hurry, ma'am," urged Slosson impatiently.

"I won't move until I know where you intend taking me!" said Betty.

"If I am to die—"

Mr. Slosson laughed loudly and indignantly.

"You ain't. If you don't want to walk, I'm man enough fo' to tote you. We ain't far to go, and I've tackled jobs I'd a heap less heart fo' in my time," he concluded gallantly. From the opposite side of the carriage Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your nitty mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson.

"He's a perfect eel—I've had dealings with him afore!"

"You tried to kill my Uncle Hob—at the tavern, you and Captain Murrell. I heard you, and I seen you drag him to the river!" cried Hannibal.

Slosson gave a start of astonishment at this.

"Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed aghast. "See here, young reller, that's no kind of a way fo' you to talk to a man who has riz his ten children!"

Again Bunker swore, while Jim told Slosson to make haste. This popular clamor served to recall the tavern-keeper to a sense of duty.

"Ma'am, like I should tote you, or will you walk?" he inquired, and reaching out his hand took hold of Betty.

"I'll walk," said the girl quickly, shrinking from the contact.

"Keep close at my heels, Bunker, you tuck along after her with the boy."

"What about this nigger?" asked the fourth man.

"Fetch him along with us," said Slosson. They turned from the road while he was speaking and entered a narrow path that led off through the woods, apparently in the direction of the river. A moment later Betty heard the carriage drive away. They went onward in silence for a little time, then Slosson spoke over his shoulder.

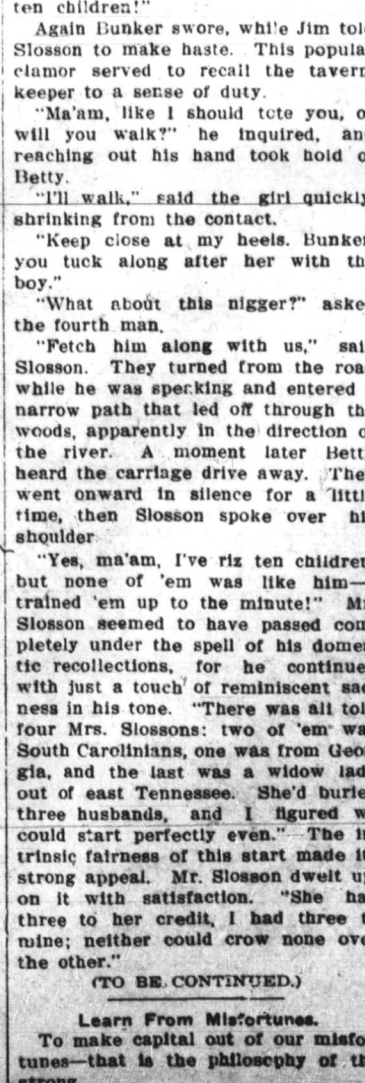
"Yes, ma'am, I've riz ten children, but none of 'em was like him—I trained 'em up to the minute!" Mr. Slosson seemed to have passed completely under the spell of his domestic recollections, for he continued with just a touch of reminiscent sadness in his tone. "There was all told four Mrs. Slossons; two was from Georgia, and the last was a widow lady out of east Tennessee. She'd buried three husbands, and I figured we could start perfectly even." The intrinsic fairness of this start made its strong appeal. Mr. Slosson dwelt upon it with satisfaction. "She had three to her credit, I had three to mine; neither could crow none over the other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Learn From Misfortunes.

To make capital out of our misfortunes—that is the philosophy of the strong.

He Was Looking into the Face of Slosson the Tavern-keeper.



WELL WATERED.



First Hobo—Why am you looking so sad dis mawnin', pardner?

Second Hobo—Why, I am suffering from irrigation.

First Hobo—Irrigation? You mean irritation?

Second Hobo—No; Irrigation. Do woman in de wayside cottage emptied a pail of hot water on my head.

Solemn Warning to Parents.

The season for bowel trouble is fast approaching and you should at once provide your home with King's Diarrhoea Cordial. A guaranteed remedy for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Flux, Cholera Infantum and all kindred diseases. Numerous testimonials on our files telling of marvelous cures can be had by request. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfra., Charlotte, N. C.

Instance.

Knicker—Do you use labor-saving devices?

Bocker—Yes, a fishing pole will prevent you from having to take up the carpet.

For SUMMER HEADACHES.

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c, 25c, and 50c. per bottle at medicine stores.

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Doan's Kidney Pills

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