

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 Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Hasard, a mysterious child of the old Tamey tells how he adopted the boy. Nasouthern family, makes his appearance, thaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

When Betty Malroy rode away from Squire Balaam'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 exclamation of displeasure she reined in her horse. Murrell quickly gained a place at her side.

"I suppose Ferris is at the Barony?" he said, drawing his horse down to a walk

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

"May I ride with you?" be gave her a swift glance. She nodded indifferently and would have urged her horse 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 Hannibal 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 lingered, 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? he 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

"I hope you'll like west Tennesse It's still a bit raw compared with what you've been accustomed to in north. You haven't been back in all those four years?" Betty shook her head. "Nor seen Tom—nor any. one from out yonder?" For some reason a little tinge of color had crept into Betty's cheeks. "Will you let me acquaintance at Belle Plain? I shall be in west Tennessee before the summer is over; probably I shall leave here within a week," he lines of her figure, and his senses swam.

"I imagine you will be welcome at You are Tom's friend. Murrell bit his lip, and then laughed as his mind conjured up a picture of Tom. Suddenly he reached out and rested his hand on

"Betty-if I might think-" he began, but his tongue stumbled. His ve-making was usually of a savage sort, but some quality in the girl held him in check. Betty drew away from him, an angry color on her cheeks and an angry light in her eyes. "Forgive me, Betty!" murmured Murrell, but his heart beat against his ribs. and passion sent its surges through "Don't you know what I'm trying to tell you?" he whispered. Betty gathered up her reins. "Not yethe cried, and again he rested a heavy hand on hers.

"Let me go-let me go!" cried Bet

"No-not yet!" He urged his horse still nearer and gathered her close. 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 her struggle to free herself from his grasp with a sense of savage triumph.

Bruce Carrington, on his way back to Fayetteville from the Forks, came about a turn in the road. Betty saw a tall, handsome fellow in the first flush of manhood; Carrington, an angry girl struggling in a man's grasp.

At sight of the new-comer, Murrell, with an oath, released Betty. who striking her horse with the whip, galoped down the road toward the Barony. As she fled past Carrington she bent low in her saddle.

"Don't let him follow me!" she gasped, and Carrington, striding forward, caught Murrell's horse by the





"I Don't Know but What I Should Pull You Out of That Saddle and Twist Your Neck."

out of that saddle and twist your neck!" said Carrington hotly. Mur-rell's face underwent a swift change. "You're a bold fellow to force your way into a lover's quarrel," he said quietly. Carrington's arm dropped at his side. Perhaps, after all, it was

CHAPTER VI.

that.

Betty Sets Out for Tennessee. Bruce's first memories had to do with long nights when he perched beside his father on the cabin roof of their keel-boat and watched the stars or the blurred line of the shore where it lay against the sky, or the lights on other barges and rafts drifting as they were drifting, with their wheat and corn and whisky, to that com-

mon market at the river's mouth. Bruce Carrington had seen the day of barge and raft reach its zenith, had heard the first steam packet's shrieking whistle, which sounded the said, bending toward her. His glance death-knell of the ancient order, dwelt on her face and on the pliant though the shifting of the trade was a slow matter and the glory of the old did not pass over to the new at once, but lingered still in mighty fleets of rafts and keel-boats and in the Homeric carousals of some ten thousand of the half-horse, half-alligator breed that nightly gathered in New Orleans.

After the reading of the warrant that morning, Charley Balaam had shown Carrington the road to the Forks, assuring him when they separated that with a little care and decent use of his eyes it would be possible to fetch up there and not pass plumb through the settlement without knowing where he was.

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 and Murrell occurred. The girl's face remained with him. It was a face he 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, he engaged his host in idle gossip. He had met a gentleman and a lady on the road that day; he wondered, as he toyed with his glass, if it could have been the Ferrises? Mounted? Yes, mounted. Then it was Ferris and his wife-or it might have been Captain Murrell and Miss Malroy Miss Malroy did not live in that part of the country; she was a friend of Mrs. Ferris', belonged in Kentucky or Tennessee, or somewhere out yonder at any rate she was bringing her visit to an end, for Ferris had in structed him to reserve a place for her in the north-bound stage on the

Carrington suddenly remembered that he had thought of starting north in the morning himself.

The stage left at six, and as Carrington climbed to his seat the next morning Mr. Cleggett was advising the driver to look sharp when he "Let go!" roared Murreil, and a to pick up a party there. It was Carrington who looked sharp, and almost at the spot where he had seen Miss

Malroy the day before he saw her again, with Ferris and Judith and a pile of luggage bestowed by the way-Betty did not observe him as the coach stopped, for she was intent on her farewells with her friends. There were hasty words of advice from Ferris, prolonged good bys to Judith, tears—kisses—while a place was being made for her many boxes and trunks. Carrington gathered that she was going north to Washington; that her final destination was some point either on the Ohio or Missis sippi, and that her name was Betty. Then the door slammed and the stage was in motion again.

All through the morning they swung forward in the heat and dust and glare, and at midday rattled into the shaded main street of a sleepy village and drew up before the tavern where dinner was waiting them.

Betty saw Carrington when she took her seat, and gave a scarcely perceptible start of surprise. Then rell, turning to the tavern-keeper. her face was flooded with a rich color. This was the man who saw her with Captain Murrell yesterday! There was a brief moment of irresolution and then she bowed coldly

It was four days to Richmond. Four days of hot, dusty travel, four nights of uncomfortable cross-road stations, where Betty suffered sleepless nights and the unaccustomed pangs of early rising. She occasionally found herself wondering who Carrington was She approved of the manner in which he conducted himself. She liked a man who could be unobtrusive.

The next morning he found himself seated opposite her at breakfast. He received another curt little nod, cool and distant, as he took his seat. "You stop in Washington?" said

Carrington. Betty shook her head. "No, I going on to Wheeling."

"You're fortunate in being so nearly home," he observed. "I'm going on to Memphis." Betty exclaimed: "Why, I am go-

ing to Memphis, too!" "Are you? By canal to Cumberland, and then by stage over the Na-

tional Road to Wheeling?" Betty nodded. "It makes one wish they'd finish their railroads, doesn't it? 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 attempt to resume the conversation. A day later they rumbled into Washington, and as Betty descended from the coach Carrington stepped to her side.

"I suppose you'll stop here, Miss he said, indicating the tav-Malroy, ern before which the stage had come to a stand.

'Yes." said Betty briefly. "If I can be of any service to you he began, with just a touch of awkwardness in his manner.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Carrington



"Good night good-by." turned away, and Betty saw his tall form disappear in the twilight.

A month and more had elapsed since Bob Yancy's trial. Just two days later man and boy disappeared from Scratch Hill. Murrell was soon on their trail and pressing forward in hot pursuit. Reaching the mountains, he heard of them first as ten days ahead of him and bound for west Tennessee; the ten days dwindled to a week, the week became five days, the five days three; and now as he emerged from the last range of hills he caught sight of them.

Yancy glanced back at the blue wall of the mountains where it lay along the horizon.

"Well, Nevvy," he said, "we've put a heap of distance between us and old Scratch Hill.'

For the past ten days their journey had been conducted in a leisurely fashion. As Yancy said, they were seeing the world, and it was well to take a good look at it while they had a chance.

Suddenly out of the silence came the regular beat of hoors. These grew nearer and nearer, and at last when they were quite close, Yancy faced about. Smilingly Murrell reined in his horse.

"Why-Bob Yancy!" he cried in apparent astonishment.

Yes, sir-Bob Yancy. Does it happen you are looking fo' him, Captain?" inquired Yancy. "No-no, Bob. I'm on my way

Murrell slipped from his saddle and

fell into step at Yancy's side as they moved forward. "They were mightily stirred up at the Cross Roads when I left, wonder-

ing what had come of you," he observed. "That's kind of them," responded Yancy, a little dryly. There was no reason for it, but he was becoming

distrustful of Murrell, and uneasy. They went forward in silence. 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 nearest the roadside a tavern.

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 shagginess which a recent toilet performed at the horse trough had not served to

"Howdy?" he drawled.

"Howdy?" responded Mr. Yancy. "Shall you stop here?" asked Murreil, sinking his voice. Yancy nodded. "Can you put us up?" inquired Mur-

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 understood he referred to the state of trade. He looked from one to the other of the two men. As his eyes rested on Murrell, that gentleman raised the first three fingers of his right hand. The gesture was ever so little, yet it seemed to have a tonic effect on Mr. Slosson. What might have developed into a smile had he not immediately suppressed it, twisted his bearded lips as he made an answering movement. "Eph, come here, you!" Slosson raised his voice. This call brought a half-grown black boy from about a corner of the tavern, to whom Murrell relinquished his horse.

"Let's liquor," said the captain over his shoulder, moving off in the direction of the bar.

"Come on, Nevvy!" said Yancy following, and they all entered the tavern.

"Well, here's to the best of good luck!" said Murrell, as he raised his glass to his lips. "Same here," responded Yancy.

Murrell pulled out a roll of bills, one of which he tossed on the bar. Then after a moment's hesitation he detached a second bill from the roll and turned to Hannibal. "Here, youngster-a present for

you," he said good-naturedly. Hannibal, embarrassed by the unexpected gift, edged to his Uncle Bob's side.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy. "Let's have another drink," sug-

gested Murrell Presently Hannibal stole out into the yard. He still held the bill in his hand, for he did not quite know how to dispose of his great wealth. After debating this matter for a moment he knotted it carefully in one corner of his handkerchief. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Let Them Go On Training. The woman who thinks she has the best husband in the world probably doesn't know any better.

ACREAGE REDUCED BY WET WEATHER

ONLY ABOUT 40 PER CENT OF COTTON HAS BEEN PLANTED IN COUNTY.

CONDITIONS ARE UNIFORM

Farmers So Far Are Unable to Concentrate Their Attention Either Upon the Cotton or the Corn Plant ing-Seriousness of Situation.

Charlotte. - Not more than 40 of the total acreage laid off for cotton in Mecklenburg county has been planted this season according to conservative estimates made by leading farmers of this community. The con tinued wet spring which has kept the planters from the fields during the critical period of preparation has thrown operations even at this late period at least three weeks behind the normal condition at this time of the year.

While this low percentage of cotton planted gives some idea of the seriousness of the situation; farmers do not deny that what cotton has been planted is not much more promising than for the corresponding period last year. The conditions prevailing during the two comparative periods is altogether different. Last year the majority of the cotton was planted at the proper time, all of it had been in the ground by this time, but the dry weather prevented it from sprouting and in many instances the farmers did not get good stands until the first week in June. In fact, in some localities cotton was replanted and fields that had grown oats and other grain crops were put in cotton after the harvest. These fields returned heavy harvests on account of the lateness of the fall, this allowing maturity of the young bolls which under ordinary conditions would have been snapped off by frost.

This year cotton planted has come up without trouble. The mois ture in the ground produced good stands in the few fields that have been planted.

Politics in Haywood County.

Interest in the race for the Democratic nomination for Congress in Gudger have been very active for him in Haywood county. Gudger has always had a strong following in this county, and at the last primary election, when the race was on between Gudger and Cocke, Gudger got his greatest help from this county. The followers of Robert R. Reynolds have been into every neck of the woods and there are many Reynolds followers throughout the county. Judge Speare Reynolds, the brother of the candidate, has been in Canton some time and the race will be hot.

Heavy Rains do Much Damage

The county commissioners held a special meeting at Lenoir to consider the matters of rebuilding bridges washed away by the heavy rains which fell several days ago. Several just now being ascertained. Besides and "Billy" Culpepper are telling the the bridges washed away, and pracsands of dollars of damage were well as considerable damage to the uplands.

Many Bales of Cotton Lost in Fire Damage estimated approximately at forty-five thousand dollars was caused by fire which burned two compartments of the Charlotte compress, containing nearly a cousand bales of Bryant, W. C. Wilkinson, H. W. Moore cotton. The dama would have been and John B. Ross. The Carolina Elecminutes while the fire was at its 000 capital authorized, \$900 subscribheight the firemen stood with empty hose, while the water pressure was cut off on account of temporary shut down in Southern Power service and stoppage of pumping motors.

Norman Conrad Painfully Wounded. Norman Conrad was shot and painfully wounded at Lexington resisting arrest on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. It is alleged that Con-

rad had gone home in an intoxicated condition and attacked his wife. She called for the officers and when they arrived they found him armed with a double-barreled shotgun. He had death. Nothing was found that gives run everybody taway from home. any clue as to the man who did the When the officers demanded that he surrender he raised his gun and leveled it at Officer Garland who immedan unknown person. Johnson was diately opened fire on him.

Mecklenburg County Politics.

The Democratic county primary resulted in the overwhelming adoption of the salary system of remuneration for county officers; the nomination, of three of these so-called insurgent ticket for county board of education namely, J. P. Andrey, J. C. Reid and W. W. Watt, with two of the old tickets, J. C. McNeely and P. D. Price, and the three members of the former board of county commissioners who stood for re-election on to Salisbury and then follow the namely, Chairman W. M. Long, W. formed route south. This would cut N. McKee and F. T. Beatty.

THE STATE FAIR FOR 1912

President McRae Announces the Mem bers of Executive Committee of the State.

Raliegh.-In preparation for hold-

ng the 1912 state fair President E. F. McRae announces the executive committee composed of prominent men in every section of the state. The personnel of the committee is as follows: N. Allen, Auburn; George A. B. Andrews, F. B. Arendell, C. B. Barbee, Raleigh; R. B. Boyd, Warrenton; J. G. Boylin, Wadesboro; W. C. Brewer, Wake Forest; N. B. Broughton, Raleigh; J. A. Bryan, Newbern; A. H. Boyden, Salisbury; Walter Clark, Raleigh; H. Cole, Dilmington; A. L. Cox, C. B. Denison, Raleigh; L. S. Covington, Rockingham; R. A. Doughton, Sparta; John C. Drewry, N. A. Dunn, J. F. Ferrall, Raleigh; W. A. Graham, Oxford; J. O. W. Graveley, Rocky Mount; N. Y. Gulley, Wake Forest; G. F. Hankins, Lexington; J. A. Harris, Hillsboro; P. H. Hanes, Salem; J. C. L. Harris, Leo D. Heartt, Raleigh; D. H. Hill, West Raleigh; R. B. Holman, Timberlake; George E. Hood, Goldsboro; C. W. Horne, Clayton; Cary J. Hunter, D. T. Johnson, Raleigh; D. L. James, Greenville; C. W. Johnson, Charlotte; W. N. Jones, Raleigh; B. W. Kilgore, West Raleigh; Governor W. W. Kitchin, Raleigh; L. B. Evans, Clarkton; J. J. Laughinghouse, Greenville; Julius Lewis, Raleigh; H. A. London, Pittsboro; J. A. McDaniel, Kinston; J. A. McKay, Dunn; A. A. McKinzie, Rowland; W. C. McMackin, Raleigh: J. F. McRae, Laurinburg; John A. Mills, F. O. Moring, Raleigh; J. Walter Myatt, Clayton: Charles L. Morton, Washington: F. A. Olds, John Nichols, T. B. Parker, Raleigh; W. S. Parker, Henderson; J. H. Pratt, Chapel Hill; I. M. Proctor, Raleigh; R. H. Ricks, Rocky Mount; A. S. Rascoe, Windsor; I. O. Schaub, West Raleigh; Ed Chambers Smith, Raleigh; N. A. Smith, Kipling; J. G. Staton, Wilmington; R. C. Strong, Raleigh; J. F. Tayloe, Washington; J. M. Templeton, Cary; W. E. Utley, Apex; J. Van Lindley, Greensboro; Frank T. Ward, Raleigh; C. A. Webb, Asheville: E. T. White, Oxford: W. E. White, Mebane; C. B. Williams, West Raleigh; R. W. Winston, Raleigh; W. P. Wood, Asheboro; F. A. Woodard, Wilson; J. S. Wynne, Raleigh.

Roper Given Conditional Pardon.

Robert Roper, of Robeson county, was given a condition pardon on account of bad health, the county physician stating that his death may soon follow any further confinement. Roper was convicted at the July term, 1910, the district around Canton is waxing for the crime of assault and sentencwarm. The friends of Congressman ed to two years on the roads. The reasons for pardon are as follows: "Prisoner has served over twentytwo months of a two year sentence. In the meantime his health has become so broken that the county physician certifies to me that in all probability he will not live to complete his sentence, and he thinks that further confinement will hasten his death. The county physician and the county attorneys have appealed to me to reease prisoner as a means of prolonging his life. I therefore pardon prisoner on condition that he remain lawabiding and of good behavior.

Politics in Pasqoutank County. Local politics are beginning to take on life at this time and aspirants for Pasqoutank county honors are loom ing up from every direction. Sheriff temporary bridges were ordered built, Charles Reid promises to have some which will likely be replaced later live competition for the lucrative poby iron ones. The damage done by sition which he holds, as both former the flood throughout the county is Chief of Police William C. Dawson voters that they could fill the position. tically all of them are gone, thou- It is being circulated in political circles that Col. E. L. Lamb will be a done to the lowlands or bottoms, as candidate for the lower house of the state legislature and also that Frank M. Grice is thinking of entering the arena.

North Carolina New Enterprises.

Charters for new corporations is sued are the Realty Trust Company, Charlotte, \$125,000 capital, by C. B. negligible but for the fact that thirty tric Vehicle Company, Asheville, \$25, ed by G. S. Powell, W. T. Weaver and others, and the Fayetteville Infirmary Company, capital \$50,000 by T. M. West, R. B. Hayes, J. M. Lilly and

Investigating A Murder

The sheriff and coroner have just returned from the southern part of Granville county where they were called to investigate a murder that took place several days ago. A. J. Johnson, colored, was called to the door of his house and shot three times, resulting in almost immediate deed. The coroner's report was that he came to his death at the hands of about 60 years old.

Automobile Highway To Be Changed. It has been noised about that unless something is done by the authorities of Davidson county to provide better highways in that county between Lexington and the toll bridge and between that town and the Forsythe line the national automobile highway route will be changed to come by the way of Winston-Salem, Mocksville and then across the new bridge to be built over the Yadkin out Lexington and also Spencer.