

IN THESE DAYS OF DIVORCES

Really Nothing Remarkable in the Simple and Frank Explanation of the Small Boy.

We were walking down the street Sunday and we saw the most beautiful child sitting on the front steps of a pretty house, says Ted Robinson.

"Well, son," we said in the idiotically genial way with which an adult usually addresses a child, "how old are you?"

AWFUL ECZEMA ON FACE

Freeland, Md.—"Baby's eczema started in little spots and would burst and run all over his face and wherever the water would touch his face, it would make another sore.

"When we would bathe his face with the Cuticura Soap and apply the Cuticura Ointment, he would be much better. He would wake up in the nights and cry with his face and we would put on some of the Cuticura Ointment and then he would rest all night.

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

Fable for Borrowers.

An Arab went to his neighbor and said: "Lend me your rope." "I can't," said the neighbor. "Why can't you?" "Because I want to use the rope myself."

To prevent Malaria is far better than to cure it. In malarial countries take a dose of OXIDINE regularly one each week and save yourself from Chills and Fever and other malarial troubles. Adv.

Contrary Causes. "Why did Jinks break up housekeeping?" "Because his wife broke down."

FOR SUMMER HEADACHES. HICKS' CARBUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 50c. 25c and 60c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

The Language. "So the firm's gone under." "Yes, I am sorry to see them going up."

If your appetite is not what it should be perhaps Malaria is developing. It affects the whole system. OXIDINE will clear away the germs, rid you of Malaria and generally improve your condition. Adv.

The only way to cure a man of bachelorhood is to feed him to a designing widow.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Some men go lame when it comes to minding their own business.

ITCH Relieved in 30 Minutes. Woolford's Sanitary Lotion for all kinds of contagious itch. At Druggists. Adv.

If we could see ourselves as others see us we wouldn't believe it.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS Are Rich in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Grind Your Own Grain Save the time and expense of hauling your corn to the mill. Buy a MONARCH MILL and grind the meal for your own table.

AND SAVE MONEY For grinding Corn Meal, all kinds of feed, or Grinding Corn, etc. MONARCH MILL is the best. One 7-day free trial will prove it. State kind and amount of power you have and ask for catalog and further information.

PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. One in Six. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



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 is 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 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. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their heels. 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, and Hannibal's family on the next day Yancy, who is apparently dead, Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. He is playing for his stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charles 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 hidden in the barn. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Miss Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Miss Hicks' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slocum, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at the possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted. Carrington visits the judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Ferrises, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whiskey into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his henchmen are shot. The judge and Murrell discuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hannibal and a rescue fight follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue. Bruce Carrington and Betty come to an understanding. The judge receives an important letter. Solomon Mahaffy's last fight. Fights duel for the judge and is killed.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

Hannibal instantly sat erect and looked up at the judge, his blue eyes wide with amazement at this extraordinary statement. "It is a very strange story, Hannibal, and its links are not all in my hands, but I am sure because of what I already know. I, who thought that not a drop of my blood flowed in any veins but my own, live again in you. Do you understand what I am telling you? You are my own dear little grandson—" and the judge looked down with no uncertain love and pride into the small face upturned to his.

"I am glad if you are my grandfather, judge," said Hannibal very gravely. "I always liked you."

"Thank you, dear lad," responded the judge with equal gravity, and then as Hannibal nestled back in his grandfather's arms a single big tear dropped from the end of that gentleman's prominent nose.

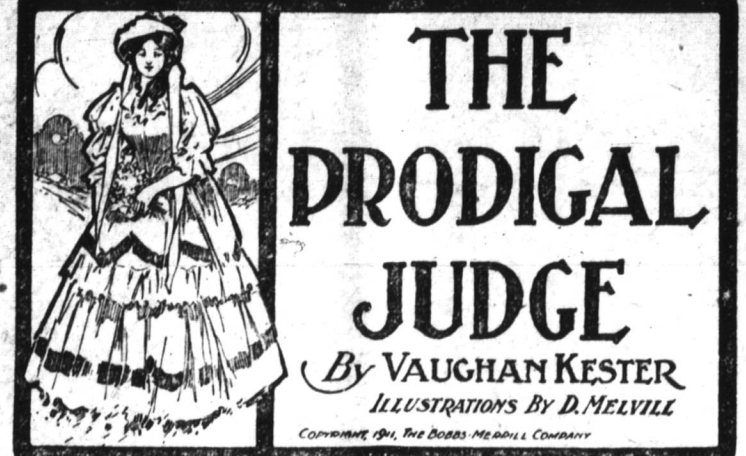
"There will be many and great changes in store for us," continued the judge. "But as we meet adversity with dignity, I am sure we shall be able to endure prosperity with equanimity—only unworthy natures are affected by what is at best superficial and accidental. I mean that the blight of poverty is about to be lifted from our lives."

"Do you mean we ain't going to be pore any longer, grandfather?" asked Hannibal.

The judge regarded him with infinite tenderness of expression; he was profoundly moved.

"Would you mind saying that again, dear lad?"

"Do you mean we ain't going to be pore any longer, grandfather?" repeated Hannibal.



heaven except that of fools. His treatment of you has placed me under everlasting obligations; he shall share what we have. My one bitter, unavailing regret is that Solomon Mahaffy will not be here to partake of our altered fortunes." And the judge sighed deeply.

"Uncle Bob told me Mr. Mahaffy got hurt in a duel, grandfather?" said Hannibal.

"He was as inexperienced as a child in the use of firearms, and he had to deal with scoundrels who had neither mercy nor generous feeling—but his courage was magnificent."

Presently Hannibal was deep in his account of those adventures he had shared with Miss Betty.

"And Miss Malroy—where is she now?" asked the judge, in the first pause of the boy's narrative.

"She's at Mr. Bowen's house. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Cavendish are here too. Mrs. Cavendish stayed down yonder at the Bates' plantation. Grandfather, it were Captain Murrell who had me stole—do you reckon he was going to take me back to Mr. Bladen?"

"I will see Miss Malroy in the morning. We must combine—our interests are identical. There should be help in this for more than one scoundrel! I can see now how criminal my disinclination to push myself to the front has been!" said the judge, with conviction. "Never again will I shrink from what I know to be a public duty."

A little later they went down stairs, where the judge had Yancy make up a bed for himself and Hannibal on the floor. He would watch alone beside Mahaffy, he was certain this would have been the dead man's wish; then he said good night and mounted heavily to the floor above to resume his vigil and his musings.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Crisis at the Court-House. Just at daybreak Yancy was roused by the pressure of a hand on his shoulder, and opening his eyes saw that the judge was bending over him.

"Dress!" he said briefly. "There's every prospect of trouble—get your rifle and come with me!"

Yancy noted that this prospect of trouble seemed to afford the judge a pleasurable sensation; indeed, he had quite lost his former air of somber and suppressed melancholy.

"I let you sleep, thinking you needed the rest," the judge went on. "But ever since midnight we've been on the verge of riot and possible bloodshed. They've arrested John Murrell—it's claimed he's planned a servile rebellion! A man named Hues, who had wormed his way into his confidence, made the arrest. He carried Murrell into Memphis, but the local magistrate, intimidated, most likely, declined to have anything to do with holding him. In spite of this, Hues managed to get his prisoner lodged in jail, but along about midnight the situation began to look serious. Folks were swarming into town armed to the teeth, and Hues fetched Murrell across country to Raleigh—"

"Yes," said Yancy.

"Well, the sheriff has refused to take Murrell into custody. Hues has him down at the court-house, but whether or not he is going to be able to hold him is another matter!"

Yancy and Hannibal had dressed by this time, and the judge led the way from the house. The Scratch Hiller looked about him. Across the street a group of men, the greater number of whom were armed, stood in front of Pegloe's tavern. Glancing in the direction of the court-house, he observed that the square before it held other groups. But what impressed him more was the ominous silence that was everywhere. At his elbow, the judge was breathing deep.

"We are face to face with a very deplorable condition, Mr. Yancy. Court was to sit here today, but Judge Morrow and the public prosecutor have left town, and as you see, Murrell's friends have gathered for a rescue. There's a sprinkling of the better element—but only a sprinkling. I saw Judge Morrow this morning at four o'clock—I told him I would oblige myself to present for his consideration evidence of a striking and sensational character, evidence which would show conclusively that Murrell should be held to await the action of the next grand jury—this was after a conference with Hues—I guaranteed his safety. Sir, the man refused to listen to me! He showed himself utterly devoid of any feeling of public duty." The bitter sense of failure and futility was leaving the judge. The situation made its demands on that basic faith in his own powers which remained imbedded in his character.

They had entered the court-house square. On the steps of the building Betts was arguing loudly with Hues, who stood in the doorway, rifle in hand.

"Maybe you don't know this is county property?" the sheriff was saying. "And that you have taken unlawful possession of it for an unlawful purpose? I am going to open them doors—a passel of strangers can't keep folks out of a building their own money has bought and paid for!" While he was speaking, the judge had pushed his way through the crowd to the foot of the steps.

"That was very nicely said, Mr. Betts," observed the judge. He smiled widely and sweetly. The sheriff gave him a hostile glare. "Do you know that Morrow has left town?" the judge went on.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with Judge Morrow. It's my duty to see that this building is ready for him when he's a mind to open court in it."

"You are willing to assume the responsibility of throwing open these doors?" inquired the judge affably.

"I shorley am," said Betts. "Why, some of these folks are our leading people!"

The judge turned to the crowd, and spoke in a tone of excessive civility. "Just a word, gentlemen!—the sheriff is right; it is your court-house and you should not be kept out of it. No doubt there are some of you whose presence in this building will sooner or later be urgently desired. We are going to let all who wish to enter, but



I beg you to remember that there will be five men inside whose prejudices are all in favor of law and order." He pushed past Hues and entered the court-house, followed by Yancy and Hannibal. "We'll let 'em in where I can talk to 'em," he said almost gaily. "Besides, they'll come in anyhow when they get ready, so there's no sense in exciting 'em."

In the court-house, Murrell, bound hand and foot, was seated between Carrington and the Earl of Lambeth in the little railed-off space below the judge's bench. Fear and suffering had blanched his unshaven cheeks and given a wild light to his deeply sunk eyes. At sight of Yancy a smothered exclamation broke from his lips; he had supposed this man dead these many months!

Hues had abandoned his post, and the crowd, suddenly grown clamorous, stormed the narrow entrance. One of the doors, borne from its hinges, went down with a crash. The judge, a fierce light flashing from his eyes, turned to Yancy.

"No matter what happens, this fellow Murrell is not to escape—if he calls on his friends to rescue him he is to shoot!"

The hall was filling with swearing, struggling men, the floor shook beneath their heavy tread; then they burst into the court-room and saluted Murrell with a great shout. But Murrell, bound, in rags, and silent, his lips frozen in a wolfish grin, was a depressing sight, and the boldest felt something of his unrestrained lawlessness go from him.

Less noisy now, the crowd spread itself out among the benches or swarmed up into the tiny gallery at the back of the building. Man after man had hurried forward, intent on passing beyond the railing, but each had encountered the judge, formidable and forbidding, and had turned aside. Gradually the many pairs of eyes roving over the little group surrounding the outlaw focussed themselves on Slocum Price. It was in unconscious recognition of that moral force which was his, a tribute to the grim dignity of his unshaken courage; what he would do seemed worth considering.

He was charmed to hear his name pass in a whisper from lip to lip. Well, it was time they knew him! He squared his ponderous shoulder and made a gesture commanding silence. Battered, shabby and debauched, he was like some old war horse who sniffs the odor of battle that the wind incontinently brings to his nostrils.

"Don't let him speak!" cried a voice, and a tumult succeeded.

Cool and indomitable the judge waited for it to subside. He saw that the color was stealing back into Murrell's face. The outlaw was feeling that he was a leader not overthrown; these were his friends and followers, his safety was their safety, too. In a lull in the storm of sound the judge attempted to make himself heard, but his words were lost in the angry roar that descended on him.

"Don't let him speak! Kill him! Kill him!"

A score of men sprang to their feet and from all sides came the click of rifle and pistol hammers as they were drawn to the full cock. The judge's fate seemed to rest on a breath. He swung about on his heel and gave a curt nod to Yancy and Cavendish, who, falling back a step, tossed their guns to their shoulders and covered Murrell. A sudden hush grew up out of the tumult; the cries, angry and jeering, dwindled to a murmur, and a dead pall of silence rested on the crowded room.

The very taste of triumph was in the judge's mouth. Then came a commotion at the back of the building.

A ripple of comment, and Colonel Ferrises elbowed his way through the crowd. At sight of his enemy the judge's face went from white to red, while his eyes blazed; but for the moment the force of his emotions left him speechless. Here and there, as he advanced, Ferrises recognized a friend and bowed coolly to the right and left.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Improved Spanking Machine. A spanking machine, operated by electricity and warranted to cure unruly youngsters, was exhibited at New York recently. The electric spanker is constructed somewhat similar to an electric vibrator. The preliminary preparations for an electric spanking are the same as in the olden days. When the child is ready the hard rubber disk is applied to the area under treatment and the current turned on. Small disks are provided for the younger offenders. To add to the other advantages of the electric spanker, it might be said it does not pain the parrot more than the child.

Wrong Idea of Education. It is a mistake to look on education as a golden key to individual pecuniary profit.

Cough, Cold Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF. Mr. ALBERT W. PRICE, of Fredonia, Kan., writes: "I bought one bottle of Sloan's Liniment in the family and found it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops sneezing and sneezing almost instantly."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

RELIEVED SORE THROAT. Mrs. J. BREWER, of Modesto, Fla., writes: "I bought one bottle of your Liniment and it did me all the good in the world. My throat was very sore, and it cured me of my trouble."

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP. Mr. W. H. STRANGE, 3721 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning." Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00



Eczema Cured by MILAM

Oldest and Most Severe Cases Yield Readily



Factory Mgr. Am. Tob. Co. Says "I have been suffering very much from Eczema in my head, causing itching of the scalp for several years. I was often waked up at night scratching my head, and was prevented from sleeping. After taking four bottles of MILAM, I feel entirely relieved, and I use it so as to be sure the trouble is eradicated from my system." (Signed) R. H. SHACKLEFORD. Danville, Va., March 30, 1910.

Eczema of 26 Years Standing Cured. Huntington, W. Va., July 16, 1910. The Milan Medicine Co., Danville, Va. Dear Sirs:—In January last I wrote you regarding MILAM. You said you would cure me or refund the money. Well, you can keep it all. My face is entirely well. I feel better than I have in years in any way. Am finishing up my bottle now, and think after 26 years of Eczema am cured. With best wishes, use it for yourself. (Signed) C. H. WILLIAMS.

Psooriasis—A Vilest Form of Eczema. Blanche, N. C., July 16, 1910. Milan Medicine Co., Danville, Va. Gentlemen:—I have been afflicted with a torturing skin disease pronounced by the physicians to be "Psooriasis," and have had it for ten years. No treatment of the physicians ever relieved me, and I continued to grow worse and was unable to do my work. By the advice of my physician I commenced to take Milan on March 15th last. I am now far on the road to recovery, and feel that I will be entirely cured. I am now at work and feel no inconvenience from it. I take great pleasure in giving this certificate and think Milan it a great medicine. Yours truly, J. W. PINCHBACK.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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"Do You Mean We Ain't Going to Be Pore Any Longer, Grandfather?"