

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 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 friend 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 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 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 Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judga Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrive 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.

(CHAPTER XII-(Continued).

"So your sister doesn't like me, Tom-that's on your mind this morning, is it?" Murrell was saying. "Make it worth my while and I'll

take her off your hands," and Murrell laughed. Tom favored him with a sullen

stare. There was a brief silence, during which Murrell studied his friend's step here." face. When he spoke, it was to give the conversation a new direction.

"Did she bring the boy here last night? I saw you drive off with him in the carriage."

"Yes, she makes a regular pet of the little ragamuffin." "Is the boy going to stay at Belle

Plain?" inquired Murrell. "That notion hasn't struck her yet, for I heard her say at breakfast that she'd take him to Raleigh this after-

noon." "That's the boy I traveled all the way to North Carolina to get for Fentress."

"Eh-you don't say?" cried Ware. "Tom, what do you know about the Quintard lands; what do you know about Quintard himself?" continued Murrell.

"He was a rich planter; lived in North Carolina. My father met him when he was in congress and got him to invest in land here. They had some colonization scheme on footthis was upward of twenty years ago -but nothing came of it. Quintard lost interest." "And the land?"

"Oh, he held on to that."

"Quintard has been dead two years, Tom, and back yonder in North Carolina they told me he left nothing but the home plantation. The boy lived there up to the time of Quintard's death, but what relation he was to the old man no one knew. Offhand, Tom, I'd say that by getting hold of the boy Fentress expects to get hold of the Quintard land."

"That's likely," said Ware; then struck by a sudden idea, he added, "Are you going to take all the risks and let him pocket the cash? If it's the land he's after, the stake's big enough to divide."

"He can have the whole thing and welcome. I'm playing for a bigger stake." His friend stared at him in astonishment. "I'm licking a speculation into shape that will cause me to be remembered while there's a white man alive in the Mississippi Valley! Have you heard what the niggers did at Hayti?"

"You let the niggers alone; don't you tamper with them," said Ware. He possessed a profound belief in

Murrell's capacity. "Look here, what do you think I have been working for-to steal a few niggers? That furnishes us with money, but you can push the trade too hard and too far. The planters spell, too; yes, sir, you've laid like ous orders of royalty are kings, dukes, are uneasy. The Clan's got to deal a you was dead, and not fo' a matter of earls and lords. Earls is the third judge abruptly turned his back on counter blow or go out of business. Between here and the gulf-" he made a wide sweeping gesture with his arm. "I am spotting the country with my men; there are two thousand active workers on the rolls of the Clan, and as many more like you, my nevvy?-you ain't seen or heard Earl of Lambeth! Sho', that was what through the years to a day from Tom-and Fentress-on whose friend- of him, ma'am?" faltered Yancy. ship I can rely."

"Sure as God, John Murrell, you are overreaching yourself! Your white men are all right, they've got the whisper on Yancy's lips was won- ent. to stick by you; if they don't they derfully tender and wistful. He closed know it's only a question of time un- his eyes and presently, lulled by the son. He begins by bein' a viscount," ribs-but niggers-there isn't any fell into a restful sleep. real fight in a nigger, if there was

they wouldn't be here.' "Yet you couldn't have made the it was to find Henry and Keppel seat- is. He lived back yonder on the Caro.

Murrell, with a sinister smile. Ware, feeling the entire uselessness appeared, bringing Yancy's breakfast all about it.



precations, and then fell silent.

niggers!" said Murrell.

Ware shifted and twisted in his

"Do you want the land and the niggers? I reckon you'll have to take yet?" said Yancy. them whether you want them or not, for I'm going to have the girl."

CHAPTER XIII.

Bob Yancy Finds Himself. Mr. Yancy awoke from a long dreamless sleep; heavy-lidded, his eyes slid open. For a moment he struggled with the odds and ends of memory, then he recalled the fight at the tavern, the sudden murderous attack, the flerce blows Slosson had dealt him, the knife thrust which had ended the struggle. Therefore, the bandages that now-swathed his head and shoulders; therefore, the need that he should be up and doing-for

where was Hannibal? Suddenly a shadow fell obliquely across the foot of his narrow bed, and Cavendish, bending his long body somewhat, thrust his head in at the opening. He found himself looking into a pair of eyes that for the first time in many a long day held the

light of consciousness. "How are you, stranger?" he de-

manded, in a soft drawl. "Where am I?" The words were a whisper on Yancy's bearded lips. "Well, sir, you are in the Tennessee river fo' certain. Polly! you jest

But Polly had heard Cavendish

of argument, uttered a string of im- | In her wake came Connie with the | "My grandfather said he never baby, and the three little brothers knowed a man with the same aver-"Well, how about the girl, Tom?" who were to be accorded the cher- sion agin labor as his father had. asked Murrell at length. "Listen to ished privilege of seeing the poor gen- Folks put it down to laziness, but they me. Tom. I'll take her away, and tleman eat. Cavendish presented him- misjudged him, as come out later, yet Belle Plain is yours-land, stock and self at the opening that did duty as he never let on. a door.

"This looks like bein' alive, stranger," he commented genially. "You-all ain't told me yo' name

"It's Cavendish, Richard Keppel Cavendish."

"My name's Yancy-Bob Yancy." Mr. Cayendish exchanged glances with Mrs. Cavendish.

"Stranger, what I'm a-goin' to tell you, you'll take as bein' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No." Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the faces of his new friends. "Are you ever heard of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's

wandering glance. "You mean kings?"

"I shore do." Yancy made a mighty mental effort. "There's them Bible kings-" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head. "Them's sacred kings. Are you familiar with any of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?" "Well, taking them as they come,

them Bible kings seemed to average pretty profane." Yancy was disposed to defend this point.

"You must a heard of the kings of England. Sho', wa'n't any of yo' folks in the war agin' him?"

"I'd plumb forgot, why my daddy speak, and the murmur of Yancy's fit all through the war!" exclaimed

His Face Went White and the Book Slipped From His Fingers.

voice in reply. Now her head ap- | Yancy. The Cavendishes were im-

you, sir?" she cried, smiling down on endish. "I want Mr. Yancy should get

They saw Yancy's eyes widen with an earl himself," cried Polly exultant-

"Ten or thereabouts, ma'am. He their small faces as they viewed the

heat; and when at last Yancy awoke, ard Keppel Cavendish, same as mine

mensely relieved.

ain't no slouch."

"Now you all keep still," said Cav-

from the top of the heap, but lords

"Dick had ought to know, fo' he's

"Sho,' Richard Keppel Cavendish,

he was! Sho'!" and some transient

feeling of awe stamped itself upon

long and limber figure of their par-

peared beside her husband's.

hours either-but days."

a look of dumb horror.

"How long?"

"La, you are some better, ain't

"Well, nigh on to three weeks."

"And you don't know nothing about

Polly shook her head regretfully.

were a heap of comfort to me-" and



"Then one day he got his hands on a paper that had come acrost in a ship from England. All at once, he lit on something in the paper, and he started up and let out a yell like he'd been shot. 'By gum, I'm the Earl of Lambeth!' he says, and took out to the nearest tavern and got b'ilin' full. Afterward he showed 'em the paper and they seen with their own eyes where Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lamboth, had died in London. My great grandfather told 'em that was his uncle; that when he left home there was several cousins-but they'd up and died, so the title come to him. He never done a lick of work

"I'm an orphan man of title now and it's been my dream to take Polly and the children and go back to England and see the king about my title. Don't you reckon he's got the notion the Cavendishes has petered out?"

Mr. Yancy considered this likely. The furious shricking of a steampacket's whistle broke in upon them. "It's another of them hawgs, wantin' all the river!" said Mr. Cavendish, and fled to the steering oar.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Judge Sees a Ghost. Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a house, for Betty required of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in termined after we've had our confer-Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton asking him to search the ascertaining how much is due the title to a certain timber tract held by county treasurer at the beginning of one Joseph Quald. The judge, power- this year, do you mean that a re-audit fully excited, told Mahaffy he was be- will ing understood and appreciated.

The immediate result of Norton's judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he now greeted

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a swelling chest and mellow accents. "I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew forward a chair as he spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

gested Mr. Saul. "In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke. Sud-

"You've set on the bench, sir?" sug-

denly the movement of his hand was arrested. the judge gave him no answer; he was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" re-

peated Mr. Saul. "Eh-what's that? No-" he appeared to hesitate, "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and abutting counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?" "Colonel Fentress; he was old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence. A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interrup-"It's been right smart of a the straight of this here! The vari- tion that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. Saul quickened the beat of his pulse, the throb of his heart, and struck back which he reckoned time. He turned

slowly, as if in dread. What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above "These here titles go to the eldest the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the coltil they get a knife driven into their soft ripple that bore them company, continued Chills and Fever. "It was lar of his coat, while his tall, spare my great grandfather come over here | figure was habited in sleek broadcloth The raft drifted on into the day's from England. His name was Rich- and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book whites in Hayti believe that," said ed beside him, each solacing him with lina coast and went to raisin' tobac- slipped from his fingers to the wina small moist hand. Mrs. Cavendish | co. I've heard my grandfather tell dow ledge,

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

DIRT FLYING ON

Dauphin County Operations Well Under Way This Month.

ARE WORKING MAIN ROUTES

Good Progress on Rutherford Pike-Maintenance Force Under Engineer George H. Biles Construct an Experimental Road.

> (Special Harrisburg Correspondence.) Harrisburg .- Dirt is flying on the State highways in Dauphin county, and on practically every one of the half dozen or more main routes in this county gangs of men are working to put the roads into good condition for travel. The most important work has been in progress on the Rutherford pike, which is now in good shape between Rutherford and Hummelstown for the first time in months, and one the Lykens valley road. The maintenance force under the direction of Engineer George H. Biles is having a section of experimental road constructed between Twenty-first and State streets and Penbrook borough. This work will overcome a bad stretch of road and demonstrate the value of asphaltic macadam by the engineering method. It is probable that within two weeks the section of the new State highway will be opened through Riverside The work is going forward rapidly and inspections of the completed work south of the Hiester property will be made shortly

Third Audit in Dauphin.

The Dauphin County Auditors began the third audit of the county's financial condition for 1911. They took back from the County Commissioners their two former audits and the special audit of J. C. Shumberger, an expert, and obtained possession of the treasury and other departmental records. "We're here to re-organize," declared Auditor Walters," and to ascertain how much money is due the county treasurer at the beginning of January, 1912. Now that is about all we can say at this time. What dur course of action will be must be deence and looked over matters." "By be made?" Mr. Walters was ask-

"We can't say that will be done uncommunication had been to send the til we've had a chance to look over the books and so on and to see how matters stand."

President John W. Cassel and Auditor Reigle declared they could say nothing as to the probable action of the board, pending the conference. The auditors each got a key to the grand jury room and it is understood they will be on the job there.

Length of Snakes.

The rattlesnakes and copperheads that inhabit the mountains north of this city sometimes grow to prodigious size. As a rule the copperhead runs more truly to form and is seldom seen much longer than five feet, but the ratters sometimes grow to a size that makes the figures given by the authorities on such matters as the average length look small. The lumbermen who work for the Zortman firm in the timbering operations in the mountain east of Dauphin report that there are rattlesnakes in that part of the mountains that are over seven feet in, length, while Edward Cumberland, who lives at 236 North Court street, was showing his friends the skin of a snake that was over six feet long. This "Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But specimen was taken at Doubling Gap and was killed by a mountain woman, who skinned it and rendered the fat and then sold the skin to Cumberland. There were eight rattles found on this skin.

Lehigh Valley Bars Liquor.

Forbidding the use of liquor by employes, while on or off duty, the Le high Valley Railroad notified trainmen on the Coxton-Delano trip runs that the company owuld not tolerate train or enginemen addicted to the use of liquor. This meant that similar orders would be issued to all other Granite. employes. It was explained that the reason the Delano run men were first to receive orders was due to the fact that they are under the new arrangement of raming coal north, open to temptation in the little mining town, owing to the long layover and the lack of amusements afforded by the town. At present the Wyoming crews are sent to Delano, forced to lay over eight hours, and then return to Coxton with four engine trains.

Bids for Armories.

The State Armory Board has received the title papers for the site for the new armory in York and bids for constructon of a bulding will be asked this fall. Bids will be opened here for the armories at Pottsville, Plymouth and Meadville. The Plymouth work will be remodeling.

Road Building Starts.

The State Highway Department contractors awarded contracts for road building on August 3 have all begun

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