

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an sold 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 Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain, is playing for big. Stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamiess 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 they meet Begs the boy as a companion. In a stroil

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

Whatever the promptings that inclearly and so keenly personal that lane. Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, she found, left her wondering just where and how her bwn fate was Betty. linked with that of this poor white. "You have been waiting some time to see me?" she asked.

"Ever since along about noen." 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 empatience. "You're just wastin' time-just fool-

m' it away-and you ain't got none to apare!"

feaf-I must know more or I shall stay just where I am!" "Well, then stay!" The girl turned

he'd kill me if he knew-I reckon Once more Betty paused. I've earned that already-" "Of whom are you speaking?"

"He'll have you away from here to-"He? . . . who . . . and

what if I refuse to go?" "Did they ask Charley Norton whether he ranted to live or die? came the sixter 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 slanted 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 go 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; it 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,



the black fabric of her dress.

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty! said Hannibal. They went sliently 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 Betwhisper.

"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. agonizing sense of the night's approach and of her own utter helpless-

"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

Betty suddenly remembered the carriage which had taken the judge into me to go along out o' here?" 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."

they passed up the path that edged nothing to do with either liking or they entered a clearing, and crossing sympathy. Her dominating emotion this they came to the corn-field which seemed to be a sullen sort of resent- lay between the house and the highment which lit up her glance with a road. Following one of the shock the horses came to a dead stop. dull fire; yet her feelings were so rows they hurried to the mouth of the

> judge why I am leaving Belle Plain -about the woman, I mean," said voice out of the darkness.

she'd done?" speculated the boy. It dem hosses' bits!" occurred to him that an adequate explanation of their flight would require | carriage. preparation, since the judge was at all times singularly alive to the flight- same rough voice that had spoken beest discrepancy of statement. They fore. Instantly a hooded lantern was had issued from the corn-field and uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry went along the road toward Raleigh. of terror. He was looking into the the opposite side of the carriage 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, test Slosson and the man named "You must tell me what I have to and the soft and all but inaudible pat- Bunker climbed into the carriage. ter of the boy's bare feet on the warm away, and then as quickly turned back bushes seemed to creep toward them ag'in no good-looking female except and faced Betty once more. "I reckon out of the night's black uncertainty. In kindness."

He Was Looking Into the Face of Siosson, the Tavern-keeper.

and her hand stole up to her heart, Hannibal as before, and he returned ger which for the moment dominated and, white and slim, rested against to his consideration of the judge. He all her other emotions. She struggled nimbleness which his patron's physical | heavy hand and thrust her back. make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left one in doubt as to just how much of to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum its impression on him; but the boy hell!" This last was addressed to

ty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering have passed us while we were crossing the corn-field?" said Betty.

was a shelterless exposure.

"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 "I don't know, dear!" She had an disgorged the Belle Plain team and Hannibal closer to her side as she carriage.

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

"Whoa, 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 she had to fear? Was it Tom for with his glance. "George--"

"Oh, it you, Missy?" "Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Han-

nibal entered the carriage. "All right, Missy. Yo'-all ready fo' "Yes-drive fast, George!" urged

bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in Screened by the thick shadows, the direction of Raleigh while he was spired this warning, they plainly had the bayou; at the head of the inlet these heah woods, Missy-I 'clar' I urged them forward. At last be abnever seen it no blacker!"

> The carriage swung forward for perhaps a hundred years, then suddenly

"Go along on, dar!" cried George, and struck them with his whip, but Betty, in a voice that shook in spite "Hannibal, I don't want to tell the the horses only reared and plunged. "Hold on, nigger!" said a rough

"What yo' doin'?" the coachman "You reckon they'd kill her, don't gasped. "Don' yo' know dis de Belle you, Miss Betty, if they knew what Plain carriage? Take yo' han's offen

Two men stepped to the side of the

"Show your light, Bunker," said the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prisoners.

In the face of Betty's indignant pro-

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said dust of the road. Vague forms that the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly resolved themselves into trees and of whisky. "I wouldn't lift my hand

"How dare you stop my carriage?" "It were nothing, Miss Betty," said cried Betty, with a very genuine an-



sensed something of that intellectual to her feet, but Slosson put out a

"There now," he urged soothingly. "Why make a fuss? We ain't going what he heard succeeded in making of money. Drive on, Jim-drive like knew that Slocum Price's blind side the man who had taken George's place on the box, where a fourth member "You don't think the carriage could 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 feit 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 tragio sequence in her mind. What was it 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 "It's right dark fo' fas' driving', hope that they might meet some one Missy, with the road jes' aimin' fo' to 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 speaking. "It's scandalous black in bays as Jim with voice and whip ruptly cheeked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Get down, ma'am!" said the lat-"Where are you taking me?" asked

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 indulgently.

"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 Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your filthy mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson. "He's a perfect eel-l've

had dealings with him afore!" "You tried to kill my Uncle Bobat 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 astonish ment at this.

"Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed aghast. "See here, young to quality, 65@80. feller, 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 tavernkeeper 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

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

"Keep close at my beels. 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 of 'em was South Carolinians, one 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.



Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

R. G. Dun and Company's weekly review of trade says:

"All the developments of the week confirm and strengthen the improvement in business activity. Each week brings a higher price level in iron and steel, and the resumption of several merchant furnaces that have been idle for two years is expected. Firmness prevails in pig iron at all leading centers, with substantial advances noted in some districts. Premiums paid for prompt shipments indicate that consumers are in urgent need of material and new business is pretty evenly distributed, with special activity in steel bars, plates and

"Dry goods houses report a steady volume of duplicate business, buyers displaying confidence, but confining their operations to frequent purchases o" small parcels. Fall distribution of cotton goods is much better than last year, and indications are that current values will be maintained for a considerable period.

"Trading in footwear shows further improvement, and while little buying has yet been done for spring, many supplementary orders for fall and winter goods have been received."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK .- Wheat -- Spot steady; new No. 2 red, 1031/2 c i f track and f o b affoat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1001/4 f o b affoat.

Corn-Spot steady; export, 591/2; f o b afloat, December to March. Oats-Spot firm; new standard

white nominal; No. 3, 38@381/2; No. 4, 361/2 @ 37; natural white, 36@ 39; white clipped, 39@42. Butter - Steady; receipt, 5,744 tubs. Creamery extras, 20% @31c;

firsts, 28@30; factory current make firsts, 23; seconds, 22@22%. Eggs-Fresh gathered extras, 300 32c; extra firsts, 27@281/2; firsts, 24@ thirds and poorer, 18@20; refrigerator firsts, season's storage charges paid, 231/2@241/2; lower grades, 19@221/2; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, fancy,

large, new laid, 29@40. Dressed Poultry-Firm; fresh killed Western chickens, 14@24c; fowls, 15@17%; turkeys, 16@17. Live barely steady; Western broilers, 19@20; fowls, 18; turkeys, 15.

PHILADELPHIA. - Wheat-Quiet and unchanged. Corn-Firm and un changed. Oats-Firm and unchanged. Butter - Firm, unchanged. Eggs -Firm, unchanged.

Cheese-Firmer; good demand. New York full creams, choice, 161/c; do. fair to good, 151/2@161/4c.

Live Poultry - Dull and lower. Fowls, 15@16c; old roosters, 12@18; spring chickens, 16@17. Dressed poultry firm and unchanged. Tallow unchanged.

Potatoes-Firm, shade higher. Jersey, prime, per basket, 35@40c; nearby, per bu, 50@55c.

BALTIMORE. - Wheat - Spot and September, No. 2 red, 94%; October, No. 2 red, 95; November, No. 2 red, 97%; December, No. 2 red, 100.

Corn-Contract, 79½c. The closing was quiet; spot, 79½c nominal. Oats-No. 2 white, 40%; standard white, 381/4 @ 381/4; No. 3 white, 36@ 264; No. 4 white, 35 asked. Rye-No. 2 Western domestic, 78@

80c: No. 3 do do. 76@77; No. 2 nearby carlots, 76@78; bag lets nearby, as Hay-No. 1 timothy, \$21.50@22; No.

2, do, \$19.50@20; No. 3, do, \$17@19; choice light, clover mixed, \$18.50@19; No. 1 clover mixed, \$17@19; No. 2, dc. \$14@16; No. 1 clover, \$13@14; No. 2, do, \$11@12.

Straw-No. 1 straight rye straw, \$16 @16.50; No. 1, do. \$15@15.50; No. 1 tangled, do, \$12@12.50; No. 2, do, \$11 @11.50; No. 1 wheat straw, \$7.50@8; No. 2, do. \$6.50@7; No. 1 oat straw, \$8.50@9; No. 2, do, \$8@8.50.

Butter-Creamery, fancy, 291/2 @30; creamery, choice, 28@29; creamery, good, 26@27; creamery, prints, 29@ 31; creamery, blocks, 28@30; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 20@22. Cheese Jobbing lots, per lb., 18@ 181/c.

Eggs-Maryand, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 25c; Western firsts, 25; West Virginia firsts, 24@25; Southern firsts, 23@24. Recrated and re-Marble AND handled eggs 1/2 to 1c higher. Live Poultry-Chickens, per 1b-

Old hens, heavy, 16c; do do, small to medium, 15; old roosters, 10; spring, 11/2 lbs and over, 18; do, 11/4 lbs, 18; do, 1 lb and under, 18.

Live Stock

CHICAGO .- Cattle-Beeves, \$5.85@ 11; Texas steers, \$4.65@6.25; Western steers, \$5.70@9.30; stockers and feeders, \$4.30@7.35; cows and helfers, \$2.90@8: calves, \$8@11.50.

Hogs-Light, \$7.15@8.80; mixed, \$8 @8.80; heavy, \$7.85@8.60; rough, \$7.85@8.05; pigs, \$5@7.90; bulk of sales, \$8.10@8.60.

Sheep-Native, \$3.50@4.60; Western, \$3.60@4.45; yearlings, \$4.75@ 5.65; lambs, native, \$4.85@7.40; West ern. \$4.90@7.60.

PITTSBURGH, PA .- Cattle steady; supply light. Choice, \$9@9.25; prime, \$8.30 @ 8.70.

Sheep-Prime wethers, \$4.50@4.65; culls and common, \$2@3; lambs, \$5@ 7; veal calves. \$19@10.50.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. PORTHER

WAL-PA-YEKROUSA

BELLEFONTE, SS.

MA HUSTRON MALKER

WALPIA-YEMMOTTA BHLLEFONTS, SE No. 19 W. Eigh Street.

All professional business promptly attended (9) A. D. GERRIG PRO. J. BOWER

CHTTIG, BOWER & ZREBY ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

EAGLE BLOOM BELLEFONTE BA.

emors to ORYIS, BOWER & ORVIS Consultation in English and German

B. SPANGLEB

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA Practices in all the courts. Consultation is English and German. Office, Orider's Exchange

Building. CLEMENT DALE

ATTORKEY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE PA Office N. W. corner Diamond, two does free First Mational Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company

CENTRE HALL, PA W. B. MINGLE, Cashin

Roceives Deposits . . Discounts Notes . . .



Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest de-eviation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$2 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO. 361Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son

Control Stateen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies to the World.

CHEAPEST . No Mutuals No Amessments Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between

THE BEST IS THE

the tenth and twentieth years redition to the face of the policy. Money to Loan on First Mortgage Office to Crider's Stone Building

Telephone Connection

BELLEFONTE, PA.



H. O. STROHMEIER

CENTRE MALL, Manufacturer; of and Dealer in

HIGH GRADE ... MONUMENTAL WORK

in all kinds of

Granite, Don't ther to got my poters.

ROALSBURG TAYER

BOALSBURG, PA. This well-known hostelry is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all trainstepping at Oak Hall Station. Every effort made to accommodate the traveling public. Lifery attached.

OLD FORT HOTEL

RATES: EDWARD ROYER Location : One mile South of Centre Hall. Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to mjoy an evening given special attention. Mt als for such occasions prepared on short notice. Al-ways prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Yean's Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones,

