Paradoxical Promise.

"I want you to pay down." "All right. I'll settle up."

TTCH Relieved in 30 Minutes. Woolford's Sanitary Lotion for all kinds of magious itch. At Druggists. Adv. Woolfo

Unfortunately charity doesn't seem to possess any of the qualities of a boomerang.

Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle Adv.

His Business.

"I see where Smith went to the wall."

"How did that happen." "He's a bill poster."

# For SUMMER HEADACHES

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

Its Kind.

"What is a voice from the tombs like?"

"It must be a skeleton's articulation.

#### So Many Like Tribble.

"Tribble is a discontented fellow. I don't believe he even knows what he wants."

"Oh, yes. He knows what he wants What makes him discontented is the fact that he also knows he can't get it.'

### English Stump Speech.

A correspondent, "Old Briney," sends us the following specimen of frenzied stump oratory: "Feller blokes! Thanks ter th' guv'ment, yer got yer d'minishin' wage, and yer little loaf, an' all that. Wotcher got ter do now is ter go fer devil-ootion and local anatomy, an' go it blind!" (Loud cheers.)-London Globe.

#### Truth About Old Age.

George F. Baer, the famous Philadelphia railroad man, said on his seventieth birthday:

"I agree with Professor Metchnikoff about the wisdom of the old. Professor Osler made it fashionable to decry gray hairs, but my experience has been that the old not only possess wisdom, but they seek it also.'

With a smile Mr. Baer added: "The only people who think they are too old to learn are those who really are too young."

#### Probably Prize Grouch.

A grouchy butcher, who had watched the price of porterhouse steak elimb the ladder of fame, was deep in the throes of an unusually bad grouch when a would-be customer, 8 years old, approached him and handed him a penny.

"Please, mister, I want a cent's



#### SYNOPSIS.

20

SYNOPSIS. The scene at the opening of the story is lad in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Bar-ony. 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. Na-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, ap-pears and asks questions about the Bar-ony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Han-nibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Cap-tain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Hount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the ferrisses, has an encounter with Cap-tain Murrell, who forces his attentions on Bety sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recop-tion the boy a grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recop-tione friend, Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue to the friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue to the field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue to the field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue to the field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue to the field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home the boy a grandson of an old time field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home the boy a grandson of an old time field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home the boy a grandson of an old time field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home the boy a grandson of an old time field. Murrell arrives at Judge's home the boy a grandson of an old time field fuels the boy a grandson of an old time field. Murrell a

home. Cavendish family on rait rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington strive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Han-nibal and Betty meet again. Murrell ar-rives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream-less 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 mys-teriously assaulted. Norton informs Car-rington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans upris-ing of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terri-fied, acts on Bess' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, iand Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Mur-rell 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 possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans ac-tion. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones in Instituted. Carrington visits the judge ryists Colonel Fentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged. Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged.

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.)

ment, for the man confronting him

was the Clan's messenger who should

"Toss up your hands, Murrell," said

"You are wanted for nigger-steal-

"What are you doing here?" he

"Walting to arrest you-ain't that

The outlaw's hands dropped at his

plain?" said Hues, with a grim smile.

side, limp and helpless. With some

idea that he might attempt to draw

a weapon one of the men took hold

of him, but Murrell was nerveless to

his touch; his face had gone a ghast-

ly white and was streaked with the

Murrell looked into Hues' face.

"It's all up, John," said Hues.

been on your track for six months."

'Well, by thunder!" cried the man

"You-you-" and the words thick-

"No," said Murrell, recovering him-

"I've done it," answered Hues. "I've

"How about this fellow?" asked the

man whose pistol still covered Ware.

Hues glanced toward the planter and

"Where are you going to take me?"

"You'll find that out in plenty of

Ware neither moved nor spoke as

along the path, Hues with his hand

companions close at his heels, while

the third man led off the outlaw's

Presently the distant clatter of

hoofs was borne to Ware's ears-only

that; the miracle of courage and dar-

ing was like other men, like himself.

asked Murrell quickly. Again Hues

time, and then your friends can pass

self. "You may as well turn me loose

ened on his tongue, becoming an in-

ing," said the man. Still Murrell did

not seem to comprehend. He looked

have been speeding across the state.

One of the other men spoke.

"You are under arrest!"

at Hues in dull wonder.

markings of terror.

in utter amazement.

articulate murmur.

shook his head.

you'll come with me."

laughed.

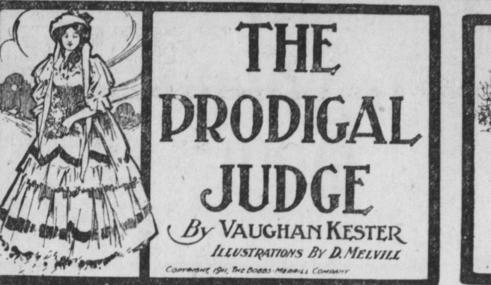
-you can't arrest me!"

Hues quietly.

"Arrest!"

asked.

"Hues!" cried Murrell in astonish-



sidered signaling Bess to return. Slos- | was a foregone conclusion; but the | son must be told of Murrell's arrest; insurrection he had planned was at him!" .muttered Hicks. but he was sick with apprehension, an end. Hues had dealt its death

impulse to act forsook him. he believed without fear! He felt that God, he had seen the last of him! he had been grievously betrayed in But, as always, his thoughts came his trust and a hot rage poured back to Betty. Slosson would wait at through him. At last he climbed in- Hicks' place for the man Murrell had to the saddle and, swaying like a promised him, and, failing the mes- hell-fired hole-but, shucks! What drunken man, galloped off.

he paused and scanned its dusty sur- be left to determine his own course of ter not overlook that old fellow Price. face. Hues and his party had turned action. Ware felt certain that he He's got some notion about Fentress before another dawn broke.

and as he grasped the significance of in which he sank from horror to horthat wide half circle his sense of in ror. He had lost all faith in the Clan jury overwhelmed him again. He which had terrorized half a dozen hoped to live to see Murrell hanged! states, which had robbed and mur-He was so completely lost in his dered with apparent immunity, which to Ware's side. "What'll come of the bitter reflections that he had been un- had marketed its hundreds of stolen girl, Tom? Can you figure that out?" aware of a mounted man who was slaves. He had utterly collapsed at

coming toward him at a swift gallop, the first blow dealt the organization, most to a whisper. But Ware was in but now he heard the steady pounding but he was still seeing Murrell, pallid of hoofs and, startled by the sound, and shaken. looked up. A moment later the horseman drew rein at his side.

"Ware!" he cried.

"How are you, Carrington?" said Ware recognized his presence with a

"You are wanted at Belle Plain," be- speak. Hicks slouched to his employgan Carrington, and seemed to hesi- er's side and handed him a note which

"Yes-yes, I am going there at once | read and tossed it aside. -now-" stammered Ware, and gathered up his reins with a shaking hand, he come here?" he growled. "The jail ain't built that'll hold

"Of course," he can't be held," some trap might have been prepared blow. Moreover, though the law agreed Ware. "And he'll never be for him, he could not know; and the might be impotent to deal with Mur- brought to trial; no lawyer will dare rell, he could not hope to escape the appear against him, no jury will dare He smote his hands together in a vengeance of the powerful class he to find him guilty; but there's Hues, hopeless, beaten gesture. And Mur- had plotted to destroy; he would have what about him?" He paused. The rell had gone weak-with his own to gult the country. Ware gloated in two men looked at each other for a eyes he had seen it-Murrell-whom this idea of craven flight. Thank long moment.

> "Where did they carry the captain?' "I don't know"

"It looks like the Clan was in a senger, for the signal fire, but there will be easier than to fix Hues?-and When he reached the river road would be neither; and Slosson would while they're fixing folks they'd bet-

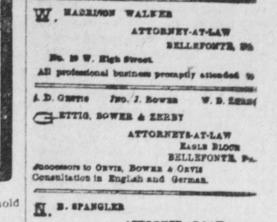
"How do you know that?" demand ed Ware.

"He as good as said so." Hicks looked uneasily at the planter. He knew himself to be compromised. The stranger named Cavendish had forced an admission from him that Murrell would not condone if it came to his knowledge. He had also acquired a very proper and wholesome fear of Judge Slocum Price. He stepped close he questioned, sinking his voice alcapable of speech, again his terrors completely overwhelmed him "I A step sounded in the hall and an reckon you'll have to find another

instant later Hicks entered the room overseer. I'm going to strike out for without the formality of knocking. Texas," said Hicks. Ware's eyes met his for an instant.

glance of indifference, but did not He had thought of flight, too; was still thinking of it, but greed was as much a part of his nature as fear: proved to be from Fentress. Ware Belle Plain was a prize not to be light-

ly cast aside, and it was almost his. "If he wants to see me why don't He lurched across the room to the window. If he were going to act, the



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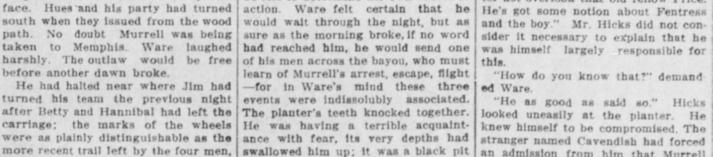
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worth of sausage.

Turning on the youngster with a growl, he lot forth this burst of good salesmanship:

"Go smell o' the hook."-New Or leans Daily States.

#### Was Fun to Choose.

A number of drivers of racing cars who were in Louisville to participate in the motor races were present at a luncheon in honor of one of the leading contestants, who told several automobile stories.

"But my best story," said the racer. "is about a taxicab chauffeur. This man was discharged for reckless driving and so became a motorman on a trolley car.

"As he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes a friend said:

'Oh, what's the matter with you? Can't you run over people just as much as ever?"

"Yes,' the ex-chauffeur replied, 'but formerly I could pick. and choose."

#### NO MEDICINE

# But Change of Food Gave Final Relief.

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal-stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat-white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc .-these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ails result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloated, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the word around if they like; now the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash, woman Hues and his prisoner passed back writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach-dyspepsia, indigestion. constipation-caused, I know now, from overeating starchy and horse. greasy food.

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since.

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason.'

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

'You've heard, I take it?" said Car-

whisper. "My God, Carrington, I'm "He was out here the first thing this heavy eyes; he marked each turn, heart sick; she has been like a daugh- morning: you'd have thought he then a palsy of fear shook him, his



#### The Planter's Knees Knocked Together.

"No!"

on Murrell's shoulder, and one of his ter to me-I-" he fell silent, mop owned Belle Plain. There was a ping his face.

"I think I understand your feeling," had me in and fired questions at me said Carrington, giving him a level for half an hour; then he hiked off glance. up to The Oaks."

"Then you'll excuse me," and the planter clapped spurs to his horse. in a dull level voice. Hicks gave him ing he had half expected had not hap- Once he looked back over his shoul- a glance of unmixed astonishment. pened. Murrell, for all his wild boast- der; he saw that Carrington had not moved from the spot where they had His bloodshot eyes slid around in met.

their sockets. There across the sun-At Belle Plain, Ware found his lit stretch of water was Betty-the neighbors in possession of the place. dead away-a damned coward. Hell!" thought of her brought him to quick They greeted him quietly and spoke choking terrors. The whole fabric of in subdued tones of their sympathy. Hicks, appalled. crime by which he had been benefited When he could he shut himself in in the past or had expected to profit his room. He had experienced a day en-it was Hues-the man he trusted in the future seemed toppling in upon of maddening anviety; he had not more than 'any other!" Ware gave him, but his mind clutched one im- slept at all the previous night; in the overseer a ghastly grin and was portant fact. Hues, if he knew of mind and body he was worn out; and silent, but in that silence he heard Betty's disappearance, did not con- now he was plunged into the thick of the drumming of his own heart. He the judge. "Instead of playing that nect Murrell with it. Ware sucked in this sensation. He must keep control went on. "I tell you, to save him- game with daisy petals, she plays it comfort between his twitching lips. of himself.

Stealing niggers! No one would be- He sought to forecast the happen- rest of us; we've got to get him free. He proposed, they were married, lieve that he, a planter, had a hand in ings of the next few hours. Murrell's and then, by hell-we ought to knock and if the recall does not go into that, and for a brief instant he con- friends would break jail for him, that him in the head; he isn't fit to live!" effect they will doubtless live happily.

I reckon that old fellow they call sooner he did so the better, and gain Judge Price has sprung something a respite from his fears. The road "Yes," answered Ware, in a hoarse sudden on the colonel," said Hicks. down the coast slid away before his heart beat against his ribs, and he stood gnawing his lips while he gazed up at the sun.

> "Do you get what I say, Tom? I am going to quit these parts," said Hicks. Ware turned slowly from the window.

"All right, Hicks. You mean you want me to settle with you, is that it?" he asked

"Yes, I'm going to leave while I can; maybe I can't later on," said Hicks stolidly. He added: "I am going to start down the coast as soon as it turns dark, and before it's day again I'll have put the good miles between me and these parts."

"You're going down the coast?" and Ware was again conscious of the quickened beating of his heart. Hicks nodded. "See you don't meet up with John Murrell," said Ware.

"I'll take that chance.' It seems a heap better to me than staying here." Ware looked from the window. The shadows were lengthening accoss the lawn.

"Better start now, Hicks," he advised.

> "I'll wait until it turns dark." "You'll need a horse."

"I was going to help myself to one. This ain't no time to stand on ceremony," said Hicks shortly.

"Slosson shouldn't be left in the lurch like this-or your brother's folks-

"They'll have to figure it out for themselves, same as me," rejoined Hicks.

"You can stop there as you go by." "No." said Hicks. "I never did believe in this damn foolishness about the girl, and I won't go near George's

"I don't ask you to go there; you can give them the signal from the head of the hayou. All I want is for you to stop and light a fire on the shore. They'll know what that means, I'll give you a horse and fifty dollars for the job." Hicks' eyes sparkled, but he only

couple of strangers with him, and he said:

can deal."

tated; but the sun was slipping into the west; his windows blazed with the hot light.

"He loves me, he loves me not," said Maud Muller, as she went through "How do you, know this?" asked the garden picking potato bugs off the

She picked a potato bug.

"A thrifty girl, forsooth," declared



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"Make it twice that and maybe we Racked and tortured, Ware hesi-"Murrell's been arrested," said Ware CTO RE CONTINUEDA

Their Romance.

potato plants.

"He loves me not."

"He loves me."

self, John Murrell will implicate the with potato bugs."

She gathered another potato bug

"Yes, by God!" "Who'd risk it?" "Risk it? Man, he almost fainted

"I was with him when he was tak-