ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1911.

could do right much shootin' with this

old rifle." Mr. Crenshaw had appear-

ed with a bundle, which he tossed into

the cart. Yancy turned to him. "If

"Do you reckon if Uncle Bob was to

Mr. Yancy gave him a hurt glance

that," he said. "No, I 'low this ain'

a heap quicker than standing stock

The afternoon sun waned as they

went deeper and deeper into the pine woods, but at last they came to their

journey's end, a widely scattered set-

"This," said Mr. Yancy, "are Scratch

Hill, sonny. Why Scratch Hill? Some

say its the fleas; others agin hold it's

the eternal bother of making a living

here, but whether fleas or living you

(To Be Continued.)

HOW MUCH IS A BUSHEL?

Legal Weights Are Not Uniform ar

Vary In Different States.

The principal work of the bureau

of standards in Washington is to es-

tablish scientifically accurate stand-

ards for the weights and measures

used in the United States. Recently

the bureau has been engaged in gath-

ering statistics to show the legal

weight of a bushel of different com-

modities, as fixed either by national

legislation for the purposes of the

the purposes of trade within the

In the case of a few commodities

only, such as wheat, oats and peas,

are the legal weights uniform through-

out the country, and in many cases

they differ widely. Neither do the

legal weights which the bureau has

listed represent a volume equal to the

bushel of 2.150.40 cubic inches-the

On account of the variation in the

localities and in different seasons, it

certainty the weight of a given vol-

ume of any commodity such as pota-toes, apples, coal or corn. Since,

therefore, the actual weight can be

There are 84 commodities for

United States bushel, so-called.

scratch fo' both."

lement on a hill above a branch.

"She's too much of a lady to do

"Can she gallop?" asked the boy.

Che The Famous Novel by VAUGHAN KESTER

CHAPTER I.

The Boy At the Barony.

The Quintards had not prospered of the barren lands of the pine woods whither they had emigrated to escape the malaria of the low coast, but this no longer mattered, for the last of his name and race, old General Quintard, was dead in the great house his father had built almost a century before and the thin acres of the Barony. where he had made his last stand him, now that he had given up the struggle in their midst. The two or three old slaves about the place, the fight their master had made, mourned for him and for themselves, but of his own blood and class none were present.

Shy dwellers of the pine woods, lanky jeans-clad men and sunbonneted women, who were gathering for the burial of the famous man of their neighborhood, grouped themselves about the lawn which had long since sunk to the uses of a pasture lot. Singly or by twos and threes they stole up the steps and across the wide open porch to the open door. On the right of the long hall another door stood open, and who wished could enter the drawing-room, with its splendid green and gold paper, and the wonderful fireplace with the Dutch tiles that graphically depicted the story of Jonah and the whale.

Here the general lay in state. The slaves had dressed their old master in the uniform he had worn as a colonel of the continental line, but the thin shoulders of the wasted figure no longer filled the buff and blue coat. The high-bred face, once proud and masterful no doubt, as became the face of a Quintard, spoke of more than age and poverty-it was infinitely sorrowful. Yet there was something harsh and unforgiving in the lines death had fixed there, which might have been taken as the visible impress of that mystery, the bitterness of which had filled?" Well, Mr. Bladen, I and my misshaped the dead man's nature; but father had factored the Barony fo' fifthe resolute lips had closed for ever on their secret, and the broken spirit had gone perhaps to learn how poor eral's table had ever been toted here a thing its pride had been.

Though he had lived continuously a century, there was none among his neighbors who could say he had looked on that thin, aquiline face in all of him, for the gossip of the slaves who had been his only friends in those country.

That notable man of business, Jon athan Crenshaw-and his superiority iness chanced to be his own-was closeted in the library with a strangrepresentative of certain remote connections of the old general's.

Crenshaw sat before the flat-topped mahogany desk in the center of the room with several well-thumbed account-books open before him. Bladen, in riding dress, stood by the window.

"I suppose you will buy in the property when it comes up for sale?" the latter was saying.

Mr. Crenshaw had already made plain that General Quintard's creditors would have lean pickings at the intimating that he himself was the chiefest of these and the one to suffer most grievously in pocket. than this, Mr. Bladen saw that the old house was a ruin, scarcely habitable, and that the thin acres, though they were many and a royal grant, were of the slightest value. Crenshaw nodded acquiescence to the lawyer's conjecture touching the ultimate fate of the Barony.

"I reckon, sir, I'll want to protect myself, but if there are any of his own kin who have a fancy fo' the place I'll

put no obstacle in their way." "Who are the other creditors?" ask-

tired waiting on him, and when they began to sue and get judgment the passed into my hands. I was in too deep to draw out. But for the last ten years his dealings were with me; furnished the supplies for the place here. It didn't amount to much, as there was only him and the darkies, and the account ran on from year to vear."

"He lived entirely alone, saw no one I understand," said Bladen.

slaves-yes, sir. He wouldn't even see I rode out to see him, but I wa'n't message I got was that he couldn't be disturbed; and the last time I come that's your story." he sent me word that if I annoyed from under his feet? Oh, well, I just dates, Mr. John, fo' I disremember." put it down to childishness." There was a brief pause, then Crenshaw mas," said Crenshaw. "I reckon, sir, if you hoped that Bladen would clear up the mystery, for certainly it must cost the general his grip on life and for Mr. John, I mean Christmas," objecttwenty years and more had made him ed Yancy. a recluse, so that the faces of his

General Quintard's private history. I mas fixin's; there was right much ents, who are distant cousins, but his Yancy's guiding light was clearly acolina. I was merely instructed to rep- up that blind mule of mine to the cart himself of the civil wish that they wild with delight. resent them in the event of his death and started for nome. As I got shut might soon meet again. Then creating the started for nome. As I got shut might soon meet again. Then creating the started for nome. As I got shut might soon meet again. Then creating the started for nome. As I got shut might soon meet again. Then creating the started for nome. As I got shut might soon meet again. Then creating the started for nome. As I got shut might soon meet again. Then creating the started for nome. As I got shut his will not shart also the started for nome. As I got shut his will not shart also the started for nome. As I got shut his country has no need of ancestry."

friends had become as the faces of

"That's business," said Crenshaw nodding.

"All I know is this: General Quintard was a conspicuous man in these parts fifty years ago; that was before my time, Mr. Crenshaw, and I take it, too, it was before yours; he married a Beaufort."

"So he did." said Crenshaw, "and there was one child, a daughter: she married a South. Carolinian by the name of Tuberville. I remember that, fo' they were married under the galagainst age and poverty, were to claim lery in the hall. Great folks, those Tubervilles, rolling rich. My father was manager then fo' the generalthat was nearly forty years ago. stricken with a sense of the futility of There was life here then, sir; the place was alive with niggers and the house was full of guests from one month's end to another." He drummed on the desk top. "Who'd a thought it wa'n't to last for ever?" "And what became of the daughter

who married Tuberville?" "Died years ago," said Crenshaw "She was here the last time about thirty years back. It wa'n't so easy to get about in those days, no roads to speak of and no stages, and besides, the old general wa'n't much here nohow; her going away had sort of the place stood empty fo' a few years, most of the slaves were sold off, and the fields began to grow up. No one rightly knew, but the general was supposed to be traveling up yonder in the no'th, sir. As I say, things ran along this way quite a while, and then one morning when I went to my store my clerk says, 'There's an old-whiteheaded nigger been waiting round here fo' a word with you. Mr. Crenshaw.' It was Joe, the general's body servant, and when I'd shook hands with him I said, 'When's the master expected back? You see, I thought Joe had been sent on ahead to open the house, but he says, 'General Quintard's at the Barony now,' and then he says, 'The general's compliments, sir, and will you see that this order is teen years and upward, but that was

with that darky by the hour, sir, and a child in her arms." kept his mouth shut."

the first time the supplies fo' the gen-

in a meal sack!

They were interrupted by a at the door.

"Come in," said Crenshaw, a trifle impatiently, and in response to his bidding the door opened and a small boy entered the room dragging after him a long rifle. Suddenly overcome by a speechless shyness, he paused on the threshold to stare with round, Well, sonny, what do you want? asked Mr. Crenshaw, indulgently. The boy opened his mouth, but his courage failed him, and with his cour-

age went the words he would have

"Who is this?" asked Bladen "I'll tell you presently," said Crenshaw. "Come, speak up, sonny, what

spo'tin' rifle," said the child. "Please, sir, I want to keep it," he added. "Well, you run along on out of here

with your old spo'tin' rifle!" Crenshaw, good-naturedly. "Please, sir, am I to keep it

"Yes, I reckon you may keep least I've no objection." Crenshaw glanced at Bladen. Spasms of delight shook the small

old general would send me word to figure, and with a murmur that was meant for thanks he backed from the His name is Hannibal Wayne Hazard." room, closing the door. Bladen glanced inquiringly at Crenshaw. "You want to know about him,

Well, that's Hannibal Wayne Hazard." "Hannibal Wayne Hazard?" repeat-"Yes, sir; the general was the au-

thority on that point, but who Hannibal Wayne Hazard is and how he happens to be at the Barony is another mystery-just wait a minute, sir-" and quitting his chair Mr. Crenme; Joe, his old nigger, would fetch shaw hurried from the room to return orders for this or that. Once or twice almost immediately with a tall countryman. "Mr. Bladen, this is Bob even allowed inside that door; the Yancy. Bob, the gentleman wants to hear about the woman and the child;

appeared to meditate on the mental minate our business relations. That effort that was required of him, then was pretty strong talk, wa'n't it, when he took a long breath. "It was this you consider that I could have sold the a-ways-" he began with a soft drawl. roof from over his head and the land and then paused. "You give me the

know anything about the old general's cey. "Our folks always kept the old private affairs you don't feel no call Christmas like it was befo' they done to speak on that point?" he observed, mussed up the calendar. I'm agin all evident regret. He had changes," added Mr. Yancy. "He means the fo'teenth of

> her," explained Mr. Crenshaw. "Not wishin' to dispute your word.

"Oh, very well, he means Christma then!" said Crenshaw.

seen one passenger, a woman. Now ceeded to secure the great house ride home with him, fo' he's going that mule is slow, Mr. John; I'm free against intrusion. to say there are faster mules, but a sir, sees good with his right eye, but kind." it's got a gait like it was looking fo' the left-hand side of the road and curing doors and windows, and at last wondering what in thunderation had stepped out upon the back porch. got into it that it was acrost the way; mules are gifted with some sense, but mighty little judgment." "Never mind the mule, Bob," said nibal Wayne Hazard asleep, with his

Crenshaw. "If I can't make the gentleman believe in the everlasting slowness of that mule of mine, my story ain't Crenshaw. worth a hill of beans," said Yancy. "The extraordinary slowness of the mule is accepted without question, Mr.

Yancy," said Bladen. "I'm obliged to you," rejoined Yan-

"I make it a p'int to always stay set of harness never went acrost the and see the plumb finish of a thing," back of a slower critter than that one explained Yancy. "Otherwise you're of mine." Yancy, who thus far had frequently put out by hearing of what ddressed himself to Mr. Crenshaw, happened after you left; I can stand you meet any inquiring friends, Mr. "That mule, anything but disapp'intment of that They passed from room to room, se

get kicked clean off his feet." "Hullo!" said Yancy, pointing. There on a bench by the kitchen steadily from Mr. Yancy's bearded door was a small figure. It was Han-

old spo'tin' rifle across his knees. His and cart, and the boy quitted the Barvery existence had been forgotten. ony for a new world. "Well, I declare to goodness!" said let you, you could drive, sonny?"

"What are you going to do with him, Mr. John?"

This question nettled Crenshaw. "I don't know as that is any partic ular affair of mine," he said, Now



THE BOY AT THE BARONY

'Mr. Crenshaw, the general appreciates heard some one sloshing through the whole, but there was a Mrs. Crenunable to see you, sir.' After that it time, and I couldn't see who it was, who probably knew, was one of your was the same woman I'd seen leave to children as being inimical to cleanclose niggers; there was no getting the stage. When I got down to help anything out of him; you could talk her into the cart I saw she was toting "What did the woman look

Bob?" said Crenshaw. "She wa'n't exactly old

wa'n't young by no manner of means; remember saying to myself, that child ain't yo's, whose ever it is. Well, domestic thraldom. came to the red gate, when she says, Stop, if you please, I'll walk the rest without a word from me we were at opinion. the Barony. She give me a dollar, and the last I seen of her she was hurrying through the rain toting the petticoats hanging up in my closets. child in her arms."

Mr. Crenshaw took up

"The niggers say the old general almost had a fit when he saw, her. Aunt Alsidia let her into the house; reckon if Joe had been alive she "Please, sir, I want this here old wouldn't have got inside that door, spite of the night!"

"Well?" said Bladen. always reckoned the lady walked back Yancy in a wheedling tone. Alsidia tell us how the old general hisn? Here, give us the spotin rifle said that morning, pale and shaking to tote!" like, 'You'll find a boy asleep in the red room; he's to be fed and cared fo', but keep him out of my sight. the matter. He never would see the boy, never asked after him even, and with the niggers to look after him. bang! Eh?" Now, sir, you know as much as we

know, which is just next door to nothing." The old general was borne across what had once been the west lawn to his resting place in the neglected acre er," said Yancy. "You fetch out his lay, and the record of the family was lower tone. complete, as far as any man knew. Crenshaw watched the grave take slipping off the bench. shape with a melancholy for which he found no words, yet if the words name me Uncle Bob, sonny; my little ideas in which his mind groped vague- out of me when they call me that-aly he would have said that for themselves the deeds of the Quintards had been given the touch of finality, and consequences, like the ripple which rises from the surface of placid wa-

ters when a stone is dropped, still der's what we want fo' to make this back to the great house; then the bottom of my cart." His expectations Austrian when Napoleon became memory of their own anairs, not distributed in this particular and the said shaking the my own Rudolph of Hapsburg." me casual interest, took them down charge. the disused carriage way to the red powder into the pan by a succession gate, and so off into the heat of the driven by Crenshaw's man, vanished in a cloud of gray dust with the two flint, but you stand back of your Unold slaves, Aunt Alsidia and Uncle cle Bob, sonny, and keep yo' fingers Ben, who were being taken to the out of your ears, and when you say-Crenshaw place to be cared for pending the settlement of the Quintard estate. Bladen parted from Crenshaw am even unacquainted with my cli- rain and some snow falling." Mr. with expressions of pleasure at having had the opportunity of making his nearest kin-they live in South Car- curacy. "Just at sundown I hooked acquaintance, and further delivered again! Please, Uncle Bob!" he cried, gins where yours ends.

hours of leisure to the woodshed where he might spit freely.

"I reckon you'd rather drop a word with yo' missus before you toted him home?" suggested Yancy, who knew something of the nature of his friend's

"A woman ought to be boss own house," said Crenshaw. "Feelin' the truth of that, I've neve

of the way.' Mind you, she'd known and don't have to listen to a passel of "And no closets to hang 'em in, I'l be bound!" rejoined Crenshaw. "But

if you'll take the boy, Bob, you shan't Yancy rested a big knotted hand

the boy's shoulder. "Come, wake up, sonny! Yo' Uncle Bob is ready fo' to strike out home, he said. The child roused with a start and stared into the strange "When morning come she was gone, bearded face that was bent toward said but the child done stayed behind; we him. "It's yo' Uncle Bob," continued to Fayetteville sometime befo' day the little nevvy what will help him and took the stage. I've heard Aunt to hook up that old blind mule of

> "Please, sir, where is Aunt sidia?" ask the child. Yancy balanced the rifle on his great palm and his eyes assumed

"I wonder what's to hinder us from loading this old gun, and firing this the boy lived in the back of the house, old gun, and hearing this old gun go-

The child's eyes grew wide "Like the guns off in the woods? ne asked, in a breathless whisper, "Like the guns a body hears off i

the woods, only louder—heaps loudwhere the dead and gone of his race plunder, Mr. John," he added in a "Do it now, please," the child cried

"I was expectin' fo' to hear ould have come from the mist of nevvies get almost anything they want risen from the ranks, and became the

"Please, Uncle Bob, make

bang!" "You come along, Yancy moved off in the direction of bly he had never heard of the simila Yancy moved off in the direction of this mule, the child following. "Pow-tius Rufus. "He seems to me to old spo'tin' rifle talk up, and I reckon in this particular were realized, and have traced the Bonaparte lineage to of smart taps on the breech, "some-Crer.snaw's wagon, times these old pieces go off and some- dates from Montenotte," his first great

> There was a moment xpectancy, and then-"Bang!" cried the child, and on the instant the rifle cracked. "Do it "Now if you was to help yo' Uncle

fixed only approximately, it is imthis courtesy, but regrets that he is rain after me; it was dark by that shaw, to whom he rendered a strict wa'n't long in getting about that the so I pulled up and waited, and then cred institution, the home, was only all sales be made by the practice in all general was a changed man. Other I made out it was a woman. She a tolerable haven when these deeds folks came here to welcome him back spoke when she was alongside the were nicely calculated to fit with the and he refused to see them, but the cart and says, 'Can you drive me on lady's exactions. Especially was he legal weights in pounds to the bushel to the Barony?' and it came to me it aware that Mrs. Crenshaw was averse have been generally adopted by liness and order, oppressive virtues that drove Crenshaw himself in his

seed and ends with wheat, both of which run 60 pounds to the bushel range between 45 and the bushel: 24 to 28; barley, 47 and 48, and

and dried, seeds of many kinds, char-coal, coal, berries, meats, nuts, lime, fruits, salt and popcorn United States standard has been adopted; in other

a considerable difference from 30 to 38 pounds to a bushe such great differences occur, how-ever, there is usually a reason, such the presence or absence of the cobs. Knowing this, traders make proper allowances. It is interesting wheat are all rated at 60 pounds

notice that peas, clover seed and the bushel and that in these commod make it conform to that of the Fed-

weights for all the commodities for which it has been estab-

Barley, 50; buckwheat, 42; bitumi nous coal, 80; corn, 56; corn meal, 48; flaxseed (linseed), 56; malt, 34; oats, peas, 60: potatoes, 60; rye, 56; but a lily growing out of turbid wa

The table published by the bureau is valuable man who deals with producers various parts of the country. may want to ascertain, for example difference in the cost of living petween certain localities. knowing accurately how much of a given product there is in a bushel the ordinary man would be wholly was getting like quantity for like

oney. If the time arrives when goods ar sold by a universal standard throughout the union such a table as the one just described will become unnecessary. Until then it is useful both to the producer of crops and the con sumer.—Youth's Companion.

ANCESTRY

Some Famous Personages to Whom Meant Nothing.

The making famous of the expre figure at Napoleon's old regime asked him what "Ah, sir," replied the spir "I know nothing about I am my own ancestor."

Napoleon's reply to the emperor of son-in-law would fain stances Napoleon silenced a genealo "Friend, my patent of nobility ity awoke,

When Ipichrates, the Athenian gen eral, had it cast up in his face by a descendant of Harmodious that he was a shoemaker's son he calmly replied with me; yours ends with you. same words were used he were not descended from an ape (covert sneer at his negro grand-mother), "Very likely my ancestry be-

"The first to become king was a suc-

A DARK DEED

CHAPTER XXIX.-Continued.

nevvy's gone fo' to pay me a visit Most of his time will be agreeably spent shootin' with this rifle at a to the baronet, and from the baronet mark, and me holdin' him so he won't back to me.

Sir Gervase advanced briskly. "We have business of important Thereafter beguiling speech flowed

with you, madam," he answered. lips, in the midst of which relations "Who we are is of no consequence were established between the mule just now. What we want," dashing recklessly into the heart of the matter, is information concerning two chilyou-two little girls, named Nan and Polly. You called them your granddaughters."

so fast as running or walking, but it's pity her in her destitution, her forsaken and wicked old age. She clutched at the ragged shawl crossed on her

> "So!" she answered, shaking either with age or agitation; "them brats! What do ye want to know about 'em?' with a gleam of cunning in her sunk-

I had told him her weak point. He drew a roll of banknotes from his "Many things-yes, all that you can

tell," he replied. "Do you see this money? It shall be yours, if you will answer my questions regarding those children." She eyed the notes greedily.

"Oh, that I will, sir!" she whined "It is little money I ever see nowadays. Times is hard, and begging ain't what it used to be. Seems as i people's hearts got harder every year. I'm poor, sir, and I'm old, and I'm alone in the world, and it all comes of them two young 'uns! I ought," resentfully-"ought to have had more for Nan. A hundred dollars wasn't worth taking, and she as pretty as a pictur. It ruined me, that bargain customs or by state legislatures for did!"

I could keep silent no longer.

eried out in spite of myself. "Tell the truth, now granny-yo must tell the truth! Were those children your own flesh and blood-had them, to call yourself their grandmother? It is Nan that we most care to know about, the child you sold to a strange woman in this very attic. She possession of her?'

She turned as if startled by something in my voice, and gave me a portant that in the transactions in me at that very moment, which the bushel measure is used it "How did I git possessi

"How did I git possession had a daughter-in-law once, the widof 2,150.42 cubic inches or a certain ow of my one only son, who was a sailor, and was lost at sea, the first and forth, and to groun dismally. definitions of the bushels are contrathe bureau recommends that v'yage arter his marriage. Judith lived with me-she was a good girl. kind and dutiful. she married again, being but young, blade of a fellow-a clog-dancer in a The list begins with alfalfa den end in some kind of a drunken frolic, and when her baby was born Judith died, too, and left the child to my care. That brat was Nan. She was like her father, Jack Harknesshe was called Handsome Jack and Lightfoot Jack, among sporting folks -he had a comely face, as well as a pair of wonderful heels. Now I ask ye, was Nan mine or not? Had I any claim to her or not. And," with sharp suspicion, "what's all this to ye anyway, and how'd ye ever know there

was a Nan and Poll here?" "Thank God!" I burst out; "she was not of your blood, then-she was in no way related to you!"

"I'm thinking Jack Harkness's blood was no better than mine," sneered Granny Scrag. "Nan was the child of my daughter-in-law's second marties such states as have a standard riage. There wasn't one of her own kin left on earth when her mother died After awhile she raised a broken -I was her nearest, so I say again Nan belonged to me.'

From poverty and obscurity-from ommon, not to say disreputable, people, Nan, the queenly, the beautiful. had sprung! I could think of nothing

The baronet spoke not a word. Hi face was like carven stone. "Many's the time," whined voman, "I've been sorry I parted with for me, and take care of me, like as turned and looked wildly at Sir Ger-Judith, her mother, would do this day. friends of hers, or ye wouldn't be here asking about her. Where is she?" starting suddenly up on her shaky old legs. "I'm going to have her back.

She must be a fine grown woman by this time." The baronet made a gesture. "Sit down, Mrs ---. Pardon, you have not mentioned your own name." "It's Black, young gentleman, but I haven't been called it for twenty

year. present. Nan's friends do not know where she is-she has left them under His own name, he said, was Robert peculiar circumstances. Let me re- Greylock." mind you that you have told but half newly-formed of your story. There were two chil-One day a nobleman of the dren. Only one belonged to your truth. son's widow. Now, what of the other -who was she?"

Granny Scrag looked at him askance "You mean black Poll?-oh, that's another matter!" "Explain. The children could not

have been sisters?" She turned sharply to me. "No, they wasn't sisters. Perhaps

ye'd like to hear something about Polly, miss?" she grinned, Not till that moment had I though of myself. Now my dermant curios-

"Yes," I answered, eagerly; would!"

"I'm a poor, forsaken old woman, whined Granny Scrag, "that begs her bread from door to door, and hasn't a decent rag to her back. Don't ye see I'm a-shaking with the cold in this net. Alexander Dumas when asked if garret? Throw that fine wrap of yours daughter, because death overtook him being given a thorough working, it be I obeyed. It was Hopkins's mantle but I did not think of that. She gath- so plain that he who runs can read.

with lively satisfaction.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

her left to me. I don't rightly know in this attic together, you are Robert who she was-I've never knowed. Greylock's daughter!" Afore Judith up and married Handsome Jack, she and I-both decent widows-lived at the west end of the city, and got our living by doing fine laundry work and boarding babies of "Who are you and what do you want the poor sort. One winter nighthere?" she snarled, looking from me 'twas years and years and years ago! -a man, handsome and young, and with the air of a gentleman, came to ly governor-general of the Philippines, our door, bringing in his arms a sick describing the first expedition to the baby. 'Twas a miserable little atom, islands following the victory of Mawith the skin jest drawn over its nilla bay, "when Capt. Glass opened

wouldn't last till morning. The young man was in trouble of some kind-we dren who once lived in this place with didn't make out what. He give no account of hisself, but said he'd got to leave the city that night, and could not take the baby with him, and he The wretched old creature dropped asked to leave it till the next day. He upon a broken chair. I could not but said 'twas his own daughter, and he gave us her name and his own, honest and prompt enough. Judith promised to take care of the brat, and he left a banknote, and a ring, marked with some letters, and then went away

and neither of us ever laid eves on

him afterward.

"Judith took the sick baby in hand, and nursed and tended it, as if 'twas her own, and all of a sudden it began to pick up and mend, and finally it got well. When we found the father wasn't coming back. I told Judith to fling it into the street, but she wouldn't, and she didn't. She held on to it, always vowing the father was honest, and would come some time and pay us for our trouble. The young 'un's name was marked on all its little clothes, and Judith took great care of the duds, and put them by, as if they were gold, because, she said, they might help the child to claim her own father, if so be she should grow too big to be known of him when he put in his appearance.

"From the first I hated the young un as much as Judith liked it. 'Twas a thin, brown little scrap, with black eyes, like beads, and an ugly red patch, ike a hand, covering one of its skinny houlders-a sort of birthmark; but Judith petted it, and declared she'd keep it always, pay or no pay.

"When we'd had the castaway a year or so, Judith married Jack Harkness, and give up the baby boarders but not black Poll-her she wouldn't part with; and when we'd kept her another year, and not a cent for it, Judith died, and left her own young was no more like you than day is like 'un to me, and, about the last night. She could not have been of thing she made me do was to swear densities of commodities in different your blood—it is monstrous to believe I'd never part with Poll till her own bang go the guns of the Charleston. it! Tell the truth, the truth! What kin claimed her, but take care of her is impossible to fix with any degree of was her real name? How did you get with little Nan, and let no harm come to ease her mind I swore it, for she has put off from the seemed to feel as bad to leave one thing in my voice, and gave me a seemed to feel as bad to leave one stern. Not a bit of white is fluttering piercing look. I think she recognized child as the other; and that's how I from it anywhere and every gunner

got myself saddled with Poll." She had probably never told the through the coral reefs. Capt. Glass throwing the end of Hopkins's mantle over her head, she began to rock back

"I was heart-broken after Judith died." she said, "and what with trou-Well, by-and-by ble and the bother of finding bread for two brats that wasn't worth the and her second choice was a wild raising. I took to gin, and things went wrong, and I drifted down here to the streets to beg."

The baronet cried out, quickly sharply: "Where are the things of which you speak?-the clothing-the ring? Did you keep them, as you promised "

'Yes; I kept 'em. I've wanted to sell 'em often enough, sometimes for bread, sometimes for gin; then I'd think the man might turn up unexpected like, and ask for 'em-so I held

"Bring them to me!" commanded Sir Gervase. She arose with difficulty, and hobbled

ceptacle for broken victuals, and the never-failing bottle. There she fumbled about for a long time, while the baronet and I watched her silently. board, and drew out a parcel, wrapped with common twine. This she opened, and a little roll of clothing, yellow ring, set with a big stone-a ruby.

ran and snatched the tiny, time-stained garments. They were fine and delicate in texture, and on their discolorwritten. I spelled it out slowly-the light was waning in the room-then stared, then spelled it again, then

He was holding out to me the ruby ring. On its inner surface I saw a tough old Spanish crest and two letters, "R. G." cut in the tarnished gold.

am going mad?" Sir Gervase read the name aloud

lock!" "Yes," said Granny Scrag, "that's what the young man called his baby, but 'twas too grand for Judith and me, so we just christened her Polly.

In spite of the look on the baronet's face, I could not, at first, grasp the "This is astounding!" he cried.

"Can you understand it—can you it?" I muttered feebly, as, clutching the bits of worn and yellow bly something more.

t!" answered Sir Gervase. "This very reer of a valiant Spaniard who died day, on her way from the church, Mrs. an exile rather than face the disgrace Iris confessed to me that her husband of condemnation in his native land. carried away the sick child when she abandoned it-that he stole it from a sleeping servant who had it in charge. She also acknowledged that positive proof of its death had been lacking from the first, as nobody living knew where Robert left the infant."

"Here is the Greylock crest engraved on this ring," continued the baro-"Robert never came for his on the night when he consigned her to the Black woman. Polly, it is all "Merope" says: ered her new garment around her The position which Nan left vacant between Chester and today, you are called at once to fill.

Polly," she began, "and the way I had solemnly-"as sure as we two stand

TERMS \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

(To Be Continued.)

A GALLANT MAJOR.

Spaniards.

view," writes James F. Smith, former-

"Scarcely had land faded from

bones, and the look of death on its his scaled orders, and with fine irony. face. Both Judith and I thought it enjoining secrecy, published the welcome information that the expedition was to 'stop by' on the way and capture Guam. Whether Guam was a city, island or man of war was a subject of much debate. All were agreed. however, that the intention to benevolently assimilate it was a good thing which should be withheld from the press and regarded as strictly confidential. A dot upon the charts supported by the ipse dixit of a quartette of master marines, finally convinced the doubting that Guam was a bit of land entirely surrounded by water. And so on June 20, at daybreak, cruiser and transports, by virtue of a sacred compact and a 'ack of wireless, steal upon it unheralded and unannounced. With rigging and every vantage point 'crowded with men whose pulse beat time to their excitement, the transports take their place five or six miles off shore and await the coming conflict. In plain view, the Charleston is creeping along the outer line of reefs, and there, from a hidden cove, with a bone in her teeth, a great Spanish cruiser, ghostly in the haze, comes out to meet her. And then just when everybody is on the tiptoe of expectation the haze lifts and a whooping fighting craft of high degree melts into a poor litttle Japanese fishing schooner gently bobbing

> to her anchor. Surely there will be something doing when the Charleston seeks to enter there. And now the cruiser, dull as a misty morning in her clothes of sombre gray, swings to port and slips into the narrow channel directly under where the bold faced type has said the fort is sure to be-and-not a shot is fired! The garrison must be asleep, or maybe it is permitting the entrance of the vessel to make her destruction certain, or maybe this or the hope that the colosseum of hal circled transports may not be denied the nerve tingling spectacle of bat-tling men. Bang! Bang! Nine times

great stillness. What has happened? to the baby-clothes and the ring; and ing, except that a dinky little rowboat has put off from the shore with the Spanish colors gayly flying from the permits the flagship of Guam to come

size but a man in dignity and years, Spanish major, mounts the owered for his officer, and then, through an interpre just tendered and expresses alley, and sent the young 'uns on the of powder. Now, what do you think faces of the circumjacent sailor men This is too much for the big, kind heart of Capt. Glass, who takes the good major to the seclusion of his quarters and there very gently ex-plains that Spain and the United than sixty days. The major, who receives his daily paper as often as twice a year, is properly sorry that solemnly announces that under the

> pare him for the fray. "Why, my dear man," says the captain, "you can't do that. Don't you see you are my prisoner, and that I must ask you to surrender at once the island and all your forces?

he is a victim of deceit, and that he has been induced to come on board by false pretenses. Of course, the none the less deceived and fooled he has been, and of that fact no cabalin moldly brown paper, and tied about such as was the captain-might, could, That word "caballero" did the busiwith age, dropped out, also a man's depart with warning that surrende The baronet picked up the latter. I day or the island would be surround bombarded, ed bands a name, still legible, was that was in, around, over or under old major said he'd think it over, and left the ship with the full intention that intention not budge until the pleadings of his docor that he give a chance for life to very ailing woman touched suaded him that he might yield with honor to a force which, excluding the cruiser, was more times his own. So at 5 o'clock, as the boats were putting off from he transports to make a landing, the major, as governor of the Marianas representative at Guam of her majesty he queen regent, commander-in-chie in that miserable attic-"Ethel Greyof all the forces, captain of the port hings, surrendered at discretion and an army corps of sixty men. was captured, and when the circumall the world, except the poor major, laughed long and loud. To him what had occurred was a serious matter, which was not at all provocative of Contrary to the military tramirth. ditions of Spain and the rules, reguhad surrendered without dismissal from the service and possideed well might it cease to be funny the taking of Guam ruined the ca-

> Sunset Magazine. Chester, November 12: Mr. B. E rom the overhead luda road to Uriel church, and enter upon his job immediately. Rightsto make bridges unnecessary. citizens to have an up-to-date auto cities. the overhead yet, but this will probably be let out