

dered if her fate was under consideration and what that fate was to be. Hannibal, who had been examining the window, returned to her side. "Miss Betty, if we could just get out of this loft we could steal their skiff and row down to the river; I reckon they got just the one boat; the only way they could get to us would be to swim out, and if they done that we could pound 'em over the head with the oars—the least little thing sinks you when you're in the water." But this murderous fancy of his failed to interest Betty.

CHAPTER XX.

Murrell shows his hand. At length points of light began to show through chinks in the logs. Hannibal roused and sat up, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his hands. "Wasn't you able to sleep none?" he inquired. Betty shook her head. He looked at her with an expression of troubled concern. "How soon do you reckon the judge will know?" he asked.

"Very soon now, dear," Hannibal was greatly consoled by this opinion. "Miss Betty, he will love to find us."

"Hark! What was that?" for Betty had caught the distant splash of oars. Hannibal found a chink in the logs through which by dint of much squinting he secured a partial view of the bayou.

"They're fetching up a keel boat to the shore, Miss Betty—it's a whooper!" he announced. Betty's heart sank; she never doubted the purpose for which that boat was brought into the bayou, or that it nearly concerned herself.

Half an hour later Mrs. Hicks appeared with their breakfast. It was in vain that Betty attempted to engage her in conversation. Either she cherished some personal feeling of dislike for her prisoner, or else the situation in which she herself was placed had little to recommend it, even to her dull mind, and her dissatisfaction was expressed in her attitude toward the girl.

Betty passed the long hours of morning in dreary speculation concerning what was happening at Belle Plain. In the end she realized that the day could go by and her absence occasion no alarm. Steve might reasonably suppose George had driven her into Raleigh or to the Bownes; and that she had kept the carriage. Finally all her hope centered on Judge Price. He would expect Hannibal during the morning; perhaps when the boy did not arrive he would be tempted to go out to Belle Plain to discover the reason of his non-appearance. She wondered what theories would offer themselves to his ingenious mind, for she sensed something of that indomitable energy which in the face of rebuffs and laughter carried him into the thick of every sensation.

At noon Mrs. Hicks, as sullen as in the morning, brought them their dinner. She had scarcely quitted the loft when a shrill whistle pierced the silence that hung above the clearing. It was twice repeated, and the two women were heard to go from the cabin. Perhaps half an hour elapsed, then a step became audible on the packed earth of the dooryard. Some one entered the room below and began to ascend the narrow stairs, and Betty's fingers closed convulsively about Hannibal's. This was neither Mrs. Hicks nor her daughter, nor Slosson with his clumsy shuffle. There was a brief pause when the landing was reached, but it was only momentary; a hand lifted the bar, the door was thrown open, and its space framed the figure of a man. It was John Murrell.

It all, the goal and reward for which he struggled. "Betty!" the single word fell softly from his lips. He stepped into the room, closing the door as he did so. The girl's eyes were dilating with a mute horror, for by some swift, intuitive process of the mind, which asked nothing of the logic of events, but dealt only with conclusions, Murrell stood revealed as Norton's murderer. Perhaps he read her thoughts, but he had lived in his degenerate ambitions until the common judgments or the understanding of them no longer existed for him. That Betty had loved Norton seemed inconsequential even; it was a memory to be swept away by the force of his greater passion. So he watched her smilingly, but back of the smile was the menace of unleashed impulse. "Can't you find some word of welcome for me, Betty?" he asked at length, still softly, still with something of entreaty in his tone. "Then it was you—not Tom—who had me brought here!" She could have thanked God had it been Tom, whose hate was not to be feared as she feared this man's love. "Tom—no!" and Murrell laughed. "You didn't think I'd give you up? I am standing with a halter about my neck, and all for your sake—who'd



"Then It Was You—Not Tom—Who Had Me Brought Here!"

risk as much for love of you?" He seemed to expand with savage pride that this was so, and took a step toward her. "Don't come near me!" cried Betty. Her eyes blazed, and she looked at him with loathing.

"You'll learn to be kinder," he exclaimed. "You wouldn't see me at Belle Plain; what was left for me but to have you brought here?"

While Murrell was speaking the signal that had told of his own presence on the opposite shore of the bayou was heard again. This served to arrest his attention. A look of uncertainty passed over his face, then he made an impatient gesture as if he dismissed some thought that had forced itself upon him, and turned to Betty.

"You don't ask what my purpose is where you are concerned; you have no curiosity on that score?" She endeavored to meet his glance with a glance as resolute, then her eyes sought the boy's upturned face. "I am going to send you down river, Betty. Later I shall join you in New Orleans, and when I leave the country you shall go with me."

"Never!" gasped Betty. "As my wife, or however you choose to call it, I'll teach you what a man's love is like," he boasted, and extended his hand. Betty shrank from him and his hand fell at his side. He looked at her steadily out of his deep-sunk eyes, in which blazed the fires of his passion, and as he looked, her face paled and flushed by turns. "You may learn to be kind to me, Betty," he said. "You may find it will be worth your while." Betty made no answer; she only gathered Hannibal closer to her side. "Why not accept what I have to offer, Betty?" Again he went nearer her, and again she shrank from him, but the madness of his mood was in the ascendant. He seized her and drew her to him. She struggled to free herself, but his fingers tightened about her.

"Let me go!" she panted. He laughed his cool laugh of triumph. "Let you go—ask me anything but that, Betty! Have you no reward for patience such as mine? A whole summer has passed since I saw you first."

There was the noisy shuffling of feet on the stairs, and releasing Betty, Murrell swung about on his heel and faced the door. It was pushed open an inch at a time by a not too confident hand and Mr. Slosson thus guardedly presented himself to the eye of his chief, whom he beckoned from the room. "Well?" said Murrell, when they stood together on the landing. "Just come across to the keel boat!" and Slosson led the way down stairs and from the house. "Damn you, Joe, you might have waited!" observed the outlaw. Slosson gave him a hardened grin. They crossed the clearing and boarded the keel boat which rested against the bank. As they did so the cabin in the stern gave up a shattered presence in the shape of Tom Ware. Murrell started violently. "I thought you were hanging out in Memphis, Tom?" he said, and his brow darkened, as, sinister and forbidding, he stepped closer to the planter. Ware did not answer at once, but looked at Murrell out of heavy bloodshot eyes, his face pinched and ghastly. At last he

"I stayed in Memphis until five o'clock this morning." "Damn your early hours!" roared Murrell. "What are you doing here? I suppose you've been showing that dead face of yours about the neighborhood—why didn't you stay at Belle Plain, since you couldn't keep away?" "I haven't been near Belle Plain; I came here instead. How am I going to meet people and answer questions?" His teeth were chattering. "Is it known she's missing?" he asked.

"Hicks raised the alarm the first thing this morning, according to the instructions I'd given him."

"Yes?" gasped Ware. He was dripping from every pore and the sickly color came and went on his unshaven cheeks. Murrell dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"You haven't been at Belle Plain, you say, but has any one seen you on the road this morning?"

"No one, John," cried Ware, panting between each word. There was a moment's pause and Ware spoke again. "What are they doing at Belle Plain?" he demanded in a whisper. Murrell's lips curled.

"I understand there is talk of suicide," he said.

"Good!" cried Ware.

"They are dragging the bayou down below the house. It looks as though you were going to reap the rewards of the excellent management you have given her estate. They have been trying to find you in Memphis, so the sooner you show yourself the better," he concluded significantly.

"You are sure you have her safe, John; no chance of discovery? For God's sake get her away from here as soon as you can; it's an awful risk you run!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SCHEDULE CHANGES ON SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Effective Sunday May 26th, Southern Railway Will Make the Following Schedule Changes:

Train No. 113. Leave Columbia 6.00 a. m. Leave Kingville 6.50 a. m., arrive Camden 8.20 a. m., arrive Lancaster 10.05 a. m., arrive Rock Hill 11.10 a. m. daily.

Train No. 114—Leave Rock Hill 1.00 p. m.; arrive Lancaster 2.05 p. m., arrive Camden 3.40 p. m.; arrive Kingville 5.05 p. m., arrive Columbia 6.00 p. m.

Trains 117 and 118 between Columbia and Yorkville will be operated daily instead of daily except Sunday as heretofore.

Train 111 leave Kingville 8.05 a. m., arrive Sumter Junction 9.30 a. m., arrive Sumter 10.15 a. m. Train 140 leave Sumter 9.20 a. m., arrive Sumter Junction 7.10 a. m., arrive Kingville 7.35 a. m. Train 143 leave Sumter Junction 4.55 p. m., arrive Sumter 5.35 p. m. Train 142 leave Sumter 3.10 p. m., arrive Sumter Junction 4.30 p. m.

Train 117 leave Columbia 3.40 p. m., leave Kingville 4.35 p. m., arrive Camden 5.57 p. m., arrive Lancaster 7.48 p. m., arrive Rock Hill 8.55 p. m., leave Rock Hill 9.05 p. m., arrive Yorkville 9.40 p. m. daily.

Train 118 leave Yorkville 6.50 a. m., arrive Rock Hill 7.25 a. m., leave Rock Hill 7.35 a. m., arrive Lancaster 8.31 a. m., arrive Camden 10.05 a. m., arrive Kingville 11.30 a. m., arrive Columbia 12.25 p. m., daily.

Train 113 leave Rock Hill 5.00 p. m., arrive Yorkville 5.36 p. m., arrive Blacksburg 8.40 p. m., leave Blacksburg 7.00 p. m., arrive Marion, N. C., 10.05 p. m. Train 114 leave Marion, N. C., 5.15 a. m., arrive Blacksburg 8.25 a. m., leave Blacksburg 9.05 a. m. leave Yorkville 10.07 a. m., arrive Rock Hill 10.45 a. m.

Effective Monday June 3rd, new train No. 3 leave Columbia 11.50 a. m., arrive Spartanburg 3.45, arrive Hendersonville 6.00 a. m., arrive Asheville 7.00 a. m. New train No. 4 leave Asheville 2.10 p. m., leave Hendersonville 3.10 p. m., leave Spartanburg 5.25 p. m., arrive Columbia 9.25 p. m. The Charleston-Asheville-Waynesville Pullman sleeping car will be handled on these trains, leaving Charleston train 11 at 5.15 p. m. arrive Waynesville 10.00 a. m. Leave Waynesville 12.05 p. m. arrive Charleston 8.15 a. m.

J. L. MEEK, A. G. P. A. Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Geo. M. Dunne, who has just finished a medical course at University of Georgia and secured his license is here for a stay of ten days with his mother, Mrs. E. J. Dunne, on Harby Avenue, after which he leaves for Rutledge, Ga., to make his future home.

Supt. S. H. Edmunds was one of the prominent figures. He has attended every meeting of the Association for many years, and was president in 1906.—Southern School News.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Randle, Misses Grace, Lucile and Annie Randle, Master Maurice Randle, of Sumter, and Dr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Lowman, of Orangeburg, were a jolly anti-party who spent Sunday in Camden. They expressed themselves as being delighted with the beauty of our city.—Camden Chronicle.

THE STINGER STUNG. Negroes Get in Mix-up Short Distance North of Town.

Friday afternoon William Sumter, a negro living a few miles out of town, swore out a warrant for the arrest of another negro, supposedly a preacher, on the charge of assault and battery. The latter negro—W. W. Williams was the name he gave, although he said Saturday that that was not his name—was arrested and lodged in jail, but was later released upon his putting up a bond of \$50.

Williams claimed that Sumter who had sworn out the warrant, tried to break into his house with a gun and he had taken the gun from him and driven him off. He later stated that he had not hit Sumter, although Sumter had the blood and bruises on his person, when he appeared before the magistrate, to show that someone had used him roughly. Sumter was also arrested by the deputy and lodged in jail, he being unable to put up the required bond. Later, however, he was released by Magistrate Wells, as he was the principal witness and prosecutor in the case.

Marriage License Record. Eugene Pierson and Susie Williams, colored, of Shiloh, secured a marriage license Saturday morning.

Miss Elizabeth W. McLean, of Sumter, is one of the active and enterprising workers in the State Teachers' Association. She was president of the Association of Elementary Schools. She presided with dignity and admirable grace at each of the large meetings, and won the applause of her co-workers. Her program was good and was carried through without a hitch.—Southern School News.

The work on the City National Bank building and on the Bank of Sumter building is still the center of attraction in Sumter, literally speaking.

In the last issue of Common Sense, a weekly newspaper of Charleston, the Grace organ of the city, there appeared some very remarkable statements. The announcement is hardly more than a week old, but it is so surprising in that the Jones State convention unanimously decided in favor of the Barnwell faction. The expectation of everyone was that such decision meant that the influence of the Grace faction would go to Blease. What effect, therefore, this public announcement by Mayor Grace will have on the race for governor remains to be seen. It would seem to carry with it the inference that Blease will get precious few of the Charleston votes.

But the most startling statement contained in this newspaper is that a member of the Barnwell delegation acts as a go-between for Blease and the Lind tigers of Charleston, sharing with the State's Chief Executive the money collected from these illicit whiskey dealers in Charleston. Now this is either true or it is untrue. If true it is a pretty serious charge against the governor, and something should be done about it; if untrue Common Sense should be held strictly to account for publishing such a statement. An investigation of this matter should be made with a view to ascertaining the truth. If Common Sense or Mayor Grace has any proof of such a state of affairs they would be doing a public duty by giving out the proof for such statement.—Colleton Press and Standard.



LaVallieres, the jewelry fad of the season these dainty ornaments have strengthened their hold on the popular fancy, and deservedly so. The slender golden chains and sparkling pendants make a charming finish to costumes of the prevailing style. We have a nice fresh stock of these in all the different stones, gold band, necks, lockets, belt pins and mesh bags, and many other pieces of jewelry, that will make an ideal gift for graduate. Our optical parlor is fitted up complete; we do all our own lens grinding. Graduate optician in charge. Let us fit and adjust your glasses.

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SUMTER GOING FORWARD. That Sumter is making substantial progress is abundantly evidenced by the following facts: (1) The Seaboard Air Line is being graded to within one mile of city. (2) The pipes of the new Gas plant are being laid throughout the city. (3) Two new Bank and Office buildings are being constructed. (4) New Hotel of one hundred rooms being erected. (5) Six new Stores going up on Main street. (6) Handsome new buildings being erected by Methodist and Jewish congregations. (7) Several handsome Brick Residences being erected, in addition to a number of smaller dwellings throughout the city. Investments in real estate made with judgment, in a growing city are the surest and most profitable investments to be had. We are offering some good propositions in business property. Write for list of offerings. R. B. Belser Co. REAL ESTATE DEALERS. 261-2 N. Main St. SUMTER, S. C. ERNEST FIELD.

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