



# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

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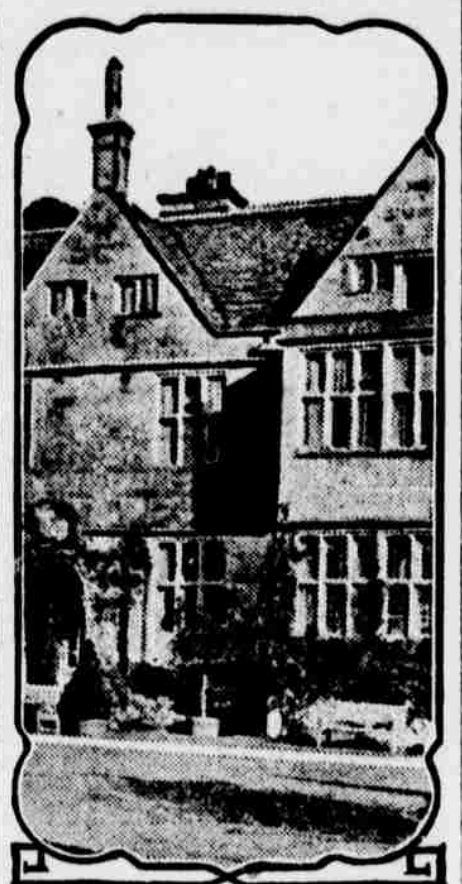
## HOMES OF AUTHORS

Some Live Within the Haunts They Write Of.

But Arnold Bennett Pictures the Black Midlands from Fontainebleau; Hall Caine Surveys Isle of Man From Greeba Castle.

London.—London may be the literary center of the British Isles, but our leading authors prefer to live and work somewhere on the circumference. Most of the novelists, at any rate, escape beyond reach of the motor-buses. Some of them have chosen to breathe the atmosphere of their own books. J. M. Barrie's postal address is Kirriemuir, which is the name that map-makers give to "Thrums. Thomas Hardy and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch likewise dwell among their own people, the one in Wessex and the other in the Delectable Duchy. Hall Caine surveys the Isle of Man from the windows, or possibly the battlements and loopholes, of Greeba Castle. Others are widely scattered over the shires. Rider Haggard is a country squire in Norfolk. Mrs. Steel lives in North Wales, Maurice Hewlett at Salisbury, Mrs. Humphrey Ward in Herts, J. K. Jerome and G. K. Chesterton in Bucks, Joseph Conrad in Kent, and W. W. Jacobs in Essex.

No one would ever guess where Arnold Bennett has been making his home for some years. His studies of life in the Black Country of the English Midlands have been written at Fontainebleau! Though only a day's journey distant, he has thus been practically as much in exile from his Five Towns as Stevenson was from Edinburgh when in Samoa. He has now finally put aside all temptations to belong to other nations, and has



Rider Haggard's Beautiful Home.

taken a house at Rottingdean, in Sussex. That county has already more than its fair share of distinguished writers; notably Henry James at Rye, Rudyard Kipling at Burwash, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at Crowborough.

### SCHOOL GIRL IS HEROINE

She Plunges Into River From Boat and Saves Her Teacher From Drowning.

Flemington, N. J.—Miss Catherine Breslin, teacher of the Grove public school, near Stanton, was rescued from drowning in the south branch of the Raritan river by one of the pupils, Mary Everitt, daughter of Alfred Everitt, of Rowland's Mills.

Miss Breslin took her pupils on an outing and was enjoying the boating when, while reaching for an overhanging tree, she lost her balance and fell backward into the water.

Miss Everitt plunged into the river, grasped her teacher as she was going down and assisted her to shore.

### SPARROW CAUSES BAD FALL

Attacks Painter, Who Tumbles Fifty Feet From a Scaffold and Breaks His Arm.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—An English sparrow mother bird, worked up to a state of excitement, made a fierce attack on W. Holman Morton, aged 36 years, a painter, when he destroyed its nest built under the eaves of the building which he was painting. The bird struck Morton several times on the head and attempted the pick his eyes out. He struck at the sparrow and, losing his balance, alighted on the cement pavement, fifty feet below, escaping with a broken left arm and a sprained right ankle. A number of spectators witnessed the strange attack and accident.

Aims at Burglar and His Cost. Ledl, N. J.—Chief of Police Daels saw a burglar climbing a ladder leading to the bedroom window of Robert Boesch. He blazed away with his revolver, but instead of hitting the thief, he struck Plus Bell, the pet goat of James R. Martine, which was peacefully sleeping in the back yard.

## MENACE IN SPITTING EVIL

Allegation is Made That the Habit is Responsible for 95 Per Cent of Consumption Cases.

"Ninety-five per cent of our consumption," says the North Carolina state board of health, "comes from careless spitting, coughing and sneezing," particularly on the part of the consumptive, but also from people who are apparently healthy. "Spit is frequently laden with deadly disease germs, particularly that of consumption."

"When one coughs, spits or sneezes, a great multitude of tiny drops of spit are violently expelled from the mouth and nose. The largest of these drops can be readily seen. A large number of smaller droplets can be found if a mirror or piece of glass is held before the face when coughing or sneezing. A tremendous quantity of still smaller droplets are discharged in the form of an invisible spray or mist, which floats about in the air for some time. Scientists have found that when a man coughs, spits or sneezes in a large hall or room where the air is quiet, these tiny, invisible germ-laden droplets will float in the air for a distance of 25 to 100 feet. These tiny droplets, in the form of mist or spray, may be breathed in by other people, or they may settle on objects with which they come into intimate contact, such as food and clothing. Viewed in this light, such conduct is at least impolite. Furthermore, it is dangerous to the public at large to have careless people actually coughing, sneezing and spitting germ-laden matter into their faces, even if it is invisible and in the form of fine mist."

### What Difference Did It Make?

Walking behind some colored girls, homebound from school, in a Missouri town once upon a time, a visitor overheard the following unblushing and giggling, rich-voiced and sparkling-eyed assertion of individuality from one of them: "Yeh, she kep' me, but I don' know Inny mo' 'bout Caesar now 'n I did befo' han'. An' ef she kep' me in twel Gabriel blows his horn I wudden know an' I wudden care. What diffunce it make to me wut ol' man Caesar done away yandeh befo' de wawl!"—Evening Post.

### When Your Eyes Need Care

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### A Matter of Names.

"What is the difference between pomme de terre and potato?" "About two dollars."—Harvard Lampoon.

Perhaps there is no marriage in heaven because the angels know better.

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### A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientific method for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among these—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Theronium, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weak bowels, indigestion, piles, etc. There is no doubt, in fact, inasmuch as evidence from the highest created amongst specialists, that Theronium is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell sufferers all we should like to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that would do so many—no might almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE Book to Dr. J. C. Clark, M.D., 114 West 10th St., Hampton, London, Eng. and decide for themselves. Theronium is sold by all druggists and chemists. Theronium is sold by druggists or mail order. Fougere Co., 40 Beekman St., New York.

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### GREEN GABLES

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### SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Haden, 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 keeps Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at South Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped 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 title discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell gives in Belle Plain. He is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. 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 and Hannibal visit Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion.

### CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

"Miss Betty, he's just like my Uncle Bob was—he ain't afraid of nothing!" He notes them pistols of his—loaded—If you notice good you can see where they bulge out his coat!" Hannibal's eyes, very round and big, looked up into hers.

"Is he as poor as he seems, Hannibal?" inquired Betty.

"He never has no money, Miss Betty, but I don't reckon he's what a body would call poor."

It might have baffled a far more mature intelligence than Hannibal's to comprehend those peculiar processes by which the judge sustained himself and his intimate fellowship with adversity—that it was his magnificence of mind which made the squalor of his daily life seem merely a passing phase—but the boy had managed to point a delicate distinction, and Betty grasped something of the hope and faith which never quite died out in Slocum Price's indomitable breast.

"But you always have enough to eat, dear?" she questioned anxiously. Hannibal promptly reassured her on this point. "You wouldn't let me think anything that was not true, Hannibal—you are quite sure you have never been hungry?"

"Never, Miss Betty; honest!" Betty gave a sigh of relief. She had been reproaching herself for her neglect of the child; she had meant to do so much for him and had done nothing! Now it was too late for her personally to interest herself in his behalf, yet before she left for the east she would provide for him. If she had felt it was possible to trust the judge she would have made him her agent, but even in his best aspect he seemed a dubious dependence. Tom, for quite different reasons, was equally out of the question. She thought of Mr. Mahaffy.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Mahaffy, Hannibal?"

"He's an awful nice man, Miss Betty, only he never lets on; a body's got to find it out for his own self—he ain't like the judge."

"Does he—drink, too, Hannibal?" questioned Betty.

"Oh, yes; when he can get the hicker, he does." It was evident that Hannibal was cheerfully tolerant of this weakness on the part of the austere Mahaffy. By this time Betty was ready to weep over the child, with his knowledge of shabby vice, and his fresh young faith in those old tattered demagogues.

"But, no matter what they do, they are very, very kind to you?" she continued tremulously.

"Yes, ma'am—why, Miss Betty, they're lovely men!"

"And do you ever hear the things spoken of you learned about at Mrs. Ferris' Sunday-school?"

"When the judge is drunk he talks a heap about 'em. It's beautiful to hear him then; you'd love it, Miss Betty," and Hannibal smiled up sweetly into her face.

"Does he have you go to Sunday-school in Raleigh?"

"I ain't got no clothes that's fit to wear, nor no pennies to give, but the judge, he lous that as soon as he can make a raise I got to go, and he's learning me my letters—but we ain't a book. Miss Betty, I reckon it'd stump you some to guess how he's fixed it for me to learn?"

"He's drawn the letters for you, is that the way?" In spite of herself, Betty was experiencing a certain revulsion of feeling where the judge and

Maaffy were concerned. They were doubtless bad enough, but they could have been worse.

"No, ma'am; he done soaked the label off one of Mr. Pegloe's whisky bottles and pasted it on the wall just as high as my chin, so's I can see it good, and he's learning me that-a-way! Maybe you've seen the kind of bottle I mean—Pegloe's Mississippi Pilot; Pure Corn Whisky?" But Hannibal's bright little face fell. He was quick to see that the educational system devised by the judge did not impress Betty at all favorably. She drew him into her arms.

"You shall have my books—the books I learned to read out of when I was a little girl, Hannibal!"

"I like learning from the label pretty well," said Hannibal loyally.

"But you'll like the books better, dear, when you see them. I know just where they are, for I happened on them on a shelf in the library only the other day."

After they had found and examined the books and Hannibal had grudgingly admitted that they might possess certain points of advantage over the label, he and Betty went out for a walk. It was now late afternoon and the sun was sinking behind the wall of the forest that rose along the Arkansas coast. Their steps had led them to the terrace—where they stood looking off into the west. It was here that Betty had said good-by to Bruce Carrington—it might have been months ago, and it was only days. She thought of Charley—Charley, with his youth and hope and high courage—unwittingly enough she had led him on to his death! A sob rose in her throat.

Hannibal looked up into her face. The memory of his own loss was never very long absent from his mind, and Miss Betty had been the victim of a similarly sinister tragedy.



"You Needn't Be Afraid, I Got Something Important to Say."

He recalled those first awful days of loneliness through which he had lived, when there was no Uncle Bob—sort-voiced, smiling and infinitely companionable.

"Why, Hannibal, you are crying—what about, dear?" asked Betty suddenly.

"No, ma'am; I ain't crying," said Hannibal stoutly, but his wet lashes gave the lie to his words.

"Are you homesick—do you wish to go back to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy?"

"No, ma'am—it ain't that—I was just thinking—"

"Thinking about what, dear?"

"About my Uncle Bob." The small face was very wistful.

"Oh—and you still miss him so much, Hannibal?"

with Uncle Bob, when he liked you, he just laid himself out to let you know it!"

"That does make a great difference, doesn't it?" agreed Betty sadly, and two piteous tearful eyes were bent upon him.

"Don't you reckon if Uncle Bob is alive, like the judge says, and he's ever going to find me, he had ought to be here by now?" continued Hannibal anxiously.

"But it hasn't been such a great while, Hannibal; it's only that so much has happened to you. If he was very badly hurt it may have been weeks before he could travel; and then when he could, perhaps he went back to that tavern to try to learn what had become of you. But we may be quite certain he will never abandon his search until he has made every possible effort to find you, dear! That means he will sooner or later come to west Tennessee, for there will always be the hope that you have found your way here."

"Sometimes I get mighty tired waiting, Miss Betty," confessed the boy. "Seems like I just couldn't wait no longer—" He sighed gently, and then his face cleared. "You reckon he'll come most any time, don't you, Miss Betty?"

"Yes, Hannibal; any day or hour!"

"Whoop!" muttered Hannibal softly under his breath. Presently he asked: "Where does that branch take you to?" He nodded toward the bayou at the foot of the terraced bluff.

"It empties into the river," answered Betty.

Hannibal saw a small skiff beached among the cottonwoods that grew along the water's edge and his eyes lighted up instantly. He had a juvenile passion for boats.

"Why, you got a boat, ain't you, Miss Betty?" This was a charming and an important discovery.



"Would you like to go down to it?" inquired Betty.

"Deed I would! Does she leak any, Miss Betty?"

"I don't know about that. Do boats usually leak, Hannibal?"

"Why, you ain't ever been out rowing her, Miss Betty, have you?—and there ain't no better fun than rowing a boat!" They had started down the path.

"I used to think that, too, Hannibal; how do you suppose it is that when peopple grow up they forget all about the really nice things they might do?"

"What use is she if you don't go rowing in her?" persisted Hannibal.

"Oh, but it is used. Mr. Tom uses it in crossing to the other side where they are clearing land for cotton. It saves him a long walk or ride about the head of the bayou."

"Like I should take you out in her, Miss Betty?" demanded Hannibal with palpitating anxiety.

They had entered the scattering timber when Betty paused suddenly

with a startled exclamation, and Hannibal felt her fingers close convulsively about his. The sound she had heard might have been only the rustling of the wind among the branches overhead in that shadowy silence, but Betty's nerves, the placid nerves of youth and perfect health, were shattered.

"Didn't you hear something, Hannibal?" she whispered fearfully.

For answer Hannibal pointed mysteriously, and glancing in the direction he indicated, Betty saw a woman advancing along the path toward them. The look of alarm slowly died out of his eyes.

"I think it's the overseer's niece," she told Hannibal, and they kept on toward the boat.

The girl came rapidly up the path, which closely followed the irregular line of the shore in its windings. Once she was seen to stop and glance back over her shoulder, her attitude intent and listening, then she hurried forward again. Just at the boat the three met.

"Good evening!" said Betty pleasantly.

The girl made no reply to this; she merely regarded Betty with a fixed stare. At length she broke the silence abruptly.

"I got something I want to say to you—you know who I am, I reckon?" She was a girl of about Betty's own age, with a certain dark, sullen beauty and that physical attraction which Tom, in spite of his vexed mood, had taken note of earlier in the day.

"You are Bess Hicks," said Betty. "Make the boy go back toward the house a spell—I got something I want to say to you." Betty hesitated. She was offended by the girl's manner, which was as rude as her speech. "I ain't going to hurt you—you needn't be afraid of me. I got something important to say—send him off, I tell you; there ain't no time to lose!" The girl stamped her foot impatiently.

Betty made a sign to Hannibal and he passed slowly back along the path. He went unwillingly, and he kept his head turned that he might see what was done, even if he were not to hear what was said.

"That will do, Hannibal—wait there—don't go any farther!" Betty called after him when he had reached a point sufficiently distant to be out of hearing of a conversation carried on in an ordinary tone. "Now, what is it? Speak quickly if you have anything to tell me!"

"I got a heap to say," answered the girl with a scowl. Her manner was still fierce and repellant, and she gave Betty a certain jealous regard out of her black eyes which the latter was at a loss to explain. "Where's Mr. Tom?" she demanded.

"Tom? Why, about the place, I suppose—in his office, perhaps." So it had to do with Tom. Betty felt sudden disgust with the situation.

"No, he ain't about the place, either! He done struck out for Memphis two hours after sun-up, and what's more, he ain't coming back here to-night—" There was a moment of silence. The girl looked about apprehensively. She continued, fixing her black eyes on Betty: "You're here alone at Belle Plain—you know what happened when Mr. Tom started for Memphis last time—I reckon you-all ain't forgot that!"

Betty felt a pallor steal over her face. She rested a hand that shook on the trunk of a tree to steady herself. The girl laughed shortly.

"Don't be so scared; I reckon Belle Plain's as good as his if anything happened to you!"

By a great effort Betty gained a measure of control over herself. She took a step nearer and looked the girl steadily in the face.

"Perhaps you will stop this sort of talk, and tell me what is going to happen to me—if you know?" she said quietly.

"Why do you reckon Mr. Norton was shot? I can tell you why—that was all along of you—that was why!" The girl's furtive glance, which searched and watched the gathering shadows, came back as it always did to Betty's pale face. "You ain't no safer than he was, I tell you!" and she sucked in her breath sharply between her full red lips.

"What do you mean?" faltered Betty.

"Do you reckon you're safe here in the big house alone? Why do you reckon Mr. Tom cleared out for Memphis? It was because he couldn't be around and have anything happen to you—that was why!" and the girl sank her voice to a whisper. "You soun' her voice to a whisper. "You quit Belle Plain now—tonight—just as soon as you can!"

"This is absurd—you are trying to frighten me!"

"Did they stop with trying to frighten Charley Norton?" demanded Bess, with harsh insistence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)