

## PRODIGAL JUDGE By VAUGHAN KESTER

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 Bladen, and Bob Yaney, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yaney tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yaney to keep Hannibal Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yaney overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Tancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the Perrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on ter, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Beetiy acts out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yaney and 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 the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's thome. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yaney, who is apparently dead. Price brooks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belie Plain. Hannibal's rife discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XI-(Continued). The judge gave a great start, and a hoarse, inarticulate murmur stole from between his twitching lips. "What do you know of the Barony,

"I lived at the Barony once, until Uncle Bob took me to Scratch Hill to be with him," said Hannibal.

"You-you lived at the Barony?"

struck through his tone. "How long ago-when?" be continued. "I don't know how long it were, but until Uncle Bob carried me away him for any occasion.

after the old general died." The judge slipped a hand under the child's chin and tilted his face back Judge Slocum Price. May I be perso that he might look into it. For a ong moment he studied closely those Betty of whom my young protege so small features, then with a shake of often speaks?" the head he handed the rifle to Carwington, and without a word strode forward. Carrington had been regard-

"Helio!" he said, as the judge moved off. "You're the boy I saw at Scratch

Hannibal gave him a frightened glance, and edged to Mr. Manaffy's side, but did not answer.

The judge plodded forward, his shoulders drooped, and his head its seal upon his lips, no inspiring speech fell from them. He had been suddenly swept back into a past he had striven these twenty years and more to forget, and his memories shaped themselves fantastically, Surely if ever a man had quitted the world What knew him, he was that man! He had died and yet he lived-lived borribly, without soul or heart, the empty shell of a man

A turn in the road brought them within sight of Boggs' race-track, a wide, level meadow. The judge saused frresolutely, and turned his bleared face on his friend.

"We'll stop here, Solomon," he said rather wearly, for the spirit of boast and jest was quite gone out of him. He glauced toward Carrington, "Are you a resident of these parts, sir?" he naked.

Twe been in Raleigh three days attogether," answered Carrington, and they continued on across the meadow in silence.

Here were men from the small clearings in homespun and butternut or fringed hunting-shirts, with their women folk trailing after them. Here, too, in lesser numbers, were the lords of the soil, the men who counted their acres by the thousand and their slaves by the score. There was the flutter of skirts among the moving groups, the nodding of gay parasols that shaded fresh young faces, while occasionally a comfortable family carriage with some planter's wife or daughter rolled silently over the turf.

The judge's dull eye kindled, the haggard lines that streaked his face erased themselves. This was life, opusent and full. These swift-rolling carriages with their handsome women. these well-dressed men on foot, and splendidly mounted, all did their part toward lifting him out of his gloom.

A cry from Hannibal drew his attention. Turning, he was in time to see the boy bound away. An instant tater, to his astonishment, he saw a young girl who was seated with two

men in an open carriage, spring to the ground, and dropping to her knees ward of a year, Ware had enjoyed spoke. put her arms about the tattered little

figure. "Why, Hannibal!" cried Betty Mal-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

1917 THE BORRS MEDDILL COMMAN

roy. "Miss Betty! Miss Betty!" and Hannibal buried his head on her

shoulder "What is it, Hannibal; what is it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I'm so glad to find

"I am glad to see you, too!" said Betty, as she wiped his tears away. 'When did you get here, dear?" "We got here just today, Miss Bet-

ty," said Hannibal. Mr. Ware, careless as to dress, scowled down on the child. He had horse-racing, but because he had no Norton. faith in girls, and especially had he profound mistrust of Betty. She was so much easily portable wealth, a pink-faced chit ready to fall into the arms of the first man who proposed to her. But Charley Norton had not seemed disturbed by the planter's forbidding air.

"What ragamuffin's this, Betty?" growled Ware disgustedly. But Betty did not seem to hear.

"Did you come alone, Hannibal?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; the judge and Mr. Mahaffy, they fetched me.' The judge had drawn nearer as

Betty and Hannibal spoke together, repeated the judge and a dull wonder but Mahaffy hung back. There were gulfs not to be crossed by him. It was different with the judge; the native magnificence of his mind fitted

"Allow me the honor to present myself, ma'am-Price is my namemitted to assume that this is the Miss

Tom Ware gave him a glance of undisguised astonishment, while Norton regarded him with an expression ing Hannibal with a quickened inter- of stunned and resolute gravity. Betty looked at the judge rather in-

"I am glad he has found friends," she said slowly. She wanted to be-

should have been easy, since it was to equal it," said Carrington, adincredible that he could have been

"He has indeed found friends," said the judge with mellow unction, and swelling visibly.

Now Betty caught sight of Carrington and bowed. Occupied with Hannibal and the judge, she had been un- judge. aware of his presence. Carrington stepped forward.

"Have you met Mr. Norton, and my brother, Mr. Carrington?" she asked The two young men shook hands, and Ware improved the opportunity are they not?" said the judge. to inspect the new-comer. But as his glance wandered over him, it took of your money?" remarked Murrell. in more than Carrington, for it included the fine figure and swarthy face of Captain Murrell, who, with his eyes fixed on Betty, was thrusting

his eager way through the crowd. Murrell had presented himself at Belle Plain the day before. For upgreat peace of mind as a direct result of his absence from west Tennessee, and when he thought of him tion. at all he had invariably put a period to his meditations with, "I hope to

hell he catches it wherever he is!" More than this, Betty had spoken of the captain in no uncertain tones.

He was not to repeat that visit. As Murrell approached, the hot color surged into Betty's face. As for ly, to the outlaw Hannibal, he had gone white to the lips, and his small hand clutched hers

Murrell, with all his hardihood, had placed him in an awkward posttion, for Betty turned her back on favored Boggs' with his presence, not him and began an animated converbecause he felt the least interest in sation with Carrington and Charley

Hicks, the Belle Plain overseer, pushed his way to Murrell's side. "Here, John Murrell, ain't you going to show us a trick or two?" he inquired.

Murrell turned quickly with a sense

"If you can spare me your ritle," he said, but his face wore a bleak look. "Don't you think you've seen about enough, Bet?" demanded Tom. "You don't care for the shooting, do you?"

for; I think I'd rather see that than people with an unstinted love of counthe horse-racing," said Betty perverse-Betty now seated herself in the car-

riage, with Hannibal beside her, quietly determined to miss nothing. The judge, feeling that he had come into his own, leaned elegantly against the wheel, and explained the merits of each shot as it was made.

"I hope you gentlemen are not going to let me walk off with the prize?" said Murrell, approaching the group am told you are clever with the rifle." "I am not shooting today," respond-

ed Norton haughtily. Murrell stalked back to the line. "At forty paces I'd risk it myself,

"It would be hard to beat that-



Hannibal Gave Him a Frightened Glance and Edged Toward Mr. Mahaffy's Side.

vancing with Hannibal's rifle in his hands

It was tossed to his shoulder, and poured out its contents in a bright stream of flame. There was a moment of silence.

"Center shot, ma'am!" cried the "I'll add twenty dollars to the

purse!" Norton addressed himself to Carrington. "And I shall hope, sir, to see it go into your pocket." "Our sentiments exactly, ma'am

"Perhaps' you'd like to bet a little "I'm ready to do that too, sir," re sponded Norton quietly.

"Five hundred dollars, then, that this gentleman in whose success you take so great an interest, can neither equal nor better my next shot!" Murrell had produced a roll of bills as he

Norton colored with embarrassment. Carrington took in the situa-

"Wait a minute," he said, and passed his purse to Norton. "Cover his money, sir," he added briefly. "Thank you, my horses have run away with most of my cash," ex-

plained Norton. "Your shot!" said Carrington short-Murrell taking careful aim, fired,

clipping the center. As soon as the result was known, Carrington raised his rifle; his bullet, realized that a too great confidence truer than his opponent's, drove out those who perform their work deep the center. Murrell turned on him with an oath

"You shoot well, but a board stuck against a tree is no test for a man's nerve," he said insolently.

Carrington was charging his piece. "I only know of one other kind of target," he observed coolly. "Yes-a living target!" cried Murrell.

CHAPTER XII.

The Portal of Hope. "This-" the speaker was Judge Price; "this is the place for me. They are a warm-hearted people, sir; a "That's the very thing I do care prosperous people, and a patriotic try. I'd like to hang out my shingle here and practice law."

The judge and Mr. Mahaffy were camped in the woods between Boggs' and Raleigh. Betty had carried Hannibal off to spend the night at Belle Plain.

"I crave opportunity, Solomon-the indorsement of my own class. I feel that I shall have it here," resumed the judge pensively, "Will you stroll into town with me, Solomon?" he about the carriage. "Mr. Norton, 1 asked. Mahaffy shook his head. "Then let your prayers follow me, for I'm off!" said the judge.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the door of the city tavern, where he found Mr. Pegloe directing the activima'am," said the judge. "But at a ties of a small colored boy who was hundred, offhand like this, I should mopping out his bar. To him the judge made known his needs.

"Goin' to locate, are you?" said Mr. "My friends urge it, sir, and I have

taken the matter under consideration," answered the judge. "Well, the only empty house in town is right over yonder; it be

young Charley Norton out at Thicket Point Plantation." The house Mr. Pegloe pointed out was a small frame building; it stood

directly on the street, with a narrow porch across the front, and a shed addition at the back. The judge scuttled over to it. The judge's pulse quickened. What a location, and what a fortunate chance that Mr. Norton was the owner of this most desirable tenement! He must see him at once. As he turned away to recross the street and learn from Mr. Pegloe by what road Thicket Point might be reached, Norton himself galloped into the village. Catching sight of the judge, he reined in his horse and swung himself from the saddle.

"I was hoping, sir, I might find you," he said. "A wish I should have echoed had I been aware of it!" responded the judge. "I was about to do myself

the honor to wait upon you at your plantation." "Then I have saved you a long walk," said Norton. He surveyed the judge rather dubiously, but listened with kindness as he explained the business that would have taken him

to Thicket Point "The house is quite at your service, sir," he said, at length.

"The rent-" began the judge. But Mr. Norton, with a delicacy equal to his own, entreated him not to mention the rent. The house had come to him as boot in a trade. It had been occupied by a doctor and a lawyer; these gentlemen had each decamped between two days, heavily in debt at the stores and taverns, especially the taverns. And thus handsomely did Charley Norton acquit himself of the mission he had undertaken at Betty Malroy's request.

That same morning Tom Ware and Captain Murrell were seated in the small detached building at Belle Plain, known as the office, where the former spent most of his time when not in the saddle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Climate and the Color Line. An occasional 35 below zero ruled

Count's Witty Reply,

the road in wintry weather, and won- king, Louis XIV., the "Miserere of der which road leads to the Poor Lully." The king was on his knees and Farm. It's a rough way to Easy so was the whole court. His majesty Street, and that's why we linger at kept the awkward attitude until the the brain as the origin of all force civilization that it seems almost im- the wayside inn and dance when we end of the hymn. After rising, the should be doing. However, it's mighty king turned to the Count de Gramcold weather now, and you might as mont and asked how he found the well pass the sugar and—the other in- music. "Very sweet to the ear, sire but very hard on the knees."

life-giving air pump going, but they must be able to comprehend his signals and act accordingly and prompt-Scores of stories of the work of divers have been written. Some of

all callings that em-

brace danger and romance that of diving

probably comes first, and

well it might, for not only does a diver work

in an element foreign to

his own, but he faces a

score or more of dangers,

any one of which might be fatal. Not

only are there the dangers of acci-

dents under the water, but the diver's

life is always in the hands of his

helpers, who must, while he is below,

not fail for a moment to keep the

whether real or imagined, they do not in the least detract from the romance that seems to shine like a halo around

under the water.

them are true, some are fiction, but

Usually divers are associated with sunken treasure, wrecks, the gathering of shells, pearl oysters and sponges and but few give a thought to the fact that the diver is engaged in numerous other, and less romantic. occupations in which risks far greater than the mere going into a wreck

are taken. In bridge building, for instance, divers are frequently employed to lay the foundations for the great pillars of stone and concrete that will support one of the spans of the structure. A notable piece of work of this character was done on a bridge that was built a couple of years ago at Cape Colony. There it was necessary that a foundation be laid in 180 feet of water.

One hundred and eighty feet of water is a depth that is very seldom attained, and there are but few instances on record, yet the foundation was laid.

It is said that the record is held by Hooper, an Englishman, who descended 201 feet to the wreck of the Cape Horn, lost off South America. In 1896 A. Erostarbe went down 180 feet to the wreck of the Skyro, off Cape Finisterre, and sent up bar silver valued at \$450,000, after first having blown the ship partly to pieces with dyna-

Another deep-water record was established by Alexander Lambert, who recovered \$350,000 in gold from the wreck of the Spanish mail steamer Alfonso XII., which was in 180 feet of water. It is said that the last time this in itself being a phenomenal rec- est danger. The only way to overord, as two hours is regarded as about come it is by wearing heavy weights the limit of any diver's endurance.

as well, especially if he is going to critical. engage in under-water building. Besides that he must be a man who is it is on land," he continued. "If a willing to take chances, must be able man is hunting for trouble he's pretty to keep his head at all times, no mat- apt to find it. I have been diving for ter how scared, and then, maybe, he 18 years and I've been all along the will die in bed.

came very near dying in Baltimore except a conger eel. He was a big harbor, but he did not know of it at fellow, too; six or seven feet long and the time. He was working in 25 feet as big around as my thigh. of water directing piles that were being driven by a 4,000-pound hammer. man keeps busy nothing will disturb In some manner the hammer was re- him. The fish are afraid of him; leased and the great weight plunged sharks are, anyhow, and he has .no to the bottom of the harbor. Dono- trouble. With this eel, however, it van was directly in the path of the was different. He came at me withhuge weight, so close that it struck out my doing a thing to him. I was pressure of the water greatly reduces

helmet. hurled the diver away from the to the glass in my helmet. Ugh! I trol it. weight, instead of under it. In the could almost hear his teeth snap. I meantime the men above were almost was that scared. I stuck my hands thing that can be done by hand. They frantic with fear. They knew that under my belt to protect them and will operate augers or drills and will the diver was directly under the ham- stood still. I don't know how long, mer and they naturally supposed he about two minutes, I guess, and then had been struck. There was terrific I gave the signal to go up. commotion and the life-line man began to jerk and pull as hard as he my helper when he had taken off the by few, the United States navy has could to ascertain whether Donovan helmet. was caught or free. The suspense for a minute or two was fearful.

In the meantime Donovan didn't thrown him. The water was so mudscrewed the helmet.

he asked as soon as his head was you'd ever want to see. 'But I fin-

over, could scarcely tell him, but he like. That night some of the boys finally managed to describe what he had him for supper, but I never did and the other workmen had thought. | like eels so I let them have it all.

careful. Now put on that helmet and | them, but the worst sea creatures are I'll go get that hammer."

that is, for practical purposes. He them and I went on down. It wasn't declares that a man cannot stand such a depth for more than an hour, or possibly an hour and a half, and that after he comes up he must rest for at over and then go on. least 12 hours before going down again.

"Where it catches one is in the abdomen," he said. "The upper part they bite hard. of the body is protected by the ribs, the arms and limbs are comparatively solid, but the abdomen has no bones at all, and there is where it hurts. I heard of a man who got \$10,000 for going down 204 feet, but he only lived seven days after. The strain ruptured his intestines. In deep water he went down he remained four hours, 75 feet to 100 feet, that is our greatand taking plenty of air. The air off-Diving is a peculiar work and there sets the pressure of the water and are not many who can do it. It not the weights hold us down. If by only requires soundness of body, but chance the air pressure should lessen, one must be something of a mechanic even a few pounds, our situation is

"In the water it is pretty much like coast, from Halifax to Florida, and I A diver named Donovan recently have never been attacked by anything

"It has been my experience that if a his air hose within two feet of his so scared that I could not even find my spear, which I generally carry, Fortunately the force of the blow and he stuck his ugly head right up

"'What did you come up for?' asked

replied.

"'I reckon you did.' he replied. know just what it was that had 'Why man, you're pale as a ghost.' dy and dirty that he did not see the pened, and after getting a bite and ed they have been through many weight; in fact, he was astonished by taking a smoke, I went down again. rough experiences, even though these being jerked by the lifeline, and as This time I went after my spear and experiences are carefully planned and soon as he overhauled his air pipe found it. Then I let everything else executed. to prevent fouling it he tugged the go while I looked for Mr. Eel. I soon signal to be hoisted. Up he went found him, for he evidently was wait- two or more divers, and there is aland it was with many sighs of relief ing for me. He was lying on a little ways use for them. They are sent that his big, round helmet was sight- ledge or rock, but before he knew just over the side to inspect the bottoms, ed at the surface. He climbed partly, what was what I had that spear into scrape barnacles off to adjust outboard out of water and rested on the gun- him. Twist? Well, you have no idea connections or to make new ones, for wale of his punt while his helper un- how that fellow squirmed. It was all a ship, like a house, can always be I could do to hold him down and we improved a little by the addition of "What the deuce is the matter?" had as lively a ten-minute tussle as something new.

ished him all right and sent him up His helper, pale and trembling all just to show the boys what he looked

"Humph!" replied Donovan. "Tell "As for sharks, well, I suppose they those fellows to be just a little more would attack a man if he worried seals. I remember once I was work-In a few minutes he had a line fast | ing down near Halifax; working on a to the hammer and it was hauled up. wreck, and there was a school of Donovan doesn't take much stock in about 100 seals around. I cautioned reports of diving deeper than 150 feet; everyone about throwing anything at very deep, not more than 50 or 60 feet, and every now and then a seal would come along, kind of nose me

"Now, you wouldn't think cat fish would trouble you much, would you? Well, they will, and what is more,

"There's another queer thing about fish. If you are wearing gloves that are split and your knuckles or flesh shows through, the fish will worry you by biting at the exposed parts. You can hardly drive them away, but the moment you take off your gloves and expose your whole hand they,

won't trouble you at all." While there has been but little improvement in divers' equipment, the ubber suit helmet or send down the air, and the outfit of a decade ago is as up-to-date as the one made yesterday, yet the modern diver has a number of advantages over his contemporary of even a few years ago. The use of the telephone has been one of the improvements that comes in handy, but the greatest of all is the pneumatic tool.

By means of compressed air tools a diver can now do more in one hour than he could in five with handpowered tools, because his diving suit so hampers the freedom of his arms. With a pneumatic tool all he has to do is to hold the machine still ang the air does the rest. He can caryy a pneumatic tool wherever he can go for the hose that feeds it is no larger than his air hose, and, besides, the the weight of the tool, so much so that in deep water it is necessary to weight it down so the diver car con-

These pneumatic tools will de anyalso hammer. They are the greatest aid to the diver in all kinds of construction work.

While diving as a trade is followed a school for divers and encourages "'Came up for something to eat,' I young men of exceptional physical stamina to take up the work. At this school the young men are taught how to take care of themselves in emer-"I didn't let on just what had hap- gencies, and before they are graduat-

Every naval ship of any size carries

## This Gold Fish Was A Banker

Fish stories are rife in May, and un- next year, he declared under oath, he

der the seductive influence of balmy caught a fish in that self-same poolspring new versions come to light of a "gold fish" of course—and he found | Congressman Plumley deserved the the same old stories we have heard within the finny armor of that Ver. plum of the fish story season.-"Afsince boyhood days. Congressman mont bass his watch, the \$20 gold fairs and Folks," Joe Mitchell Chapple Plumley of Verment, of portentously piece and 30 cents accrued interest. serious mien, asserted to a smiling Fish Commissioner Bowers insists group of colleagues that a couple of that this is another result of his laseasons ago he lost his watch and a bors to propagate thrifty habits among \$20 gold piece overboard while wait- gold fish. He says that the monetary ing by a placid pool for a bite. The question has been so much discussed

in Washington, that it has affected the spawn sent out through the country. and if these fish stories continue he will not be responsible for results. As the party broke up it was agreed that in Joe Chapple's News Letter.

"Here is an effective minor chord." "Not in this military music. All the chords must be majors."

## Robin's Nest in Drawing Room

drawing room a unique sight, writes that humanity forbade its rejection. the cupboard. the Rev. T. Ratcliffe Barnett, of Now you can see a beautiful nest cun-Bo'ness, England. During cleaning ningly hidden behind a jar of flowers operations a robin flew into the room and an ornament, on which the robin and made repeated attempts at build- mother is sitting with her tail cocked ful, and to be useful is to be indeing a nest in the corner shelf of a over the edge and her beady eyes alcabinet. The building material of ways on the alert. She flies in and pendent is to be happy, even in the leaves, etc., was cleared away twice, out at the open window, mikes no lit- midst of sorrow; for sorrow is not but after the room was cleaned the ter about the room, and is hatching necessarily unhappiness.—Ella Wheeldetermined little redbreast tried out the usual number of eggs. Music er Wilcox.

on an organ or a piano does not seem to disturb her, and the room may be full of visitors at tea without any I saw the other day in a friend's | again, and succeeded so far one day sign or sound from the little robin in

> Sorrow Not Unhappiness. To possess character is to be use-



Caused by a Withdrawal of Blood From the Brain, Says Modern Physiology.

All the organs of life rest in some way or other. The heart has an interval of rest between each combined the beginning of a fresh act. Beis a period of repose. Physio'sgists poses during about one-fourth of the

Certain of the other organs suspend their activity in part during sleep. Old physiologists supposed that sleep was caused by the pressure of the

As a rule, the larger the brain the to bed at nine o'clock and rose at five. General Grant used to say, during his campaigns, "I can do nothing without nine hours' sleep."

A curious trait has marked men of act of contraction and expansion and large brain—that of sleeping at will. and mellow. Bonaparte used to throw himself on tween each expiration of the lungs the ground and go to sleep within and the succeeding inspiration there a space of two minutes. Pitt was a sound sleeper, and slept night after have calculated that the heart re- night in the house of commons while his colleagues watched the debate and roused him when it was necessary that he should speak.

Staining Glass.

The art of colored glass has been biood on the brain. But modern lost and refound, guarded and stolen abysiology, with a tendency to regard so many times during the history of and of all functions of the body, in- possible to say anything new on glass clines to the view that sleep is staining. Yet a process has been discaused by a withdrawal of blood from covered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure gredients."-Atlanta Constitution.

from anything known to the old

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors, and the whole is then fired in a heat so interse that the colmore sleep it requires. Webster went oring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface equires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are beautifully soft

New Year Philosophy.

"You can't get the best by hoping for it," said the Old Philosopher. "You've got to hit the rock to make the water fly, and turn the soil to catch the gleam of the golden nuggets; but few of us learn this until. late in life, we stand at the forks of

out the black population altogether. It kept out the immense Mediterranean flow which was sweeping across Central America, and therefore the population consisted of the strong northern races. Canada accordingly must be one of the strong northern races of the world. More important still was the effect of the climate on the Englishman in the submerged tenth of Canada. Nature there took such a man, as it were, by the scruff of the neck and said: "If you don't have industry, foresight and prudence you will die."-Address before London Geographical Association.

The royal band was playing for the