

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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 Betty 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, who is the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Marcell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Marcell's assistant, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Blalaine, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferris, has an encounter with Captain Marcell, 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 Marcell 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. Marcell 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 rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Marcell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream-like sleep on board the raft. Judge Price's startling discovery 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 Marcell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and the judge tells the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty talks with Hannibal. They meet Jess Hicks, manager of the plantation, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified by their carriage, is dragged by Slocum, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin. In an almost insupportable spot, and there Marcell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurs her grandfather to leave and the judge is aided by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action.

CHAPTER XXII.
The Judge Takes Charge.
All work on the plantation had stopped, and the hundreds of slaves—men, women and children—were gathered about the house. Among these moved the members of the dominant race. The judge would have attached himself to the first group, but he heard a whispered question, and the answer:
"Miss Malroy's lawyer."
Clearly it was not for him to mix with these outsiders, these curiosity seekers. He crossed the lawn to the house, and mounted the steps. In the doorway was big Steve, while groups of men stood about in the hall, the hum of busy purposeless talk pervading the place. The judge frowned. This was all wrong.
"Has Mr. Ware returned from Memphis?" he asked of Steve.
"No, sah; not yet."
"Then show me into the library," said the judge with bland authority, surrendering his hat to the butler. "Come along, Mahaffy!" he added. They entered the library, and the judge motioned Steve to close the door. "Now, boy, you'll kindly ask those people to withdraw—you may say it is Judge Price's orders. Allow no one to enter the house unless they have business with me, or as I send for them—you understand? After you have cleared the house, you may bring me a decanter of corn whiskey—stop a bit—you may ask the sheriff to step here."
"Yes, sah," and Steve withdrew. The judge drew an easy-chair up to the flat-topped desk that stood in the center of the room, and seated himself.
The door opened, and the sheriff slouched into the room. He was chewing a long wheat straw, and his whole appearance was one of troubled weariness.
"Morning," he said briefly.
"Sit down, sheriff," and the judge indicated a meek seat for the official in a distant corner. "Have you learned anything?" he asked.
The sheriff shook his head.
"What you turning all these neighbors out of doors for?" he questioned.
"We don't want people tracing in and out the house, sheriff. Important evidence may be destroyed. I propose examining the slaves first—does that meet with your approval?"
"Oh, I've talked with them; they don't know nothing," said the sheriff. "No one don't know nothing."
"Please God, we may yet put our

fingers on some villain who does," said the judge.
Outside it was noised about that Judge Price had taken matters in hand—he was the old fellow who had been warned to keep his mouth shut, and who had never stopped talking since. A crowd collected beyond the library windows and feasted its eyes on the back of this hero's bald head.
One by one the house servants were ushered into the judge's presence. First he interrogated little Steve, who had gone to Miss Betty's door that morning to rouse her, as was his custom. Next he examined Betty's maid; then the cook, and various house servants, who had nothing special to tell, but told it at considerable length; and lastly big Steve.
"Stop a bit," the judge suddenly interrupted the butler in the midst of his narrative. "Does the overseer always come up to the house the first thing in the morning?"
"Why, not exactly, sah, but he come up this mornin', sah. He was talking to me at the back of the house, when the women run out with the word that Missy was done gone away."
"He joined in the search?"
"Yes, sah."



"Hicks Says Miss Malroy's Been Acting Queer Since Charley Norton Was Shot."

"When was Miss Malroy seen last?" asked the judge.
"She and the young gemman you fetched heah were seen in the garden along about sundown. I seen them myself."
"They had had supper?"
"Yes, sah."
"Who sleeps here?"
"Just little Steve and three of the women; they sleeps at the back of the house, sah."
"No sounds were heard during the night?"
"No, sah."
"I'll see the overseer—what's his name?—Hicks? Suppose you go for him!" said the judge, addressing the sheriff.
The sheriff was gone from the room only a few moments, and returned with the information that Hicks was down at the bayou, which was to be dragged.
"Why?" inquired the judge.
"Hicks says Miss Malroy's been acting mighty queer ever since Charley Norton was shot—distracted like! He says he noticed it, and that Tom Ware noticed it."
"How does he explain the boy's disappearance?"

aside from that she was quite as she has always been."
"Well, what do you want to see Hicks for? What do you expect to learn from him?"
"I don't like his insistence on the idea that Miss Malroy is mentally unbalanced. It's a question of some delicacy—the law, sir, fully recognizes that. It seems to me he is over-anxious to account for her disappearance in a manner that can compromise no one."
CHAPTER XXIII.
The Judge Finds Allies.
They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and big Steve admitted Carrington and the two men of whom the sheriff had spoken.
"A shocking condition of affairs, Mr. Carrington!" said the judge by way of greeting.
"Yes," said Carrington shortly.
"You left these parts some time ago, I believe?" continued the judge.
"The day before Norton was shot. I had started home for Kentucky. I heard of his death when I reached Randolph on the second bluff," explained Carrington, from whose cheeks

peck, for Anastasia has the eye of an eagle and is as suspicious as a Turk.
Westminster's Ideal.
The Westminster's willingness to give up home, neighbors and old associations for the sake of a claim on the prairie is not sordid. His stern preoccupation with getting ahead is a part of his inherited passion for personal independence. I have seen a gray hue steal over the face of the settler when speaking of some one who had lost his farm and had to go out by the day. For the wage-earner's lot the true-born Westerner feels a dread quite incomprehensible to cities and to old communities. If he ruthlessly sacrifices comforts and culture, it is that he may win a footing of his own and so call no man master. Once he has cleared off the mortgage, improved his place, and gained a soothing sense of financial security, he will provide books, piano, music lessons, travel and college education for his children, even if in the meantime his own capacity to enjoy has been atrophied.—Edward Alsworth Ross in the Century.

"He reckons she threw herself in, and the boy tried to drag her out, like he naturally would, and got drawn in."
"Humph! I'll trouble Mr. Hicks to step here," said the judge quietly.
"There's Mr. Carrington and a couple of strangers outside who've been asking about Miss Malroy and the boy; seems like the strangers knowed her and him back yonder in North Carolina," said the sheriff as he turned away.
"I'll see them." The sheriff went from the room and the judge dismissed the servants.
"Well, what do you think, Price?" asked Mahaffy anxiously when they were alone.
"Rubbish! Take my word for it, Solomon, this blow is leveled at me. I have been too forward in my attempts to suppress the carnival of crime that is raging through west Tennessee. You'll observe that Miss Malroy disappeared at a moment when the public is disposed to think she has retained me as her legal adviser; probably she will be set at liberty when she agrees to drop the matter. A crowd collected beyond the library windows and feasted its eyes on the back of this hero's bald head."
"Please God we'll recover him soon!" said the judge.
By the window Carrington moved impatiently. No harm could come to the boy, but Betty—a shudder went through him.
"They've stolen him," Yancy spoke with conviction. "I reckon they've started back to North Carolina with him—only that don't explain what's come of Miss Betty, does it?" and he dropped rather helplessly into a chair.
"Bob Yancy?" he cried.
"Yes, sir, that's me." The judge passed nimbly around the desk and shook the Scratch Hiller warmly by the hand. "Where's my nevy, sir?—what's all this about him and Miss Betty?" Yancy's soft drawl was suddenly eager.
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"I am about to conclude my investigations, sir," said the judge with dignity.
Carrington stepped to the door. After all, what was there to expect of these men? Whatever their interest, it was plainly centered in the boy. He passed out into the hall.
As the door closed on him the judge turned again to the Scratch Hiller.
"Mr. Yancy, Mr. Mahaffy and I hold your nephew in the tenderest regard; he has been our constant companion ever since you were lost to him. In this crisis you may rely upon us; we are committed to his recovery, no matter what it involves." The judge's tone was one of unalterable resolution.
"I reckon you-all have been mighty good and kind to him," said Yancy huskily.
"We have endeavored to be, Mr. Yancy—indeed I had formed the resolution legally to adopt him should you not come to claim him. I should have given him my name, and made him my heir. His education has already begun under my supervision," and the judge, remembering the high use to which he had dedicated one of Pegloe's trade labels, fairly glowed with philanthropic fervor.
"Think of that!" murmured Yancy softly. He was deeply moved. So was Mr. Cavendish, who was gifted with a wealth of ready sympathy. He thrust out a hardened hand to the judge.
"Shake!" he said. "You're a heap better than you look." A thin ripple of laughter escaped Mahaffy, but the judge accepted Chills and Fever's proffered hand. He understood that here was a simple genuine soul.
"Price, isn't it important for us to know why Mr. Yancy thinks the boy has been taken back to North Carolina?" said Mahaffy.
"Just what kin is Hannibal to you, Mr. Yancy?" asked the judge resuming his seat.
"Strictly speaking, he ain't none. That he come to live with me is all owing to Mr. Crenshaw, who's a good man when left to himself, but he's got a wife, so a body may say he never is left to himself," began Yancy; and then briefly he told the story of the woman and the child much as he had told it to Bladen at the Barony the day of General Quintard's funeral.
The judge, his back to the light and his face in shadow, rested his left elbow on the desk and with his chin sunk in his palm, followed the Scratch Hiller's narrative with the closest attention.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sarcasm That Must Have Hurt.
Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding judge turned to Mr. Paine, and remarked: "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose and, in his dry and weighty manner, answered: "No, your honor; I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the constitution of the United States allow—a trial of his peers."
First "Lighthouse."
Two centuries before Christ, fires had been lighted on a tower near Alexandria, Egypt, as a warning to mariners.

WING ORNAMENTS



Wings, large and small (but mostly small), have been made for late summer and early fall millinery and the manufacturer has considered their mounting in nearly every case. The base of the wing is set in a little dish of feathers or a raised band or some other device that will adjust itself to the brim or crown of shapes. This is sewed to the hat and the wings spring from it at all sorts of odd angles and in many novel positions.
Among the prettiest wings are those that show two colors, one on the upper and a contrasting color on the under side. That is, the wing is lined with small feathers in a contrasting color. Most of these two-toned wings are large and used on long velvet turbans of white they form the only decoration and all that is needed.
Wide-brimmed shapes with small wings poised on the brim edge or crown suggest to the mind butterfly beeked hats. Some of the wings are very like huge butterflies. The manner of poising the wings in nearly every case suggests a bird or butterfly just ready for flight, a matter of personal arrangement.
Wings have come to stay for some time. As they are made now, they are for more durable than in past seasons. The feathers are sewed to a foundation, and considering the time and experience necessary to make them, it is a wonder they can be sold so cheaply.
Next to the wing for street hats, standing brushes promise to make the best impression. These are manufactured, also, with ornamental stem mountings of feathers. They may be sewed to the hat without the use of an ornament of any kind. Nevertheless small flat bows and other bows are often used with them. As the season advances other ornaments may increase in favor, for they are new and already well launched upon a revival.
JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

HANDSOME BLOUSE.



The drawing pictures a handsome blouse of sand-colored chiffon over taffeta in a slightly deeper shade. A cluster of small tucks on the shoulder contributes a slight fullness to the front and a vest of brown taffeta with upper part of sand-colored taffeta give an effective depth of tone to the color scheme. There are tiny revers of colored shadow lace. Turning back from either side of the vest opening is a length of brown lace edging. Worn with a handsome brown tailor-made, this waist would be most effective.

Length of Skirts.

Hems out!
Several inches longer.
Away with chopped ones.
Two inches and two and a half is the proper height from the ground.
The shoe top will now go into retirement.
Skirts may be any wider.
But they are longer—which helps some.
Some folks may drop their hammers now.
Usually there is another up their sleeve for the next change of fashion.
Heigh-ho! but busybodies cannot be expected to neglect their jobs.

New Hats Artistic.

The grotesque, and in reality "bad" style of shape of hats worn in recent years seems to have given place to artistic developments. Most of them are modifications of a past period, we see the "Watteau" shape in different sizes, with wreaths of flowers and ribbons, or ribbon velvet streamers, which is such a sweet fashion for the girls. Large hats of the Gainsborough order are trimmed with one long feather. These feathers are quite as beautiful as the celebrated one worn by the duchess of Devonshire at the coronation of George IV.

Lace Hatpins.

Little home-made lace medallions—Irish or German crocheted lace—will form very exquisite tops to silk-covered hatpins.
Choose, or make, those about an inch and a half in diameter, and apply them to the top of a flat or slightly rounded disk-shaped pinhead. In most cases the silk covering is put on the pinhead first, and the lace is sewn on by hand afterward.

Wide black velvet ribbon in huge bows trims some dead white hats.

ODD MATERIAL AND DESIGN

Gown of Moonlight Blue Satin Something of a Novelty in Sartorial Affairs.

A beautiful gown for a recent occasion was made in a shade of moonlight blue satin of the softest consistency, known as peau de suede. The gown opened over a petticoat of the mousseline de sole, while one side of the corsage was likewise of the filmy fabric relieved with trimmings of dull gold.

Another gown for the same occasion was in a supple and beautiful gold tissue shot with flageolet green. The front of the gown was draped with a spoon-shaped panel of flower patterned Brussels lace, veiled with a shadowy drapery of flageolet green tulle illusion, while the tissue was left uncovered at the back. The corsage itself was hidden under a soft fichu drapery of Brussels lace, showing a little gathered tucker of pure white chiffon, while over it was the same soft shadow veiling of green tulle illusion, the drapery entirely hiding the sleeves.

Lounge Pillow Cover.

New in lounge pillow covers is a square of huckaback toweling in natural linen shade. Its entire surface is decorated with a bold design in purple clematis done with coarse silk floss, the background being afterward filled in with pale green linen thread run in darning stitch. The back of the cover is of silk in a shade matching the clematis floss and the heavy cordage which finishes the seams of the four sides. Equally charming is a cover of white Irish linen. This is embroidered in a conventional lotus design with an Oriental mixture of colors in washable flosses and done in a long, heavy stitch. The back is of the plain Irish linen and its only trimming is the scalloped button-hole edged working with dull red floss and matching the finish of the embroidered side of the cover.

Good Form in Dress.

Few women know how to put on their clothes. This sounds like a very startling statement, but let us stop and think over the matter quietly.
How frequently we see women with dainty, well-made and even well-cut clothes, and yet how few appreciate the beauty of the garment, and why? Because the blouse is not pulled down tightly at the waist line and fastened in place either by hooks and loops or safety pins. Then, too, the collar is probably not carefully boned so that it will fit the neck snugly. Each woman should study the shape of her own neck (not some one else's) and find placed in order to make the collar fit well.

Of Black and Sapphire.

A lovely afternoon gown which would prove an immensely valuable acquisition to the autumn wardrobe is of black meteorite patterned with bright sapphire blue and draped over a nylon skirt supplemented with embroidered flounces, trimmed with bands and great flat bows of black satin.

The mixture of soft satin and tafetas silk in a gown shows with the petticoat of one material and the pander overdress of another.

THOUGHT HE KNEW THE SIGNS

Aged Darkey Could See Nothing to His Passenger Except a Man Instructing Lodges.

Bob Hull, the champion story teller of Savannah, had occasion lately to take a business trip into interior Georgia. He took his golf clubs with him, intending to stop on his way for a match on the famous links at Augusta.
He dropped off the train at his business destination—a small town on a branch road—and carrying his luggage climbed into an ancient hack and bade the driver, who was an old negro man, take him to the local hotel.
The negro eyed the queer-looking yellow leather bag that his passenger carried with the peculiar-looking sticks in it. His curiosity got the best of him finally.
"Boss," he began, "please, sah, 'scuse me—but mout I ax you a question?"
"Go ahead and ask," said Mr. Hull.
"What kind of a lodge is you institutin'?"—Saturday Evening Post.

WISE YOUTH.



The White Boy—Humph! Why don't you fight?
The Moke—"Cause I draws de white line, dat's why."

His Modest Request.
"You handle large sums of money in this play—million or more in every act."
"I see," said Yorick Hamm.
"And you must handle it like you were used to it."
"I see. Could you let me have a \$2 bill to rehearse with?"

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The Anxious Seat.
Father—Johnny, go fetch me my slippers.
Johnny (nervously)—Do you want both of them or only one, dad?—Exchange.

Not Successful.
Mrs. Knicker—Why don't you go to the market yourself?
Mrs. Bocker—No, indeed; that's just the way Jack told me he lost his money.

Precaution.
Chimmie—Hey, Maggie, hold dis bag o' peanuts fer me fer a minute—here comes a poor relation o' mine!—Life.

The Language.
"I'm going to whip that child."
"No, you're not! It's my child. Now, beat it!"

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Anastasia Is Gipsy Queen

She Has Just Turned Twenty and is a Beauty of the First Water.
Nikolai, the Gypsy king, is dead, and his queen, Anastasia, reigns in his place in the world that amuses itself, says a St. Petersburg correspondent. For thirty years Nikolai was the hero of the variety and concert stage, of after dinner entertainments and private cabaret shows. He was a composer as well as a singer, a virtuoso on the guitar and a graceful dancer. His troupe usually consisted of thirty to forty Gypsies, whose gorgeous costumes were the delight of St. Petersburg. He himself was always dressed in red silk with plenty of gold lace, his breast covered with medals, coins and decorations. He wore a sword and a sash, and in the latter he stuffed the paper money, gold and silver thrown at him during his performances.
The Russian Gypsy has a musical

field of his own. He doesn't use the fiddle, but he plays the guitar and sings better than any troubadour of old.
Anastasia was his third or fourth queen. She has just turned twenty and is a full-fledged Gypsy. She is a beauty of the first water. All St. Petersburg calls her diva or queen, but since she attained popularity and wealth she has never appeared in the national costume. The latest from Paris is hardly good enough for her. She has a high pitched mezzo soprano voice and makes her hearers laugh and cry at will.
And she sits there blazing with diamonds from the buckles of her satin slippers to the top of her head, hundred ruble notes, silver, gold and copper fly about her from boxes, stalls and galleries. These volunteer contributions she calls her "taxes." At the end of her act her majesty collects them with a broom and woe to the Gypsy who dares sneak a single ko-