



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Bladen.

CHAPTER III. (Continued).

The next day Yancy had occasion to visit Balaam's Cross Roads. Crenshaw gave him a disquieting opinion as to the probable contents of his letter, for he himself had heard from Bladen that he had decided to assume the care of the boy.

"I reckon Bladen will have the law on his side, Bob!"

"The law be damned—I got what's fair on mine. I don't wish fo' better than that," exclaimed Yancy, over his shoulder. He strode from the store and started down the sandy road at a brisk run.

"Who's been a warrantin' Bob Yancy?" cried Uncle Sammy.

"I knowed hit—I knowed he'd try to get even! What's the charge agin you, Bob?"

"Read hit," said Balaam. "Why, sho—can't you read plain writin', Uncle Sammy?" for the patriarch was showing signs of embarrassment.

"If you gentlemen will let me—" said Carrington pleasantly. After a moment's scrutiny of the paper that Balaam had thrust in his hand, Carrington began:

"Whereas, it is alleged that a murderous assault has been committed on one David Blount, of Fayetteville, by Robert Yancy, of Scratch Hill, said Blount sustaining numerous bruises and contusions, to his great injury of body and mind; and, whereas, it is further alleged that said murderous assault was wholly unprovoked and without cause, you will forthwith take into custody the person of said Yancy, of Scratch Hill, charged with having inflicted the bruises and contusions herein set forth in the complaint of said Blount, and instantly bring him into our presence to answer to these and several crimes and misdemeanors. You are empowered to seize said Yancy wherever he may be at; whether on the hillside or in the valley, eating or sleeping, or at rest."

"Fourth District, County of Cumberland, State of North Carolina. Done this twenty-fourth day of May, 1835."

"P. S.—Dear Bob: Dave Blount says he ain't able to chew his meat. I thought you'd be glad to know."

"Smilingly Carrington folded the warrant and handed it to Yancy.

"Well, what are you goin' to do about hit, Bob?" inquired Balaam.

"Maybe I'd ought to go. I'd like to oblige the squire," said Yancy.

"Suppose I come to the Cross Roads this evening?"

"That's agreeable," said the deputy, who presently departed in company with Carrington.

Some hours later the male population of Scratch Hill, with a gravity befitting the occasion, prepared itself to descend on the Cross Roads and give its support to Mr. Yancy in his hour of need. Even Uncle Sammy, who had not been off the Hill in years, announced that no consideration of fatigue would keep him away from the scene of action, and Yancy loaned him his mule and cart for the occasion.

Yancy led the straggling procession, with the boy trotting by his side, his little sunburned flat clasped in the man's great hand.

The squire's court held its infrequent sittings in the best room of the Balaam homestead, a double cabin of hewn logs. Here Scratch Hill was gratified with a view of Mr. Blount's battered visage.

"What's all this here fuss between you and Bob Yancy?" demanded the squire when he had administered the oath to Blount. Mr. Blount's statement was brief and very much to the point.

"He done give me the order from the judge of the co't—I was to show it to Bob Yancy—"

"Got that order?" demanded the squire sharply. With a smile, damaged, but clearly a smile, Blount produced the order. "Himm—appinted guarden of the boy—" the squire was presently heard to murmur. The

CHAPTER IV.

Law at Balaam's Cross Roads. But Mr. Yancy was only at the beginning of his trouble. Three days later there appeared on the borders of Scratch Hill a gentleman armed with a rifle. It was Charley Balaam, old Squire Balaam's nephew.

"Can I see you friendly, Bob Yancy?" Balaam demanded with the lungs of a stentor, sheltering himself behind the thick bole of a sweetgum, for he observed that Yancy held his rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I reckon you can, Charley Balaam, if you are friendly," said Yancy.

"I'm a-going to trust you, Bob," said Balaam. And forsaking the shelter of the sweetgum he shuffled up the slope.

"How are you, Charley?" asked Yancy, as they shook hands.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE By VAUGHAN KESTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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CHAPTER V.

The Encounter.

Betty Malroy had ridden into the squire's yard during the progress of the trial and when Yancy and Hannibal came from the house she beckoned the Scratch Hiller to her.

"You are not going to lose your nephew, are you, Mr. Yancy?" she asked eagerly, when Yancy stood at her side.

"No, ma'am." But his sense of elation was plainly tempered.

"I am very glad. I rode out to the Hill to say good-by to Hannibal and to you, but they said you were here and that the trial was today."

Captain Murrell, with Crenshaw and the squire, came from the house, and Murrell's swarthy face lit up at sight of the girl. Yancy would have yielded his place, but Betty detained him.

"Are you going away, ma'am?" he asked with concern.

"Yes—to my home in west Tennessee," and a cloud crossed her smooth brow.

"But ain't you ever coming back, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal rather fearfully.

"Oh, I hope so, dear." She turned to Yancy. "I wonder you don't leave the Hill, Mr. Yancy. You could so easily go where Mr. Bladen would never find you. Haven't you thought of this?"

"That are a pint," agreed Yancy slowly. "Might I ask you what parts you'd specially recommend?" lifting his grave eyes to hers.

"It would really be the sensible thing to do!" said Betty. "I am sure you would like west Tennessee—they say you are a great hunter." Yancy smiled almost guiltily.

"Mr. Yancy, if you should cross the mountains, remember I live near Memphis. Belle Plain is the name of the plantation—it's not hard to find; just don't forget—Belle Plain."

"I won't forget, and mebbe you will see us there one of these days. Sho', I've seen mighty little of the world—about as far as a dog can trot in a couple of hours!"

Betty glanced toward the squire and Mr. Crenshaw. They were standing near the bars that gave entrance to the lane. Murrell had left them and was walking briskly down the road toward Crenshaw's store, where his horse was tied. She bent down and gave Yancy her slim white hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Yancy—lift Hannibal so that I can kiss him!" Yancy swung the child aloft. "I think you are such a nice little boy, Hannibal—you

ton," commanded Uncle Sammy. At the name both Yancy and Balaam manifested interest. They saw a man in the early twenties, clean-limbed and broad-shouldered, with a handsome face and shapely head.

"Yes, sir, hit's a grandson of Tom Carrington that used to own the grist-mill down at the Forks."

"Where you located at, Mr. Carrington?" asked Yancy. But Carrington was not given a chance to reply. Uncle Sammy saved him the trouble.

"Back in Kentucky. He takes rafts down the river to New Orleans, then he comes back on ships to Baltimore, or else he hooofs it no'th overland. He wants to visit the Forks," he added.

"I'm shortly goin' that way myself, Mr. Carrington, and I'll be pleased of your company—but first I got to get through with Bob Yancy," said Balaam, and again he produced the warrant.

"If agreeable to you, Bob, I'll ask Uncle Sammy to read this here warrant."

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Markswomanship. "I am afraid those militant suffragettes are going to give us serious trouble," said one London policeman. "They mean business." "Why do you think so?" inquired the other. "A lot of them have quit giving parades and making speeches and are practicing with quoits and baseballs." Faint Hearts and Fair Ladies. Frost—And the beautiful blonde married that rich old duffer simply because he had valvular trouble. Snow—Yet still some people say faint heart never won fair lady.

TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT AND MEDICINE FREE no matter what your disease. If you suffer from Rheumatism, write. If you suffer from Kidney Trouble, write. No matter what you suffer from, write to MUNYON'S DOCTORS 834 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. NOT A PENNY TO PAY Offer Is Good for the Next Thirty Days

Women From Forty-Five to Fifty Are Much Benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The "change of life" is a most critical period in a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, she may be predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of some organ. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared to meet the needs of women's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

Marie Tempest's Nose. At the Lenten musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria a young matron related a bon-mot of Marie Tempest's.

"Miss Tempest's nose is frightfully pug, isn't it?" she began. "Well, I met her at a tea once, and she joked about her nose as if it belonged to someone else."

"When the Creator," she said, "was looking for a nose for me he took, you see, the first one that turned up."

Great System. "This winter air is nice and fresh," said the brisk citizen.

"That's where you are wrong," replied the man from Chicago. "It's the same old air; it only seems fresh because it has been in cold storage."

Since it is worth while to be well, take Garfield Tea, Nature's Medicine.

Always remember to be a gentleman—unless you are a woman.



Mrs. Estella Gillispie

ONE CASE OUT OF MANY TO PROVE OUR CLAIMS.

St. Anne, Ill.—"I was passing through the change of life and I was a perfect wreck from female troubles. I had a displacement and bearing down pains, weak fainting spells, dizziness, then numb and cold feelings. Sometimes my feet and limbs were swollen. I was irregular and had so much backache and headache, was nervous, irritable and was despondent. Sometimes my appetite was good but more often it was not. My kidneys troubled me at times and I could walk only a short distance."

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I was helped from the first. At the end of two months the swelling had gone down, I was relieved of pain, and could walk with ease. I continued with the medicine and now I do almost all my housework. I know your medicine has saved me from the grave and I am willing for you to publish anything I write to you, for the good of others."—Mrs. ESTELLA GILLISPIE, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 34, St. Anne, Illinois.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES In great variety for sale at the lowest price by WESTERN NEWS-PRINTING CO., 511 W. Adams St., Chicago

A BLOOD MEDICINE WITHOUT ALCOHOL.

Recently it has been definitely proven by experiments on animals that alcohol lowers the germicidal power of the body and that alcohol paralyzes the white corpuscles of the blood and renders them unable to take up and destroy disease germs. Disease germs cause the death of over one-half of the human race. A blood medicine, made entirely without alcohol, which is a pure glyceric extract of roots, such as Bloodroot, Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Mandrake and Stone root, has been extensively sold by druggists for the past forty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an ALTERNATIVE EXTRACT of roots, without a particle of alcohol or narcotic.

"It is with the greatest of pleasure, that I write to let you know of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines and self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Wm. Harvey, of LadySmith, B.C. "I suffered for three years from a running sore. Consulted four doctors but they failed to mend or give relief. Finally I was told I was in consumption and would have to consult a specialist concerning my ear, that the doctor advised me to write to Dr. Pierce, which I did, and after seven months use of the treatment the sore is healed, and I enjoy better health than I ever did. I dragged the wound with Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve and took the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets for my troubles. I shall always recommend your medicines."



Mrs. Harvey. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for Liver and Bowels.



He Had Not Long to Wait, for Presently