



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



BRIEF NEWS OF NEBRASKA

Mrs. A. L. Baker, assistant postmistress at Murray, fell over a mail sack and broke her arm.

Fremont has been chosen as the next meeting place of the state association of commercial clubs.

While making repairs on a windmill near Douglas, S. H. Carpenter got caught in the gear, jerking his thumb off.

Someone with an unpenchantable thirst broke into a warehouse at Plattsmouth and carried away fifteen cases of beer.

Nebraska Wesleyan defeated the University of Omaha Tuesday evening in the first annual debate at University Place.

Andrew B. Huckins, of Nebraska City, well known throughout the country as a temperance evangelist, died suddenly in St. Louis.

Rev. Canon Burgess, for thirty-eight years rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church at Plattsmouth, has resigned on account of ill health.

The chautauqua at Wisner is scheduled to meet in that city on July 25, the week before the circuit race meet at West Point.

Oscar Severson of Hamilton county, who was hit on the head by a flying timber during the recent storm, is dead from injuries received.

Dan V. Stephens has resigned as a member of the board of education of Fremont and James A. Donahue has been elected to fill the vacancy.

Wilbur F. Bryant has been appointed county judge at Hartington, in place of M. H. Dodge, who has been confined to his bed for six months.

Directors of the Fremont fire department have fixed May 23 as the date for the annual banquet and dance of the members and their families and friends.

Extensive preparations are being made by the committees in charge to make the G. A. R. reunion at Beatrice one of the most interesting ever held in the state.

The new science hall of the state normal at Wayne is completed and will be in use during the summer term. It will be formally dedicated July 2 by Governor Aldrich.

Fremont's dog show, which opened Wednesday, with 308 entries, will rank on a par with those of Omaha and Denver in points of size, and ahead of the Sioux City and Des Moines shows.

Harry Hogbohn, aged 35, a bill poster in the employ of a circus, fell from his scaffolding while at work at North Platte and sustained injuries from which he died at the county hospital.

William Volk was drowned in the Platte river near Cullom Sunday morning and his body was recovered an hour later. He was fishing and got beyond his depth while seeking for bait.

The explosion of an incubator lamp in the chicken house on the Merrick county poor farm resulted in the burning up of two brooders and a chicken house with about 150 little chicks and 150 old chickens.

The boy scouts' athletic exhibition, given at the opera house at Bancroft, is said to have been one of the best entertainments ever given there, and many of the "stunts" would have done credit to a professional.

The village of Dodge has voted bonds for a new modern school house, which will be erected during the summer and be ready for occupancy in the fall. The structure, exclusive of the site, will cost \$23,000.

It has now been definitely decided that the corner stone of Merrick county's new \$90,000 court house at Central City will be laid on May 22, and that the ceremonies attending the event will be in charge of members of the Masonic order.

The largest mortgage ever recorded in Gage county was filed in the register of deeds' office at Beatrice by the Equitable Trust company of New York City. It was for \$200,000,000 and covers the entire property of the Union Pacific railway company.

One of the first big conventions this summer will be that of the Nebraska State Postmasters' association, which meets at Lincoln June 11, 12 and 13. Postmasters from all over the state will be in attendance and the largest attendance in years is expected.

A movement is being made to extend the corporate limits of Union, which, if carried out, will materially improve the condition of the village. Many improvements are under way, such as new cement walks and crossings, grading streets and keeping them floated and dragged following each rain.

Edward N. Ritchey, a student at the state normal school of Kearney, was successful in receiving an appointment to the insular school service of the Philippine islands, and is on his way to report for duty.

Teams of six men each, representing Omaha and Lincoln, will play checkers at Lincoln May 30 to determine the inter-city checker championship. Each player will contest in two games with each member of the opposing aggregation, a total of seventy-two games.

From 1,000 to 1,500 of the school children of Lincoln are to take part in the annual play festival to be held the afternoon of May 16 at Antelope ball park. In a program made up of a may pole dance, folk dances and out-of-door sports, every school in the city will be represented.

Sheriff Hyers of Lancaster county, who, with Chief of Police Briggs of South Omaha, is charged with manslaughter in connection with the killing of Roy Blunt, a young farmer of Sarpy county, March 18, last, will ask for a change of venue, alleging prejudice and inability to get a fair trial.

Get This FREE Book Before You Decorate

It shows 20 pretty rooms in modern homes and how to get the very latest designs for your home. We will send you FREE color plans made by expert designers for any rooms you want to decorate.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

Is more fashionable than wall paper or paint and easier to use. It is too refined and exquisite in color to compare with any kind of kaolin. Goes further on the walls, does not chip, peel or rub off, lasts far longer. 15 Beautiful Tints. Comes all ready to mix with cold water and put on. Easiest to use—full directions on every package. Full 4-1/2 pt. White. \$1.00 Regular Tint, 50c.

Get the FREE Book of 20 Beautiful Rooms

Write today.

Alabastine Company
57 Greenleaf Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
New York City, Box 7, 165 Water Street

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 Haiden, 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 Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blunt, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blunt, 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. 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 rescues Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

"We don't want to get there too early," explained the judge, as they quitted the cabin. "We want to miss the work, but be on hand for the celebration."

"I suppose we may confidently look to you to favor us with a few eloquent words," said Mr. Mahaffy, the judge.

"And why not, Solomon?" asked the opportunity he craved was not denied him. The crowd was like most southwestern crowds of the period, and no sooner did the judge appear than there were clamorous demands for a speech. He cast a glance of triumph at Mahaffy, and nimbly mounted a convenient stump. He extolled the climate of middle Tennessee, the unsurpassed fertility of the soil; he touched on the future that awaited Pleasantville; he apostrophized the jail.

Presently the crowd drifted away in the direction of the tavern. Hannibal meantime had gone down to the river. He haunted his banks as though he expected to see his Uncle Bob appear any moment. The judge and Mahaffy had mingled with the others in the hope of free drinks, but in this hope there lurked the germ of a bitter disappointment. After a period of mental anguish Mahaffy parted with his last stray coin, and while his flask was being filled the judge indulged in certain winsome gallantries with the fat landlady.

"La, Judge Price, how you do run on!" she said with a coquettish toss of her curls.

"That's the charm of you, ma'am," said the judge. He leaned across the bar and, sinking his voice to a husky whisper, asked: "Would it be perfectly convenient for you to extend me a limited credit?"

"Now, Judge Price, you know a heap better than to ask me that!" she answered, shaking her head.

"No offense, ma'am," said the judge, hiding his disappointment, and with Mahaffy he quitted the bar.

The sudden noisy clamor of many voices, high-pitched and excited, floated out to them under the hot sky. "Wonder—" began the judge, and paused as he saw the crowd stream into the road before the tavern. Then a cloud of dust enveloped it, a cloud of dust that came from the tramping of many pairs of feet, and that swept toward them, thick and impenetrable, and no higher than a tall man's head in the lifeless air. "Wonder if we missed anything?" continued the judge, finishing what he had started to say.



CHAPTER IX.

The Family on the Raft.

That would unquestionably have been the end of Bob Yancy when he was shot out into the muddy waters of the Elk river, had not Mr. Richard Keppel Cavendish, variously known as Long-Legged Dick, and Chills-and-Fever Cavendish, of Lincoln county, in the state of Tennessee, some months previously and after unprecedented mental effort on his part, decided that Lincoln county was no place for him.

Mr. Cavendish's paternal grandparent had drifted down the Holston and Tennessee; and Mr. Cavendish's father, in his son's youth, had poled up the Elk. Mr. Cavendish now determined to float down the Elk to its juncture with the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, and if need be, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, until he found some spot exactly suited to his taste.

With this end in view he had toiled through the late winter and early spring, building himself a raft on which to transport his few belongings and his numerous family.

Thus it happened that as Murrell and Slocum were dragging Yancy down the lane, Cavendish was just rounding a bend in the Elk, a quarter of a mile distant. Leaning loosely against the long handle of his sweep, he was watching the lane of bright water that ran between the black shadows cast by the trees on either bank.

He heard a dull splash, and caught sight of some object in the eddy that swept alongside. Mr. Cavendish promptly detached himself from the handle of the sweep and ran to the edge of the raft.

It was a face, livid and blood-streaked. Dropping on his knees he reached out a pair of long arms and made a dexterous grab, and his fingers closed on the collar of Yancy's shirt. He drew Yancy close alongside, and pulled him clear of the water. Mr. Cavendish began a hurried examination of the still figure.

"There's a little life here—not much, Polly!" he called.

This brought Mrs. Cavendish from one of the two cabins that occupied the center of the raft. When she caught sight of Yancy she uttered a shriek.

Her cry had aroused the other denizens of the raft. Six little Cavendishes, each draped in a single garment, tumbled forth from their shelter.

"I reckon we'd better lift him on to one of the beds—get his wet clothes off and wrap him up warm," said Polly.

"Oh, put him in our bed!" cried all the little Cavendishes.

And Yancy was borne into the smaller of the two shanties, where presently his bandaged head rested on the long pillow. Then his wet clothes were hung up to dry along with the family wash.

"I want my money!" shrieked the landlady. "Good money—not this worthless trash!" she shook a bill under his nose. The judge recognized it as the one of which he had deposited Hannibal.

"You have been caught passing counterfeit," said the sheriff. A light broke on the judge, a light that stunned and dazzled.

"I can explain—"

"Speak to them, Solomon—you know how I came by the money!" cried the judge, clutching his friend by the arm. Mahaffy opened his thin lips, but the crowd drowned his voice in a roar.

A tall fellow shook a long finger under Mahaffy's nose.

"You scound!"

Mr. Mahaffy seemed to hesitate. Some one gave him a shove and he staggered forward a step. Before he could recover himself the shove was repeated.

"Lope on out of here!" yelled the tall fellow. Mahaffy was hurried toward the road. Twenty men were in chase behind him. Then the woods closed about him. His long legs, working tirelessly, carried him over fallen logs and through tangled thickets, the voices behind him growing more and more distant as he ran.

The sheriff had brought the judge's supper. He reported that the crowd was dispersing, and that on the whole public sentiment was not particularly hostile; indeed, he went so far as to say there existed a strong undercurrent of satisfaction that the jail should have so speedily justified itself.

Presently the sheriff went his way into the dusk of the evening, and night came swiftly to fellowship the judge's fears. A single moonbeam found its way into the place, making a thin rift in the darkness. The judge sat down on the three-legged stool, which, with a shake-down bed, furnished the jail.

Where was Solomon Mahaffy, and where Hannibal? He felt that Mahaffy could fend for himself, but he experienced a moment of genuine concern when he thought of the child. Then—there was a scarcely audible rustle on the margin of the woods, a dry branch snapped loudly. Next a stealthy step sounded in the clearing. The judge had an agonized vision of regulators and lynchers. The cautious steps continued to approach. A whisper stole into the jail.

"Are you awake, Price?" it was Mahaffy who spoke.

"God bless you, Solomon Mahaffy!" cried the judge unsteadily.

"I've got the boy—he's with me," said Mahaffy.

"God bless you both!" repeated the judge brokenly. "Take care of him, Solomon. I feel better now, knowing he's in good hands."

"Please, Judge—" It was Hannibal. "Yes, dear lad?"

"I'm mighty sorry that ten dollars I loaned you was bad—but you don't need ever to pay it back! It were Captain Murrell gave it to me."

"I consecrate myself to his destruction! Judge Slocum Price cannot be humiliated with impunity!"

"I should think you would save your wind, Price, until you'd waddled out of danger!" Mahaffy spoke gruffly.

"How are you going to get me out of this, Solomon—for I suppose you are here to break jail for me," said the judge.

"Well, Price, I guess all we can do is to go back to town and see if I can get into my cabin—I've got an old saw there. If I can find it, I can come again tomorrow night and cut away one of the logs, or the cleats of the door."

"In heaven's name, do that tonight, Solomon!" implored the judge. "Why procrastinate?"

"Price, there's a pack of dogs in this neighborhood, and we must have a full night to move in, or they'll pull us down before we've gone ten miles."

"You're right, Solomon; I'd forgotten the dogs."

Mahaffy closed and fastened the shutters, then he and Hannibal stole across the clearing and entered the woods. The judge went to bed. He was aroused by the arrival of his breakfast, which the sheriff brought about eight o'clock.

"Well, if I was in your boots I couldn't sleep like you!" remarked that official admiringly. "But I reckon, sir, this ain't the first time the penitentiary has stared you in the face."

It was nearing the noon hour when the judge's solitude was again invaded. He first heard the distant murmur of voices on the road and passed an uneasy and restless ten minutes, with his eye to a crack in the door. He was soothed and reassured, however, when at last he caught sight of the sheriff.

"Well, judge, I got company for you," cried the sheriff cheerfully, as he threw open the door. "A horse-thief!"

He pushed into the building a man, hatless and coatless, with a pair of pale villainous eyes and a tobacco-stained chin. The judge viewed the newcomer with disfavor. As for the horse-thief, he gave his companion in misery a coldly critical stare, seated himself on the stool, and with quite a fierce air devoted all his energy to mastication. He neither altered his position nor changed his expression until he and the judge were alone, then, catching the judge's eye, he made what seemed a casual movement with his hand, the three fingers raised; but to the judge this clearly was without significance, and the horse-thief manifested no further interest where he was concerned. He did not even condescend to answer the one or two civil remarks the judge addressed to him.

As the long afternoon wore itself away, the judge lived through the many stages of doubt and uncertainty, for suppose anything had happened to Mahaffy!

Standing before the window, the judge watched the last vestige of light fade from the sky and the stars appear. Would Mahaffy come? The suspense was intolerable. Suddenly out of the silence sounded a long-drawn whistle. Three times it was repeated. The horse-thief leaped to his feet.

"Neighbor, that means me!" he cried.

The moon was rising now, and by its light the judge saw a number of horsemen appear on the edge of the woods. They entered the clearing, picking their way among the stumps without haste or confusion. When quite close, five of the band dismounted; the rest continued on about the jail or cantered off toward the road.

"Look out inside, there!" cried a voice, and a log was dashed against the door; once—twice—it rose and fell on the clapboards, and under those mighty thuds grew up a wide gap through which the moonlight streamed splendidly. The horse-thief stepped between the dangling cleats and vanished.

The judge tossed away the stool. He understood now. With a confident, not to say jaunty step, the judge emerged from the jail.

"Your servant, gentlemen!" he said, lifting his hat.

"Git!" said one of the men bravely, and the judge moved nimbly away toward the woods.

Now to find Solomon and the boy, and then to put the miles between himself and Pleasantville with all diligence. As he thought this, almost at his elbow Mahaffy and Hannibal rose from behind a fallen log. The Yankee motioned for silence and pointed west.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The dyspeptic should choose carefully what he chews carefully.

Garfield Tea is unequalled either as an occasional or a daily laxative.

A friend in word is not always a friend in deed.

We all admire a man who says just what he thinks—about other people.

Rather Disinterested.

"Let me take your sister apart."

"Don't. She is all broken up, as it is."

Needed It.

The Star—I must have real food in "the banquet scene" tonight.

Hard-Pressed Manager—Why?

The Star—Because I'm hungry.

A Candid Man.

"Are you looking for work?"

"No, sir; I'm looking for money, but I'm willing to work because that's the only way I can get it."

New York Journalists.

"Here's a man who claims to understand birds."

"Well?"

"Can't we feature it?"

"We might," replied the editor of the New York paper, "if it were played up properly. Send him out to get an interview with the first robin, and let's see what he makes of it."

Her Little Ring.

Mary had a little ring; 'twas given by her beau; and everywhere that Mary went that ring was sure to go. She took the ring with her one day, when she went out to tea, where she might display it to the girls, who numbered twenty-three.

And when the girls all saw that ring, they made a great ado, exclaiming, with one voice: "Has it at last got around to you?"

On, Learned Judge.

A California judge decided that there is no judicial authority to keep a man from making love to his wife, although it could stop his beating her. The remarkable cause of this remarkable decision was that a woman in Los Angeles had applied for an injunction to restrain her husband from insisting on being attentive to her. This judge was not a Solomon, but he realized that only a Solomon could be trusted to rule upon the whims and inconsistencies of womankind.

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)"

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color."

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pks.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.