



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation in the State of Georgia. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Cronshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious friend of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris, who was the son of the Quintards, and how he came to be the owner of the plantation. He then tells how he came to be the owner of the plantation. He then tells how he came to be the owner of the plantation.

"We know no more than this morning," said Mahaffy. "You are mixing up all sorts of side issues with what should be your real purpose."
"Not at all, Solomon—not at all! I look upon my grandson's speedy recovery as an assured fact. Fentress dare not hold him. He knows he is run to earth at last."
"Price—"
"No, Solomon—no, my friend, we will not speak of it again. You will go back to Belle Plain with Yancy and Cavendish; you must represent me there. We have as good as found Hannibal, but we must be active in Miss Malroy's behalf. For us that has an important bearing on the future, and since I cannot, you must be at Belle Plain when Carrington arrives with his pack of dogs. Give him the advantage of your sound and mature judgment, Solomon; don't let any false modesty keep you in the background."
"Who's going to second you?" snapped Mahaffy.
The judge was a picture of indifference.
"It will be quite informal, the code is scarcely applicable; I merely intend to remove him because he is not fit to live."
"At sun-up!" muttered Mahaffy.
"I intend to start one day right even if I never live to begin another," said the judge, a sudden fierce light flashing from his eyes. "I feel that this is the turning point in my career, Solomon!" he went on. "The beginning of great things! But I shall take no chances with the future; I shall prepare for every possible contingency. I am going to make you and Yancy my grandson's guardians. There's a hundred thousand acres of land hereabout that must come to him. I shall outline in writing the legal steps to be taken to substantiate his claims. Also he will inherit largely from me at my death."
Something very like laughter escaped from Mahaffy's lips.
"There you go, Solomon, with your inopportune mirth! What in God's name have I if I haven't hope? Take

grandson shall! He shall wear velvet and a lace collar and ride his pony yet, by God, as a gentleman's grandson should!"
"It sounds well, Price, but where's the money coming from to push a lawsuit?"
The judge waved this aside.
"The means will be found, Solomon. Our horizon is lifting—I can see it lift! Don't drag me back from the portal of hope! We'll drink the stuff that comes across the water; that from me and what would I be? Why, the very fate I have been fighting off with tooth and nail would overwhelm me. I'd sink into unimportance—my unparalleled misfortunes would degrade me to a level with the commonest! No, sir, I've never been without hope, and though I've fallen I've always got up. What Fentress has is based on money he stole from me. By God, the days of his profit-taking are at an end! I am going to strip him. And even if I

don't live to enjoy what's mine, my I'll warm the cockles of your heart with imported brandy. I carry twenty years' hunger and thirst under my we-coat, and I'll feed and drink like a gentleman yet!" The judge smacked his lips in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and dropping down before the table which served him as a desk, seized a pen.
"It's good enough to think about, Price," admitted Mahaffy grudgingly.
"It's better to do; and if anything happens to me the papers I am going to leave will tell you how it's to be done. Man, there's a million of money in sight, and we've got to get it and spend it and enjoy it! None of your swinish thrift for me, but life on a big scale—company, and feasting, and refined surroundings!"
"And you are going to meet Fentress in the morning?" asked Mahaffy.
"I suppose there's no way of avoiding that?"
"Avoiding it?" almost shouted the judge. "For what have I been living? I shall meet him, let the consequences be what they may. Tonight when I have reduced certain facts to writing I shall join you at Belle Plain. The strange and melancholy history of my life I shall place in your hands for safe keeping. In the morning I can be driven back to Boggs."
"And you will go there without a second?"
"If necessary; yes."
"I declare, Price, you are hardly fitted to be at large! Why, you act as if you were tired of life! There's Yancy—there's Cavendish!"
The judge gave him an indulgent but superior smile.
"Two very worthy men, but I go to Boggs attended by a gentleman or I go there alone. I am aware of your prejudices, Solomon; otherwise I might ask this favor of you."
Mr. Mahaffy snorted loudly and turned to the door, for Yancy and Cavendish were now approaching the house, the latter with a meal sack slung over his shoulder.
"Here, Solomon, take one of my pistols," urged the judge hastily. Tom's stammering speech, he was

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"You swear you'll do your part?" he said thickly. He took his purse from his pocket and counted out the amount due Hicks. He named the total, and paused irresolutely.
"Don't you want the fire lighted?" asked Hicks. He was familiar with his employer's vacillating moods.
"Yes," answered Ware, his lips quivering; and slowly, with shaking fingers, he added to the pile of bills in Hicks' hand.
"Well, take care of yourself," said Hicks, when the count was complete. He thrust the roll of bills into his pocket and moved to the door.
Alone again, the planter collapsed into his chair, breathing heavily, but his terrors swept over him and left him with a savage sense of triumph. This passed; he sprang up, intending to recall Hicks and unmake his bargain. What had he been thinking of—safety lay only in flight! Before he reached the door his greed was in the ascendant. He dropped down on the edge of his bed, his eyes fixed on the window. The sun sank lower. From where he sat he saw it through the upper half of the sash, blood-red and livid in a mist of fleecy clouds.
It was in the tops of the old oaks now, which sent their shadows into his room. Again maddened by his terrors, he started and backed toward the door; but again his greed, the one dominating influence of his life, vanquished him.
He watched the sun sink. He watched the red splendor fade over the river; he saw the first stars appear. He told himself that Hicks would soon be gone—if the fire was not to be lighted he must act at once! He stole to the window. It was dusk now, yet he could distinguish the distant wooded boundaries of the great fields framed by the darkening sky. Then in the silence he heard the thud of hoofs.



"It Will Be Quite Informal, the Code is Scarcely Applicable."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Judge Names His Second.
"Price—" began Mahaffy. They were back in Raleigh in the room the judge called his office, and this was Mahaffy's first opportunity to ease his mind on the subject of the duel, as they had only just parted from Yancy and Cavendish, who had stopped at one of the stores to make certain purchases for the raft.
"Not a word, Solomon—it had to come. I am going to kill him. I shall feel better then."
"What if he kills you?" demanded Mahaffy harshly. The judge shrugged his shoulders.
"That is as it may be."
"Have you forgotten your grandson?" Mahaffy's voice was still harsh and rasping.
"I regard my meeting with Fentress as nothing less than a sacred duty to him."

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still seeing his ghastly face, and he had come upon him with startling suddenness. He had chanced to look back over his shoulder and when he faced about there had been the planter within a hundred yards of him.
Presently Carrington's glance ceased to follow the windings of the path. He stared down at the gray dust and saw the trail left by Hues and his "You may need it at Belle Plain. Good by, and God bless you!"
CHAPTER XXVII.
Bess Leads to Betty.
Just where he had parted from Ware, Carrington sat his horse, his brow knit and his eyes turned in the direction of the path. He was on his way to a plantation below Birchard, the owner of which had recently imported a pack of bloodhounds; but this unexpected encounter with Ware had affected him strangely. He still heard party. For a moment he hesitated;

OLD RELICS FOUND

Glimpses of Early Life in Egypt Are Unearthed.

Remarkable Discoveries Made by Prof. Edouard Naville at Abydos and Its Neighborhood—One of Richest Sites in Old World.

Cairo, Egypt.—Fascinating glimpses of early Egyptian life were revealed at an exhibition recently held in London. The exhibits, which were the result of the season's work of the Egypt exploration fund, under the direction of the great Egyptologist, Prof. Edouard Naville, at Abydos and its neighborhood, included some excellently preserved mummies, early implements and carvings, and some grotesque vases not unlike English Toby jugs. In the great Temple of Osiris, a carving was found depicting the Pharaoh of the Exodus playing draughts.

Abydos is one of the richest sites in Egypt, and many explorers have reaped a rich harvest from its temples and tombs, but the work of this expedition seemed to prove that much remains to be done before the whole story of Osiris is revealed. On one table were displayed objects obtained from a prehistoric village, the remains of which were found a little to the west of the great Temple of Osiris. Hitherto the archaeologist has been dependent on objects obtained from the graves of the prehistoric age, but in this case the relics of this ancient life were found on the site of a hut village. They include the long, flat stones and corn rubbers which were used to grind the wheat or durrah for bread, sword spindle-whorls, bone needles, horn borers, and hairpins, and some slate palettes for rubbing eye paint. Fruit knives, saws, and scrapers showed signs of use, and gave all the appearance of being in the same condition in which they had been left by their original owners.

These primitive men were no mean artists, as the impression of a cylin-



The Domestic Furniture of 5000 B. C., Dinner Trays and a Water Dipper.

der seal on clay, representing a procession of animals, notably an elephant and birds and a small clay figure of a dog, eloquently testified. The settlement belonged to the late Neolithic age, but some objects of pure copper, not bronze, were found—a ring-chisel and some fish hooks. An important find in this ancient village was a furnace or kiln used for banking the hand-made pottery, of which a model was exhibited, the original having been retained at Cairo.

One of the most important of the works achieved by the expedition was the excavation of the Osireion, or temple of Osiris. This was a great subterranean temple consisting of a passage some three hundred feet long leading to halls and chambers. The temple was the work of Set II., or Merophtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

The walls of the passage are covered with sepulchral stones and inscriptions describing the passage of the dread king through the gates of the Underworld. In one scene the king is represented playing draughts with pieces in the form of animals. The construction of this subterranean shrine is very fine. The walls of the chamber are of the finest limestone, covered with beautifully cut inscriptions. No royal body was found in the tomb, but there is little doubt that it rested there for a time until removed to the tombs of the kings at Thebes, where it was found a few years ago.

ENDS A MOTION PHOTO FIGHT

Montclair, N. J., Lets Amusement Concerns In After a Debate of Two Years.

Montclair, N. J.—After debating the subject more than two years, the town council has decided to grant a license for a moving-picture show in Montclair. The applicant will spend \$100,000 on his building and plant and will pay a fee of \$1,000 a year. No vaudeville performances will be allowed under his license. For the past two years Montclair has enjoyed the unique honor of being the only city of its size in the country with no moving pictures.

More Women Use Alcohol.
London.—According to a report made to the Eugenics Congress by Dr. Magnan, chief of the Paris insanity bureau, alcoholism among women is increasing yearly.

One way to become popular is to let other people impose on you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

There isn't much doing in the self-love line when a man loves himself as he does his neighbors.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES.
Cole's Carbolic Soap stops itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

After Dark.
"Honest as the day is long, eh?"
"Absolutely. But you'd better keep your chicken coop locked."

The woman who cares for a clean, wholesome mouth, and sweet breath, will find Paxtine Antiseptic a joy forever. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Easy.
"I put the wrong couples together at that dinner and I don't know what to do about my mistake."
"Why, re-pair them."

Cause of the Delay.
"Strange those two nations do not declare war."
"They are haggling about what percentage each is to get of the moving picture receipts."

Sounds So.
"How oddly that man cleaning the machinery talks."
"How do you mean?"
"I heard him telling his helper to save the waste."

A Diagnosis.
"What's the matter with your husband, Mrs. Mixey?"
"The doctor says he's got a bad attack of ammonia."
"Then I guess it's apt to be fatal, for it's bound to take his breath."

Opening Up Lhasa.
Lhasa, which is the capital of Tibet for generations was known as the Forbidden City, because of its political and religious exclusiveness. In 1904 a British armed expedition opened the mysterious old city. Previous to that time practically every European traveler had been stopped in his efforts to reach the place. The population of Lhasa is about 35,000.

Sparrow Sets House Ablaze.
An English sparrow was the cause of three houses catching fire at Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently, and had it not been for the prompt work of the neighbors and friends all would have been destroyed. The sparrow was building a nest under the eaves of the home of Mrs. Mary Webber, and it picked up a long cotton string from a pile of rubbish that had just been burned. With the burning string in its beak, the sparrow flew to the roof of Mrs. Sophia Shafer's house, then to Otto McCright's house and then to the roof of Emanuel Wuest's home, where it dropped the burning string. A fire started in the shingles of each building. Each was extinguished by neighbors before much damage was done.

Everybody in Hard Luck.
Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman, who was waiting for the tram, and tapping him lightly on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you drop a five-pound note?" at the same time holding out in his hand the article.

The gentleman questioned gazed a moment at the note, assumed an anxious look, made a hasty search of his pockets, and said: "Why, so I did, and I hadn't missed it," holding out an eager hand.

The elderly hunter took the name and address of the loser and, putting the note in his pocket, turned away. "Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"
"Oh, I did not find one," remarked the benevolent one with another beam; "but it struck me that in a big place like London there must be a quantity of money lost, and upon inquiry I found that you are the one hundred and thirty-first man who lost a five-pound note this morning."—London Answers.

A Large Package
Of Enjoyment—
Post Toasties
Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.
Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—
A flavour that appeals to young and old.
"The Memory Lingers"
Sold by Grocers.
Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.