



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPT. 29.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life."—John 6:63.

A HIDDEN DANGER

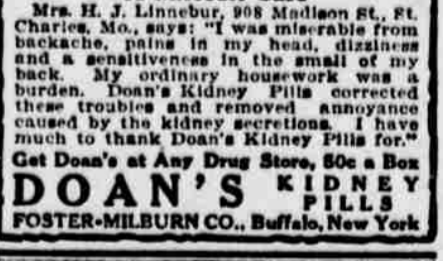
It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

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A Missouri Case
Mrs. H. J. Linnebur, 208 Madison St., St. Charles, Mo., says: "I was miserable from backache, pains in my head, dizziness and a sensitiveness in the small of my back. My ordinary housework was a burden. Doan's Kidney Pills corrected these troubles and removed annoying causes by the kidney secretions. I have much to thank Doan's Kidney Pills for." Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50¢ a Box.

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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 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 son of the Quintards, and that of the owners, 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 Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy, seizes 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 Murrell, 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 Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Bloum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old-time friend. Murrell 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. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charles 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 Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and consoles her as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Beas Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger, and convinces her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, way her carriage it stopped by Bloum. Price, acts on Beas' advice, and orders the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Yancy, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted. Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Ferris, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his bubble bursts. The Judge and Mahaffy discuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hannibal, and a fierce gun fight follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue. Bruce Carrington and Betty come to an understanding.

ably it was no more than some cheerless obligation to be met, or Mahaffy would not have been so concerned about it. Eventually he decided to refer everything to Mahaffy. He spoke his friend's name weakly and in a shaking voice, but received no answer.

"Solomon!" he repeated, and shifting his position, looked in what should have been the direction of the shake-down bed nor Mahaffy were there. The Judge gasped—he wondered if this were not a premonition of certain hallucinations to which he was not a stranger. Then all in a flash he remembered Pentress and the meeting at Boggs', something of how the evening had been spent, and a spasm of regret shook him.

"I had other things to think of. This must never happen again!" he told himself remorsefully.

He was wide-awake now. Doubtless Pegloe had put him to bed. Well, that had been thoughtful of Pegloe—he would not forget him—the City Tavern should continue to enjoy his patronage. It would be something for Pegloe to boast of that Judge Bloum Price. He turned to the raft. Judge Price had been there when in Raleigh. Feeling that he had already conferred wealth and distinction on the fortunate Pegloe, the Judge thrust his fat legs over the side of his bed and stood erect. Stooping he reached for his clothes. He confidently expected to find them on the floor, but his hand merely swept an uncarpeted waste. The Judge was profoundly astonished.

"Maybe I've got 'em on. I don't recall taking them off!" he thought hopefully. He moved uncertainly in the direction of the window, where the light showed him his own bare extremities. He reverted to his original idea that his clothes were scattered about the floor.

He was beginning to experience a great sense of haste; it was two miles to Boggs' and Pentress would be there at sun-up. Finally he abandoned his

quest of despair. He armed himself with a three-legged stool he had found and turned once more to the door, but the stout planks stood firm under his blows.

"Unless I get out of here in time I'm a ruined man!" thought the Judge. "After this Pentress will refuse to meet me!"

The window next engaged his attention. That, too, Pegloe had taken the precaution to fasten, but a single savage blow of the stool shattered glass and sash and left an empty space that framed the dawn's red glow. The Judge looked out and shook his head dubiously. It was twelve feet or more to the ground, a risky drop for a gentleman of his years and build. The Judge considered making a rope of his bedding and lowering himself to the ground by means of it; he remembered to have read of captives in that interesting French prison, the Bastille, who did this. However, an equally ingenious but much more simple use for his bedding occurred to him; it would form a soft and yielding substance on which to alight. He gathered it up into his arms, feather-tick and all, and pushed it through the window, then he wriggled out across the ledge, feet first, and lowering himself to the full length of his arms, dropped.

He landed squarely on the rolled-up bed with a jar that shook him to his center. Almost gaily he snatched up a quilt, draping it about him after the manner of a Roman toga, and thus lightly habited, started across Mr. Pegloe's truck-patch, his one thought Boggs' and the sun. It would have served no purpose to have gone home, since his entire wardrobe, except for the shirt on his back, was in the tavern-keeper's possession, besides he had not a moment to lose, for the sun was peeping at him over the horizon.

Unobserved he gained the edge of the town and the highroad that led past Boggs' and stole a fearful glance over his shoulder. The sun was clear of the treetops, he could even feel the

he would have preferred to remain in Raleigh in attendance upon Judge Price. Intimately acquainted with the Judge's mental processes, he could follow all the devious workings of that magnificent mind; he could fathom the simply hellish ingenuity he was capable of putting forth to accomplish temporary benefits. Permitting his thoughts to dwell upon the mingled strength and weakness which was so curiously blended in Bloum Price's character, he had horrid visions of that great soul, freed from the trammels of restraint, confiding his melancholy history to Mr. Pegloe in the hope of bolstering his fallen credit at the City Tavern.

Always where the Judge was concerned he fluctuated between extremes of doubt and confidence. He felt that under the urgent spur of occasion his friend could rise to any emergency, while a sustained activity made demands which he could not satisfy; then his efforts were discounted by his insane desire to realize at once on his opportunities; in his haste he was for ever plucking unripe fruit; and though he might keep one eye on the main chance the other was fixed just as resolutely on the nearest tavern.

With the great stake which fate had suddenly introduced into their losing game, he wished earnestly to believe that the Judge would stay quietly in his office and complete the task he had set himself; that with this off his hands the promise of excitement at Belle Plain would compel his presence there, when he would pass somewhat under the restraining influence which he was determined to exert; in short, to Solomon, life embraced just the one vital consideration, which was to maintain the Judge in a state of sobriety until after his meeting with Pentress.

The purple of twilight was stealing over the land when he and his two companions reached Belle Plain. They learned that Tom Ware had returned from Memphis, that the bayou had been dragged but without results, and that as yet nothing had been heard from Carrington or the dogs he had gone for.

Presently Cavendish and Yancy set off across the fields. They were going on to the raft, to Polly and the six little Cavendishes, whom they had not seen since early morning; but they promised to be back at Belle Plain within an hour.

By very nature an alien, Mahaffy sought out a dark corner on the wide porch that overlooked the river to await their return. The house had been thrown open, and supper was being served to whoever cared to stay and partake of it. The murmur of idle purposeless talk drifted out to him; he was irritated and offended by it. There was something garish in this indiscriminate hospitality in the very home of tragedy. As the moments slipped by his sense of displeasure increased, with mankind in general, with himself, and with the Judge—principally with the Judge—who was to make a foolish target of himself in the morning. He was going to give the man who had wrecked his life a chance to take it as well. Mahaffy's cold logic dealt cynically with the preposterous situation his friend had created.

In the midst of his angry meditations he heard a clock strike in the hall and counted the strokes. It was nine o'clock. Surely Yancy and Cavendish had been gone their hour! He quitted his seat and strolled restlessly about the house. He felt deeply indignant with everybody and everything. Human intelligence seemed but a pitiable advance on brute instinct. A whole day had passed and what had been accomplished? Carrington, the Judge, Yancy, Cavendish—the four men who might have worked together to some purpose—had widely separated themselves; and here was the duel, the very climax of absurdity. He resumed his dark corner and waited another hour. Still no Carrington, and Yancy and Cavendish had not come up from the raft.

"Fools!" thought Mahaffy bitterly. "All of them fools!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Sabbath most dreaded 'by many superintendents and schools is the one known as "review Sunday." It is indeed a test of the ability and skill of the teachers as well as a test of the kind of work done during the past three months. Some condemn the Bible school and compare its work with that of the day school, not taking into consideration the differences of paid and volunteer teachers, the time devoted to study, the discipline and countless other features.

One method of review is to call out the lessons, twelve in number, and make some comment upon each one or else have some person report upon the subject matter, the golden text, etc. This method may be preceded by having some one tell of that period in the life of Christ from which these lessons are taken; another tell of some events in contemporaneous history and the places Jesus visited during this time. After such statements it would be wise to have a brief statement made as to the subject matter of the lessons for the entire quarter, e. g., how many have to do with miracles, teachings, etc. Also a statement of the principal persons whom Jesus met. It so happens that during this quarter there is no closely connected thread that runs throughout the lessons and one is at a loss to know just what governed the committee in their selection.

It would be well therefore to require a written test from the pupils. A set of questions covering the work of the quarter could be prepared and given to the scholars a week in advance and from this set of questions a half dozen could be selected on the day of the review and the scholars be required to write their answers during the class hour.

What Lessons Teach.

When it comes to selecting the main truths taught in each of the lessons of course there will be a wide variety of opinions. We may therefore be pardoned if our suggestions may not agree with those suggested by others.

Beginning with lesson one it seems as though the Master is seeking to show us that all manner of sin can be forgiven except that sin which ascribes to the devil the work of the Son of God. This full and complete rejection of Christ and his work of redemption is what is known as the unpardonable sin.

The second lesson has to do with the seed, the sower and the soil. It is a great illustration of the method whereby Christ is to extend his kingdom and of the various sorts of soil (hearts) in which the seed is to germinate.

The third lesson is another illustration of the propagating process. In it we are shown both the intensive and the extensive growth. By the reference to the leaven in this lesson we are taught, as also in other parables, that in this kingdom evil will also be present.

Lesson four, the lesson of the wheat and the tares, is a further teacher along the same line with the added significance of the harvest and the separation incident thereto.

Lesson five teaches us something as regards the value of this new kingdom. Its value was sufficient to compel heaven to yield its dearest treasure.

Lesson six and seven have to do with the power of Jesus over wind and wave, over the man possessed of demons and over disease and death. Let us bring out the reason why Jesus thus manifested his power, viz., "that they might see the power of God resting in him," John 5:36.

Faith Essential.

Lesson eight has to do with the great fact that God has so set forces at work in his kingdom as to make the faith of man an essential requisite in its advancement among men.

Lesson nine deals with the death of John the Baptist and the eulogy of Jesus as to John's character and work. The implacable hatred of rebuked evil; the culmination of unbridled lust; the terror of a stricken conscience and the reward of the faithful are some of the truths suggested in this lesson. Notice that in this lesson there is no record of any word of Jesus.

Lesson ten, the sending forth of the disciples and the rules that are to govern their conduct is logically followed by the great invitation presented in lesson eleven.

Lesson twelve deals with the feeding of the five thousand. He is the living bread who alone can satisfy the hunger of the countless multitudes of mankind. He is the ever-sufficient and the all-sufficient Lord and Savior.

Of course such a review will be rapid and perhaps incomplete, but it will show that he has sayings for all circumstances and power over all conditions of life. It will show that his sayings have in them the spirit of life, that will communicate vitality, and that their efficiency and their effectiveness depends entirely upon the response which we make to them.

COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER

Marriage Arrangement Seemed Something of a Bargain, but It Turned Out Happily.

George A. Birmingham, the widely known writer, says there is no country in the world where marriage, at least in the peasant class, is more a matter of bargaining, and yet shows a higher average of stability and content than Ireland. Sometimes the man has never seen the woman before they are brought together, the precise number of pounds, sows, or pigs to be handed over having been by that time settled.

This is illustrated in personal recollections just published by an Irish woman. She was visiting with an aunt a cottage in the neighborhood, and admired a fine mahogany chest of drawers.

"'Twas for that I was married," said the mistress of the cottage. A young farmer had also seen and admired. A bargain was struck. There was no money, but the bride was to have a couple of sheep, a yearling bullock and the chest. The prudent young man measured it, and then turned and asked: "An' which of 'im little girls is it?" She was the oldest unmarried—"nxt the door," as the phrase was. "An' so I wint," she said, "and was happy ever afterwards."—Tit Bits.

Inspiring Experience.

A lady who must certainly have been related to the late Mrs. Partington recently returned from a seventy-day tour of Europe.

To her friends she said with enthusiasm that of all the wonderful things that she had seen and heard, she believed the thing she enjoyed most of all was hearing the French peasants sing the mayonnaise.—Youth's Companion.

A Rhine Museum.

A Rhine museum is soon to be founded at Koblenz, if present plans are carried out. It will include a large collection of charts, pictures, models and diagrams illustrating the physical conditions, past and present, of the famous river, and a complete exposition of its economic history. The city of Koblenz has already given a site for the building.

Comparatively Easy.

"Snipps says that managing a sailboat in a high wind is a simple matter to him."

"The average man wouldn't find it so."

"Perhaps not, but the average man has probably never tried to manage a woman like Snipps' wife."

How It Happened.

The confusion of tongues had just fallen on Babel.

"We are describing a ball game," they explained.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more. "I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoons. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

"There's a reason."

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



Pegloe's Black Boy Came Bearing a Gift.

quest of the missing garments and turned to the door. To say that he was amazed when he found it locked would have most inadequately described his emotions. Breathing deep, he fell back a step or two, and then with all the vigor he could muster launched himself at the door. But it resisted him.

"It's bolted on the other side!" he muttered, the full measure of Pegloe's perfidy revealing itself to his mind. He was aghast. It was a plot to discredit him. Pegloe's hospitality had been inspired by his enemy, for Pegloe was Pentress' tenant.

Again he attacked the door; he believed it might be possible to force it from its hinges, but Pegloe had done his work too well for that, and at last, spent and breathless, the judge dropped down on the edge of his bed to consider the situation. He was without clothes and he was a prisoner, yet his mind rose splendidly to meet the difficulties that beset him. His greatest activities were reserved for what appeared to be only a sea-

lifeless dust grow warm beneath his feet; and wrapping the quilt closer about him he broke into a labored run. Some twenty minutes later Boggs' came in sight. He experienced a moment of doubt—doubtless Pentress had been there and gone! It was a hideous thought and the judge groaned. Then at the other end of the meadow near the woods he distinguished several men, Pentress and his friends beyond question. The judge laughed aloud. In spite of everything he was keeping his engagement, he was plucking his triumph out of the very dregs of failure. The judge threw himself over the fence, a corner of the quilt caught on one of the rails; he turned to release it, and in that instant two pistol shots rang out sharply in the morning air.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Solomon's Last Night.

It had been with no little reluctance that Solomon Mahaffy accompanied Yancy and Cavendish to Belle Plain;

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

An hour later Pegloe's black boy presented himself to the judge. He came bearing a gift, and the gift appropriately enough was a square case bottle of respectable size. The judge was greatly touched by this attention, but he began by making a most temperate use of the tavern-keeper's offering; then as the formidable document he was preparing took shape under his hand he more and more lost that feeling of Spartan fortitude which had at first sustained him in the presence of temptation. He wrote and sipped in complete and quiet luxury, and when at last he had exhausted the contents of the bottle it occurred to him that it would be only proper personally to convey his thanks to Pegloe. Perhaps he was not un-inspired in this by ulterior hopes; if so, they were richly rewarded. The resources of the City Tavern were suddenly placed at his disposal. He attributed this to a variety of causes all good and sufficient, but the real reason never suggested itself; indeed it was of such a perfidious nature that the judge, open and generous-minded, could not have grasped it.

By six o'clock he was undeniably drunk; at eight he was sounding still deeper depths of inebriety, with only the most confused memory of impending events; at ten he collapsed and was borne upstairs by Pegloe and his black boy to a remote chamber in the kitchen wing. Here he was undressed and put to bed, and the tavern-keeper, making a bundle of his clothes, retired from the room, locking the door after him, and the judge was doubly a prisoner.

rouching at last from a heavy, dreamless sleep the judge was aware of a faint impalpable light in his room, the sabben light of a dull October dawn. He was aware, too, of a feeling of profound depression. He knew this was the aftermath of indulgence and that he might look forward to forty-eight hours of utter misery of soul, and, groaning aloud, he closed his eyes. Sleep was the thing if he could compass it. Instead, his memory quickened. Something was to happen at sun-up—he could not recall what it was to be, though he distinctly remembered that Mahaffy had spoken of this very matter—Mahaffy, the austere and implacable, the disembodied conscience whose fealty to duty had somehow survived his own spiritual ruin, so that he had become a sort of moral sign-post, ever pointing the way yet never going it himself.

The judge lay still and thought deeply as the light intensified itself. What was it that Mahaffy had said he was to do at sun-up? The very hour accented his suspicions. Prob-