

Remarkable Piece of Carving That is the Work of Clever Missouri Citizen.

Kansas City.—The massive piece of wood carving shown here is the work of N. E. Galloway of Springfield, Mo., and is carved from one solid piece of wood—a sycamore log.

Galloway served as a soldier in the Philippines and while there saw the strange creatures represented in the carving—snakes, lizards, owls and so forth. He remembered what they looked like, although he had no pictures of them, and some months ago he started to work on the piece of work.

The strange carving is 6 feet 4 inches tall, and the circumference of the log is 7 feet 10 inches. All the tools



Farmer—See here, boy, what you doin' up that tree?
Boy—One of your years fell off the tree an' I'm tryin' to put it back.

Wanted a Bite.
Oh, yes; it was raining—had been all day. But they didn't mind that so much; you see, they were fishermen. All the same, they were trudging home, with weary steps and very weary-looking faces.

Their baskets were empty, and, to be candid, they were in a very bad temper.
As they entered the little village a large dog ran at one of the party. The dog had a ferocious look and was barking furiously. But the fisherman did not take much alarm at the animal. He just kicked it away carelessly.

"Aren't you afraid he'll go for you?" inquired another of the party, somewhat anxiously.

The one who had kicked at the dog looked at his companion in a sorrowful manner.

"I only wish he would!" he replied. "I'd chance almost anything to be able to go home and say I'd had a bite!"

Thoughtful Wife.
"Think I'll go to the ball game to-day."

"All right. Is there a telephone at the grounds?"

"There's one near there. Why?"

"If the home team loses I want you to telephone me, so that I can take the children and go over to mother's until you get your temper back."

Talking Shop.
Hewitt—I see that when our writer friend was married nobody was allowed to kiss the bride.

Jewett—How was that?
Hewitt—At the wedding reception he put up a card reading "All rights reserved."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

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

Conclusive.
"What am I to do about this man's attack on me? I can't answer him."
"Then why don't you call him a liar?"

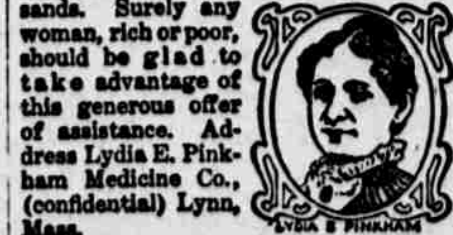
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Many a pretty woman is merely a bunch of pride, pretense and practice.

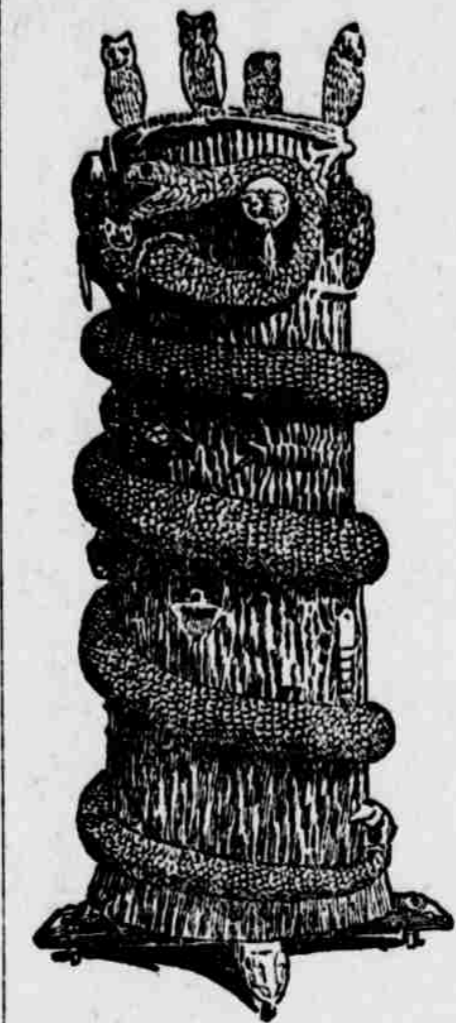
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Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.



Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.



Expert Carving.

used in the work Galloway made him self. The "bark," as well as the animals, is hand carved. Mr. Galloway devoted four hundred working hours to the production of this curious bit of sculpture—forty days, working ten hours a day. The sculpture has been on exhibition at the corner of Ninth street and Baltimore avenue.—Kansas City Star.

DOING AWAY WITH TRAMPS
English Authorities Think They Have Found a Way to Cope With a Present Evil.

London.—The tramp problem in the British Isles is in a fair way toward solution. The "way ticket" method of dealing with vagrancy is accomplishing a revolution. The latest reports on the working of the system indicate that within a very few years the ranks of the ragged mendicants on the highways of the United Kingdom will be reduced almost to vanishing point.

The object of the "way ticket" is to give a better chance to the unemployed who really want work, and to make the way of the professional tramp as hard as possible. The man who wants to work but is compelled to take to the road is taken into the poorhouse at night and released next morning instead of suffering the usual period of detention. When leaving he is given a ticket which entitles him to a certain allowance of bread and cheese along the road he intends to take. He is also put in touch with the local labor exchanges and everything possible is done for him if he shows a genuine desire to obtain work.

On the other hand, the habitual tramp obtains short shrift. After spending the night at the poorhouse he suffers the usual period of detention and gets the allotted task. Finally he is given the "way ticket," so that he has no excuse for begging. Very soon the poorhouse masters begin to look askance at the man who persistently presents the ticket, and his journey from village to village and from poorhouse to poorhouse is not made any too smooth. The tramp finally seeks a county where this method does not prevail, so these sanctuaries are beginning to adopt the system as self-defense.

Pin Causes Death.
Louisville, Ky.—A pin, swallowed when he was a baby, which lodged in his vermiform appendix years after, caused the death of Murray Bunk, a young reporter. In his last hours Bunk, delirious, called for a typewriter. "I want to write the story of my death for my paper," he cried to the nurses.

Ways to Cook Potatoes.
Boston.—Mayor Fitzgerald says there are one hundred ways to cook potatoes, and one is fricassee.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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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, the Baron's son, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Baron. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balsam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Murrell, a friend of the Ferrises, 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 Blum 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 ride 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 she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bess' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Blount, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Ficks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurs his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, 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 Fentress, 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 of Carrington. Murrell makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hannibal, and a fierce gun fight follows. Bruce Carrington and Betty come to an understanding. The Judge receives an important letter.



The Pistol Slipped From His Fingers.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)
At last he decided to go back to the judge; and a moment later was hurrying down the lane in the direction of the highroad, but, jaded as he was by the effort he had already put for that day, the walk to Raleigh made tremendous demands on him, and it was midnight when he entered the little town.

It cannot be said that he was altogether surprised when he found their cottage dark and apparently deserted. He had half expected this. Entering, and not stopping to secure a candle, he groped his way upstairs to the room on the second floor which he and the judge shared.

"Price!" he called, but this gained him no response, and he cursed softly under his breath.

He hastily descended to the kitchen, lighted a candle, and stepped into the adjoining room. On the table was a neat pile of papers, and topping the pile was the president's letter. Being burdened by no false scruples, and thinking it might afford some clue to the judge's whereabouts, Mahaffy took it up and read it. Having mastered its contents he instantly glanced in the direction of the City Tavern, but it was wrapped in darkness.

"Price is drunk somewhere," was his definite conclusion. "But he'll be at Boggs' the first thing in the morning—most likely so far gone he can hardly stand!"

The letter, with its striking news, made little or no impression on him just then; it merely furnished the clue he had sought. The judge was off somewhere marketing his prospects.

After a time Mahaffy went upstairs, and, without removing his clothes, threw himself on the bed. He was worn down to the point of exhaustion, yet he could not sleep, though the deep silence warned him that day was not far off. What if—but he would not let the thought shape itself in his mind. He had witnessed the judge's skill with the pistol, and he had even a certain irrational faith in that gentleman's destiny. He prayed that Fentress might die quickly and decently with the judge's bullet through his brain. Over and over in savage supplication he muttered his prayer that Fentress might die.

Mahaffy watched for the coming of the dawn, but before the darkness lifted he had risen from the bed and gone downstairs, where he made himself a cup of wretched coffee. Then he blew out his candle and watched the gray light spread. He was impatient now to be off, and fully an hour before the sun set out for

was the victim of an unprovoked attack.
Mr. Ware accepted this statement with equanimity, not to say indifference.

"Are you ready?" he asked; he glanced at Mahaffy, who by a slight inclination of the head signified that he was. "I reckon you're a green hand at this sort of thing?" commented Tom evily.

"Yes," said Mahaffy tersely.

"Well, listen: I shall count, one, two, three; at the word three you will fire. Now take your positions."

Mahaffy and the colonel stood facing each other, a distance of twelve paces separating them. Mahaffy was pale but dogged; he eyed Fentress unflinchingly. Quick on the word Fentress fired, an instant later Mahaffy's pistol exploded; apparently neither bullet had taken effect, the two men maintained the rigid attitude they had assumed; then Mahaffy was seen to turn on his heels, next his arm dropped to his side and the pistol slipped from his fingers, a look of astonishment passed over his face and left it vacant and staring while his right hand stole up toward his heart; he raised it slowly, with difficulty, as though it were held down by some invisible weight.

A hush spread across the field. It was like one of nature's invisible transitions. Along the edge of the woods the song of birds was stricken into silence. Ware, heavy-eyed—Fentress, his lips twisted by a tortured smile, watched Mahaffy as he panted for breath, with his hand clenched against his breast. That dead, oppressive silence lasted but a moment; from out of it came a cry that smote on the wounded man's ears and reached his consciousness.

"It's Price!" he gasped, his words bathed in blood, and he pitched forward on his face.

Ware and Fentress had heard the cry, too, and running to their horses threw themselves into the saddle and galloped off. The judge midway of the meadow roared out a furious protest, but the mounted men turned into the highroad and vanished from sight, and the judge's shaking legs bore him swiftly in the direction of the gaunt figure on the ground.

Mahaffy struggled to rise, for he was hearing his friend's voice now, the voice of utter anguish, calling his name. At last painful effort brought him to his knees. He saw the judge, clothed principally in a gaily colored bed-quilt, hatless and shoeless, his face sodden and bleary from his night's debauch. Mahaffy stood erect and staggered toward him, his hand over his wound, his features drawn and livid, then with a cry he dropped at his friend's feet.

"Solomon! Solomon!" And the judge knelt beside him.

"It's all right, Price; I kept your appointment," whispered Mahaffy; a bloody spume was gathering on his lips, and he stared up at his friend with glassy eyes.

In very shame the judge hid his

face in his hands, while sobs shook him.

"Solomon—Solomon, why did you do this?" he cried miserably.

The harsh lines on the dying man's face erased themselves.

"You're the only friend I've known in twenty years of loneliness, Price. I've loved you like a brother," he panted, with a pause between each word.

Again the judge buried his face in his hands.

"I know it, Solomon—I know it!" he moaned wretchedly.

"Price, you are still a man to be reckoned with. There's the boy; take your place for his sake and keep it—you can."

"I will—by God, I will!" gasped the judge. "You hear me? You hear me, Solomon? By God's good help, I will!"

"You have the president's letter—I saw it—" said Mahaffy in a whisper.

"Yes!" cried the judge. "Solomon, the world is changing for us!"

"For me most of all," murmured Mahaffy, and there was a bleak instant when the judge's ashen countenance held the full purport of age and failure. "Remember your oath, Price," gasped the dying man. A moment of silence succeeded. Mahaffy's eyes closed, then the heavy lids slid back. He looked up at the judge while the harsh lines of his sour old face softened wonderfully. "Kiss me, Price," he whispered, and as the judge bent to touch him on the brow, the softened lines fixed themselves in death, while on his lips lingered a smile that was neither bitter nor sneering.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Judge's Grandson.
In that bare upper room they had shared, the judge, crushed and broken, watched beside the bed on which the dead man lay; unconscious of the flight of time he sat with his head bowed in his hands, having scarcely altered his position since he begged those who carried Mahaffy up the narrow stairs to leave him alone with his friend.

He was living over the past. He recalled his first meeting with Mahaffy in the stuffy cabin of the small river packet from which they had later gone ashore at Pleasantville; he thanked God that it had been given him to see beneath Solomon's forbidding exterior and into that starved heart! He reviewed each phase of the almost insensible growth of their intimacy; he remembered Mahaffy's fine true loyalty at the time of his arrest—he thought of Damon and Pythias—Mahaffy had reached the heights of a sublime devotion; he could only feel ennobled that he had inspired it.

At last the dusk of twilight invaded the room. He lighted the candles on the chimney-piece, then he resumed his seat and his former attitude. Suddenly he became aware of a small hand that was resting on his arm and glanced up; Hannibal had stolen quietly into the room. The boy pointed to the still figure on the bed.

"Judge, what makes Mr. Mahaffy lie so quiet—is he dead?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, dear lad," began the judge in a shaking voice, as he drew Hannibal toward him, "your friend and mine is dead—we have lost him." He lifted the boy into his lap, and Hannibal pressed a tear-stained face against the judge's shoulder. "How did you get here?" the judge questioned gently.

"Uncle Bob fetched me," said Hannibal. "He's down-stairs, but he didn't tell me Mr. Mahaffy was dead."

"We have sustained a great loss, Hannibal, and we must never forget the moral grandeur of the man. Some day, when you are older, and I can bring myself to speak of it, I will tell you of his last moments." The judge's voice broke, a thick sob rose chokingly in his throat. "Poor Solomon! A man of such tender feeling that he hid it from the world, for his was a rare nature which only revealed itself to the chosen few he honored with his love." The judge lapsed into a momentary brooding silence, in which his great arms drew the boy closer against his heart. "Dear lad, since I left you at Belle Plain a very astonishing knowledge has come to me. It was the Hand of Providence—I see it now—that first brought us together. You must not call me judge any more; I am your grandfather—your mother was my daughter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dress for an Earthquake.
An old lady was staying at a hotel at Nice at the time of the earthquake. "My dear," she was wont to say, "I was simply tumbled out of bed and the ceiling cracked. I threw on a fur cloak and unconsciously pulled on one long black suede glove, and when I got down to the hall and found all the other guests—my dear, I was the best dressed woman there!"