



# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Maypo. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Cromshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious figure, appears and asks questions about the Maypo. Trouble at Scratch Hill when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overhauls Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Blaham, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff, Betty Malroy, who has been kidnapped by Blount. 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 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 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 is the judge's nephew, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plots the selling 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 Bea Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bea's advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slocum, 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 to her the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible exposure of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action. The judge takes charge of the situation, and a search for the missing one 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 whiskey 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. The judge receives an important letter. Solomon Mahaffy's last fight. Fights duel for the judge and is killed.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

Hannibal instantly sat erect and looked up at the judge, his blue eyes wide with amazement at this extraordinary statement.

"It is a very strange story, Hannibal, and its links are not all in my hands, but I am sure because of what I already know, I, who thought that not a drop of my blood flowed in any veins but my own, live again in you. Do you understand what I am telling you? You are my own dear little grandson—" and the judge looked down with no uncertain love and pride into the small face upturned to his.

"I am glad if you are my grandfather, judge," said Hannibal very gravely. "I always liked you."

"Thank you, dear lad," responded the judge with equal gravity, and then as Hannibal nestled back in his grandfather's arms a single big tear dropped from the end of that gentleman's prominent nose.

"There will be many and great changes in store for us," continued the judge. "But as we meet adversity with dignity, I am sure we shall be able to endure prosperity with equanimity—only unworthy natures are affected by what is at best superficial and accidental. I mean that the blight of poverty is about to be lifted from our lives."

"Do you mean we ain't going to be pore any longer, grandfather?" asked Hannibal.

The judge regarded him with infinite tenderness of expression; he was profoundly moved.

"Would you mind saying that again, dear lad?"

"Do you mean we ain't going to be pore any longer, grandfather?" repeated Hannibal.

"I shall enjoy an adequate competency which I am about to recover. It will be sufficient for the indulgence of those simple and intellectual tastes I propose to cultivate for the future." In spite of himself the judge sighed. This was hardly in line with his ideals, but the right to choose was no longer his. "You will be very rich, Hannibal. The Quintard lands—your grandmother was a Quintard—will be yours; they run up into the hundred of thousands of acres hereabout; this land will be yours as soon as I can establish your identity."

"Will Uncle Bob be rich too?" inquired Hannibal.

"Certainly. How can he be poor when we possess wealth?" answered the judge.

"You reckon he will always live with us, don't you, grandfather?"

"I would not have it otherwise. I admire Mr. Yancy—he is simple and direct, and fit for any company under

heaven except that of fools. His treatment of you has placed me under everlasting obligations; he shall share what we have. My one bitter, unavailing regret is that Solomon Mahaffy will not be here to partake of our altered fortunes." And the judge sighed deeply.

"Uncle Bob told me Mr. Mahaffy got hurt in a duel, grandfather?" said Hannibal.

"He was as inexperienced as a child in the use of firearms, and he had to deal with scoundrels who had neither mercy nor generous feeling—but his courage was magnificent."

Presently Hannibal was deep in his account of those adventures he had shared with Miss Betty.

"And Miss Malroy—where is she now?" asked the judge, in the first pause of the boy's narrative.

"She's at Mr. Bowen's house. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Cavendish are here too. Mrs. Cavendish stayed down yonder at the Bates' plantation. Grandfather, it were Captain Murrell who had me stole—do you reckon he was going to take me back to Mr. Bladen?"

"I will see Miss Malroy in the morning. We must combine—our interests are identical. There should be help in this for more than one scoundrel! I can see now how criminal my disinclination to push myself to the front has been!" said the judge, with conviction. "Never again will I shrink from what I know to be a public duty."

A little later they went down-stairs, where the judge had Yancy make up a bed for himself and Hannibal on the floor. He would watch alone beside Mahaffy, he was certain this would have been the dead man's wish; then he said good night and mounted heavily to the floor above to resume his vigil and his musings.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Crisis at the Court-House. Just at daybreak Yancy was roused by the pressure of a hand on his shoulder, and opening his eyes saw that the judge was bending over him.

"Dress!" he said briefly. "There's every prospect of trouble—get your rifle and come with me!"

Yancy noted that this prospect of trouble seemed to afford the judge a pleasurable sensation; indeed, he had quite lost his former air of somber and suppressed melancholy.

"I let you sleep, thinking you needed the rest," the judge went on. "But ever since midnight we've been on the verge of riot and possible bloodshed. They've arrested John Murrell—it's claimed he's planned a servile rebellion! A man named Hues, who had wormed his way into his confidence, made the arrest. He carried Murrell into Memphis, but the local magistrate, intimidated, most likely, declined to have anything to do with holding him. In spite of this, Hues managed to get his prisoner lodged in jail, but along about nightfall the situation began to look serious. Folks were swarming into town armed to the teeth, and Hues fetched Murrell across country to Raleigh—"

"Yes," said Yancy.

"Well, the sheriff has refused to take Murrell into custody. Hues has him down at the court-house, but whether or not he is going to be able to hold him is another matter!"

Yancy and Hannibal had dressed by this time, and the judge led the way from the house. The Scratch Hiller looked about him. Across the street a group of men, the greater number of whom were armed, stood in front of Pegloe's tavern. Glancing in the direction of the court-house, he observed that the square before it held other groups. But what impressed him more was the ominous silence that was everywhere. At his elbow, the judge was breathing deep.

"We are face to face with a very deplorable condition, Mr. Yancy. Court was to sit here today, but Judge Morrow and the public prosecutor have left town, and as you see, Murrell's friends have gathered for a rescue. There's a sprinkling of the better element—but only a sprinkling. I saw Judge Morrow this morning at four o'clock—I told him I would obligate myself to present for his consideration evidence of a striking and sensational character, evidence which would show conclusively that Murrell should be held to await the action of the next grand jury—this was after a conference with Hues—I guaranteed his safety. Sir, the man refused to listen to me! He showed himself utterly devoid of any feeling of public duty." The bitter sense of failure and futility was leaving the judge. The situation made its demands on that basic faith in his own powers which remained imbedded in his character.

They had entered the court-house square. On the steps of the building Betts was arguing loudly with Hues, who stood in the doorway, rifle in hand.

"Maybe you don't know this is county property?" the sheriff was saying. "And that you have taken unlawful possession of it for an unlawful purpose? I am going to open them doors—a passel of strangers can't keep folks out of a building their own money has bought and paid for!"

While he was speaking, the judge had pushed his way through the crowd to the foot of the steps.

"That was very nicely said, Mr. Betts," observed the judge. He smiled widely and sweetly. The sheriff gave him a hostile glare. "Do you know that Morrow has left town?" the judge went on.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with Judge Morrow. It's my duty to see that this building is ready for him when he's a mind to open court in it."

"You are willing to assume the responsibility of throwing open these doors?" inquired the judge affably.

"I shorley am," said Betts. "Why, some of these folks are our leading people!"

The judge turned to the crowd, and spoke in a tone of excessive civility. "Just a word, gentlemen!—the sheriff is right; it is your court-house and you should not be kept out of it. No doubt there are some of you whose presence in this building will sooner or later be urgently desired. We are going to let all who wish to enter, but

I beg you to remember that there will be five men inside whose prejudices are all in favor of law and order." He pushed past Hues and entered the court-house, followed by Yancy and Hannibal. "We'll let 'em in where I can talk to 'em," he said almost gaily. "Besides, they'll come in anyhow when they get ready, so there's no sense in exciting them."

In the court-house, Murrell, bound hand and foot, was seated between Carrington and the Earl of Lambeth in the little railed-off space below the judge's bench. Fear and suffering had given his unshaven cheeks and blanch a wild light to his deeply sunken eyes. At sight of Yancy a smothered exclamation broke from his lips; he had supposed this man dead these many months!

Hues had abandoned his post, and the crowd, suddenly grown clamorous, stormed the narrow entrance. One of the doors, borne from its hinges, went down with a crash. The judge, a fierce light flashing from his eyes, turned to Yancy.

"No matter what happens, this fellow Murrell is not to escape—if he calls on his friends to rescue him he is to be abt!"

The hall was filling with swearing, struggling men, the floor shook beneath their heavy tread; then they burst into the court-room and saluted Murrell with a great shout. But Murrell, bound, in rags, and silent, his lips frozen in a wolfish grin, was a depressing sight, and the boldest felt something of his unrestrained lawlessness go from him.

Less noisy now, the crowd spread itself out among the benches or swarmed up into the tiny gallery at the back of the building. Man after man had hurried forward, intent on passing beyond the railing, but each had encountered the judge, formidable and forbidding, and had turned aside. Gradually the many pairs of eyes roving over the little group surrounding the outlaw focussed themselves on Slocum Price. It was in unconscious recognition of that moral force which was his, a tribute to the grim dignity of his unshaken courage; what he would do seemed worth considering.

He was charmed to hear his name pass in a whisper from lip to lip. Well, it was time they knew him! He squared his ponderous shoulder and made a gesture commanding silence. Battered, shabby and debauched, he was like some old war horse who smells the odor of battle that the wind incontinently brings to his nostrils.

"Don't let him speak!" cried a voice, and a tumult succeeded.

Cool and indomitable the judge waited for it to subside. He saw that the color was stealing back into Murrell's face. The outlaw was feeling that he was a leader not overthrow; these were his friends and followers, his safety was their safety, too. In a lull in the storm of sound the judge attempted to make himself heard, but his words were lost in the angry roar that descended on him.

"Don't let him speak! Kill him! Kill him!"

A score of men sprang to their feet and from all sides came the click of rifle and pistol hammers as they were drawn to the full cock. The judge's fate seemed to rest on a breath. He swung about on his heel and gave a curt nod to Yancy and Cavendish, who, falling back a step, tossed their guns to their shoulders and covered Murrell. A sudden hush grew up out of the tumult; the cries, angry and jeering, dwindled to a murmur, and a dead pall of silence rested on the crowded room.

The very taste of triumph was in the judge's mouth. Then came a commotion at the back of the building.

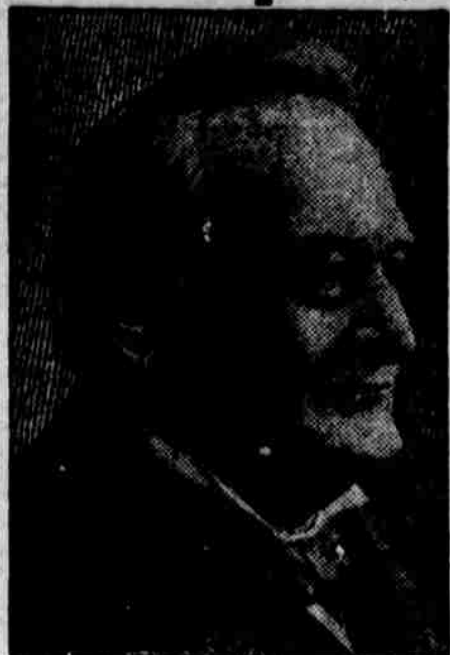
A ripple of comment, and Colonel Fentress elbowed his way through the crowd. At sight of his enemy the judge's face went from white to red, while his eyes blazed; but for the moment the force of his emotions left him speechless. Here and there, as he advanced, Fentress recognized a friend and bowed coolly to the right and left.

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Improved Spanking Machine. A spanking machine, operated by electricity and warranted to cure unruly youngsters, was exhibited at New York recently. The electric spanker is constructed somewhat similar to an electric vibrator. The preliminary preparations for an electric spanking are the same as in the olden days. When the child is ready the hard rubber disk is applied to the area under treatment and the current turned on. Small disks are provided for the younger offenders. To add to the other advantages of the electric spanker, it might be said it does not pain the parent more than the child.

Wrong Idea of Education. It is a mistake to look on education as a golden key to individual pecuniary profit.

## Constipation and Catarrh



S. B. HARTMAN, M. D.

You are constipated. You have taken laxatives a great many years. You have tried to select a diet that would keep your bowels regular. In this you have failed and were obliged to go back to your laxatives again. This, I say, has been going on many years.

You also have a slight catarrh in the head and throat. You never imagined that the catarrh had anything to do with the constipation. Suppose I were to tell you that as long as you have that catarrh you will never get better of your constipation. Would you believe me? Well, whether you would believe me or not it is the truth.

More Schoolboy "Howlers." The Sallie law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt. Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine. "The zodiac is the zoo of the sky, where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead." "The Pharisees were people who liked to show off their goodness by praying to synonyms." "An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it."

"Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about."—Westminster Gazette.

### BREAKING OUT ON LEG

Hilltop, Kan.—"About two years ago I began to notice a breaking out on my leg. At first it was very small but soon it began to spread until it formed large blotches. The itching was terrible and almost constant. Many nights I could not sleep at all. After scratching it to relieve the itching it would burn so dreadfully that I thought I could not stand it. For nearly a year I tried all kinds of salves and ointment, but found no relief. Some salves seemed to make it worse until there were ugly sores, which would break open and run.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and began by washing the sores with the Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment twice a day. I noticed a change and got more Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few weeks I was cured. It has healed so nicely that no scar remains." (Signed) Mrs. Anna A. Lew, Dec. 17, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Or Course. "Her husband is a self-made man." "She's sure to insist on alterations."

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH By using Cole's Carbolic. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

If well thou hast begun, go on. It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.—Herrick.

For many years I have been wrestling with the problem of furnishing the public an internal catarrh remedy. Peruna has been the remedy that I have devised and it has certainly relieved many thousand people, yes hundreds of thousands of people, of chronic catarrh.

Constipation was my chief difficulty in treating these cases. I often felt that it would be better if a laxative element were added to Peruna. I feared to do so, however, first because of the number of catarrhal patients who needed no laxative, and second I was afraid of making such a radical change in a remedy that was already doing so well. Thus it was that I continued to prescribe with the Peruna a bottle of Manalin to those who needed a laxative. At last, under circumstances explained in my booklet, I was constrained to add the laxative element to Peruna. This constituted what is now known as the revised Peruna.

Now those who take Peruna will, first, find themselves promptly relieved of their constipation. Second, the catarrh will gradually disappear. And once the catarrh is cured the constipation leaves permanently. Then if you follow the advice given in my book, you will never have to take pills any more. Catarrhs and laxatives can go on forever. You will be permanently relieved of both your catarrh and the constipation.

Peruna, Man-alin and La-cu-pia manufactured by the Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio. Sold at all drug stores.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Many persons inquire for the Old-time Peruna. They want the Peruna that their Fathers and Mothers used to take. The old Peruna is now called Kataro. If your druggist or dealer does not keep it for sale write the Kataro Company, Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you all about it.

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## Nebraska Directory

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If you will use the best starch made both of these twin dolls, each 2 1/2 inches high and ready to use, and stain, will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 cents. The dolls are made of the finest quality of starch, and are so made that they will stand up to any stain, and will be ready to use again. Only one doll is sent, but you may order two if you wish. Write for particulars. FAULTLESS STARCH CO., Kansas City, Mo.

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CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 75 cent packages and are stamped with the name W. L. Douglas. If you see a shoe without the name W. L. Douglas, it is not a W. L. Douglas shoe. Buy your shoes from a dealer who carries W. L. Douglas shoes. Write for particulars. W. L. Douglas, Boston, Mass.