

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 the 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 Hamilton, the old Quintard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy Hamilton Ferris, the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hamilton, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Barony Hill, when Hamilton is kidnapped by Love Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overrules Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Judge Price, and in the presence of the plaintiff, Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Hamilton Murrell, who accuses his attention on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Carrington takes the same 22222. Yancy and Hamilton disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hamilton arrives at the home of Judge Blount Price. The judge recognizes in the boy the mysterious child of the Quintard. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Yancy breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hamilton's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hamilton and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. He is playing for big stakes. Yancy wakes from his dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton is forced by Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. Murrell's light on Murrell's plot to kidnap the judge's negroes. Judge Price, with Hamilton, visits Betty, and she reveals to him as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hamilton they meet Miss Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, under the light of her advice, and on her way their carriage it stopped by Blount, the tavern keeper, and the two men and Betty and Hamilton are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, where Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and the interest 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.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE By VAUGHAN KESTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.) "And General Quintard never saw him—never manifested any interest in him" the words came slowly from the judge's lips; he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat. "Poor little lad!" he muttered, and again, "Poor little lad!"

"Never once, sir. He told the slaves to keep him out of the spot. We all wondered, for you know how niggers will talk. We thought maybe he was some kin to the Quintards, but we couldn't figure out how. The old general never had but one child and she had been dead for years. This child couldn't have been her own." Yancy paused.

"The judge drummed idly on the desk. "What implacable hate—what iron pride!" he murmured, and swept his hand across his eyes. Absorbed and aloof, he was busy with his thoughts that spanned the years of his life—years that seemed to glide before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat. Then from the smoke of these lost battles emerged the lonely figure of the child as he had seen him that June night. His ponderous arm stiffened where it rested on the desk, he straightened up in his chair and his face assumed its customary expression of battered dignity, while a smile at once wistful and tender hovered about his lips.

"One other question," he said. "Until this man Murrell appeared you had no trouble with Bladen? He was content that you should keep the child—your right to Hamilton was never challenged?"

"Never, sir. All my troubles began about that time." "Murrell belongs in these parts," said the judge. "I'd admire to meet him," said Yancy quietly.

"The judge grinned. "I place my professional services at your disposal," he said. "You're in a clear case of felonious assault."

"He spoke of it?" "Yes, sir; him and me discussed it together." The judge regarded Hicks long and intently and in silence. His magnificent mind was at work. If Betty had been distraught he had not observed any sign of it the previous day. If Ware were better informed as to her true mental state why had he chosen this time to go to Memphis?

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge. Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer. "I suppose you told the house servants to keep her under observation?" continued the judge.

"I don't talk to no niggers," replied Hicks, "except to give 'em my orders." "Well, did you give them that order?" "No, I didn't."

"The sudden and hurried entrance of big Steve brought the judge's exclamation of Mr. Hicks to a standstill. "Mas', you know dat 'ar coachman George—the big black fellow dat took you into town las' evenin'—I jes' been down at Shanty Hill whar Milly, his wife, is carryin' on something scandalous 'cause George ain't never come home!" Steve was laboring under intense excitement, but he ignored the presence of the overseer and addressed himself to Slocum Price.

"Well, what of that?" cried Hicks quickly. "Thar warn't no George, mind you, Mas', but dar was his team in de stable this mornin' and lookin' mighty nice done up with hard driving."

When Guard Held Train

Passengers Ready to Sign Petition for Pardon in Case He is Reprimanded. If the subway guard who held his train half a minute beyond schedule time should be reprimanded at headquarters a hundred passengers who know why he did it will sign a petition for his pardon. Sentiment was back of it. Somebody wanted to kiss. A lot of people want to do that. Women kiss each other, men kiss their wives. The guards have no patience with sentiment of that kind. They flaunt their contempt by bawling: "Break away, there; no time for that," and refuse to hold the train half a second for the tenderest salute.

Japan a Land of Disillusionment.

The landing at Yokohama brings a series of surprises and disillusionment; so far from being covered with lacquer, the empire of Japan in dry weather is dusty and in rain is suffused with mud; the tea houses are not built of porcelain, but of plain wood; the people eat beans and dried fish when they can get them; the trees have bark and leaves; but not all bear cherry blossoms; the numerous mountains all slope uphill. Thus the first hour on shore sweeps away the enchantments of a lifetime, and reveals a land strikingly like some parts of Alaska, and a people extremely human.—From "The Obvious Orient," by Alfred Bushnell Hart.

The Modern Young Lady.

Caterson—Notice how Carstairs' wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her. Hatterson—He tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter.—Life.

"Mr. Hicks," said the judge, urbane and gracious, "I believe in frankness." "Sure," agreed Hicks, mollified by the judge's altered tone. "Therefore I do not hesitate to say that I consider you a damned scoundrel!" concluded the judge.

Mr. Cavendish, accepting the judge's ultimatum as something which must debar Hicks from all further consideration, and being, as he was, exceedingly active and energetic by nature, if one passed over the various forms of gaudy industry, uttered a loud whoop and threw himself on the overseer. There was a brief struggle and Hicks went down with the Earl of Lambeth astride of him; then from his boot leg that knightly soul flashed a horn-banded tickler of formidable dimensions.

"What do you want to know, judge?" cried Cavendish, panting from his exertions. "I'll learn this parrot to talk up!"

"Hicks," said the judge, "it is in your power to tell us a few things we are here to find out. Hicks looked up into the judge's face and closed his lips grimly. "Mr. Cavendish, kindly let him have the point of that large knife where he'll feel it most!" ordered the judge.

"Talk quick!" said Cavendish, with a ferocious scowl. "Talk—or what's to hinder me slicing open your woollen?" and he pressed the blade of his knife against the overseer's throat. "I don't know anything about Miss Betty," said Hicks in a sullen whisper.

"Maybe you don't, but what do you know about the boy?" Hicks was silent, but he was grateful for the judge's question. From Tom Ware he had learned of Pentress' interest in the boy. Why should he shelter the colonel at risk of himself? "If you please, Mr. Cavendish," said the judge, nodding toward the knife. "You didn't ask me about him," said Hicks quickly.

"I do now," said the judge. "He was here yesterday." "Mr. Cavendish—" again the judge glanced toward the knife. "Wait!" cried Hicks. "You go to Colonel Pentress."

"Let him up, Mr. Cavendish; that's all we want to know," said the judge.

CHAPTER XXIV. Colonel Pentress. The judge had not forgotten his ghost, the ghost he had seen in Mr. Saul's office that day he went to the court house on business for Charley Norton. Working or idling—principally the latter—drink or sober—principally the former—the ghost, otherwise Colonel Pentress, had preserved a place in his thoughts, and now as he moved stolidly up the drive toward Pentress' big white house on the hill with Mahaffy, Cavendish and Yancy trailing in his wake, memories of what had once been living and vital crowded in upon him. Some sense of the wreck that littered the long years, and the shame of the open shame that had swept away pride and self-respect, came back to him out of the past.

He only paused when he stood on the portico before Pentress' open door. He glanced about him at the wide fields, bounded by the distant timber lands that his gloomy bottoms, at the great log barns in the hollow to his right; at the huddle of white-washed cabins beyond; then with his big fist he reached in and pounded on the door. The blows echoed loudly through the silent house, and an instant later Pentress' tall, spare figure was seen advancing from the far end of the hall.

Home Town Helps

MUST BEGIN PLANNING EARLY The City Beautiful is a Matter of Wise Thought Extending for Many Years.

In the awakening to the imperative need of a different and better method of city making America is following the present of other nations. Continental European cities decades ago, and English and South American cities more recently, changed radically their municipal regulations and their methods of building cities. The splendid results of their activity are now apparent to every citizen and visitor. In the cities of Germany especially the results are large and convincing. Transportation and highway systems, water fronts, harbors and docks, industrial and commercial development, public recreation, better homes, particularly for families of small means—such great municipal subjects as these have been handled with skill and experience supported by law and public authority.

There are many misconceptions current about town and city planning, but none is further from the fact than the notion that comprehensive plans are only for large cities. The reverse is nearer the truth. In big cities the conditions are comparatively fixed and unyielding. Comprehensive planning, especially with our present limited city charters and the hampering laws of our states, can have only narrowly limited influence in larger places—relieving only the worst civic conditions, ameliorating merely the most acute forms of congestion, correcting but the gravest mistakes of the past. Wide, many-sided, imaginative planning, so far as large American cities are concerned, must be confined for the present mainly to the extension of those cities and to the betterment of what are really separate communities on the outskirts.

But with small cities with a population ranging from 2,500 to 100,000, the case is different. Comprehensive planning or replanning may be to them of far-reaching and permanent service. There is scarcely anything in the smaller places that may not be changed. In small cities, for example, railroad approaches may be set right, grade crossings eliminated, water fronts redeemed for commerce or recreation or both, open spaces acquired even in built-up sections.

A satisfactory street plan can be carried out and adequate highways established; public buildings can be grouped in at least an orderly way, and a park system, made up of well distributed and well balanced public grounds, can be outlined for gradual and systematic development. All of these civic elements, indispensable sooner or later to a progressive community, may be had in the small city with relative ease and at slight cost.

INFLUENCE OF TROLLEY CARS Have in Large Measure Annihilated Distance and Made Comfortable Living Easier. In days of old cities were developed somewhat compactly, for business was transacted in the immediate presence of the principals. Then came in the telephone, making possible easy and quick communication between distant points. This influence alone tended to the spread of city areas so far as business districts were concerned, but it has remained for the trolley car to practically annihilate distance so far as residence is concerned. This has resulted in figuratively bringing the country into the city, for one may come to the center of Los Angeles from many points without the municipal boundaries as quickly as he may reach the same point from some parts of the city proper. One may even come as quickly from Santa Ana or many of the beaches. Thus has the trolley car made a great change in the growth of the land, both in city and country.—Los Angeles Times.

Sand for Children's Playgrounds. The writer would much like to see towns, villages and the smaller centers of population furnish sandpiles for the children. A few loads of sand would cost but little and mean much to a considerable number of children. The local schoolyard might easily be used for vacation playing and the sand piles built there. The school trustees would even be justified in furnishing the sand from the general fund. It is the duty of public officials to see that the children get all the freedom and enjoyment possible and that the playgrounds of the school grounds, together with an ample pile of sand, will do much for the little ones.

Proportionate Park Areas. The city of London has reserved a little more than 10 per cent. of its area for park purposes, or 7,544 acres out of a total of 74,000 acres contained in the county. These figures do not include a number of parks within easy reach of the metropolis, some of them very large in size. Richmond contains 2,469 acres and Epping Forest 5,552 acres, and both are immediately contiguous to the city, making a total of more than 15,000 acres reserved for the pleasure of London's millions. Few important cities are so well provided with public parks.



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Wild Ones. Charles Grafly, the noted sculptor, was talking at his summer home at Folly Grove, near Gloucester, about the quaint humor of the Gloucester fishermen. "In Gloucester one day," he said, "as I idled among the shipping, an old salt began to narrate his experiences to me. "Wunst," he said, "I was shipwrecked in the South sea, and thar I come across a tribe of wild women without tongues."

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Disturbing. "Nora, is my husband home?" "Yes, mum; he's in the library, workin'." "Then wake him and tell him I want to see him."—Sattire. In the Family. "My dear, there is a bill here on hand." "All right. Give it to me and I'll foot it." Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes a bottle. ADV. A fussy woman says the next most annoying thing to a man in the house is a fly. It is useless to take a vacation if you are weary from overrest.

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