



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
Illustrations By D. MELVILLE

CHAPTER I.

The Boy at the Barony.
The Quintards had not prospered on the barren sands of the pine woods whither they had emigrated to escape the malaria of the low coast, but this no longer mattered, for the last of his name and race, old General Quintard, was dead in the great house his father had built almost a century before and the thin acres of the Barony, where he had made his last stand against age and poverty, were to claim him, now that he had given up the struggle in his midst.

Mr. Crenshaw took up the narrative. "When morning came she was gone, but the child done stayed behind. I've heard Aunt Alsidia tell as how the old general said that morning, pale and shaking like, 'You'll find a boy asleep in the red room; he's to be fed and cared for, but keep him out of my sight. His name is Hannibal Wayne Hazard.' That is all the general ever said on the matter."

That notable man of business, Jonathan Crenshaw, was closeted in the library with a stranger to whom rumor fixed the name of Bladen, supposing him to be the legal representative of certain remote connections of the old general's.

"Well, I declare to goodness!" said Crenshaw. "I reckon you'd rather drop a word with yo' missus before you toted him home?" suggested Yancy, who knew something of the nature of his friend's domestic thralldom.

"So he did," said Crenshaw, "and there was one child, a daughter; she married a South Carolinian by the name of Turberville. Great folks, those Turbervilles, rolling rich."

"Come in," said Crenshaw. The door opened and a small boy entered the room dragging after him a long rifle. Suddenly overcome by a shyness, he paused on the threshold to stare with round, wondering eyes at the two men.

"This," said Yancy, "is Scratch Hill." "And the dear little boy we met in your nephew, is he not, Mr. Yancy?" It was Betty Malroy who spoke.

"Howdy, sir," said Mr. Yancy. He appeared to meditate on the mental effort that was required of him.

"This," said Yancy, "is Scratch Hill." "And the dear little boy we met in your nephew, is he not, Mr. Yancy?" It was Betty Malroy who spoke.

"Howdy, sir," said Mr. Yancy. He appeared to meditate on the mental effort that was required of him.

Yancy moved off in the direction of his mule, the child following. Thereafter beguiling speech flowed steadily from Mr. Yancy's bearded lips. In the midst of which relations were established between the mule and cart, and the boy quitted the Barony for a new world.

CHAPTER II.
Captain Murrell Asks Questions. In the deep peace that rested like a benediction on the pine-clad slopes of Scratch Hill the boy Hannibal followed at Yancy's heels as that gentleman pursued the not arduous rounds of temperate industry which made up his daily life.

"I am going to have Sunday school there for the children; they shan't be neglected any longer if I can help it. Now won't you let your little nephew come?" "I reckon you-all can count on my navy," Bob said.

CHAPTER III.
Trouble at Scratch Hill. Captain Murrell had established himself at Balaam's Cross Roads. He was supposed to be interested in the purchase of a plantation, and in company with Crenshaw visited the numerous tracts of land which the merchant owned.

Reviving Old Mackintoshes. Shabby old mackintoshes can be made as good as new at home for a small outlay, and by the exercise of a little care and patience. Boll a little linseed oil and add to this about 20 drops of terebene to be had at any chemist's.

Woman City Sanitary Officer. Mrs. Mary Carroll has been appointed sanitary officer in St. Louis. She works under the direction of the city's recreation department and visits rest rooms and public comfort stations to see that all sanitary precautions are taken and that the places are kept perfectly clean.

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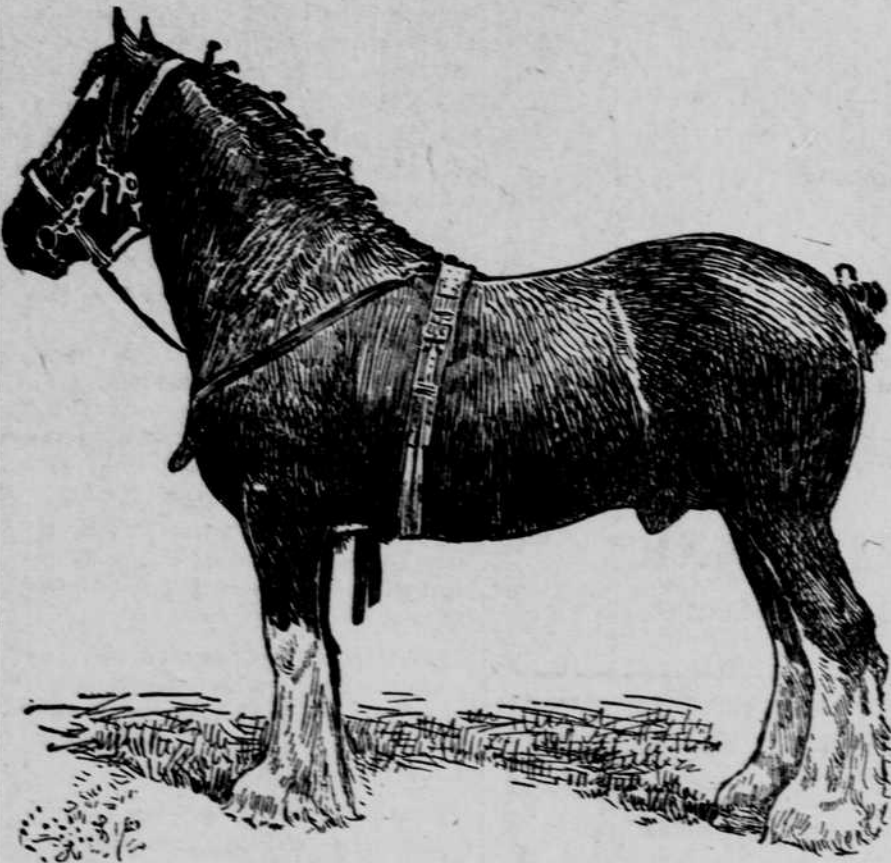
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RAISING HORSES FOR GENERAL FARM WORK MADE PROFITABLE

Possible to Breed Farm Mares and Make Lucrative Business Out of Colts at Very Small Expense—With Large Animals There Is Better Profit in Raising Mule Colts.



Champion Sire Stallion, "Tatton Harold."

The matter of supplying teams for a farm of any size is one that is a matter of importance from the purely business standpoint, as well as from personal interest. There was a time when this question was very general for farmers who had land at all suitable for the business to raise their own colts to supply the deficiency from time to time in the teams for farm work.

MAKE THE CROP FIT THE SOIL
Farmer Needs to Study Requirements of Various Crops He Grows and Plan for Rotation.
(By W. M. KELLEY.)

READY RESULTS FROM A DAIRY
Cow Is Constant Quantity as Far as Her Production Is Concerned—Regular Money Crop.

Planting Evergreens.
Evergreens ought to be planted as early as possible.

"I'M ONLY A LITTLE GIRL"

Failing Eyesight Responsible for an Old Man's Mistake—Rebuke Hardly Effective.

A certain group of youngsters in an exclusive West side residential section had been very noisy throughout the forenoon. The children were still doing their utmost to imitate a bedlam, when a very angry old man appeared at the door of a nearby apartment house.

IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters
Your Stomach needs it
Taken regularly, it wards off the ills man is heir to, by toning up and strengthening the digestive organs.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary.

Are Known by Their Titles
Simple Reason Why the Western Mind Is Slow to Grasp Nomenclature of Persian Officials.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 24-1912.