

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 Quintardes, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crosslaw, a business man, a stranger known as Hues, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hues, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintardes deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintardes, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill when Hannibal is kidnapped by Devlin Hues. Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Hues, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, 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 Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at Judge Price's home. Carrington arrives at Judge Price's home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at Judge Price's home. Carrington arrives at Judge Price's home.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL



two years we could bring in a couple of thousand Americans and then we'd be ready to take over their government, whether they liked it or not, and run it at a profit. We'd put the niggers back in slavery where they belong, and set them at work raising sugar and tobacco for their own bosses. Man, it's the richest land in the world, I tell you—and the mountains are full of gold!"

Hues had kindled with a ready enthusiasm while Murrell was speaking. "That sounds right, captain—we'd have a country and a flag of our own—and I look at those free niggers as just so much boot!"

"I shall take only picked men with me—I can't give ship room to any other—but I want you. You'll join me in New Orleans?" said Murrell.

"When do you start south?" asked Hues quickly. "Inside of two days. I've got some private business to settle before I leave. I'll hang round here until that's attended to."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Judge Extends His Credit. That afternoon Judge Price walked out to Belle Plain. Solomon Mahaffy had known that this was a civility Betty Malroy could by no means escape. He had been conscious of the judge's purpose from the moment it entered in the germ state, and he had striven to divert him, but his striving had been in vain, for though the judge valued Mr. Mahaffy because of certain sterling qualities which he professed to discern beneath the hard crust that made up the external man, he was not disposed to accept him as his mentor in nice matters of taste and gentlemanly feeling. He owed it to himself personally to tender his sympathy. Miss Malroy must have heard something of the honorable part he had played; surely she could not be in ignorance of the fact that the lawless element, dreading his further activities, had threatened him. She must know, too, about that reward of five thousand dollars. Certainly her grief could not blind her to the fact that he had met the situation with a largeness of public spirit that was an impressive lesson to the entire community.

These were all points over which he and Mahaffy had wrangled, and he felt that his friend, in seeking to keep him away from Belle Plain, was standing squarely in his light. He really could not understand Solomon or his objections. He pointed out that Norton had probably left a will—no one knew yet—probably his estate would go to his intended wife—what more likely? He understood Norton had cousins somewhere in middle Tennessee—there was the attractive possibility of extended litigation. Miss Malroy needed a strong, clear brain to guide her past those difficulties his agile fancy assembled in her path. He beamed on his friend with a wide sunny smile.

WILLING HE SHOULD GO FAR

One Man to Have Kid Transferred, but He May Have Had a Grouch.

"What do you think of this scheme of having the countries exchange children?" asked the Sewickly man. "I don't think anything about it," said the Wilkinsburg man. "What is the idea?" "An English family, for instance, exchanges children for a couple of years with a German family. References are first exchanged and all that sort of thing."

CHILD'S FACE ALL RED SPOTS

632 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind.—"My little nephew, a boy of four years, had a breaking out on his face. It was little red spots at first, then he would rub and scratch and water blisters would form, and wherever the water would run another would come until his face was covered with them. He would cry and fret. His mother got some medicine, but it did not do any good. He would scream and cry and say it hurt. We hardly knew him, his little face was all red spots and blisters. So I begged him to let me use some Cuticura Ointment on them. The next morning I made a strong soap suds with Cuticura Soap and washed his face in the warm suds. The little blisters burst by pressing the cloth on them. After I had his face washed, I put the Cuticura Ointment on and in a short time his little face was all red and dry. I kept using the Cuticura Soap and putting on the Cuticura Ointment and his face got as well and it did not leave a scar. He was entirely cured in about one week and a half." (Signed) Mrs. Arthur Haworth, Jan. 10, 1912.

Case of Mistaken Identity. President Taft was out for his afternoon walk in Washington one day when a flaxen-haired little girl ran out in front of him, held up her finger, and exclaimed in a shrill voice: "I know who you are!" The president, thinking it not at all unusual that she should possess this information, but willing to gratify her, asked: "Well, who am I?" "Aw," she said teasingly, "you're Humpty Dumpty."—Popular Magazine.

Births in the Air. The International Congress on Aerial Legislation, sitting at Geneva, Switzerland, is evoking a very detailed code of laws. One of its suggested paragraphs reads: "In the event of a birth occurring in an aircraft the pilot is to enter the event in his log book and must notify the fact to the authorities at the first place at which he descends."

Job Not Satisfactory. "I'm a self-made man," said the proud individual. "Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the listener. "How's that?" "The part you talk with is too big for the part you think with."

Two Epigrams. The apple of many a young man's eye is a peach. Harping on a subject will more often suggest a harpist than a harpist.—Lippincott's.

In the Hotel Lobby. Mary—That tall man has been divorced five times. Alice—Goodness! Who is he? Mary—He's the man who invented the safety match.

Reservations. She—Let me be the first aid to the injured. He—If you're sure it won't be left alone.—Baltimore American.

BUT HE WAS WRONG.



"Did you fool anybody?" "Yes, I fooled myself into thinking I could fool you!"

Accorded Full Title. One of the New York representatives in congress tells of a social function in an assembly district political club on the East Side, whereat the chairman of the entertainment committee acted as master of ceremonies. The chairman was very busy introducing the newly-arrived members of the club to the guests, who included a number of municipal officers. The representative mentioned was presented in a way to halve his official honors with his wife, as "The Honorable and Mrs. Congressman Blank." Next came a couple who were not known to the master of ceremonies, but, after receiving the correct name in a whisper, he announced: "Mr. and Miss. Inspector of Hydrants, Faucets and Shopworks Casey."—Lippincott's.

How He Left. The servants were discussing the matter below stairs. "Master and mistress 'ad something of a row last night, I 'ear," said the butler ponderously. "You should have heard 'em," answered the parlor maid in a shocked tone. "Scandalous is what I call it!" "They tell me 'e ran out, cranked 'is motor car and left 'is 'ome."

Moving Pictures Popular. In a recent number of the Daily Consular Reports are collected memoranda from cities and towns in various distant parts of the world showing the universal quality of the popular interest which the moving pictures excite. England, Japan, Turkey, Mexico, India, Australia and the islands of the sea all have the same story to tell; wherever the cinematograph goes it finds an instant and sustained welcome.

Exceptions. Pater Familias—History repeats itself. Smart Child—Not when it's my lesson. Some men are dumb because their wives never give them a chance to talk.

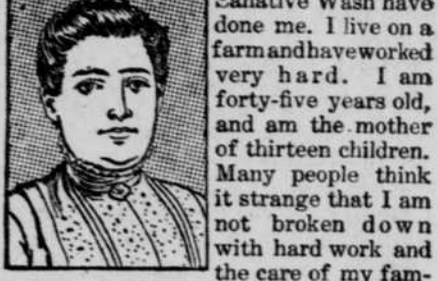
A CURE FOR PILES. Cole's Carbolic stops itching and pain and cures piles. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Even the man who is his own worst enemy is always ready to forgive himself. Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer.

Lots of people are more anxious to pay their social obligations than their debts. The mild mellow quality of LEWIS' Single Blend cigar is what the smokers want. If it were not for the trusts whom would a man who falls in business blame for it? Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. A girl never boasts a new love affair by boasting of an old one.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health—Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

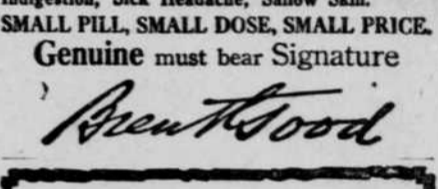
Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."



"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her. "I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

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(CHAPTER XVI—Continued).

"There you go, Price—" began Mahaffy. "Solomon, this is no time for me to hang back. I shall offer a reward of five thousand dollars for this information." The judge's tone was resolute. "Yes, sir, I shall make the figure commensurate with the poignant grief I feel. He was my friend and client—" The next morning it was discovered that some time during the night the judge had tacked his anonymous communication on the court house door; just below it was another sheet of paper covered with bold script: "To Whom It May Concern: Judge Slocum Price assumes that the above was intended for him since he found it under his office door on the morning of the twenty-fifth inst. Judge Price begs leave to state it as his unqualified conviction that the writer is a coward and a cur, and offers a reward of five thousand dollars for any information that will lead to his identification."

Tom Ware was seated alone over his breakfast. He had left his bed as the pale morning light crept across the great fields that were alike his pride and his despair—what was the use of trying to sleep when sleep was an impossibility! He was about to quit the table when big Steve entered the room to say there was a white fellow at the door. "Fetch him along in here," said Ware.

The white fellow delivered a penciled note from Murrell. When he was gone, the planter ordered his horse. As Ware rode away from Belle Plain he cursed Murrell under his breath. His own inclination toward evil was never robust; he could have convulsed over a long period of years to despoil Betty of her property, but murder and abduction was quite another thing.

Three miles from Belle Plain he entered a bridge path that led toward the river. A growth of small timber was standing along the water's edge, but as he drew nearer, those betterments which the resident of that lonely spot had seen fit to make for his own convenience, came under his scrutiny; these consisted of a log cabin and several lesser sheds. Landing, he advanced toward the cabin. As he did so he saw two women at work heaving flax under an open shed. They were the wife and daughter of George Hicks, his overseer's brother.

"Morning, Mrs. Hicks," he said, addressing himself to the mother, a hulking ruffian of a woman. "Anybody with the captain?" "Colonel Ferriss is." "Humph!" muttered Ware. He moved to the door of the cabin and entered the room where Murrell and Ferriss were seated facing each other across the breakfast table.

"Well, what the devil do you want of me, saybow?" demanded the planter. "How's your sister, Tom?" inquired Murrell. "I reckon she's the way you'd expect her to be," Ware dropped his voice to a whisper.

"John, you'll ruin yourself with your damned crazy infatuation!" it was Ferriss who spoke. "No, I won't, colonel, but I'm not going to discuss that. All I want is for Tom to go to Memphis and stay there for a couple of days. When he comes back Belle Plain and its niggers will be as good as his. I am going to take the girl away from you tonight. How soon can you get away from here, Tom?" he asked abruptly. "By God, I can't go too soon!" cried the planter, staggering to his feet. He gave Ferriss a hopeless beaten look. "You're my witness that first and last I've no part in this!" The colonel shrugged his shoulders. Murrell reached out a hand and rested it on Ware's arm.

"And Then It's Change Your Name and Strike Out for Texas."

"Keep your wits, Tom, and within a week people will have forgotten all about Norton and your sister. I am going to give them something else to worry over." Ware went from the cabin. "Look here, how about the boy—are you ready for him if I can get my hands on him! I'll send him either up or down the river and place him in safe keeping where you can get him at any time you want."

"This must be done without violence, John!" stipulated Ferriss. "Certainly, I understand. Which shall it be—up or down river?" "Could you take care of him for me below, at Natchez?" inquired Ferriss. "As well there as anywhere." "Good!" said Ferriss, and took his leave.

Three-quarters of an hour slipped by, then, piercing the silence, Murrell heard a shrill whistle; it was twice repeated; he saw Bess go down to the landing again. A half-hour elapsed and a man issued from the scattering growth of bushes that screened the shore. The newcomer crossed the clearing and entered the cabin. He was a young fellow of twenty-four or five, whose bronzed face wore a reckless expression.

"Well, captain, what's doing?" he asked. "If anything's to be done, now is the time, Hues. What have you to report?" "Well, I've seen the council of each Clan division. They are ripe to start this thing off."

Murrell gave him a moment of moody regard. "Twice already I've named the day and hour, but now I'm going to put it through!" He set his teeth and thrust out his jaw. "Captain, you're the greatest fellow in America! Inside of a week men who have never been within five hundred miles of you will be asking of each other who John Murrell is!" Murrell had expected to part with Hues then and there and for all time, but Hues possessed qualities which might still be of use.

"Hues, you must start back across Tennessee. Make it Sunday at midnight—that's three days off." Unconsciously his voice sank to a whisper. "Sunday at midnight," repeated Hues slowly. "When you have passed the word into middle Tennessee, turn south and make the best of your way to New Orleans. Don't stop for anything—push through as fast as you can. You'll find me there. I've a notion you and I will quit the country together."

"Quit the country? Why, captain, who's talking of quitting the country?" "You speak as though you were fool enough to think the niggers would accomplish something!" said Murrell coolly. "There will be confusion at first, but there are enough white men in the southwest to handle a heap better organized insurrection than we'll be able to set going. Our fellows will have to use their heads as well as their hands or they are likely to help the nigger swallow the Mississippi. . . . what with lynchers and regulators a man will have to show a clean bill of health to be allowed to live, no matter what his color—just being white won't help him any!"

"No, you're right, it won't!" and again Hues gave way to easy laughter. "When you've done your work you strike south as I tell you and join me. I'm going to keep New Orleans for myself—it's my ambition to destroy the city Old Hickory saved!" "And then it's change your name and strike out for Texas with what you've picked up!"

"No, it isn't! I'll have my choice of men—a river full of ships. Look here, there's South America, or some of those islands in the gulf with a black-and-tan population and a few white mongrels holding on to civilization by their eye-teeth; what's to hinder our setting up shop for ourselves? Two or three hundred Americans could walk off with an island like Hayti, for instance—and it's black with niggers. What we'd done here would be just so much capital down there. We'd make it a stamping ground for the Clan! In the next

people they belong to your family, contest your will, even fall in love with you—and a cousin once removed is twice as apt to. Never completely trust a cousin—never depend on his not doing any of these things. Never take him for granted. The "cousinly kiss" may or may not mean what it means. And cousins always do kiss—it's part of being cousins.

(Not that cousins need necessarily prove perilous. Once in a blue moon they invite you to Europe, or leave you money, but that almost always takes an aunt or an uncle.)—Atlantic.

Influence of Words. It is strange what an influence words have over men! Let one call a man an idiot without fighting him, and he is quite affected by it; let one compliment him on his talent without giving him money, and he feels happy.—Ivan Turgenieff.

A Weakness. "How could I swear when there was no one to swear at," asked a defendant in a police court. Some people cannot do anything without an audience.

Her Hair Saved Her. When the steamer Targus rose after a dip into an enormous wave while she was on her way from Bermuda to New York, a bride, the only bride on board, was floating about the deck like a biscuit. The water was three feet deep and she might have been swept from the deck had not M. Kreshler, a New Yorker, grabbed her by the hair and saved her. So frightened was the young woman that she was carried to her stateroom in hysterics, and for five hours she could not be convinced that the ship was not sinking.

Not the Only Favored One. Young Jamie's people were poor and not always solvent, wherefore the lad, while still very young, knew the meaning of debt. One day when Jamie had been sent to ask a patient tradesman for more supplies he was hurt and astounded to see the man hesitate. "You needn't be afraid of sending the things because we owe you a little money," exclaimed the child, with indignation. "We owe plenty of people more than we owe you!"

A Happy Fate. I'm not afraid of hot mince pie: Each one of us some way must die. And thus it may befall me yet To travel hence without regret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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