

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
Illustrations By D. MELVILLE

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the history 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 Cronshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, an attorney, Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Vander, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris, who buys the Barony, but the Quintards know the knowledge of the boy, Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murray, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks a decision about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murray, gives into a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Judge Quintard, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murray, 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 Murray on their trail. Hannibal arrives at Judge Price's office, the grandson of an old-time friend. Murray arrives at Judge's home. Carrington's family on staff rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive in Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murray returns in Belle Plain. In playing for big stakes, Yancy awakes from long dream-like sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who accuses the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is captured by Carrington. Carrington is captured by Carrington. Carrington is captured by Carrington. Carrington is captured by Carrington.

(CHAPTER XVII—Continued.)

"I have never so regarded it, Solomon," said the judge mildly. "I have read a different meaning in the beef and flour and potatoes she's sent here. I expect if the truth could be known to us she is wondering in the midst of her grief why I haven't called, but she'll appreciate the considerate delicacy of a gentleman. I wish it were possible to get out flowers in this case of wilderness."

The judge had been occupied with a simple but ingenious toilet. He had trimmed the frayed skirts of his coat; then, by turning his cuffs inside out and upside down a fresh surface made its first public appearance. Next his shoes had engaged his attention. They might have well discouraged a less resolute and resourceful character, but with the contents of his ink-well he artfully colored his white yarn socks where they showed through the rifts in the leather. This the judge did gaily, now humming a snatch of song, now listening civilly to Mahaffy, now replying with undisturbed cheerfulness. Last of all he clasped his dingy beaver on his head, giving it an indecisively jaunty slant, and stepped to the door.

"Well, wish me luck, Solomon, I'm off—come, Hannibal!" he said.

At heart he cherished small hope of seeing Betty, advantageous as he felt an interview might prove. However, on reaching Belle Plain, he and Hannibal were shown into the cool parlor by little Steve. It was more years that the judge cared to remember since he had put his foot inside such a house, but with true grandeur of soul he rose to the occasion; a sublimated dignity shone from every battered feature, while he fixed little Steve with so fierce a glance that the grin froze on his lips.

"You are to say that Judge Stoum Price presents his compliments and condolences to Miss Malroy—have you got that straight, you pinch of snoot?" he concluded affably. Little Steve, impressed alike by the judge's air of condescension and his easy flow of words, signified that he had. "You may also say that Judge Price's ward, young Master Hazard, presents his compliments and condolences—(What more the judge might have said was interrupted by the entrance of Betty, herself.)

"My dear young lady—the judge bowed, then he advanced toward her with the solemnity of carriage and countenance he deemed suitable to the occasion, and her extended hand was engaged between his two plump palms. He rolled his eyes heavenward. "It's the Lord's to deal with us as his own inscrutable wisdom dictates," he murmured with pious resignation. "We are all poorer, ma'am, that he has died—just as we were richer while he lived!" The rich cadence of the judge's speech fell sonorously on the silence, and that look of horror which had never quite left Betty's eyes since they saw Charley Norton fall, rose out of their clear depths again. The judge, in-



Knew Him and Loved Him

Dr. Courtenay, Mutilated Veteran of the Confederate Army, as He Was in Tiphah.

Dr. Courtenay entered the Confederate army as a surgeon, and after the surrender found himself without home, family, or fortune. His right coat-sleeve dangling empty, the hand that had saved so many lives could not save itself. It had been amputated after Gettysburg, and the story goes that Lee himself—the name is always pronounced slowly and reverently in Tiphah—had said, "I wish I could give my hand to save yours, doctor." Another loss, equally grave, but less conspicuous, was that of his left lung. It was this trouble that had brought him to Tiphah's mild climate, for nearly 20 years he had lived there alone in his three-room cottage, riding out every day to his little farm, five miles from town, and reading and smoking far into the night. His library was the wonder of Tiphah. Books in five languages lined the walls of his house—all in the cheapest bindings, for the doctor was poor; but, as he used to say, it was the meat in the nut he cared for, not the shell outside. He never practiced medicine, except occasionally among persons too poor to pay for medical advice, or more frequently, in serious cases when called in consultation. It was known that he had never taken a fee in Tiphah. Every one believed implicitly in his skill. It was a common thing to hear it said, after a death, "Nothing could have saved him; Dr. Courtenay said so."—Lillian Kirk Hammond in the Atlantic.

Napoleon on Shakespeare.

It is a fact that the great emperor of the French had a very poor opinion of Shakespeare's plays. According to Thibaudau, in his "Bonaparte and the Consul," Napoleon said one day: "Shakespeare was forgotten even by the English for two hundred years, un-

was told to bring whiskey, audibly smacked his lips—a whole lot better, surely!

"I am sorry you think you must hurry away, Judge Price," said Betty. She still retained the small brown hand Hannibal had thrust into hers.

"The eastern mail gets in today, ma'am, and I have reason to think my share of it will be especially heavy, for it brings the bulk of my professional correspondence." In ten years the judge had received just one communication by mail—a bill which had followed him through four states and seven counties. "I expect my secretary—" boldly fixing Solomon Mahaffy's status, "is already dipping into it; an excellent assistant, ma'am, but literary rather than legal."

Little Steve reappeared bearing a silver tray on which was a decanter and glass.

"Since you insist, ma'am," the judge poured himself a drink, "my best respects—" he bowed profoundly.

"If you are quite willing, judge, I think I will keep Hannibal. Miss Bowen, who has been here—since—her voice broke suddenly.

"I understand, ma'am," said the judge soothingly. He gave her a glance of great concern and turned to Hannibal. "Dear lad, you'll be very quiet and obedient, and do exactly as Miss Malroy says? When shall I come for him, ma'am?"

"I'll send him to you when he is ready to go home. I am thinking of visiting my friends in North Carolina, and I should like to have him spend as much time as possible with me before I start for the east."

It had occurred to Betty that she had done little or nothing for the child; probably this would be her last opportunity.

The state of the judge's feelings was such that with elaborate absence of mind he poured himself a second drink of whiskey; and that there should be no doubt the act was one of inadvertence, said again, "My best respects, ma'am," and bowed as before. Putting down the glass, he backed toward the door.

"I trust you will not hesitate to call upon me if I can be of any use to you, ma'am—a message will bring me here without a moment's delay." He was rather disappointed that no allusion had been made to his recent activities. He reasoned correctly that Betty was as yet in ignorance of the somewhat dangerous eminence he had achieved as the champion of law and order. However, he reflected with satisfaction that Hannibal, in remaining, would admirably serve his ends.

Betty insisted that he should be driven home, and after faintly protesting, the judge gracefully yielded the point, and a few moments later rolled away from Belle Plain behind a pair of sleek-coated bays, with a negro in livery on the box. He was conscious of a great sense of exaltation. He felt that he should paralyze Mahaffy. He even temporarily forgot the blow his hopes had sustained when Betty spoke of returning to North Carolina. This was life—broad acres and nig-

gers—principally to trot after you totting liquor—and such liquor!—he lolled back luxuriantly with half-closed eyes.

"Twenty years in the wood if an hour!" he muttered. "I'd like to have just such a taste in my mouth when I come to die and probably she has barrels of it!" he sighed deeply, and searched his soul for words with which adequately to describe that whisky to Mahaffy.

But why not do more than paralyze Solomon—that would be pleasant but not especially profitable. The judge came back quickly to the vexed problem of his future. He desired to make some striking display of Miss Malroy's courtesy. He knew that his credit was experiencing the pangs of an early mortality; he was not sensitive, yet for some days he had been sensible of the fact that what he called the commercial class was viewing him with open disfavor; but he must hang on in Raleigh a little longer—for him it had become the abode of hope. At least he could let people see something of that decent respect with which Miss Malroy treated him.

They were entering Raleigh now, and he ordered the coachman to pull his horses down to a walk. He had decided to make use of the Belle Plain turnout in creating an atmosphere of confidence and trust—especially trust. To this end he spent the best part of an hour interviewing his creditors. It amounted almost to a mass-meeting of the adult male population, for he had no favorites. When he invaded virgin territory he believed in starting the largest possible number of accounts without delay. The advantage of his system, as he explained its workings to Mahaffy, was that it bred a noble spirit of emulation.

He let it be known in a general way that things were looking up with him; just in what quarter he did not specify, but there he was, seated in the Belle Plain carriage, and the inference was unavoidable that Miss Malroy was to recognize his activities in a substantial manner.

Mahaffy, loafing away the afternoon in the county clerk's office, heard of the judge's return. He heard that Charley Norton had left a will; that Thicket Point went to Miss Malroy; that the Norton cousins in middle Tennessee were going to put up a fight; that Judge Price had been retained as counsel by Miss Malroy; that he was authorized to begin an independent search for Charley Norton's murderer, and was to spare no expense; that Judge Price was going to pay his debts. Mahaffy grinned at this and hurried home. He could believe all but the last; that was the crowning touch of unreality.

The judge explained the situation. "I wouldn't withhold hope from any man, Solomon; it's the cheapest thing in the world and the one thing we are most miserably apt to extend to our fellows. These people all feel better—and what did it cost me?—just a little decent consideration; just the knowledge of what the unavoidable associations of ideas in their own minds would do for them!"

What had seemed the corpse of credit breathed again, and the judge and Mahaffy immediately embarked upon a characteristic celebration. Early candle-light found them making a beginning; midnight came—the gray and purple of dawn—and they were still at it, back of closed doors and shuttered windows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Betty Leaves Belle Plain.

Hannibal had devoted himself loyally to the judge's glorification, and Betty heard all about the letter, the snuffing of the candles and the reward of five thousand dollars. It vastly increased the child's sense of importance and satisfaction when he discovered she had known nothing of these matters until he told her of them.

"Why, where would Judge Price get so much money, Hannibal?" she asked, greatly astonished.

"He won't have to get it, Miss Betty; Mr. Mahaffy says he don't reckon one will ever tell who wrote the letter—he 'lows the man who does that will keep pretty mum—he just desent tell!" the boy explained.

"No, I suppose not—" and Betty saw that perhaps, after all, the judge had not assumed any very great financial responsibility.

"He can't be a coward, though, Hannibal!" she added, for she understood that the risk of personal violence which he ran was genuine. She had formed her own unsympathetic estimate of him that day at Boggs' race-track; Mahaffy in his blackest hour could have added nothing to it. Twice since then she had met him in Raleigh, which had only served to fix that first impression.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Royalty Sacred in Austria.

A woman in Vienna was sent to prison for three months for speaking disrespectfully of Maria Theresa, who has been dead for 131 years. In Austrian law royalty is protected from criticism, written or spoken, for 200 years after death.

CHARACTERISTICS OF IDEAL FEEDER STEER

One of the first things I look for in a steer bought for a feeder is a loose, pliable, mellow skin, with a thick cover of thrifty looking hair. If the other points of the steer are satisfactory, these indicate an animal that can turn corn into good beef at a relatively small cost.

In buying feeders in stock pens or at auction sales, look for the short neck, short legs, deep body and straight back, says a writer in the Farm Progress. Of course, I do not expect smoothness in a feeder steer, but neither do I want high thigh bones and a general appearance of coarseness.

Try to imagine how the steer will look when fat and ready for the market. If his neck is thin, will it become thicker? If the back is thin, is there still thickness enough to carry the load of fat that you hope to put there?

It does not matter much whether the feeder steer is an animal in which Angus or Galloway, Hereford or Shorthorn blood predominates. They are all breeds in which the same purpose has been kept in mind. They are all well fleshed, early maturing stock, with a capacity of turning large amounts of feed into good red beef at a low cost.

When I buy a feeder steer I look for an animal with a short, broad head, large muzzle, heavy, strong jaw; smooth, strong shoulders, and a wide, deep chest. I want no disturbers in a herd that I am feeding, so I keep away from the wild and quarrelsome sort as near as I can. Of course, when buying in car load or half car load lots you have to take the disposition for granted.

The chest should be wide, especially at the bottom, and the body big enough to give storage room to the corn and the roughage that you are going to put in this machine that it is to turn into beef. The more nearly the feeder steer approaches the general type of the fat beef steer, the more he is worth to the man who buys and the man who sells him.

For a good many years I have been buying feeder steers shipped into a stockyard, shipping them about eighty miles and finishing them on corn and roughage. Most of them are western cattle. They are a little slow in starting to take on weight, but fatten very rapidly a little later in their feeding. It is better to buy them by carload lots, in order to save money on the yardage, the commission and the freight. A carload of such steers will run from eighteen to twenty-two head.

The change in the steer during the finishing period is remarkable. Where the heavy muscles are noticeable fat layers will appear, giving smoothness to form. The rump, the back, the neck and the shoulder points will broaden and round out.

The feeder steer is valuable to the man with ready money for his finishing, and the feed necessary for his finishing up into a fat steer. If you are able to turn him into an animal that will yield a minimum of waste and a maximum of carcass, you have an animal that will make the feeding of corn that costs as high as 80 cents a bushel profitable.



A Profitable Bunch.

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Hereford Steers.

TRAINING TREE FOR ANY SHAPE DESIRED

Care Should Be Exercised to Keep Top Open to Admit Rays of Sun.

It is much better to train a tree the shape it is wanted than allow it to grow wild, then chop and saw it into the desired shape, says the Mirror and Farmer.

If sprouts starting from the body of the tree or along the main branches are pinched when they are three or four inches long they will ordinarily form fruit spurs. Aim to get more fruit buds near the body of the tree and along the larger limbs instead of the branches.

As color is an important factor, care should be exercised to keep the top open so that the rays of the sun can reach to every part of some portion of the day. To accomplish this it may be well to do some pruning when the tree is in full leaf; cutting 10 or even 15 per cent of the top away when the tree is in full leaf will cause no serious injury.

If the trees are carefully looked over about three times during the growing season, and the ends of those spots that are growing too long are pinched off, the tree may be kept to the desired shape. But where a shoot has been overlooked it is better to cut it out when found than wait until winter. Negligence during the growing season is about the only logical reason for severe winter pruning.

Severe pruning while the tree is in a dormant state stimulates more rapid and abundant wood growth, about four-fifths of which will grow where it is not wanted, necessitating yet more cutting the following season. Pinching the summer pruning stimulates the production of fruit buds, and tends toward better maturity of both buds and fruit. Plan to grow an abundance of fruit spurs well distributed over the whole tree.

Eggs and Meat.

Eggs do not differ greatly in composition from meat. The average egg, as purchased, consists of about eleven per cent waste material or shell. The edible portion consists of about 74 per cent water, 13 per cent protein or muscle-building material, 10.5 per cent fat, and 1 per cent mineral matter.

Theory of Mulching.

Here is the theory of mulching. A bunch of big weeds growing vigorously beside a tree rob it of moisture. These same weeds cut off and put on top of the ground no longer rob but save water.

Disease Preventive.

The man who keeps everything neat and clean about his hog yards is not very apt to have any trouble from cholera or any other disease, provided, of course, that he feeds good clean feed.

Poultry Yard Essentials.

This is the season of the year when the grit boxes must be refilled often. Nests kept clean and free from vermin. Plenty of fresh water kept before the chicks at all times. Dust boxes refilled and all the little details daily attended to. Then with whitewash, lice paint and all the implements of war, watch out for the army of lice and mites that are ready to seek and devour. They always have their armor on and are ready for business. Do not let them get the first inning.

AUTOMOBILE HAS A WING

French Motor Car Is Driven in the Same Manner as an Aeroplane.

A successful trial run was made recently from Paris to London, about 320 miles, by a motor car driven by a revolving wing, the Paris Figaro states.

The vehicle, which was designed by M. Bertrand de Lesseps, and is called the "winged car," has the appearance of an ordinary motor car, save that in front it is shaped like the prow of a ship. From the extremity of the prow extends a shaft to which is attached the propeller—or revolving wing—invented by M. Filippi.

The wing is small, strong and thick and revolves with a protecting cage. The engine is of 40 horse power and rotates the wing by shaft and chain transmission.

There is no other mechanism, the wheels of the car being free, except for footbrakes. By the side of the driver is a single lever which controls the clutch and the forward and reverse movement of the wing. The wing can be reversed at a moment's notice, thereby forming an additional brake. In the trial runs a speed of 62 miles an hour was obtained with 2,100 revolutions of the wing a minute. One curious feature was that the car made no dust.

HANDS CRACKED AND BLED

St. Clair, Mo.—"My trouble began about fifteen years ago. It was what some claimed eczema. The form the disease worked under was a breaking out with watery blisters on my hands which would then dry and scale, and then would follow the trouble of cracking and bleeding, also itching and hurting. My hands were disfigured at the time, and sore. The trouble was very annoying, and disturbed my sleep. This last February it was ever so much worse than before. I did not do all my work on account of the condition of my hands. I could not put them in water without making them worse. I tried a lot of home remedies, also salves and liniments that claimed to be a cure for the trouble, but I did not obtain a cure.

"At last I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample. I thought they would cure, so I sent for a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap. A doctor advised me to keep ahead with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they cured me completely. No trace of the trouble remains." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Taylor, Mar. 29, 1912.

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

Sparrow Sets House Ablaze.

An English sparrow was the cause of three houses catching fire at Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently, and had it not been for the prompt work of the neighbors and friends all would have been destroyed. The sparrow was building a nest under the eaves of the home of Mrs. Mary Webber, and it picked up a long cotton string from a pile of rubbish that had just been burned. With the burning string in its beak, the sparrow flew to the roof of Mrs. Sophia Shafer's house, then to Otto McCright's house and then to the roof of Emanuel Wuest's home, where it dropped the burning string. A fire started in the shingles of each building. Each was extinguished by neighbors before much damage was done.

Polar Exploration.

North polar exploration had attracted the attention of adventurous and ambitious men for nearly 400 years before Peary reached the top of the world. Search for the south pole has always proved less attractive, and only during the last 140 years have explorers turned their attention toward the goal recently reached by Amundsen.

Opening Up Lhasa.

Lhasa, which is the capital of Tibet, for generations was known as the Forbidden City, because of its political and religious exclusiveness. In 1904 a British armed expedition opened the mysterious old city. Previous to that time practically every European traveler had been stopped in his efforts to reach the place. The population of Lhasa is about 35,000.

After Dark.

"Honest as the day is long, eh?" "Absolutely. But you'd better keep your chicken coop focked."

The average man can make a fool of himself almost as easily as a woman can make a fool of him.

A Large Package

Post Toasties

Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.

Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—

A flavour that appeals to young and old.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.