

# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

## SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old story-book southern plantation, known as the "Barony." The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Hueses, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Cavendish, a business man, a stranger known as Hues, and Bob Yancy, a former when Hamibal Ware, Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adapted the boy, Hamibal, to the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hamibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Stratton Hill when Hamibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtures Hues, gives him a threatening and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Hues, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Quintards, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Steve Carrington. Betty sets out for Tennessee. Steve Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hamibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hamibal 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. Hamibal's rifle discloses that starting things to the Judge. Hamibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from a dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up and down. Charles Norton, a young planter, who assists the Judge, is mysteriously assassinated. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans springing of negroes. Judge Price, with Hamibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hamibal they meet Boss Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Boss' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slocum, the tavern keeper and confederate. Betty and Hamibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost impenetrable spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and confederate. He 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. Judge Price visits Colonel Fentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming estranged, Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged.

**CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.)**  
"Hues!" cried Murrell in astonishment, for the man confronting him was the Clan's messenger who should have been speeding across the state.  
"Toss up your hands, Murrell," said Hues quietly.  
One of the other men spoke.  
"You are under arrest!"  
"Arrest!"  
"You are wanted for nigger-stealing," said the man. Still Murrell did not seem to comprehend. He looked at Hues in dull wonder.  
"What are you doing here?" he asked.  
"Waiting to arrest you—ain't that plain?" said Hues, with a grim smile.  
The outlaw's hands dropped at his side, limp and helpless. With some idea that he might attempt to draw a weapon one of the men took hold of him, but Murrell was nerveless to his touch; his face had gone a ghastly white and was streaked with the markings of terror.  
"Well, by thunder!" cried the man in utter amazement.  
Murrell looked into Hues' face.  
"You—you—" and the words tinkered on his tongue, becoming an inarticulate murmur.  
"It's all up, John," said Hues.  
"No!" said Murrell, recovering himself. "You may as well turn me loose—you can't arrest me!"  
"I've done it," answered Hues. "I've been on your track for six months."  
"How about this fellow?" asked the man whose pistol still covered Ware. Hues glanced toward the planter and shook his head.  
"Where are you going to take me?" asked Murrell quickly. Again Hues laughed.  
"You'll find that out in plenty of time, and then your friends can pass the word around if they like; now you'll come with me."  
Ware neither moved nor spoke as Hues and his prisoner passed back along the path. Hues with his hand on Murrell's shoulder, and one of his companions close at his heels, while the third man led off the outlaw's horse.  
Presently the distant clatter of hoofs was borne to Ware's ears—only that the miracle of courage and daring he had half expected had not happened. Murrell, for all his wild boasting, was like other men, like himself. His bloodshot eyes slid around in

their sockets. There across the sunlit stretch of water was Betty—the thought of her brought him to quick choking terrors. The whole fabric of crime by which he had been benefitted in the past or had expected to profit in the future seemed toppling in upon him, but his mind clutched one important fact. Hues, if he knew of Betty's disappearance, did not connect Murrell with it. Ware sucked in comfort between his twitching lips. Stealing niggers! No one would believe that he, a planter, had a hand in that, and for a brief instant he considered signaling Bess to return. Slocum must be told of Murrell's arrest; but he was sick with apprehension, some trap might have been prepared for him, he could not know; and the impulse to act forsook him.  
He smote his hands together in a hopeless, beaten gesture. And Murrell had gone weak—with his own eyes he had seen it—Murrell—whom he believed without fear! He felt that he had been grievously betrayed in his trust and a hot rage poured through him. At last he climbed in to the saddle, and, swaying like a drunken man, galloped off.  
When he reached the river road he paused and scanned its dusty surface. Hues and his party had turned south when they issued from the wood path. No doubt Murrell was being taken to Memphis. Ware laughed harshly. The outlaw would be free before another dawn broke.  
He had halted near where Jim had turned his team the previous night after Betty and Hamibal had left the carriage; the marks of the wheels were as plainly distinguishable as the more recent trail left by the four men, and as he grasped the significance of that wide half circle his sense of injury overwhelmed him again. He hoped to live to see Murrell hanged!  
He was so completely lost in his bitter reflections that he had been unaware of a mounted man who was coming toward him at a swift gallop, but now he heard the steady pounding of hoofs and, startled by the sound, looked up. A moment later the horseman drew rein at his side.  
"Ware!" he cried.  
"How are you, Carrington?" said the planter.  
"You are wanted at Belle Plain," began Carrington, and seemed to hesitate.  
"Yes—yes, I am going there at once—now—" stammered Ware, and gathered up his reins with a shaking hand.  
"You've heard, I take it?" said Carrington slowly.  
"Yes," answered Ware, in a hoarse whisper. "My God, Carrington, I'm heart sick; she has been like a daughter to me—I—" he fell silent, nipping his face.  
"I think I understand your feeling," said Carrington, giving him a level glance.  
"Then you'll excuse me," and the planter clapped spurs to his horse. Once he looked back over his shoulder; he saw that Carrington had not moved from the spot where they had met.  
At Belle Plain, Ware found his neighbors in possession of the place. They greeted him quietly and spoke in subdued tones of their sympathy. When he could he shut himself in his room. He had experienced a day of maddening anxiety; he had not slept at all the previous night; in mind and body he was worn out; and now he was plunged into the thick of this sensation. He must keep control of himself.  
He sought to forecast the happenings of the next few hours. Murrell's friends would break jail for him, that was a foregone conclusion; but the insurrection he had planned was at an end. Hues had dealt its death blow. Moreover, though the law might be impotent to deal with Murrell, he could not hope to escape the vengeance of the powerful class he had plotted to destroy; he would have to quit the country. Ware gloated in this idea of craven flight. Thank God, he had seen the last of him!  
But, as always, his thoughts came back to Betty. Slocum would wait at Hicks' place for the man Murrell had promised him, and, falling the messenger, for the signal fire, but there would be neither; and Slocum would be left to determine his own course of action. Ware felt certain that he would wait through the night, but as sure as the morning broke, if no word had reached him, he would send one

appear against him, no jury will dare to find him guilty; but there's Hues, what about him?" He paused. The two men looked at each other for a long moment.  
"Where did they carry the captain?"  
"I don't know."  
"It looks like the Clan was in a hell-fired hole—but shucks! What will be easier than to fix Hues?—and while they're fixing folks they'd better not overlook that old fellow Fentress. He's got some notion about Fentress and the boy." Mr. Hicks did not consider it necessary to explain that he was himself largely responsible for this.  
"How do you know that?" demanded Ware.  
"He as good as said so." Hicks looked uneasily at the planter. He knew himself to be compromised. The stranger named Cavendish had forced

an admission from him that Murrell would not condone if it came to his knowledge. He had also acquired a very proper and wholesome fear of Judge Slocum Price. He stepped close to Ware's side. "What'll come of the girl, Tom? Can you figure that out?" he questioned, stinking his voice at a whisper. But Ware was incapable of speech, again his terrors completely overwhelmed him. "I reckon you'll have to find another overseer. I'm going to strike out for Texas," said Hicks.  
Ware's eyes met his for an instant. He had thought of flight, too; was still thinking of it, but greed was as much a part of his nature as fear; Belle Plain was a prize not to be lightly cast aside, and it was almost his. He lurched across the room to the window. If he were going to act, the sooner he did so the better, and gain a respite from his fears. The road down the coast slid away before his heavy eyes; he marked each turn, then a pair of fear shook him, his heart beat against his ribs, and he stood gnawing his lips while he gazed up at the sun.  
"Do you get what I say, Tom? I am going to quit these parts," said Hicks. Ware turned slowly from the window.  
"All right, Hicks. You mean you want me to settle with you, is that it?" he asked.  
"Yes, I'm going to leave while I can; maybe I can't later on," said Hicks stolidly. He added: "I am going to start down the coast as soon as it turns dark, and before it's day again I'll have put the good miles between me and these parts."  
"You're going down the coast?" and Ware was again conscious of the quickened beating of his heart. Hicks nodded. "See you don't meet up with John Murrell," said Ware.  
"I'll take that chance. It seems a heap better to me than staying here."  
Ware looked from the window. The shadows were lengthening across the lawn.  
"Better start now, Hicks," he advised.  
"I'll wait until it turns dark."  
"You'll need a horse."  
"I was going to help myself to one. This ain't no time to stand on ceremony," said Hicks shortly.  
"Slocum shouldn't be left in the lurch like this—or your brother's folks—"  
"They'll have to figure it out for



The Planter's Knees Knocked Together.

himself, same as me," rejoined Hicks.  
"You can stop there as you go by."  
"No," said Hicks. "I never did believe in this damn foolishness about the girl, and I won't go near George's—"  
"I don't ask you to go there; you can give them the signal from the head of the bayou. All I want is for you to stop and light a fire on the shore. They'll know what that means. I'll give you a horse and fifty dollars for the job."  
Hicks' eyes sparkled, but he only said:  
"Make it twice that and maybe we can deal."  
Racked and tortured, Ware hesitated; but the sun was slipping into the west; his windows blazed with the hot light.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Masterpiece Gone to Waste.**  
The very seedy-looking young man made his way with difficulty down the corridor on the ninth floor of one of New York's best hotels, says the Popular Magazine, and knocked loudly at his friend's door. Anguish was written on his face and wrinkles on his clothes. He was a walking sign of what it meant to spend a hard night.  
"What's the matter?" called out the sleepy friend.  
"Matter? It's a tragedy, a death, the end of all things—ruination and grief!"  
"Well, what is it?" lazily inquired the drowsy man, without opening the door.  
Whereupon the seedy-looking young man, leaping against the door and lifting his voice to a howl, replied:  
"I called up my wife on the long-distance telephone last night and told her why I had not returned. I gave her a perfectly good excuse. And now I can't remember what it was!"  
"Fault of a Great Many."  
The chief of all abuses is to imagine that we are the center of the universe.

ing work in a city office. Her physician ordered her to a sanitarium for rest and upbuilding, and when she returned to work he instructed her to eat four fresh laid eggs daily; two eggs for breakfast and the others raw in milk. Finding it difficult to obtain dependably fresh eggs she persuaded her mother to permit her having a small flock in the home yard. A portable house was purchased and fifteen pullets installed in it. A small brooder was paid ten cents a week to feed and care for the flock, two bags of ready-mixed food were bought and the result of the venture was not only all the eggs the young lady needed and a supply for the family, but there was a surplus which found a ready market at the corner drug store, bringing ten cents a dozen above the market price.  
—The Christian Herald.

**Success**  
is attained by doing the right thing again and again, until it becomes a habit. One of the best habits you can form is to read the advertisements that appear in this paper. Now is the time to begin.

## HALLOWE'EN NOVELTY



A Jack O' Lantern hat of crepe paper is the latest novelty for wear by the young lady who will attend the Halloween festivities. The hat is topped by an imitation Jack O' Lantern and a fan of the same material to match.

## SHOULDER STRAP COMES BACK

Modistes Return to Style of a Few Years Ago, Which Has Much to Recommend It.

You remember the jumper dress that women liked a few years ago? It was virtually a skirt; a wide girde and shoulder straps, and was worn over a blouse of washable fabric. Well, it is here again in a charming revival of style, having profited by its respite, according to the New York Press.

## BLOUSE OF SPOT NET.



This is a charming little blouse arranged with a low neck and long sleeves with deep wrist ruffles.

**Gown for a Matron.**  
For a matron a black and white princess robe is made in narrow stripes of equal size and arranged with lengthwise and horizontal panels alternating with a suggestion of a ladder and its rungs.

**Winter Hats.**  
Most picturesque and becoming are the new plush and velour hats for the autumn and early winter which are now being shown in the smart shops. The hats are in small, medium and large shapes, quite soft, so that they can be rolled and crushed to suit the face of the individual wearer. There are small hats with high round crowns, folded in around the top. Two-toned velour hats are among the newest models and there is an iridescent blue and black plush that which is most striking and becoming to the average woman. A large sombrero of green velour with a facing of black velvet is trimmed with a black leather belt, dull leather with a gilt buckle. The shape is extremely smart. A rather high-crowned narrow brimmed hat of two-toned iridescent plush is in blue and black. The hat has a crown of shot silk and is trimmed with two made plumes of the plush. A small black plush hat, extremely dashing in effect, has a white satin band inside the brim and three fancy black feathers at one side.

## NEW MATERIAL FOR NEGLIGEE

Madras Curtains Make Up Into the Very Finest Boudoir Garment That Can Be Devised.

If you are needing a new negligee don't seek for the material for it in the dress goods department of your favorite shop, but go to your house-furnishing merchant. He will have precisely what you need—a pair of extra curtains in madras—that he'll sell for a song. If they are of white or cream or black, large-figured in pale blue, light green or vivid cerise, so much the better for you. They'll make up into a stunning negligee of the sort that cut in two pieces, and slipping on over the head, buttons from throat, to shoulder tops and half way down the outer side of the kimono sleeves, with oriental beads of huge size and lurid tone enhanced with flecks of gold. About the throat and the edges of the sleeves place heavy cordings in silk matching the color of the figure on the madras, but use no further trimming. The material trims itself. A negligee in this design is unquestionably modest. It falls straight from the shoulders to the toes, does not cling to the figure and may be hung on in a second of time above a princess slip of taffeta or lawn.

**Lace Door Panel.**  
Very frequently lace door panels shrink after washing them, making it impossible to use them again.  
To prevent this follow these instructions: After removing the panel from the door thoroughly clean the glass.  
Wash and starch the lace, slip in the rods immediately and replace the panel on the door.  
Care should be observed to pull the lace straight, tacking down the sides, if necessary, to stretch the panel.  
Allow it to dry upon the door.  
This gives far better results than to launder the panel in the usual manner.

**Effective Bandeau.**  
Ornaments are always worn in the hair, and a narrow bandeau of velvet is still popular. A Paris house shows a narrow stiff band of blue velvet sewn with colored beads, from the center of which springs up a peacock's feather of gold with the "eye" of the feather in natural colors, a bizarre and striking ornament. Another band of velvet is sewn with brilliants, and a white spray rises in the middle in a fashion that is both becoming and dignified—which is more than may be said for many fashions of the moment.

**Big Muffs.**  
Muffs will be of more mammoth size than ever this winter. The furriers have seen to that all right. They are also desperately concerned in working up original little fittings for the neck, in the guise of high stocks.

## SUCCESS FOLLOWS JUDICIOUS FARMING

IN WESTERN CANADA IT IS CERTAIN.

The story of the Big Farmer in Western Canada, and the immense profits he has made in the growing of grain, has been told and retold. He has been found in all parts of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. His splendid farm buildings have been pictured, his traction outfits described and his princely surroundings, resultant of his success in growing grain, have been portrayed by letter, press and camera. It certainly is not to his discredit that by successfully applying common sense and up-to-date methods to the conditions that climate, a good soil, and splendid market have placed at hand, that he has made the best use of them. He is not too proud to admit that he came to the country a very few years ago handicapped as to money, leaving behind him unpaid mortgages in his old home land (which are now wiped out), and he is still today the same good-hearted fellow he was in the days that he had to work for a neighbor, while the neighbor broke the land on his homestead, which went to make up the settlement duties.

Then, there, too, is the farmer and the farmer's son, already wealthy, who has bought large holdings in Western Canada, in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, who has made forty to one hundred per cent. on his investment, whose big grain crops and whose immense cattle herds are helping to improve the country. Health and strength, energy and push, and bull dog grit are as essential in Western Canada as in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, or any of the states from which so many of these people come, and then, when you have added to that a fair amount of means, with which to make a start, the land which is only waiting for the skill of the husbandman will quickly respond.

But there is the smaller farmer, the man who has not made sufficient in four or five years, that he might comfortably retire if he felt like it. There are many of them in all the three Provinces. It is not the less to his credit that he has earned his homestead by the three years residence, that he is free from debt, and has a reasonable bank account. He, too, came to the country handicapped by debts, and with very little means. He is contented, has a good home, land free of encumbrance, some stock, and with good prospects. One of these writes: "I formerly lived near Dayton, Ohio, on a rented farm, had as good a chance as the average renter, but after ten years of hard work, satisfied myself that if I ever expected to secure a home, I would have to undertake something else. Hearing of Western Canada, I investigated, and seven years ago last Spring settled in a homestead and purchased (on time) an adjoining half section, arriving with a carload of household effects and farm implements, including four horses and three cows, and \$1,800 in money—my ten years' work in Ohio.

"The first year our crops gave us feed, the second year 100 acres of wheat gave us \$1,800; no failure of crop since starting here. I have now 22 head of horses, 15 head of cattle, and 35 hogs. We own 1,120 acres of land, and have same all under cultivation. Was offered at one time \$35,000 per acre for a half section where we live, and all the other land could be sold today on present market at \$30.00 per acre. Should we care to dispose of our holdings, could pay all debts and have over \$30,000 to the good, but the question is where could we go to invest our money and get as good returns as here?

"We have equally as good, if not better prospects for crops this year, as we had three years ago, when our wheat reached from 30 to 48 bushels per acre. I never believed such crops could be raised until I saw them myself. I had 15 acres that year that made 50 bushels to the acre. Our harvest will be ready by the 12th. We have this season in crop 400 acres of wheat, 125 of oats, 90 of flax, and run three binders, with four men to do the stooking.

"We certainly like this country, and the winters, although the winters are cold at times, but we do not suffer as one would think. What we have accomplished here can be duplicated in almost any of the new districts. If anyone doubts anything I have said in this letter, tell them to come here, and I can prove every word I have written."

## A "Tempting Dinner"

has no attraction for the person with a weak stomach.

You have no appetite and what little you do eat distresses you. Try a bottle of

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

and notice the improvement in your general health. Your food will taste good and do you good.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS

## Mongols Live in Saddle

Russia's New Protectors Are Likely to Become Nation of Legless People.

The Mongols, Russia's new protectees and subjects to be, are quite a different race of mankind from the Chinese, Manchus, Russians or Japanese, says the Manchester (England) Guardian.

Every Mongol (even the women, who all ride astride) is a horseman, and so used to be to spending his whole active life on horseback that practically he has lost the use of his legs for walking purposes, and shuffles along only a few yards at a time, encumbered by his heavy skin clothing, on limbs shriveled by disease and from the habit of riding extremely high in very short stirrups.

The Chinese have always applied the graphic terms "horseback states" to the Huns, Turks, Avars and Mongols who are practically all varieties of one people, and have always extended from the Yalu to the Volga.

They are, and always have been, nomads. Grass and water are their only "property" and absolute need, for they are, tribe for tribe, invariably accompanied on the move after pasture by thousands of horses, cattle, goats, sheep, camels—never pigs.

Thus from ancient times they have always been in a position to send 200,000 to 500,000 horsemen rapidly to any point; mountains and big rivers are the only serious obstacles; at a pinch raw meat enough for ten days' campaign can be "cooked" on the rapid march by placing it between the saddle and the sweating horse. If this vast movable force should be civilized again under Russian supremacy there are those who say that nothing in Asia can resist it.

**How She Got Fresh Eggs.**  
A young lady living in a small city had impaired her health by too con-

