

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 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 Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known to the owners, and Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old plantation, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Hannibal Perry buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy is a friend of the Quintards, and asks questions about the rescue. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy, who is a friend of Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Hazard, 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 Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Price. The judge, who is a friend of the boy, the grandson of an old time friend, Cavendish, arrives at Judge Price's home. Cavendish's wife discloses Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail, and Carrington arrives at Belle Plain. Hannibal is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charles Norton, a young planter, who is a friend of the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is discovered by Murrell's men. Murrell's men are uprisings of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Belle Plain, where the boy is a companion. In a stroll Betty takes her father to meet Bess Hicks, a girl of danger and counsel her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bess's advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and they are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered glass of whiskey into the judge's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his bubble bursts. The judge and Mahaffy discuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hannibal, and a fierce gun fight follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue. Bruce Carrington and Betty come to an understanding. The judge receives an important letter. Solomon Mahaffy's last fight. Fights duel for the judge and he is killed. Hannibal proves to be Judge's grandson, and told the story of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

"What does this ridiculous mockery mean?" he demanded harshly. "Mr. Sheriff, as a member of the bar, I protest! Why don't you clear the building?" He did not wait for Betty to answer him, but continued, "Where is this man Hues?"

"Yonder, colonel, by the captain," said Betty.

"I have a warrant for his arrest. You will take him into custody."

"Wait!" cried the judge. "I represent Mr. Hues. I desire to see that warrant!"

But Pentress ignored him. He addressed the crowded benches.

"Gentlemen, it is a serious matter forcibly to seize a man without authority from the courts and expose him to the danger of mob violence—Mr. Hues will leave this before we have done with him."

Instantly there was a noisy demonstration that swelled into a burst of applause, which quickly spent itself. The struggle seemed to have narrowed to an individual contest for supremacy between Pentress and the judge. On the edge of the railed-off space they confronted each other: the colonel, a tall, well-cared for presence; the judge, shabby and unkempt. For a moment their eyes met, while the judge's face purpled and paled, and purpled again. The silence deepened. Pentress' thin lips opened, twitched, but no sound came from them; then his glance wavered and fell. He turned away.

"Mr. Sheriff!" he called sharply.

"All right, colonel!"

"Take your man into custody," ordered Pentress. As he spoke he handed the warrant toward Betty, who looked at it, grinned, and stepped toward Hues. He would have pushed the judge aside had not that gentleman, bowing civilly, made way for him.

"In my profound respect for the law and property constituted authority I yield to no man, not even to Colonel Pentress," he said with a gracious gesture. "I would not place the slight-

est obstacle in the way of its sanctioned manifestation. Colonel Pentress comes here with that high sanction. He bowed again ceremoniously to the colonel. "I repeat, I respect his dependence upon the law!" He whirled suddenly. "Cavendish—Yancy—Carrington—I call upon you to arrest John Murrell! I do this by virtue of the authority vested in me as a judge of the United States federal court. His crime—a mere trifle, my friends—passing counterfeit money! Colonel Pentress will inform you that this is a violation of the law which falls within my jurisdiction," and he beamed blandly on Pentress.

"It's a lie!" cried the colonel.

"You'll answer for that later!" said the judge, with abrupt austerity of tone.

"For all we know you may be some fugitive from justice!—Why, your name isn't Price!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked the judge quickly.

"You're an impostor! Your name is Turberville!"

"Permit me to relieve your apprehensions. It is Turberville who has received the appointment. Would you like to examine my credentials?—I have them by me—no? I am obliged for your introduction. It could not have come at a more timely moment. The judge seemed to dismiss Pentress contemptuously. Once more he faced the packed benches. "Put down your weapons!" he commanded. "This man Murrell will not be released. At the first effort to rescue he will be shot where he sits—we have sworn it—his plotting is at an end." He stalked nearer the benches. "Not one chance in a thousand remains to him, either he dies here or he lives to be taken before every judge in the state. If necessary, until we find one with courage to try him! Make no mistake—it will best conserve the ends of justice to allow the state court's jurisdiction in this case; and I pledge myself to furnish evidence which will start him well on his road to the gallows!" The judge, a tremendous presence, stalked still nearer the benches. Outfacing the crowd, a sense of the splendor of the part he was being called upon to play flowed through him like some elixir; he felt that he was transcending himself, that his inspiration was drawn from the hidden springs of the spirit, and that he could neither falter nor go astray.

"You don't know what you are meddling with! This man has plotted to lay the south in ruins—he has been arming the negroes—it is incredible that you should all know this—to such I say, go home and thank God for your escape! For the others"—his shaggy brows met in a menacing frown—"if they force our hand we will toss them John Murrell's dead carcass—that's our answer to their challenge!"

He strode out among the gun muzzles which wavered where they still covered him. He was thinking of Mahaffy—Mahaffy, who had said he was still a man to be reckoned with.

"Do you know what a servile insurrection means?—you men who have wives and daughters, have you thought of their fate? Of the monstrous savagery to which they would be exposed? Do you believe he could limit and control it? Look at him! Why, he has never had a consideration outside of his own safety, and yet he expects you to risk your necks to save his! He would have left the state before the first blow was struck—but his business was all down river—and we are going to keep him here to answer for his crimes! The law, as implacable as it is impartial, has put its mark on him—the shadow in which he sits is the shadow of the gallows!"

The judge paused, but the only sound in that expectant silence was the heavy breathing of men. He drew his unwieldy form erect, while his voice rumbled on, aggressive and threatening in its every intonation.

"You are here to defend something that no longer exists. Your organization is wrecked, your signals and passwords are known, your secrets have become public property—I can even produce a list of your members; there are none of you who do not stand in imminent peril—yet understand, I have no wish to strike at those who have been misled or coerced into joining Murrell's band!" The judge's sudden old face glowed now with the magnanimity of his sen-

timents. "But I have no feeling of mercy for your leaders, none for Murrell himself. Put down your guns!—you can only kill us after we have killed Murrell—but you can't kill the law! If the arch conspirator dies in this room and hour, on whose head will the punishment fall?" He swung round his ponderous arm in a sweeping gesture and shook a fat but expressive fore-finger in the faces of those nearest him. "On yours—and yours—and yours!"

Across the space that separated them the judge grinned his triumph at his enemy. He had known when a word or a sign from him would precipitate a riot, but he knew now that neither this word nor this sign would be given. Then quite suddenly he strode down the aisle, and foot by foot Pentress yielded ground before his advance. A murderous light flashed from the judge's bloodshot eyes and his right hand was stealing toward the frayed tails of his coat.

"Look out—he's getting ready to shoot!" cried a frightened voice.

Instantly by doors and windows the crowd, seized with inexplicable panic, emptied itself into the court-house yard. Pentress was caught up in the rush and borne from the room and from the building. When he reached the graveled space below the steps he turned. The judge was in the doorway, the center of a struggling group; Mr. Bowen, the minister, Mr. Saul and Mr. Wesley were vainly seeking to pinion his arm.

"Draw—damn you!" he roared at Pentress, as he wrenched himself free, and the crowd swayed to right and left as Pentress was seen to reach for his pistol.

Mr. Saul made a last frantic effort to restrain his friend; he seized the judge's arm just as the latter's finger pressed the trigger, and an instant later Pentress staggered back with the judge's bullet in his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Good Times Coming.

It was not strange that a number of gentlemen in and about Raleigh yielded to an overmastering impulse to visit newer lands, nor was it strange that the initial steps looking toward the indulgence of their desires should have been taken in secrecy. Mr. Pegloe was one of the first to leave; Mr. Saul had informed him of the judge's declared purpose of shooting him on sight. Even without this useful hint

"Draw, Damn You!" He Roared at Pentress.

The judge, from neither of whom could he bring himself to be separated; and as the woods, flaming now with the torch of frost, engulfed the little town, he turned in his seat and looked back. He had entered it by that very road, a beggar on foot and in rags; he was leaving it in broadcloth and fine linen, visible tokens of his altered fortunes. More than this, he could trust his hands deep down into his once empty pockets and hear the clink of gold and silver. The judge slowly withdrew his eyes from the last gray roof that showed among the trees, and faced the east and the future with a serenely confident expression.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE KNEW WHAT TO AVOID

If Knowing Human Nature Would Do It, This Man Would Have Made Good Preacher.

"Dr. John Haynes Holmes, who preached a Bull Moose sermon to President Taft the Sunday before election day, isn't like Washington White," said a member of Dr. Holmes' Church of the Messiah in New York. "Washington White was an aged hod carrier. Laying down his paper one evening he said to his wife over his spectacles:

"Martha, I believe I'd make a preacher. Listen, now, and I'll give you a sermon."

"The old man then stood up to the table and belted out a vigorous discourse on the wickedness of the idolaters of the Orient."

"His wife said at the end: 'A good enough sermon, Washington, but you've told us all about the sins of the foreigners, and never a word about the sins of the folks at home here.'"

"Ha, ha, ha, I understand preachin' too well for that," laughed the wily old man."

Too Many Amateurs.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, at the Twentieth Century club in Boston, condemned baked beans.

"We hear a lot," he said, "about the raw vegetable cure, the starvation or fast cure, the fruit cure, and what-not. These things, no less than baked beans, are bad for us unless they are recommended by an experienced dietitian."

"There are too many amateur dietitians—and we all know the amateur."

"An amateur photographer was showing me some snapshots of Italy. 'And these leaning buildings, what are they?' I asked.

"'They are some buildings in Pisa,' he replied. 'That perfectly straight one near them is the famous leaning tower.'"

Epigram.

"That wasn't a bad epigram on the magistrate's part," said the somewhat educated tramp, who had been convicted for vagrancy.

"What did he say?" asked the tramp's pal.

"Seven day," came the reply.

"That ain't no epigram, is it?"

"I'm sure it is. I asked a parson once what an epigram was, and he says, 'It's a short sentence that sounds light, but gives you plenty to think about.'"

Scarce as Men's Teeth.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—That bachelor friend of mine is looking for a partner for his joys and sorrows.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Well, it seems to me he's a long time about it.

"Yes, you see he's looking for a silent partner."

Defending Mother.

"Papa, mamma says that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well, she shouldn't blame herself, dear, it isn't her fault."

Dangerous Remedy.

"Give the patient a little liquor, why don't you?"

"Can't; it would set him crazy. He has water on the brain."

Banquets.

"Pa, why do people have banquets?"

"For the purpose of giving men who do not get a chance to talk at home talk away from home."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

Rather Strenuous.

"Did they kiss and make up?"

"Yes, and after they kissed, Bella had to make up again."

It's a safe bet that most of your friends are people who want you to work for them without pay.

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A dog may worry a cat, but a man, being nobler than a dog, worries some woman.



Got Even With Critic.

The Abbe d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed!" To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticisms: "I do not quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy."

A Good Cure.

"Wh-wow-wh-wh-what dud-do-y-y-you d-d-d-d-d doo-fuor y-y-your s-s-s-s-s-tut-tut-tuttering, old m-m-m-m-m" asked one confirmed stammerer the other day of another.

"I-I-I-I-I've fuf-fuf-fuf-considerable rum-rub-relief fuf-fuf-from kuk-keeping my m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-shut."—Harper's Weekly.

Why Neighbors Fall Out

Here Are Some of the Remarks That Often Start the Clothesline Quarrels.

"Yes, I'm going to bring your lawn mower home tomorrow, sure. The blamed old rattletrap is no good, anyway."

"Ma wants to know if she can borrow another cup o' sugar of you today? She's keepin' track of all of it."

"I wish you'd keep your chickens in your own yard. This is the sixth time I've planted corn in my garden, and I'm getting sick of seeing your hens get it all."

"Say, that kid of your wants to quit his heaving rocks against my barn; or, by heavens, I'll get after him good and plenty."

"Why in thunder don't you keep your dog at home? He's chased our cat upon the house three times this morning. I'll shoot the critter sure if you don't keep him tied up."

"Your boy busted my boy's coaster

last night, and I've come over to see what you propose to do about it."

"Can't you put some kind of a muzzle on that blamed old rooster you are harboring? He's the pest of the neighborhood. Nobody can get a decent night's rest around here."

"Yes, I ought to have sent your paper right back; but I'll have Johnnie bring it over in a few minutes, as soon as I read the sports page."—Los Angeles Express.

Legislative Optimist.

A novel description of an optimist was given recently by a congressman who had suffered an onslaught of popular protest in "appeals" from his district. He insisted that an optimist was a man who could make "nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of the yellow, sour things called 'lemons' that have been handed him."

"That," he said, with a grimace, "is what I call an optimist." May it not also be true, as one of his companions

suggested, that some of the sweetest things in life owe much of their attractiveness to the subacid, aromatic influence of this same sour "lemon" which is so frequently "handed" political leaders?

The joke was repeated in the presence of an attaché of a foreign delegation, who thought it so good that he wanted to pass it on, but he failed to catch the full significance of the phrase "handed a lemon," so he changed the expression to "making nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of yellow added eggs thrown at him, you know," and when there was a smile he retorted hastily: "Oh—perhaps I've got the yellow eggs broke?"—National Magazine.

Swift Experiences.

"Sometimes a man has a hard time getting finally located in the United States senate."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes a legislature sends along a man who scarcely gets through reading the word 'Welcome' on the door mat before some one calls his attention to a sign, 'This Way out.'"

See, darling! and Mrs. Justwed held up for her husband's gaze three mirrors arranged so as to give as many reflections. "I can get a triple view of myself." "Humph!" gurgled her brute of a man, struggling with his collar. "You seem to be quite popular with yourself!"—Judge.

Good Reason.

"Mrs. Comeup is always boasting that her husband can take any man's measure."

"That's true. He used to be a tailor."

Retiring Place.

"Where have you put your essays on the dove of peace?"

"In the pigeon hole."

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

It takes a romantic woman to arrange for the marriage of her children before they are born.

"Ha, ha, ha, I understand preachin' too well for that," laughed the wily old man."

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.

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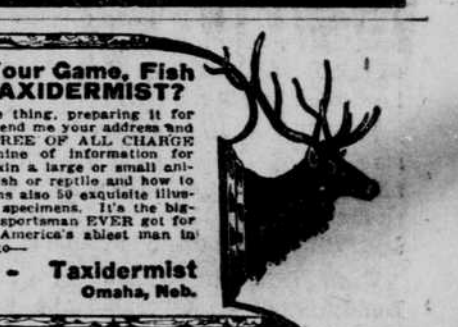
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