



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
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 as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, 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 Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Mount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Mount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squirt Halaam, 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 her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Sloam 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. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

The judge gave a great start, and a hoarse, inarticulate murmur stole from between his twitching lips. "What do you know of the Barony, Hannibal?" "I lived at the Barony once, until Uncle Bob took me to Scratch Hill to be with him," said Hannibal. "You—you lived at the Barony?" repeated the judge, and a dull wonder struck through his tone. "How long ago—when?" he continued. "I don't know how long it was, but until Uncle Bob carried me away after the old general died." The judge slipped a hand under the child's chin and tilted his face back so that he might look into it. For a long moment he studied closely those small features, then with a shake of the head he handed the rifle to Carrington, and without a word strode forward. Carrington had been regarding Hannibal with a quickened interest. "Hello!" he said, as the judge moved off. "You're the boy I saw at Scratch Hill!" Hannibal gave him a frightened glance, and edged to Mr. Mahaffy's side, but did not answer. The judge plodded forward, his shoulders drooped, and his head bowed. For once silence had fixed its seal upon his lips, no inspiring speech fell from them. He had been suddenly swept back into a past he had striven those twenty years and more to forget, and his memories shaped themselves fantastically. Surely if ever a man had quitted the world that knew him, he was that man! He had died and yet he lived—lived horribly, without soul or heart, the empty shell of a man. A turn in the road brought them within sight of Boggs' race-track, a wide, level meadow. The judge paused irresolutely, and turned his bleared face on his friend. "We'll stop here, Solomon," he said rather wearily, for the spirit of boast and jest was quite gone out of him. He glanced toward Carrington. "Are you a resident of these parts, sir?" he asked. "I've been in Raleigh three days altogether," answered Carrington, and they continued on across the meadow in silence. Here were men from the small clearings in homespun and butternut or fringed hunting-shirts, with their women folk trailing after them. Here, too, in lesser numbers, were the lords of the soil, the men who counted their acres by the thousand and their slaves by the score. There was the flutter of skirts among the moving groups, the nodding of gay parasols that shaded fresh young faces, while occasionally a comfortable family carriage with some planter's wife or daughter rolled silently over the turf. The judge's dull eye kindled, the haggard lines that streaked his face erased themselves. This was life, affluent and full. These swift-rolling carriages with their handsome women, these well-dressed men on foot, and splendidly mounted, all did their part toward lifting him out of his gloom. A cry from Hannibal drew his attention. Turning, he was in time to see the boy bound away. An instant later, to his astonishment, he saw a young girl who was seated with two men in an open carriage, spring to the ground, and dropping to her knees put her arms about the tattered little figure. "Why, Hannibal!" cried Betty Malroy. "Miss Betty! Miss Betty!" and Hannibal buried his head on her shoulder. "What is it, Hannibal; what is it, dear?" "Nothing, only I'm so glad to find you!" "I am glad to see you, too!" said Betty, as she wiped his tears away. "When did you get here, dear?"

"We got here just today, Miss Betty," said Hannibal. "Mr. Ware, careless as to dress, scowled down on the child. He had favored Boggs' with his presence, not because he felt the least interest in horse-racing, but because he had no faith in girls, and especially had he profound mistrust of Betty. She was so much easily portable wealth, a pink-faced child ready to fall into the arms of the first man who proposed to her. But Charley Norton had not seemed disturbed by the planter's forbidding air. "What ragamuffin's this, Betty?" growled Ware disgustfully. But Betty did not seem to hear. "Did you come alone, Hannibal?" she asked. "No, ma'am; the judge and Mr. Mahaffy, they fetched me." The judge had drawn nearer as Betty and Hannibal spoke together, but Mahaffy hung back. There were gulfs not to be crossed by him. It was different with the judge; the native magnificence of his mind fitted him for any occasion. "Allow me the honor to present myself, ma'am—Price is my name—Judge Sloam Price. May I be permitted to assume that this is the Miss Betty of whom my young protege so often speaks?" Tom Ware gave him a glance of undisguised astonishment, while Norton regarded him with an expression of stunned and resolute gravity. Betty looked at the judge rather inquiringly. "I am glad he has found friends," she said slowly. She wanted to believe that Judge Sloam Price was somehow better than he looked, which should have been easy, since it was incredible that he could have been worse. "He has indeed found friends," said the judge with mellow unction, and swelling visibly. Now Betty caught sight of Carrington and bowed. Occupied with Hannibal and the judge, she had been unaware of his presence. Carrington stepped forward. "Have you met Mr. Norton, and my brother, Mr. Carrington?" she asked. The two young men shook hands, and Ware improved the opportunity to inspect the new-comer. But as his glance wandered over him, it took in more than Carrington, for it included the fine figure and swarthy face of Captain Murrell, who, with his eyes fixed on Betty, was thrusting his eager way through the crowd. Murrell had presented himself at Belle Plain the day before. For upward of a year, Ware had enjoyed great peace of mind as a direct result of his absence from west Tennessee, and when he thought of him at all he had invariably put a period to his meditations with, "I hope to hell he catches it wherever he is!" More than this, Betty had spoken

of the captain in no uncertain tones. He was not to repeat that visit. As Murrell approached, the hot color surged into Betty's face. As for Hannibal, he had gone white to the lips, and his small hand clutched hers desperately. Murrell, with all his hardihood, realized that a too great confidence had placed him in an awkward position, for Betty turned her back on him and began an animated conversation with Carrington and Charley Norton. Hicks, the Belle Plain overseer, pushed his way to Murrell's side. "Here, John Murrell, ain't you going to show us a trick or two?" he inquired. Murrell turned quickly with a sense of relief. "If you can spare me your rifle," he said, but his face wore a bleak look. "Don't you think you've seen about enough, Bet?" demanded Tom. "You don't care for the shooting, do you?" "That's the very thing I do care for; I think I'd rather see that than the horse-racing," said Betty perversely. Betty now seated herself in the carriage, with Hannibal beside her, quietly determined to miss nothing. The judge, feeling that he had come into his own, leaned elegantly against the wheel, and explained the merits of each shot as it was made. "I hope you gentlemen are not going to let me walk off with the prize?" said Murrell, approaching the group about the carriage. "Mr. Norton, I am told you are clever with the rifle." "I am not shooting today," responded Norton haughtily. Murrell stalked back to the line. "At forty paces I'd risk it myself, ma'am," said the judge. "But at a hundred, offhand like this, I should most certainly fail—" "It would be hard to beat that—" they heard Murrell say. "At least it would be quite possible to equal it," said Carrington, advancing with Hannibal's rifle in his hands. It was tossed to his shoulder, and poured out its contents in a bright stream of flame. There was a moment of silence. "Center shot, ma'am!" cried the judge. "I'll add twenty dollars to the purse!" Norton addressed himself to Carrington. "And I shall hope, sir, to see it go into your pocket." "Our sentiments exactly, ma'am, are they not?" said the judge. "Perhaps you'd like to bet a little of your money?" remarked Murrell. "I'm ready to do that too, sir," responded Norton quietly. "Five hundred dollars, then, that this gentleman in whose success you take so great an interest, can neither equal nor better my next shot!" Murrell had produced a roll of bills as he spoke.

Norton colored with embarrassment. Carrington took in the situation. "Wait a minute," he said, and passed his purse to Norton. "Cover his money, sir," he added briefly. "Thank you, my horses have run away with most of my cash," explained Norton. "Your shot!" said Carrington shortly, to the outlaw. Murrell taking careful aim, fired, clipping the center. As soon as the result was known, Carrington raised his rifle; his bullet, truer than his opponent's, drove out the center. Murrell turned on him with an oath. "You shoot well, but a board stuck against a tree is no test for a man's nerve," he said insolently. Carrington was charging his piece. "I only know of one other kind of target," he observed coolly. "Yes—a living target!" cried Murrell.

CHAPTER XII.

The Portal of Hops. "This—" the speaker was Judge Price; "this is the place for me. They are a warm-hearted people, sir; a prosperous people, and a patriotic people with an unstinted love of country. I'd like to hang out my shingle here and practice law." The judge and Mr. Mahaffy were camped in the woods between Boggs' and Raleigh. Betty had carried Hannibal off to spend the night at Belle Plain. "I crave opportunity, Solomon—the indorsement of my own class. I feel that I shall have it here," resumed the judge pensively. "Will you stroll into town with me, Solomon?" he asked. Mahaffy shook his head. "Then let your prayers follow me, for I'm off!" said the judge. Ten minutes' walk brought him to the door of the city tavern, where he found Mr. Pegloe directing the activities of a small colored boy who was mopping out his bar. To him the judge made known his needs. "Goin' to locate, are you?" said Mr. Pegloe. "My friends urge it, sir, and I have taken the matter under consideration," answered the judge. "Well, the only empty house in town is right over yonder; it belongs to young Charley Norton out at Thicket Point Plantation." The house Mr. Pegloe pointed out was a small frame building; it stood directly on the street, with a narrow porch across the front, and a shed addition at the back. The judge scuttled over to it. The judge's pulse quickened. What a location, and what a fortunate chance that Mr. Norton was the owner of this most desirable tenement! He must see him at once. As he turned away to recross the street and learn from Mr. Pegloe by what road Thicket Point might be reached, Norton himself galloped into the village. Catching sight of the judge, he reined in his horse and swung himself from the saddle. "I was hoping, sir, I might find you," he said. "A wish I should have echoed had I been aware of it!" responded the judge. "I was about to do myself the honor to wait upon you at your plantation." "Then I have saved you a long walk," said Norton. He surveyed the judge rather dubiously, but listened with kindness as he explained the business that would have taken him to Thicket Point. "The house is quite at your service, sir," he said, at length. "The rent—" began the judge. But Mr. Norton, with a delicacy equal to his own, entreated him not to mention the rent. The house had come to him as boot in a trade. It had been occupied by a doctor and a lawyer; these gentlemen had each decamped between two days, heavily in debt at the stores and taverns, especially the taverns. And thus handsomely did Charley Norton acquit himself of the mission he had undertaken at Betty Malroy's request. That same morning Tom Ware and Captain Murrell were seated in the small detached building at Belle Plain, known as the office, where the former spent most of his time when not in the saddle. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Hannibal Gave Him a Frightened Glance and Edged Toward Mr. Mahaffy's Side.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 2

HYPOCRISY AND SINCERITY.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Take heed that you do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them; else ye have no reward with your Father which is in Heaven."—Matt. 6:1.

Someone has called attention to the "butts" of God as recorded in the Scriptures, showing that they always lead to something good and contrasts them with those of men that are always the introduction to some derogatory remark. In something resembling the words of Jesus, "Take heed," are tremendous with import.

Doing was the greatest thing in the Jewish religion that Jesus came to set aside when he established his new kingdom. It is easy for a man to try to do for himself in order to merit God's favor. It is hard to let God do for us and we to accept his finished work.

In this lesson there is one inclusive word and three illustrations. This word is the word "righteousness" substituted in the Revised Version for the word "alms" in verse one. The three lines of application or illustrations used are, first, that we shall make our righteousness secure by so doing our alms as not to be seen of men; second, that in the saying of our prayers we shall not, like the hypocrites, desire to be seen of men, and third, that in the keeping of our fasts and our vigils we do them, not, as do hypocrites, that the multitudes may observe and comment thereon.

In another lesson upon this manifesto of Jesus we studied the subject of the law and in it he summarized it all by telling us that except our righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of these Scribes and Pharisees, whom John the Baptist designated as a generation of vipers—hypocrites, we shall in no wise enter into this new kingdom which Jesus came to establish.

Righteousness He Demands.

In the lesson Jesus shows us the difference between their righteousness and the righteousness which he is demanding of the subject of his kingdom. He demands that our righteousness shall seek its approval not from man but from God. The motive which must govern is the glory, not of man but of God, not man's approval but the approval of God. In verse two the word "alms" is retained and hence the first illustration has to do with our "doing of alms" i. e., our relations to men about us, our rightness. The doing of alms has no fundamental connection with any question of honesty between man and man. The doing of alms according to the strict interpretation of civil law is no part of duty. There is no reason why the business man should give away his earnings provided he is just in his dealings and does not defraud in his transactions. Yet we do see men making great gifts and benefactions to the cause of philanthropy. Why? Jesus lays bare the secret when he says, "that they may have the glory of men."

Next Jesus takes up the subject of prayer. Again our attention is drawn to the fact that the exercise of prayer has but little to do with our relations to men. True it is these relations must be right before we can come to God acceptably but prayer is to be directed to God and not to man. Apart from our belief in God, why should we pray? Commercial or other inter-relationships do not require prayer, why then pray? The keen blade of Jesus' logic again reveals the innermost secret, "that they may be seen of men," and such an idea of righteousness is repugnant in the kingdom of Jesus.

We now come to the third illustration, the keeping of fasts. Fasting does not and never has appealed to the natural man. Naturally it is repugnant and distasteful and yet we see men making a show of fasting and imposing a like burden upon others, why? "That they may be seen of men." Is there, then, no place for, nor ministry in fasting? Certainly there is. True fasting, however, consists in foregoing and abstaining for the "glory of God."

God the Final Judge.

It is a sad fact that much of our Lenten fasting and of our abstinence upon Fridays is that it shall be seen of men and not because of any real appreciation of the underlying need or sense of the principles of fasting. This lesson is a great warning that if we condition our righteousness upon the approval of man it will have no reward whatever of God. The ostentatious or unctious display of philanthropy will receive its reward from men and weigh naught. Followed through this lesson applies to all the walks of life. For illustration, to adulterate food for gain and yet appear active in church for the upbuilding of a reputation. This falseness is the sin that lies back of graft and corruption and that allows America to have "the worst governed cities in the world."

It is quite noticeable that there is not a single personal pronoun in this model prayer. It begins with God, leads us through his dealings with man and back once more to him to whom all glory belongs.

WHITE PLAGUE LESS DEADLY

Decrease in Death Rate From Tuberculosis Means Saving of 27,000 Lives in Ten Years.

In the decade from 1901 to 1910, the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States declined from 196.9 for each 100,000 persons living to 160.3, a decrease of 18.7 per cent, while the general death rate, including all cases of death, declined only one-half as fast, or at the rate of 9.7 per cent, from 1655.0 to 1595.8, according to figures given out by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The figures are based on data abstracted from the reports of the United States bureau of the census, and cover the registration area of this country. According to the statement, the tuberculosis death rate has declined steadily since 1904, when it was 201.6. On the other hand, the general death rate shows a fluctuation downward in general trend, but not as steady as the tuberculosis rate. The decline in the tuberculosis death rate in the last ten years means a saving of 27,000 lives at the present time.

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone. "During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

There is no reason why you shouldn't try again, even though at first you do succeed. More important than the choice of President is the selection of Gardfield Tea as the remedy for constipation and biliousness. Perseverance may be the mother of success, but the offspring isn't always just what it should be.

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For your poor, tired stomach?
For your lazy and sluggish liver?
For your weak and constipated bowels?
For your general run-down condition?
Then by all means—try
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
IT DOES THE WORK AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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Then by all means—try
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS
IT DOES THE WORK AT ALL DRUGGISTS

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity
Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Freehold or buy land at reasonable prices.
Now's the Time
—not a year from now when land will be high—
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