



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



WILLING TO SHARE PENNIES

Generous Act of Street Waif That Gained Him a Friend in Great Novelist.

Charles Dickens, the creator of many delightful child characters, earned a million dollars during his lifetime with his pen, but often walked the streets of London in search of material for his books without a penny in his pocket.

One evening while doing this he was accosted by a small boy who asked him for a penny. Dickens searched his pockets, but they were empty, and so he told the boy, who was shivering in the cold.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the little fellow, "we'll go hunks together!" Dickens stood back in the shadow of the street to see what the outcome would be. The lad continued to beg, and finally gained two pennies. He came dancing to Dickens with a jolly ring in his voice.

"Now," he said, "we'll have two hot buns apiece!" Such a generous spirit under such trying circumstances struck Dickens so forcibly that he took the lad home with him, and there he was fed and clothed, and started on the road to a better life.



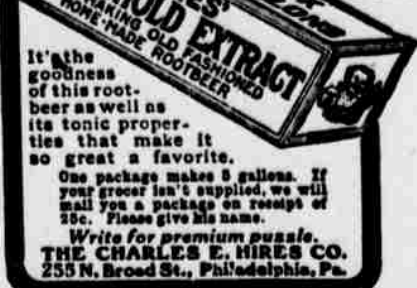
SANDWICHES! What's tastier than Libby's Potted Ham

It's exceptional in flavor and doesn't cost a bit more than ordinary kinds.

At All Grocers
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



Ask for this Box



The detective says his after thoughts are the best.

When in need of a good laxative give Garfield Tea a trial and be convinced of its merits. It is made entirely from pure herbs.

If some cooks land in heaven they will be awfully annoyed to find that they leave.

The man who falls out of an airship probably feels as badly hurt as the one who is thrown out of the political band wagon.

Strictly Up to Date.
Alice—How oddly some men propose.

Kate—I could say so. A gentleman asked me last week if I felt favorably disposed to a unification of interests.

Same Purpose Accomplished.
"Oh, Georgie!" exclaimed a fond mother, when she saw her small boy considerably battered up and dirty, "you have been fighting again? How often have I told you that you shouldn't fight?"

"Well," said he, "what are you going to do when a fellow hits you?"

"Why, keep out of his way," said the mother.

"I bet," said the youngster, "he'll keep out of mine after this."

Ruling Spirit Still Strong.
Mrs. J. L. Story, who has just published a volume of reminiscences, tells of a lady relative who had all her life been afraid of damp sheets. When she was dying Mrs. Story entered the room, to find the fireplace barricaded with a large assortment of bed linen. She was having her winding sheet warmed.

"I never have lain in damp bed-clothes while I was alive," said the old lady in a feeble whisper, "and I'm not going to do it when I'm dead."

Singing and the Lungs.
It is well known that singing, like whistling, is a fine exercise for the lungs, and some doctors advise those who fear consumption to go in for singing for this reason.

At the same time they, of course, do not advance the claim that singing alone will save anyone from or cure consumption. Acquire the habit of taking the big deep breath, which is a primary requisite of any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical joy derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lazy breathing.

Mar Unfortunate Error.
A literary lady at a society dinner was given a seat next to a noted scientist whose views were very materialistic, and at some remark he made on the origin of mankind, the lady found her temper tried beyond all bearing, so that she retorted: "I really don't care what you say. I believe in the Bible, and there we are told that Adam was the father of all living."

"I really think you are mistaken," he said with a smile, and so the subject dropped.

A few days later the lady, writing to a bosom friend, told her of the occurrence and added: "I am too mortified, for I have looked the matter up and it only says that Eve was the mother of all living, and so I don't know whether to write to the professor or not."

SKIN ERUPTION ON CHEEK

Kingsley, Mich.—"Last May my thirteen-months-old baby had a sore come on her cheek. It started in four or five small pimples and in two or three hours' time spread to the size of a silver dollar. It spread to her eye. Then water would run from the pimples and wherever that touched it caused more sores until nearly all one cheek and up her nostrils were one solid sore. She was very fretful. She certainly was a terrible looking child, and nothing seemed to be of any use.

"Then I got some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. She tried to rub off everything we put on so that we would sit and hold her hands for two hours at a time, trying to give the medicine a chance to help her, but after I washed it with Cuticura Soap and then put on the Cuticura Ointment they seemed to soothe her and she did not try to rub them off. It was only a few days before her face was all healed up, and there has been no return of the trouble since. We thought that baby's face would surely be scarred, but it is not." (Signed) Mrs. W. J. Cleland, Jan. 5, 1912.

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

Hardly the Sunday School Brand.
The young hopeful had secreted some bright buttons in his pocket, which came from the motor car show. When Sunday school was well under way, he took one out and pinned it on his coat, feeling it an ornament. Unfortunately, when the minister came round to speak to the dear children, his near sighted eyes were caught by the color.

"Well, Richard, I see you are wearing some motto, my lad. What does it say?"

"You read it, sir," replied Richard, hanging his head.

"But I cannot see. I haven't my glasses, son. Read it so we can all hear you."

Richard blushed. "It says, sir, 'Ain't it — to the poor?'"—Metropolitan Magazine.

Springs in Their Brains.
Two Frenchmen, in visiting an art gallery, stopped to admire a painting by an American. The artist happened to be in the gallery and in broken English one of the Frenchmen asked: "How did monsieur ever catch such a wonderful picture?"

"O," replied the artist, with a far-away look, "that painting was an offspring of my brain."

The other Frenchman was greatly interested and asked his friend what that American had said.

"I can hardly explain," whispered the first Frenchman excitedly; "he said the picture was one spring off of his brain. Ees eet any wonder zat ze Americans act queerly when they have springs on their brains?"

Modern Miracle.
"Do you believe in miracles?" asked Dobkins.

"You bet I do," said Snobkins. "Why, only the other day my wife bought me a box of cigars, and by George, Dobky, I could smoke 'em."—Harper's Weekly.

Hope Eternal.
Every new day and night of joy or sorrow is a new ground, a new consecration, for the love that is nourished by memories as well as hopes.—George Elliot.

And Prized Above All.
Other things may be seized by might or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by effort.—Laudor.

Helpmates and soulmates are not always synonymous.

If there ever is a time when you are justified in fusing.

It is when the summer weather sets your appetite to fusing;

But there isn't any need to risk your soul and shock the neighbors—

Tempt your appetite with Toasties and go singing to your labors.

Written by W. J. MURPHY, Tempe, Ariz.

One of the 20 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$100.00 in May.

Learn From Misfortunes.
To make capital out of our misfortunes—that is the philosophy of the strong.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Was Looking into the Face of Slosson, the Tavern-keeper.

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 Quintars, 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 Quintars deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintars, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Salaman, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Mairo, 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 as Hannibal and Hannibal disappears, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slosson 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. Murrell breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's title discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling disclosures in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once.

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

Whatever the promptings that inspired this warning, they plainly had nothing to do with either liking or sympathy. Her dominating emotion seemed to be a sullen sort of resentment which lit up her glance with a dull fire; yet her feelings were so clearly and so keenly personal that Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, she found, left her wondering just where and how her own late was linked with that of this poor white.

"You have been waiting some time to see me?" she asked.

"Ever since about about noon."

"You were afraid to come to the house?"

"I didn't want to be seen there."

"And yet you knew I was alone."

"Alone—but how do you know who's watching the place?"

"Do you think there was reason to be afraid of that?" asked Betty.

Again the girl stamped her foot with angry impatience.

"You're just wastin' time—just foolin' it away—and you ain't got none to spare!"

"You must tell me what I have to fear—I must know more or I shall stay just where I am!"

"Well, then, stay!" The girl turned away, and then as quickly turned back and faced Betty once more. "I reckon 'e'd kill me if he knew—I reckon 'e'd killed that already."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"He'll have you away from here to-night!"

"He? . . . who . . . and what if I refuse to go?"

"Did they ask Charley Norton whether he wanted to live or die?" came the sinister question.

A shiver passed through Betty. She was seeing it all again—Charley as he groped among the graves with the hand of death heavy upon him.

A moment later she was alone. The girl had disappeared. There were only the shifting shadows as the wind tossed the branches of the trees, and the bands of golden light that slanted along the empty path. The fear of the unknown leaped up afresh in Betty's soul; in an instant flying feet had borne her to the boy's side.

"Come—come quick, Hannibal!" she gasped out, and seized his hand.

"What is it, Miss Betty? What's the matter?" asked Hannibal as they fled panting up the terraces.

"I don't know—only we must get away from here just as soon as we can!" Then, seeing the look of alarm on the child's face, she added more quietly, "Don't be frightened, dear, only we must go away from Belle Plain at once." But where they were to go, she had not considered.

Reaching the house, they stole to Betty's room. Her well-filled purse was the important thing; that, together with some necessary clothing, went into a small hand-bag.

"You must carry this, Hannibal; if any one sees us leave the house they'll think it something you are taking away," she explained. Hannibal nodded understandingly.

"Don't you trust your niggers, Miss Betty?" he whispered as they went from the room.

"I only trust you, dear!"

"What makes you go? Was it something that woman told you? Are they coming after us, Miss Betty? Is it Captain Murrell?"

"Captain Murrell? There was less of 'em now, but more of terror,

and her hand stole up to her heart, and, white and slim, rested against the black fabric of her dress.

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty!" said Hannibal.

They went silently from the house and again crossed the lawn to the terrace. Under the leafy arch which canopied them there was already the deep purple of twilight.

"Do you reckon it were Captain Murrell shot Mr. Norton, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering whisper.

"Hush—Oh, hush, Hannibal! it is too awful to even speak of—" and, sobbing and half hysterical, she covered her face with her hands.

"But where are we going, Miss Betty?" asked the boy.

"I don't know, dear!" She had an agonizing sense of the night's approach and of her own utter helplessness.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Betty, let's go to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy!" said Hannibal.

"Judge Price?" She had not thought of him as a possible protector.

"Why, Miss Betty, ain't I told you he ain't afraid of nothing? We could walk to Raleigh easy if you don't want your niggers to hook up a team for you."

Betty suddenly remembered the carriage which had taken the judge into town; she was sure it had not yet returned.

"We will go to the judge, Hannibal! George, who drove him into Raleigh, has not come back; if we hurry we may meet him on the road."

Screened by the thick shadows, they passed up the path that edged the bayou; at the head of the inlet they entered a clearing, and crossing this they came to the corn-field which lay between the house and the high-road. Following one of the shock rows they hurried to the mouth of the lane.

"Hannibal, I don't want to tell the judge why I am leaving Belle Plain—about the woman, I mean," said Betty.

"You reckon they'd kill her, don't you, Miss Betty, if they knew what she'd done?" speculated the boy. It occurred to him that an adequate explanation of their flight would require preparation, since the judge was at all times singularly alive to the slightest discrepancy of statement. They had issued from the corn-field and went along the road toward Raleigh. Suddenly Betty paused.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal reassuringly, and they hurried forward again. In the utter stillness through which they moved Betty heard the beating of her own heart, and the soft and all but inaudible patter of the boy's bare feet on the warm dust of the road. Vague forms that resolved themselves into trees and bushes seemed to creep toward them out of the night's black uncertainty. Once more Betty paused.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said

Hannibal as before, and he returned to his consideration of the judge. He sensed something of that intellectual nimbleness which his patron's physical make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left one in doubt as to just how much of what he heard succeeded in making its impression on him; but the boy knew that Slosson Price's blind side was a shelterless exposure.

"You don't think the carriage could have passed us while we were crossing the corn-field?" said Betty.

"No, I reckon we couldn't a-missed hearing it," answered Hannibal. He had scarcely spoken when they caught the rattle of wheels and the beat of hoofs. These sounds swept nearer and nearer, and the darkness disgorged the Belle Plain team and carriage.

"George!" cried Betty, a world of relief in her tones.

"Whoa, you!" and George reined in his horses with a jerk. "Who's dar?" he asked, bending forward on the box as he sought to pierce the darkness with his glance.

"George—"

"Oh, it you, Missy?"

"Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Hannibal entered the carriage.

"All right, Missy. Yo'all ready to me to go along out o' here?"

"Yes—drive fast, George!" urged Betty.

"It's right dar k' fo' las' driving," Missy, with the road jes' aimin' fo' to bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in the direction of Raleigh while he was speaking. "It's scandalous black in these heah woods, Missy—I 'clar I never seen it no blacker!"

The carriage swung forward for perhaps a hundred yards, then suddenly the horses came to a dead stop.

"Go along on, dar!" cried George, and struck them with his whip, but the horses only reared and plumped.

"Hold on, nigger!" said a rough voice out of the darkness.

"What yo' doin'?" the coachman gasped. "Don' yo' know dis de Belle Plain carriage? Take yo' han's offen dem hosses' bits!"

Two men stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Show your light, Bunker," said the same rough voice that had spoken before. Instantly a hooded lantern was uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry of terror. He was looking into the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prisoners.
In the face of Betty's indignant protest Slosson and the man named Bunker climbed into the carriage.

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly of whiskey. "I wouldn't lift my hand ag'in no good-looking female except in kindness."

"How dare you stop my carriage?" cried Betty, with a very genuine an-

ger which for the moment dominated all her other emotions. She struggled to her feet, but Slosson put out a heavy hand and thrust her back.

"There now," he urged soothingly. "Why make a fuss? We ain't going to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum of money. Drive on, Jim—drive like hell!" This last was addressed to the man who had taken George's place on the box, where a fourth member of Slosson's band had forced the coachman down into the narrow space between the seat and dashboard, and was holding a pistol to his head while he sternly enjoined silence.

With a word to the horses Jim swung about and the carriage rolled off through the night at a breakneck pace. Betty's shaking hands drew Hannibal closer to her side as she felt the surge of her terrors rise within her. Who were these men—where could they be taking her—and for what purpose? The events of the past week linked themselves in tragic sequence in her mind. What was it she had to fear? Was it Tom for whom these men were acting? Tom who would profit greatly by her disappearance or death?

They swept past the entrance at Belle Plain, past a break in the wall of the forest where the pale light of stars showed Betty the cornfield she and Hannibal had but lately crossed, and then on into pitchy darkness again. She clung to the desperate hope that they might meet some one on the road, when she could cry out and give the alarm. She held herself in readiness for this, but there was only the steady pounding of the big bays as Jim with voice and whip urged them forward. At last he abruptly checked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Get down, ma'am!" said the latter.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Betty, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"You must hurry, ma'am," urged Slosson impatiently.

"I won't move until I know where you intend taking me!" said Betty. "If I am to die—"

Mr. Slosson laughed loudly and indulgently.

"You ain't. If you don't want to walk, I'm man enough fo' to tote you. We ain't far to go, and I've tackled jobs I'd a heap less heart fo' in my time," he concluded gallantly. From the opposite side of the carriage Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your filthy mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson. "He's a perfect eel—I've had dealings with him afore!"

"You tried to kill my Uncle Hob— at the tavern, you and Captain Murrell. I heard you, and I seen you drag him to the river!" cried Hannibal.

Slosson gave a start of astonishment at this.

"Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed aghast. "See here, young feller, that's no kind of a way fo' you to talk to a man who has riz his ten children!"

Again Bunker swore, while Jim told Slosson to make haste. This popular clamor served to recall the tavern-keeper to a sense of duty.

"Ma'am, like I should tote you, or will you walk?" he inquired, and reaching out his hand took hold of Betty.

"I'll walk," said the girl quickly, shrinking from the contact.

"Keep close at my heels, Bunker, you tuck along after her with the boy."

"What about this nigger?" asked the fourth man.

"Fetch him along with us," said Slosson. They turned from the road while he was speaking and entered a narrow path that led off through the woods, apparently in the direction of the river. A moment later Betty heard the carriage drive away. They went onward in silence for a little time, then Slosson spoke over his shoulder.

"Yes, ma'am, I've riz ten children, but none of 'em was like him—I trained 'em up to the minute!" Mr. Slosson seemed to have passed completely under the spell of his domestic recollections, for he continued with just a touch of reminiscent sadness in his tone. "There was all told four Mrs. Slossons: two of 'em was South Carolinians, one was from Georgia, and the last was a widow lady out of east Tennessee. She'd buried three husbands, and I figured we could start perfectly even." The intrinsic fairness of this start made its strong appeal. Mr. Slosson dwelt upon it with satisfaction. "She had three to her credit, I had three to mine; neither could grow none over the other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Learn From Misfortunes.
To make capital out of our misfortunes—that is the philosophy of the strong.



He Was Looking into the Face of Slosson, the Tavern-keeper.