



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

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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, Yancy, a friend of the Quintards, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtake Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Judge Bladen 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 Bladen. 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. Yancy breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's riddle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrive in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long unconscious sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries 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 unending of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Jess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Jess' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slonson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair 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 love and the interview 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.



CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

"And General Quintard never saw him—never manifested any interest in him?" the words came slowly from the judge's lips; he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat. "Poor little lad!" he muttered, and again, "Poor little lad!"

"Never once, sir. He told the slaves to keep him out of his sight. We all wondered, for you know how niggers will talk. We thought maybe he was some kin to the Quintards, but we couldn't figure out how. The old general never had but one child and she had been dead for years. The child couldn't have been hers no-how." Yancy paused.

The judge drummed idly on the desk.

"What implacable hate—what iron pride!" he murmured, and swept his hand across his eyes. Absorbed and aloof, he was busy with his thoughts that spanned the waste of years—years that seemed to glide before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat. Then from the smoke of these lost battles emerged the lonely figure of the child as he had seen him that June night. His ponderous arm stiffened where it rested on the desk, he straightened up in his chair and his face assumed its customary expression of battered dignity, while a smile at once wistful and tender hovered about his lips.

"One other question," he said. "Until this man Murrell appeared you had no trouble with Bladen? He was content that you should keep the child—your right to Hannibal was never challenged?"

"Never, sir. All my troubles began about that time."

"Murrell belongs in these parts," said the judge.

"I'd admire to meet him," said Yancy quietly.

The judge grinned.

"I place my professional services at your disposal," he said. "Yours is a clear case of felonious assault."

"No, it ain't, sir—I look at it this-a-way; it's a clear case of my giving him the damndest sort of a body beating!"

"Sir," said the judge, "I'll hold your hat while you are about it!"

Hicks had taken his time in responding to the judge's summons, but now his step sounded in the hall and throwing open the door he entered the room. Whether consciously or not he had acquired something of that surly, forbidding manner which was characteristic of his employer. A curt nod of the head was his only greeting.

"Will you sit down?" asked the judge. Hicks signified by another movement of the head that he would not. "This is a very dreadful business!" began the judge softly.

"Ain't it?" agreed Hicks. "What you got to say to me?" he asked petulantly.

"Have you started to drag the bayou?" asked the judge. Hicks nodded. "That was your idea?" suggested the judge.

"Poor Little Lad!" He muttered.

"No, it wa'n't," objected Hicks quickly. "But I said she had been actin' like she was plumb distracted ever since Charley Norton got shot—"

"How?" inquired the judge, arching his eyebrows. Hicks was plainly disturbed by the question.

"Sort of out of her head. Mr. Ware seen it, too—"

"He spoke of it?"

"Yes, sir; him and me discussed it together."

The judge regarded Hicks long and intently and in silence. His magnificent mind was at work. If Betty had been distraught he had not observed any sign of it the previous day. If Ware were better informed as to her true mental state why had he chosen this time to go to Memphis?

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge. Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer. "I suppose you told the house servants to keep her under observation?" continued the judge.

"I don't talk to no niggers," replied Hicks, "except to give 'em my orders."

"Well, did you give them that order?"

"No, I didn't."

The sudden and hurried entrance of big Steve brought the judge's examination of Mr. Hicks to a standstill.

"Mas'r, you know dat 'ar coachman George—the big black fellow dat took you into town las' evenin'—I jes' been down at Shanty Hill whar Milly, his wife, is carryin' on something scandalous 'cause George ain't never come home!" Steve was laboring under intense excitement, but he ignored the presence of the overseer and addressed himself to Slonson Price.

"Well, what of that?" cried Hicks quickly.

"Thar warn't no George, mind you, Mas'r, but dar was his team in do stable this mornin' and lookin' mighty nigh done up with hard driving."

"Yes," interrupted Hicks uneasily; "put a pair of lines in a nigger's hands and he'll run any team off its legs!"

"An' the kerriage all scratched up from bein' thrashed through the bushes," added Steve.

"There's a nigger for you!" said Hicks. "She took the rascal out of the field, dressed him like he was a gentleman and pampered him up, and now first chance he gets he runs off!"

"Ah!" said the judge softly. "Then you knew this?"

"Of course I knew—wa'n't it my business to know? I reckon he was off skylarking, and when he'd seen the mess he'd made, the trifling fool took to the woods. Well, he catches it when I lay hands on him!"

"Do you know when and under what circumstances the team was stable, Mr. Hicks?" inquired the judge.

"No, I don't, but I reckon it must have been long after dark," said Hicks unwillingly. "I seen to the feeding just after sundown like I always do,

The judge, Yancy and Mahaffy, sprang from their chairs. Mr. Mahaffy was plainly shocked at the spectacle of Mr. Cavendish's lawless violence. Yancy was disturbed, too, but not by the moral aspects of the case; he was doubtful as to how his friend's act would appeal to the judge. He need not have been distressed on that score, since the judge's one idea was to profit by it. With his hands on his knees he was now bending above the two men.

"What do you want to know, Judge?" cried Cavendish, panting from his exertions. "I'll learn this parrot to talk up!"

"Hicks," said the judge, "it is in your power to tell us a few things we are here to find out." Hicks looked up into the judge's face and closed his lips grimly. "Mr. Cavendish, kindly let him have the point of that large knife where he'll feel it most!" ordered the judge.

"Talk quick!" said Cavendish, with a ferocious scowl. "Talk—or what's to hinder me slicing open your wood-en?" and he pressed the blade of his knife against the overseer's throat.

"I don't know anything about Miss Betty," said Hicks in a sullen whisper.

"Maybe you don't, but what do you know about the boy?" Hicks was silent, but he was grateful for the judge's question. From Tom Ware he had learned of Fantress' interest in the boy. Why should he shelter the colonel at risk of himself? "If you please, Mr. Cavendish!" said the judge, nodding toward the knife.

"You didn't ask me about him," said Hicks quickly.

"I do now," said the judge.

"He was here yesterday."

"Mr. Cavendish—" again the judge glanced toward the knife.

"Wait!" cried Hicks. "You go to Colonel Fantress."

"Let him up, Mr. Cavendish; that's all we want to know," said the judge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Colonel Fantress.

The judge had not forgotten his ghost, the ghost he had seen in Mr. Saul's office that day he went to the court house on business for Charley Norton. Working or idling—principally the latter—drunk or sober—principally the former—the ghost, otherwise Colonel Fantress, had preserved a place in his thoughts, and now as he moved stolidly up the drive toward Fantress' big white house on the hill with Mahaffy, Cavendish and Yancy trailing in his wake, memories of what had once been living and vital crowded in upon him. Some sense of the wreck that littered the long years, and the shame of the open shame that had swept away pride and self-respect, came back to him out of the past.

He only paused when he stood on the portico before Fantress' open door. He glanced about him at the wide fields, bounded by the distant timber lands that hid gloomy bottoms, at the great log barns in the hollow to his right; at the huddle of white-washed cabins beyond; then with his big flat he reached in and pounded on the door. The blows echoed loudly through the silent house, and an instant later Fantress' tall, spare figure was seen advancing from the far end of the hall.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Judge Price—Colonel Fantress," said the judge.

"Judge Price," uncertainly, and still advancing.

"I had flattered myself that you must have heard of me," said the judge.

"I think I have," said Fantress, pausing now.

"He thinks he has!" muttered the judge under his breath.

"Will you come in?" it was more a question than an invitation.

"If you are at liberty." The colonel bowed. "Allow me," the judge continued. "Colonel Fantress—Mr. Mahaffy, Mr. Yancy and Mr. Cavendish." Again the colonel bowed.

"Will you step into the library?"

"Very good," and the judge followed the colonel briskly down the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women Win High Honors.

Once more women have triumphed at the Royal academy. For the second time in three years the gold medal has been won by a female student, while of the fourteen prizes offered no less than ten have been carried off by women. In presenting these and congratulating Miss Margaret Williams on her brilliant achievement the president of the Royal academy paid high tribute to the perseverance and the talent of women artists; but again, we ask, why is it not recognized by the Royal Academy of Arts in the obvious way? In every way women show their fitness to compete with men for the honor of admission to its society and to election among the forty, yet still they stand without the gate.—Lady's Pictorial.

FOR DINNER IN WOODS

VARIOUS DAINTIES THAT BELONG TO THE PICNIC MENU.

Veal Loaf Always a Faithful Standby—
Deviled Eggs Preferable to Plain
Hard Boiled—Fried Potatoes
Add Zest to Meal.

A veal loaf is always appetizing in the woods. An excellent recipe is: Three pounds and a half of finely chopped veal—the leg is best—mixed with three well-beaten eggs, into which is stirred a grated nutmeg, a tablespoon each of black pepper, thyme and salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a dash of cayenne. Add three table-spoonfuls of cream and three water crackers rolled fine. Mix in a long loaf, dot with butter and bake about an hour in a moderate oven, basting frequently.

Veal loaf may be sliced thin and packed in paraffin paper in a flat box, but dries out less if taken to the picnic whole. Carry a sharp carving knife, as thick slices are unappetizing.

Deviled eggs are usually more popular than plain hard boiled ones. Boil the eggs fully half an hour, throw at once into cold water and do not shell until chilled. Cut the eggs in half lengthwise, run the yolk through a sieve and mix to a paste with a salt spoon of mustard, cayenne pepper, salt and a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley to a dozen eggs. Oil or melted butter can be used for mixing the paste.

Deviled eggs carry better if both halves are filled, then put together and each egg wrapped in waxed paper. Or they can be put in a shallow tin box, with waxed paper between the layers. On hot days keep the box near the ice on reaching the picnic grounds.

If each one brings a certain allotted portion, one could take fresh eggs for scrambling—allow three for each person—a small preserve glass of butter, salt and pepper and a skillet or a chafing dish, whichever is most convenient.

Nothing is better than fresh scrambled eggs at a picnic, unless it is fried potatoes. Boil the potatoes at home—in their jackets—and take a good supply of butter for frying. A pound can be carried in a tin kettle with ice packed around it. Have a sharp knife for slicing and a fork or short cake turner for stirring.

Leftover cold chicken or veal makes an excellent hot dish for a picnic. Cut the meat into small cubes at home and wrap in waxed paper. Make a white sauce from a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour to every point of quart of milk. This is the allowance for a quart of meat. Season highly with salt, pepper and a little onion juice.

An appetizing sandwich for a picnic is made from slices of brown bread of which is spread a mixture of chopped green peppers, to which is added a can of sweet peppers or pimentos, a little minced parsley, bound together with a highly seasoned mayonnaise.

Where a hot sandwich is liked for a picnic, have two thin slices of white bread buttered; spread one with a little chutney, the other with grated Parmesan cheese. Fry an egg, place it on the cheese, and press the other half well over it.

Sharp Pains In the Back

Point to Hidden Kidney Trouble.

Have you a lame back, aching day and night?

Do you feel a sharp pain after bending over?

When the kidneys seem sore and the action irregular, use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

An Illinois Case

H. H. Davis, 200 Commercial St., Danville, Ill., says: "I was completely laid up with kidney trouble and rheumatism. I spent several weeks in the hospital but was not helped. At a last resort, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was entirely cured. I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box

Doan's Kidney Pills

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE

Users of the Telephone Will Be Apt to Condone Mr. Busiman's Brief Loss of Temper.

He was just about exasperated with the telephone, was Mr. Busiman. Ten times that morning he had tried to get on to a number, and each time something had prevented him from speaking. Either it was "number engaged," or the person he wanted to speak to was out, or else he had been suddenly cut off. At last he got through.

"Hallo!" said he. "Is Mr. X. there?"

"Yes," replied a voice. "Do you want to speak to him?"

That was the last word. Back came the reply in icy tones: "Oh, no! Nothing of the sort. I merely rung up to hand him a cigar!"

Awful.

A West End woman called the attention of her husband to a little baby which was trying to sleep on the porch of its home on the opposite side of the street.

"It's lying on the bare boards, isn't it?" he observed.

"Yes, they haven't even placed a rug for the little chap to rest his head on."

The husband took another look.

"And what do you think of that?" he ejaculated. "They haven't even painted the boards."—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

Their Feeling.

"Well, old sport, how do you feel? I've just eaten a bowl of ox-tail soup and feel bully."

"I've just eaten a plate of hash and feel like everything."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Trouble's Way.

"He always climbed a tree when he saw trouble coming."

"And what did trouble do?"

"Set fire to the tree and smoked him out again."

Some men's idea of luck is to owe more than they can pay.

FAMILY RUNT

Kansas Man Says Coffee Made Him That.

"Coffee has been used in our family of eleven—father, mother, five sons and four daughters—for thirty years. I am the eldest of the boys and have always been considered the runt of the family and a coffee toper."

"I continued to drink it for years until I grew to be a man, and then I found I had stomach trouble, nervous headaches, poor circulation, was unable to do a full day's work, took medicine for this, that and the other thing, without the least benefit. In fact I only weighed 116 when I was 25."

"Then I changed from coffee to Postum, being the first one in our family to do so. I noticed, as did the rest of the family, that I was surely gaining strength and flesh. Shortly after I was visiting my cousin who said, 'You look so much better—you're getting fat.'"

"At breakfast his wife passed me a cup of coffee, as she knew I was always such a coffee drinker, but I said, 'No, thank you.'"

"What!" said my cousin, "you quit coffee? What do you drink?"

"Postum," I said, "or water, and I am well." They did not know what Postum was, but my cousin had stomach trouble and could not sleep at night from drinking coffee three times a day. He was glad to learn about Postum, but said he never knew coffee would hurt anyone. (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"After understanding my condition and how I got well he knew what to do for himself. He discovered that coffee was the cause of his trouble as he never used tobacco or anything else of the kind. You should see the change in him now. We both believe that if persons who suffer from coffee drinking would stop and use Postum they could build back to health and happiness." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter. A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ICED BEEF TEA IS EXCELLENT

During Hot Weather It Will Be Found More Acceptable Than the Hot Beverage.

Where beef-tea is required on a hot summer day it is sometimes more acceptable to the invalid if served iced, and in condensed form. Prepared as follows it is quite palatable: Cut up a pound of lean, juicy sirloin steak into pieces of about two inches square. Grease a clean pan with butter and put it on a fire of red-hot coals, and as soon as ever the pan is hot toss the pieces of steak in it, turning them rapidly this way and that way with a fork until seared on every side.

See that not a drop of juice is in the pan, and that each separate square of beef is thoroughly heated through before you finish your work.

Take the pieces now, one by one, and squeeze through a wooden lemon squeezer which has been standing in boiling water into a cold bowl. Extract all the juice from the piece, and you will have the finest beef essence. Set the bowl in a pan filled with cracked ice. The coldness of the beef essence—which you serve in a tumbler, having added the necessary salt, and with a tiny triangle of toast—does not affect its qualities.

Refreshing Beverages.

Any fresh fruit makes a delicious drink when the juice, squeezed from it, is strained, sweetened and filled with cold soda or aerated water. Or a syrup can be made to be kept on hand by boiling the juice with sugar. To make the drinks use a few spoonfuls of this syrup and fill the glass with water, plain or carbonated.

The most delicious lemonade or limeade can be had at a moment's notice if the juice of the fruit be kept on hand, mixed with sugar to taste. It is simply itself to pour water over this and the drink is ready.

Mashed Potato Doughnuts.

Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of mashed potatoes, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, two eggs well beaten, with a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and try in hot lard. These are delicious.