

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Burony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business main, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazerd, 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 Beratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount. Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Buliro Balaam, and is discharged with coats 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 Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail, Betty and Carrington arrives 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 arrives at Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamiless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price breaks jail, Betty and Carrington arrives at Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamiless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley 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, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy pa

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.) "Hues!" cried Murrell in astonish-

ment, 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!"

"You are wanted for nigger-stealing," said the man. Still Murrell die 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 thickened 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 taughed.

"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 shouler, and one of his companions close at his beels, while the third man led off the outlaw's

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 benefited in the past or had expected to profit him, but his mind clutched one im-Betty's disappearance, did not con-



THE **PRODIGAL** JUDGE By VAUGHAN KESTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL PRINTE ISH, THE BOBBS MEDDILL COMMANY

read and tossed it aside.

up to The Oaks."

"Yes, by God!"

Hicks, appalled.

"Who'd risk it?"

"Risk it? Man, he almost fainted

"How do you know this?" asked

"I was with him when he was tak-

en-it was Hues-the man he trusted

more than any other!" Ware gave

the overseer a ghastly grin and was

silent, but in that silence he heard

the drumming of his own heart. He

went on. "I tell you, to save him-

self, John Murrell will implicate the

rest of us; we've got to get him free.

and then, by hell-we ought to knock

him in the head; he isn't fit to live!"

him!" muttered Hicks.

long moment.

"The jail ain't built that'll hold

"Of course, he can't be held,"

agreed Ware. "And he'll never be

brought to trial; no lawyer will dare

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

dead away-a damned coward, Hell!"

"No!"

he come here?" he growled.

and shaken.

sidered signaling Bess to return. Sios | but he was still seeing Murrell, pallid son 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 into 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 a glance of unmixed astonishment. after Betty and Hannibal 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 gailop, 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 hesi-

"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-l-" he fell slient, mopping his face.

"I think I understand your feeling." said Carrington, giving him a level

glance. "Then you'll excuse me," and the planted clapped spurs to his horse. Once he looked back over his shoulmoved 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. The planter listened with an air of such abject misery that those who had neither liked nor respected him, were roused to a sudden generous feeling where he was concerned; they could not question but that he was deeply affected. After all the man might have a side to his nature with which they had never come in contact.

When he could he shut himself in his room. He had experienced a day of maddening anxiety; he had not slopt 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, for every word he said would be remembered. In the present there was sympathy for him, but sooner or later people would return to their sordid unemotional judgments.

He sought to forecast the happen ings 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. Slosson would wait at tain?" Hicks' place for the man Murrell had promised him, and, falling the messenger, for the signal fire, but there would be neither; and Siosson 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 of his men across the bayou, who must learn of Murrell's arrest, escape, flight | this. -for in Ware's mind these three events were indissolubly associated. The planter's teeth knocked together. He was having a terrible acquaintance with fear, its very depths had in the future seemed toppling in upon swallowed him up; it was a black pit in which he sank from horror to horportant fact. Hues, if he knew of ror. He had lost all faith in the Clan which had terrorized half a dozen nect Murrell with it. Ware sucked in states, which had robbed and murcomfort between his twitching lips. dered with apparent impunity, which Judge Slocum Price. He stepped close Stealing niggers! No one would be- had marketed its hundreds of stolen to Ware's side. "What'll come of the



most to a whisper. But Ware was incapable of speech, again his terrors A step sounded in the hall and an completely overwhelmed him. instant later Hicks entered the room reckon you'll have to find another without the formality of knocking. overseer. I'm going to strike out for Ware recognized his presence with a Texas," said Hicks.

Ware's eyes met his for an instant. glance of indifference, but did not speak. Hicks slouched to his employ-He had thought of flight, too; was er's side and handed him a note which still thinking of it, but greed was as proved to be from Fentress. Ware much a part of his nature as fear; Belle Plain was a prize not to be light-"If he wants to see me why don't ly cast aside, and it was almost his. He lurched across the room to the "I reckon that old fellow they call window. If he were going to act, the Judge Price has sprung something sooner he did so the better, and gain a respite from his fears. The road sudden on the colonel," said Hicks. "He was out here the first thing this down the coast slid away before his morning; you'd have thought he owned Belle Piain. There was a heavy eyes; he marked each turn, then a palsy of fear shook him, his couple of strangers with him, and he heart beat against his ribs, and he had me in and fired questions at me stood gnawing his lips while he gazed for half an hour; then he biked off

up at the sun. "Do you get what I say, Tom? "Murrell's been arrested," said Ware am going to quit these parts," said in a dull level voice. Hicks gave him 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 can; maybe I can't later on," said liicks stolldly. 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

"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. "Slosson shouldn't be left in the



The Planter's Knees Knocked Together.

"I don't know." "It looks like the Clan was in a hell-fired bole-but shucks! What will be easier than to fix Hues?—and while they're fixing folks they'd better not overlook that old fellow Price. He's got some notion about Fentress and the boy." Mr. Hicks did not consider it necessary to explain that be was himself largely responsible for

"How do you know that?" demand-

ed 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 lieve that he, a planter, had a hand in slaves. He had utterly collapsed at girl, Tom? Can you figure that out?" that, and for a brief instant he con- the first blow dealt the organization, he questioned, sinking his voice al-

"Where did they carry the cap- lurch like this-or your brother's folks-

"They'll have to figure it out for themselves, 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

"Make it twice that and maybe we can deal."

Racked and tortured, Ware hesttated; but the sun was slipping into the west; his windows blazed with the hot light.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERNATIONAL **LESSON**

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

LESSON FOR AUG. 25.

THE VISIT TO NAZARETH.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 4:16-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—"He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not."—John 1:11.

Cannon Farrar has said that this visit of Jesus to his home in Nazareth is "a most striking commentary upon" the words of John, which form our Golden Text. Those words are the epitome of this lesson in a very real sense. The young prophet had been proclaimed by his counsin John the Baptist as he who was to come. He had performed his early Judean ministry, which includes the visit of Nicodemus, and the meeting of the woman of Samaria. John had been shut up in prison and Jesus was about entering upon that wonderful Galilean ministry.

In this lesson we can see him as be returns to his boyhood home, to those old and most familiar scenes of his youth.

Day of Vengeance.

"As his custom was" (v. 16) he entered the old familiar synagogue to take part in the worship, praise and discussion, as had long been his custom in this his home town. Here it was he had learned of the law and the prophets, here he had heard the prophecies discussed, here he had undoubtedly participated in the discussions in the days gone by, for after the worship he is asked to conduct the reading of the second part of the service, a selection from one of the prophets, undoubtedly that portion for the regular reading of the day. His method of reading was very significant. Finding a portion from the prophecy of Isalah, chapter 61, he reads that portion as we now have it recorded, comprising verse one and in verse two to the first punctuation mark, a comma. This, said he, is being fulfilled before your eyes, implying that the concluding portion, that which refers to "the day of vengeance of our God," is yet to be fulfilled or performed. Just what his exposition may have been Luke does not tell us, although he leads us to believe that he made a definite claim of being the Messiah -"this Scripture bath been fulfilled." They wondered at his gracious words,

to listen to beautiful platitudes, but for one to assume authority such as this at once arouses antagonism. To make this still more plain, he makes a specific application. To paraphrase his words, he said, "doubtless here in Nasareth some of those miracles you performed over in Capernaum, but I say you would not accept me even then, for no prophet is acceptable to his own countrymen." Then he goes on to illustrate by an incident from the wife of Elijah, also one from

tongue of this son of the village car-

penter was more than a challenge; it

sounded of blasphemy. It is one thing

the life of Elisha. Graphic Lesson Story.

In teaching this lesson we can emphasize the need and the importance of public worship, the observance of a day set apart for that purpose and the public reading and exposition of God's work. We can also lay stress upon Jesus's knowledge and use of the Scriptures; also his emphatic approval of inspired prophecy as applied to, and fulfilled in his own life. In teaching the young scholars these truths, the graphic lesson story will be all and probably more than can well be covered during the lesson

For the older scholars, one question for discussion would be, why does the Son of God speak of or claim the "spirit of the Lord upon me?" Of course he was anointed after John's baptism as an example to all his followers, but here we take it as meaning that the Spirit is upon him in a real manner for service and for power in service. He is to witness and to minister. He is to teach and to heal. He is to preach the Gospel to the poor and deliverance to those bound with the chains of ceremonialism and of sin. He is to heal broken hearts and diseased bodies, to set the captives free and heal the bruised ones. Verse 18 is a sad picture of the state of a man without outside help. But Jesus came into the world for this express purpose. John 8:12, 13; Matt. 1:21.

"This prophecy means me." "Come unto me," was indeed a bold proclamation. Did they believe? Are you making such bold claims for your Master and Lord? Some will reject, of course, but let us remember that "God giveth the increase," ours truly to witness, to sow the seed. I. Cor. 3:6.

Why this hostility? (1) Jealousy, "Joseph's Son." (2) Contempt, was he not one of them? Was this not also a siur upon his name? (3) His allusion to Elijah, going outside of

Israel for sustenance. Do not forget the searching fact that there were those who knew him best through long association, yet they reject him. Our peril is to know him and yet reject his fellowship. Let us emphasize that verse in John's Gos-pel which follows the Golden Text (1:12), "But to as many as received him to them gave he power to become the Sons of God."

Nebraska Directory CAPE PRICES REASONABLE

Nebrasha School of Immer The best in all Commercial Courses.

Free catalogue explains all. Address
W. M. BRYANT, President
113 So. 14th Street

KODAKS and Photo Supplies of all kinds. We do SEVELOR ING and PRINTING for amateurs. Bend us your or ders. LINCOLN PROTO SUPPLY CO., Lincoln, Nob.



AUCTIONEER ser than others. The bette auctioneer the last your check. The best sell service costs you no me than the poorest. There with security and satisfation in doing business.

Lincoln Sanitarium



Sulpho Saline Springs Natural Mineral Water Baths

Rheumatism

Moort, Stomach, Kidney and Liver Disc MODERATE CHARGES, ADDRESS DR. O. W. EVERETT, Mgr.

WILLING HE SHOULD GO FAR

One Man to Have Kid Transferred. but He May Have Had a Grouch.

"What do you think of this scheme of having the countries exchange chil-

dren?" asked the Sewickley man. "I don't think anything about it," said the Wilkinsburg man. "What is the idea?"

"An English family, for instance, exchanges children for a couple of years with a German family. References are first exchanged and all that sort of thing."

"I see." "Thus both sets of children get a chance to learn another language and get acquainted with another country. It's quite a scheme."

"It's an elegant scheme," declared the Wilkinsburg man. "My neighbors have a kid that I would like to see exchanged with some family in Siberia." but such an assumption from the

Mother's Lingual Attainment. The mother of a little boy in Kansas City, Kan., recites negro dialect stories charmingly. Her small son is quite proud of her accomplishment and frequently boasts of it. One day recently, when some of his playmates were vaunting the achievements of

braggingly remarked: "My mother is smarter than any of yours; she can talk two languages." "What are they?" demanded his companions.

"White and colored."

Autocratic Assertions. "Are you a servant of the people?"

asked the constituent. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "Only it should be observed that a really first-class servant may come pretty nearly being a boss."

Exceptions.
Pater Familias—History repeats it-

Smart Child-Not when it's my les-

"That's Good"

Is often said of

Post **Toasties**

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please the whole family.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package-

Convenient

Economical Delicious

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.