

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
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CHAPTER XV.

The Shooting Match at Boggs'.

The judge's faith in the reasonableness of mankind having received a staggering blow, there began a somewhat futile existence for himself, for Solomon Mahaffy, and for the boy. They kept to little frequented by-ways, and usually it was the early hours of the morning, or the cool of late afternoons, when they took the road.

A certain hot afternoon brought them into the shaded main street of a straggling village. Near the door of the principal building, a frame tavern, a man was seated, with his feet on the horse-rack. There was no other sign of human occupancy.

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before the solitary individual whom he conjectured to be the landlord. "What's the name of this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one side.

As he spoke, Bruce Carrington appeared in the tavern door; pausing there, he glanced curiously at the shabby wayfarers.

"This is Raleigh, in Shelby county, Tennessee," said the landlord. "Are you the voice from the tomb?" inquired the judge, in a tone of playful sarcasm.

Carrington, amused, sauntered toward him. "That's one for you, Mr. Pegloe," he said.

"I am charmed to meet a gentleman whose spirit of appreciation shows his familiarity with a literary allusion," said the judge, bowing.

"We ain't so dead as we look," said Pegloe. "Just you keep on to Boggs' race-track, straight down the road, and you'll find that out—everybody's there to the horse-racing and shooting match. I reckon you've missed the horse-racing, but you'll be in time for the shooting."

"Why ain't you there, Mr. Carrington?" "I'm going now, Mr. Pegloe," answered Carrington, as he followed the judge, who, with Mahaffy and the boy, had moved off.

"Better stop at Boggs'," Pegloe called after them. "The judge had already formed his decision. Horse-racing and shooting matches were aggressive of that progressive spirit, the absence of which he had so much lamented at the jail raising at Pleasantville. Memphis was their objective point, but Boggs' he-chuck came a side issue of importance. They faced each other 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 disgustedly.

—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 built 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 Slocum Price. May I be permitted to assume that this is the Miss Betty of whom my young protegee so often speaks?"

Tom Ware gave him a glance of undisguised astonishment, while Norton regarded him with an expression of staid 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 Slocum 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 unctious, 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 terms. 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.

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, opulent 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 her 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-cream side issue of importance. They faced each other to fall into the arms of the first man who proposed to her."

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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 black 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 merit 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 a hundred, off-hand 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 hit, ma'am," cried the judge.

"I'll add \$20 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. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WATER FROM RIVER JORDAN.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Water drawn from the River Jordan by President Grant was used to baptize Douglas Grafflin, son of the Rev. Samuel W. Grafflin, at the Anacostia Methodist Episcopal church. Dr. George H. Cook, retired surgeon of the United States navy, who was an uncle of Mr. Griffin, furnished the water.

General Grant filled a jug from the Jordan August 20, 1877, brought it to the United States and gave Dr. Cook a portion of the water. Dr. Cook labeled the water and put it away. He is now a resident of Ridley Park, a suburb of Philadelphia.

INDICTMENT AGAINST CLARK AND JONES THROWN OUT.

By Associated Press. Camden, S. C., Nov. 15.—The Ker-shaw county grand jury today threw out of court an indictment charging W. A. Clark and Willie Jones, bank presidents of Columbia, S. C., with conspiracy in connection with the collapse of the Semole Securities Company, of which concern Clark and Jones were trustees.

IS THE WORLD BECOMING BETTER?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at W. L. Hand & Co's.

NOTED WOMEN FLIERS.

Noted women fliers who are on their way to Mexico City to give flying exhibitions during the festivities following the inauguration of Francisco I. Madero, Jr., as President of Mexico. From top to bottom the "Lady-birds" are: Miss Matilde Moisant, Miss Louise Moisant, Miss Harriet Quimby and Miss M. C. Long.

Half the Pianos in American Homes Might as Well Be Boxed Up!



Half the homes that have Pianos, have no one to play them. The Pianos stand silent — mute testimonials to an unsatisfied desire for music.

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The Silent Piano that wears out its life in waiting, used only by some visitor who can play, could be exchanged for a modern PIANOLA PIANO, which, with its Metrostyled music-rolls would enable the whole household to play—intelligently, artistically, with intense personal pleasure, and at once!

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In place of the silent Piano here is a superb instrument that makes available a library of more than 16,000 pieces of music, with all the popular successes being added every week.

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From \$550 Up. A down payment of only \$25.00 puts a Pianola Piano in your home.

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BOILER MAKERS STRIKE MAY SPREAD.

By Associated Press. Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 15.—Prospects that the strike of boiler makers in the shops of the American Locomotive Works at Schenectady, N. Y., would involve the allied crafts there in a sympathetic strike caused several of the international executive officers here attending the convention of the American Federation of Labor to leave hurriedly today for Schenectady. The officers who left are J. W. Kline, president of the blacksmiths; Joseph Franklin, president of the boiler-makers; Joseph Valentine, president of the moulders; Frank McNulty, president of the electricians; Joseph Keppler, vice-president of the machinists and A. J. Berres, secretary of the metal trade workers.

NUMEROUS TRAGEDIES IN ONE NIGHT AT HOPKINSVILLE.

By Associated Press. Hopkinsville, Ky., Nov. 15.—Numerous tragedies marked the passing of the night of the thirteenth in Hopkinsville. Mamie Williams, a pretty girl who came here from Beechwood, killed herself. Calvin Allen, aged 45, killed himself by swallowing laudanum. Millie Moore was fatally shot by George Sanders, said to have been an admirer whose attentions she did not seriously regard. Tom Young and John Winn, residents of the outlying country plunged over a rock quarry bluff. Young was instantly killed and Winn is dying.

DOWIEITE OBJECTS TO CEMENT SIDEWALKS.

By Associated Press. Zion City, Ill., Nov. 15.—Rupert Devreux, a member of the Dowie faction in Zion's affairs, today filed a petition with the Zion City board of aldermen, objecting to the proposed construction of cement sidewalks here, because "Christ never walked on cement and therefore would avoid Zion City on the Saviour's approaching second coming to earth." The petition stated that Dowie would return to life with the second coming of Christ.

FOR THE BEST IN WHITE Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds, Indian Runner Ducks, etc., write Loring Brown, Smyrna, Ga.

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- 1 seven-room house on South A St.
- 1 six-room house on East Stone-wall St.
- 1 six-room house on West Fifth St.
- 1 five-room house West Twelfth St.
- 1 four-room house East Seventh St.
- 1 three-room house East Catherine St.
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- 2 three-room houses College St. extension.

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