



# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

Copyright © 1911, The Dorr-Melville Company



## 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 Hagar, 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 keeps Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, where Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balsam, 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 Slocum 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. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Yancy is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless 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 surprising a negro, Judge Price, with Hannibal. Visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Boss Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Boss's advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slosson, 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.



"Poor little lad!" He muttered.

## 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 added petulantly.

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

"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 Slocum Price.

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

"Thar warn't no George, mind you, Mas'r, but dar was his team in de 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 stabled, 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,

then I went to supper," Hicks vouchsafed to explain.

"And no one saw or heard the team drive in?"

"Not as I know of," said Hicks.

"Mas'r Ca'nting's done gone off to get a pack of daws—he 'lows his night important to find what's come of George," said Steve.

Hicks started violently at this piece of news.

"I reckon he'll have to travel a right smart distance to find a pack of daws," he muttered. "I don't know of none this side of Colonel Bates' down below Girard."

The judge was lost in thought. He permitted an interval of silence to elapse in which Hicks' glance slid round in a furtive circle.

"When did Mr. Ware set out for Memphis?" asked the judge at length.

"Early yesterday. He goes there pretty often on business."

"You talked with Mr. Ware before he left?" Hicks shook his head. "Did he speak of Miss Malroy?" Hicks shook his head. "Did you see her during the afternoon?"

"No—maybe you think these niggers ain't enough to keep a man stirring?" said Hicks uneasily and with a scowl. The judge noticed both the uneasiness and the scowl.

"I should imagine they would absorb every moment of your time, Mr. Hicks," he agreed affably.

"A man's got to be a hog for work to hold a job like mine," said Hicks sourly.

"But it came to your notice that Miss Malroy has been in a disturbed mental state ever since Mr. Norton's murder? I am interested in this point, Mr. Hicks, because your experience is so entirely at variance with my own. It was my privilege to see and speak with her yesterday afternoon; I was profoundly impressed by her naturalness and composure." The judge smiled, then he leaned forward across the desk. "What were you doing up here early this morning—hasn't a hog for work like you got any business of his own at that hour?" The judge's tone was suddenly offensive.

"Look here, what right have you got to try and pump me?" cried Hicks. "For no discernible reason Mr. Cavendish spat on his palms."

"Mr. Hicks," said the judge, urbane and gracious, "I believe in frankness."

"Sure," agreed Hicks, mollified by the judge's altered tone.

"Therefore I do not hesitate to say that I consider you a damned scoundrel!" concluded the judge.

Mr. Cavendish, accepting the judge's ultimatum as something which must debar Hicks from all further consideration, and being, as he was, exceedingly active and energetic by nature, if one passed over the various forms of gainful industry, uttered a loud whoop and threw himself on the overseer. There was a brief struggle and Hicks went down with the Earl of Lambeth astride of him; then from his boot-heel that knightly soul flashed a horn-legged tickler of formidable dimensions.

"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 woollen?" 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 Ferris' 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 Ferris."

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

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 woollen?" 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 Ferris' 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 Ferris."

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

"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 woollen?" 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 Ferris' 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 Ferris."

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

"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 woollen?" 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 Ferris' 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 Ferris."

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

"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 woollen?" 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 Ferris' 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 Ferris."

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

## FARMERS ADJOURN LEAVE FOR HOME

HELMS REBILD, JOSEPH G. BROWN AND J. W. BAILEY MADE GOOD ADDRESSES.

## DISCUSSED BANKING AID

The Women Also Finish Their Business—The Roundup Institute was a Creditable Sister of Convention and Was Well Attended.

Raleigh.—The North Carolina Farmers' Convention has adjourned after three days of splendid work, in which more than 500 farmers were Raleigh visitors.

Addresses by Helmer Heblid, Joseph G. Brown and J. W. Bailey were made. Mr. Heblid, the delightful Dane, telling something of the cow testing associations. Mr. Brown of the banking system and the efforts being made to extend it so as to help the agricultural people more, and Mr. Bailey telling about the Torrens land system.

Mr. Heblid talked dairying the day before, and made one of the best of the addresses made during that period here. There is no more enthusiastic advocate of the cow than he. He may not have made so bright a speech but he gave a great deal of information.

Mr. Brown has been with the National Bankers' Association and taken part in the discussions of banking aid to the farming people. He read an interesting paper. It told something of the scheme upon which the bankers are working.

Mr. Bailey's discussion of the Torrens System was perhaps the best one of the many. It had large present interest because this matter has gone before the legislature and has been recommended by the North Carolina Bar Association. It was to this phase of it that he talked.

There were some amusing questions popped to him and he answered them well. One farmer wanted to know what would become of the lawyer who loses all of his business. Mr. Bailey reminded him that the pulpit and politics are open to him.

This closed a great convention and everybody went home.

## Well Known Farmer Killed by Train.

The body of Mr. Allen Harrington, a well-known farmer of Vanceboro, Craven county, was found beside the Norfolk & Southern Railroad track, just on the outskirts of Greenville. The body lay parallel with the track, with the right arm severed, deep scalp wounds that almost encircled the head, as well as other cuts and bruises. Just how his death resulted has not been disclosed, if known. Harrington came to Greenville to sell tobacco, and received about \$100. He remained over and was said to be drinking heavily, though seemingly able to take care of himself. He was seen with other farmers around the tobacco warehouse and it is said that friends put him on the train to send him home. No explanation can be given to how he got off the train, or which train run over him.

## Setback For Orange Good Roads.

Judge Whedbee handed down a decision regarding the Orange county bond issue, in which the sum of \$250,000 in bonds was voted for road building by the people of Orange, saying that the issue of the bonds is invalid on account of a technicality in the bill in authorizing the election. It seems that an amendment was made to the original bill as introduced in the lower house of the state legislature.

## Wake County Republican Meet.

The regular Taft wing of the Wake county Republicans met in county convention. W. J. Andrews, chairman, and named delegates to the state convention at Charlotte, instructing them to support only such candidates for presidential elector as will pledge to support Taft and other candidates named by the regular Chicago convention.

## To Become Producing County.

James H. Warburton, secretary of the Salisbury Industrial Club received a letter from T. O. Plunkett, General Agent of the new department of the Southern Railway known as the "farm improvement department," to the effect that a field agent will be placed in Rowan county, and that it will be the endeavor of this department to assist the county in becoming one of the large producing counties. This sounds good to the people as it will be about the same as having a regular county farm demonstrator.

## Politics in Guilford County.

The Republican county convention was very slimly attended, five townships not being represented at all, and small delegations being present from the others. It was decided not to nominate a county ticket at this meeting, the naming of same being postponed. Hiram Worth resigned as county chairman, and W. C. Shaw, a young business man was elected chairman. Martin Douglas, present secretary, was re-elected. Twenty-eight delegates were sent to the Charlotte Republican convention.

## TURN 62 LAWYERS LOOSE

Large Class of Barristers Ready to Argue and Plead Before Courts of Old North State.

Raleigh.—Out of a class of 75 which took the examination to practice law in North Carolina, before the Supreme Court, 62 were successful, two of them being negroes. The examination questions were prepared by Chief Justice Clark. The following are the successful applicants:

Samuel Hamilton Wiley, Rowan; Cary Parks Buchanan, Mecklenburg; Arthur Calhoun Bernard, Wake; Cecil Christopher Broughton, Wake; Hudson Colquhoun Miller, Mecklenburg; James Halbot Johnston, Moore; Otway Binns Moss, Wilson; James Sylvester Cline, Cleveland; James Louis Evans, Pitt; Ector Augustus Harrill, Cleveland; Peter Lee Fesor, Davidson; Claudius Cooper Howard, Cumberland; Rowland Shaw Pruett, Mecklenburg; Archibald Cornelius Ray, Chatham; James Royall, Wake; Henry George Stewart, Mecklenburg; Robert Wright, Strange, New Hanover; Richard L. Walker, Bertie; John James DeBost, Duplin; Abner Burton Breece, Cumberland; Thos. Edgar Bingham, Catawba; Arthur Edwin Ferguson, Forsyth; Edward Marshall Harmon, Catawba; John Quincy Robinson, Edgecombe; Hugh Scharlotte, Durham; Bonnie Fay Simmons, Cumberland; Wiseman James Swain, Forsyth; Eli Robinson Wilson, Wayne; Joseph Mack Moss, Nash; Carol Davis Tallafarro, Mecklenburg; Henry Alonzo Alston, Buncombe; Hierox Louis Taylor, Mecklenburg; Edwin Thomas Cansler, Jr., Mecklenburg; Charles Z. Ross, Harnett; Jeremiah Perry Zollicoffer, Vance; Page Keen Gravelly, Nash; John Clarence Doughtridge, Edgecombe; Walter Lowry Small, Pasquotank; Willis Smith, Pasquotank; Josephus Daniels Eason, Jr., Wilson; Dred Peacock, Guilford; Kenneth Ogden Burgwyn, Orange; Henry Elliott Williams, Cumberland; Luther Bynum Clegg, Moore; James Southernland Patterson, Orange; Baxter Lee Ferriss, Guilford; Ovid Winfield Jones, Forsyth; George Barton Mason, Gaston; Wade Hampton Childs, Lincoln; Alexander Hamilton Koone, Orange; Henry Rhodes, Craven; James Giles Hudson, Rowan; Earnest Stanhope Delaney, Union; Wade Hampton Williams, Alexander; William Armistead Townes, New Hanover; Fuffner Campbell, Buncombe; Talbery Hardy Lacy, Nash; Charles Alexander Vogler, Forsyth; Baxter Lloyd Baker, Mecklenburg; Clarence LeRoy Shuping, Guilford; Nerus DeLeon White, Sampson.

Politics in Ashe County. The Republicans of Ashe have held their county convention and named the following ticket: for Representative, C. B. Spicer; for sheriff, J. A. Sturgill; for treasurer, Dr. Manley Blevins; for register of deeds, J. E. Parker; for surveyor, Ham Lewis; for coroner, N. W. Roark; and for county commissioners, Elihu Graybeal, J. E. Walters, both Independent Democrats, and F. L. Lewis. Aside from a little difference of opinion as to the proper platform, and as to whether or not the convention would endorse the candidacy of Elihu Graybeal and J. E. Walters, independent Democrat, the meeting was harmonious.

## Northampton For Good Roads.

The good roads fever has at last struck Northampton and the work of building permanent good roads has actually begun. During the past six years has been spent on the roads of this county doing patchwork with the roads, but little better for the outlay. Now the work of building the best type of sand-clay roads has begun at Rich Square and will doubtless extend to all the important roads of the county. The work here is being watched with keen interest by Northampton, Hertford and Bertie as well.

## Split in Gaston County Ranks.

The local ranks of the G. O. P. are badly confused at the Roosevelt-Taft split in the party. The situation is becoming so tense that the prediction is ventured by some that a new Progressive organization will be effected in this county as a result of the two factions that are now fighting for local dominance. A Progressive ticket may be named to oppose the stand-pat Republicans and the Democrats.

## Rowan Good Roads Association.

The Rowan County Good Roads Association is now getting right after the proposition, and hopes to be able to have a strong organization by fall. It is the object of this association to pull for a \$500,000 bond issue, and to give Rowan one of the best road systems in the South. Most of the farmers are in favor of the proposition. Rowan does not owe a dollar on the roads. J. C. Sherrill, director of Mount Ulla township in the county association, will call a meeting some time soon.

## Males of Militia Age in State.

The percentage of the population of North Carolina, who are males of militia age, is the lowest of the states of the union, being only 17.8, according to a preliminary statement just given out by Director Durand, which is based on the returns from the thirteenth census. The militia age is from 18 to 44 years. In 1910 there were in the total population of the United States 20,473,684 males of the required age for militia service. This showed an increase of more than four militia over the figures of ten years before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)