

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

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THE VOTERS MAY SCRATCH TICKET

AND STILL VOTE FOR SENATOR
—THUS THE COMMITTEE HAS DECIDED.

HOLD A PROLONGED MEETING

But He Must Not Vote For Any Candidate on Any Other Party Ticket—
There Was Much Discussion During the Session.

Raleigh.—By a vote of 31 to 0, the state Democratic executive committee agreed upon the McLean resolution. It took three hours and a half to reach a conclusion that would receive a majority vote in favor of definite action upon this proposition. Perhaps a score of measures were presented many of them very similar in nature. The debates upon none of them reached a disagreeable point and the committee was almost willing to agree half a dozen times.

The committee was called together by Chairman Charles A. Webb, who asked that Commissioner of Labor and Printing M. L. Shipman to assist the secretary. The call for this meeting was read and the proceedings of the last committee meeting rehearsed. The committee then went to work.

Ex-Congressman Hackett addressing the chair, said that he wished to have the "so-called Hackett resolution" stricken out. But the committee merely laughed and the roll was called. It showed that there were present in person and by proxy forty-nine members of the committee.

Chairman Webb then stated the reasons for the second calling of the committee. He said that a majority of the committee had asked the modification of the "so-called Hackett resolution."

"If any of you doubt that the Democrats of North Carolina understand what the resolution is, just call at the headquarters of the state executive committee and I will show you four or five hundred letters and telegrams on this subject, which express the belief that the former action was too drastic."

Mr. Webb then told how delicate has been his position. "With all of the disagreements of the opposition, with all of the circumstances favorable to us, I do not believe any chairman ever had to decide so many different questions or to hear so many complaints. It does not look good for the future. I beg you to be governed solely by the thought of your party's good and to act calmly."

NORTH CAROLINA'S SHARE

This State Gets Over Million Out of Thirteen—Most of This Goes to Rivers and Harbors.

Raleigh.—A special from Washington states that thirteen million and five thousand dollars is appropriated specifically to be used in the southern states by the appropriation bills of the last Congress. This fact has been determined by a professional statistician here who computed the appropriations for each state and each group of states. Many of the great appropriation bills such as army and navy are for general expenditure.

North Carolina was the only Southern state participating in the Indian appropriation bill. Thirty-eight thousand dollars was appropriated for the support and maintenance of an Indian school at Cherokee, N. C.

The total appropriation for North Carolina, as determined by the statistician's investigation, is \$1,196,000, consisting of, besides the Indian appropriation, \$790,500 for rivers and harbors improvement; \$362,500 for improvement of public buildings, and \$6,300 for fisheries.

The total appropriation for Tennessee is \$733,700, consisting of \$677,500 for rivers and harbor improvement; \$52,000 for improvement of public buildings, and \$4,200 for fisheries.

The total for the Southern cities are as follows:

Rivers and harbors	\$9,327,000
Indian	38,000
Sundry civil	2,743,000
Improving public buildings	1,538,723
Fisheries	41,200
Forestry	40,210

Governor Grants Two Pardons.

Two pardons were given by Governor Kitchin, following the revocation of the Walter Hobbs clemency of a year ago. In giving Hobbs back to the roads it is explained that the officers might have had him long ago, but for the wording of the conditional pardon, which left the matter pretty well with the recorder. The first time Hobbs was arrested, he was acquitted and the next time the recorder found him guilty. Governor Kitchin understood that to settle the matter and not until it was brought to his attention did he take action.

The last two pardons were issued conditionally also and Gov. Kitchin gives these reasons: "On the recommendation of the recorder, who imposed this sentence the chief of police, the prosecuting witness, who was prisoner's wife, and many citizens, I pardon the prisoner, John Pharr, on condition that he remain law-abiding and of good behavior." On the recommendation of the judge, solicitor, private prosecutors, the then sheriff of the county and many citizens, I pardon prisoner Lester McAuley who is said to have been thirteen years old when he was convicted, on condition that he remain law-abiding and of good behavior."

Two Bull Moose Men Removed.

The state board of elections in session at Raleigh removed two members of county boards and named successors, this being the board's final preparation for the approaching election. Both removals were because members first named have turned Bull Moose, one having been a Republican and the other a Democrat. M. M. Kiker of Anson, appointed as Republican, was removed and M. John Burr, Republican, appointed to succeed him. In Montgomery county, H. P. Montgomery, appointed as a Democrat, was removed and Richard A. Bruton, Democrat, appointed in his stead.

Freight Rates in North Carolina.

The Senborn Air Line, for itself and the Maxton, Alma & Southbound Railroad petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for relief from the fourth section of the interstate commerce act and for permission to establish commodity rates from Rowland, Chalderton and Brady. The petition was granted until the entire matter of the fourth section can be passed upon. The Norfolk Southern was given permission to establish rates on peanuts in sacks or barrels from Farmville, Greenville, Goldsboro, Kinston, Newbern, Wilson, Plymouth and Washington to Brunswick, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla.

Reverse Action of Commissioners.

By a vote of ten to seven, the board of county supervisors reversed the action of the county commissioners in accepting the resignation of County Highway Engineer W. L. Spoon, when a motion to retain him until the end of the term of the present board expires was carried. The matter was discussed for two hours, being a result of the recent Hanes-Spoon controversy; Mr. Spoon alleging antagonism on the part of Mr. Hanes, while Mr. Hanes alleged that Mr. Spoon was using time for work.

Report on Harnett County Schools.

Prof. J. D. Eazel, county superintendent of public instruction, has just gotten out a report of the condition of the public schools of Harnett. This is rather a history and comparative statement of the condition of the educational affairs of the county now and 16 years ago. The report shows in part; that there are two high schools, one at Angier and one at Lillington, two graded schools at Duke and Dunn and that the value of school property is worth \$55,545 more now than in 1902.

To Be Tried For Murder of Husband.

On the representation of Solicitor R. R. Reynolds, Judge Foushee issued an order that Mrs. Neta White Harrison be brought back to Asheville from the insane hospital and stand trial for the alleged murder of her husband about a year ago. It is charged that she walked into the room where her husband was sleeping, and shot him. She was adjudged insane and sent to the state hospital for the insane at Raleigh. Solicitor Reynolds says that she has now been pronounced sane, and will try her for murder.

Granville Fair Success.

For a third time the Granville County Fair has scored a big success. Every visitor expressed admiration for the more than creditable exhibits and surprise at the constant and rapid growth shown from year to year. The addresses by Hon. Lee S. Overman and Mr. S. B. Helgis were both listened to by large crowds and the earnest faces of the farmers, who eagerly drank in the practical suggestions and information given by these two excellent speakers expressed better than words their appreciation.

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, 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 Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Thave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Blain, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Murrell, 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. Carrington's family on raft rescues Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discharges. Carrington and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. He 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. Charles 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, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bess' 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. Judge Price visits Colonel Pentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming ensnared, Price dashes a glass of whiskey into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his cabin bursts. The judge and Mahaffy discuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hannibal, and a fierce gun fight follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue. Bruce Carrington and Betty come to an understanding. The Judge receives an important letter.

The Pistol Slipped From His Fingers.

Boggs, a tall, gaunt figure in the shadowy uncertainty of that October morning. He was the first to reach the place of meeting, but he had scarcely entered the meadow when Pentress rode up, attended by Tom Ware. They dismounted, and the colonel lifted his hat. Mahaffy barely acknowledged the salute; he was in no mood for courtesies that meant nothing. Ware was clearly of the same mind.

There was an awkward pause, then Pentress and Ware spoke together in a low tone. The planter's speech was broken and hoarse, and his heavy, blood-shot eyes were the eyes of a haunted man; this was all a part of Pentress' scheme to face the world, and Ware still believed that the fires Hicks had kindled had served his desperate need.

When the first long shadows stole out from the edge of the woods Pentress turned to Mahaffy, whose glance was directed toward the distant corner of the field, where he knew his friend must first appear.

"Why are we waiting, sir?" he demanded, his tone cold and formal.

"Something has occurred to detain Price," answered Mahaffy.

The colonel and Ware exchanged looks. Again they spoke together, while Mahaffy watched the road. Ten minutes slipped by in this manner, and once more Pentress addressed Mahaffy.

"Do you know what could have detained him?" he inquired, the ghost of a smile curling his thin lips.

"I don't," said Mahaffy, and relapsed into a moody and anxious silence. He held dueling in very proper abhorrence, and only his feeling of intense but never-declared loyalty to his friend had brought him there.

Another interval of waiting succeeded.

"I have about reached the end of my patience; I shall wait just ten minutes longer," said Pentress, and drew out his watch.

"Something has happened—" began Mahaffy.

"I have kept my engagement; he should have kept his," Pentress continued, addressing Ware. "I am sorry to have brought you here for nothing, Tom."

"Wait!" said Mahaffy, planting himself squarely before Pentress.

"I consider this comic episode at an end," and Pentress pocketed his watch.

"Scarcely!" rejoined Mahaffy. His long arm shot out and the open palm of his hand descended on the colonel's face. "I am here for my friend," he said grimly.

The colonel's face paled and colored by turns.

"Have you a weapon?" he asked, when he could command his voice. Mahaffy exhibited the pistol he had carried to Belle Plain the day before.

"Step off the ground, Tom," Pentress spoke quietly. When Ware had done as requested, the colonel spoke again. "You are my witness that I

face in his hands, while sobs shook him.

"Solomon—Solomon, why did you do this?" he cried miserably.

The harsh lines on the dying man's face erased themselves.

"You're the only friend I've known in twenty years of loneliness. Price, I've loved you like a brother," he panted, with a pause between each word.

Again the judge buried his face in his hands.

"I know it, Solomon—I know it!" he moaned wretchedly.

"Price, you are still a man to be reckoned with. There's the boy; take your place for his sake and keep it—you can."

"I will—by God, I will!" gasped the judge. "You hear me? You hear me, Solomon? By God's good help, I will!"

"You have the president's letter—I saw it—" said Mahaffy in a whisper.

"Yes!" cried the judge. "Solomon, the world is changing for us!"

"For me most of all," murmured Mahaffy, and there was a bleak instant when the judge's ashen countenance held the full pathos of age and failure. "Remember your oath, Price," gasped the dying man. A moment of silence succeeded. Mahaffy's eyes closed, then the heavy lids slid back. He looked up at the judge while the harsh lines of his sour old face softened wonderfully. "Kiss me, Price," he whispered, and as the judge bent to touch him on the brow, the softened lines fixed themselves in death, while on his lips lingered a smile that was neither bitter nor sneering.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Judge's Grandson.

In that bare upper room they had shared, the judge, crushed and broken, watched beside the bed on which the dead man lay; unconscious of the flight of time he sat with his head bowed in his hands, having scarcely altered his position since he begged those who carried Mahaffy up the narrow stairs to leave him alone with his friend.

He was living over the past. He recalled his first meeting with Mahaffy in the stuffy cabin of the small river packet from which they had later gone ashore at Pleasantville; he thanked God that it had been given him to see beneath Solomon's forbidding exterior and into that sturdied heart! He reviewed each phase of the almost insensible growth of their intimacy; he remembered Mahaffy's fine true loyalty at the time of his arrest—the thought of Damon and Pythias—Mahaffy had reached the heights of a sublime devotion; he could only feel ennobled that he had inspired it.

At last the dusk of twilight invaded the room. He lighted the candles on the chimney-piece, then he resumed his seat and his former attitude. Suddenly he became aware of a small hand that was resting on his arm and glanced up; Hannibal had stolen quietly into the room. The boy pointed to the still figure on the bed.

"Judge, what makes Mr. Mahaffy lie so quiet—is he dead?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, dear lad," began the judge in a shaking voice, as he drew Hannibal toward him, "your friend and mine is dead—we have loved him." He lifted the boy into his lap, and Hannibal pressed a tear-stained face against the judge's shoulder. "How did you get here?" the judge questioned gently.

"Uncle Bob fetched me," said Hannibal. "He's down-stairs, but he didn't tell me Mr. Mahaffy was dead."

"We have sustained a great loss, Hannibal, and we must never forget the moral grandeur of the man. Some day, when you are older, and I can bring myself to speak of it, I will tell you of his last moments." The judge's voice broke, a thick sob rose chokingly in his throat. "Poor Solomon! A man of such tender feeling that he hid it from the world, for his was a rare nature which only revealed itself to the chosen few he honored with his love." The judge lapsed into a momentary brooding silence, in which his great arms drew the boy closer against his heart. "Dear lad, since I left you at Belle Plain a very astonishing knowledge has come to me. It was the Hand of Providence—I see it now—that first brought us together. You must not call me judge any more; I am your grandfather—your mother was my daughter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dress for an Earthquake.

An old lady was staying at a hotel at Nice at the time of the earthquake. "My dear," she was wont to say, "I was simply tumbled out of bed and the ceiling cracked. I threw on a fur cloak and unconsciously pulled on one long black suede glove, and when I got down to the hall and found all the other guests—my dear, I was the best dressed woman there!"