

BACKACHE AND ACHING JOINTS

Together Tell of Bad Kidneys
Much pain that masks as rheumatism is due to weak kidneys—to their failure to drive off uric acid thoroughly.
When you suffer from aching joints, backache, too; with some kidney disorders, get Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.



A MAINE CASE.
R. C. Verrill, Old Town, Me., says: "I was confined to bed two years, and the doctors did not know what ailed me. My back pained intensely and the kidney secretions were very irregular. The doctor said I would never walk again. After taking Doan's Kidney Pills I rapidly improved until once more in good health. I cannot express my gratitude."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box
Doan's Kidney Pills
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't brag about yourself; jolly others into doing it for you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
Soothing; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Most of our so-called good intentions are base imitations.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Only a lawyer or a detective can mind his own business when he spies into other people's.

For SUMMER HEADACHES
Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Another Investigation.

"Daughter, I heard suspicious sounds on the veranda last evening."
"Yes, mother."
"Was that young man kissing you or swatting mosquitoes?"

Quite the Thing.

"I told you that if you came tomorrow morning I would give you the money for my wash. Why did you come tonight?" said Miss Phillis to the daughter of her laundress.
"I know you said tomorrow morning," responded the girl, "but my mother she told me to come tonight, 'cause she was afraid you might be gone away by tomorrow mornin'."
"I certainly should not go without paying my laundry bill," said Miss Phillis sharply. "No respectable woman would do such a thing."
"Oh, yes, ma'am, they would," replied the child knowingly. "There's lots of respectable ladies does."

DREW THE LINE.



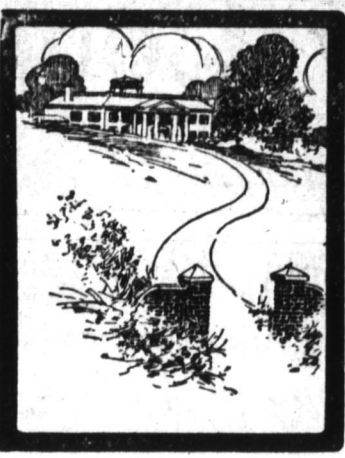
Mrs. Wood B. Swelle—Do you care for pato de fole gras?
Old Man Newfiche—No, ma'am, I draw the line on grass. Baled-hay breakfast foods are my limit!

Thin Bits of Corn Toasted to A delicate Light Brown—
Post Toasties

To be eaten with cream and sugar, or served with canned fruit poured over—either way insures a most delicious dish.

"The Memory Lingers"

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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, 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 Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Halaam, 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 upon 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. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dream—sneaks up 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 is a Betty of danger and counsel her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bess's advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Blount, 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 interest is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price 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, who he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whiskey into Murrell's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing, and bubble 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. Solomon Mahaffy's last fight. Fights duel for the judge and is killed. Hannibal proves to be Judge's grandson, and told the story of his life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

"What does this ridiculous mockery mean?" he demanded harshly. "Mr. Sheriff, as a member of the bar, I protest! Why don't you clear the building?" He did not wait for Betts to answer him, but continued: "Where is this man Hues?"

"Yonder, colonel, by the captain," said Betts.

"I have a warrant for his arrest. You will take him into custody."
"Wait!" cried the judge. "I represent Mr. Hues. I desire to see that warrant!"

But Pentress ignored him. He addressed the crowded benches.

"Gentlemen, it is a serious matter for me to seize a man without authority from the courts, and expose him to the danger of mob violence—Mr. Hues will learn this before we have done with him."

Instantly there was a noisy demonstration that swelled into a burst of applause, which quickly spent itself. The struggle seemed to have narrowed to an individual contest for supremacy between Pentress and the judge. On the edge of the railed-off space they confronted each other: the colonel, a tall, well-cared for presence; the judge, shabby and unkempt. For a moment their eyes met, while the judge's face purpled and paled, and purpled again. The silence deepened. Pentress' thin lips opened, twitched, but no sound came from them; then his glance wavered and fell. He turned away.

"Mr. Sheriff!" he called sharply. "All right, colonel!"

"Take your man into custody," ordered Pentress. As he spoke he handed the warrant toward Betts, who looked at it, grinned, and stepped toward Hues. He would have pushed the judge aside had not that gentleman, bowing civilly, made way for him.

"In my profound respect for the law and properly constituted authority I yield to no man, not even to Colonel Pentress," he said, with a gracious gesture. "I would not place the slightest obstacle in the way of its sanctioned manifestation. Colonel Pentress comes here with that high sanction. He bowed again ceremoniously to the colonel. "I repeat, I respect his dependence upon the law!" He whirled suddenly. "Cavendish—Yancy—Carrington—I call upon you to arrest John Murrell! I do this by virtue of the authority vested in me as a judge of the United States federal court. His crime—a mere trifle, my friends—passing counterfeit money! Colonel Pentress will inform you that this is a violation of the law which falls



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



within my jurisdiction," and he beamed blandly on Pentress.

"It's a lie!" cried the colonel. "You'll answer for that later!" said the judge, with abrupt austerity of tone.

"For all we know you may be some fugitive from justice!—Why, your name isn't Price!"

"Are you sure of that?" asked the judge quickly.

"You're an impostor! Your name is Turberville!"

"Permit me to relieve your apprehensions. It is Turberville who has received the appointment. Would you like to examine my credentials?—I have them by me—no? I am obliged for your introduction. It could not have come at a more timely moment." The judge seemed to dismiss Pentress contemptuously. Once more he faced the packed benches. "Put down your weapons!" he commanded. "This man Murrell will not be released. At the first effort at rescue he will be shot where he sits—we have sworn it—his plotting is at an end." He stalked nearer the benches. "Not one chance in a thousand remains to him, either he dies here or he lives to be taken before every judge in the state. If necessary, until we find one with courage to try him! Make no mistake—it will best conserve the ends of justice to allow the state court's jurisdiction in this case; and I pledge myself to furnish evidence which will start him well on his road to the gallows!" The judge, a tremendous presence, stalked still nearer the benches. Outfacing the crowd, a sense of the splendor of the part he was being called upon to play flowed through him like some elixir; he felt that he was transcending himself, that his inspiration was drawn from the hidden springs of the spirit, and that he could neither falter nor go astray.

"You don't know what you are meddling with! This man has plotted to lay the south in ruins—he has been arming the negroes—it is incredible that you should all know this—to such I say, go home and thank God for your escape! For the others"—his shaggy brows met in a menacing frown—"if they force our hand we will toss them John Murrell's dead carcass—that's our answer to their challenge!"

He strode out among the gun muzzles which wavered where they still covered him. He was thinking of Mahaffy—Mahaffy, who had said he was still a man to be reckoned with. For the comfort of his own soul he was proving it.

"Do you know what a servile insurrection means?—you men who have wives and daughters, have you thought of their fate? Of the monstrous savagery to which they would be exposed? Do you believe he could limit and control it? Look at him! Why, he has never had a consideration outside of his own safety, and yet he expects you to risk your necks to save his! He would have left the state before the first blow was struck—his business was all down river—but we are going to keep him here to answer for his crimes! The law, as implacable as it is impartial, has put its mark on him—the shadow in which he sits is the shadow of the gallows!"

The judge paused, but the only sound in that expectant silence was the heavy breathing of men. He drew his unwieldy form erect, while his voice rumbled on, aggressive and threatening in its every intonation.

"You are here to defend something that no longer exists. Your organization is wrecked, your signals and passwords are known, your secrets have become public property—I can even produce a list of your members; there are none of you who do not stand in imminent peril—yet understand, I have no wish to strike at those who have been misled or coerced into joining Murrell's band!" The judge's sodden old face glowed now with the magnanimity of his sentiments. "But I have no feeling of mercy for your leaders, none for Murrell himself. Put down your guns!—you can only kill us after we have killed Murrell—but you can't kill the law! If the arch conspirator dies in this room and hour, on whose head will the punishment fall?" He swung round his ponderous arm in a sweeping gesture and shook a fat but expressive fore-finger in the faces of those nearest him. "On yours—and yours—and yours!"

Across the space that separated them the judge grinned his triumph at his enemy. He had known when Pentress entered the room that a word or a sign from him would precipitate a riot, but he knew now that neither this word nor this sign would be given. Then quite suddenly he strode down the aisle, and foot by foot Pentress yielded ground before his advance. A murderous light flashed from the judge's bloodshot eyes and his right hand was reaching toward the frayed tails of his coat.

"Look out—he's getting ready to shoot!" cried a frightened voice.

Instantly by doors and windows the crowd, seized with inexplicable panic, emptied itself into the court-house yard. Pentress was caught up in the rush and borne from the room and from the building. When he reached the graveled space below the steps he turned. The judge was in the doorway, the center of a struggling group; Mr. Bowen, the minister, Mr. Saul and Mr. Wesley were vainly seeking to pinion his arm.

"Draw—damn you!" he roared at Pentress, as he wrenched himself free, and the crowd swayed to right and left as Pentress was seen to reach for his pistol.

Mr. Saul made a last frantic effort to restrain his friend; he seized the judge's arm just as the latter's finger pressed the trigger, and an instant later Pentress staggered back with the judge's bullet in his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Good Times Coming.

It was not strange that a number of gentlemen in and about Raleigh yielded to an overmastering impulse to visit newer lands, nor was it strange that the initial steps looking toward the indulgence of their desires should have been taken in secrecy. Mr. Pegloe was one of the first to leave; Mr. Saul had informed him of the judge's declared purpose of shooting him on sight. Even without this useful hint the tavern-keeper had known that he should experience intense embarrassment in meeting the judge; this was now a dreary certainty.

"You reckon he means near all he says?" he had asked, his fat sides shaking.

"I'd take his word a heap quicker than I would most folks," answered Mr. Saul with conviction.

Pegloe promptly had a sinking spell. He recalled the snuffing of the candles by the judge, an extremely depressing memory under the circumstances; also the reckless and headlong disregard of consequences which had characterized so many of that gentleman's acts, and his plans



"Draw, Damn You!" He Roared at Pentress.

shaped themselves accordingly, with this result; that when the judge took occasion to call at the tavern, and the hostile nature of his visit was emphasized by the cautious manner of his approach, he was greatly shocked to discover that his intended victim had sold his business overnight for a small lump sum to Mr. Saul's brother-in-law, who had appeared most opportunely with an offer.

Pegloe's flight created something of a sensation, but it was dwarfed by the sensation that developed a day or so later when it became known that Tom Ware and Colonel Pentress had likewise fled the country. Still later, Pentress' body, showing marks of violence, was washed ashore at a wood-

yard below Girard. It was conjectured that he and Ware had set out from The Oaks to cross the river; there was reason to believe that Pentress had in his possession at the time a considerable sum of money, and it was supposed that his companion had murdered and robbed him. Of Ware's subsequent career nothing was ever known.

These were, after all, only episodes in the collapse of the Clan, sporadic manifestations of the great work of disintegration that was going forward and which the judge, more than any other, perhaps, had brought about. This was something no one questioned, and he quickly passed to the first phase of that unique and peculiar esteem in which he was ever after held. His fame widened with the succeeding suns; he had offers of help which impressed him as so entirely creditable to human nature that he quite lacked the heart to refuse them, especially as he felt that in the improvement of his own condition the world had benefited itself and was moving nearer those sound and righteous ideals of morality and patriotism which had never lacked his indorsement, no matter how inexpedient it had seemed for him to put them into practice. But he was not diverted from his ultimate purpose by the glamour of a present popularity; he was able to keep his bleared eyes resolutely fixed on the main chance, namely the Pentress estate and the Quintard lands. It was highly important that he should go east to South Carolina to secure documentary evidence that would establish his own and Pentress' identity; to Kentucky, where Pentress had lived prior to his coming to Tennessee.

Early in November the judge set out by stage on his journey east; he was accompanied by Yancy and Hannibal, from neither of whom could he bring himself to be separated; and as the woods, flaming now with the torch of frost, engulfed the little town, he turned in his seat and looked back. He had entered it by that very road, a beggar on-foot and in rags; he was leaving it in broadcloth and fine linen, visible tokens of his altered

status. He recalled the snuffing of the candles by the judge, an extremely depressing memory under the circumstances; also the reckless and headlong disregard of consequences which had characterized so many of that gentleman's acts, and his plans

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