



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



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 Judge Balaam, 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. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price Orvis jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murell arrives in Belle Plain. He is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamlike 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 marriage 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. She tells 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, an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. He tells her his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crisis. Judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Pentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whiskey into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his 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. Fight duel for the judge and is killed. Hannibal proves to be Judge's grandson, and told the story of his life.

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. Outraged 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.

"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 pinton 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 left 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

WORTHY OF ALL HONOR

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS HAS GLORIOUS RECORD.

Less Appreciated Than It Deserved, the "Naval Army" Has Fought the Battles of Uncle Sam in All Quarters of the Globe.

Considering the part he has played in the world's history of warfare, there is no fighting unit less understood, less appreciated, or even less known than the marine. Having taken his share in the making and obliterating of maps since the days of the Phoenician galleys and the biremes of the Grecian maritime states, at least five centuries before the Christian era, down to the present day, the chroniclers of the glories of arms of all civilized peoples have mentioned him in many a stirring passage. And yet, today, a very large part of the population of maritime nations, and certainly of the United States, do not know what a marine really is.

They have fought at Tripoli, in Mexico and in the Fiji Islands. They were on the job in Paraguay, at Harper's Ferry, at Kiseembo, on the west coast of Africa, and in Panama. They fought the Japanese at Chimonoseki, the savages in Formosa and the forts in Korea. They suppressed seal poaching in the Behring sea, and protected the lives and property of American citizens in Honolulu, Chili and China. These and many more things have the United States marines accomplished.

The navy has in the marine corps a little army of its own, which, without causing international complications, without even attracting undue attention, it may pick up and move to some disturbed center in a foreign land for the protection of American lives and property. These "soldiers of the sea" move speedily and unostentatiously, frequently nipping a revolution in the bud before the world at large knows that there has really been any cause for concern.

They are the first men on the ground in the event of trouble with a foreign power and the first men in battle in case of hostilities. Great mobility and facilities for quick action are required of the marines. They are kept in readiness to move at a moment's notice. In many of the actions in which they have engaged they have had to contend against great odds in the way of superior numbers.

Aldridge says "before a single vessel of the navy went to sea a corps was organized," and from that a detachment of it won, on the island of New Providence, one of the Bahamas, early in 1777, the first fight in the history of the regular navy. In this noteworthy engagement the attacking party, consisting of 300 marines and landmen, under Major Nicholas, captured the forts and other defenses of the enemy after a struggle of a few hours, and secured a quantity of stores and British cannon.—Kansas City Journal.

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DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livestock Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones.
Oct. 1, 1917.

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 forcibly 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, grunted, 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 withdrew 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

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-



"Draw, Damn You!" He Roared at Pentress. fortunes. More than this, he could trust his hands deep down into his once empty pockets and hear the clink of gold and silver. The judge slowly withdrew his eyes from the trees, and faced the east and the future with a serenely confident expression. (TO BE CONTINUED.) Consent Always Obtained. A court of common council of London, England, found after informal investigation of charges made that "no officer of the corporation ever played golf in business hours without the consent of the head of the department."

Ideal Home Life. There are two of life's best servants that are much unused in our modern life. The first is the kindly simplicities of frequent familiar social intercourse, and the other, the confident trust that embraces everyone concerned in our home life; but until we improve in both these things the Christmas spirit will mourn over its imperfect work. We think we cannot ask our friends to call and see us unless we tire ourselves to death preparing a dinner or a tea for them, and our act and thought is an unintended reflection upon the quality of the friendship we profess. The personal attraction ought to outweigh the pleasures of the table, but the fashion makes the visit both infrequent and formal. The children need more than anything else a home atmosphere where love shall so dominate that reserves shall be impossible, for when love shares its possessions it takes wise care that there shall be no evil to alloy its priceless worth.—Mother's Magazine.

Telephone Comedy. "Hello!" The voice at the far end of the line was sweetly feminine. "H-h-hello," he answered, somewhat dismayed. The voice had taken him off his guard. He had expected to hear one gruffly masculine. He was not allowed time to explain. "Hello; how are you? I have been waiting so patiently for you to call. Where have you been all this time. I—"

He had to end it. By this time he had collected his scattered wits. "Excuse me, but may I ask to whom I am talking?" "Why—Why, what number were you calling?" "I was ringing for police substation No. 1," he said. "Why, the very idea! Then you are not the one I was expecting," she said. Click, went the receiver. He gave the number to central again.

Rare Privilege. "Mrs. Gyglar was so badly frightened by an automobile almost running her down that she hasn't been able to speak for a week." "That's too bad." "Still, there's a brighter side to nearly all our misfortunes. Gyglar has been smoking his pipe in the living room ever since the incident occurred."