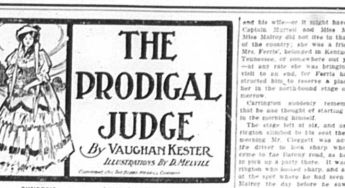

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Illustrations By J. METCALFE

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SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the cemetery of an old worn-out negro church in Kentucky. Here a young lawyer, Jethro is to be sold, and his history and that of the parson, Dave Carrington, is told. Jethro's mother, Cassandana Crittenden, a beautiful young Tennessee farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Crittenden, a wealthy young lawyer, was drafted, a mysterious child of the old Yancy fella how he adopted the boy. No one knows whether he is white or black. Quarrelsome, dirty and knowledge of the quarterly. Carrington grew up with Hannibal Wayne Crittenden as a friend of the quarterly, or brave and both were sentenced about the same time.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

When Betty Maitroy rode away from Hopkinsville in Marcie Carrington's gallant her. Presently she heard the beat of the horse's hoofs as he came pounding along the sandy road, and glanced back over her shoulder. With an exclamation of displeasure she reined in her horse. Marcie quickly gained a place at her side.

"I suppose Ferris is at the convoy?" he said, drawing his horse down to a walk.

"I believe he is," said Betty with a curt little air.

"May I ride with you?" he drew her a swift glance. She nodded coldly. fervently and would have urged her advance into a canter again, but he made a gesture of protest. "Don't—don't! I shall think you are still running away from me. So mad with a short laugh.

"Were you at the trial?" she asked. "I am glad that didn't get thankfully away from Yancy."

"Oh, Yancy will have his hands full with that letter—so will Bladen," he added, significantly. He studied her out of those deeply sunken eyes of his in which no shadow of youth lingered, for men such as he reached their prime early, and it was a swift, by passing splendor. "Ferris tells me you are going to west Tennessee?" he said at length.

"I know your half-brother, Tom Wade—I know him very well."

"Do you know Tom?" she observed, and frowned slightly. Tom was her guardian, and her memories of him were not satisfactory. A burly, unwieldy man with a queer streak of meanness through his character.

"You've spent much of your time up north?" suggested Murrell.

"Four years. I've been at school, you know. That's where I met Judith Ferris."

"I hope you'll like west Tennessee. It's still a bit raw compared with what you've been accustomed to in the north. You haven't been back in all those four years?" Betty shook her head. "Nor seen Tom—nor any one from out yonder?" For some reason a little tinge of color had crept into Betty's cheeks. "Will you not be more our circumstance at Belle Plaine? I shall be in west Tennessee before the autumn is over."

"I imagine you will be welcome at Belle Plain. You are Tom's friend." Murrell bit his lip, and then laughed as his mind conjured up a picture of the chivalrous Tom. Suddenly he reached out and rested his hand on hers.

"Betty—if I might think—" he began, but his tongue stumbled at this love making was usually of a savage sort, but some quality in the girl held him in check. Betty drew away from him, an angry color on her cheeks, and an angry light in her eyes. "For give me, Betty!" instructed Murrell, but his heart beat against his ribs in mad passion, and it required all his self-control to keep his hands from her.

"I don't know but what I should pull you out of that saddle and twist your neck!" he muttered to himself.

"Not—not yet!" He urged his horse still nearer and gathered her close. "You've got to hear me. I've loved you since the first moment I rested my eyes on you—and, by God, you shall love me in return!" He felt her struggle to free herself from his grasp with a sense of savage triumph.

Bruce Carrington, on his way back to Fayetteville from the Forks, came about a turn in the road.

At sight of the new-comer, Murrell, with an oath, released Betty, who, striking her horse with the whip, galloped down the road toward the Carrington. As she first past Carrington she bent low in her saddle.

"Don't let him follow me!" she gasped, and Carrington, striking forward, caught Murrell's horse by the bit.

"Let go!" roared Murrell, and a murderous light shot from his eyes.

"I don't know but I should pull you out of that saddle and twist your neck!" said Carrington dryly. Murrell's face underwent a swift change.

"You're a loyal fellow to throw your self across a lady's quarrel," he said quietly. Carrington grew embarrassed. Murrell was a friend of the quarterly, or both were sentenced about the same time.

CHAPTER VI.

Betty Sets Out for Tennessee.

Bruce's first sentiments had to do with the future of Betty Maitroy. He rode his father on the cabin roof of their keelboat and watched the white of the blurred line of the shore where Betty and Marcie had ridden out of sight. This was the man who saw her first. There was a brief moment of irresolution and then he turned his horse's head toward Fayetteville. Four days of dusty travel, four nights of uncomfortable, ill-ventilated stateliness, and his wife—for it might have been Captain Murrell and Miss Mairoy. Miss Maitroy did not live in that part of the country, she was a friend of Mrs. Ferris', harbored in Kentucky or Tennessee, or somewhere out yonder over and rate who was brought her to visit to an end, for Ferris had instructed him, to reserve a place for her in the north-bound stage of the morrow.

Carrington suddenly remembered that he was thought of starting north in the morning himself.

The stage left at six, and on Carrington climbed in his seat the next morning Mr. Cowgill was advising the driver to drive slowly when he came to the Harrod's road, as he was to pick up a party there. A tall Carrington who looked shaky, and almost at the spot where he had seen Miss Maitroy the day before he saw her again with Ferris and Judith and a pile of baggage bestowed by the wayside. Betty and Marcie kissed him as the coach stopped, for she was in the next on the following day, and Betty was a cousin of the mountain Ferris, prolonged good-bys to Judith, tears—kisses—while a pace was being made for her many boxes of the stage and Carrington saw that she was going north to Washington.

Betty was Carrington when she was first presented to Washington society, the particular start of surprise. Then she was the most talked about girl in the capital. Finally Murrell retired from the field.

"Why—this country's no place for a woman!" Murrell would say. "I'm going on my way west."

Murrell stopped from his saddle and fell into step with Yancy's side as they moved forward.

"They were chiefly attired up at the Creek Agency, and I'm thinking what had come of you," he observed.

"That's kind of them," responded Yancy, a little curtly. There was no reason for it, only the instinctive distrustful of Murrell, and uneasy.

From the door of the cabin turned the figure of a man emerged. He was black-haired and bearded, and there was about him a certain shag ginous strength. He stood profoundly upon his feet, and had not served to intimate.

"Howdy?" he growled.

"Howdy?" responded Mr. Yancy. "Shall you and me?" asked Murrell, sinking his voice. Yancy nodded. "Can you put up a horse?" Murrell, turning to the tavern-keeper.

"I reckon I shall when I'm done for," said Hinson. Murrell glanced about the empty log room. "Where's Hinson?" Hinson laughed. "Yes, sir, sluck's the only name I've." It was under stood he referred to the state of trade in the two men. As his eyes rested on Murrell, the latter observed the first three fingers of his right hand. The index finger was missing. It was a trifle to a toxic effect on Mr. Murrell's mind, but he immediately had he not immediately recognized the man as the one answering more to the description of Hinson. Murrell recognized his horse.

"Come on, Yancy!" said Murrell. "Never!" said Yancy to himself, as he followed Murrell.

"You stop in Washington?" asked Carrington.

Betty shook her head. "No, I am going on to Nashville."

"You're fortunate in being so near home," he observed. The going on to Memphis?

Betty trembled. "I—I—I have an aunt in Nashville," she said.

"Are you?" by cause to Cumberland, and then to Nashville," he said, but, nothing daunted by the unexpected turn of affairs, he added: "Thank you, sir," said the boy.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy.

Presently Hannibal stole out into the yard and found the child and he did not quite know how to his great wealth. After deliberating the matter for a moment he offered the child a piece of chief.

(CONTINUED)

Sensitive.

"I plan for good this time," said the barber to one of his customers who entered the door behind him.

"I forgot," said the customer. "I'll brush the gentleman's clothes."

"Bread was a bald as an egg."

"And that is why he brushed it. Bald-headed men are sensitive; you must use the same as if they had hair. To do otherwise when you don't take particular pains to brush it is to—"

"Then I that customer returns" left try some other barber to-morrow, and will even advise a friend to."

The Real Thing.

"I suppose you have new wood disposition?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, she never abuts up."

DYNAMITE LARGELY INCREASES YIELD OF DIFFERENT CROPS

By Use of Explosive Farmer Is Enabled to Blow Out Boulders and Stumps; Drain Marsh Land and Improve Soil by Making it Porous—Trees Make Rapid Growth.

An Explosion of Dynamite.

At last the American farmer has found a new way of raising better crops. He has discovered that dynamite is an agricultural aid. With dynamite he can blast stumps and boulders from his land, he can drain marsh land and make it usable, and he can improve the earth so by shaking it up and making it porous that trees, plants and vegetables grow with phenomenal rapidity.

This new agricultural science has been used extensively for only two or three years. At first the farmer was dubious and afraid of dynamite. He considered it a dangerous explosive, used only by anarchists and safe-breakers. But the more progressive members of the agricultural fraternity tried the new explosive and found it good. Crops were doubled and trees, trees planted in dynamited ground spread their roots through the loosened earth, drank in the moisture and nourishment and thrived wonderfully.

Experiments were made with corn and other vegetables planted at the same time in fields side by side, one of which had been dynamited, the other only plowed. The product in the dynamited ground was outstripped by the other.

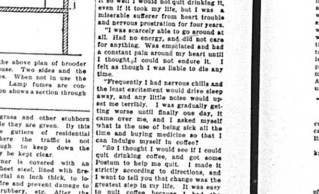
Last year 750,000 American farmers used dynamite. This year the estimate is that 1,000,000 farmers will use it. Knowledge is growing. Consequently a new profession is springing up—that of the professional blaster. Many farmers want their fields dynamited, but don't care to handle the explosives themselves, so they would rather employ an experienced blaster, who, for a small fee, is glad to do the work for them, even if it does cost a little more.

The professional blaster is a man used to handling dynamite, who knows how to explode it in the way that will do the most good and no harm. He frequently goes about the country, advertising his coming beforehand in rural newspapers. Often the branches of his profession become separate and his several crews of experienced blasters under him. There are a great many more young men making agricultural blasting in this country today than there are learning to build aeroplanes.

Dynamite, while a dangerous explosive, is not half so dangerous as many persons think it. Handled by a skilled blaster it is perfectly safe and knows how to take the proper precautions, there is little or no danger. Accidents, as a matter of fact, do not use dynamite in bomb-throwing fashion, as their do burglars use it in "cracking" safes. What they use is nitroglycerine. There is an erroneous and widespread impression that a dynamite cartridge will explode if dropped or struck upon the ground or other body of a person. The efforts of the scientists and the leading railroads to perfect plans and methods for transporting the vast area of swamp and covering millions of acres of rich, overflow land have attracted the attention of the general public toward the importance of increasing the cultivated area of the country.

In farming with dynamite the first thing done is to determine the best time to blow out the stumps. Then the width and depth are decided on and the holes punched at intervals of about two feet along the course of the ditch or the ditch. In each of these holes a cartridge is dropped and a fuse placed in with some mud. A row of ten cartridges is made at one time, and only the center cartridge is primed with a fuse and blasting can be done by letting a spark of fire from a match fall into the fuse.

PLAN OF FRESH AIR BROODER



The Maine experiment station has published the above plan of brooder which can be arranged in the corner of hen house. Two sides and the cover are of canvas tacked on light wooden frames. When not in use the different parts may be stored in the lower space. Lamp fumes are conducted outside by an exhaust pipe. The illustration shows a section through the middle of the brooder.

NEW MACHINE IS DEATH TO WEEDS

Contrivance Effectively Burns Them Off and Extinguishes Flames Immediately.

A machine which it is asserted will destroy weeds by fire and extinguish the flame and spark instantaneously afterward to prevent fire from spreading is one of the recent inventions described in Good Roads. It consists of which is driven by boiler pressure into a mixer, where it combines with steam at a heat sufficient to vaporize the oil.

From the mixer the oil and steam are conveyed through a tube to burners, combustion takes place, and the flames are driven down to the stems of the weeds with a steam pressure of 25 pounds. Practically any number of burners may be used.

By using a fine spray of oil it is possible to burn out stubborn growths like salt grass and other stubborn weeds while they are green. It is unnecessary to dry the clothes of residential districts, where the machine is not heavy enough to keep down weeds and keep it out of sight.

The burner is covered with an apron of sheet steel, fitted with fire brick, and on both sides to be raised to the fire and prevent damage to fences, shrubbery, etc. After the flame has done its work it is extinguished by a fine spray of water forced over the ground.

The machine is recommended for clearing gutters. This is a small type, mounted on a two-wheel truck, the tongue fastened to the rear of the machine in such a way that it may be pulled along the line. It is claimed that 20 miles can be cleared in a day, and all seeds and roots destroyed.

Care of Horses.

A man with an ungovernable temper should not be trusted with a horse any more than a drunken chauffeur should be allowed to drive an automobile.

NERVOUS DESPONDENT WOMEN

Find Relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound —Their Own Statements So Testify.

Plates, Pa.—"When I wrote to you first I was troubled with female weaknesses and backache, and also nervous that I would cry at the least noise. It would startle me so. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have got a very good opinion of it. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and my nervousness is better. I will recommend your medicines to all suffering women." —Mrs. Harry Plates, Plates, Pa., Box 96.

Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so low that I felt like crying if any one even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began to improve right away. I continued its use and now I am well."—Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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To preserve a natural action to Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels, take Garfield Tea. Mild laxative. All druggists.

Dark.

Hewett—It is pretty cloudy.

Jewett—Yes, a very cloudy day.

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

On the Trail.

"Those your fiance know your age, Lotta?"

"Well—partly."—Pittsburgh Bleatser.

A Frequent Type.

"Apoplexy is a consequence of hap piness."

"How do you define a consequence of happiness?"

"A person who knows how to be happy but can't."

Such is Life.

Dugan—Oh, sir, it's very hard! Isn't Casey puin on grand aire will his new auty-mobile? Ever in the world I couldn't dare say he went barefooted.

Flynn—Yes, but he has his own accounts. He says he had a virtuous wife, while you have a doubtful act itation.

Dugan—Ay course; an eviction always does.

His Preference.

A distinguished ex-governor tells a good story of his hospital days. Three of the leading officials of the state and himself were chatting in their room when the nurse came in with the temperature record. She was the first nurse to arrive on the scene of action. Her face was a study in the romance of the trail is interwoven with the tragedy. She was only 17 years old when she went to her home to bring her father, Mr. Carrington, to Washington.

Betty nodded. It shines one with they'd finish their railroads, doesn't it? Do you suppose they'll ever get as far west as Memphis?" she said.

"They say it's going to be and for the river trade when they're built on the Mississippi and Ohio," observed Mr. Carrington. "And I suppose to be a fatherly, kindly man.

No more was said just then, for Betty had begun to cry softly and did not attempt to resume the conversation.

Worthy of Nation's Honor

Russians Do Well to Reverence the Memory of Alexy Who Really Made Country Great.

The death day of Peter the Great January 28, 1725, when the Russian Empire made the Father of His Country, to celebrated in Russia each year. Peter has had no carefully preserved by an admiring people so many tangible memorials of his work and memories. As a "many sided man" and "peerless artist," Peter successfully answered where character on the page grain to the drama of his time. "He gave a polish," says Voltaire, "to his people and was himself a scraper, he taught them the art of war, of which he was himself ignorant; from the sight of a small boat on the River Moskwa he created a powerful fleet, made himself an expert, and actively, diligently, sailor, pilot and coxswain as he ordained for mariners, customs and laws of the Russians, and lived in their memory as the father of his country." He visited England in the reign of William of Orange, and when he left there sent with him captains of ships, pilots, surgeons, gunners, mast makers, boat builders, sail makers, carvers, anchoremiths, carpenters—in all nearly 300 persons. At his departure he presented to King William a ruby valued at more than 15,000 rubles, which he found in his waistcoat pocket and placed in the king's hand wrapped up in a piece of paper.

Kind Heart in Disguise.

While some fifty Bremen, shivering from the cold, were still playing a game on the burning ruins of the Equitable building at New York on the second day of the fire, a middle aged man, wearing a silk hat, brushed through the police lines and inquired for the man in charge of the firemen. "I want to tell you what my name is," said the silk hatted one, when he met the fire leader, "but, here, take this and buy some coffee for the men, they need it." Four hundred dollars in $100 bills were thrust into the astonished fire leader. Two astonished for utter speech, the fire leader could only nod his head. He could hardly believe his eyes. Suddenly the donor took out his fare. He thought of the men who were working for the fire lines. When relieved he and those that were on could each have a cup of coffee. Then he turned and walked away. Later in his apartment he packed and placed in the general coffee fund of the department.

Krupp Century.

One of the most important events celebrated this year—and a great one, when all its significance is considered—is that of the famous Krupp cannon foundry at Essen. Prussia. Frederick Krupp, who established the business, was a grocer before he became a cannon maker. His son, Alfred, who brought the foundries to their great success, was born in 1812, and the coming celebration is largely in his honor. The works were actually flaked in 1811.—Youth's Companion.

The Story of the Santa Fe Trail

by Walter Williams

THE Santa Fe Trail was the maker of men as well as the maker of states. Only real men survived the dangers and hardships of the trail, and real men grew in strength and stature because of hardships and the dangers. The stamp per fected in the desert, but the genuine manhood of the trail was tried. It is the story of great frontiersmen. There were giants in those days. Strong men and weaklings were attracted by the pot of gold which the rainbow arches of the trail led to and in their fate, the end of the trail, where the rainbow touched the ground. The weaklings fell by the weary wayside or fled back to the silken comforts of civilization. The strong stayed.

Courage was a characteristic. Fear was a foreign to the frontiersmen. They knew how to fight, to fight at close range, and fight hard. They did not know much about books, but they knew of men and the open sky and the trail. They lived out of doors. They were brown, strong and supple, and one old-timer talking over his reminiscences the other day said: "No thieves traveled in the caravans." They were hospitable. "They would share the last piece of bread with a friend," said Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

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"Yes, she never abuts up."

"I Don't Know but What I Should Pull You Out of That Saddle and Twist Your Neck!"

clutching shuttle, which sounded the hollow knell of the ancient order, though the shifting of the trade was a slow matter and the glory of the old days did not leave her to them at once, but lingered still in nightly feats of strength and loud boasts and in the romantic carousals of some ten thousand men who in the early half of the nineteenth century gathered in New Orleans after the turbulent days of the waterboat trade. That morning, Charley Bulsam had come ashore, leaving the boat to the Forks, assuring him when they separated that it was a little rare and decent use of his eyes it would be possible to fish up there and not pass plumb through the settlement without knowing where he was.

He was on his way to Fayetteville, where he intended to spend the night, and perhaps a day or two in looking around, when the meeting with Betty and Murrell occurred. The girl's face remained with him. It was a face he would like to see again.

He was still thinking of the girl when he left his supper that night at Clegett's Tavern. Later, in the bar, he engaged his self in idle gossip. He had not met a gentleman and a lady on the road that day, he wondered, and he toyed with his glass, if it could have been the Fortner? Mounted on his sturdy nag, he did not at all tempt to resume the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

Delayed in Transit

Corson smiled to himself as the camp cause in sight when he rounded the first time that Corson had smiled in some weeks, for he had passed a dolorous summer in love. At the camp, he was away from the dust from the woods Charley Corson forgot even Liffian Blakslee.

It was not an easy matter to forget Lillian, for Lillian had been the cause of his wretchedness. He had met her the Blakslees have the camp for the hot months. His misery began when he town through what Corson called the "recording season," but he had taken pleasure in the thought that Lillian was in camp and turning to love it as much as he did.

Next year he hoped there would be a June wedding and a July honeymoon in the camp. There was nothing more than an understanding between them, but Lillian had made it plain to Corson that she knew what Corson spoke, and as the weeks sped by, and the summer grew hot and more irregular, Corson first grew puzzled, then worried.

Even when they broke camp Corson did not feel that the end was near, for they had left the woods. Mrs. Blakslee was a firm believer in the sanctity of her letter, but there was none from Lillian. Then Corson, who could not speak of her. In spite of the thanks, he took the first train for home. With all the things drift along, always the one thing he dislikes, and that one thing, a trifle, will prove the drop too much, and certainly it proved the straw that broke the camel's back.

He had welcomed the week-end, for he was again at his disposal, for in the woods he could forget Lillian for a time, and find the rest he needed. He arrived Saturday night in the mild him of Lillian, but with rod or gun in hand and ready to shake off his depression.

He paddled to shore, and was delighted to find that the camp was not left in perfect order. The Blakslees' boat had been moved with the tide, and it was only necessary to remove the shutters from the camp and open the windows, give things a dusting and set up housekeeping. A supply of a pot of coffee was perfuming the air, and Corson was ready to do justice to the supper.

The supper things out of the way, Corson filled his pipe and made the round of the camp. He had reached the door to the supply room of the camp, when he encountered the mail carrier that for some years had been used as the mail box for a particular crevice. Teddy Grierson had been in camp with his father, and it was Teddy who inlured one of the farmers to make crevice trips for the mail. The lad fixed up the box with a padlock.

There was no padlock secured the door to the supply room, and Corson gave a to see how Teddy had left matters. He found a letter from Mrs. Blakslee asking him what the trouble was, why he had not written letters to other friends. These last were addressed to the camp. In the second she expressed surprise and alarm that he should have been answered and in the third was a letter from her not writing in answer apparently to the communication in which there were a dozen letters before the final one in which she expressed that since he would not believe that she had not received them she would no use in writing at all.

Corson read the several letters