THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued.)

He Launched Himself Nimbly and With Enthusiasm Into the Fight.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Raft Again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT VALUE OF THE BORDEAUX MIXTURE

Cheap and convenient mixing plat-form for making Bordeaux mixture.

To Make Bordeaux Mixture.

Prevention of Knowledge.

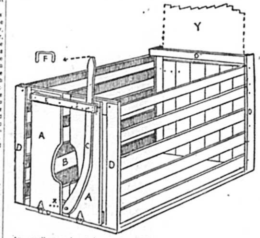
Bordeaux Mixture Perfected.

Equipment for mixing Bordeaux mixture in a small way.

EXCELLENT FEED FOR DAIRY COWS

Dried Sugar Beet Pulp is Almost as Valuable as Original Beets—How It Is Prepared.

GOOD TRAP FOR RINGING HOGS



Prevention of Clover Weeds.

Galloway Cattle.

Good Poultry.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

ABSORBINE, JR.

Swollen Varicose Veins, Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

Wakely—Whirly must be making an awful lot of money.

Genuine Tribute to Woman

Robert G. Ingersoll's Eloquent Appreciation of the Qualities of the Gentler Sex.

His Money's Worth.

Baltimore a Convention City.

Proverb's Gradations.

Ancient Peruvian City.

"That's Good"

Is often said of

Post Toasties

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please the whole family.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package—

Convenient

Economical

Delicious

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

SULLY, ONCE "COTTON KING," NOW RUNS A SUMMER HOTEL

DANIEL SULLY

Do you remember "Dan" Sully, the only genuine Cotton King that New York ever knew, who only a few years ago was perched on the dizziest heights of audacious speculation, who cleaned up $3,000,000 in a few months, lost it in a few minutes, and vanished from the limelight? Well "Dan" Sully is now running a boarding house.

It is at Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Understand clearly at the start that the ex-cotton king is really running the boarding house. He isn't just pretending to—sitting aloof somewhere in lonely majesty, lending his name and prestige to the undertaking, dazzling boarders with tales of past grandeur.

No. The erstwhile czar of the cotton market not only superintends everything in the higher departments of the job, but he turns to and takes a hand often in other matters which most people in his place would delegate to others.

Mr. Sully pointed to the sea, whose waves were roaring over the steep water front of Watch Hill.

"Over there to the left," he said, "is Block Island. To the right is Montauk Point. Straight ahead the nearest land is the coast of Spain. That breeze comes direct from there."

"When I was busy in the cotton market in New York," he went on, "I found there was no place like this for resting. It rests the brain as no other place does, and when you're working in Wall street it's the brain that ought to get rest. I used to run up here every Friday and stay till Monday morning. It made an immense difference to me."

On the subject of Wall street, that made and broke him, Mr. Sully is disinclined to talk. At best he is a man of few words, but on cotton and speculation in general he is Sphinxlike.

"Do you want to get back to Wall street?" he was asked.

"Of course, I'd like to," he answered. "When a man's been in really active work he wants to get back into it and stay in it until he's put underneath the sod. But"—and here his jaws set firmly—"I'm not going back. I have no plans to do that. At times I hear echoes of the old days when I was there, but I don't intend to try to have more of them."

The house, by the way, is a fine summer residence, built by Mr. Sully himself a year or two before his downfall on the Cotton Exchange, and named Kenneth Ridge, after a son who died. It stands on an eminence, the highest in Watch Hill. Before the owner's financial downfall the house witnessed festivities which, if houses can mediate, must lead it to startling contrast.

Six years ago, for instance, Mr. Sully gave a dinner and ball at Kenneth Ridge to Admiral Robley D. Evans and a party of his officers.

"They danced in this room," he told the reporter, leading him into a spacious apartment. "Now, the boarders I have use it for a sun parlor.

"I went into the boarding house business on account of more business troubles," Mr. Sully explained, when he and the reporter again settled themselves to enjoy the sea air on the veranda. "Last fall I went to England to see about some business matters there. I intended to spend the winter either there or out west or in the southern states.

"But the plans that I had made did not turn out well and I decided to spend the winter right here in Watch Hill. It was the first time that I or my family had ever stayed here in the cold weather. But, when I built the house, I put steam heat into it, so we were very comfortable. And right there the idea struck me, not only to run this place as a boarding house, but as an all-the-year-round boarding house."

In that idea something of the originality of the "Dan" Scully who evolved a "system" and played the cotton market to a standstill crops out again. Up to the present time nobody has ever thought of that wind-swept promontory, Watch Hill, as a place in which to spend the winter. Yet, having done it once, "Dan" Sully was amazed at the mildness of the air and promptly resolved to make other people besides himself enjoy it. In fact, he already talks about Watch Hill as a sort of future Atlantic City of New England.

"Out there"—again he waved his hand toward the Atlantic ocean—"only a short way off the coast, is the gulf stream. It's quite near enough to keep the weather from getting too cold here in winter. Yet everybody who has a house here or hires one for the warm weather never stays later than November, and the hotels close early in September. I'm going to show people that this is an all-the-year-round place."

"Are you doing anything besides running your boarding house?" asked the reporter.

"Nothing whatever," answered the ex-cotton king.

Yet this is the man who, an obscure Providence cotton broker, suddenly appeared in Wall street and began operating in cotton in accordance with a "system" that seemed to be infallible. This is the man whose methods completely mystified the wisest old stagers in the country, whose profits ran up as high as $600,000 in one coup—the man whose failure, when announced from the rostrum of the cotton exchange on March 18, 1904, caused the wildest panic ever known in the history of that institution.

The "Dan" Sully who now takes people through his house and quotes prices on rooms to them was once worth $3,000,000. He lost nearly $2,000,000 of it in two minutes. According to him, he announced his voluntary suspension to the superintendent of the cotton exchange at 1:45 on the afternoon of that fatal March 18. It was not read on the floor of the exchange until two minutes past 2.

"That delay of two minutes cost me $1,176,000," Sully said once, in telling the story. "If it had been read at or before 2 o'clock I might have come out all right."

As it was, when the smoke cleared from the field where he had met disaster, his liabilities totaled up to something like $3,000,000. At the time "Dan" Sully said to a reporter:

"Three weeks ago I was worth $3,000,000. Now I'm not worth $30."

Such was he who now runs the Seaside boarding house and expatiates upon the glories of Watch Hill and its many advantages as a boarding place. Into all his laudations of the place he puts real enthusiasm; they would be creditable to the most consummate Boniface of them all.

"Would you like to get back to New York?"

Like a shot came the answer, with a gleam of the eye and a snap of the jaw:

"'Would I like to get back?' Why New York is the only place in the world!"

France Leader of Fashions

Immense Revenue Accrues to That Country Because of Its Acknowledged Supremacy.

Jules Heuret, a French writer, asserts that in fashion France is still unrivaled. He has carefully investigated the state of affairs in Germany, England, Switzerland, Austria and northern Italy, and has come to the conclusion that France stands first in matters of taste. Her jewelry designs and her models of furniture are the finest in the world, although England and Germany are selling well in both these directions, he declares.

From fashion M. Heuret estimates the revenue of the French at 150,000,000 francs. In Paris there are over 12,000 business houses employing from one to 100 working girls. For the whole of France the total of such establishments reaches 96,000, to which may be added 15,000 lingerie firms, 4,000 houses where embroideresses and menders are employed. Thus there are 115,000 shops where sewing is the industry carried on.

More than a million persons earn their living in this way, 940,000 women and 75,000 men. To the aggregate of a million wage-earners by their needle must be counted 140,000 employers, large and small, of whom 26,000 are men and 114,000 women. This vast energy does not provide the means of wage earning only for those occupied in the business; it resolves itself into a revenue of over 114,000,000 francs in the export trade of the country.

When all the handiwork done for the use of the people living in France is added to the export trade, and when a note is made of the strangers who reside in the country, and of thoses who make purchases of clothing or ornaments as they pass through, some idea may be gained of what is earned by French needlecraft. Hundreds of millions of pieces of silk, lace, embroideries, woolen stuffs, feathers, flowers and ribbons are sent into other countries every year because Paris is supreme in fashion.

Have Control of Millions

Wealth That Aggregates $365,000,000 Is Intrusted to the Management of Four Women.

New York state courts have designated Miss Christina Arbuckle, who is aged seventy-two, as administrator of the $35,000,000 estate left by her brother, Mr. John Arbuckle, the "sugar kind," who died intestate last March. This makes four American women who have the exclusive control over enormous fortunes, the other being Mrs. E. H. Harriman, to whom the late railway magnate bequeathed $150,000,000; Mrs. Russell Sage, whose husband left her $80,000,000; and Mrs. Hetty Green, whose own estate is valued at $100,000,000. These four women thus have the exclusive management of property of a total value of $365,000,000.

The newest recruit to the ranks of feminine multi-millionaires has the same personal characteristics which distinguish the three others. She lives simply, enjoying the company of old friends, never flaunts her wealth, and gives her spare time to charitable work, which she accomplishes as secretly as possible. Miss Arbuckle shares with her sister and nephew the income of the estate which she now will manage, they being the late "sugar king's" only surviving near relatives. She assisted Mr. Arbuckle in the management of his fortune for a number of years before his death, and is thoroughly familiar with the details of its administration. She intends particularly to continue her brother's philanthropic work in connection with the Brooklyn church of which the late Henry Ward Beecher was pastor.

Raw recruits are often done for.

Woman and Culture

The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multiform culture; the heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision; she must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge and the magnanimity which springs from strength. We bear the world and we make it. The souls of little children are marvelously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that falls first on them, and that is the mother's, or at best a woman's. There was never a great man who had not a great mother; it is hardly an exaggeration. The first six years of our life make us; all that is added later is veneer; and yet some say, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself well she has enough culture.—Olive Schreiner.

Safe Proceeding.

"Some men are lucky. I know a man who cleaned out a bank and yet they never did a thing to him."

"I suppose he had considerable influence."

"He hadn't any. He was the janitor."

Webster's Suggestion.

Frank Baldwin, a leather manufacturer, was recently at a banquet given to the Leather Manufacturers' association, where he told the following story:

"Webster and Rufus Choate were dining with a friend who was known for his powers of conversation and ability to hold on to the things he had. He owned a special brand of Burgundy wine of which he was very proud. He discussed its many fine points, but refrained from asking his two distinguished friends if they wanted any. Webster finally wearied of his lengthy discourse and turned to his friend Choate and said: 'Look here, Choate, suppose we try the wine and help stop the interest on it.'"

The New Reading.

Miss Mary Garden, lunching with a party of Americans at the open-air restaurant of Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, condemned a very shocking French dancer.

"From the success this sort of people have," Miss Garden said, "I'd revise the poet's line to read: 'Clothes make the man, and want of them the woman.'"

In the Zoo.

Zebra—We're having a terrible time here.

Gazelle—What's the matter?

Zebra—The giraffe has a sore throat, the centipede has corns and the laughing hyena has gone off into hysterics.

A STORY OF VIOLETS

"Vi'lits, vi'lits, only a penny a bunch." The flower-girl, eagerly questions each hurrying face.

A London street, its rows of gaunt houses; the heavy atmosphere, suffused with a faint veil of gray fog, the dull, monotonous rumble of traffic, the weary feeling of struggling humanity, the sound of anxious footsteps hastening along the paved road of life. The only color in this dim picture a patch of violets—violets heaped in profusion on the flower-girl's tray. Violets, whose breath, laden with a thousand memories, floats on the stifling air and creeps unbidden, it may be unwelcome, into the very heart of every passerby.

The city man, his mind running in figures, pulls up short to buy a bunch of the flowers, whose sweet scent stirs his dull memory into activity, telling him that he still possesses a heart. Emotions, long stilled, memories bitter-sweet, youthful dreams awakened by the fragrance of those violets, rise persistently all day long, following him, tugging at his sleeve, even in the midst of the all-abiding worship of Mamman.

"Poor little modest flower!" A youth, battling with the harder side of life, looks down with pity on the bunch of violets in his hand. Like a soft caress their breath touches his sensitive heart, raising him above the hum of city life into the "fool's paradise" of fancy.

Two girls approach; one is richly dressed. The flower-girl steps eagerly forward, her monotonous cry changing to a note of earnest interrogation. The elder of the two waves aside the modest English flower; the more expensive Parma violet is selected—they remind her of Nice and of the Carnival. Her companion, in the plain brown dress, scarcely hears these flippant remarks. Bending over the tray of English violets, she has become unconscious of her surroundings. The violets whisper in her ear of babbling brook and the song of birds. She sees her home—the tiny cottage, her mother's smile; her little brother, for whose sake she has left that simple, happy life to live in the glare of London society, where she must silently endure a thousand veiled insults that only a dependent can understand. When she turns away a violet glistens in the feeble sunshine—a tear from a lonely, sympathetic heart lies, like a dewdrop, on the violet's breast.

All day long the violets pour out their fragrant life on the sullen air, growing fainter, fading away as the day wears on. Hundreds hurry past. Few allow themselves to catch the sweet thoughts that hover round the flowers; fewer still have time to stop and buy. The flower-girl knows nothing of this magic fragrance. The scent of a tray full of fresh violets brings back the picture of a cold, bleak morning, a noisy market, the beginning of a hard day's work and vague, uneasy questionings prompted by pangs of hunger. Far dearer to her heart than the fairest flower is the sight of a little heap of dirty coppers, counted out on an empty tray.

A fashionably-dressed couple stop before the flower-girl. The man offers his companion a bunch of English violets, but as before, they are scornfully declined.

"Parma violets look so well on fur; English violets are so common!" she explains.

The man puts the rejected bunch of violets in his buttonhole, his thoughts leap back to a forsaken memory—the street fades; the sound of traffic grows less; he answers his companion mechanically; his thoughts are far away.

Violets, violets, nothing but violets! There at least in the cold solitude of the wood that shy, most modest of flowers was not afraid of being seen. The ground was carpeted with them, the air was filled with their fragrance. A girl sat on the stump of a tree, with violets in her hands, in the basket at her side; violets profusely at her feet; violets, soft and dark, in her eyes. As some one drew near her color deepened, an expectant smile hovered round her lips.

They come to a more crowded part of the street. The man draws closer to his companion; the insidious scent of the Parma violets she is wearing penetrates into the very heart of the enchanted wood. Forbidden dreams, forbidden thoughts, a thousand regrets rush for a moment through his brain, but he has deliberately scorned the modest country flower, he had chosen her rich, her more precious rival. In the press of the crowd something falls to the ground; it is his bunch of English violets—they lie in the mud. For a moment he hesitates, then he goes on his way—not daring to pick them up.

"Vi'lits, vi'lits, only a penny a bunch!"

The Summer Girl Again.

Mayor Bacharach of Atlantic City told a summer-girl story at a dinner at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

"On the beach in the moonlight," he said, "a youth clasped a maiden passionately to his breast and murmured:

"'Do you love me, darling?'

"'Yes—ah, yes, Reginald,' she sighed.

"'Reginald?' said the youth, in a startled voice. 'You mean Clarence, don't you, dear?'

"Smiling sweetly, she nestled closer.

"'Yes, Clarence, of course,' she said. 'How stupid of me! I was thinking it was the week-end.'"

Woolworth's Is Well Wired.

In the new Woolworth building 5,500 feet of cable, containing 460 miles of copper wire, will be placed, connecting with a distributing frame having a capacity of 4,000 lines. This is enough wire to reach from New York to 22 miles beyond Buffalo.

In the tower 900 cable pairs will be placed; in the main portion of the building 80 cable pairs will be placed in each of two riser shafts, and 200 cable pairs will be available for the ground floor and substructure, making a total of 2,700 cable pairs, remarks the New York Telephone Review.

REPORTED BY THE GROUCH

Here the Original Hiram J. Tells of His Attendance at a Country "Function."

"Having nothing else to do," remarked the old codger, "I attended a function while I was over at Torpidville the other day. The affair was held in a dispirited grove at the end of a road in which every time a horse popped down his foot the dust shot up in the air like a skyrocket. A band was playing without the slightest remorse. A statesman, with a neck as wrinkled as a pickle, droned forth redundant nonentities without end. A sad and rickety merry-go-wabble wound 'round and 'round to the sound of its own plaintive peedle-deedle. In a tipsy pavilion a hoarse person was endeavoring to sell, in brazen defiance of the pure food and drug act, what looked alarmingly like horned toads fried in axle-grease. A gentleman in a striped tent near by hoarsely stated that he preferred to eat snakes at ten cents per serpent. There was the usual balloon which seemed perfectly willing to do anything but go up. Scattered around through the festal scene were a few old soldiers, grumbling; a smattering of farmers, also grumbling; sundry honest voters, likewise grumbling; and various other folks, nothing about whom is worth mentioning except that they, too, were grumbling. It may have been a reunion, a fair, a rally, a picnic, or what-not; but whatever they chanced to call it, 'twas an excellent example of one of our most cherished institutions."—Kansas City Star.

Kind Man.

A local philanthropist ordered a fan for himself, a nice electric buzzer. He also took the key out of the door so that some of the air could go through the keyhole into the adjoining room, where there are eight perspiring clerks.

Accounted For.

"How is it so many people seem able to get the money to buy automobiles with?"

"If you only notice, they are the easiest things in the world with which to raise the dust."

In the Hotel Lobby.

Mary—That tall man has been divorced five times.

Alice—Goodness! Who is he?

Mary—He's the man who invented the safety match.

Some men are dumb because their wives never give them a chance to talk.

INTERESTED IN HIM.

Natica—You aren't thinking of marrying Reggy, are you?

Evelyn—Of course I am. Hasn't he a future?

Natica—Yes, to be sure. But why jeopardize it?

Mother's Lingual Attainment.

The mother of a little boy in Kansas City, Kan., recites negro dialect stories charmingly. Her small son is quite proud of her accomplishment and frequently boasts of it. One day recently, when some of his playmates were vaunting the achievements of their several mothers, the little boy braggingly remarked:

"My mother is smarter than any of yours; she can talk two languages."

"What are they?" demanded his companions.

"White and colored."

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

Two Epigrams.

The apple of many a young man's eye is a peach.

Harping on a subject will more often suggest a harpy than a harpist.—Lippincott's.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

If it were not for the trusts whom would a man who fails in business blame for it?

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

In a woman's eye the most attractive thing about a man is her ability to attract him.

HARD FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering all of the time with an aching back has a heavy burden to carry. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered at all. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women suffering in this way. It is the best-recommended special kidney remedy.

A NEBRASKA CASE:

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box

Doan's Kidney Pills

Legs raw with itching, burning eczema

Pittsburg, Pa., May 23, 1912.—"A friend of mine had big red blotches form all over his legs, body and arms. It was pronounced a very bad case of eczema. After two months' treatment he was suffering untold tortures, and would awake at night and find himself scratching, with hands all over blood. His legs were like a piece of raw meat, itching and burning. For two months he slept scarcely any, but would get up and walk the floor. He says he simply felt as if he were burning up. After the case had lasted six months he began the use of Resinol Soap and Ointment. He was cured, and his skin was as clear as crystal." (Signed) W. D. Buchanan, 902 Deely St.

Resinol samples mailed free

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 34-1912.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Autocratic Assertions.

"Are you a servant of the people?" asked the constituent.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "Only it should be observed that a really first-class servant may come pretty nearly being a boss."

CHILD'S FACE ALL RED SPOTS

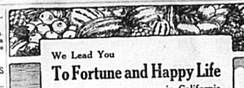
632 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind.—"My little nephew, a boy of four years, had a breaking out on his face. It was little red spots at first, then he would rub and scratch and water blisters would form, and wherever the water would run another would come until his face was covered with them. He would cry and fret. His mother got some medicine, but it did not do any good. He would scream and cry and say it hurt. We hardly knew him, his little face was all red spots and blisters. So I begged him to let me put some Cuticura Ointment on them. The next morning I made a strong soap suds with Cuticura Soap and washed his face in the warm suds. The little blisters burst by pressing the cloth on them. After I had his face washed, I put the Cuticura Ointment on and in a short time his little face was all red and dry. I kept using the Cuticura Soap and putting on the Cuticura Ointment and his face got as well and it did not leave a scar. He was entirely cured in about one week and a half." (Signed) Mrs. Arthur Haworth, Jan. 10, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Unmanageable.

She—Can you manage a typewriter?

He—No. I married one.



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