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 kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire 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. 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 dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley 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, 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.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

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"Poor Little Lad!" He Muttered.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

"And General Quintard never saw him—never manifested any interest in him?" the words came slowly from the judge's lips; he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat. "Poor little lad!" he muttered, and again, "Poor little lad!"

"Never once, sir. He told the slaves to keep him out of his sight. We-all wondered, fo' you know how niggers will talk. We thought maybe he was some kin to the Quintards, but we couldn't figure out how. The old general never had but one child and she had been dead fo' years. The child couldn't have been hers no-how." Yancy paused.

The judge drummed idly on the desk.

"What implacable hate—what iron pride!" he murmured, and swept his hand across his eyes. Absorbed and aloof, he was busy with his thoughts that spanned the waste of years—years that seemed to glide before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat. Then from the smoke of these lost battles emerged the lonely figure of the child as he had seen him that June night. His ponderous arm stiffened where it rested on the desk, he straightened up in his chair and his face assumed its customary expression of battered dignity, while a smile at once wistful and tender hovered about his lips.

"One other question," he said. "Until this man Murrell appeared you had no trouble with Bladen? He was content that you should keep the child—your right to Hannibal was never challenged?"

"Never, sir. All my troubles began about that time."

"Murrell belongs in these parts," said the judge.

"I'd admire fo' to meet him," said Yancy quietly.

The judge grinned.

"I place my professional services at your disposal," he said. "Yours is a clear case of felonious assault."

"No, it ain't, sir—I look at it this-a-ways; it's a clear case of my giving him the damndest sort of a body beating!"

"Sir," said the judge, "I'll hold your hat while you are about it!"

Hicks had taken his time in responding to the judge's summons, but now his step sounded in the hall and throwing open the door he entered the room. Whether consciously or not he had acquired something of that surly, forbidding manner which was characteristic of his employer. A curt nod of the head was his only greeting.

"Will you sit down?" asked the judge. Hicks signified by another movement of the head that he would not. "This is a very dreadful business!" began the judge softly.

"Ain't it?" agreed Hicks. "What you got to say to me?" he added petulantly.

"Have you started to drag the bayou?" asked the judge. Hicks nodded. "That was your idea?" suggested the judge.

"No, it wa'n't," objected Hicks quickly. "But I said she had been actin' like she was plumb distracted ever since Charley Norton got shot—"

"How?" inquired the judge, arching his eyebrows. Hicks was plainly disturbed by the question.

"Sort of out of her head. Mr. Ware seen it, too—"

"He spoke of it?"

"Yes, sir; him and me discussed it together."

The judge regarded Hicks long and intently and in silence. His magnificent mind was at work. If Betty had been distraught he had not observed any sign of it the previous day. If Ware were better informed as to her true mental state why had he chosen this time to go to Memphis?

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge. Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer. "I suppose you told the house servants to keep her under observation?" continued the judge.

"I don't talk to no niggers," replied Hicks, "except to give 'em my orders."

"Well, did you give them that order?"

"No, I didn't."

The sudden and hurried entrance of big Steve brought the judge's examination of Mr. Hicks to a standstill.

"Mas'r, you know dat 'ar coachman George—the big black fellow dat took you into town las' evenin'? I jes' been down at Shanty Hill whar Milly, his wife, is carryin' on something scandalous 'cause George ain't never come home!" Steve was laboring under intense excitement, but he ignored the presence of the overseer and addressed himself to Slocum Price.

"Well, what of that?" cried Hicks quickly.

"Thar warn't no George, mind you, Mas'r, but dar was his team in de stable this mo'ning and lookin' mighty nigh done up with hard driving."

"Yes," interrupted Hicks uneasily; "put a pair of lines in a nigger's hands and he'll run any team off its legs!"

"An' the kerriage all scratched up from bein' thrashed through the bushes," added Steve.

"There's a nigger for you!" said Hicks. "She took the rascal out of the field, dressed him like he was a gentleman and pampered him up, and now first chance he gets he runs off!"

"Ah!" said the judge softly. "Then you knew this?"

"Of course I knew—wa'n't it my business to know? I reckon he was off skylarking, and when he'd seen the mess he'd made, the trifling fool took to the woods. Well, he catches it when I lay hands on him!"

"Do you know when and under what circumstances the team was stabled, Mr. Hicks?" inquired the judge.

"No, I don't, but I reckon it must have been long after dark," said Hicks unwillingly. "I seen to the feeding just after sundown like I always do, then I went to supper," Hicks vouchsafed to explain.

"And no one saw or heard the team drive in?"

"Not as I know of," said Hicks.

"Mas'r Ca'ington's done gone off to get a pack of dawgs—he 'lows hit's might' important to find what's come of George," said Steve.

Hicks started violently at this piece of news.

"I reckon he'll have to travel a right smart distance to find a pack of dogs," he muttered. "I don't know of none this side of Colonel Bates' down below Girard."

The judge was lost in thought. He permitted an interval of silence to elapse in which Hicks' glance slid round in a furtive circle.

"When did Mr. Ware set out for Memphis?" asked the judge at length.

"Early yesterday. He goes there pretty often on business."

"You talked with Mr. Ware before he left?" Hicks shook his head. "Did he speak of Miss Malroy?" Hicks shook his head. "Did you see her during the afternoon?"

"No—maybe you think these niggers ain't enough to keep a man stirring?" said Hicks uneasily and with a scowl. The judge noticed both the uneasiness and the scowl.

"I should imagine they would absorb every moment of your time, Mr. Hicks," he agreed affably.

"A man's got to be a hog for work to hold a job like mine," said Hicks sourly.

"But it came to your notice that Miss Malroy has been in a disturbed mental state ever since Mr. Norton's murder? I am interested in this point, Mr. Hicks, because your experience is so entirely at variance with my own. It was my privilege to see and speak with her yesterday afternoon; I was profoundly impressed by her naturalness and composure." The judge smiled, then he leaned forward across the desk. "What were you doing up here early this morning—hasn't a hog for work like you got any business of his own at that hour?" The judge's tone was suddenly offensive.

"Look here, what right have you got to try and pump me?" cried Hicks.

For no discernible reason Mr. Cavendish spat on his palms.

"Mr. Hicks," said the judge, urbane and gracious, "I believe in frankness."

"Sure," agreed Hicks, mollified by the judge's altered tone.

"Therefore I do not hesitate to say that I consider you a damned scoundrel!" concluded the judge.

Mr. Cavendish, accepting the judge's ultimatum as something which must debar Hicks from all further consideration, and being, as he was, exceedingly active and energetic by nature, if one passed over the various forms of gainful industry, uttered a loud whoop and threw himself on the overseer. There was a brief struggle and Hicks went down with the Earl of Lambeth astride of him; then from his boot leg that knightly soul flashed a horn-handled tickler of formidable dimensions.

The judge, Yancy and Mahaffy, sprang from their chairs. Mr. Mahaffy was plainly shocked at the spectacle of Mr. Cavendish's lawless violence. Yancy was disturbed, too, but not by the moral aspects of the case; he was doubtful as to how his friend's act would appeal to the judge. He need not have been distressed on that score, since the judge's one idea was to profit by it. With his hands on his knees he was now bending above the two men.

"What do you want to know, judge?" cried Cavendish, panting from his exertions. "I'll learn this parrot to talk up!"

"Hicks," said the judge, "it is in your power to tell us a few things we are here to find out." Hicks looked up into the judge's face and closed his lips grimly. "Mr. Cavendish, kindly let him have the point of that large knife where he'll feel it most!" ordered the judge.

"Talk quick!" said Cavendish, with a ferocious scowl. "Talk—or what's to hinder me slicing open your woozen?" and he pressed the blade of his knife against the overseer's throat.

"I don't know anything about Miss Betty," said Hicks in a sullen whisper.

"Maybe you don't, but what do you know about the boy?" Hicks was silent, but he was grateful for the judge's question. From Tom Ware he had learned of Fentress' interest in the boy. Why should he shelter the colonel at risk of himself? "If you please, Mr. Cavendish!" said the judge, nodding toward the knife.

"You didn't ask me about him," said Hicks quickly.

"I do now," said the judge.

"He was here yesterday."

"Mr. Cavendish—" again the judge glanced toward the knife.

"Wait!" cried Hicks. "You go to Colonel Fentress."

"Let him up, Mr. Cavendish; that's all we want to know," said the judge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Colonel Fentress.

The judge had not forgotten his ghost, the ghost he had seen in Mr. Saul's office that day he went to the court house on business for Charley Norton. Working or idling—principally the latter—drunk or sober—principally the former—the ghost, otherwise Colonel Fentress, had preserved a place in his thoughts, and now as he [illegible] up the drive toward Fentress' big white house on the hill with Mahaffy, Cavendish and Yancy trailing in his wake, memories of what had once been living and vital crowded in upon him. Some sense of the wreck that littered the long years, and the shame of the open shame that had swept away pride and self-respect came back to him out of the past.

He only paused when he stood on the portico before Fentress' open door. He glanced about him at the wide fields, bounded by the distant timber lands that hid gloomy bottoms, at the great log barns in the hollow to his right; at the huddle of white-washed cabins beyond; then with his big fist he reached in and pounded on the door. The blows echoed loudly through the silent house, and an instant later Fentress' tall, spare figure was seen advancing from the far end of the hall.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Judge Price—Colonel Fentress," said the judge.

"Judge Price," uncertainly, and still advancing.

"I had flattered myself that you must have heard of me," said the judge.

"I think I have," said Fentress, pausing now.

"He thinks he has!" muttered the judge under his breath.

"Will you come in?" it was more a question than an invitation.

"If you are at liberty." The colonel bowed. "Allow me," the judge continued. "Colonel Fentress—Mr. Mahaffy, Mr. Yancy and Mr. Cavendish." Again the colonel bowed.

"Will you step into the library?"

"Very good," and the judge followed the colonel briskly down the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heavy.

"Speaking of the holy bonds of matrimony."

"Speak on. I am prepared to hear the worst."

"Our friend Muffkins says there are times when they seem to him like log chains."

POULTRY

WARM BROODER FOR CHICKS

One So Arranged That Little Fellows May Get Their Backs Up Against Cloth-Covered Heater.

In describing a chicken brooder, invented by W. O. Witham of Salem, Ore., the Scientific American says:

In this patent the invention has reference to chicken brooders, and the object is to provide one having a

Chicken Brooder.

heater, curved in cross section, which permits the chicks to get their backs up against the cloth-covered heater, so that their bodies may be warmed in the natural way. Another object is to provide means for warming the heater, which will use to the best advantage the heat supplied by the lamp. As warm air from terminals passes through the openings shown in the top of the brooder in the perspective view, it will tend to draw with it air from the housing chamber, which will insure a circulation of air.

TO DESTROY INJURIOUS LICE

Ten Drops of Pennyroyal Added to Tablespoonful of Olive Oil Will Prove Effective.

Grease is recommended for lice, but chicks abhor it, and it should not be used unless it is absolutely necessary. Never use coal oil on young chicks, for it is irritating and likely to scald the flesh.

If the large lice are found on the chicks, sweet oil will answer the purpose just as well, and the chicks will not mind it as much. Ten drops of pennyroyal may be added to a large tablespoonful of olive oil. With the finger rub one or two drops well under the wings and down the head and neck of the chicks. The small lice may be got rid of easily, but the large gray ones stick very close and are hard to get off.

The large lice will kill the young chicks, and the owner never knows what the trouble is. They are hard to discern, and will suck blood from the little fellows until their vitality is exhausted, when they die. Watch the young chickens very closely, and do not allow them to be pestered with the large lice, nor the small ones, either, for they also will do a great deal of harm in many ways.

FEEDER OPERATED BY HENS

California Man Invents Contrivance Worked Automatically by Chickens—Good Exerciser.

People who regard chickens as not having enough sense to get in out of the wet will have to revise their opinions. A California man who knows something about fowls has designed a feeder which is operated automatically by the chickens themselves, and if a hen is too dumb she is apt to starve to death. A hopper containing feed is

Chicken Feeder.

placed on a trestle. The valve from which the feed is discharged is normally kept closed by the weight on one side of the swinging fulcrum. To open the valve, weight must be applied to the other side of the fulcrum and this is done by the chicken jumping upon a projecting arm. When she sees a few kernels of corn she jumps down and eats them and then has to spring up again to release some more, thus getting exercise and an appetite for dinner.

Care for Show Birds.

When you get your birds back from the shows give them a chance to rest up in a quiet, open-air coop; feed mainly on hard grain, sparingly fed, and give an abundance of fresh raw green food. Feed them little or no meat food for a week or two and then feed a small quantity and work on to regular ration gradually. Showing takes a lot out of birds, particularly making an almost continuous round of shows, and they should be given especially good care and a chance to recuperate.

Best Land for Turkeys.

On farms having high, dry land, which has a light growth of grass, and where a new breeding gobbler has lately been introduced, the largest flocks and the most thrifty looking turkeys are found.

Keep Chickens Separated.

Never allow chicks of all ages to run together. The stronger and larger ones will get most of the food, and will fight and crowd the weaker ones till, if they do live, will never amount to anything.

When you are offered anything free look for the string.

If your digestion is a little off color a course of Garfield Tea will do you good.

The Worrier.

Knicker—Does Jack worry?

Docker—Yes; he wants to pasteurize spilt milk.—Judge.

The Usual Way.

"Yes; he committed political suicide."

"How can a man commit political suicide?"

"By shooting off his mouth."

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue.

She Knew It.

Stella—This is the presidential year.

Bella—I know. The farmer we board with keeps eight bull moose that chase you every time you go out.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Their Need.

Seedy Applicant—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience.

Theatrical Manager—Huh! We want somebody who can bring the audience.—Puck.

True to His Trust.

"Father," asked the beautiful girl, "did you bring home that material for my new skirt?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Let me see? Wait now. Don't be impatient! I didn't forget it. I'm sure I've got it in one of my pockets, somewhere."

The Moon's Offspring.

Looking out of the window one evening, little Marie saw the bright, full moon in the eastern sky, and, apparently, only a few inches from it, the beautiful Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Marie gazed intently at the spectacle for a moment, and then turning to her mother exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, look! The moon has laid an egg!"

RASH ALMOST COVERED FACE

Warrenville, O.—"I have felt the effects of blood poisoning for eighteen years. I was never without some eruptions on my body. The terrible itching caused me much suffering and discomfort, while the rubbing and scratching made it worse. Last spring I had a terrible breaking out of blistery sores on my arms and limbs. My face and arms were almost covered with rash. I could not sleep and lost nineteen pounds in five weeks. My face was terribly red and sore, and felt as if my skin was on fire. At last I tried a sample of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and I found them so cool, soothing and healing, that I got some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Resolvent. I bathed with hot water and Cuticura Soap, then I applied the Cuticura Ointment every night for two months, and I am cured of all skin eruptions." (Signed) Mrs. Kathryn Krafft, Nov. 28, 1911.

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

Mixture of Caution and Economy.

At the Union depot a few evenings ago a mother who had gone to see her daughter, a miss of about 18 years, safely started on a journey, was heard to give the young lady the following words of advice just before the train started. "Now, good-by, my dear. Take good care of yourself and remember not to be too free with strangers on the train. But if a nice looking man should speak to you be polite to him—he may buy your supper for you."—Kansas City Star.

Shock for a Brother.

"John," said an eminent physician, wearily, entering his home after a hard day's work, "John, if anyone calls excuse me."

"Yes, suh," agreed John, the old family darkey.

"Just say," explained the doctor, "that the masseur is with me."

A little later the doctor's brother called—called and received the shock of his life.

"I want to see the doctor at once," said he.

"Yuh can't do it, sur," solemnly announced the old darkey, turning up his eyes till the whites alone showed. "Yuh cant do it, suh. The doctor, suh, am wid de Messiah."—New York Evening Sun.

A Question of Names.

In some of the country districts of Ireland it is not an uncommon thing to see carts with the owners' names chalked on to save the expense of painting. Practical jokers delight in rubbing out these signs to annoy the owners.

A constabulary sergeant one day accosted a countryman whose name had been thus wiped out unknown to him.

"Is this your cart, my good man?"

"Of course it is!" was the reply. "Do you see anything the matter wid it?"

"I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that your name is o-blitherated."

"Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long word before, "for me name's O'Flaherty, and I don't care who knows it."—Youth's Companion.

Resinol Ends Skin-troubles

RESINOL Soap and Resinol Ointment stop itching and burning instantly and quickly clear away all trace of eczema, ringworm, rash or other distressing skin-eruption.

Resinol Soap (25c) and Resinol Ointment (50c) sold by all druggists or by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Send to Dept. 32, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientist for the comfort and happiness of man. [illegible] THERAPION [illegible]

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or 6 sent prepaid for $1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAS CURED OTHERS TRY IT

ASTHMACURU

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

S. S. CROOKS MFG. CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR WRITE US.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 29--1912.

His View.

Hewitt—This place is 1,000 feet above the sea level.

Jewett—But the sea isn't on the level; it always makes me sick.

Nothin' In It.

Teacher of infant geography class—John Mace may tell us what a strait is.

John Mace—It's jus' th' plain stuff, 'thout nothin' in it.—Judge.

A better thing than tooth powder to cleanse and whiten the teeth, remove tartar and prevent decay is a preparation called Paxtine Antiseptic. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Seemed Like More.

The Professor—In 140 wasps' nests there are an average of 25,000 insects.

The Student—Why, professor, I disturbed just one nest one day, and I'll bet there were more than 25,000 in that one!"

Making Cheese in Olden Days.

Cheese was made by the old-time farmers in the summer on the co-operative plan by which four cattle owners owning say 14 milch cows, received all the milk night and morning, according to the daily yield of their little herd. Thus given two families having five cows each, one with three and one with one, supposing that the average yield per cow was the same, in two weeks, two owners would make five cheeses each; one would press three, and one only one cheese, but this one would be as good and as large as any of the rest.—"Nobility of the Trades—The Farmer," Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

She Was a Duster.

Mrs. Sutton advertised for a woman to do general housework, and in answer a colored girl called, announcing that she had come for the position.

"Are you a good cook?" asked Mrs. Sutton.

"No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply.

"Are you a good laundress?"

"I wouldn't do washin' and ironin'; it's too hard on the hands."

"Can you sweep?" asked Mrs. Sutton.

"No," was the positive answer. "I'm not strong enough."

"Well," said the lady of the house, quite exasperated, "may I ask what you can do?"

"I dusts," came the placid reply.—Everybody's.

When Guard Held Train

Passengers Ready to Sign Petition for Pardon in Case He Is Reprimanded.

If the subway guard who held his train half a minute beyond schedule time should be reprimanded at headquarters a hundred passengers who know why he did it will sign a petition for his pardon. Sentiment was back of it. Somebody wanted to kiss. A lot of people want to do that. Women kiss each other, men kiss their wives. The guards have no patience with sentiment of that kind. They flaunt their contempt by bawling: "Break away, there; no time for that," and refuse to hold the train half a second for the tenderest salute.

But this case was different. It was easy to see how it was. A mother was giving away her child. The little fellow was in good hands. The couple who had adopted him were wholesome, kindly people; the mother was wretchedly poor. No doubt it was best all around to give him away. She and the boy stood the parting like majors up to the last minute; then the baby broke down.

"Mom—mom—mom," he blubbered from the car platform.

Before the guard could close the door or give the signal she had reached through the crowd and had snatched him from the man's arms.

"I can't, I can't," she said. And then the kissing began. The guard didn't even try to say "Break away." He gulped; so did everybody else. Presently the woman handed the boy back, and the train started on amid the deepest silence that had ever hung over that subway station.—New York Times.

Brilliant Admsmith.

"You haven't got J. Jones Jinkins writing advertisements for you any more, I hear," remarked one business man to another, both good advertisers along different lines.

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, "and I'm glad of it."

"What's wrong with him? I understood he had taken a course from a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

"Was he?" And the other man spat as though something tasted bad. "Was he? Well, let me tell you what he done. I had a new brand of toothbrushes and I wanted something extra to exploit them all over, and I told him to go to it good. Next day in all the papers it showed up large and luminous, and at the bottom there was a line standing out clear, which read: 'If not satisfactory after a week's trial return and get your money back.' Now, what do you think of that? Toothbrushes, mind you! Rats!"—Judge.

The Modern Young Lady.

Catterson—Notice how Carstair's wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her. Hatterson—Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter.—Life.

Japan a Land of Disillusionment.

The landing at Yokohama brings a series of surprises and disillusionments; so far from being covered with lacquer, the empire of Japan in dry weather is dusty and in rain is surfaced with mud; the tea houses are not built of porcelain, but of plain wood; the people eat beans and dried fish when they can get them; the trees have bark and leaves; but not all bear cherry blossoms; the numerous mountains all slope uphill. Thus the first hour on shore sweeps away the enchantments of a lifetime, and reveals a land strikingly like some parts of Alaska, and a people extremely human.—From "The Obvious Orient," by Albert Bushnell Hart.

For Whooping Cough.

The following is an excellent syrup for whooping cough. Slice some onions thin, sprinkle well with brown sugar, and place between two hot plates with a weight on the top. In a couple of hours remove the weight and tilt the plates in a basin, so as to allow the juice to flow out. Give a spoonful three times a day.

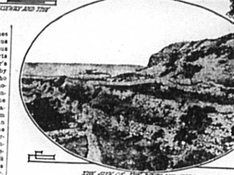
"He bit the hand that fed him" said Teddy of Big Bill,
And didn't tell us if the bite had made the biter ill.
Now had Toasties been the subject of Bill's voracious bite
He'd have come back for another with a keener appetite.

Written by WILLIAM T. HINCKS, 217 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.

One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid $1000.00 in May.

A Rich Field for the Antiquarian

THE TRIOPIAN ISLAND—THE SILTED CAUSEWAY AND THE TWO HARBORS



THE SITE OF THE [illegible] CITY

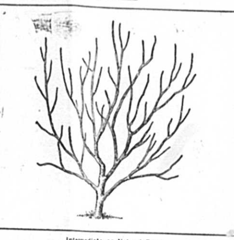
COLLECTORS of antiques have always kept Cnidus well in mind. A curious document, which purports to be a marble-hunter's vade mecum, drawn up by one Henry Petty, who scoured the Levant on behalf of noble virtuosi in the seventeenth century, sets down Cnidus as one of the likeliest spots; and various excavators have pecked at the place, from the Dilettanti in 1812 to an American party a few months ago; but no one has ever dug it deeply or widely. Perhaps the Germans, when they have finished with Miletus, may send Dr. Wiegand to do justice at last to Cnidus with his immense experience and his large resources; perhaps the Americans who have been foiled at Cyrene by the Tripolitan war, and are looking for a fresh field, may anticipate him. The British Athenian school, as it happens, is going to begin excavations within a day's ride of the place—at Datcha, the ancient Akanthos. One could wish it had taken its courage in both hands and gone for the greater city. The great sites demand, of course, more time and money and men; but it is in them that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the great works of art and the great historical records are found.

And Cnidus is a great site on all accounts. Its area is very large as Greek sites go; the scale of the visible remains is big, the indications of yet bigger things below ground are frequent. The place was always in the forefront of Asiatic Greek history; and treasures of art which it is known to have possessed were of the very first quality. Even what has already been found there by hasty diggers is out of the common. The great marble lion, which is supposed to have commemorated Conon's victory at Cnidus in 394 B. C., is not more remarkable as a historical monument than a work of art. The Cnidian Demeter is the finest extant statue which can reasonably be ascribed to the hand of an Asiatic Greek master. But splendid as is that figure of the mourning Mother—or, at least, as her head is, for her body is by an inferior hand—it would rank far below another Cnidian statues, were that still preserved for some one's lucky spade. We know the Aphrodite of Praxiteles only from coin types and copies, of which the best is that Vatican figure whose charms a prudish pope caused to be veiled by metal drapery from the too earnest eye; but we know, too, that some ancient critics (among them Lucian) held the original the most beautiful of all Greek statues in the world which still knew a hundred masterpieces now lost. Probably that perfect type of feminine nudity was rapt long ago from Cnidus—though why more probably than that of Hermes should have been rapt from Olympia?—but, even so, is it not still well worth any art lover's while to dig the site of the town which put up at Delphi the "Treasury of the Cnidians" whose beauties the French school at Athens have revealed to our time?

All through the classical Greek age Cnidus was a capital city, the chief of five famous neighbors on the mainland and in Rhodes; and the Dorian games, which were the bond of the six cities, were held always on the Triopian headland beneath her walls. To dig Cnidus, therefore, would be to follow the best rule of excavators, which is to dig capitals. It was also a mother city, able to send out colonies of its citizens to the Adriatic and even the western Mediterranean. Its situation secured it wealth from the sea, for it lay just at the southern angle of Asia Minor in the track of every ship which beat up from the Phoenician and Egyptian seas into the Greek. The Triopian island, which is now Cape Krio, lay so near the mainland that it could be joined by a causeway, and the strait thus bridged gave the city two bays, one looking westward, one eastward, and both well screened. In the latter, whose old mole still breaks the southeast swell, a modern steamer of much larger tonnage than the average coaster can ride at ease. The site is a good English mile in length, and the walls which enclose it can be followed from sea to sea. The fine Greek masonry is especially well preserved where the fortification runs down to the water on the east, and a terminal tower was built out into the waves; but the older parts, constructed in the polygonal fashion, which made for strength, are on the Acropolis of the Triopian island. Here were evidently at once the stronghold and the holy places of Cnidus. The mass of the city needed, however, the larger spaces of the mainland, and climbed terrace above terrace to the summit of a high rocky hill. Its main plan and the situation of many of its public buildings were made out of the Dilettanti expedition and by Newton, and even after years of neglect they can still be traced. The marble facings have been much damaged, partly by the builders of Rhodes, partly by native lime-burners; but even in such an obvious quarry as the Theater offers, a good deal of the finer material remains in place. There is a rich harvest to be reaped by any one who can induce the Ottoman government to expropriate the peasant cultivators, and thereafter will break down their terraced plots and search them systematically from the harbor's edge to the hill-top. Cnidus is the most promising and favorable Greek site which remains for a well-financed and well-equipped expedition to undertake. There is no modern village, no modern graveyard, to hamper diggers; communications with well-supplied centers—Rhodes, Cos, and Budrum—are easy, and labor could be procured in abundance from both the Tripolian peninsula itself and from the isles. Finally, there is no lovelier spot than Cnidus on one of the loveliest coasts of the Mediterranean.

TWO IMPORTANT REQUISITES IN PROFITABLE PEAR ORCHARD

Objects to be Obtained in Pruning and Training are to Secure Symmetrical, Evenly Balanced Heads; Admission of Sunlight and Air and Foliage for Shade.



Intermediate or Natural Form.

(By G. B. BRACKETT, Pomologist, United States Department of Agriculture.)

Pruning and training are important requisites in the successful management of a pear orchard. The objects to be attained are: (1) Symmetrical, evenly balanced heads; (2) the admission of sunlight and free circulation of air into all parts of the tree tops; and (3) the maintenance of sufficient foliage to protect the trunks and branches from the intense heat of the sun's rays, which would otherwise be likely to scald and injure both tree and fruit.

Pruning should begin as soon as the trees have been planted by cutting back the young tree at the time of planting to the height from the ground it is proposed to start the branches to form the head of the tree, which should not be over 12 to 15 inches, as shown in figure 3. This cutting back will cause several of the upper buds to break and grow, thus starting the top or head at the proper height. The starting branches should be watched and only such left to grow as are to form the main branches. The strongest shoots should be left at equal distances apart around the stem and should tend obliquely outward so as to spread and make an open head. The second year these shoots should be shortened back to the extent of about half of the growth, as shown in figure 4. The same plan should be continued the third and fourth years.

In all pruning, to give the desired form to the head and especially while the tree is young, the orchardist should keep clearly fixed in his mind the form of the tree as it is to be when old; for what may seem to be an open head when the tree is young may prove to be too dense and crowded when the tree is older. The branches should not be too close together for convenience in gathering the fruit.

During late winter or in early spring before the sap starts, each tree should be carefully looked over

Two-year-old pear tree. The lines show where to cut back at time of pruning.

and all branches which are likely to interfere with adjoining ones should be cut out and the centers of dense growth thinned out; side branches which are making a stronger growth then the others should be checked by shortening in, so as to maintain an evenly balanced head. Some varieties have an upright habit of growth and some make a slender, straggling growth. All need attention each year. In cutting back the last year's growth the top bud should be left on the side of the branch facing the direction in which the growth needs to be diverted. By this method there will be no difficulty in shaping the tree into any desired form.

All pruning and training possible should be done while the trees are young and the growth of wood is

Vase or Goblet Form of Top.

tender. At such time the healing over is more rapid and complete, and the tree suffers less injury.

Old trees that have been neglected may be renewed by severe pruning, cutting back all the branches that are not in a healthy condition. This pruning will cause new, vigorous shoots to grow. The new growth will need to be cut back as occasion requires. By persistent pruning an entire new top may be formed in a few years.

When the removal of a large branch is necessary, the wound should be covered with grafting wax, paint, or some other substance that will prevent evaporation and keep the wood from checking and consequent decay.

The intermediate form is probably the best for training the pear. It is a compromise between the vase and the pyramidal forms and its outlines are not so conventional. The tree is allowed to grow more in accord with its natural habit, but it must be checked more or less in its growth so as to conform to the ideas of the planter. Different varieties of the pear vary greatly in their habits of growth. Some trees are upright and some are of a drooping habit. Both of these forms should be modified. Upright branches are shortened back and induced to spread out; and the limbs of the tree inclined to droop are encouraged to grow more nearly upright.

Pasture for Hogs.

A good pasture for hogs is one which is tender and nutritious. Blue grass makes a good pasture during the spring and late fall. Rye and blue grass make a little winter pasture.

Solve Labor Problem.

The best solution of the labor problem on the farm is crop rotation, because labor can then be used to best advantage by giving it employment all the year round.

How Professor Got Radium

Easterner Tells How He Obtained Enough of Precious Stuff for Experiments.

An eastern college professor was lecturing on radium.

"Radium is so valuable," he declared, "that most small laboratories have to get along as well as they can without the actual experiments. In fact, there are many colleges in this country which do not possess any radium at all, and all that can be learned of the element is from books on the subject. I will tell you how I secured the radium with which I have been performing experiments for a number of years.

"It was not long after the Curies made their discovery when a noted French scientist came over to this country with a small quantity of the newly discovered substance. He performed a number of the stock experiments before several hundred students in this lecture hall. When he concluded his discussion he took the small piece of paper on which the radium was lying and poured the precious grains back into their especially prepared receptical. After doing that, he, with the utmost care, brushed the tiny dust from the paper, thereby causing his large class to burst into laughter at his seemingly exaggerated frugality.

"'You may laugh,' said the lecturer, 'but know that there are hundreds of institutions in this country that would give a great deal for that little coating of dust I have just saved. Many experiments could be performed with that alone for several years. I know what I am doing all right.'

"The class broke into applause after this rebuke had been administered and the gathering broke up. The French scientist went on his way lecturing and experimenting. A week later before one of my own classes I performed all the experiments we had had during the visit of the foreign physicist. Where did I get my radium? I didn't steal it as you may suspect. You will recollect that I mentioned the fact that the radium had been brushed from a small slip of paper. The Frenchman got his radium and threw the paper away. I picked up the paper and with the particles of radium still adhering to it I can now perform all of his experiments. I have been doing so for several years and will continue for several more, when I expect to buy a larger quantity after the price goes down."

Problems in Egg Culture

Scientific Experiments to Be Made to Demonstrate the Possibility of Improvement.

The Cambridge School of Agriculture is trying to make hens lay red eggs. There is always the best market for eggs which are of the richest red brown in color, and the problem is to develop the right kind of hen.

The Cambridge experimenters hope to produce a red egg-laying hen of prolific habit, just as they have produced a strong rust-resisting wheat of high yield by working on the curious law of Mendel. Hens have so far proved admirable examples of the working of this law. In respect of single and double combs and in respect of color they are perfectly obedient to the proper scientific principle. They "behave" as they ought, to use the technical verb. Why should not the eggs behave as well as the feathers and comb?

There is also the subsidiary question of food. It may be possible to alter the egg color by food as well as by hereditary influences. It has been done in the case of canaries.

If Cambridge achieves the poultryman's ideal of a hen that lays yearly 250 two-ounce red eggs, no one will then say that the universities are not practical or even commercial—New York Sun.

Sugar Cane Introduced by Jesuits.

Sugar was first made in Louisiana in 1751 by the Jesuit fathers from San Domingo.

The cane grew well, but all attempts to manufacture sugar from it were abortive, and it was not until 1791 that Don Antonio Mendes succeeded in extracting sugar from cane. Three years later Etienne de Bore made such a large crop of sugar that many were induced to go into the industry, and it is to him that the real credit of being the father of the industry belongs.

In common with all industries in the experimental stage, the sugar cane industry of Louisiana was at its inception a very crude and unimportant one, but by 1820 the crop approximated some 20,000,000 pounds of sugar.

Century Plant in Bloom

The beautiful specimen of the "century plant," Agave atrovirens, which has been a conspicuous object in the Succulent house at Kew gardens, London, England, for many years has been invested with a halo of romance, because unlike Peter Pan, who never would mature, it has grown and grown, outstripping its neighbors and pushing its way far up into the glass roof. Early in March of the present year the plant—which, by the way, was called the "century" because formerly it was supposed to flower only once in a hundred years—showed signs of flowering, the upper leaves that were formed being smaller and less spinous than ordinary leaves. The inflorescence or "pole" soon made its appearance, and growing rapidly, reached the roof in the course of three weeks. It then became necessary to move the plant into the open air, and this entailed the removal of the greater part of the end of the building. The flower spike has continued to elongate and is now some 18 feet high. The plant has exactly 60 leaves, the longest of which is 7 feet 3 inches broad in the middle and 14½ inches at the base. Some of the lower leaves are 11 inches thick in the middle and 15 inches at the base, but only 4 feet to 5 feet in length.

A Few Browning Echoes

Before the Browning centenary passes out of mind we may put together a few of the things that have been said this week on the timeworn subject of the poet's alleged obscurity. Mr. Henry James says he clings to "the dear old tradition that Browning is difficult." Professor Saintsbury (in the Bookman) says that there is only one poem in the whole vast range by which he is baffled, and that is "A Serenade at the Villa" ("That was I, you heard last night, when there rose no moon at all"). Dr. Darrell Figis (in the English Review) speaks of "My Star" as "a puzzling lyric"—which is odd. "The books that baffled a Ruskin and were too tough for a Jowett are everybody's reading today," said Mr. Dixon Scott in Tuesday's Manchester Guardian, and he is right. Perhaps, however, no queerer thing has been said about Browning in these days than Mr. W. L. Courtney's condemnation of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" as an "unpleasant piece." Think of that, now!—Manchester Guardian.

Envy.

Bald One—I would give anything for your splendid head of hair.

Woolly One—Would you, really?

Bald One—Yes, I would like to go to the barber shop just once and feel that I am getting my money's worth."

RAISING BELGIAN HARES PROFITABLE

Care in Selection of Stock Is First Important Consideration in Starting in the Business.

The so-called Belgian hare is a domesticated form of the wild rabbit of Europe, being bred with reference to its value as a food animal, and its flesh is now generally considered better for food than that of the ordinary hutch rabbit.

Rabbits may be propagated without costly investment in land and buildings, and possess the further advantage that they contribute another animal to the farm stock that may be killed and prepared for the table at short notice. As a rule, the same treatment applies to all forms of rabbits, except the lop-eared variety, which require heated quarters in winter.

Care in the selection of stock is the first important consideration upon entering upon the raising of rabbits, and for the rest of the enterprise only observation and judgment are essential.

While not affording large profits, the raising of rabbits in a small way may be made interesting and fairly remunerative, as well as affording an agreeable change in the family diet where ordinary meats are high priced or difficult to obtain.

Feeding Hogs.

It is rarely best, and especially so when feed is high to feed hogs beyond the stage when they are in good marketable condition hoping for a rise in price. After a certain condition has been reached animals gain less rapidly in proportion to the amount of food consumed and when condition with the risk of loss is taken into consideration the risk of profit is much increased.

Separate Ailing Chick.

At the first sign of droopiness in a chick separate it from the rest of the flock and if it does not quickly recover use the ax and burn the body.

STATES AWAKING TO DANGER

Additional Hospital Beds for the Treatment of the Tuberculosis Are Being Established.

Nearly 4,000 additional hospital beds for consumptives in 29 states were provided during the year ending June 1, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. This makes a total of over 30,000 beds, but only about one for every ten indigent tuberculosis patients in this country.

In the last five years, the hospital provision for consumptives has increased from 14,428 in 1907, to over 30,000 in 1912, or over 100 per cent. New York state leads in the number of beds, having 8,350 on June 1; Massachusetts comes next with 2,800; and Pennsylvania, a close third with 2,700. Alabama showed the greatest percentage of increase in the last year by adding 57 new beds to its 42 a year ago. Georgia comes next with 109 beds added to 240 a year ago. New York has the greatest numerical increase, having provided over 1,800 additional beds in the year.

UNREASONABLE GROWNUPS.

"Goodness, little boy, why don't you wash your face?"

"Say, lady, you wanter git up on yer dates; this ain't Sattidy."

Her Ruling Passion.

The woman who had chased dust and dirt all her life finally reached St. Peter.

"Come in, you poor, tired woman," he said, and held the gate ajar.

But the woman hesitated.

"Tell me first," she said, "how often you clean house?"

The saint smiled.

"You can't shake off the ruling passion, can you?" he said. "Oh, well, step inside and they'll give you a broom and dustpan instead of a harp."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lest you forget when next in need of a laxative remember the name "Garfield Tea." A trial will convince you of its merits.

It is not easy to be a widow; one must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign ignorance.—Mme. De Girardin.

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

It's easier to lead some men to drink than it is to drive them away from it.

Garfield Tea is a fine laxative being composed wholly of pure, health-giving herbs.

Even your best friends haven't time to do much worrying on your account.

TASTY? Yes indeed—they're real pickles—crisp and fine—just as good as you could put up at home and far less troublesome. But then—you should try Libby's Olives or Catsup—in fact, any of

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Don't accept a substitute. Whether it be relish—soup—meat—asparagus—preserves or jams—insist on the Libby label. Then you're sure of satisfaction.

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