THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Illustrations by D. McClure

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SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in Frankfort, Kentucky, and the time is the nineteen hundred and twenty-first century. The plans to be set and the mechanical devices are those of the twentieth century. In the subject of discussion, Brenton Crenshaw, a business man, is engaged to marry Miss Dorothy Dale, a Virginia heiress, when Brenton's cousin Howard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, comes to claim her. Tancy falls him he adopted her.

CHAPTER III. (Continued).

The next day Tancy had occasion to visit Balsamo's Cross Roads. Crenshaw gave him a disquieting opinion as to the probable contents of his letter, for he himself had heard from Hudson that he had decided to assume the care of the boy.

"I reckon Hudson will have the law on me side, Bob?"

"The law be damned—I got what's fair on mine. I don't wish for better than that," exclaimed Tancy, over his shoulder. He strode frosty the store and started down the early road at a brisk run. Miserable forebodings of an impending tragedy leaped up within him, and the miles were many that lay between him and the Hill.

As he breasted the slope he came within sight of a little group in his own dooryard. Having only Uncle Sammy Gallamy, the group resolved itself into the women and children of the Hill, but there was one small figure he missed. The patriarch hurried toward him, leaning on his cane.

"They've got your nevey, Bob!" he cried, in a high, thin voice.

"Why's took him?" asked Tancy hoarsely.

"His mere Dave Blount. Got your gun, Bob, and go after him—all the miserable sneaking cuss!" cried Uncle Sammy. "By the Fayetteville Road, Bob, not ten minutes ago—you can cut him off at Di Bond forks!"

Tancy breathed a sigh of relief. A rifle was placed in Tancy's hands.

"Thank you-all kindly," said Tancy, and turning away he struck off through the pine woods. A brief walk of twenty minutes brought him to the Gi Bond forks.

He had not long to wait for proceedings. Dave Blount, Get