THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By Vaughan Kester

Illustrations By D. Melvill

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 boys 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. Betsy 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 arrive 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.

(CHAPTER XII—(Continued).

"So your sister doesn't like me, Tom—that's on your mind this morning, is it?" Murrell was saying.

"Make it worth my while and I'll take her off your hands," and Murrell laughed.

Tom favored him with a sullen stare.

There was a brief silence, during which Murrell studied his friend's face. When he spoke, it was to give the conversation a new direction.

"Did she bring the boy here last night? I saw you drive off with him in the carriage."

"Yes, she makes a regular pet of the little ragamuffin."

"Is the boy going to stay at Belle Plain?" inquired Murrell.

"That notion hasn't struck her yet, for I heard her say at breakfast that she'd take him to Raleigh this afternoon."

"That's the boy I traveled all the way to North Carolina to get for Fentress."

"Eh—you don't say?" cried Ware.

"Tom, what do you know about the Quintard lands; what do you know about Quintard himself?" continued Murrell.

"He was a rich planter; lived in North Carolina. My father met him when he was in congress and got him to invest in land here. They had some colonization scheme on foot—this was upward of twenty years ago—but nothing came of it. Quintard lost interest."

"And the land?"

"Oh, he held on to that."

"Quintard has been dead two years, Tom, and back yonder in North Carolina they told me he left nothing but the home plantation. The boy lived there up to the time of Quintard's death, but what relation he was to the old man no one knew. Offhand, Tom, I'd say that by getting hold of the boy Fentress expects to get hold of the Quintard land."

"That's likely," said Ware; then struck by a sudden idea, he added, "Are you going to take all the risks and let him pocket the cash? If it's the land he's after, the stake's big enough to divide."

"He can have the whole thing and welcome. I'm playing for a bigger stake." His friend stared at him in astonishment. "I'm licking a speculation into shape that will cause me to be remembered while there's a white man alive in the Mississippi Valley! Have you heard what the niggers did at Hayti?"

"You let the niggers alone; don't you tamper with them," said Ware. He possessed a profound belief in Murrell's capacity.

"Look here, what do you think I have been working for—to steal a few niggers? That furnishes us with money, but you can push the trade too hard and too far. The planters are uneasy. The Clan's got to deal a counter blow or go out of business. Between here and the gulf—" he made a wide sweeping gesture with his arm. "I am spotting the country with my men; there are two thousand active workers on the rolls of the Clan, and as many more like you, Tom—and Fentress—on whose friendship I can rely."

"Sure as God, John Murrell, you are overreaching yourself! Your white men are all right, they've got to stick by you; if they don't they know it's only a question of time until they get a knife driven into their ribs—but niggers—there isn't any real fight in a nigger, if there was they wouldn't be here."

"Yet you couldn't have made the whites in Hayti believe that," said Murrell, with a sinister smile.

Ware, feeling the entire uselessness of argument, uttered a string of imprecations, and then fell silent.

"Well, how about the girl, Tom?" asked Murrell at length. "Listen to me, Tom. I'll take her away, and Belle Plain is yours—land, stock and niggers!" said Murrell.

Ware shifted and twisted in his seat.

"Do you want the land and the niggers? I reckon you'll have to take them whether you want them or not, for I'm going to have the girl."

CHAPTER XIII.

Bob Yancy Finds Himself.

Mr. Yancy awoke from a long dreamless sleep; heavy-lidded, his eyes slid open. For a moment he struggled with the odds and ends of memory, then he recalled the fight at the tavern, the sudden murderous attack, the fierce blows Slosson had dealt him, the knife thrust which had ended the struggle. Therefore, the bandages that now swathed his head and shoulders; therefore, the need that he should be up and doing—for where was Hannibal?

Suddenly a shadow fell obliquely across the foot of his narrow bed, and Cavendish, bending his long body somewhat, thrust his head in at the opening. He found himself looking into a pair of eyes that for the first time in many a long day held the light of consciousness.

"How are you, stranger?" he demanded, in a soft drawl.

"Where am I?" The words were a whisper on Yancy's bearded lips.

"Well, sir, you are in the Tennessee river fo' certain. Polly! you jest step here."

But Polly had heard Cavendish speak, and the murmur of Yancy's voice in reply. Now her head appeared beside her husband's.

"La, you are some better, ain't you, sir?" she cried, smiling down on him. "It's been right smart of a spell, too; yes, sir, you've laid like you was dead, and not fo' a matter of hours either—but days."

"How long?"

"Well, nigh on to three weeks."

They saw Yancy's eyes widen with a look of dumb horror.

"And you don't know nothing about my nevvy?—you ain't seen or heard of him, ma'am?" faltered Yancy.

Polly shook her head regretfully.

"Ten or thereabouts, 'ma'am. He were a heap of comfort to me—" and the whisper on Yancy's lips was wonderfully tender and wistful. He closed his eyes and presently, lulled by the soft ripple that bore them company, fell into a restful sleep.

The raft drifted on into the day's heat; and when at last Yancy awoke, it was to find Henry and Keppel seated beside him, each solacing him with a small moist hand. Mrs. Cavendish appeared, bringing Yancy's breakfast. In her wake came Connie with the baby, and the three little brothers who were to be accorded the cherished privilege of seeing the poor gentleman eat. Cavendish presented himself at the opening that did duty as a door.

"This looks like bein' alive, stranger," he commented genially.

"You-all ain't told me yo' name yet?" said Yancy.

"It's Cavendish. Richard Keppel Cavendish."

"My name's Yancy—Bob Yancy."

Mr. Cavendish exchanged glances with Mrs. Cavendish.

"Stranger, what I'm a-goin' to tell you, you'll take as bein' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No." Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the faces of his new friends.

"Are you ever heard of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's wandering glance.

"You mean kings?"

"I shore do."

Yancy made a mighty mental effort. "There's them Bible kings—" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head.

"Them's sainted kings. Are you familiar with any of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?"

"Well, taking them as they come, them Bible kings seemed to average pretty profane." Yancy was disposed to defend this point.

"You must a heard of the kings of England. Sho', wa'n't any of yo' folks in the war agin' him?"

"I'd plumb forgot, why my daddy fit all through the war!" exclaimed Yancy. The Cavendishes were immensely relieved.

"Now you-all keep still," said Cavendish. "I want Mr. Yancy should get the straight of this here! The various orders of royalty are kings, dukes, earls and lords. Earls is the third from the top of the heap, but lords ain't no slouch."

"Dick had ought to know, fo' he's an earl himself," cried Polly exultantly.

"Sho,' Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth! Sho', that was what he was! Sho'!" and some transient feeling of awe stamped itself upon their small faces as they viewed the long and limber figure of their parent.

"These here titles go to the eldest son. He begins by bein' a viscount," continued Chills and Fever. "It was my great grandfather come over here from England. His name was Richard Keppel Cavendish, same as mine is. He lived back yonder on the Carolina coast and went to raisin' tobacco. I've heard my grandfather tell all about it.

"My grandfather said he never knowed a man with the same aversion agin labor as his father had. Folks put it down to laziness, but they misjudged him, as come out later, yet he never let on.

"Then one day he got his hands on a paper that had come acrost in a ship from England. All at once, he lit on something in the paper, and he started up and let out a yell like he'd been shot. 'By gum, I'm the Earl of Lambeth!' he says, and took out to the nearest tavern and got b'llin' full. Afterward he showed 'em the paper and they seen with their own eyes where Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth, had died in London. My great grandfather told 'em that was his uncle; that when he left home there was several cousins—but they'd up and died, so the title come to him. He never done a lick of work after that.

"I'm an orphan man of title now and it's been my dream to take Polly and the children and go back to England and see the king about my title. Don't you reckon he's got the notion the Cavendishes has petered out?"

Mr. Yancy considered this likely.

The furious shrieking of a steampacket's whistle broke in upon them.

"It's another of them hawgs, wantin' all the river!" said Mr. Cavendish, and fled to the steering oar.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Judge Sees a Ghost.

Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a house, for Betty required of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton asking him to search the title to a certain timber tract held by one Joseph Quaid. The judge, powerfully excited, told Mahaffy he was being understood and appreciated.

The immediate result of Norton's communication had been to send the judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he now greeted him.

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a swelling chest and mellow accents. "I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew forward a chair as he spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

"You've set on the bench, sir?" suggested Mr. Saul.

"In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke. Suddenly the movement of his hand was arrested.

"Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But the judge gave him no answer; he was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" repeated Mr. Saul.

"Eh—what's that? No—" he appeared to hesitate. "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and abutting counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?"

"Colonel Fentress; he was old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence.

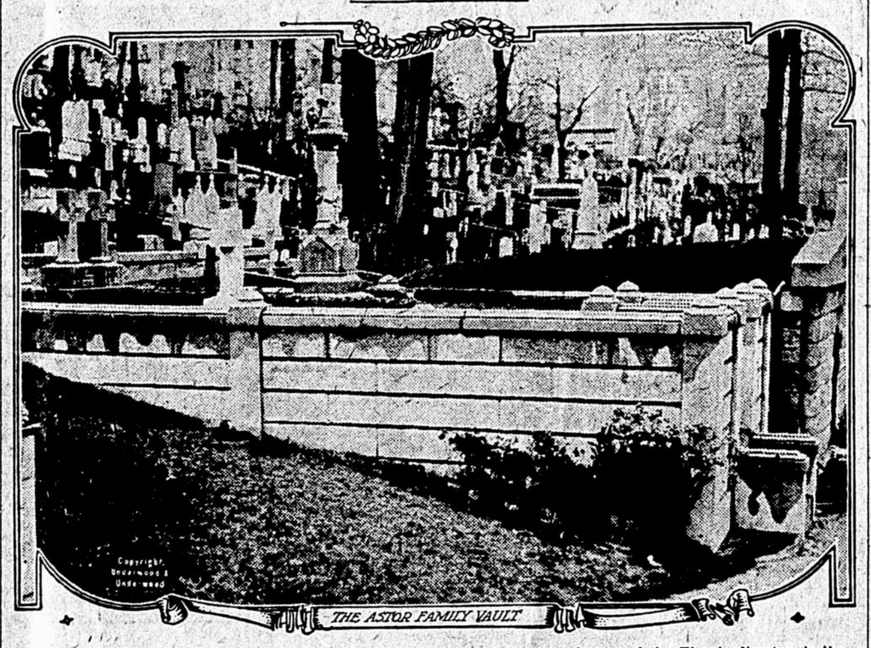
A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interruption that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the judge abruptly turned his back on the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. Saul quickened the beat of his pulse, the throb of his heart, and struck back through the years to a day from which he reckoned time. He turned slowly, as if in dread.

What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the collar of his coat, while his tall, spare figure was habited in sleek broadcloth and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book slipped from his fingers to the window ledge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Face Went White and the Book Slipped From His Fingers.

LAST RESTING PLACE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR



THE last resting place of Col. John Jacob Astor, one of the victims and heroes of the Titanic disaster, is the old Astor family vault in Trinity cemetery, Riverside drive and One Hundred and Fifty-third street, New York. His father and grandfather are buried there, and in the same vault rest the bones of John Jacob Astor first, second and third.

COW PUNCHER RESTS

Johnny Wall Retires After 33 Years' Work.

Champion Cattle Driver for Armour and Company Quits on $1,200 a Year for Life After Long Service.

Chicago.—Johnny Wall, the oldest cattle buyer in the stock yards, appeared at the offices of Armour & Co. and was notified that he was one of the first men to receive the benefits of the pension fund to which J. Ogden Armour contributed $1,000,000.

"Johnny, you can go home now and you needn't push any more steers, because the trustees of Armour & Co. have pensioned you off at $1,200 a year for the rest of your life," said John Brown, the head cattle buyer, to Wall.

For a few minutes Wall, who had faithfully served his employers for 33 years, stood silent.

Tears began to stream down his cheeks.

"I don't like to give up work," he said.

He looked toward the rows of pens in the stock yards through which he had tramped for nearly two-score years, and as he pointed his old hickory cane, the veteran cattle buyer said:

"I remember when we had but a few pens in the yards, but the commercial world has moved so fast that I suppose I'll have to give up for younger blood."

Wall earned the title of champion cow puncher many years ago. One day a herder employed by Swift & Co. claimed the title after he had driven a single herd of 1,100 cattle to their death. A few weeks after that, however, Armour & Co. bought up a herd of 2,280 steers. Wall drove them to slaughter and the record has never been equaled.

Everybody at the yards knows Johnny. He has a pleasant word for everyone and knows more farmers than any other employe at the yards.

"It seems like a dream," said the gray-haired man after he reached his home, 4235 Fifth avenue. "I had been earning $1,800 a year, and now that I have been pensioned, I really don't know what to do with myself. For thirty-three years I have been accustomed to get up at five a. m. and go out to the yards.

"I'll miss the old boys, but I'll go to the yards often on the quiet and visit them. I never missed a day's work during the long years I was employed at Armour & Co."

Wall started to work for Armour & Co. in 1879.

The fund which permits Wall to retire was created for the benefit of salaried employes who have reached the age of from fifty-seven to sixty-five years and who have been twenty years or more in the service of the company. Women may be retired at fifty years of age after having served twenty years.

All employes over sixteen years of age, and drawing a salary of $10 or more, contribute three per cent. of their salaries to the pension fund. Seventeen thousand employes contribute to the fund. It was established on November 6, 1911.

OSTRICH HARD TO BREAK

London Zoo Plans to Make as Many "Exhibits" as Possible to Amuse Public.

London.—All of the animals at the Regent's Park zoo are not merely ornamental and the directors are adding to the working force by breaking in several ostrichs and llamas to ride and drive. The best workers are the elephants and camels, which not only provide favorite mounts for the children visitors, but are used about the park for hauling supplies and providing motive power for lawn mowers.

The ostrict trainers have been having exciting times with the three birds which they are breaking to the saddle. A bucking broncho is a rocking chair compared to one of the birds in an obstreperous mood, and several of the riders have not only suffered the humiliation of being thrown, but have been kicked by their mounts before they could regain their feet.

The woolly llama proved to be as gentle as he looks, and the odd-appearing animal is kept busy every day pulling a pony cart loaded with children about the park.

The white alpaca recently presented to the zoo is now being trained to relieve the llama of some of his passengers, and he takes to the training so kindly that he will soon be trusted with a load of youngsters.

KILLS HERSELF ON THE STAGE

Father of Paula Naumann's Sweetheart Offered Actress $20,000 to Give Youth Up.

Berlin.—Rarely has there been a theatrical sensation such as was provided by Paula Naumann of the Royal theater at Gera when the popular actress committed suicide upon the stage. She was betrothed to the son of a wealthy woolen manufacturer named Feistkorn. The young couple expected to be married shortly, but their plans were interrupted by the flat refusal of the millionaire to consent to his son's union with any actress.

The elder Feistkorn sent a message to Fraulein Naumann asking her to dismiss her lover and offering to pay her $20,000 if she complied with the request. He added that if his son married her he would cut him out of his will and stop all allowances.

The actress was so upset by the idea that her affection could be bought and sold by a plebeian parvenue that she committed suicide in the most dramatic manner she could.

Wedded by Sign Ceremony.

Stamford, Conn.—Miss Grace L. Apgar, associated with the Wilson home at Stamford, and a deaf mute, was married by the sign language to Ira E. Worcester, also a mute. Rev. John Chamberlain, an Episcopal clergyman of New York, performed the wordless ceremony.

BOY MARVEL PLAYS FOR KING

Solomon, Aged Nine, Amazes Royal Audience at Buckingham Palace.

London.—A youthful pianist who is known as "Solomon" played before the king and queen, Queen Dowager Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Princess Mary and Prince John at Buckingham palace recently. He is nine years of age, and exhibited his astonishing gifts in a long program of classic pieces, to the delight of his audience.

The boy was not in the least abashed, but full of high spirits, and after the serious part of his performance, he played with gusto at the king's special request a humorous piece called "The Teddy Bears' Frolic," in which he introduced a quaint drum effect in bass. "Solomon" played for about three-quarters of an hour.

"Solomon," who is the son of an East End tailor, was discovered 18 months ago by a woman musician, who made herself responsible for his whole education. In these 18 months he has learned a wide repertoire, which includes no fewer than three concertos, two by Beethoven and one by Mozart, as well as a quantity of smaller pieces.

He has appeared twice in public in London with great success. At a concert in Queen's hall last year, in which he was accompanied by the London symphony orchestra, he used a piano specially constructed with small keys. Since then, however, his hands have stretched, and at Buckingham palace the piano he used was normal, save for the pedals, which were specially constructed to come within the range of his legs.

Offers Liberal Reward

Charlie Green of London Wants to Give Away Wealth.

Englishman Who Threw Coins About Fleet Street, Desires to Dispose of His Fortune in Small Amounts.

London.—Charlie Green, who recently got into trouble with the London police by flinging handfuls of coins about Fleet street, thereby creating a nuisance, is the possessor of a fortune, which he wants to give away. He is now offering a reward of £200 ($1,000) to any one who will suggest a scheme by which he can carry out that object. One essential of the scheme is that Green shall give his fortune away personally in small amounts not exceeding a sovereign.

Green has a secretary, who says his employer has been giving away gold and silver for years. He has indulged in the habit all over the world, and recently caused some excitement in Brighton and Liverpool. His greatest sensation was made in London, and it was the only occasion where he afterward made his appearance in the police court. The notoriety he gained led to his being inundated with applications from persons who were willing to relieve him of as much spare change as he cared to bestow.

"Mr. Green was born in Newcastle," the secretary added, "but has been in America many years. The money was left him, and he doesn't know where it comes from, although he has an idea. All I can say is that it comes in large quantities.

"There is no stipulation that he must give it away as he does. It is his hobby to give money away personally because he likes to see the surprise and delight on the faces of poor people who receive it."

ALLIGATOR GOES FOR WALK

Saurian with Wanderlust Harms No Person, But Scares Them, All the Same.

San Francisco.—The peregrinations of a pet alligator have caused the town trustees of Mill Valley to consider the advisability of passing an alligator muzzling ordinance.

Dr. S. L. Higgins of that town has an alligator that is affected with wanderlust, and each time the animal journeys from its home women and children in the neighborhood become greatly agitated.

The cavernous-faced reptile, however, has committed no more serious offense so far than attempting to be friendly with those met on his wanderings, but the attention of the trustees has been called to the fact that the bite of an alligator might be dangerous, and Dr. Higgins has been requested to muzzle his pet or provide the animal with an "Oregon boot."

Dr. Higgins informed one of the trustees that he would willingly muzzle the allegator if some one would devise a bridle that would restrain the beast from opening its jaws.

Didn't Trust His Lawyer

Shrewd Client Paid Fee in Advance to Learn If He Had Reasonable Chance of Winning.

It was told at luncheon at the Lawyers' club the day before the Equitable building burned down. A group of legal luminaries were gathered about a table discussing the apparent impossibility of insuring the honesty of any man, and it was contended that there was no remedy for it save to pick out your man and trust him absolutely. No matter what safeguards you might hedge him about with, if he was dishonest he would contrive to cheat somehow. One of the lawyers told this story to emphasize his point:

A client went into a lawyer's office in Fulton street and said that he had a grievance with his neighbor and wanted to go to law. He stated all the circumstances of the case and counsel listened attentively. The case fully stated, the client asked:—

"Well, those are the facts. Do you think I'm in the right safe enough to win if I go to law with him?"

"If the facts are as stated you certainly have got a case. If I were in your case I should begin suit," answered the lawyer.

"And how much would your fee be for taking the case and pushing it clear through?"

"Oh, I'll see it through for you for a hundred dollars."

The shrewd client produced from an inside pocket a well worn wallet, from which he extracted a roll of bills and peeled off one hundred dollars.

"There," said he, "that's yours. It's your fee. That's all you'd get if you tried the case. Now, without doing any work on it at all, just tell me, honestly, whether I've any chance of winning the case."

Reinforced Concrete of Old Rome.

Although concrete has been used for many centuries, it is generally supposed that reinforced concrete is a modern invention. This, however, has been disproved, according to Popular Mechanics by the finding of bronze reinforcing rods in the concrete roof of an ancient Roman tomb, and in the discovery of reinforced concrete in the construction of one of the walls of the old palace of the Louvre, Paris.

The reinforced concrete in the latter dates back only 300 or 400 years, but created much comment because the walls were thought to consist entirely of ashlar and quarry stone. The discovery that the stone casing concealed a core composed in part of reinforced concrete was made while workmen were piercing the wall for an elevator installation.

Would Not Part With Dog.

Not only in England and America, but in Germany, fanciers pay high prices for dogs. At the recent exhibition of dogs at Cassel a Frenchman offered $3,000 for a police dog. The dog belongs to Sergeant Dacker, who refused the tempting offer, observing that his dog should not quit Germany at any price.

The Difference.

Late one afternoon a western senator chanced to run across his colleague, who sat musing idly in a committee room.

"Hello, Tom!" said the second Senator. "What are you doing here?"

"I was merely reflecting upon the peculiar difference oratory has upon different people," said the other statesman.

"And what induced that train of thought?" asked the first senator, much amused, by reason of the fact, well known to him and to others, that his colleague was anything but an "oratorical" personage.

"My speech of this afternoon," explained the senator. "Do you know, that speech kept me awake for four nights, and today it put all who heard it asleep!"

Real Object of Life.

Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible, plow ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth, rain or shine, to carry your cargo and make your port is the point.—Maltbie B. Babcock.

Low Pay of Paris Police

Chief Inspector Gets $840 a Year—As Little as $1.25 a Day for Others.

Paris.—The Paris police who risked their lives in trying to arrest the members of the automobile bandit band are not overpaid.

The chief inspector, Colmard, receives $840 a year and has reached the highest rate in the service. Sergeant Fleury has $600 a year. After him comes Inspector Rohr, who arrested Carony, for which day's work he got $1.50.

Inspector Leroy has $1.34 a day and Inspectors Sevetre and Huet, who after watching for seven consecutive nights arrested Raymond la Science, do not receive quite $1.25 a day.

Inspector Naessens, who arrested one of the gang, Paul Doebol, gets the same amount.

It is true that pensions are paid after a certain length of service, but it is not surprising in view of the scale of the pay that good men in the Paris detective service should be attracted by private work.

MAN 86 IS SENT TO PRISON

White-Haired Prisoner Pleads Guilty of Working Confidence Game on Widow.

London.—Stating he was an infamous scoundrel and ought to be locked up for life, Judge Rentoul, at the Central criminal court sentenced William Henry James, whose age was stated to be eighty-six, although it appeared on the calendar as ninety-three, to 12 months' inprisonment in the second division. A white-haired, feeble-looking man, James was indicted for obtaining the title deeds of a house in Wood Green, N., from a widow and with obtaining $750 on the deeds from solicitors.

In a shaky voice James said, "I plead guilty to everything. I ask for mercy." It was stated that he had first induced the woman to sign a "civil contract of marriage." Several other frauds on women were alleged against him, and he was stated to have undergone a number of terms of imprisonment.

The police stated that he had eluded arrest for 18 months, and, despite his age, was a man of great mental activity. He was found in Birmingham in February. While awaiting trial he has been in Brixton prison infirmary, and the doctor said he was physically weak.

"He shammed most beautifully for half an hour the other day in the dock," declared the judge. "He pretended he did not hear anything and that he did not know what was going on."

In passing sentence the judge said the prisoner was such a dangerous man, altogether, that he could not take account of his age as he might otherwise do.

One Way.

Would you be shunned? Then tell people things for their own good.

ONLY ONE OF EACH.

Howell—I don't see why Tom Watson always has "of Boston" after his name.

Powell—Neither do I; it is no more necessary than it was in the case of John L. Sullivan.

Jewels in a Flower Bed.

The recovery of a quantity of stolen jewelry from a flower-bed was described at Kingston-on-Thames police court the other day, when a general servant was charged with theft from her mistress, a resident of Ivydene, Southborough road, Surbiton, London. The lady had missed a pearl pin and a pearl and diamond ring. Thinking she might have lost the jewels in the street, she issued printed notices offering a reward for their recovery. When she lost a number of other things she placed the matter in the hands of the police. The detective said that from what the prisoner told him he searched the garden, and in one of the flower beds found some of the jewelry. The rest he found in the prisoner's bedroom.

His Veracity.

Jim Slocum of Montgomery county, avers the Kansas City Journal, was called as a witness to impeach the testimony of a man in that county. Jim was asked if he was acquainted with the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity. Jim said that he guessed maybe he was.

"Is it good or bad?"

"Well," said Jim, "I don't want to do the man no injustice, "but I will say that if his neighbors were to see him looking as if he was dead they would want some corroboratin' evidence before they would be willing to bury him."

Not Inconvenienced.

"Did the dissolution of your gigantic corporation cause you inconvenience?"

"Not the slightest," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I needed an enlarged and improved system of branch offices, anyhow."

Divination.

"I am very observant, sir, and from the way you winced when I stamped on your foot, I conclude you have a pedal affliction."

"Say no more. I acknowledge the corn."

The quarrelsome man should bear in mind that a chip on the shoulder never won a jackpot.

Tact sometimes consists of knowing enough not to know too much.

Man's favorite brand of love is usually the latest.