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 the regular and reliable chronic disease specialist, who has been treating patients here continuously for the last five years, will be at his regular office at the
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 Owatonna, Oct. 12.
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 Calls attend 6-11 a. m.

The Prodigal Judge

Illustrated by D. E. Smith
 Story by Vaughan Lester

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 SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—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 Greenhaw, 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.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to the rescue. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill, Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balsam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—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, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell, on their trail. Yancy overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a fight that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend, Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER XI.—Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XII.—Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft.

CHAPTER XIV.—Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the Judge, is mysteriously assaulted.

CHAPTER XV.—Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Carrington bids Betty good-bye. Norton is mysteriously shot.

CHAPTER XVI.—More light on Murrell's plots. He plans uprising of negroes.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Judge and Hannibal visit Betty.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Betty is told why Norton was killed and leaves Belle Plain, taking Hannibal with her. The carriage is held up in the woods.

CHAPTER XIX.—Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners in a lonely cabin.

CHAPTER XX.—Murrell appears at the cabin and shows his hand.

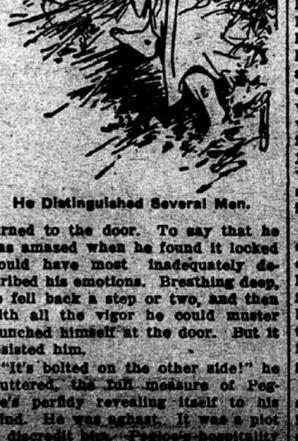
CHAPTER XXI.—The Judge hears of the mysterious disappearance of Betty and Hannibal.

CHAPTER XXII.—The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Judge Price visits Colonel Ferris, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Learns things of importance about the boy, dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged.

He was beginning to experience a great sense of haste; it was two miles to Boggs' and Ferris would be there at sun-up. Finally he abandoned his quest of the missing garments and



He Distinguished Several Men.

had been inspired by his enemy, for Pegloe was Ferris' tenant.
 Again he attacked the door; he believed it might be possible to force it from its hinges, but Pegloe had done his work too well for that, and at last, spent and breathless, the judge dropped down on the edge of his bed to consider the situation. He was without clothes and he was a prisoner, yet his mind rose splendidly to meet the difficulties that beset him. His greatest activities were reserved for what appeared to be only a season of despair. He armed himself with a three-legged stool he had found and turned once more to the door, but the stout planks stood firm under his blows.

"Unless I get out of here in time I'm a ruined man!" thought the judge. "After this Ferris will refuse to meet me!"
 The window next engaged his attention. That, too, Pegloe had taken the precaution to fasten, but a single savage blow of the stool shattered glass and sash and left an empty space that framed the dawn's red glow. The judge looked out and shook his head dubiously. It was twelve feet or more to the ground, a risky drop for a gentleman of his years and build. The judge considered making a rope of his bedding and lowering himself to the ground by means of it; he remembered to have read of captives in that interesting French prison, the Bastille, who did this. However, an equally ingenious but much more simple use for his bedding occurred to him; it would form a soft and yielding substance on which to alight. He gathered it up into his arms, feather-tick and all, and pushed it through the window, then he wriggled out across the ledge, feet first, and lowering himself to the full length of his arms, dropped.

He landed squarely on the rolled-up bed with a jar that shook him to his center. Almost gaily he snatched up a quilt, draping it about him after the manner of a Roman toga, and thus lightly habited, started across Mr. Pegloe's truck-patch, his one thought Boggs' and the sun. It would have served no purpose to have gone home, since his entire wardrobe, except for the shirt on his back, was in the tavern-keeper's possession, besides he had not a moment to lose, for the sun was peeping at him over the horizon.

Unobserved he gained the edge of the town and the highroad that led past Boggs' and stole a fearful glance over his shoulder. The sun was clear of the treetops, he could even feel the lifeless dust grow warm beneath his feet; and wrapping the quilt clobber about him he broke into a labored run.

Some twenty minutes later Boggs' came in sight. He experienced a moment of doubt—doubtless Ferris had been there and gone! It was a hideous thought and the judge groaned. Then at the other end of the meadow near the woods he distinguished several men, Ferris and his friends beyond question. The judge laughed aloud. In spite of everything he was keeping his engagement, he was plucking his triumph out of the very dregs of failure. The judge threw himself over the fence, a corner of the quilt caught on one of the rails; he turned to release it, and in that instant two pistol shots rang out sharply in the morning air.

CHAPTER XXXI.
 Solomon's Last Night.
 It had been with no little reluctance that Solomon Mahaffy accompanied Yancy and Cavendish to Belle Plain; he would have preferred to remain in Raleigh in attendance upon Judge Price. Intimately acquainted with the judge's mental processes, he could follow all the devious workings of that magnificent mind; he could fathom the simply hellish ingenuity he was capable of putting forth to accomplish temporary benefits. Permitting his thoughts to dwell upon the mingled strength and weakness which was so curiously blended in Slocum Price's character, he had horrid visions of that great soul, freed from the trammels of restraint, confiding his melancholy history to Mr. Pegloe in the hope of bolstering his fallen credit at the City Tavern.

Always where the judge was concerned he fluctuated between extremes of doubt and confidence. He felt that under the urgent spur of occasion his friend could rise to any emergency, while a sustained activity made demands which he could not satisfy; then his efforts were discounted by his insane desire to realize at once on his opportunities; in his haste he was for ever plucking unripe fruit; and though he might keep one eye on the main chance the other was fixed just as resolutely on the nearest tavern.

With the great stake which fate had suddenly introduced into their losing game, he wished earnestly to believe that the judge would stay quietly in his office and complete the task he had set himself; that with this off his hands the promise of excitement at Belle Plain would compel his presence there, when he would pass some what under the restraining influence which he was determined to exert; in short, to Solomon, life embraced just the one vital consideration, which was to maintain the judge in a state of sobriety until after his meeting with Ferris.

The purple of twilight was stealing over the land when he and his two companions reached Belle Plain. They learned that Tom Ware had returned from Memphis, that the boy had been dragged but without results, and that as yet nothing had been heard from Carrington or the dogs he had gone for.

Presently Cavendish and Yancy set off across the fields. They were going on to the raft to Polly and the six little Cavendishes, whom they had

not seen since early morning; but they promised to be back at Belle Plain within an hour.
 By very nature an alien, Mahaffy sought out a dark corner on the wide porch that overlooked the river to await their return. The house had been thrown open, and supper was being served to whoever cared to stay and partake of it. The murmur of idle purposeless talk drifted out to him; he was irritated and offended by it. There was something garish in this indiscriminate hospitality in the very home of tragedy. As the moments slipped by his sense of displeasure increased, with mankind in general, with himself, and with the judge—principally with the judge—who was to make a foolish target of himself in the morning. He was going to give the man who had wrecked his life a chance to take it as well. Mahaffy's cold logic dealt cynically with the preposterous situation his friend had created.

In the midst of his angry meditations he heard a clock strike in the hall and counted the strokes. It was nine o'clock. Surely Yancy and Cavendish had been gone their hour! He quitted his seat and strolled restlessly about the house. He felt deeply indignant with everybody and everything. Human intelligence seemed but a pitiable advance on brute instinct. A whole day had passed and what had been accomplished? Carrington, the judge, Yancy, Cavendish—the four men who might have worked together to some purpose—had widely separated themselves; and here was the duel, the very climax of absurdity. He resumed his dark corner and waited another hour. Still no Carrington, and Yancy and Cavendish had not come up from the raft.

"Fools!" thought Mahaffy bitterly. "All of them fools!"
 At last he decided to go back to the judge; and a moment later was hurrying down the lane in the direction of the highroad, but, jaded as he was by the effort he had already put for that day, the walk to Raleigh made tremendous demands on him, and it was midnight when he entered the little town.

It cannot be said that he was altogether surprised when he found their cottage dark and apparently deserted. He had half expected this. Entering, and not stopping to secure a candle, he groped his way upstairs to the room on the second floor which he and the judge shared.

"Price!" he called, but this gained him no response, and he cursed softly under his breath.
 He hastily descended to the kitchen, lighted a candle, and stepped into the adjoining room. On the table was a neat pile of papers, and topping the pile was the president's letter. Being burdened by no false scruples, and thinking it might afford some clue to the judge's whereabouts, Mahaffy took it up and read it. Having mastered its contents he instantly glanced in the direction of the City Tavern, but it was wrapped in darkness.

"Price is drunk somewhere," was his definite conclusion. "But he'll be at Boggs' the first thing in the morning—most likely so far gone he can hardly stand!"
 The letter, with its striking news, made little or no impression on him just then; it merely furnished the clue he had sought. The judge was off somewhere marketing his prospects.

After a time Mahaffy went upstairs, and, without removing his clothes, threw himself on the bed. He was worn down to the point of exhaustion, yet he could not sleep, though the deep silence warned him that day was not far off. What it would be he would not let the thought shape itself in his mind. He had witnessed the judge's skill with the pistol, and he had even a certain irrational faith in that gentleman's destiny. He prayed God that Ferris might die quickly and decently with the judge's bullet through his brain. Over and over in savage supplication he muttered his prayer that Ferris might die.

Mahaffy watched for the coming of the dawn, but before the darkness lifted he had risen from the bed and gone downstairs, where he made himself a cup of wretched coffee. Then he blew out his candle and watched the gray light spread. He was impatient now to be off, and fully an hour before the sun set out for Boggs', a tall, gaunt figure in the shadowy uncertainty of that October morning. He was the first to reach the place of meeting, but he had scarcely entered the meadow when Ferris rode up, attended by Tom Ware. They dismounted, and the colonel lifted his hat. Mahaffy barely acknowledged the salute; he was in no mood for courtesies that meant nothing. Ware was clearly of the same mind.

There was an awkward pause, then Ferris and Ware spoke together in a low tone. The planter's speech was broken and hoarse, and his heavy, blood-shot eyes were the eyes of a haunted man; this was all a part of Ferris' scheme to face the world, and Ware still believed that the three Hicks had kindled had served his desperate need.

When the first long shadows stole out from the edge of the woods Ferris turned to Mahaffy, whose glance was directed toward the distant corner of the field, where he knew his friend must first appear.

"Why are we waiting, sir?" he demanded, his tone cold and formal.
 "Something has occurred to detain Price," answered Mahaffy.
 The colonel and Ware exchanged looks. Again they spoke together, while Mahaffy watched the road. Ten minutes slipped by in this manner.

and once more Ferris addressed Mahaffy.
 "Do you know what could have detained him?" he inquired, the ghost of a smile curling his thin lips.
 "I don't," said Mahaffy, and relapsed into a moody and anxious silence. He held dueling in very proper abhorrence, and only his feeling of intense but never-declared loyalty to his friend had brought him there.
 Another interval of waiting succeeded.
 "I have about reached the end of my patience; I shall wait just ten minutes longer," said Ferris, and drew out his watch.
 "Something has happened—" began Mahaffy.
 "I have kept my engagement; he should have kept his," Ferris continued, addressing Ware. "I am sor-

ry to have brought you here for nothing, Tom."
 "Wait!" said Mahaffy, planting himself squarely before Ferris.
 "I consider this comic episode at an end," and Ferris pocketed his watch.
 "Soberly!" rejoined Mahaffy. His long arm shot out and the open palm of his hand descended on the colonel's face. "I am here for my friend," he said grimly.
 The colonel's face paled and colored by turns.
 "Have you a weapon?" he asked, when he could command his voice. Mahaffy exhibited the pistol he had carried to Belle Plain the day before.
 "Step off the ground, Tom." Ferris spoke quietly. When Ware had done as requested, the colonel spoke again. "You are my witness that I was the victim of an unprovoked attack."
 Mr. Ware accepted this statement with equanimity, not to say indifference.



The Pistol Slipped From His Fingers.

"Are you ready?" he asked; he glanced at Mahaffy, who by a slight inclination of the head signified that he was. "I reckon you're a green hand at this sort of thing?" commented Tom evilly.
 "Yes," said Mahaffy tersely.
 "Well, listen: I shall count, one, two, three; at the word three you will fire. Now take your positions."
 Mahaffy and the colonel stood facing each other, a distance of twelve paces separating them. Mahaffy was pale but dogged; he eyed Ferris unflinchingly. Quick on the word Ferris fired, an instant later Mahaffy's pistol exploded; apparently neither bullet had taken effect, the two men maintained the rigid attitude they had assumed; then Mahaffy was seen to turn on his heels, next his arm dropped to his side and the pistol slipped from his fingers, a look of astonishment passed over his face and left it vacant and staring while his right hand stole up toward his heart; he raised it slowly, with difficulty, as though it were held down by some invisible weight.

A hush spread across the field. It was like one of nature's invisible transitions. Along the edge of the woods the song of birds was stricken into silence. Ware, heavy-eyed—Ferris, his lips twisted by a tortured smile, watched Mahaffy as he panted for breath, with his hand clenched against his breast. That dead, oppressive silence lasted but a moment; from out of it came a cry that smote on the wounded man's ears and reached his consciousness.
 "It's Price," he gasped, his words bathed in blood, and he pitched forward on his face.

(To be continued.)

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 Leave for—11:38 a. m.; 6:55 p. m.
 Arrive from—12:20 a. m.; 3:35 p. m.
CALMAR.
 Leave for—12:20 p. m.; 7:20 p. m.
 Arrive from—6:20 a. m.; 2:55 p. m.
MASON CITY.
 Leave for—12:25 p. m.; 7:25 p. m.
 Arrive from—6:40 a. m.; 3:00 p. m.
JACKSON.
 Leave for—6:50 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
 Arrive from—11:02 a. m.; 6:25 p. m.

Chicago, Great Western.
 Arrive from Fort Dodge, Mason City, and Omaha—4:02 p. m.; 4:26 a. m.
 Arrive from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—12:01 p. m. noon 11:48 p. m.
 Leave for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—4:02 p. m.; 4:26 a. m.
 Leave for Omaha, Mason City, Fort Dodge—12:01 p. m. noon:11:48 p. m.
 All passengers on noon train south and afternoon train north change at Hayfield

SUMMONS.
 STATE OF MINNESOTA,
 County of Mower—ss.
 In District Court, Tenth Judicial District,
 John J. Watland, plaintiff,
 George D. Leach, John Therklusen, A. J. Hayes, George H. Thaden, City National Bank of Lincoln, Nebraska, a corporation, and L. J. Dunn, defendants—vs—
 The State of Minnesota to the above named defendants:
 You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, which complaint is on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court, in and for the county of Mower and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint upon the subscribers, French & Sasse, at their office in the City of Austin, said County and State, within twenty (20) days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the complaint of the plaintiff within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
 JOHN McCOOK,
 Cresco, Iowa,
 FRENCH & SASSE,
 Attorneys for Plaintiff,
 Austin, Minn.
 Aug 28-Oct 9