



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE



OUR STATE CAPITOL LETTER

DOINGS OF THE KANSAS STATE OFFICERS
A Brief Resume of What Our "Hired Men" Are Doing, How They Spend Their Time, Etc.

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, and a stranger known as Blount, 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, who 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, Blount, Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent, Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Judge Salaam, 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, playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charles 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, with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overcaer, 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 Slocum, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in 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. Judge Price visits Colonel Pentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his bubble bursts. The Judge and Mahaffy discuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hannibal, and a fierce gun fight follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

But Betty shrank from him in involuntary agitation.

"Oh, not now, Bruce—not now—we mustn't speak of that—it's wrong—it's wicked—you mustn't make me forget him!" she cried brokenly, in protest.

"Forgive me, Betty, I'll not speak of it again," he said.

"Wait, Bruce, and some time—Oh, don't make me say it," she gasped, "or I shall hate myself!" for in his presence she was feeling the horror of her past experience grow strangely remote, only the dull ache of her memories remained, and to these she clung. They were silent for a moment, then Carrington said:

"Ah! I'm sure you'll be safe here perched on I'll go south into the Choctaw Purchase. I've been thinking of that recently; but I'll find my way back here—don't misunderstand me—I'll not come too soon for even you, Betty. I loved Norton. He was one of my best friends, too," he continued gently. "But you know—and I know—dear, the day will come when no matter where you are I shall find you and not lose you!"

Betty made no answer in words, but a soft and eloquent little hand was slipped into his and allowed to rest there.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Judge Receives a Letter.

After he had parted with Solomon Mahaffy the judge applied himself diligently to shaping that miracle-working document which he was preparing as an offset to whatever risk he ran in meeting Pentress. As sanguine as he was sanguinary he confidently expected to survive the encounter, yet it was well to provide for a possible emergency—had he not his grandson's future to consider? While thus occupied he saw the afternoon stage arrive and depart from before the City Tavern.

Half an hour later Mr. Wesley, the postmaster, came sauntering up the street. In his hand he carried a letter.

"Howdy," he drawled, from just beyond the judge's open door.

The judge glanced up, his quill pen poised aloft.

"Good evening, sir; won't you step inside and be seated?" he asked graciously. His dealings with the United States mail service were of the most insignificant description, and in personally delivering a letter, if this was what had brought him there, he felt Mr. Wesley had reached the limit of official courtesy and despatch.

"Well, sir; it looks like you'd never told us more than two-thirds of the truth!" said the postmaster. He surveyed the judge curiously.

"I am complimented by your opinion of my veracity," responded that gentleman promptly. "I consider two-

said Hannibal with a deep breath, viewing Yancy unmistakably in the flesh.

"Never once. I been floating peacefully along with these here titled friends of mine; but I was some anxious about you, son."

"And Mr. Slosum, Uncle Bob—did you smack him like you smacked Dave Blount that day when he tried to steal me?" asked Hannibal, whose childish sense of justice demanded reparation for the wrongs they had suffered.

Mr. Yancy extended a big right hand, the knuckle of which was skinned and bruised.

"He were the meanest man I ever felt obliged to hit with my fist, Nevvy; it appeared like he had teeth all over his face."

"Sho'—where's his hide, Uncle Bob?" cried the little Cavendishes in an excited chorus. "Sho'—did you forget that?" They themselves had forgotten the unique enterprise to which Mr. Yancy was committed, but the allusion to Slosum had revived their memory of it.

"Well, he begged so piteous to be allowed to keep his hide, I hadn't the heart to strip it off," explained Mr. Yancy pleasantly. "And the winter's comin' on—at this moment I can feel a chill in the air—don't you all reckon he's going to need it to keep the cold out? Sho', you mustn't be bloody-minded!"

"What was it about Mr. Slosum's hide, Uncle Bob?" demanded Hannibal. "What was you a-goin' to do to that?"

"Why, Nevvy, after he beat me up and throwed me in the river, I was some peevish to a spell in my feelings to him," said Yancy in a tone of gentle regret. He glanced at his bruised hand. "But I'm right pleased to be able to say that I've got over all them oncharitable thoughts of mine."

"And you seen the judge, Uncle Bob?" questioned Hannibal.

"Yes, I've seen the judge. We was together to part of a day. Me and him gets on fine?"

"Where is he now, Uncle Bob?"

"I reckon he's back at Belle Plain by this time. You see we left him in Raleigh along after noon to tend to some business he had on hand. I never seen a gentleman of his weight so truly spry on his legs—and all about you, Nevvy; while as to mind! Sho'—why, words flowed out of him as naturally as water out of a branch."

Of Hannibal's relationship to the judge he said nothing. He felt that was a secret to be revealed by the judge himself when he should see fit.

"Uncle Bob, who'm I going to live with now?" questioned Hannibal anxiously.

"That p'int's already come up, Nevvy—him and me's decided that there won't be no friction. You-all will just go on living with him."

"But what about you, Uncle Bob?" cried Hannibal, lifting a wistful little face to Yancy's.

"Oh, me?—well, you-all will go right on living with me."

"And what will come of Mr. Mahaffy?"

"I reckon you-all will go right on living with him, too."

"Uncle Bob, you mean you reckon we all are going to live in one house?"

"I low it will have to be fixed that-a-ways," agreed Yancy.

lurds an enormously high price, to have achieved."

"There is something in that, too," agreed Mr. Wesley. "Who is Colonel Slocum Price Turberville?"

The judge started up from his chair.

"I have that honor," said he, bowing.

"Well, here's a letter come in addressed like that, and as you've been using part of the name I am willing to assume you're legally entitled to the rest of it. It clears up a point that off and on has troubled me considerable. I can only wonder I wa'n't smarter."

"What point, may I ask?"

"Why, about the time you hung out your shingle here, some one wrote a letter to General Jackson. It was mailed after night, and when I seen it in the morning I was clean beat. I couldn't locate the handwriting, and yet I kept that letter back a couple of days and give it all my spare time. It ain't that I'm one of your saying sort—there's nothing of the Yankee about me!"

"Certainly not," agreed the judge.

"Candid, judge. I reckon you wrote that letter, seeing this one comes under a frank from Washington. No, sir—I couldn't make out who was corresponding with the president, and it worried me, not knowing, more than anything I've had to contend against since I came into office. I calculate there ain't a postmaster in the United States takes a more personal interest in the service than me. I've frequently set petrons right when they was in doubt as to the date they had mailed such and such a letter." As Mr. Wesley sometimes canceled as many as three or four stamps in a

and that a quid of tobacco was thrown in anger." Having thus clearly established the fact that he was a more or less national character, Mr. Wesley took himself off.

When he had disappeared from sight down the street, the judge closed the door. Then he picked up the letter. For a long minute he held it in his hand, uncertain, fearful, while his mind slipped back into the past until his inward searching vision ferreted out a handsome soldierly figure—his own.

"That's what Jackson remembers if he remembers anything!" he muttered, as with trembling fingers he broke the seal. Almost instantly a smile overspread his battered features. He hitched his chin higher and squared his ponderous shoulders. "I am not forgotten—no, damn it—no!" he exulted under his breath. "Recalls me with sincere esteem and considers my services to the country as well worthy of recognition—" the judge breathed deep. What would Mahaffy find to say now! Certainly this was well calculated to disturb the sour cynicism of his friend. His bearded eyes brimmed. After all his groping he had touched hands with the realities at last! Even a federal judgeship, though not an office of first repute in the south, had its dignity—it signified something! He would make Solomon his clerk! The judge reached for his hat. Mahaffy must know at once that fortune had mended for them. Why, at that moment he was actually in receipt of an income!

He sat down, the better to enjoy the unique sensation. Taxes were being levied and collected with no other end in view than his stipend—his ardent fancy saw the whole machinery



"I Was Quite Peevish After He Threw Me in the River."

single day he might have been pardoned his pride in a brain which thus lightly dealt with the burden of official business. He surrendered the letter with marked reluctance.

"Your surmise is correct," said the judge with dignity. "I had occasion to write my friend, General Jackson, and unless I am greatly mistaken I have my answer here." And with a fine air of indifference he tossed the letter on the table.

"And do you know Old Hickory?" cried Mr. Wesley.

"Why not? Does it surprise you?" inquired the judge. It was only his innate courtesy which restrained him from kicking the postmaster into the street, so intense was his desire to be rid of him.

"No, I don't know as it does, judge. Naturally a public man like him is in the way of meeting with all sorts. A politician can't afford to be too tame particular. Well, next time you write you might just send him my regards—G. W. M. de L. Wesley's regards—there was considerable contention over my getting this office; I reckon he ain't forgot. There was speeches made, I understand the lie was passed between two United States senators.

of government in operation for his benefit. It was a singular feeling he experienced. Then promptly his spendthrift brain became active. He needed clothes—so did Mahaffy—so did his grandson; they must take a larger house; he would buy himself a man servant; these were pressing necessities as he now viewed them.

Once again he reached for his hat; the desire to rush off to Belle Plain was overmastering.

"I reckon I'd be justified in hiring a conveyance from Pegloe," he thought, but just here he had a saving memory of his unfinished task; that claimed precedence and he resumed his pen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thoughtful Child.

Little Alice was terribly afraid of cats. One day she had been standing on the doorstep for several minutes, looking at a big black tom cat gallivanting on the fence. Finally she rushed into the house, looking very excited, and exclaimed: "Muvver I thought I'd better come in. Dat kitty was just so afraid of me, I felt sorry for it and comed away!"—Woman's Home Companion

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION. NEED ANOTHER APPROPRIATION

Governor Stubbs Officially Announces Thursday, Nov. 28, as Day to Be Generally Observed.

All of the Exterior Work on Memorial Hall to Be Completed At Once.

Thursday, November 28, is Thanksgiving day, so proclaimed by President Taft, and Governor Stubbs has issued a proclamation to that effect to all Kansans. He proclaims it a holiday for the purpose of giving the people an opportunity to attend their places of worship and give thanks. The proclamation follows:

In obedience to a very wholesome national custom, and following the example of the chief magistrate of the nation, I, Walter R. Stubbs, by virtue of the authority vested in me as governor of the state, do hereby designate Thursday, November 28th, Thanksgiving day in Kansas, and proclaim the same to be a holiday of civic obligation for the purpose of giving opportunity to our people to attend their various places of worship and give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of the year.

During the past twelve months we have had a period of great happiness and concord, and with a few local exceptions the people have enjoyed a measure of prosperity and tranquility that ought to inspire the gratitude of every citizen of Kansas who believes that the source of all good is in God.

Issued under my hand and the great seal of the state of Kansas, at my office in the state capitol, in the city of Topeka, this 14th day of November, 1912.

W. R. STUBBS, Governor.

By the Governor: CHARLES SESSIONS, Secretary of State.

By J. T. BOTKIN, Ass't. Secretary of State.

Buck Must Serve His Term.

The supreme court sustains the district court of Kiowa county and holds that G. H. Buck must go to the penitentiary for the murder of his wife by poisoning. At the trial in the lower court Buck was convicted of poisoning his wife by administering cyanide of potassium and hydrocyanic acid. A Greensburg druggist testified that Buck asked him for a prescription for a number of drugs, and that he also requested that the prescription be destroyed. The law requires that prescriptions be filed by the druggists and kept for reference. Buck, according to the druggist, did not want his prescription filed. In the trial it was shown that the drugs purchased were used to disguise the actual poison agent when it was given to Mrs. Buck. Two weeks after her death an autopsy was made and a chemical examination showed the presence of the two poisons in the viscera.

District Judges Meet in January.

The district judges of Kansas will hold their next annual meeting—the sixth—in Topeka, January 27 and 28. These are the dates of the annual meetings of the State Bar association. The sessions are always held at the same time in order that one trip may be made to cover both meetings. The district judges of the whole state are eligible to participation in the meeting and have been invited to attend. It is intended and expected that the coming meeting will be one of the most interesting and most important that has been held.

Responsible For Conduct of Employees.

Under the laws of Kansas the keeper of a hotel is responsible for the comfort and convenience of his guests and the conduct of his employees towards the guests, or the conduct of other guests toward guests. In other words he is responsible for what happens in his hostelry. These points were decided in an opinion handed down by the supreme court recently in the case of Alice Lehnon against the F. J. Hines company, owners of the Mecca hotel at Coffeyville. In the lower court Miss Lehnon recovered \$4,000 damages for indignities and the supreme court says that amount is about right. According to the evidence, Miss Lehnon and a girl friend were in their room asleep, when, at 2 o'clock in the morning they were awakened by the night clerk. They refused to open the door and the evidence shows he broke the lock. The two women screamed for help and the night clerk called an officer and had the two girls arrested. They refused to leave the room until they were dressed, and it is charged the night clerk struck Miss Lehnon in the face several times.

Violate Law Without Selling.

It isn't necessary to serve drinks and collect the money in order to be a partner in the liquor business in Kansas. The supreme court holds in a case from Cloud county that a man who furnishes the money with which liquors are bought and who stores the liquors on his own property and shares in the profits is a partner in the business, even though he is not active in the sales. The court holds that he is just as liable to punishment for violations of the prohibitory law as the partner who transacts the business.

Orr Candidate for Speakership.

James W. Orr, Democratic member of the legislature from Atchison county, is a candidate for the speakership of the House. Mr. Orr served through the last session and was one of the Democratic leaders. He was in Topeka the other day and said: "You may say that I am a candidate and that I will make a fight for the job. It is a little too early to get much of a line on the situation, and I don't know how I will run."

Appoints First Woman Suffragists.

The voters of Kansas gave women the right of suffrage at the recent election and already two women have applied to Prof. L. L. Dyche, state fish and game warden, for commissions as deputy game wardens. "Did I grant the commissions?" said Prof. Dyche. "Certainly I did. I will hand out the commissions as rapidly as they apply providing there are any vacancies. I don't know of any reason now why women should not make good game wardens."

It will take another appropriation from the legislature to complete and furnish Memorial hall.

The commission which met in the office of Governor Stubbs the other day, allowed some bills and let some contracts. It also looked into financial matters to see how far it could go with the remaining money.

It was agreed at this meeting that a cement sidewalk should be built on the west and south sides of the building; that the retaining wall should be completed and that all the exterior of the building should be completed.

There is a great deal of work to be done on the interior before the building is ready for occupancy. In addition to that there must be a good-sized appropriation with which to purchase and install the furnishings.

It is probable that there will be a number of changes in the membership of the commission after the first of the year. The law makes the lieutenant governor and speaker of the house members, and they will both be new men. The governor is a member and Governor Stubbs will retire in January.

Ten Eyck To Iowa Agricultural.

Prof. A. M. TenEyck, who resigned recently as superintendent of Hays Branch Experiment station, has accepted the post of professor of farm crops recently tendered him by Iowa Agricultural college, Ames, Ia., and will take up his new duties immediately. The salary is \$3,000 a year. In Iowa Prof. TenEyck will have charge of the division of farm crops in the college extension department. He will continue the work in part conducted for several years by Prof. P. G. Holden, the famous corn expert who recently resigned. The Hays station will remain in charge of G. K. Holder, assistant superintendent, until a successor for Prof. TenEyck has been found. "I am sorry to leave Kansas," said Prof. TenEyck. "There is something about the state and its people that holds one and which I am told often draws them back again. Perhaps I may return some day, if a place is found for me in which I can be more useful in Kansas than in Iowa."

Kansas Loses An Irrigation Expert.

The loss of J. W. Longstreth, government irrigation expert in western Kansas for several years, will be one of the most keenly felt this section has yet experienced. Mr. Longstreth has resigned from government service and gone to Plainview, Texas, where he will be irrigation expert for a company backed by a millionaire named Pearsons. He will have charge of the reclamation of 60,000 acres of land. Mr. Longstreth made a reputation in this section recently by his work in the waters survey of the Sixth Kansas district, in his report on which he advised the government to reclaim about a fifth of the state by innumerable small dams so placed as to retain the district's natural precipitation. He was also one of the leading advocates of the Cimarron river dam project, one of the largest government dam projects yet considered in the central west.

They Failed to Make Reports of Births.

Two Anthony physicians were fined \$5 and costs for failure to report births. Miss E. R. Kirkpatrick is city clerk of Anthony, and as such is local registrar. Some of her young married friends became parents and she failed to receive official reports. She was interested and called up the physicians, Dr. C. H. Cronk and Dr. H. W. Brownfield. They did not give her any satisfactory reason for their failure to report the births and she had them arrested.