



Ardmore Was Scrutinizing the Jug Critically.

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Mingo Griswold stumble upon intriguers when the governor of North Carolina is reported to have quarreled with his wife. The cause of the quarrel is the governor's daughter, who is reported to have quarreled with her husband. The cause of the quarrel is the governor's daughter, who is reported to have quarreled with her husband. The cause of the quarrel is the governor's daughter, who is reported to have quarreled with her husband.

When they sought a lonely siding to allow a belated passenger train to pass, the conductor brewed coffee and cooked supper, and Ardmore called in the detectives and trainmen. The sense of knowing real people, whose daily occupations were so novel and interesting, touched him afresh with delight. These men said much in few words. One of the detectives chaffed Cooke covertly about some adventure in which they had been jointly associated.

"He's the little joker, all right." "You can't kill him," remarked the detective. "I've seen it tried."

Before the train started the detectives crawled back into their car, and Cooke drew out some blankets, tossed them on a bench for Ardmore, and threw himself down without ado. Ardmore held to his post in the tower, as long as the lookout in a crow's nest. The night air swept more coolly in as they neared the hills, and the train's single brakeman came down as though descending from the sky, rubbed the clinders from his eyes, and returned to his vigil armed with a handful of Ardmore's cigars.

For the greater part of the night they enjoyed a free track, and thumped the rails at a lively clip. Sheerly below and went to sleep. At five o'clock Cooke called him. "We're on the switch at Kildare. One of your men is here waiting for you."

of the earth as a spring water, come with me for a little stroll. The thirty of Dilwell county know the way to these places as city toppers know the way to a bar. We are now in the land of the little brown jug, and while these boys eat breakfast I'll see if the people in this region have changed their habits."

"It was not 200 years as they straggled off into the forest hills, the cheerful little brook that came down straight from the hills. Ardmore had rarely before in his life been abroad as early, and he looked the glow from the eyes in the cheeriest spirit imaginable."

Cooke left for him in the night for seven years. "If he never hesitated, he would stand by me, for he is the little brown jug. Ardmore has been over the back and gathered up a brownish substance that floated on the water, and a little of it in his palm and sniffed it."

"That," said Cooke, holding it to Ardmore's nose, "is the same. That's what they make their liquor of. The still is probably away up yonder on that hillside."

"He crossed the stream on a log, climbed the bank on the opposite shore, and scanned the near landscape for a few minutes. Then he pointed to an old stump over which vines had grown in wild profusion. "If you will walk to that stump, Mr. Ardmore, and feel under the vines on the right-hand side, your fingers will very likely touch something smooth and cool."

Ardmore obeyed instructions. He thrust his hand into the stump as Cooke directed, thrust again a little deeper, and laughed aloud as he drew out a little brown jug.

Cooke nodded approvingly. "We're all right. The revenue men come in here occasionally and smash the stills and arrest a few men, but the little brown jug continues to do business at the same old stand. If you have a dollar handy, slip it under the stump, so they'll know we're not stingy."

Ardmore was scrutinizing the jug critically. "They're all alike," said Cooke, "but that piece of calico is a new one—just a fancy touch for an extra fine article of liquor."

"I'll be shot if I haven't seen that calico before," said Ardmore; and he sat down on a boulder and drew out the stopper, while Cooke watched him with interest.

The bit of twine was indubitably the same that he had unwound before in his room at the Guilford house, and the cob parted in his fingers exactly as before. On a piece of brown paper that had been part of a tobacco wrapper was scrawled:

This ain't your fight, Mr. Ardmore. Where's the governor of North Carolina? "That's a new one on me," laughed Cooke. "You see, they know everything. Mind-reading isn't it with them. They know who we are and what we have come for. What's the point about the governor?"

"Oh, the governor's all right," replied Ardmore carelessly. "He wouldn't bother his head about a little matter like this. The powers reserved to the states by the constitution give a governor plenty of work without acting as policeman of the jungle. That's the reason I said to Gov. Dangerfield, 'Governor,' I said, 'don't worry about this Applegate business. This is heavy on my hands,' I said, 'you stay in Raleigh and uphold the dignity of your office, and I will take care of the trouble in Dilwell.' And you can't understand, Cooke, how his face brightened at my words. Being the brave man he is, you would naturally expect him to come down here in person and seize these scoundrels with his own hands. I had the hardest time of my life to get him to stay at home. It almost broke his heart not to come."

"And as they retraced their steps to the cabin, it was Ardmore who led, stepping briskly along, and bithely swinging the jug."

CHAPTER X.

Prof. Griswold Takes the Field.

Barbara and Griswold stopped at the telegraph office on their way back to the executive mansion, and were met with news that the sheriff of Mingo had refused to receive Griswold's message.

"His private lines of communication with the capital are doubtless well established," said Griswold, "and Bosworth probably warned him, but it isn't of great importance. It's just as well for Applegate and his friends, high and low, to show their hands."

When they were again on the veranda, Griswold lingered for a moment with no valid excuse for delay beyond the loveliness of the night and his keen delight in Barbara's voice and her occasional rowdy laughter, which was so pleasant to hear that he held their talk to a light key, that he might evoke it the more.

"You have done all that could be asked of you, Mr. Griswold, and I cannot permit you to remain longer. Father will certainly be here tomorrow."

"Oh, but your father isn't absent! He is officially present and in the saddle," laughed Griswold. "You must not admit, even to me, that he is not here in full charge of his office. And as for my leaving the field, I have not the slightest intention of going back to Virginia until the Applegate ghost is laid, the governor of North Carolina brought to confusion, and the governor of South Carolina visibly present and thundering his edicts again, so to speak, ex cathedra. My own affairs can wait. Miss Osborne. The joy of having a hand in a little affair like this, and of being able to tell my friend Tommy Ardmore about it afterward, would be sufficient. Ardmore will speak to me again for not inviting him to a share in the game."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"My only desire is to be left alone. I'll never forgive you!" "Now, look here, old man, remember—"

One From the Cashier. The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money." "Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Lo, the Rich Indian. The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by Indians, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

Our Voices. I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerrtypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under those circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to that sternity of blessed harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

Add to Cost of Living. The American Magazine reprints a letter which was sent to the Massachusetts cost of living commission. It goes as follows:

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Thames to burn Cork. "Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was bawlsomely applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

A Medical Compromise. "You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?" "Yes." "What did they say?" "Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?" "No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

The "Country Churchyard." Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles' Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND. If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot and with the optimists agree that trouble's soon forgot. You'll be surprised to find, I guess, how many misfortune's darts, and what constant spheres of happiness, lie hid in human hearts.

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, How soft and warm the lovelight beams When you are growing old.

Home Thought. "It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm?"

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim. "How noble!" "Yes, first thing I knew, a vase of the parrot caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

No Slang for Her. "Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunsiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?" "Eggs," said the young man. "Eggs, the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man. "I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

All Need the Earth. "There is an Antaeus in every one of us and in the whole of us which needs the earth," says Henry Demarest Lloyd in his posthumous book "A Grandmother was spreading before the vision of a beloved child a picture of the beauties of heaven with its garlands of pearl and its pavements of gold. 'What,' said the scornful boy, unacquainted, 'no mud?' There spoke the real philosopher. We are earth-animals, and we need contact with all the aspects of nature, human nature, and other nature. They who feed wholly on white bread and the tenderloin and the sweetness and light of the best people, art for the art's sake, cannot get phosphates enough and soon develop the rickets. The man I heard say he liked to eat with the common people once in a while, the woman you heard say that she thought it was her duty to associate with the middle class, confess the approach of extinction. They are losing touch with the source of all personal and social power."

Had Money in Lump. Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump!" Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Of course, said Mr. Sirtus Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Economy. The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor. "Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say: "By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Hard on the Mare. Twice, as the bus slowly shunted its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overbear us."

"Who?" "The mare. Spake low! Shure, O'm desavin th' creature. Every time she hears th' door close, she thinks you'n yer's is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Where He Was Queer. The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words. "Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently. "Well, tell him to come and white wash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously. "Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?" "Yes, sah, a powerful good white-washer, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass. The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say any thing new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in its place, so that when the glass is in place, the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Fidelity to Parole. Judge Crain of the Court of General Sessions has just held a reception more worthy of note than any held, banquet or other high function of the season. It was held in his courtroom at night. In response to his summons came 117 men and women, some old, some young every one of whom was a victor over some form of temptation; an example of what human faith can do to help human weakness to redeem itself and be strong.

Each of the company had been convicted of some first offense against the law, and each had been permitted to go out on parole of future good behavior. Each had kept the faith. The word was as good as a bond. Those who might have gone down in the struggle had found a way to rise and fight again. They were all able to report good work done and bright prospects ahead.

Time was when no one was trusted on his word save men of high degree. Fidelity to parole was deemed a princely virtue. Perhaps it is. There was nothing in Judge Crain's release to disprove it.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 7.34 per cent from a total of 10.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle and in molecular form, exactly the nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grains. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because the daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics in Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric digestive juice of the stomach, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folk believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.