



Found Nothing But Applegate's Wool Hat.

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble upon intriguers who are reported to have quarreled. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, son-in-law of the governor of North Carolina. These two young ladies are trying to get the shoes of their fathers while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Applegate, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Applegate. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold also takes the field. Frank Collins, Atlanta reporter, is arrested by Ardmore, but released to become press agent for the young millionaire's expedition. Griswold's men capture Bill Applegate. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive outlaw and leads him to Ardmore, her own prisoner.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Little gal, I'm an ole man, and I ain't never done y'u no harm. You house is only a feeble way up thar, and I can't be no more use to y'u. I want t' go home, and if y'u'll help me outie this yere harness—" and he grinned as he viewed his bands in the fuller light of the open road.

Then hoof-beats thumped the soft earth of another of the trails that converged at this point, and Ardmore and Collins flashed out upon Jerry and her captive, amid a wild panic of horses.

Applegate twisted and turned in his saddle but Jerry instantly held up her hand and arrested the inquiries of her deliverers.

"Mr. Ardmore, this gentleman was most rudely set upon by two strangers as he was leaving a church over there somewhere in the woods. I was lost, and as his appearance at the time and place seemed almost providential, I begged him to guide me toward home, which he has most courteously done," and Jerry, to give the proper touch to her explanation, twitched the strap by which she held her prisoner's horse, so that it danced, adding a fresh absurdity to the wobbling figure of its bound rider.

"You are safe!" cried Ardmore in a low tone, to which Jerry nodded carelessly, in a way that directed attention to the more immediate business at hand. He was not at once sure of his cue, but there seemed to be something familiar in the outlines of the man on horseback, and full identification broke upon him now with astounding vividness.

"Jugs," he began, addressing the prisoner smilingly, "dear ole Jugs, to think we should meet again! Since you handed me the jug on the rear end of the train, a few nights ago, I've had no meaning for me, and I'm just as sorry as can be that I gave you the buttermilk. I wouldn't have done such a thing for billions in real money. And now that you have fallen into the excellent hands of Miss Dangerfield—"

"Dangerfield!" screamed the prisoner, lifting himself as high in the saddle as his bonds would permit.

"Certainly," replied Ardmore. "Your rescuer is none other than Miss Geraldine Dangerfield."

"Why, gal," began the outlaw, "ef your pa's the gov'nor of No'th Carolina, him an' me's ole friend."

"Then will you kindly tell me your name?" asked Jerry.

"Allow me to complete the introduction," interrupted Collins, who had hung back in silence. "Unless my eyes deceive me, which is wholly improbable, this is a gentleman whom I once interviewed in the county jail at Raleigh, and he was known at that time as William Applegate, alias Potent."

"You air right," admitted the prisoner without hesitation, and then, addressing Jerry: "Yer pa would be glad to know his darter had helped an ole friend like me, gal. Ye may hev heard him speak o' me."

train at Kildare?" demanded Ardmore. "And why did you send your brother to try to scare me to death at Raleigh?"

"That is not of the slightest importance," interrupted Jerry, gently playing with the tether which held Mr. Applegate; "nor does it matter that papa and this gentleman are friends. If this is indeed the famous outlaw, Mr. William Applegate, then, papa or no papa, friend or no friend, he is a prisoner of the state of North Carolina."

"Pris'ner!" bawled Applegate—"an' you the gov'nor's gal!"

"You have hit the situation exactly," Mr. Applegate; and as far as the office of governor is concerned, it is capably filled by the young gentleman on your left, Mr. Thomas Ardmore. Let us now adjourn to his house, where, if I am not mistaken, a bit of cold fowl is usually to be found on the sideboard at this hour. But hold!"—and Jerry checked her horse—"where can we lodge this gentleman, Mr. Ardmore, until we decide upon his further fate?"

"We might put him in the wine cellar," suggested Ardmore.

"He shall be treated with the greatest consideration," said Jerry, and thereafter, no further adventure befaling them, they reached Ardsley, where their arrival occasioned the greatest excitement.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Meeting of Old Friends.

Habersham's men had proved exceedingly timid when it came to the business of threshing the woods for Applegate, whom they regarded with a new awe, now that he had vanished so mysteriously. They had searched the woods guardedly, but the narrow paths that led away into the dim fastnesses of Ardsley were not without their superstitions. They had awaited for years an opportunity to strike at the Applegate faction; they had at last taken their shot, and had seemingly brought down their bird; but their lack of spirit in retrieving the game had been their undoing. They had only aroused their most formidable enemy, who would undoubtedly lose no time in seeking revenge. They were a dolorous band who, after warily beating the woods, dispersed in the small hours of the morning, having found nothing but Applegate's wool hat, which only added to their mystification.

"We ought to have taken him away on the run," said Habersham bitterly, as he and Griswold discussed the matter on the veranda of the prosecutor's house and watched the coming of the dawn. "I didn't realize that those fellows lived in such mortal terror of the old man; but they refused to make off with him until the last of his friends had got well out of the way. I ought to have had more sense myself than to have expected the old fox to sit tied up like a calf ready for market. We had all his friends accounted for—those that weren't at prayer meeting were marked down somewhere else, and we had a fine lung pretty well round the church. Applegate's deliverance must have come from somewhere inside the Ardmore property. Perhaps the game warden picked him up."

"Perhaps the Indians captured him," suggested Griswold, yawning. "Or maybe some Martian came down on a parachute and hauled him up. Or, as scarlet fever is raging at Mr. Ardmore's castle,"—and his tone was icy—"Applegate was probably seized all of a sudden, and broke away in his delirium. Let's go to bed."

At eight o'clock he and Habersham rode into Turner Court House, and Griswold went at once to the inn to change his clothes. No further steps could be taken until some definite re-

port was received as to Applegate's whereabouts. It had been the most puerile transaction possible, and he was aware that a report of it, which he must wire at once to Miss Barbara Osborne, would not impress that young woman with his capacity or trustworthiness in difficult occasions. The iron that had already entered into his soul drove deeper. He had ordered a fresh horse, and was resolved to return to Mount Nebo church for a personal study of the ground in broad daylight.

As he crossed the musty parlor of the little hotel, to his great astonishment Miss Osborne's black Phoebe, stationed where her eyes ranged the whole lower floor of the inn, drew attention to herself in an elaborate courtesy.

"Miss Barbra wish me t' say she done come beah on business, and she like fo' to see yo' all right away. She done bring hah saddle, and war a-gwine ridin' twell you come back. She's a-gettin' ready, and I'll go tell hah you done come. She got a heap o' trouble, thet young missis, so she hev," and the black woman's pursed lips seemed to imply that Prof. Griswold was in some measure responsible for Miss Osborne's difficulties.

As he started out into the street a negro brought a horse bearing a better saddle than Mingo county had ever boasted, and hitched it near the horse he had secured for himself. An instant later he heard a quick step above, and Miss Osborne, sedately followed by the black woman, came downstairs. She smiled and greeted him cordially, but there was trouble in her brown eyes.

"I didn't warn you of my coming. I didn't want to be a nuisance to you; there's a new—a most unaccountable perplexity. It doesn't seem right to burden you with it—you have already been so kind about helping me; but I dare not turn to our oldest friends—I have been afraid to trust father's friends at all since Mr. Bosworth acted so traitorously."

"My time is entirely at your service, Miss Osborne; but I have a shameful report to make of myself. I must tell you how miserably I have failed, before you trust me any further. We—that is to say, the prosecuting attorney of this county and a party he got together of Applegate's enemies—caught the outlaw last night—took him with the greatest ease—but he got away from us! It was all my fault, and I'm deeply disgusted with myself!"

He described the capture and the subsequent mysterious disappearance of Applegate, and confessed the obvious necessity for great caution in further attempts to take the outlaw, now that he was on guard. Barbara laughed reassuringly at the end of the story.

"Those men must have felt funny when they went back to get the prisoner and found that he had gone up into the air. But there's a new feature of the case that's more serious than the loss of this man—" and the trouble again possessed her eyes. She drew from her purse a cutting from a newspaper and handed it to him.

"That's from last night's Columbia Vidette, which is very hostile to my father."

He was already running over the heavenly ledgers that set forth without equivocation the fact that Gov. Osborne had not been in Columbia since he went to New Orleans. It scouted the story that he was abroad in the state on official business connected with the Applegate case—the yarn which Griswold had forced upon the friendly reporter at the telegraph office in Columbia. The governor of a state, the Vidette went on to elaborate, could not vanish without leaving some trace of himself, and a Vidette representative had traced the steps of Gov. Osborne from New Orleans until he had again entered South Carolina under cover of night and for purposes which, for the honor of the state, the Vidette hesitated to disclose.

The writer of the article had exhausted the possibilities of gentle suggestion and vague innuendo in an effort to create an impression of mystery and to pique curiosity as to further developments, which were promised at any hour. Griswold's wrath was aroused, not so much against the newspaper, which he assumed had some fire for its smothered trifle of smoke, but against the governor of South Carolina himself, who was causing the finest and noblest girl in the world infinite anxiety and pain.

"The thing is preposterous," he said lightly. "The idea that your father would attempt to enter his own state surreptitiously is inconceivable in these days when public men are denied all privacy, and when it's any man's right to deceive the press if he finds it essential to his own comfort and peace; but the intimation that your father is in South Carolina for any dishonorable purpose is preposterous. One thing, however, is certain, Miss Osborne, and that is that we must produce your father at the earliest possible moment."

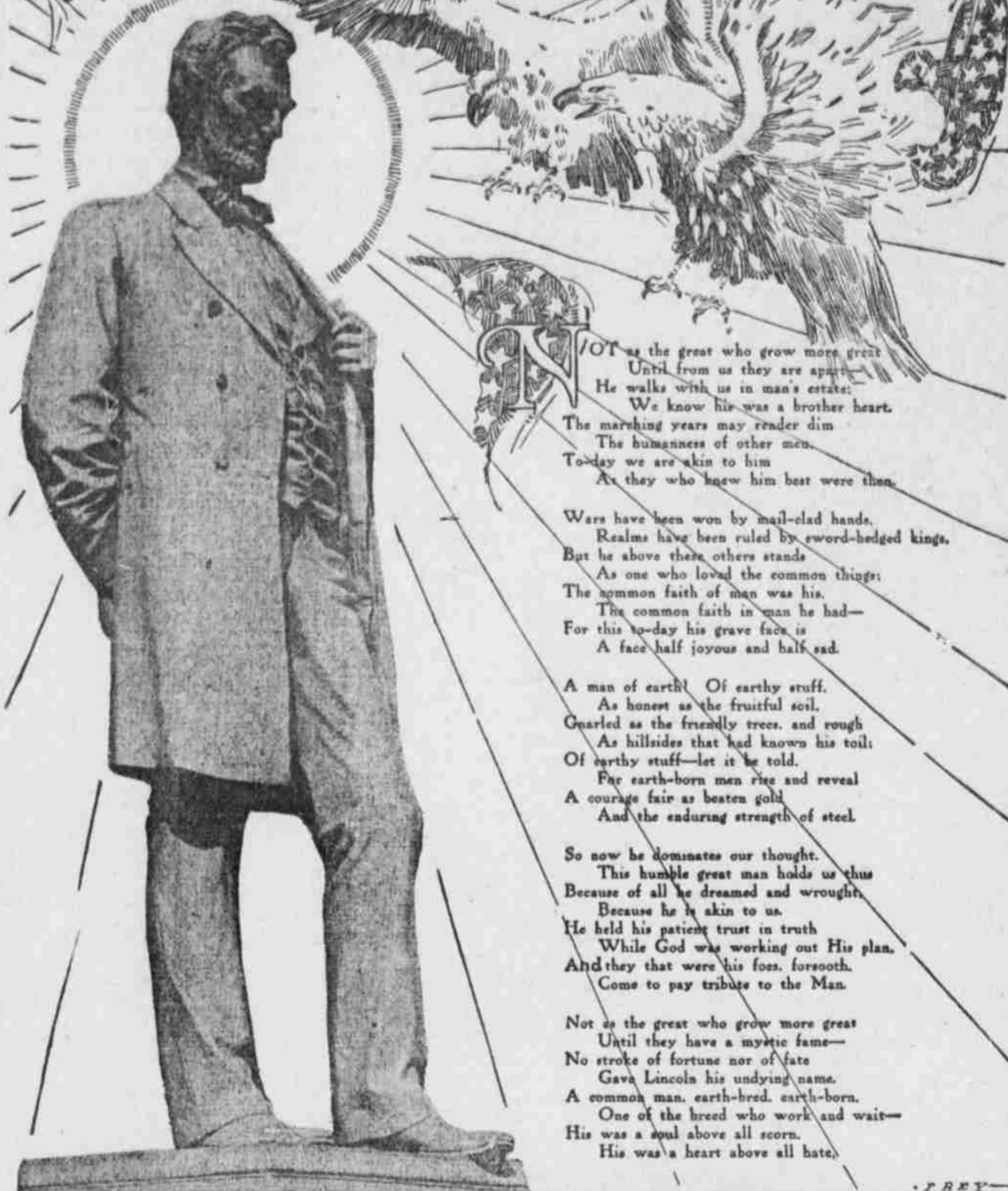
"But"—and Barbara hesitated, and her eyes, near tears as they were, wrought great havoc in Griswold's soul—"but father must not be found until this Applegate matter is settled. You understand without making me speak the words—that he might not exactly view the matter as we do."

It was a painful subject; and the fact that she was driven by sheer force of circumstances to appeal to him, a stranger, to aid her to perform a public service in her father's name, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

"My father, at the death of his fa-

The Man LINCOLN

By Wilbur D. Nesbit



NOT as the great who grow more great
Until from us they are apart
He walks with us in man's estate;
We know his was a brother heart.
The marching years may render dim
The humanness of other men.
Today we are akin to him
As they who knew him best were then.

Wars have been won by mail-clad hands,
Realms have been ruled by sword-hedged kings,
But he above these others stands
As one who loved the common things;
The common faith of man was his.
The common faith in man he had—
For this today his grave face is
A face half joyous and half sad.

A man of earth! Of earthy stuff,
As honest as the fruitful soil,
Gardled as the friendly tree, and rough
As hillsides that had known his toil.
Of earthy stuff—let it be told,
For earth-born men rise and reveal
A courage fair as beaten gold
And the enduring strength of steel.

So now he dominates our thought,
This humble great man holds us thus
Because of all he dreamed and wrought,
Because he is akin to us.
He held his patient trust in truth
While God was working out His plan,
And they that were his foes, forsooth,
Come to pay tribute to the Man.

Not as the great who grow more great
Until they have a myopic fame—
No stroke of fortune nor of fate
Gave Lincoln his undying name.
A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,
One of the breed who work and wait—
His was a soul above all scorn,
His was a heart above all hate.

Hurt by Ellsworth's Death

FROM the president's room in the White House you can see prominent objects in Alexandria, six miles down the Potomac. The one prominent object which then for days attracted and offended the patriot's eye from those windows was the rebel flag floating from the staff on the roof of the hotel in that city, as if in defiance of the national capitol, a few miles away. President Lincoln's young neighbor of Springfield, Ill., Elmer E. Ellsworth, mounted alone to the roof, cut it down, and was himself killed by the rebel owner as he descended the staircase.

"I called on the president just after that occurrence," wrote John A. Kasson, "and congratulated him, as I stood by the window, on the improved view down the Potomac, where, instead of the confederate, the union flag now floated. I was taken aback by Mr. Lincoln's joyous response. 'Yes, but it was at a terrible cost!' and the tears rushed into his eyes as he said it. It was his first personal realization of what the war meant. His tender respect for human life had received its first wound."

He did not foresee the hundreds of thousands who were to fall before the great strife would be ended. He afterward learned to bear the loss of thousands in battle more bravely than he bore the loss of this one in the beginning of the contest. But in the ranged light, was always hard for him as so often shown in his action upon the judgment of courts martial.

After the repulse of Fredericksburg he is reported to have said: "If there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him."

In the "Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln" it is related that during the war a lady belonging to a prominent Kentucky family visited Washington to beg for her son's pardon, who was then in prison under sentence of death for belonging to a band of guerrillas who had committed many murders and outrages. With the mother was her daughter, a beautiful young lady, who was an accomplished musician. Mr. Lincoln received the visitors in his usual kindly manner and the mother made known the object of her visit.

There were probably extenuating circumstances in favor of the rebel prisoner, and while the president seemed to be deeply pondering the young lady moved to the piano near by, and, taking a seat, commenced to sing "Gentle Annie," a sweet and pathetic ballad, which before the war was a familiar song in almost every household in the union, and is not yet en-

tirely forgotten, for that matter. It is to be presumed that the young lady sang the song with more plaintiveness and more effect than Old Abe had ever heard it in Springfield.

During the song he arose from his seat, crossed the room to a window in the westward, through which he gazed for several minutes with that "sad, far away look" which has so often been noted as one of his peculiarities. His memory, no doubt, went back to the days of his humble life on the banks of the Sangamon, and with visions of old Salem and its rustic store came a picture of the "Gentle Annie" of his youth, whose ashes had rested for many long years under the wild flowers and brambles of the old rural burying-ground, but whose spirit then, perhaps, guided him to the side of mercy. Then wiping his eyes, he advanced quickly to the desk, wrote a brief note, which he handed to the lady, and informed her that it was the pardon she sought.

Not His Kind of Religion.
I am not much of a judge of religion, but, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because as they think the government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven. —Memorandum, Dec. 3, 1864.

LINCOLN'S HISTORY OF HIS LIFE

IT IS of especial interest to read this brief sketch of his life which Mr. Lincoln himself wrote for publication when he was pitted against Stephen A. Douglas, for Senator in Illinois in 1858.

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Harding county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of distinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

"Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was 22. At 21 I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

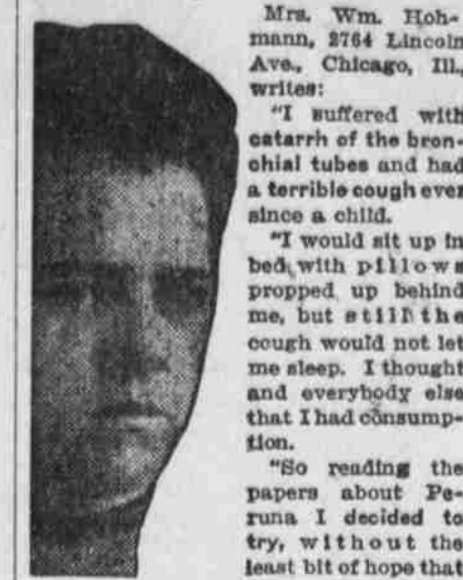
Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was selected as captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was wounded, ran for the legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next year I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it.

"In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral ticket, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am in height six feet four inches nearly, lean in flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds, dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brand recollected. Yours very truly, "A. LINCOLN."

HAD THROAT TROUBLE SINCE CHILDHOOD

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Mrs. Wm. Hohmann, 2764 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered with catarrh of the bronchial tubes and had a terrible cough ever since a child. 'I would sit up in bed, with pillows propped up behind me, but still the cough would not let me sleep. I thought and everybody else that I had consumption. 'So reading the papers about Peruna I decided to try, without the least bit of hope that it would do me any good. But after taking three bottles I noticed a change. My appetite got better, so I kept on, never discouraged. Finally I seemed not to cough so much and the pains in my chest got better and I could rest at night. 'I am well now and cured of a chronic cough and sore throat. I cannot tell you how grateful I am, and I cannot thank Peruna enough. It has cured where doctors have failed and I talk Peruna wherever I go, recommend it to everybody. People who think they have consumption better give it a trial."

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Do not be discouraged, if suffering from Piles. Trask's Ointment brings relief in most cases and cures many. Ask your druggist, convince yourself.

What a deal of grief, and care, and other harmful excitement does a healthy dullness and cheerful insensibility avoid.—Thackeray.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Press the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Afraid of Disfigurement.
She—Aren't you going to ask papa tonight, George?
He—No, dear. I think I'd better not. I want to have my picture taken tomorrow.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Selfish View.
"Do you want cheaper postage?"
"I don't know," replied the man who considers only his own interests. "I don't write many letters myself, and I don't see why I should be eager to make it easier for the men who send me bills."

As It Appeared in Print.
Senator Newlands of Nevada was soaring in debate one day, soaring so high he "hit the ceiling." He realized he was getting a trifle flowery and to excuse himself said: "Indeed, Mr. President, perforce oratory may be pardoned, for this subject furnishes all the food eloquence needs."
"That sounded pretty good to Mr. Newlands," but he was a bit abashed when he read in the Congressional Record next day that he asserted his topic "furnished all the food elephants need."

Digging Spruce Gum.
There will be a crusade in spruce gum digging in the Maine woods this winter. About twenty men will leave Skowhegan within a short time to begin gum digging operations near Jackman. Gum has grown scarce in the last few years and the demand is so great that it has become a business to many Maine men. Last year James Carey, Frank Croning and Joe Cass dug 1,300 pounds and sold it all in Maine. It is estimated that from 50,000 to 100,000 pounds will be dug this season.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

RESULTS OF FOOD.
Health and Natural Conditions Come From Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over 40 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation, and its attendant evils. 'I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result. 'It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are a genuine, true, and full of human interest.