

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALKERS

him by Barbara Osborne, and to wait until later for an accounting with his unaccountable friend.

Arrived at Turner's, Griswold strode at once toward the courtroom. The contemptuous rejection of his message by the sheriff of Mingo had angered Griswold, but he was destined to feel even more poignant indignation when, entering the sheriff's office, a deputy, languidly posed as a letter "W" in a swivel-chair, with his feet on the mantel, took a cob pipe from his mouth and lazily answered Griswold's importunate query with:

"The sheriff ain't here, seh. He's a-bout his folks in Tennessee."

"When will he be back?" demanded Griswold, hot of heart, but maintaining the icy tone that had made him so formidable in cross-examination.

"I reckon I don't know, seh."

"Do you know your own name?" persisted Griswold sweetly.

"Go to hell, seh," replied the deputy. He reached for a match, relighted his pipe, and carefully crossed his feet on the mantel-shelf. The moment Griswold's steps died away in the outer corridor the deputy rose and busied himself as industriously with the telephone that within an hour all through the Mingo hills, and even beyond the state line, along lonely trails, across hills and through valleys, and beside cherry creeks and brooks, it was known that a strange man from Columbia was in Mingo county looking for the sheriff, and Appleweight, alias Potser, and his men were everywhere on guard.

Griswold liked the prosecuting attorney on sight. His name was Hebe- sham, and he was a youngster with a clear and steady gray eye. Instead of the southern statesman's bowing Prince Albert, he wore a sack-coat of gray jeans, and was otherwise distinguished by a shirt of white and blue check. He glanced at Griswold bent a puzzled look upon him.

"I took your courses at the uni-

been vicious. Suppose all these people were arrested in Mingo county under these indictments, what would be the result—trial and acquittal?"

"Just that, in spite of any effort made to convict them."

"Well, Gov. Osborne is tired of this business and wants the Appleweight scandal disposed of once and for all."

"That's strange," remarked Hebe- sham, clearly surprised at Griswold's vigorous tone. "I called on the governor in his office at Columbia only ten days ago, and he put me off. He said he had to prepare an address to deliver before the South Carolina Political Reform Association, and he couldn't take up the Appleweight case; and I called on hisworth, the attorney general, and he was furiously angry, and said I was guilty of the gravest malfeasance in not having brought these men to book long ago. When I suggested that he connive with the governor toward removing our sheriff, he declared that the governor was a coward. He seemed anxious to put the governor in a hole, though why he should take that attitude I can't make out, as it has been generally understood that Gov. Osborne's personal friendliness for him secured his nomination and election to the attorney generalship, and I have heard that he is engaged to the governor's oldest daughter."

"His a contemptible hound," retorted Griswold with feeling, "and at the proper time we shall deal with him; but it is of more importance just now to make Appleweight a prisoner in North Carolina. If he's arrested over there, that lets us out; and if the North Carolina authorities won't arrest their own criminals we'll go over to Illinois county and show them how to be good. This man's got to be locked up and held until much better in a North Carolina jail, under all the circumstances."

"That's good in theory, but how do you justify it in fact?"

"Oh, that's the merest matter of fact," said Hebe- sham. "My dear Hebe- sham, all the usual processes of law go down before emergency."

The witness of Griswold's tone raised the prosecuting attorney on sight. His name was Hebe- sham, and he was a youngster with a clear and steady gray eye. Instead of the southern statesman's bowing Prince Albert, he wore a sack-coat of gray jeans, and was otherwise distinguished by a shirt of white and blue check. He glanced at Griswold bent a puzzled look upon him.

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He was more buoyant than she had seen him, and she liked the note of affection that crept into his tone as he spoke of his friend.

"Arden is the most remarkable person alive," Griswold continued. "You remember—I spoke of him this morning. His illness to play the impossible part, and he carries it off pretty well; but underneath he's really clever. The most amazing idea that held of him. You never could imagine what he's doing now! I met him accidentally in Atlanta the other day, and he was in pursuit of a face—a girl's face that he had seen from a car window for only an instant on a siding somewhere. He declared to me most solemnly that the girl winked at him!"

Griswold was aware that Miss Osborne's interest in Arden cooled perceptibly.

"Oh!" she said, with that delightful intonation with which a woman utterly extinguishes a matter.

"I shouldn't have told you that," said Griswold, guiltily aware of falling temperature. "He is capable of following a winding eye at a perfectly respectful distance for a hundred years, and of being entertained all the time by the joy of pursuit."

"It seems very unusual," said Barbara, with cold finality.

Griswold remembered this talk as, the next day, aboard the train bound for Turner Court House, the seat of Mingo county, South Carolina, he pondered a telegram he had received from Arden. He read and re-read this message, chewing cigars and scowling at the landscape, and the cause of his perturbation of spirit may be roughly summarized in these words:

On leaving the executive mansion the night before, he had studied maps in his room at the Saluda house, and carefully planned his campaign. He had talked by telephone with the prosecuting attorney of Mingo county, and found that official politely responsive. So much had gone well. Then the juxtaposition of Arden's estate to the border, and the possible use of the house as headquarters, struck in upon him. He would, after all, generously take Arden into the game, and they would uphold the honor and dignity of the great commonwealth of South Carolina together. The keys of all Arden's houses were, so to speak, in Griswold's pocket, and invitations were unnecessary between them; yet, at Atlanta Arden had made a point of asking Griswold down to help while away the tedium of Mrs. Atchison's house party, and as a matter of form Griswold wired from Columbia, advising Arden of his unexpected descent.

Even in case Arden should still be abroad in pursuit of the winking eye, the doors of the huge house would be open to Griswold, who had entered there so often as the owner's familiar friend. These things he pondered deeply as he read and re-read Arden's reply to his message, a reply which was plainly enough dated at Ardsley, but which, he could not know, had really been written in caboose 0186 as it lay on a siding in the southeastern yards at Raleigh, and thence dispatched to the manager at Ardsley, with instructions to forward it as a new message to Griswold at Columbia. The chilling words thus flung at him were:

Prof. Henry Maine Griswold, Saluda House, Columbia, S. C.:

I am very sorry, old man, but I can't take you in just now. Scarlet fever is epidemic among my tenants, and I could not think of exposing you to danger. As soon as the epidemic plague passes I want to have you down.

An epidemic that closed the gates of Ardsley would assume the proportions of a national disaster; for even if the great house itself were quarantined, there were lodges and bungalows scattered over the domain, where a host of guests could be entertained in comfort. Griswold reflected that the very fact that he had wired from Columbia must have intimated to Arden that his friend was flying toward him, pursuant to the Atlanta intimation. Griswold dismissed a thousand speculations as unworthy. Arden more had never shown the remotest trace of snobbishness, and as far as the threatened house party was concerned, Griswold knew Mrs. Atchison very well, and had been entertained at her New York house.

The patronizing tone of the thing caused Griswold to flush at every reading. If the Ardsley date line had not been so plainly written; if the phraseology were not so characteristic, there might be room for doubt; but Arden—Arden, of all men, had slapped him in the face!

But scarlet fever or no scarlet fever, the pursuit of Appleweight had precedence of private grievances. By the time he reached Turner Court House Griswold had dismissed the ungraciousness of Arden, and his jaws were set with a determination to perform the mission entrusted to

him by Barbara Osborne, and to wait until later for an accounting with his unaccountable friend.

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"I took your courses at the uni-

versity two years ago, professor, and I remember distinctly that you always wore a red cravat to your Wednesday lectures."

"You have done well," replied Griswold, "for I never expected to find an old student who remembered half as much of me as that. Now, as I understood you over the telephone, Appleweight was indicted for stealing a ham in this county by the last grand jury, but the sheriff has failed or refused to make the arrest. How did the grand jury come to indict if this outlaw dominates all the hill country?"

"The grand jury wanted to make a showing of virtue, and it was, of course, understood between the foreman, the leader of the gang, and the sheriff that no warrant could be served on Appleweight. I did my duty; the grand jury's act was exemplary; and there the wheels of justice are blocked. The same thing is practically true across the state line in Dilwell county, North Carolina. These men, led by Appleweight, use their intimate knowledge of the country to elude pursuers when at times the revenue men undertake a raid, and the county authorities have never seriously molested them. Now and then one of these sheriffs will make a feat of going out to look for Appleweight, but you may be sure that due notice is given before he starts. Three revenue officers have lately been killed while looking for these men, and the government is likely to take vigorous action before long."

"We may as well be frank," said Griswold in his most professional voice. "I don't want the federal authorities to take these men; it is important that they should not do so. This is an affair between the governors of the two Carolinas. It has been said that neither of them dares press the matter of arrest, but I am here in Gov. Osborne's behalf to give the lie to that imputation. Gov. Osborne has

never hear much of their enemies, who are, nevertheless, of the same general stock, and equally determined when aroused. Ten of these men I have quietly called to meet at my farm out here a few miles from town, on Thursday night. They come from different points over the country, and we'll have a small but grim posse that will be ready for business. You may not know it, but the Appleweights are most religious. Appleweight himself boasts that he never misses church on Sunday. He goes also to the mid-week service on Thursday night, so I have learned, and thereby hangs our opportunity. Mount Nobis church lies off here toward the north. It's a lone point in itself, though it's the spiritual center and rendezvous for a wide area. If Appleweight can be taken at all, that's the place, and I'm willing to make the trial. Whether to stampede the church and make a fight, or seize him alone as he approaches the place, is a question for discussion with the boys I have engaged to go into the game. How does it strike you?"

"First rate. Ten good men ought to be enough; but if it comes down to numbers, the state militia can be brought into use. The South Carolina National Guard is in camp, and we can have a regiment quick enough, if I ask it."

Habersham whistled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman as Bank Officer.

Both the paying and the receiving tellers in the Maiden Lane Savings bank of New York are young women. In a circular recently issued the officials of the bank commended these two women for their efficiency, accuracy and the general excellence of their work. Since they have been in office no shortage of cash has been found, and they readily detect discrepancies in signatures and are invariably punctual and courteous to patrons of the bank.



COMING HIS WAY.

"What luck, my boy?"

"Oh! pretty fair. I got six winders, two lamp posts and one silk hat already."

BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a can of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura."

"I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. I think Cuticura is a great remedy and would advise any one to use it. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes."

(Signed) Mrs. F. E. Harmon, R. P. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910.

The Primitive Man.

"Jones is so dreadfully primitive."

"What's his latest?"

"Why, we were at the opera house the other night and a stage hand removed a table and Jones yelled 'Sup! sup!' We were dreadfully mortified."

"I was at a dinner the other night and Jones sat next to me. When he saw the row of spoons and forks and knives beside his plate he beckoned to the waiter. 'Say, boy,' he hoarsely muttered, 'I guess you spilled the spoon holder!'"

"Well, it's lucky he's rich."

"Ain't it?"

We're All Her Friends.

A pretty story of Miss Ellen Terry and a gallant young playwright has gone the rounds of the Players' club.

Miss Terry attended in New York the first night of this playwright's latest work and at the end of the third act he was presented to her.

She congratulated him warmly.

"It is very good," she said. "Your play is very good, indeed, and I shall send all my American friends to see it."

"In that case," said the playwright, with a very low and courtly bow, "my little piece will sell 50,000,000 tickets."

Life's Varied Interests.

"The weather's rather bad, isn't it?" said the young woman.

"Yes," replied the nonchalant youth. "Lucky thing it is. Help conversation. It would be a deadly bore to go on for ever saying 'It's a pleasant day.'"

The Limit.

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble! Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—St. Louis Star.

His Rusty Fashion.

The young man waited for the millionaire's reply.

"I don't blame you for wanting to marry my daughter," said the latter. "And now how much do you suppose you and she can worry along on?"

"The youth brightened up."

"I think," he cheerfully stammered, "that \$200,000 well invested, would produce a sufficient income."

The millionaire turned back to his papers.

"Very well," he said, "I will give you \$100,000, providing you raise a similar amount."

And the young man went away sorrowing.

Breaking It Gently.

Callahan was stopped on the street by Father Clancy. The good priest's countenance took on a sad expression.

"What's this, I hear, Callahan," asked he, "about your breaking Hogan's head last night? And the two of you friends for years?"

Callahan seemed somewhat taken back. "Sure, I was compelled to do it, your reverence," he explained apologetically, "but out of consideration for that same friendliness, I broke it gently, your reverence."—Lippincott's.

No Such Luck.

Wilson—Do you keep a second girl? Blison—No; you can't keep the forty-third.—Harper's Bazar.

On the Ties.

First Theoplan—Walking home? Second Theoplan—Yes, the railroad cars are insufficiently heated.

Quick as Wink.

If your eyes ache with a smarting, burning sensation use PEPPIE'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

It is Right to be Contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

—Sir James Mackintosh.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of infancy.

It would be easier to see good in others if we didn't have so many faults of our own.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without tipping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

MUNYON'S

EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE

We sweep away all doctor's charges. We put the best medical talent within everybody's reach. We encourage everyone who ails or thinks he ails to find out exactly what his state of health is. You can get our remedies here, at your drug store, or not at all, as you prefer; there is positively no charge for examination. Professor Munyon has prepared specifics for nearly every disease, which are sent prepaid on receipt of price, and sold by all druggists.

Send to-day for a copy of our medical examination blank and Guide to Health, which we will mail you promptly, and if you will answer all the questions, returning blank to us, our doctors will carefully diagnose your case and advise you fully, without a penny charge.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Shoveling and Shaking

Does it seem as though you were always shoveling and shaking? That when not throwing coal on your fire you are either shaking it down or else sifting ashes?

These are the ordinary back-breaking conditions attending the use of coal—the ordinary fuel. To free yourself from further coal slavery

BUY MILWAUKEE Solvay Coke

"The Fuel without a Fault"

Solvay Coke is light in weight—lasts longer and goes farther than hard coal—a healthful, smokeless fuel. Burns up clean—no ashes to shake or sift.

Solvay Coke is different from, and superior to, ordinary gas-house coke—is made by the patented Solvay process—practically pure carbon—the heat element of coal.

There's nothing so good for heating and cooking. It can be used in any furnace, range, stove or grate suitable for coal.

2,000 dealers in the Northwest sell Milwaukee Solvay Coke—all sizes—ask your dealer, and write for interesting booklet of coke information to

PIOKANDS, BROWN & COMPANY
Calby-Abbot Building - - Milwaukee, Wisconsin

REALLY OPENED THEIR EYES

Parliamentary Remark, However, Left Young Minister Somewhat In the Dark.

Rev. Henry R. Rose in the Newark Star tells the story of a young minister who had recently taken charge of a small parish in Vermont. He aspired to greater things and a large field, and in the hope that his reputation would travel beyond the limits of the village to which he had been sent he threw into his sermons all the force and eloquence at his command. He was, however, totally unprepared for what was intended for a compliment, but which was put to him in such a way that it left him in doubt as to the real impression he had made. One Sunday morning, after an especially brilliant effort, he was greeted by an old lady, who was one of the most faithful attendants at all services. Approaching the young minister, she said: "Ah, sir, we do enjoy your sermons so much, they are so instructive. Do you believe it, we never knew what sin was until you came to the parish."

A Discouraging View.

"We must investigate this affair," said the rural official.

"What's the use?" responded Farmer Cortnessel. "I never saw an investigation that changed anybody's personal likes and dislikes."

A Sounding Name.

"Who is that girl in furs who seems to be the big scream?"

"She? Oh, she's our sleigh belle."

IDENTIFIED.

Stranger—My lad, I'm looking for a Mr. John Smith—

Kid—I'm Mr. John Smith.

His Specialty.

"What has become of young Mr. D'Auber, who showed such signs of talent in drawing? Has he made a success?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He's got all the work he can do now."

"Magazine or studio work?"

"He draws the maltese cross showing where the body was found, in the evening papers."—Cleveland Leader.

The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unostentatious I am, the more I will respect and rely upon myself.—Charlotte Bronte.

To add a library to a house is to give that house a soul.—Cicero.

Now About Clean Food

Another Splendid Opportunity to Bring Out Facts

When the "Weekly" which sued us for libel (because we publicly denounced them for an editorial attack on our claims) was searching for some "weak spot," they thought best to send a N. Y. Atty. to Battle Creek, summoned 25 of our workmen and took their sworn statements before a Commissioner.

Did we object? No. On the contrary, we helped all we could, for the opportunity was too good to be lost.

Geo. Haines testified he inspected the wheat and barley, also floors and every part of the factories to know things were kept clean. That every 30 minutes a sample of the products was taken and inspected to keep the food up to standard and keep out any impurities, also that it is the duty of every man in the factories to see that anything not right is immediately reported. Has been with the Co. 10 years.

Edward Young testified had been with Co. 15 years. Inspector, he and his men examined every sack and car of wheat and barley to see they were up to standard and rejected many cars.

H. E. Durt, Supt., testified has been with Co. over 13 years. Bought only the best grain obtainable. That the Co. kept a corps of men who do nothing but keep things clean, bright and polished.

Testified that no ingredient went into Grape-Nuts and Postum except those printed in the advertising. No possibility of any foreign things getting into the foods as most of the machinery is kept closed. Asked if the factory is open to the public, said "yes" and "it took from two to three grades constantly to show visitors through the works." Said none of the processes were carried on behind closed doors.

At this point atty. for the "Weekly" tried to show the water used was from some outside source. Testified the water came from Co.'s own artesian wells and was pure.

He testified the workmen were first-class, high-grade and inspected by the Co.'s physician to be sure they were all in proper physical condition; also testified that state reports showed that Co. pays better wages than the average and he thought higher than any in the state.

F. B. Martin, Asst. Supt., testified Grape-Nuts made of wheat, barley, yeast and water. Anything else? "No, sir." Postum made of Wheat Bran and New Orleans Molasses. Statements made on his experience of about 10 years with Co.

Testified bakers are required to wear fresh white suits, changed every other day. Said had never known any of the products being sent out that were below the high standard of inspection. Asked if any one connected with the Postum Co. had instructed him how to testify. Said, "No, sir."

Horace Brown testified has been with Co. 9 years. Worked in Grape-Nuts bake shop. Testified the whole of the flour is composed of Wheat and Barley. Atty. tried to catch him, but he insisted that any casual visitor could see that nothing else went into the flour. Said machinery and floors always kept clean.

So these men were examined by the "Weekly" lawyers hoping to find at least one who would say that some under-grade grain was put in or some unclean condition was found somewhere.

But it was no use.

Each and every man testified to the purity and cleanliness.

As a sample, take the testimony of Luther W. Dyer.

Testified been with Company about 10 years. Now working in the bakery department making Grape-Nuts. Testified that the ovens and floors are kept clear and the raw products as they go in are kept clean. Also that the wearing apparel of the employes has to be changed three times a week.

Q. Do you use Postum or Grape-Nuts yourself at all?

A. Yes, I use them at home.

Q. If from your knowledge of the factory which you have gained in your ten years at the factory you believed that they were dirty or impure in any way, would you use them?

A. I do not think I would. No.

Asked if any one on behalf of the Company had asked him to testify in any particular manner. Stated "No."

All these sworn depositions were carefully excluded from the testimony at the trial, for they wouldn't sound well for the "Weekly."

Think of the fact that every man swore to the purity and cleanliness so that the Atty. for the "Weekly" was forced to say in open court that the food was pure and good.

What a disappointment for the "Weekly!" But the testimony showed:

All of the grain used in Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post Toasties is the highest standard possible to obtain.

All parts of the factory are kept scrupulously clean.

None of the workmen had been told how to testify.

Most of them have been from 10 to 15 years with the Co. and use the products on their tables at home.

Why do their families use the products, Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post Toasties, that they, themselves, make?

"There's a Reason"

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