

The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold attempt upon the day of the governors of North and South Carolina to report to have quarrelled. Griswold allied himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of North Carolina, while Ardmore espoused the cause of Governor of North Carolina. These two young ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers who the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over an Appleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosopite Appleweight. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold also takes the field. Frank Osborne, Atlanta reporter, is arrested by Ardmore, but released to become press agent for the young millionaire's expedition. Griswold's men capture Bill Appleweight. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive outlaw and leads him to Ardley, her own prisoner. Griswold is obliged to report the loss, very mysterious to him, to Barbara Osborne.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The messages were composed by their joint efforts at the station, with not so much haste but that an associate professor of admiralty, 29 years old, could defer to the most trifling matters to the superior literary taste of a girl of 20, whose brown eyes were very pleasant to meet in moments of uncertainty and appeal.

He signed the messages Charles Osborne, governor, with a flourish indicative of the increased confidence and daring which Miss Osborne's arrival had brought to the situation.

"And now," said Griswold, as they rode through the meager streets of Turner's, "we will go to Mount Nebo church and see what we can learn of Appleweight's disappearance."

"The North Carolina papers are making a great deal of Governor Dangerfield's activity in trying to put down outlawry on the border," said Barbara. "Marked copies of the newspapers are pouring into papa's office. I can but hold Mr. Bosworth responsible for that. We may count upon it that he will do all in his power to annoy us"—and then, as Griswold looked at her quickly, he was aware that she had colored and averted her eyes; and while, as a lawyer, he was aware that words of two letters might be provocative of endless litigation of the bitterest sort, he could never know before that "us" in itself the homeliest of words, could cause so sweet a distress.

"We are quite near the estate of your friend, Mr. Ardmore, aren't we?" asked Barbara presently.

"I fancy we are," replied Griswold, but with a tone so coldly at variance with his previous cordial references to the master of Ardley that Barbara looked at him inquiringly.

"I'm sorry that I should have given you the impression, Miss Osborne, that Mr. Ardmore and I are friends, as I undoubtedly did at Columbia. He has, for some unaccountable reason, cut my acquaintance in a manner so unlike him that I do not pretend to explain it; nor, I may add, is it of the least importance. He had, only a few days ago, invited me to visit him, though I had been to his house so often that the obscurest servant knew that I was privileged even beyond the members of Mr. Ardmore's own family in my freedom of the place. When I saw that his house would be a convenient point from which to study the Appleweight situation, I wired him that I was on the way, and to my utter amazement he replied that he could not entertain me—that scarlet fever was epidemic on the estate—on those almost uncounted acres!"

And with a gulp and a mist in his eyes, Griswold drew rein and pointed, from a hill that had now borne them to a considerable height, toward Ardley itself, dramatically banking in the bright morning sunlight within its cincture of hills, meadows and forest.

He knew the ways of Ardley thoroughly; better, in fact, than its owner ever had in old times; but in his anger at Ardmore he would not set foot on the estate if he could possibly avoid doing so in reaching the scene of the night's contretemps. He found without difficulty the trail taken by Habersham's men, and in due course of time they left their horses a short distance from the church and proceeded on foot.

"It seems all the stupider in broad daylight," said Griswold, after he had explained just what had occurred, and how the captors, in their superstitious awe of Appleweight, had been afraid to carry him off the moment they were sure of him, but had slipped back among their fellows to wait until the coast was perfectly clear. To ease his deep chagrin Barbara laughed a good deal at the occurrence as they tramped over the scene discussing it. They went into the woods back of the church, where Griswold began to exercise his reasoning powers.

"Some one must have come in from this direction and freed the man and taken him away," he declared.

He knelt and marked the hoof prints where Appleweight had been left tied; but the grass was much trampled, and Griswold was misled by the fact, not knowing that news of Appleweight's strange disappearance had passed among the outlaw's friends by the swift telegraph of the border, and that the whole neighborhood had been threaded over hours before. It might have been some small consolation to Griswold had he known that Appleweight's friends and accomplices were as much at a loss to know what had become of the chieftain as the men who had tried so ineffectually to kidnap him. From the appearance of the trampled grass many men had taken a hand in releasing the prisoner, and this impression did not clarify matters for Griswold.

"Where does this path lead?" asked Barbara.

"This is Ardley land here, this side of the church, and that trail leads on,

"I remember, to the main Ardley highway, with which various other roads are connected—many miles in all. It's inconceivable that the deliverers of this outlaw should have taken him into the estate, where a sort of police system is maintained by the forestry corps. I don't at all make it out."

He went off to explore the heavy woods on each side of the trail that led into Ardley, but without result. When he came gloomily back he found that in his absence Barbara had followed the bride-path for a considerable distance, and she held out to him a diminutive pocket handkerchief, which had evidently been snatched away from the owner—so Barbara explained—by a low-hanging branch of an oak, and flung into a blackberry bush, where she had found it. It was a trifle, indeed, the slightest bit of linen, which they held between them by its four corners and gravely inspected.

"Feminine, beyond a doubt," pronounced Griswold sagely.

"It's a good handkerchief, and here are two initials worked in the corner that may tell us something—G. D. It probably belongs to some guest at Ardley. And there's a very faint suggestion of orris—it's a city handkerchief," said Barbara with finality, "but it has suffered a trifle in the laundry, as this edge is the least bit out of drawing from careless ironing."

"And I should say, from a certain crispness it still retains, that it hasn't been in the forest long. It hasn't been rained on, at any rate," added Griswold.

"But even the handkerchief doesn't tell us anything," said Barbara, spreading it out, "except that some woman visitor has ridden here within a few days and played drop the handkerchief with herself or somebody else to us unknown."

"She may have been a scarlet fever patient from Ardley; you'd better have a care!" And Griswold's tone was bitter.

"I'm not afraid; and as I have never been so near Ardley before, I should like to ride in and steal a glimpse. There's little danger of meeting the lord of the manor, I suppose, or any



He Knelt and Marked the Hoof-Prints Where Appleweight Had Been Tied.

of his guests at this hour, and we need not go near the house."

He saw that she was really curious, and it was not in his heart to refuse her, so they followed the bride-path through the cool forest, and came in due course to the clearing where Jerry had first confessed herself lost, and thereafter had suffered the captured outlaw to point her the way home.

"The timber has been cut here since my last visit, but I remember the bridge-paths very well. They all reach the highroad of the estate ultimately. We may safely take this one, which has been the most used and which climbs a hill that gives a fine outlook."

The path he chose had really been beaten into better condition than either of the others, and they rode side by side now. A deer feeding on a grassy slope raised its head and waddled before them. It seemed that they were shut in from all the world, these two who but a few days before had never seen each other, and it was a relief to him to find that she threw off her troubles and became more animated and cheerful than he had yet seen her.

They reached the highroad much sooner than Griswold had expected, and he checked his horse abruptly, remembering that he was persona non grata on this soil.

"We must go back; I mustn't be seen here. The workmen are scattered all about the place, and they all know me."

"Oh, just a little farther! I want to see the towers of the castle!"

It she had asked him to jump into the sea he would not have hesitated, and he was so happy at being with

her that his heart sang defiance to Ardmore and the splendours of Ardley.

They were riding now toward the red bungalow, where he had often sprawled on the broad benches and chafed with Ardmore for hours at a time. Tea was served here sometimes when there were guests at the house; and Griswold wondered just who were included in the party that his quondam friend was entertaining, and how Mrs. Atchison was progressing in her efforts to effect a match between Daisy Waters and her brother.

The drives were nearly all open to the public, so that by the letter of the law he was no intruder, but beyond the bungalow he must not go. Sobered by the thought of his breach with Ardmore, he resolved not to pass the bungalow whose red roof was now in sight.

"It's like a fairy place, and I feel that there can be no end to it," Barbara was saying. "But it isn't kind to urge you in. We certainly are doing nothing to find Appleweight, and it must be nearly noon."

It was just then—he vividly recalls the moment—as Griswold felt in his waistcoat for his watch—that Miss Jerry Dangerfield, with Thomas Ardmore at her side, galloped into view. They were racing madly, like irresponsible children, and bore boisterously down upon the two pilgrims.

Jerry and Ardmore, hatless and warm, were pardonably indignant at thus being arrested in their flight, and the master of Ardley, feeling for once the dignity of his proprietorship, broke out stormily.

"I would have you know—I would have you know—" he roared, and then his voice failed him. He stared, he spluttered; he busied himself with his horse, which was dancing in eagerness to resume the race. He quieted the beast, which nevertheless arched and pawed like a war-horse, and then the master of Ardley bawled:

"Grissy! I say, Grissy!"

Miss Osborne and Prof. Griswold, from their drooping Mingo county nondescripts, made a tame picture before Ardmore and his fair companion on their Ardley hunters. The daughter of the governor of South Carolina looked upon the daughter of the governor of North Carolina with high disdain, and it need hardly be said that this feeling, as expressed by glacial glances, was evenly reciprocated, and that in the contemptuous upward tilt of two charming chins the nicest judgment would have been necessary to any fair opinion as to which state had the better argument.

The associate professor of admiralty was known as a ready debater, and he quickly returned his former friend's salutation, and in much the same contumelious tone he would have used in withering an adversary before a jury.

Then in the spring they planted the seed and through the long vacation, in the hottest weather, they toiled like men, weeding and cultivating and peddling their surplus vegetables from the tin wagon.

When the farmers' institute of Clyde met, John and Frank loaded the wagon with choice samples from their garden, and went to the meeting. The farmers were surprised. No provision had been arranged for such an exhibit, but the officers of the institution gave the boys a silver dollar and their appreciation, and told them how proud they

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

THE SHORTER COURSE.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can. Hurry him, worry him, make him a man; Of with his baby clothes, get him in pants, Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk. Into a grammar school; cram him with facts. Fill his poor head full of figures and facts, Keep on a-jammering them in till it cracks.

Once boys grew up at a rational rate; Now we develop a man while you wait. Rush him through college, compel him to grab Of every known subject a dip and a dab.

Get him in business and after the cash All by the time he can grow a moustache. Let him forget he was ever a boy. Make god his god and his jingle his joy; Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

TWO SMALL BOYS IN GARDEN

John and Frank Brown of Clyde, Kan., Make Money in Raising and Selling Vegetables.

Here is the garden story of two little boys at Clyde, Kan., their picture and a wagon load of their prize-winning produce, grown on a plot of ground 100 by 140 feet.

John and Frank Brown are eight and ten years old. Their father is a traveling salesman. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the boys became interested in summer before last in garden stories. The boys attended the meetings of the farmers' institute arranged by the Kansas State Agricultural college through its agricultural extension department, and they listened to every suggestion.

Mrs. Brown encouraged the boys in every way when they announced one day their intention of cultivating the lot upon which their house stood and the one adjoining it. She hired a man to plow and harrow the ground and she bought two dollars worth of seed.

At this point the boys showed much concern. They knew that land needed enriching, so one had said so, and they couldn't afford to have it done—it would cost too much. The boys hauled manure for days, after school hours, until the whole 100 feet had a fairly satisfactory covering.

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Boys and Vegetables.

were to have two little boys in Clyde that weren't afraid of work.

The boys put \$12 in the bank, and they supplied the family table all summer and far into the fall. Besides, the Brown family cellar contained for winter use: one and one-half bushels of popcorn, one bushel of beets, three-fourths bushel of carrots, two bushels of potatoes, twelve or fifteen pumpkins, and a lot of cabbages. There were enough canned tomatoes to keep the family supplied for months.

Dolls' Factory Comedy.

While a fire was raging at a factory at Vincennes, the rumor spread that a large number of children were being burned to death. Crowds collected, and it was seen that what looked like bodies were being thrown from the windows. But it was soon discovered that the place was a doll factory, and the "bodies" were those of large dolls, of which over 2,000 were destroyed.

Little Pitchers.

Little Jack one day undertook to entertain a caller of his big sister until she came downstairs. "Why, Mr. Carson, it isn't so at all. You're just as white as I am, and not one bit black." "Black, my boy; what made you think me a colored man?" "Why, I heard Sister Sue say you wouldn't even buy her a soda, you was so awful niggardly."

The Right Kind of a Mother. Little Mary was inclined to be so stout that the doctor and her mother, greatly to the child's distress, forbade her to eat sugar and candy, of which she was fond.

One day at the circus Mary stood lost in admiration of the fat boy. "Mamma," she finally said, "what a kind mother that boy must have had."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the History Class.

Teacher—Why did Lady Jane Gray request the executioner to wait a minute before he struck the fatal blow?

Pupil—She probably wanted to stick her chawin' gum under the edge of 'the block."

SONG OF THE KITE.



Mary must sit On the grass for a bit, And Tommy must run with the string. Yes, that's all right; Now I'll toss the kite Up, up on the breeze' wing.

It wriggles its tail O'er the meadow rail, And wheels about in the air; Then up to the sky— It will soon pass by The lark that is carolling there.

Up, up it flies To the clear blue skies. Let's sit on the grass in a row, And watch the flight Of our fine new kite As far as its string will go.

SUPPORT FOR WEAK ANKLES

Steel plate Fastened to Skate and Running Up Along Heel of Shoe Will Benefit Many.

For people with weak ankles the support designed by a Canadian will be found a great help in skating. It consists of a steel plate attached to the back of the skate and running up



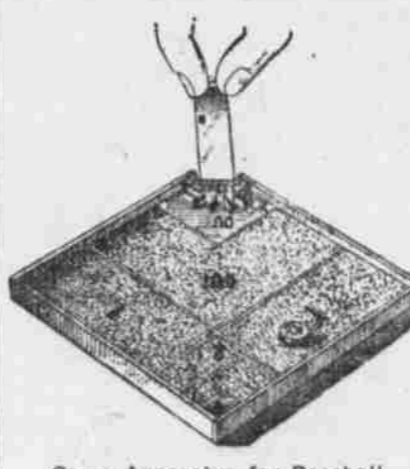
Ankle Support.

along the heel of the shoe. At a point above the heel, where the foot requires some play, the support has a double hinge, thus permitting free movements of the ankle, while at the same time preventing it from bending far enough to cause a sprain. Many people who are very fond of skating are unable to enjoy the sport because of weak ankles, which prevent in turning. It is this turning, too, which makes it so hard for some people to learn to skate, there being difficulty enough in keeping a perpendicular position without having to watch the feet. This ankle support will be found useful for beginners for this reason, as it will give them more confidence. A strong strap at the top of the support buckles around the top of the wearer's shoe.

PLAY NEW GAME OF BASEBALL

Apparatus Arranged so That Several Persons May Take Part—Marble Into Chute.

The apparatus shown in the illustration consists of an inexpensive device which may be played by one or more persons, and which involves the principles of the game of baseball. At one corner of the board is a chute down which a marble may be rolled, says the Scientific American. The marble is required to pass through a barrier, and if it falls to do this the throw counts as a strike. If it stops in the area marked "out," this elim-



Game Apparatus for Baseball.

inates the player temporarily. If it stops in the numbered areas the value of the throw is indicated by the numbers.

Prettier Pictures.

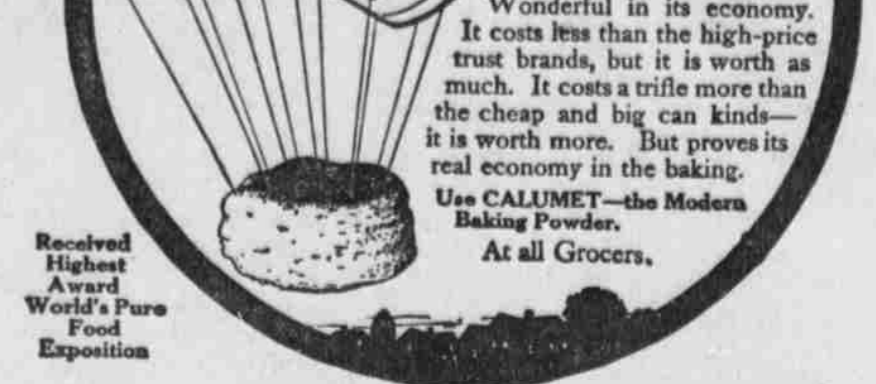
A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book. "Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?" "Oh, yes," answered the little maid, brightly, "and we've got one 'nearly like it, only the pictures are prettier."

What Auntie Could Carry. "Well, Tommy," said his Aunt Mary, "shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" "No, aunty, 'tanks," replied the little fellow. "Me tarry bat an' 'tumps. 'Ou tan tarry me!"

Wrong-Side-Out Stories.

Little Edna was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. Frowning on the small culprit, she said: "Now just you 'member, Willie Jones, an' d'bn't you never tell me one of your wrong-side-out stories again."

CALUMET BAKING POWDER



The wonder of baking powders—Calumet. Wonderful in its raising powers—its uniformity, its never failing results, its purity. Wonderful in its economy. It costs less than the high-price trust brands, but it is worth as much. It costs a trifle more than the cheap and big can kinds—it is worth more. But proves its real economy in the baking. Use CALUMET—the Modern Baking Powder. At all Grocers.

For DISTEMPER

There is nothing that can blunt the edge of humor like a dull appetite. Farms for Rent or Sale on Crop payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia. Some tombstone inscriptions are too good to be true. In the fulfillment of duty we have a sense of blessedness, even in hours of weariness and simple endurance.—Taylor.

CURED HER BABY OF ECZEMA

"I can't tell in words how happy the word 'Cuticura' sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old, appearing on her head. I used everything imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another, but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming. "For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years she was never without the terrible eruption, but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child." (Signed) Mrs. H. E. Household, 2004 Willhelm St., Baltimore, Md., May 10, 1910.

Granite of the South. When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England, yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the south that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the south a place in the market at any rate. The annual output is now worth about \$2,500,000 and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about \$9,000,000 worth of stone annually. His Labor-Saving Device. "I have discovered a great labor-saving device." "I always said you were a genius. What is it?" "I'm going to marry Miss Bullion, the heiress."

Great Home Eye Remedy, for all diseases of the eye, quick relief from using PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y. The brotherhood of man does mean better wages, but it also means better work. ONLY ONE "HOMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. See. Let us make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.—Seneca. We pay high prices for Hides and Furs. Sell Guns and traps cheap. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn. An undertaker knows a lot of "dead ones" that he is unable to bury. Garfield Tea has brought good health to thousands! Unequaled for constipation. Many men enjoy a dry smoke. Why not a dry drink?

The Wretchedness of Constipation Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—no harmful and gummy bases. Cures Biliousness, Head-ache, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Irritability, and all the ailments that attend a sluggish liver. They do what they promise. Small Pills, Small Doses, Small Prices. Genuine must bear Signature.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S THE BEST MEDICINE for COUGHS & COLDS. DISFANCE STARCH

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them. Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trade with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.