

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Ray Walter

SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Malone Griswold stumble upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold, the husband of Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, the governor of North Carolina. These two ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their husbands, while the men 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. Both have forces scouting the border. Griswold captures Applegate, but Jerry finds him and takes him to Ardley, her own prisoner. Ardmore and Jerry, the latter investigating the outlaw's disappearance, meet Ardmore and Jerry, the latter revealing the presence of Applegate at Ardley. Ardmore arrests a man on the property who says he is Gov. Osborne. Meanwhile another man is arrested as Applegate by the South Carolina militia. The South Carolina militia is called into action when the disappearance of Applegate, finds that real war is about, he flees.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the road to Turner's. "Who goes there?" "A jug." "What kind of a jug?" "A little brown jug from Kildare." Thus Mr. Thomas Ardmore tested his pickets with a shibboleth of his own devising. The sturdy militiamen of North Carolina patrolled the northern bank of Raccoon creek at midnight, aware that riotous flood alone separated them from their foes. The terms of Ardley's truce with the guns of the First Light battery, while upon a cot in the wine cellar beneath, Mr. Bill Applegate, alias Potet, slept the sleep of the just.

He was rudely aroused, however, at one o'clock in the morning by Ardmore, Cooke and Collins, and taken out through the kitchen to one of the Ardley farm wagons. Big Paul held the reins, and four of Cooke's detectives were mounted as escort. Ardmore, Cooke and Collins were to accompany the party as a board of strategy in the movement upon Turner Court House, South Carolina.

Applegate, the terror of the border, blinked at the lanterns that flashed about him in the courtyard. He had been numbed by his imprisonment, and even now he yielded himself docilely to the inevitable. His capture in the first instance at Mount Nebo had been clear enough, and he could have placed his hand on the men who did it if he had been free for a couple of hours. This he had pondered over his solitary confinement as he sat on the case of Chateau Bizet in the Ardley wine cellar; but the subsequent events had been altogether too much for him. He had been taken from his original captors by a girl, and while the ignominy of this was not lost on the outlaw, his wife had been unequal to the further fact, which he had no ground for doubting, that this captivity within the walls of Ardley had been due to a daughter of that very governor of North Carolina whom he had counted his friend.

"The road between Kildare and Turner's is fairly good," announced Cooke. "though we've got to travel four miles to strike it. Griswold evidently thinks that holding the creek is all there is of this business, and he won't find out till morning that we've crawled round his line and placed Applegate in jail at Turner's, where he belongs." "You must have a good story ready for the press, Collins," said Ardmore. "The North Carolina border counties don't want Applegate injured, and Gov. Dangerfield don't want any harm to come to him—you may be sure of that, or Bill would have been doing time long ago."

"Gentlemen, it was very impolite of you not to tell me you were ready to start!" and Jerry came briskly from the side entrance, dressed for the saddle and nibbling a biscuit. "But you are not to go! I thought that was understood!" cried Ardmore. "It may have been understood by you, Mr. Ardmore, but not by me! I should never forgive myself if, after all the trouble I have taken to straighten out this little matter, I should not be in at the finish. Will you kindly get me a horse?"

Miss Dangerfield's resolution was not to be shaken, and a few minutes later the party moved out from the courtyard. Cooke rode several hundred yards ahead; then two detectives preceded the wagon, in which Applegate sat on a cross-seat with two more of Cooke's men on a seat just behind him. He was tied and gagged, and an old derby hat (supplied by Paul) had been clapped upon the side of his head at an angle that gave him a jaunty air belied by his bonds. Though his tongue was silenced, his eyes were at once eloquent of wonderment, resignation and impotent rage. Beside the wagon rode Miss Jerry Dangerfield, alert and contented. Ardmore and Collins were immediately behind her, and she indulged the journalist in some mild chaff from time to time, to his infinite delight, though considerably to Ardmore's chagrin. Between him and Jerry sat the disengaged flight of the adjutant general, yet the master of Ardley was in a jealous mood. The moon had left the conspirators to the softer radiance of the stars, but there was sufficient light for Ardmore to mark the gentle lines of Jerry's face, as she lifted it now and then to scan the bright globes above.

Paul drove his team at a trot over the smooth road of the estate to a remote and little-used gate on the southern side, but still safely removed from the South Carolina pickets along the Raccoon.

"It's all right over there," remarked Collins, jerking his head toward the creek. "The fronting armies are waiting for morning and battle. I suppose that when we send word to Gris-

wold that Applegate is in a South Carolina jail it will change the scene of operations. It will then be Gov. Osborne's painful task to dance between law-and-order sentiment and the loud cursing of his border constituents. The possibilities of this rumpus grow on me, Ardmore."

"There is no rumpus, Mr. Collins," said Jerry over her shoulder. "The governor of North Carolina is merely giving expression to his civic pride and virtue."

Leaving Ardley, they followed a dismal stretch of road until they reached the highway that connects Turner's and Kildare.

"It's going to be morning pretty soon. We must get the prisoner into Turner's by five o'clock. Trot 'em up, Paul," ordered Cooke.

"They were all in capital spirits, with a fairly good road before them, leading straight to Turner's, and with no expectation of any trouble in landing their prisoner safely in jail."

They were well into South Carolina territory now, and were jogging on at a sharp trot, when suddenly Cooke turned back and halted the wagon.

"There's something coming—wait!" "Maybe Bill's friends are out looking for him," suggested Collins.

Cooke impatiently bade them be quiet.

"If we're accosted, what shall we say?" he asked.

"We'll say," replied Jerry instantly, "that one of the laborers at Ardley is dead, and that we are taking his remains to his wife's family at Turner's. I shall be his grief-stricken widow."

The guards already had Applegate down on the floor of the wagon, where one of them sat on his feet to make sure he did not create a disturbance. At her own suggestion Jerry dismounted and climbed into the wagon, where she sat on the

quilt.

But as they moved on toward Turner's, Ardmore was still troubled over what had seemed to him the remarkable Parisian courtesy of the returning reveler who had lifted his hat as the corpse passed. Grisey, he kept saying over and over to himself, was no fool by any manner of means, and he was unable to conjecture why the associate professor of admiralty, known to be detached on special duty for the governor of South Carolina, should be riding to Kildare, unless he

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The Egman in Philadelphia.

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"Well," said the one who sells the liquor, "I will take the egg and treat you to a drink."

"All right," said the farmer. When they came to the tavern he was asked what he would drink, to which he replied: "Well, I allow drink sherry with an egg in it."

And they say farmers buy gold bricks.—Philadelphia Times.

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"Who are you fellows?" demanded Cooke, spurring his horse forward. The horsemen, to his surprise, seemed to draw back, and he heard a voice speak out sharply, followed by a regrouping of the riders at the side of the road.

"We been to a dance at Turner's, and air goin' back home to Kildare," came the reply.

"That seems all right," whispered Ardmore to Collins.

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midst of death we are in life," and this, reaching Jerry, caused her to bend over the corpse at her feet as though in a convulsive spasm of sorrow, whereupon, to add color to their story, Paul rumbled off a few consolatory sentences in German.

"Give us the road!" commanded Cooke, and without further parley they started ahead, closing about the wagon to diminish, as far as possible, the size of the caravan. Paul kept the horses at a walk, as became their sad errand, and Jerry continued to weep dolorously.

They passed the horsemen at a slight rise in the rolling road. The party bound for Turner's moved steadily forward, the horsemen huddled about the wagon, with Jerry's led horse between Ardmore and Collins at the rear. At the top of the knoll hung the returning dancers, well to the left of the road, permitting with due respect the passing of the funeral party. One of them, Ardmore could have sworn, lifted his hat until the wagon had passed. Then some one called good night, and, looking back, Ardmore saw them—a dozen men, he judged—regain the road and quietly resume their journey toward Kildare.

"Pretty peaceable for fellows who've been attending a dance," suggested Collins, craning his neck to look after them.

"One fellow lifted his hat as we passed, and I thought—"

"Well, what did you think, Mr. Ardmore?" demanded Cooke impatiently.

"Well, it may seem strange, but I thought there was something about that chap that suggested Grisey."

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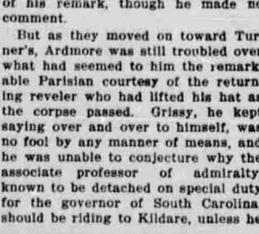
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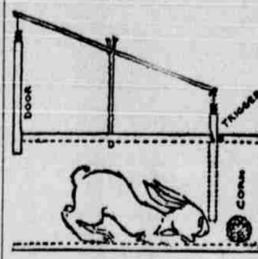
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Young People

SMALL TRAP BAGS RABBITS

Many Boys Use Device Shown in Illustration to Capture the Festive Little Cottontail.

Boys living in places where rabbits are to be found are having gay times since the snow fell trapping the cunning cottontail. The device used is a small box about three feet long with a drop door suspended and resting in grooves. An ordinary stick connects the door with a trigger held in place by another Y shaped stick. The trigger has a notch cut in it and extended into the trap from a small hole cut in the top of the box. Inside of the trap and back of the trigger is placed an ear of corn. Bunnies nose around to find something to eat, loosens the trigger and the door drops. The rabbit



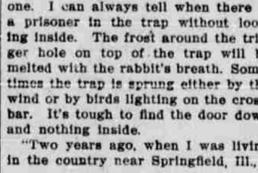
Trap Baited.

is then neatly trapped without being injured and the young trapper can capture the hare alive.

"I've caught six rabbits this winter," says a boy living near the city of Chicago. "I ate one Christmas day, but the other five I'm keeping for pets. At first they were badly scared, but a couple of them have grown tame now and I am going to keep them until next summer and then raise some young ones."

"I have four traps set, one a double one. I can always tell when there is a prisoner in the trap without looking inside. The frost around the trigger hole on top of the trap will be melted with the rabbit's breath. Sometimes the trap is sprung either by the wind or by birds lighting on the cross-bar. It's tough to find the door down and nothing inside."

"Two years ago, when I was living in the country near Springfield, Ill., I



Trap Sprung.

had a funny time one morning while making the rounds of my traps. In one I found the door down and thought I had a rabbit. I raised the door cautiously and was just going to stick my hand inside when I saw it wasn't a rabbit, but some other big and woolly animal. I was scared and rushed back for my father. It didn't take him long to discover that I had trapped an opossum. After that I was more careful about sticking my bare head into the trap. It is a lot easier to catch rabbits after a snowfall. I always watch for their paths along a fence or ravine and then put the trap right in the runway. Any boy can make a trap with a few boards, some nails and a hammer."

The Secret Word.

One of the company leaves the room, and the others fix on a word, such as "like," "sight," "leave," "hear," etc., which is to be introduced into all their answers to the questions she must put to them on her return. When the word is decided on, she is called in, and asks a question of each in turn. In replying, every one must contrive to use the secret word without emphasizing or making it conspicuous. If the questioner remarks the frequent recurrence of the same word in the answers, she will easily be able to guess what it is. The one, from whose reply she has made the final discovery, then in her turn leaves the room while the next word is fixed on, and on her return becomes the questioner.

Bugs.

Several thousands of bugs came to Boston from Calcutta a few days ago. There are bugs of every conceivable shape and size and color, and they are all hungry. They are for the use of the government bureau of entomology (you do not have to pronounce that word if you don't care to) in its fight against the worms that destroy vegetation in America.

Facts About Esau.

"What can you tell me about Esau?" asked the pedagogue of his most promising pupil in the beginners' class.

"Esau," replied the young hopeful, with the glib alacrity of one who feels himself for once on safe ground; "Esau was the fellow who wrote a book of fables and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash."

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WHERE'S BABY?



(By FLORENCE MAY.)

Why don't we hear our baby's voice A-ringing through the hall? Or see him spin his new red top, Or gaily toss his ball?

Well, I'm not sure, but I think That should we stily peep Into his dainty little crib, We'd find our pet asleep.

HOW TO MANUFACTURE PAPER

Some Interesting Facts as to Its Origin and Materials It is Made of—its Many Uses.

We derive the word paper from the Latin papyrus, the name of an Egyptian plant, from which the ancients made a very desirable material for writing. Almost every species of tough, fibrous vegetable has at one time or another been employed in the manufacture of paper. Even the roots and the bark of trees, stalks of the nettle, the common thistle, the stem of the hollyhock, hay, straw, cabbage stalks, willow, sawdust and wood shavings have all been used.

In the library of the British Museum there is a book, printed in low Dutch, that contains no less than fifty-eight specimens of paper, all made of entirely different materials, the result of one man's experiments as far back as 1772.

Whatever the material used, the paper making process is the same: The rags, bark or fibres must first be made into a smooth pulp, the pulp is put into the paper machine, and in a short time is converted into paper.

The so-called rice paper of the Chinese is not made of rice. The name is a misnomer that originated in a mistake. Rice paper is really the pith of a water plant known to botanists as the aralia, papyrifera. The plant grows, usually, to a height of twenty-five feet. By means of a long, thin, very sharp knife, the pith is cut around and around from the outside towards the center. The largest sheets that can be obtained in this way are about fifteen inches in length and about ten inches in width. These sheets of pith have a commercial value in China, for there they are used in the manufacture of many useful and ornamental articles.

As soon as the sheets are cut they are spread out, all little holes in them are carefully mended with bits of mica, and they are then made flat by pressure. The small, inferior sheets are brilliantly dyed, and then sold to flower manufacturers. On the large sheets native artists paint quaint, bright-hued pictures of insects, birds and flowers, and find a ready market for them, both at home and abroad.

It would be next to impossible to tell of all the ways in which it is possible to use paper. We are told that it takes but twenty-nine hours to convert linen fibre into a paper wheel. The wheel is composed entirely of paper rings, which, when piled loosely, stack as high as the shoulders of a man of average height. These rings, under treatment, sink to the thickness desired, and are then securely fastened by means of bolts, and a steel tire is put on them. In Russia and Germany paper car-ralls have already been used to some extent, and have given satisfaction. Enthusiastic paper manufacturers tell us that paper houses, paper furniture of every description and paper clothing of every kind will be in use in the near future.

BUGLE CALLS IN MEGAPHONE

Sound Carries Two or Three Times as Far as in Ordinary Way—Passed From Point to Point.

The megaphone as an adjunct to the bugle, is becoming increasingly important in army life. Bugle-calls blown through a megaphone carry two or three times the distance of such a call blown in the ordinary way. At the western army posts, where the sending of bugle calls to distant points is often situated at points about a mile apart, and the calls are passed from point to point.



Bugle-Calls Through Megaphones.

Pupils Learn to Market.

Sixty thousand pupils of the New York public schools will receive instructions this year in how to reduce the cost of living by careful marketing and the expert knowledge of preparing cheap but good and wholesome food.

The opening of the schools marked a big increase in the number of cooking pupils.

That the children should have practical training in the purchase of the materials they use in their cooking lessons they will be taken on weekly marketing excursions. Frequently, independent of the teacher, they will be permitted, after experience in shopping, to do the marketing for their cooking class.

The marketing instructions consist of purchases to be made in season and in bulk and the comparison of costs of foods and their nutritive values.

Backache

It is only one of many symptoms which some women endure through weakness or displacement of the womanly organs. Mrs. Lizzie White of Memphis, Tenn., wrote Dr. R. V. Pierce, as follows:

"At times I was hardly able to be on my feet. I believe I had every pain and ache a woman could have. Had a very bad case. Internal organs were very much diseased and my back was very weak. I suffered a great deal with nervous headaches, in fact, I suffered all over. This was my condition when I wrote to you for advice. After taking your 'Favorite Prescription' for about three months can say that my health was never better."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. Tones and builds up the nerves. Do not permit a dishonest dealer to substitute for this medicine which has a record of 40 years of cures. "No, thank you, I want what I ask for."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

STONE MOVED BY THE SUN

Immense Mass of Granite in Ohio Cemetery Undergoes Curious Revolutions.

An interesting object is to be seen in a cemetery of Ohio—a large granite stone weighing two tons, in the shape of a ball, which is gradually turning on its axis. During the last five years, so it is said, this ball has turned a fraction over 13 inches. When the ball was placed in position an unpolished spot six inches in diameter was purposely left in the socket of the pedestal whereon it rested. A little later it was noted with astonishment that this spot was turning upward on the south side of the monument. This curious revolution of the polished ball, to lift which would require a large derrick, is supposed to be due to the sun's action, in the following manner: The solar rays heating one side cause the ball to expand to a certain degree whereas the north side, which rests mostly in the shade, does not expand to the same extent, thus causing the ball gradually to shift its position by turning.

Her Wedding March.

A young girl who had never heard of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but was familiar with the more popular parody on it, was a witness to a wedding ceremony in an uptown church recently. As the betrothed pair walked with dignified tread toward the altar to be wed and the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's inspiring march, the young girl was plainly shocked. When she arrived at her home she told her mother of the ceremony and innocently exclaimed: "What do you think, mother, they played 'Gee Whiz! I'm Glad I'm Free!'"

Exhorting the Ducks.

There are two tiny boys in this town whose mother sings often to them at their request, and as she is an ardent church woman, the children hear as many hymns as anything else. The other day they were playing with their wooden ducks in the bathtub, and strangely enough the ducks were more inclined to float sideways than in the approved manner. After several attempts to keep the misguided ducks straight the older boy shouted: "Stand up, duck, stand up." Then two-year-old, noting the familiar phrase, leaned over the tub and exhorted: "Tand up, duck! Tand up for Jesus!"

A Matter of Size.

Wife—I want a cap, please, for my husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wife—Well, I really forget. His collar are size sixteen, though I expect he'd want about size eighteen or twenty for a cap, wouldn't he?

To render your neighbor a service willingly shows the generosity of your character; to preserve silence over it, the grandeur of your soul.—Puisieux.

EDITOR BROWNE

Of The Rockford Morning Star.

"During seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Drink and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me.

"Wishing you a continued success, I am Yours very truly,

J. Stanley Browne, Managing Editor."