

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore, bored millionaire, and Henry Maine Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains out of Atlanta. Griswold to his college. Ardmore in pursuit of a girl who had winked at him two days before, as their trains stood opposite each other.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Prof. Griswold's eyes wandered repeatedly from his manuscript to the car ceiling, then furtively to the uncompromisingly averted shoulder and head of the young lady, then back to his lecture notes, until he was weary of the process.

The alligator-hide suitcase thrust under the seat bore the familiar label of a Swiss hotel where Griswold had once spent a week, and spoke of the girl's acquaintance with an ampler world. When Phoebe had brought it forth the initials "B. O." in small black letters suggested Baltimore & Ohio to Griswold's lazy speculations, whereupon he reflected that while Baltimore was plausible, the black servant eliminated Ohio; and as every Virginia knows every other Virginia, he tried to identify her with Old Dominion family names beginning with O, but without result.

He went out to supper, secured the only remaining table for two, and was giving his order when the young lady appeared. She had donned her hat, and as she stood a moment in the entrance, surveying the line of tables, her distinction was undeniable. There were but two vacant places in the car, one facing Griswold, the other across the aisle at a larger table where three men were engaged in animated discussion. The girl viewed the prospect with evident disappointment, as the waiter drew out the vacant chair at Griswold's table. She carried herself bravely, but wore still a triste air that touched Griswold's sympathy. He rose, told the waiter that he would sit at the other table, and the girl murmured her thanks with a forlorn little smile as she took his seat.

The appearance of Griswold aroused the Mississippian to a renewal of the discussion of the New Orleans incident. He was in excellent humor, and had carried to the car a quart bottle, which he pushed toward Griswold: "As the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina—"

"No, thank you," and as he spoke Griswold's eyes fell upon the girl, and he saw annoyance written fleetingly on her face.

"Well, sir," the Mississippian declared, "after you left us awhile ago we got to talking about Danglefield and his trouble with Osborne. There's something back of this rumpus. You see, if they lived in the same state you might account for a fierce rivalry between them. Both of 'em, for example, might have the senatorial bee in their bonnets; but either one of 'em could make the senate any time he pleased. I guess they're the two biggest men in the south right now. They're too big to be touchy about any small matter; that's why I reckon there's something behind this little racket over there at New Orleans. No passing remark would send men off that way, so wild that they wouldn't travel on the same train together. Why, gentlemen—"

"Please pass the salt," interposed Griswold.

The Mississippian enjoyed the sound of his own voice, which boomed out above the noise of the train with broad effects of dialect that these types would not be asked to reproduce. Griswold's eyes had again met those of the girl opposite, and there was, he felt, a look of appeal in them. The discussion distressed her, just as the telegrams from New Orleans in the afternoon papers had distressed her, and Griswold began at once to entertain his table companions with his views on a number of national political issues that were as vital to Arizona or Wyoming as to the Carolinas.

When he went back into the car at 11 o'clock he found the girl and her maid still sitting in their sections though most of the other berths, including his own, had been made up. The train was slowing down, and, wishing a breath of air before retiring, he went to the rear platform of the sleeper, which was the last car of the train. The porter had opened the door in the vestibule to allow the brakeman to run back with his torpedoes. The baggage car had developed a hot box, and, jumping out, Griswold saw lanterns flashing ahead where the trainmen labored with the sick wheel. The porter vanished, leaving Griswold alone. The train had stopped at the edge of a small

town, whose scattered houses lay darkly against the hills beyond. The platform lamps of a station shone a quarter of a mile ahead. The feverish steel yielded reluctantly to treatment, and Griswold went forward and watched the men at work for a few minutes, then returned to the end of the train. He swung himself into the vestibule and leaned upon the guard rail, gazing down the track toward the brakeman's lantern. Then he grew impatient at the continued delay and dropped down again, pacing back and forth in the road-bed behind the becalmed train. The night was overcast, with hints of rain in the air, and a little way from the rear lights it was pitch dark. Griswold felt sure that the train would not leave without the brakeman, and he was further reassured by the lanterns of the trainmen beside the baggage car. Suddenly, as he reached the car and turned to retrace his steps, a man sprang up, seemingly from nowhere, and accosted him.

"I reckon y're the gov'nor, ain't y'u?"

"Yes, certainly, my man. What can I do for you?" replied Griswold, instantly.

"I reckoned it was y'u when y'u first come out on the platform. I'm appinted to tell y'u, gov'nor, that if y'u have Bill Appleweight arrested in South Carolina, y'u'll get something one of these days y'u won't like. And if y'u try to find me y'u'll get it quicker. Good night, gov'nor."

"Good night!" stammered Griswold.

The least irony had crept into the word governor as the man uttered it and slipped away into the darkness. The shadows swallowed him up; the frogs in the ditch, beside the track chanted dolorously; then the locomotive whistled for the brakeman, whose lantern was already bobbing toward the train.

As Griswold swung himself into the vestibule the girl who had borrowed his newspapers turned away hurriedly and walked swiftly before him to her section. The porter, who was gathering her things together, said, as she paused in the aisle by her seat:

"Beginnin' to get ready, Miss Osborne. We're gwine into Columbia 30 minutes late all account dat hot box."

Griswold passed on to the smoking compartment and lit a cigar. His acquaintances of the supper table had retired, and he was glad to be alone with his thoughts before the train reached Columbia. He dealt harshly with himself for his stupidity in not having associated the girl's perturbation over the breach between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina with the initials on her traveling bag; he had been very dull, but it was clear to him now that she was either the daughter or some other near relative of Gov. Osborne. In a few minutes she would leave the train at Columbia, where the governor lived, and being a gentleman, he would continue on his way to Richmond, and thence to the university, and the incident would be closed. But Griswold was a lawyer, and he had an old-fashioned southern lawyer's respect for the majesty of law. On the spur of curiosity or impulse he had received a threatening message intended for the governor of South Carolina, who, from the manner of the delivery of the message, had been expected on this train. Griswold argued that the man who had spoken to him had been waiting at the little station near which they had stopped, in the hope of seeing the governor; that the waiting messenger had taken advantage of the unexpected halt of the train, and, further, that some suggestion of the governor in his own appearance had deceived the stranger. He felt the least bit guilty at having deceived the man, but it was now clearly his duty to see that the governor was advised of the threat that had been communicated in so unusual a manner.

He was pondering whether he should do this in person or by letter or telegram, when the rattle of the train over the switch frogs in the Columbia yards brought him to the point of decision.

The porter thrust his head into the compartment.

"Columbia, sah. Yo' berth's all ready, sah. Yo' gwine t' Richmond—yes, sah."

His hands were filled with the young lady's luggage. The lettering on the suitcase seemed, in a way, to appeal to Griswold and to fix his determination.

"Porter! Put my things off. I'll wait here for the morning train."

CHAPTER II.

The Absence of Gov. Osborne.

Griswold spent the night at the Saluda house, Columbia, and rose in the morning with every intention of seeing Gov. Osborne, or some one in authority at his office, as soon as possible and proceeding to Richmond without further delay. As he scanned the morning newspaper at breakfast he read with chagrin this item, prominently head-lined:

"Gov. Osborne, who was expected home from the Cotton Planters' convention yesterday morning, has been unavoidably detained in Atlanta by important personal business. Miss Barbara Osborne arrived last night and proceeded at once to the governor's mansion.

"Several matters of considerable importance await the governor's return. Among these is the matter of dealing with the notorious Bill Appleweight. It is understood that the North Carolina officials are unwilling to arrest Appleweight, though his hiding-place is in the hills on the border near Kildare is well known. Although he runs back and forth across the state line at pleasure, he is a North Carolinian beyond question, and it's about time Gov. Danglefield took note of the fact. However, the governor of

South Carolina may be relied on to act with his usual high sense of public duty in this matter."

Prof. Griswold was not pleased to learn that the governor was still absent from the capital. He felt that he deserved better luck after the trouble he had taken to warn the governor. It was now Tuesday; he had no further lectures at the university until the following Monday, and after he had taken his bearings of Columbia, where it occurred to him he had not an acquaintance, he walked toward the capitol with a well-formed idea of seeing the governor's private secretary—and, if that person appeared to be worthy of confidence, apprising him of the governor's danger.

It was not yet nine o'clock when he entered the governor's office. He waited in the reception-room, adjoining the official chamber, but the several desks of the clerical staff remained unoccupied. He chafed a bit as time passed and no one appeared, for his north-bound train left at 11, and he could not fairly be asked to waste the entire day here. He was pacing the floor, expecting one of the clerks to appear at any moment, when a man entered hurriedly, walked to the closed inner door, shook it impatiently, and kicked it angrily as he turned away. He was a short, thick-set man of 35, dressed in blue serge, and his movements were quick and nervous. He growled under his breath and swung round upon Griswold as though to tax him with responsibility for the closed door.

"Has no one been here this morning?" he demanded, glaring at the closed desks.

"If you don't count me I should answer no," replied Griswold quietly.

"Oh!"

The two gentlemen regarded each other for a moment, contemptuous dislike clearly written on the smaller man's face, Griswold half-smiling and indifferent.

"I am waiting for the governor," remarked Griswold, thinking to gain information.

"Then you're likely to wait some time," jerked the other. "The whole place seems to be abandoned. I never saw such a lot of people."

"Not having seen them myself, I must reserve judgment," Griswold remarked, and the blue serge suit swung out of the room.

Presently another figure darkened the entrance, and the colored servant whom Griswold had seen attending Miss Osborne on the train from Atlanta swept into the reception-room and, grandly ignoring his presence, sat down in a chair nearest the closed door of the inner chamber. Griswold felt that this was encouraging, as implying some link between the governor and his domestic household, and he was about to ask the colored woman if she knew the business hours of the office when the closed door opened and Miss Osborne appeared on the threshold. The colored woman rose, and Griswold, who happened to be facing the door when it swung open with such startling suddenness, stared an instant and bowed profoundly.

"I beg your pardon, but I wish very much to see Gov. Osborne or his secretary."

Miss Osborne, in white, trailing a white parasol in her hand, and with white roses in her belt, still stood half withdrawn inside the private office.

"I am very sorry that Gov. Osborne and his secretary are both absent."



"I Reckon Y'u're the Gov'nor, Ain't she answered, and the two eyed each other gravely. Griswold felt that the brown eyes into which he looked had lately known tears; but she held her head high, with a certain defiance, even.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where Belshazzar Feasted.

German excavators in the ruins of Babylon have been looking over Nebuchadnezzar's palace. The ancient city is buried beneath the remnants of superimposed buildings, but the tomb of the old civilization has been made to yield its secrets. There has been found the great oblong hall, with an alcove for the throne, where Belshazzar held the famous feast and heard the warning voice of the prophet. Many relics of those precursors of the modern public dinner have been discovered. The architecture of those days seems to have been mighty. One of the outer walls of the palace was more than 24 yards thick.

Growing Cotton in Palestine.

Cotton growing is being resumed in Palestine. An extensive suitable area is available. During our civil war cotton was cultivated there on an extensive scale, of which several old cotton presses still bear witness. It is said that the cotton was of very good quality. Companies are being organized. In Turkey of late years a distinct revival of the cotton industry has become manifest.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Sections.

The scarlet fever scare has been revived at Sutton by reason of new cases.

The corn show at North Bend was a great success and the attendance was good.

Sheriff James Chirside of Jefferson county prevented several prisoners in the county jail from breaking out.

Peru now has a jail, which has just been completed. It is built of cement blocks, with a steel door, concrete floor and reinforced concrete roof.

The Monte Christo cafe, one of McCook's well known hotels, passed from Mrs. Viola Bailey's management into the management of S. D. McClain.

The bricklayers of Alma have just about finished their work on the \$18,000 Everson block and will begin work on the Carnegie library building next week.

Henry McCullom of Alma, who was shot by a drunken man on the train at Chester, while en route home from Iowa, is recovering and will be brought home near Alma, soon.

A petition signed by 434 names has been filed with the county clerk of York county asking that a vote be taken at the coming election to change the county government from commissioner system.

Mayor Henry Schuff has recently opened the New Vienna in Grand Island, which is one of the finest European houses in the state, having a seating capacity for 125 guests, divided in three apartments.

While ditching for tiling purposes on the George C. Blessing farm north of Homer, the workmen excavated a skeleton of a large elk. The bones were in a perfect state of preservation and were found at a depth of seven feet.

John Lieb of Pender has been arrested for attempted criminal assault. He is accused of taking two little daughters of C. Bowling into an empty ice house and making indecent proposals to them. Pending a hearing, he is out on bail of \$2,500.

J. W. Bergers of Omaha has appealed to the supreme court from the judgment of \$10,000 against him, awarded F. N. Phelps for the alienation of his wife's affections. All of the parties to the suit reside in Omaha. Phelps sued for \$25,000, and was given \$16,667. This was afterwards reduced by the court to \$10,000.

Roy Chadwick, of St. Joseph, was placed under peace bonds at Kearney upon complaint of his wife and when he could not find bondsmen to go the \$500 bond was sent to jail for one year. Chadwick recently came to Nebraska in search of his wife, who is teaching school near Miller and after locating her threatened her life.

Coroner Peters of Springfield took charge of the body of John Shimm, who committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn about a mile south of Bellevue, Sarpy county. The body was found dangling from the rafters in the barn of Richard Vale, by a couple of boys. Shimm had been living on an island in Papio creek, farming and fishing for a living.

Sheriff Walter Cammons and Deputy Sheriff Bede Laughton of Buffalo county arrested four men, all strangers in Kearney, for stealing dry goods from a local merchant. The men were found in the possession of \$110 worth of silk goods, suits and overcoats. They were shadowed for two days before being arrested and were then trapped and evidence against them secured.

John Wehmer, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wehmer, who live one mile west of Sterling, died as a result of an accident which befell him. The boy had climbed upon a corner and a board broke, allowing him to fall to the ground. He alighted upon his right arm, breaking the member in three places, the bone protruding through the flesh. Blood poisoning ended his life.

William Wilhelm has prepared a large tract of land near Nebraska City which he will devote to the raising of ginseng. He claims that as much as \$100 per acre can be made in raising the plant, the dried root of which is sold to the Chinese as their cure-all and it demands a big price.

Dave Gourlay, a prosperous ranchman near Rushville, had a close call from being buried alive. He was working in a ditch eight feet deep in the yard of his new residence property, when the ditch caved in as he was stooping down. He was buried three feet under the dirt, but was dug out before life was gone.

Copies of general order No. 20 were received at Beatrice from Adjutant General Hartigan of the Nebraska national guards by commanders of the local military organizations, commanding Vernon H. Randall of Company C and Glen Beaver of the first machine gun company to appear before the general court martial which will convene at Lincoln, November 15, to answer charges of disobedience, and violation of orders and absence without leave from the recent military encampment at Fort Riley, Kas.

The Syracuse Woman's club had an unusual program for its meeting the other day, styled "Political day." County option and initiative and referendum were discussed and a regular primary election was held, using sample ballot to vote, with judges, clerks and booth.

Nicholas M. Farrard of Burt county was granted an unconditional pardon by Governor Shallenberger. Farrard was sent to the penitentiary for manslaughter. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence entirely. He has served eleven months in prison and has an excellent record.

SWELLING THE HOTEL BILL

Hotel Keeper's Method of Taxing Traveler Had at Least the Method of Novelty.

One of the things which help swell the traveler's expenses, both in this country and abroad, is the "extra." It may or may not be charged in the bill, but it is sure to be paid for. Probably even the most generous traveler, however, will have some sympathy for the gentleman in the following story who was made to pay liberally for a certain annoying privilege.

During his stay at the hotel the weather had been very hot.

"Charles," said the landlord to the clerk who was making out the bill to be presented to the departing guest, "have you noticed that the gentleman in number seven has consulted the thermometer on the piazza at least ten times every morning during his stay here?"

Charles replied that he had.

"Well," said the landlord, "charge him the price of one dinner a day for the use of the thermometer."—Youth's Companion.

Why the Boy Gave Thanks.

Alan had played the entire day with little brother without an impatient word. After saying his customary prayer that night, his mother suggested that he add: "I thank God I was not impatient with little brother today." This he did with much fervency; after which he remarked that there were some other things he would like to thank God for, and forthwith he closed his eyes and said:

"I thank God I offered my candy to mother before taking any myself."

"I thank God I offered my candy to little brother before taking any myself."

"And I thank God there was some left."—Lippincott's.

Lovemaking and Practice.

The only way to become an expert at lovemaking is to practice. This was the information handed out to a handful of hearers by the Hindu philosopher, Sakharan Ganesh Pandit, in a lecture on "The Science of Love." "Love is a divine discontent," said the philosopher, "and if you want to arouse love in others it can be done only by giving them love. How to develop the emotion of love in another is the great question of today—the art of making love. It needs a great deal of study and a great deal of practice."

"Kin by Marriage."

A caller was talking to a small Harlem girl who is extravagantly fond of her mother. She likes her father well enough, but he is far from being first in her affections. The caller, knowing the situation, asked the child why she didn't love her father as she did her mother.

"Oh, you see," she explained, loftily, "he is only kin to us by marriage."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

And Endless Job.

"I'll bet I could keep a fairy god-mother busy."

"As to how?"

"I'd have her look after my touring car."

The Exception.

"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Binks?"

"No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

His Luck.

"I know a man who is always up against it."

"Who is he?"

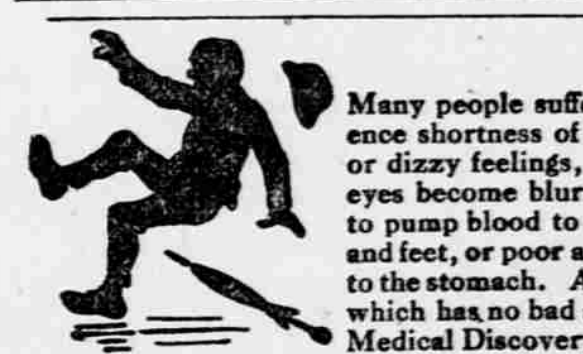
"The paper hanger when he has to fix a new wall."

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP Buy Furs and Hides. Send for catalog 105. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Some people treat the sermon as a table d'hôte dinner, picking out the things that will not agree with them.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Revenge is better than a greedy kind of gratitude.



The ingredients, as attested under oath, are Stone root (Collinsonia Canadensis), Bloodroot (Sanguinaria Canadensis), Golden Seal root (Hydrastis Canadensis), Queen's root (Squilla Syriaca), Black Cherry bark (Prunus Virginiana), Mandrake root (Podophyllum Peltatum), with triple refined glycerine, prepared in a scientific laboratory in a way that no drugist could imitate.

This tonic contains no alcohol to shrink up the red blood corpuscles; but, on the other hand, it increases their number and they become round and healthy. It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fevers; for the run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing. Stick to this safe and sane remedy, and refuse all "just as good" medicines offered by the druggist who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do you half as much good.

All About It.

To appreciate fully this scrap of dialogue quoted from London Punch, one should see the two odd characters engaged in it. Apparently they parted satisfied, one that he had imparted some real information, the other that he had received some. Said one man: "D'you recollect old wot's-is-name?"

"Im with the collar?"

"Aye!"

"Wot ababt 'im?"

"'Ead to go down"—jerk of the head—"you know—they give 'im wot you call it—didn't arf git it, I don't think!"

"Reely!"

"'Adn't you 'eard, then?"

"I did 'ear somefink, but no details, not afore now."—Youth's Companion.

Natural Query.

Mrs. Thynn—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Thynn—Yes. Did you have it made at an upholsterer's?

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

Don't Persecute your Bowels Cut out catarrhs and parasites. They are bad—bad—unpleasant. Try **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Catarrh, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *Wm. Wood*

Readers of this paper desiring to buy a copy of the book "The Human System" should send their order to the publisher, having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

IF YOU WANT THE BEST BUY A MARSEILLES GRAIN ELEVATOR

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR

John Deere Plow Company, Omaha

DEFIANCE STARCH—15 ounces in the package

other starches only 12 ounces—same price and

"DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

PATENT your invention. Free booklet.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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