

# SERIAL STORY

## THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

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Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, daughter of the governor of North Carolina. These two young ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Applegate, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Applegate. Valuable papers in the Applegate case are missing from the office of Gov. Osborne and Griswold places the theft at the door of the scheming attorney general. Ardmore charts a caboose and starts for the border to plan the arrest of Applegate. Jerry meanwhile, is a guest at Ardmore's.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

When they sought a lonely siding to allow a belated passenger train to pass, the conductor brewed coffee and cooked supper, and Ardmore called in the detectives and trainmen. The sense of knowing real people, whose daily occupations were so novel and interesting, touched him afresh with delight. These men said much in few words. One of the detectives chaffed Cooke covertly about some adventure in which they had been jointly associated.

"I never thought they'd get the lead out of you after that business in Missouri. You were a regular mine," said the detective to Cooke, and Cooke glanced deprecatingly at Ardmore.

"He's the little joker, all right." "You can't kill him," remarked the detective. "I've seen it tried." Before the train started the detectives crawled back into their car, and Cooke drew out some blankets, tossed them on a bench for Ardmore, and threw himself down without ado. Ardmore held to his post in the tower, as lone as the lookout in a crow's nest. The night air swept more coolly in as they neared the hills, and the train's single brakeman came down as though descending from the sky, rubbed the cinders from his eyes, and returned to his vigil armed with a handful of Ardmore's cigars.

For the greater part of the night they enjoyed a free track, and thumped the rails at a lively clip. Shortly after midnight Ardmore crawled below and went to sleep. At five o'clock Cooke called him.

"We're on the switch at Kildare. One of your men is here waiting for you."

Big Paul, the German forester, was called in, and Ardmore made his toilet in a pail of water while listening to the big fellow's report. Cooke joined in the conversation, and Ardmore was gratified to see that the two men met on common ground in discussing the local geography. The forester described in clear, straightforward English just what he had done. He had distributed his men well through the hills, and they were now posted as pickets on points favorable for observation. They had found along the streams four widely scattered stills, and these were being watched. Paul drew a small map, showing the homes of the most active members of the Applegate gang, and Ardmore indicated all these points as nearly as possible on the county map he had brought with him.

"Here's Raccoon creek, and my own land runs right through there—just about here, isn't it Paul? I always remember the creek, because I like the name so much."

"You are right, Mr. Ardmore. The best timber you have lies along there, and your land crosses the North Carolina boundary into South Carolina about here. There's Mingo county, South Carolina, you see."

"Well, that dashes me!" exclaimed Ardmore, striking the table with his fist. "I never knew one state from another, but you must be right."

"I'm positive of it, Mr. Ardmore. One of my men has been living there on the creek to protect your timber. Some of these outlaws have been cutting off our wood."

"It seems to me I remember the place. There's a log house hanging on the creek. You took me by it once, but it never entered my head that the state line was so close."

"It runs right through the house! And some one, years ago, blazed the trees along there, so it is very easy to tell when you step from one state to another. My man left there recently, refusing to stay any longer. These Applegate people thought he was a spy, and posted a notice on his door warning him to leave, so I shifted him to the other end of the estate."

"Did you see the sheriff at Kildare?"

"I haven't seen him. When I asked for him yesterday I found he had left town and gone to Greensboro to see his sick uncle."

Ardmore laughed and slapped his knee.

"Who takes care of the dungeon while he's away?"

"There are no prisoners in the Kildare jail. The sheriff's afraid to keep any; and he's like the rest of the people around here. They all live in terror of Applegate."

"Applegate is a powerful character in these parts," said Cooke, pouring the coffee he had been making, and handing a tin cupful to Ardmore. "He's tolerable well off, and could make money honestly if he didn't operate stills, rob country stores, mix up in politics, and steal horses when he and his friends need 'em."

"I guess he has never molested us any, has he, Paul?" asked Ardmore, not a little ashamed of his ignorance of his own business.

"A few of our cows stray away sometimes and never come back. And for two years we have lost the corn out of the crib away over here near the deer park."

"We don't want to lose our right to the track, and we must get out of this before the whole community comes to take a look at us," said Cooke, swinging out of the caboose.

Ardmore talked frankly to the forester, having constant recourse to the map; and Paul sketched roughly a new chart, making roads and paths so far as he knew them, and indicating clearly where the Ardsley boundaries extended. Then Ardmore took a blue pencil and drew a straight line.

"When we get Applegate, we want to hurry him from Dilwell county, North Carolina, into Mingo county, South Carolina. We will go to the county town there, and put him in jail. If the sheriff of Mingo is weak-kneed, we will lock Applegate up anyhow, and telegraph the governor of South Carolina that the joke is on him."

"We will catch the man," said Paul gravely, "but we may have to kill him."

"Dead or alive, he's got to be caught," said Ardmore. Cooke came out of the station and signaled the engineer to go ahead.

"We'll pull down here about five miles to an old spur where the company used to load wood. There's a little valley there where we can be hidden all we please, so far as the



Ardmore Was Scrutinizing the Jug Critically.

main line is concerned, and it might not be a bad idea to establish headquarters there. We have the tools for cutting in on the telegraph, and we can be as independent as we please. I told the agent we were carrying company powder for a blasting job down the line, and he suspects nothing."

Paul left the caboose as the train started, and rode away on horseback to visit his pickets. The train crept warily over the spur into the old wood-cutters' camp, where, as Cooke had forecast, they were quite shut in from the main line by hills and woodland.

"And now, Mr. Ardmore, if you would like to see fire-water spring out of the earth as freely as spring water, come with me for a little stroll. The thirsty of Dilwell county know the way to these places as city toppers know the way to a bar. We are now in the land of the little brown jug, and while these boys get breakfast I'll see if the people in this region have changed their habits."

It was not yet seven as they struck off into the forest beside the cheerful little brook that came down singing from the hills. Ardmore had rarely before in his life been abroad so early, and he kicked the dew from the grass in the cheerfulness of spirit imaginable.

Cooke had not been in this region for seven years, and yet he never hesitated, but walked steadily on, following the little brook. Presently he bent over the bank and gathered up a brownish substance that floated on the water, lifted a little of it in his palm and sniffed it.

"That," said Cooke, holding it to Ardmore's nose, "is corn mash. That's what they make their liquor of. The still is probably away up yonder on that hillside."

He crossed the stream on a log, climbed the bank on the opposite shore, and scanned the near landscape for a few minutes. Then he pointed to an old stump over which vines had grown in wild profusion.

"If you will walk to that stump, Mr. Ardmore, and feel under the vines on the right-hand side, your fingers will very likely touch something smooth and cool."

Ardmore obeyed instructions. He

thrust his hand into the stump as Cooke directed, thrust again a little deeper, and laughed aloud as he drew out a little brown jug.

Cooke nodded approvingly. "We're all right. The revenue men come in here occasionally and smash the stills and arrest a few men, but the little brown jug continues to do business at the same old stand. If you have a dollar handy, slip it under the stump, so they'll know we're not stingy."

Ardmore was scrutinizing the jug critically.

"They're all alike," said Cooke, "but that piece of calico is a new one—just a fancy touch for an extra fine article of liquor."

"I'll be shot if I haven't seen that calico before," said Ardmore; and he sat down on a boulder and drew out the stopper, while Cooke watched him with interest.

The bit of twine was indubitably the same that he had unwound before in his room at the Guilford house, and the cob parted in his fingers exactly as before. On a piece of brown paper that had been part of a tobacco wrapper was scrawled:

This ain't yore fight, Mr. Ardmore. Wher's the gunner of North Carolina? "That's a new one on me," laughed Cooke. "You see, they know everything. Mind-reading isn't in it with them. They know who we are and what we have come for. What's the point about the governor?"

"Oh, the governor's all right," replied Ardmore carelessly. "He wouldn't bother his head about a little matter like this. The powers reserved to the states by the constitution give a governor plenty of work without acting as policeman of the jungle. That's the reason I said to Gov. Dangerfield, 'Governor,' I said, 'don't worry about this Applegate business. Time is heavy on my hands,' I said. 'You stay in Raleigh and uphold the dignity of your office, and I will take care of the trouble in Dilwell.' And you can't understand, Cooke, how his face brightened at my words. Being the brave man he is, you would naturally expect him to come down here in person and seize these scoundrels with his own hands. I had the hardest time of my life to get him to stay at home. It almost broke his heart not to come."

And as they retraced their steps to the caboose, it was Ardmore who led, stepping briskly along, and blithely swinging the jug.

### CHAPTER X.

Prof. Griswold Takes the Field.

Barbara and Griswold stopped at the telegraph office on their way back to the executive mansion, and were met with news that the sheriff of Mingo had refused to receive Griswold's message.

"His private lines of communication with the capital are doubtless well established," said Griswold, "and Bosworth probably warned him, but it isn't of great importance. It's just as well for Applegate and his friends, high and low, to show their hands."

When they were again on the veranda, Griswold lingered for a moment with no valid excuse for delay beyond the loveliness of the night and his keen delight in Barbara's voice and her occasional low laughter, which was so pleasant to hear that he held their talk to a light key, that he might evoke it the more.

"You have done all that could be asked of you, Mr. Griswold, and I cannot permit you to remain longer. Father will certainly be here to-morrow."

"Oh, but your father isn't absent! He is officially present and in the saddle," laughed Griswold. "You must not admit, even to me, that he is not here in full charge of his office. And as for my leaving the field, I have not the slightest intention of going back to Virginia until the Applegate ghost is laid, the governor of North Carolina brought to confusion, and the governor of South Carolina visibly present and thundering his edicts again, so to speak, ex cathedra. My own affairs can wait, Miss Osborne. The joy of having a hand in a little affair like this, and of being able to tell my friend Tommy Ardmore about it afterward, would be sufficient. Ardmore will never speak to me again for not inviting him to a share in the game."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Peasant Girl's Treasure

Members of the well known Romanian family of Ghika, who are resident in Vienna, received some interesting information from Jassy to-day, says the London Telegraph. A number of cases filed with objects of gold and silver, with jewelry and diamonds, estimated to be worth several million kronen, were found in the course of a search made by the police in the house of a peasant woman named Sata Bradinarin, living in the environs of Jassy.

This woman, who was at once arrested, stated that the cases had been concealed in her house for 26 years. Her deceased daughter was in the service of Prince Nikolai Ghika, who died suddenly after an operation in Paris. The peasant's daughter Maria took several sealed cases which no one appeared to want, and conveyed them to her home. She was afraid to attempt to dispose of the valuable objects, which have until now remained hidden in her mother's house.

### The Limit.

"My only daughter eloped. And I'll never forgive her!" "Now, look here, old man, remember—"

"Remember? Yes, I'd be decent about it, if she'd let well enough alone. But she not only eloped—she came back home!"

## CLEVER CITY WOMAN

### Lady of the Robes Is Title of Ingenious Worker.

Simply Advises and Helps Rearrange Wardrobes of Rich and Poor—Those Who Must Economize Work Her Wits Hardest.

Chicago.—"You say you want to make money? I'd pay you well to come and look over my wardrobe and advise me how to freshen it up and what to get. You've so many clever good ideas about dress and such ideas don't come naturally to me."

"That's how my business started," explains a young woman who suddenly found herself in reduced circumstances. "The friend who gave me my first job was so enthusiastic over the help that I was to her that she talked me up to other women. They liked what I did for them and passed my name on to still others. So the ball kept on rolling, and now I've a regular clientele of women whose wardrobes I manage."

"I don't know yet quite what to call myself. 'Lady of the Robes' my friends call me, but of course I've got to get a more businesslike name than that for my calling. The fact of the matter is that most women do not understand how to manage their wardrobe and I am able to help them."

"When my patrons have plenty of money my task is not difficult. I look over the clothes that they have, talk with them about their plans for the coming season and tell them exactly what they need. I suggest the styles that I think will be becoming and the styles that I think it would be wiser for them to avoid."

"I have to find out the peculiarities of each of my patrons and deal with them. Each patron is an individual study. I always put myself in the woman's place—try to become that woman, and considering her appearance, her pocketbook and her walk in life, advise her just what I should wish for myself were I she."

"In some instances I have to use a lot of patience and tact, but in most I have no trouble at all, because the women are glad to have me help them. My deep interest, which fortunately is not assumed for trade's sake, pleases and flatters them. They've confidence that I've taken their interest to heart."

"It is with the women who have to economize that I have to work my wits the hardest. My own experiences in economy help me here. It is these women who depend upon me most. They say that the money that they pay me for my pains is the best investment that they make."

"One such woman when I went to her for my first visit was in despair. Accustomed to spend money as she pleased, she had suddenly had her dress allowance cut down. I begged her not to spend another cent until we had investigated all the clothes that she had, and not only all the clothes but all her boxes of ribbons, artificial flowers, pieces of satin, velvet, lace, etc."

"She had everything spread before me. I found out exactly what she wanted to do through the summer and

## CADGING IS COMMON

### Even Wealthy English Peers Borrow Little Things.

Number of Remittance Men is on Increase as They Are Being Shipped to Colonies to Get Rid of Their Presence.

London.—Is the "cadging" spirit—the desire to get something for nothing from somebody else—becoming increasingly common among Englishmen of all classes?

A case at the West London police court, in which a housemaid was charged with stealing money (in order, it was ascertained, to give it to her sweetheart, a Scots guardsman) gives rise to this question.

Mr. Fordham, the magistrate, addressed some stern remarks to the Scots guardsman, who was in court, on the meanness of this form of cadging.

"This is a dirty, mean, scurvy thing," he said. "A meaner, more scurvy thing could not be. . . . How a man, a creature, an animal calling himself a man could take money from a poor girl working as a housemaid I cannot understand."

"In my view, you are simply a parasite animal creeping about and getting money anywhere you can. It is perfectly disgraceful, and if I saw my way to give you six months' hard labor I would be pleased to do it."

According to opinions gathered from prominent business men, social reformers and others, the "cadging creature" is to be found in all walks of life, particularly amongst the upper classes.

"The case of the guardsman who would borrow money from a woman has its parallel in higher circles of society," said a well known city man.

"The young, lazy, ne'er-do-well who is well educated, but lives on his friends and relations, practises just the same kind of meanness as this particular Scots guardsman."

"His acts, however, are glided over by good manners and polish. He cadges money from his friends—he calls it a loan—but never intends to pay it back."

## WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S EL DORADO



WESTERN Australia's newly discovered gold district, the center of which is the already famous Bullfinch mine, is attracting a great deal of attention and the Western Australia parliament has sanctioned the construction of a railway from South Cross to the mines. Mr. Doolette not long ago refused \$2,500,000 for his share in the Bullfinch. A town site has been surveyed there and 64 blocks of this sold at public auction for \$125,000.

## URBAN CENTER PLAN HAILED

Proposal of Director Durand to Disregard Geographical Lines Would Swell Gotham.

New York.—The proposal of the director of the census that in future publications on city population urban centers shall be used as the proper units instead of the arbitrary political divisions indicated by city boundary lines is one that appeals strongly to New York, for it gives hope of enabling the city to surpass London and to claim first place among all the cities of the world.

Although this city has spread out almost evenly in all directions, its westward growth never has shown in the census returns because it has been beyond the boundary line of New Jersey.

Under the new plan all the population in the urban area of each large city, as determined by the experts of the census bureau, would be credited to that city. This would add about a million to the present official population of Greater New York, giving it 5,800,000.

While this would still be lower than the population of Greater London, which is now placed at nearly 7,000,000, the growth of New York is much more rapid, and if the present rates were maintained it would pass its European rival.

Aside from the prestige of being the first city in the world, however, there is little to be gained by additions to the size of the city. Popular sentiment, in fact, seems to be against any considerable additions to the present administrative area.

For the present, most persons hold, the problems of giving the greater city proper government are difficult enough without further complications, but the plan of the census authorities, which would give the city credit for the population logically belonging to it without adding to its actual area, is regarded with favor.

Philadelphia Lecturer Believes That There is Still Life After Electrocution.

## RIGS UP A WIRELESS PLANT

Blind Boy Living in New York Receives Messages From Distance of 300 Miles.

New York.—The handicap of blindness has failed to prevent John W. Ellis, a boy of 106 West Eighty-ninth street, from rigging up a wireless telegraph apparatus that makes it possible for him to hear the news of the world without leaving his room. As Ellis has been blind since his birth, it is a good deal easier to listen to what people say about things in general than it is to take the time to go over pages of raised and perforated lettering or have to ask friends to read aloud and let him know what is going on.

"I have not talked with many operators as yet as my cells do not generate enough power to make the waves I send long enough. I have listened, however, to messages from Norfolk, Washington and nearly all the other wireless stations from five to eight hundred miles away from New York. I receive the Marconi as well as the De Forrest systems."

Ellis is now nineteen years old. He graduated from the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston, and has been declared a prodigy, so far as comprehension of electrical and mechanical problems was concerned.

## ITALY WILL USE WIRELESS

Government Asks \$100,000 for Network of Stations for Communication With Rome.

Rome.—The government asked an appropriation of \$100,000 to complete a network of wireless stations throughout Italy by which all points on the frontier and Italian coast will be able to communicate among themselves and with Rome.

The last station is of such power as to be able to maintain communication with a man-of-war in any part of the Mediterranean.

It is also arranged for these stations, which are chiefly for military purposes, to be open to private service so as to be not only a means of protection, but also a public utility.

## Women First, Please.

Boston.—"Women first, please," will be the softly spoken request of elevated train guards in Boston hereafter. Conspicuous signs bearing this polite request will be displayed in elevated stations.

The courtesy crusade is the result of complaints that men and boys jump on the cars in the elevated tunnel and subway stations before they come to a stop. This deprives women of seats for which they wait. The company is going to stop the practice if politeness will do it.