

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

AT KILDARE

By **MEREDITH NICHOLSON**

Illustrations By **RAY WALTERS**

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SYNOPSIS.

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. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold also takes the field. Frank Collins, Atlanta reporter, is arrested by Ardmore, but released to become press agent for the young millionaire's expedition.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Prisoner, you fool! I'm a guest at Ardsley and I'm looking for a lady."

"That's a very unlikely story. Collins, help the gentleman down;" and the reporter obeyed instructions with so much zeal that the noble gentleman fell prone, and was assisted to his feet with a fine mockery of helpfulness.

"I tell you I'm looking for a lady whose horse ran away with her! I'm the duke of Ballywinkle and brother-in-law to Mr. Ardmore. I'll have you sent to jail if you stop me here."

"Come along, duke, and we'll see what you look like," said Cooke, leading the way to the bungalow veranda. Within Ardmore was lighting lamps. There was a long room finished in black oak, with a fireplace at one end, and a table in the center. The floors were covered with handsome rugs and the walls were hung with photographs and etchings. Ardmore sat on the back of a leather settee in a pose assumed at the moment of the duke's entrance. It was a pose of entire nonchalance, and Ardmore's cap, perched on the back of his head, and his brown hair ruffled boyishly, added to the general effect of comfort and ease.

The duke blinked for a moment in the lamplight, then he roared out joyously:

"Ardy, old man!" and advanced toward his brother-in-law with outstretched hand.

"Keep him off; he's undeniably quite mad," said Ardmore, staring coldly, and bending his riding-crop across his knees. "Collins, please ride on after the lady and bring her back this way."

Cooke had seated the prisoner rather rudely in a chair, and the noble duke, having lost the power of speech in amazement and fright, rubbed his eyes and then fastened them incredulously on Ardmore; but there was no question about it, he had been seized with violence; he had been repudiated by his own brother-in-law—the useless, stupid Tommy Ardmore, who, at best, had only a child's mind for pirate stories and who was indubitably the most negligible of negligible figures in the drama of life as the duke knew it.

"Cooke," began Ardmore, addressing his lieutenant gravely from his perch on the settee, "what is the charge against this person?"

"He says he's a duke," grinned Cooke, taking his cue from Ardmore's manner. "And he says he's visiting at Ardsley."

"That," said Ardmore with decision, "is creditable only to the gentleman's romantic imagination. His face is anything but ducal, and there's a red streak across it which points clearly to the recent sharp blow of a weapon; and no one would ever strike a duke. It's utterly incredible," and Ardmore lifted his brows and leaned back with his arms at length and his hands clasping the riding-crop, as he contemplated with supreme satisfaction the tell-tale red line across the duke's cheek.

"For God's sake, Ardy—" howled the duke.

Ardmore drew from his pocket Johnston's "American Politics" with an air of greatest seriousness.

"Cooke," he said, half to himself as he turned the pages, "do you remember just what the constitution says about dukes? Oh, yes; here we are! Now, Mr. Duke of Ballywinkle, listen to what it says here in Section 9 of the Constitution of the United States, which reads exactly as follows in this book: 'No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States: And no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.' And it says in Section 10 that 'No state shall grant any title of nobility.' Now, Mr. Ballywinkle, it is perfectly clear that this

government can't recognize anything that it can't create, for that would be foolish. As I, the governor of North Carolina, can't make a duke, I can't see one. You are therefore wholly illegal; it's against the most sacred law of the land for you to be here at all; and, painful though it is to me, it is nevertheless my duty to order you to leave the United States at once, never to return. In fact, if you ever appear in the United States again, I hereby order that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. One of Mr. Cooke's men will accompany you to New York to-morrow and see to it that you take passage on a steamer bound for a British port. The crime of having insulted a woman will still hang over you until you are well east of Sandy Hook, and I advise you not to risk being tried on that charge in North Carolina, as my people are very impulsive and emotional, and lynchings are not infrequent in our midst. You shall spend to-night in my official caboose some distance from here, and your personal effects will be brought from Ardsley, where, you have said, you are a guest of Mr. Thomas Ardmore, who is officially unknown to me. The supreme court will now adjourn."

Cooke pulled the limp, bewildered duke to his feet, and dragged him from the bungalow.

As they stepped out on the veranda Collins rode up in alarm.

"I followed this road to a cross-road where it became a bridge-path and runs off into the forest. There I lost all trace of the lady, but here is her riding-crop."

"Cooke, take your prisoner to the caboose; and Collins, come with me," commanded Ardmore; and a moment later he and the reporter rode off furiously in search of Jerry Dangerfield.

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Dangerfield Takes a Prisoner.

A dozen men carrying rifles across their saddle-bows rode away from Habersham's farm on the outskirts of Turner Court House and struck a rough trail that led a devious course over the hills. At their head rode the guide of the expedition—a long silent man on a mule. Griswold and Habersham followed immediately behind him on horseback. Their plans had been carefully arranged before they left their rendezvous, and save for an occasional brief interchange between the prosecuting attorney and the governor's special representative, the party jogged on in silence. Habersham's recruits were, it may be said, farmers of the border, who had awaited for years just such an opportunity as now offered to avenge themselves upon the insolent Applegate. Nearly every man of the party had some private score to settle, but they had all been sworn as special constables and were sobered by the knowledge that the power of the state of South Carolina was back of them.

Thus, at the very hour that Mr. Ardmore and his lieutenant rode away from the lonely anchorage of



The Guide Pushed His Mule Forward at a Fast Walk.

the caboose, Prof. Griswold and his cavalcade set out for Mount Nebo church. When the master of Ardsley was revenging himself upon the duke of Ballywinkle, his dearest friend, against whom he had closed the doors of his house, was losing no time in setting forth upon a mission which, if successful, would seriously interfere with all Mr. Ardmore's hopes and plans.

The guide of the expedition pushed his mule forward at a fast walk, making no excuses to Griswold and Habersham for the roughness of the trails he chose, nor troubling to give warning of sharp turns where a horse, being less wise than a mule, tobogganed madly before finding a foothold. Occasionally a low hanging limb switched the associate professor sharply across the face, but his temper continued serene where the trail was darkest and steepest, and he found himself ignoring Habersham's occasional polite questions about the university in his effort to summon up in memory certain ways of Barbara Osborne which baffled him.

"Check up, can't you?" snarled the man on the mule, laying hold of Griswold's rein; and thus halted, Griswold found that they had been circling round a curiously symmetrical, thickly wooded hill, and had finally come to a clearing whence they were able to gaze far off toward the north.

"We are almost out of bounds," said Habersham, pointing. "Over there somewhere, across the hills, lies North Carolina. I am as thoroughly lost as you can possibly be; but these men know where they are. How far is it, Billy?" he addressed the silent guide—"to Mount Nebo?"

"About four miles, and I reckon we'd better let out a little now or they'll

sing the doxology before we git thar."

"What's that light away off there?" asked Habersham.

The guide paused to examine, and the faint glow far down the vale seemed to perplex him. He spoke to one or two other natives and they viewed the light ruminatively, as is their way.

"That must be on Ardmore's land," said the leader finally. "It shoots out all sorts o' ways round here, and I reckon that's the wher Raccoon creek cuts through."

"That's very likely," said Habersham. "I've seen the plat of what Ardmore owns on this side the border at the courthouse, and I remember that there's a long strip in Mingo county that is Ardsley land. Ardmore has houses of one kind and another scattered all over the estate and those lights may be from one of them. You know the place, don't you?"

"Yes; I've visited there," admitted Griswold. "But we'd better give it a wide berth. The whole estate is simply infested with scarlet fever. They're quarantined."

"I guess that's a joke," said Habersham. "There's a big party on there now, and I have seen some of the guests in Turner's within a day or two."

"Within how many days?" demanded Griswold, his heart sinking at the thought that Ardmore had lied to him to keep him away from Ardsley—from Ardmore's house! The thought of it really hurt him now.

"Come on!" called Habersham. Half the company rode ahead to gain the farther side of the church; the remainder, including Griswold and Habersham, soon dismounted and tied their horses out of sight of the country road which they had latterly been following.

"We are in plenty of time," said Habersham, looking at his watch. "The rest of the boys are closing in from the other side and they will be ready for Applegate when he finishes his devotions. We've been studying the old man's habits and he has a particular place where he ties his horse back of the church. It's a little apart from the fence where most of the congregation hitch, and he chose it, no doubt, because in case of a surprise he would have plenty of room for maneuvering. Two men are going to lay for him, seize and gag him and carry him into the wood back of the church; and then we're off across the state line to lock him up in jail at Kildare and give Gov. Dangerfield the shock of his life."

"It sounds simple enough; but it won't be long before Applegate's friends miss him. You must remember that they are a shrewd lot."

"We've got to take our chances. Let's hope we are as shrewd as they are," replied Habersham.

They moved softly through the wood and presently the faint sound of singing reached them.

"Old Rabbick has finished his sermon and we'll know the worst in a few minutes."

One of the party had already detached himself and crept forward toward the church, to meet his appointed comrade in the enterprise, who was to come in from the other side.

The clapping church presented in the moonlight the austere outlines, and as the men waited, a rude though unseen hand was slamming the wooden shutters that protected the windows from impious violence.

"We could do with less moon," muttered Habersham, as he and Griswold peered through the trees into the churchyard.

"There goes Bill Applegate now," whispered one of the natives at his elbow, and Griswold felt his heart-beats quicken as he watched a tall figure silhouetted against the church and moving swiftly toward the rear of the building. At the front of the church voices sounded, as the departing worshippers rode or drove slowly away.

Habersham laid his hand suddenly on Griswold's arm.

"They've got him! They've nailed him! See! There! They're yanking him back into the timber. They've taken him and his horse!"

Griswold saw nothing but a momentary confusion of shadows, then perfect silence hung over the woods behind the little church. The congregation was slowly dispersing, riding away in little groups. Suddenly a voice called out in the road 100 yards beyond the church:

"Hey, there! Where's Bill?"

"Oh, he's gone long ago!" yelled another.

In a moment more the church door slammed and a last figure rode rapidly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Church in a Rock.

In the quaint old German town of Oberstein an ancient church stands, built in the great rock rising from the river. The front of the building is of stone, but the church itself is hollowed out of the rock and penetrates far into its heart. Tradition says that in the fourteenth century the count of Oberstein, one of the old robber barons, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighboring knight.

His brother also sought the fair maiden's hand and the two suitors had a violent quarrel. The upshot was that the count flung his hapless brother from the top of his castle wall high up the precipitous cliff. Repenting of his awful deed, the count vowed that he would build a church where his brother's body first touched the ground. He did so, excavating the church in the rock; and tradition goes on to say a miraculous spring of clear water sprang from the crag as a token that heaven was appeased. This curious church is now the only Protestant place of worship in the town.—Wide World Magazine.

EXONERATE OIL CO.

PUBLISHER OF HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE RETRACTS ACCUSATION AGAINST STANDARD.

ARTICLE CAUSED LIBEL SUIT

Hampton's and Moffett Declare Upon Investigation Oil Company is Not Connected With Sale of Impure Candles.

New York.—In the matter of the libel suits brought by the Standard Oil company for \$250,000 damages against Hampton's Magazine and for \$100,000 damages against Cleveland Moffett, the former the publisher, and the latter the writer, of an article in the February issue of the magazine which defamed the company in connection with the sale of glucose and candy in Philadelphia, the following retractions have been signed in the office of Shearman & Sterling, the Standard Oil company's lawyers in the case, and have been issued from the company's offices at No. 26 Broadway:

"Hampton's Magazine, 66 West Thirty-fifth St., New York, Jan. 31, 1911.

"Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, New York.

"Dear Sirs: In the February issue of Hampton's Magazine there was published an article written by me, entitled, 'Cassidy and the Food Poisoners.' In that article I referred to the investigation of Mr. Cassidy, with respect to the manufacture and sale of impure candles in Philadelphia, and made the statement that your company manufactured and sold impure material which went into these candles and that, when the various dealers were arrested and fined, at the instance of Mr. Cassidy, your company paid the fines.

"Upon investigation I have ascertained that your company was in no way concerned with the transactions referred to and I hasten to retract in the fullest manner all charges made against your company and to express my sincere regret that I should have fallen into this serious error. Yours truly, Cleveland Moffett."

Jan. 31, 1911.

"Standard Oil Company, New York City.

"Dear Sirs: Referring to foregoing letter of Mr. Cleveland Moffett to you, we beg to state that we are convinced that Mr. Moffett was in error in his statements with reference to your company. We greatly regret that these errors should have been made. It is the desire of Hampton's Magazine to be accurate and fair in all things. In our March number we will publish this letter and the foregoing letter of Mr. Moffett. Yours truly, Benj. B. Hampton, President, Broadway Magazine, Inc."

MUST TELL GRAFT STORY

Danville Judge Orders Prosecutor to Answer All Questions Put by Jury in Bribe Quiz.

Danville, Ill.—Judge Klmbrough in the circuit court handed down a decision in the case of City Attorney Jones, who declined to answer certain questions regarding vote selling and buying which the grand jury put to him.

The court instructed Jones to answer all questions. The opinion stated that, according to a decision of the Supreme court of the United States, a witness before the grand jury is immune from indictment. The court also held that the city election law is unconstitutional, which means that Jones cannot be questioned about happenings more than eighteen months ago.

This means that the investigation will continue until all the witnesses now summoned are examined. It is said that many indictments have been voted, but whether they are for vote selling is not known.

VOLCANO'S TOLL IS 700

Five Thousand Families in Philippines Have Been Wholly Ruined By Disaster.

Washington.—The eruption of Taal volcano and the accompanying disturbances in the Philippines killed 700 people in the town of Talisay, according to the report of the governor of Batangas province, which was cabled to the war department by Governor General Forbes of the Philippine Islands.

The earthquake shocks continue, the governor general added. Five thousand families have been ruined by the disaster.

The Philippine authorities are face to face with the absolute necessity of adopting relief measures in order to avoid suffering, as the falling mud and lava destroyed the crops within a considerable radius of the volcano.

DECIES HONEYMOON IN EGYPT

When Gould, After Wedding to Engaged Lady, Will Take Trip to Africa.

New York.—It is announced that Lord and Lady Decies, the latter now Miss Vivien Gould, who are to be married February 7, will spend their honeymoon in Egypt. They will leave America February 18 by the Cunard America February 18 by the Cunard liner Carmania. In Egypt they will spend a few days in Cairo and then visit notable points in upper Egypt.

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 making. Use CALUMET—the Modern Baking Powder. At all Grocers.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition

SPORN'S DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horrid any stage of infection or "aroused." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands; expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine & speedy remedy. See and buy bottles; 50 and 100 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted.

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UP TO ALFRED.

She—I know, Alfred, I have my faults.

He—Oh, certainly.

She (angrily)—Indeed? Perhaps you'll tell me what they are!

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 \$3,500,000 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.

Constipation is an avoidable misery—take Garfield Tea, Nature's Herb Laxative.

It sometimes happens that the black sheep of a family is a blonde.

A good way to keep well is to take Garfield Tea frequently. It insures good health.

All the world's a stage, and life is the greatest on earth.

The very best advice: take Garfield Tea whenever a laxative is needed.

Happiness grows at our own fire-side and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes your feet feel easy and comfortable and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. 25c. *Reserve substitutes.* For free trial package, address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Sad Face.

He—What a sweet, sad face she has. She (in a huff)—Enough to make any one sad to have such a face as that.

Many people have receding gums. Rub Hamlin's Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; chase the disease germs with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

And in the Meanwhile.

Lady—Can't you find work?

Tramp—Yessum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?

Tramp—No, mum. You see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.—London Punch.

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 trifle 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.

COLDS

GRIP

Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obdurate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Write Prof. Munyon, 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., for medical advice absolutely free.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.



Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

INVESTMENT—New Oil company being organized to operate in sensational San Juan field. Promotes to be largest and richest in world; ground floor stock now only 1c a share. Send for particulars. Underwriters & Guaranty Co., 204 Bralley Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Bokara Diamonds Everyone wanted to wear Gems. Write for sample offer and catalog. Free. To Northwesters Jewelry Co., 401 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

FLORIDA LAND FOR SALE—Colony established. Individual allotments. Co-operative development. Artisan wells. Industrial College. L. L. McKenna, Mobile, Ala.

