

# 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. Griswold's men capture Bill Applegate. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive outlaw and leads him to Ardsley, her own prisoner. Griswold is obliged to report the loss, very mysterious to him, to Barbara Osborne.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the woods back of the church, where Griswold began to exercise his reasoning powers.

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

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

"Where does this path lead?" asked Barbara.

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

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

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

"It's a good handkerchief, and here are two initials worked in the corner



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

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

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

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

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

"I'm not afraid; and as I have never been so near Ardsley before, I should like to ride in and steal a glimpse. There's little danger of meeting the lord of the manor, I suppose, or any of his guests at this hour, and we need not go near the house."

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

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

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

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

tered all about the place, and they all know me."

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

If she had asked him to jump into the sea he would not have hesitated; and he was so happy at being with her that his heart sang defiance to Ardmore and the splendors of Ardsley.

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

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

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

It was just then—he vividly recalls the moment—as Griswold felt in his waistcoat for his watch—that Miss Jerry Dangerfield, with Thomas Ardmore at her side, galloped into view. They were racing madly, like irresponsible children, and bore boisterously down upon the two pilgrims. Jerry and Ardmore, hatless and warm, were pardonably indignant at this being arrested in their flight, and the master of Ardsley, feeling for once the dignity of his proprietorship, broke out stormily.

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

"Grissy! I say, Grissy!"

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

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

"Pardon me, but are you one of the employes here?"

"Why, Grissy, old man, don't look at me like that! How did you—"

"I owe your master an apology for riding upon his property at a time when pestilence is giving you cause for so much concern. The death-rate from scarlet fever is deplorably high—"

"Oh, Grissy!" cried Ardmore. "You have addressed me familiarly by a nickname sometimes used by intimate friends, though I can't for the life of me recall you."

"I know your master an apology for riding upon his property at a time when pestilence is giving you cause for so much concern. The death-rate from scarlet fever is deplorably high—"

Miss Dangerfield's chin, which had dropped a trifle, pointed again into the blue ether.

"You will pardon me," she said, "but an agent of the state of South Carolina is far exceeding his powers when he intrudes upon North Carolina soil."

"The state of South Carolina does what it pleases and goes where it likes," declared Miss Barbara Osborne warmly, whereupon Mr. Ardmore, at a glance from his coadjutor, waxed righteously indignant.

"It's one thing, sir, for you to ride in here as a sight-seer, but quite another for you to come representing an unfriendly state. You will please choose which view of the matter I shall take, and I shall act accordingly."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How "Pop" Billings Got a Bargain. C. K. G. Billings, who has paid a larger sum of money for trotters and pacers to drive on the road and amateur matinee races, and owned more of them, than any ten horse lovers in the country, tells of a very sad experience in the first horse he ever owned in his life.

When quite a young man, Mr. Billings fancied a fast trotting mare priced to him at \$2,000, but not having more than \$500 to his name, he persuaded his mother to advance him the balance, which she did after much begging. In due time his father heard of the fast trotter his son had bought, and expressed a desire to try her.

## SOME FINE FRITTERS

### SEVERAL WAYS OF MAKING THESE TASTY ARTICLES.

Recipes That Include Those That Are Concocted With Oysters, Currant Jam, Pineapple, Salmon, Orange and Cranberry.

**Plain Fritter Batter.**—Beat till light four eggs, adding to them four large tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of creamed butter, pinch of salt, two cupfuls—one pint—of milk and two-thirds of a cupful of flour. Use a perfectly smooth frying pan, or the cakes will stick; butter it, and when hot pour in enough batter to cover the bottom. When done spread with jelly, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve at once on a hot platter. These may also be buttered, with a mixture of powdered sugar and cinnamon spread between and over them; when served in layers they are cut like a pie.

**Oyster Fritters.**—Nothing so appeals to the epicure as oyster fritters; to a cupful of the liquid add one of sweet milk, four eggs, a saltspoonful of salt and enough flour to make a stiff batter; add a pint of chopped oysters and fry in deep fat. Serve at once garnished with white celery tips.

**Currant Jam Fritters.**—Currant jam fritters are a dream of richness; make the usual batter, and to every cupful and one-half of it add a cupful of the jam, adding sugar to the latter before mixing. Drop by spoonfuls from the spoon into hot fat; sprinkle with sugar and serve with cocoa.

**Pineapple Fritters.**—Pineapple fritters are a luscious morsel; grate the fruit fine, saving the juice, and adding sufficient water to make it one pint; sift one pint of flour—using juice to make the batter—one-half teaspoonful of salt and yolk of one egg. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat; drain, dust with powdered sugar and serve.

**Salmon Fritters.**—The salmon fritters are most appetizing and are more substantial than those of fruit; they are made by stirring into the plain batter enough boned salmon to make one-half the quantity of batter; drain on unglazed brown paper and serve on lettuce leaves or garnished with parsley.

**Orange Fritters.**—The richness and flavor of the orange fritter is proverbial. Place one cupful of sifted flour in a bowl, add a pinch of salt, then the yolk of one egg, well beaten with one teaspoonful of olive oil; when mixed to a smooth batter add gradually enough water to make stiff enough not to run from the spoon. Beat the white of the egg light and fold into the batter. Put five or six slices of orange into this batter, cover well, then drop into smoking fat and fry a delicate brown; remove, drain, dust with sugar and serve.

**Cranberry Fritters.**—Cranberry fritters are a novel and delicious variation for the daily menu; sift together two cupfuls of flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs, add one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk and stir into the dry ingredients; then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cupful of halved berries. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. They may also be served with a sauce.

**Currant Jam Popovers.**—To make, use two cupfuls each of flour and milk, two eggs (beaten until stiff), one-half teaspoonful of salt, two of melted butter; bake in cups. When done, cut a little slit in each with a sharp knife and insert a spoonful of currant jam. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.—The Housekeeper.

## GETTING RID OF INSECTS

They Will Depart If Wooden Furniture and Crevices Are Washed With Weak Solution of Alum.

A housekeeper of long experience says she no longer is troubled with insects, pests of any kind since an old cook told her to wash her shelves, floors, bed-slats, bureau drawers, the woodwork around sink and all crevices with a rather weak solution of alum water.

This same housekeeper does her own patching of iron pots and pans. She mixes a pound of salt and two pounds of wood ashes to a thick paste and fills in the break in the iron. She then sets it away to dry, when, it becomes as hard as the iron itself and the leak stops.

Another of her contrivances for softening hard water for washing clothes was the night before wash day to put about a peck of wood ashes in the bottom of a barrel and fill it up with the hard water. By morning the gentle alkali has softened the water as no modern washing powder does as safely or any better.

**Real Butter Scotch.**

Allow to one pound of brown sugar one teacupful of water and a quarter cupful of butter. Put in a saucepan over the fire and boil, watching carefully, until it begins to turn brown. The moment it reaches a golden brown turn into a shallow buttered tin. Never stir or touch with a spoon.

**Cake Hint.**

A cake had been set away and forgotten until it was as hard as the proverbial brick. It was wrapped in a cloth wrung out of hot water and then had an outside covering of paper. Let it remain so for about 24 hours, and it will be as moist as if freshly made. This recipe has been tested.

## THE YOUNG BRIDE'S FIRST DISCOVERY

Their wedding tour had ended, and they entered their new home to settle down to what they hoped to be one long uninterrupted blissful honeymoon.

But, alas! the young bride's troubles soon began, when she tried to reduce the cost of living with cheap big can baking powders.

She soon discovered that all she got was a lot for her money, and it was not all baking powder, for the bulk of it was cheap materials which had no leavening power. Such powders will not make light, wholesome food. And because of the absence of leavening gas, it requires from two or three times as much to raise cakes or biscuits as it does of Calumet Baking Powder.

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Now the bride buys Calumet—the perfectly wholesome baking powder, moderate in price, and always uniform and reliable. Calumet keeps indefinitely, makes cooking easy, and is certainly the most economical after all.

## WONDERFUL!



She—No wonder if the water speaks the new language—what do they call it? Esperanto?

He—Oh, yes! He talks it like a native.

## SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

Kidney Trouble Caused Terrible Misery.

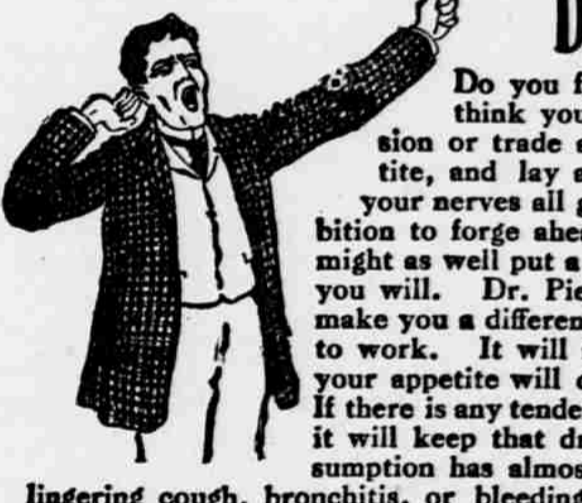
D. C. Taylor, 705 E. Central Ave., Wichita, Kan., says: "For years I suffered from kidney trouble and was often confined to bed. On one occasion while working the pain was so severe I was helpless and had to be carried into the house. I found no relief and was in terrible shape when I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely, no sign of kidney trouble having shown itself in years. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to at least one hundred people."

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Garfield Tea has brought good health to thousands! Unequaled for constipation.

It is more disgraceful to distrust than to be deceived.—Roucheffoucauld.



lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are of known composition. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.



## Don't Buy Ashes

Users of coal cannot escape the ash nuisance. Ashes cost the same as coal—cause work, worry and dirt. Burn Milwaukee Solvay Coke—practically pure carbon—the heat element. No ashes to sift—ideal for heating and cooking.

## Buy Milwaukee SOLVAY COKE

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Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

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