

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. Both states are in a turmoil over one Applegate, an outlaw with political influence. 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 ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold's men capture Applegate. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive and leads him to Ardsley, her own prisoner. Griswold and Barbara explore the scene of the disappearance and meet Ardmore and Jerry. Griswold refuses to recognize his friend.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Griswold's companion spoke to him earnestly in a low tone for a moment, and then Griswold addressed Ardmore incisively.

"I don't know what you pretend to be, sir; but it may interest you to know that I am the governor of South Carolina!"

"And this gentleman," cried Jerry, pointing to Ardmore with her riding crop, "though his hair is mussed and his scarf visibly untied, is none other than the governor of North Carolina, and he is not only on his own property, but in the sovereign state of which he is the chief executive."

Prof. Griswold lifted his hat with the least flourish.

"I congratulate the state of North Carolina on having reposed authority in hands so capable. If this young lady is correct, sir, I will serve official notice on you that I have reason to believe that a person named Applegate, a fugitive from justice, is hiding on your property and in your state, and I now formally demand that you surrender him forthwith."

"If I may introduce myself," interposed Jerry, "I will say to you that my name is Geraldine Dangerfield, and that this Applegate person is now at Mr. Ardmore's house."

"I suppose," replied Miss Osborne with gentle irony, "that he has the pink parlor and leads the conversation at table."

"You are quite mistaken," replied Ardmore; "but if it would afford you any satisfaction to see the outlaw you may look upon him in my wine cellar, where, only an hour ago, I left him sitting on a case of Chateau Bizet '82. My further intentions touching this scoundrelly South Carolinian I need not now disclose; but I give you warning that the Applegate issue will soon and forever be terminated and in a manner that will greatly redound to the credit and the glory of the Old North State."

"I trust," said Griswold, "that the prisoner, whom we cannot for a moment concede to be the real Applegate, will not be exposed to scarlet fever, pending a settlement of this matter. And now, I have the honor to bid you both good morning."

He and Barbara swung their horses round and retraced their way, leaving Ardmore and Jerry gazing after them.

When the shabby beasts from the stable at Turner Court House had borne Miss Osborne and Griswold out of sight beyond the bungalow, Ardmore turned blankly to Jerry.

"Have I gone blind or anything? Unless I'm crazy that was dear old Grissy, but who is that girl?"

"That is Miss Barbara Osborne, and I hope she has learned such a lesson that she will not be snippy to me any more, if she is the president general of the Daughters of the Seminole War."

"But where do you suppose she found Grissy?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; nor, Mr. Ardmore, do I care."

"He said he represented the state of South Carolina—do you suppose the governor has really employed him?"

"I do not," said Jerry emphatically; "for he appears intelligent, and intelligence is something that would never appeal to Gov. Osborne. It is quite possible," mused Jerry aloud, "that Miss Osborne's father has disappeared like mine, and she is running his office with Mr. Griswold's aid. If so, we shall probably have some fun before we get through with this."

"If that's true we shall have more than fun!" exclaimed Ardmore, thoroughly aroused. "You don't know Grissy. He's the smartest man alive, and if he's running this Applegate case for Gov. Osborne, he'll keep us guessing."

"I wish you to remember, Mr. Ardmore, that you still have your opportunity, and that I expect you to carry this matter through to a safe conclu-

sion and to the honor of the Old North State."

"I have no intention of falling, Miss Dangerfield;" and with this they turned and rode slowly back toward the house.

Prof. Griswold and Miss Osborne were silent until the forest again shut them in.

Then, in a sequestered spot, Griswold suddenly threw up his head and laughed long and loud.

"Do you suppose they really have Applegate?" asked Barbara.

"Not for a minute! They told us that story merely to annoy us when they found what we were looking for. That touch about the wine cellar is characteristically Ardmoresque. If they had Applegate you may be sure they wouldn't keep him on the premises."

Whereupon they rode back to Turner Court House much faster than they had come.

CHAPTER XV.

The Prisoner in the Corn-Crib. Jerry and Ardmore sat at a long table in the commodious Ardsley library, which was a modification of a Gothic chapel. A large accumulation of mail from the governor's office at Raleigh had been forwarded, and Jerry insisted that it must be opened and disposed of in some way. Gov. Dangerfield was, it appeared, a subscriber to a clipping bureau, and they had been examining critically a batch of cuttings relating to the New Orleans incident.

"It's a good thing we got hold of Collins," observed Ardmore, putting down a clipping from a New York paper in which the reports of Gov. Dangerfield's disappearance were analyzed and tersely dismissed; "for he knows how to write and he's done a splendid picture of your father on his throne attending to business; and his little stingers for Osborne are the work of a genius."

"There's a certain finish about Mr. Collins' lying that is refreshing," replied Jerry, "and I cannot help thinking that he has a brilliant future before him if he enters politics. Nothing pains me more than a careless, ill-considered, silly lie, which is the best that most people can do. But it would be very interesting to know whether Gov. Osborne has really disappeared, or just how your friend the Virginia professor has seized the reins of state. Do you suppose he got a jug from somewhere, and met Miss Osborne and—"

"Do you think—do you think—she may have—er possibly—closed one eye in his direction?" asked Ardmore dubiously.

"Mr. Ardmore"—and Jerry pointed at him with a bronze paper-cutter to make sure of his attention—"Mr. Ardmore, if you ever imply again by act, word or deed that I winked at you I shall never, never speak to you again. I should think that a man with a nice sister like Mrs. Atchison would have a better opinion of women than you seem to have. I never saw you until you came to my father's house to tell me about the jug—and you know I didn't. And as for that Barbara Os-

borne, while I don't doubt that even in South Carolina a Daughter of the Seminole War might wink at a gentleman in a moment of extreme provocation, I doubt if she did, for she lacks animation, and has no more soul than a gum overshoe."

The discussion ceased abruptly on the appearance of Big Paul, the forester.

"A body of South Carolina militia is marching across country from the south. One of my men heard of it down at Turner Court House last night and rode to where the troops were encamped. He learned that it was a practice march for the militia. There's several companies of infantry, so he reports, and a piece of artillery."

"Bully for old Grissy!" exclaimed Ardmore. "They're coming this way, are they, Paul?" And the three bent over the map.

"This is the place sir. They seem to be planning to get around Turner's without stirring up the town. But it would take a good deal to wake up Turner's," laughed the big German.

Jerry placed her finger on the state line.

"If they dare cross that—if they as much as dare!"

"If they dare we shall show them a few things. Take all the men you need, Paul, to watch their movements. That will do."

The forester lingered.

"You remember that we spoke the other day of the log house on Raccoon creek, where the Applegates had driven off our man?"

"Yes, Paul. It is where the state line crosses the heavy woods and the farthest outpost, so to speak, on my property. Also you said some of

these Applegate fellows had been cutting off the timber down there, if I remember rightly."

"Yes, sir," replied the forester, twirling his cap awkwardly. "But some of the people on the estate have said—"

He broke off in an embarrassment so unlike him that Jerry and Ardmore looked at him curiously.

"Well, Paul, what's the matter? If the cabin has been burned down it's no serious matter."

"Why, sir; some of the men passing there at night say they see lights and hear sounds in the cabin, though no one from the estate goes there. A child died in the house last spring—and well, you know how some of these people are!"

"Cheer up, Paul. We have bigger business on hand than the chasing of ghosts just now. When we get through with these other things I'll go over there myself and take a look at the spook."

As Paul hurried away, Jerry seized a pen and wrote this message: Rutherford Gillingwater, Adjutant-General, Camp Dangerfield, Ardsley, N. C.

Move all available troops by shortest route to Kildare at once, and report to me personally at Ardsley. Make no statements to newspapers. Answer. DANGERFIELD, Governor.

"I guess that will bring him running," said Ardmore, calling a servant and ordering the message dispatched immediately.

Before luncheon a message was received from Gillingwater, to this effect:

Gov. William Dangerfield, Ardsley, N. C.

En route with our entire available force in the field. I am riding ahead with all speed, and will report at Ardsley at nine o'clock. Is full military dress de rigueur? Gillingwater, Adjutant-General.

"Isn't that just like Rutherford! He's afraid he won't be dressy enough; but if he knew that the South Carolina troops might shoot holes in his uniform he wouldn't be due here for a couple of weeks, instead of at nine o'clock;" and Jerry laughed merrily.

They debated more seriously this telegram from Collins at Raleigh sent the previous evening:

Can't maintain this bluff much longer. Even the friendly newspapers are growing suspicious. State credit jeopardized by disappearance of Treasurer Foster. Bills of Brox Loan and Trust, here in a great fury over bond matter. Do you know governor's whereabouts? "Things are certainly growing more exciting," was Ardmore's comment. "I suppose even a gifted liar like Collins can't muzzle the press forever."

"You can't go on fooling all North Carolina all the time, either," said Jerry, "and I suppose when papa gets tired of being scared he will turn up in Raleigh and tell some plausible story about where he has been and what has happened. When it comes to being plausible no one can touch papa."

"Maybe he's dead," suggested Ardmore gloomily.

"That's a real inspiration on your part, Mr. Ardmore; and it's very sweet of you to mention it, but I have no idea that any harm has come to papa. It's too much trouble to get elected governor, without dying in office, and besides, papa is none too friendly with the lieutenant governor and would never think of allowing such a person to succeed him. But those bonds seem rather serious and I don't like the idea of your Mr. Billings making a fuss at Raleigh."

"That will be all right," remarked Ardmore, blotting the last of a number of telegrams which he had been writing, and pressing a button. "It's much more important for us to get Applegate into a South Carolina jail; and it's not going to be so easy to do, now that Grissy is working on the other side, and angry at me about that scarlet fever telegram."

"There may be trouble," said Ardmore to his guests as they sat at luncheon. "But I should hate to have it said that my guests could not be taken care of here perfectly. I beg that you will all remain."

The luncheon was interrupted by the arrival of a summons for Ardmore, who hurriedly left the table.

Big Paul awaited him below, mounted and holding a led-horse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

King Granary. The Crimea and the whole Black sea region, owing to the sparse population to consume it, had a great surplus of wheat. For centuries it was coveted by all hungry nations—and exploited by the one with the strongest armies. For centuries after Athens had feasted upon the grain-raising lands beyond the Bosphorus, Mithridates, as a preparation for his life and death contest with Rome, fell upon the corn fields of the Crimea. Because Sicily was yellow with wheat from earliest memory, through ages and ages she was raided by all the powers of the world. It was because of Egypt's corn, more plentiful than anywhere else along the Mediterranean, that Caesar and Pompey wanted the land of the Ptolemies. It was when Rome held or controlled the granaries—her first and dearest conquests—of Sicily, Sardinia, Spain and Egypt that she could become mistress of the world.

No Proper Comparison. The oleo tarker had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service. "What!" protested the passenger, "a dollar for that distance? Why, it isn't half a mile as the crow flies." "Dat's true boss," returned Sambo, with an appealing smile, "but y' see, uh, dat old crow he ain't got free wive an' ten chilluns to support not to mention de keep foh de boss."

Happiness. Happiness means to be with nature, to see it, to commune with it.—To'w'ld.

The Kitchen Cabinet

WE MUST express ourselves in order to grow, and in order to ourselves only when we try to make things better both in ourselves and in our environment.

Helpful Hints.

When the chimney is burning out, throw a handful of salt into the stove or furnace. A piece of zinc burned in the stove or furnace occasionally will keep the chimney clean of soot.

When troubled with ants use a sprinkling of tartar emetic around where they come in and it will finish their migrations. This is a poison and should never be used where any pet can get it.

When cutting butter from the brick, a nice clean cut can be made by wrapping the blade of the knife with waxed paper.

Matting will look better and wear much longer if it is varnished as soon as it is tacked down. Use a clear varnish and it can then be wiped and kept clean as easily as any varnished floor.

Add a teaspoonful of vinegar to rice while cooking or a teaspoonful of lemon juice and the rice will be white and the grains well separated when done.

Potatoes are better when baked if they are greased with a little lard before baking. They will bake quicker and the skin will peel off as thin as paper.

When cream will not whip, add the white of an egg and beat together.

When suffering with earache, roast a raisin until hot and insert into the ear.

A simple remedy for hiccough is a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

A half of a wooden clothespin will stop the jarring of a window.

Chocolate or cocoa stains will be easily removed if first soaked in cold water, before washing.

When boiling rice or beans, add a little butter to the water and they will not boil over.

This is the time to clean up the back yards and prepare for the spring garden.

Cover the hotbed with muslin and the rain and air can thus do its good work on the plants. Cover on chilly nights.

BE STILL, sad heart and cease repining. Into each life some rain must fall. Some days be dark and dreary. —Longfellow.

Supper Dishes.

The following are some dishes suitable to serve for an evening supper, or they may be used for luncheon dishes:

Savory Oysters.—Clean a pint of oysters, parboil and drain. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add the same amount of flour and stir until well browned. Pour on gradually the oyster liquor and a half a cup of stock. Add a few drops of onion juice. Salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and the oysters. Serve on toast or in patty shells or timbale cases.

Russian Patties.—Parboil, drain and reserve the liquor from a pint of oysters. There should be a half cup of liquor. Make a sauce of three tablespoonfuls of butter, four and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half cup of chicken stock, half a cup of cream and the oyster liquor. When the butter is bubbling hot, add the flour and when well mixed add the other ingredients; add two yolks well beaten, a tablespoonful of horse radish, two tablespoonfuls of capers, salt and pepper. Add the oysters and as soon as hot fill the patty shells.

Stuffed Eggs.—Cut four hard-cooked eggs in halves crosswise, remove the yolks, mash and add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one teaspoon of vinegar, one-fourth of a teaspoon of mustard and salt and cayenne to taste. Add enough melted butter to make the mixture of the right consistency to shape. Make in balls the size of the yolks and refill the whites. Arrange on a serving dish, pour around one cup of white sauce; cover and reheat.

Eggs poached and served on toast with tomato sauce are very good for a change.

Tint cream cheese with green and fill the hollows of celery stalks.

Nellie Maxwell

England's Greatest Mine Fire. The most serious colliery fire ever known in Britain was undoubtedly that which broke out at the Tawd Valley mine, near Preston, in 1872. Thousands of pounds were spent in trying to get the flames under control, but they overcame everything and consumed some millions of tons of coal. A wall ten feet in thickness was built around the affected parts, but the heat cracked the masonry and brought it down as fast as it was rebuilt. However, in 1897 the River Tawd overflowed its banks and went pouring down into the mine. No fire could withstand such an immense volume of water hurled upon it, and, although the flames extended for 500 yards, they were quenched after having raged for a quarter of a century. —London Tit-Bits.



Backache

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

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

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

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

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

STONE MOVED BY THE SUN

Immense Mass of Granite in Ohio Cemetery Undergoes Curious Revolutions.

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

Her Wedding March.

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

Improvvisation in trifles never made a millionaire nor swelled a bank account.

A Matter of Size.

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

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

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

Severe Critics.

Alice—I like Tom immensely, and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself!

Grace—Yes, dear, your knight hath a thousand I's.—Puck.

EDITOR BROWNE

Of The Rockford Morning Star.

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

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

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

J. Stanley Browne, Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease generally supervenes. So when man or woman finds that coffee is a smooth but deadly enemy and health is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee be the cause of the troubles, for if left off 10 days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It must be boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, when the crisp flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfill its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centers broken down by coffee.

"There's a Reason." Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They're genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE HAPPY MAN.



First Lady—How very happy the bridegroom looks! Really it is pleasant to see a young man looking so joyful.

Second Lady—Hush! That's not the bridegroom; that's a gentleman the bride jilted six months ago.

CHECK IT IN TIME.

Few people realize the grave danger of neglecting the kidneys. The slightest kidney trouble may be Nature's warning of dropsy, diabetes or dreaded Bright's disease. If you have any kidney symptom, begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once.

Mrs. Sarah A. Black, 304 S. Dundy St., Hartford, Cal., says: "Picture me lying crippled with inflammatory rheumatism and stricken with dropsy, not able to move even with crutches. Such was my condition when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Folks in Hartford know how bad off I was and I must give Doan's Kidney Pills full credit for my wonderful recovery."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale, by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Domestic Amenities.

Father—I think the baby looks like you.

Mother—Yes, it shuts its eyes to an awful lot.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—

It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

A Country School for Girls in New York City

Best Features of Country and City Life
Out-of-door Sports on School Park of 35 acres near the Hudson River.
Full Academic Course from Primary Class to Graduation. Upper Class for Advanced Special Students. Music and Art. Summer Session. Certificate admits to College. School Coach Meets Day Pupils.
Miss Bangs and Miss Whitte, Riverdale Ave., near 2524 St., West.

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Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—distress—cure indicated—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Beath Food

Sioux City Directory

PILES FISTULA cured in a few days, without pain. No pay till cured. Cut this ad out, good for \$5 for each patient. Write for particulars. Dr. Mathewson, 602 Farmers Loan & Trust Bldg., Sioux City, Ia.

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