

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

— AT —

KILDARE

By **MEREDITH NICHOLSON**

Illustrations by **RAY WALTERS**

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Malone 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 ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Appleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute. Both have forces scouting the border. Griswold captures Appleweight, but Jerry finds him and takes him to Ardsey, her own prisoner. Griswold and Barbara, while investigating the outlaw's disappearance, meet Ardmore and Jerry, the latter revealing the presence of Appleweight at Ardsey. Ardmore arrests a man on his property who says he is Gov. Osborne. Meanwhile another man is arrested as Appleweight by the South Carolina militia.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Flight of Gillingwater.

"It will be better for me to break the news to Col. Gillingwater," said Jerry, "and you must go and meet the troops yourself, with Mr. Cooke and that amusing Mr. Collins. There is no telling what effect my tidings will have on Rutherford, or what he will decide to do. He has never before been so near trouble as he is now, and I may have to give him his first aid to the injured when he finds out that the South Carolina troops are on Raccoon creek, all ready to march upon our sacred soil."

"But suppose your adjutant general shouldn't go back to his troops after he sees you, then what am I to do?"

"If you don't see him by ten o'clock you will take personal command and exercise your own discretion as to the best method of landing Appleweight in a South Carolina jail. After that we must find papa, and it will be up to him to satisfy the newspapers and his constituents with some excuse for his strange disappearance."

Collins had come from Raleigh on the evening train, and he had solemnly assured Ardmore that the present state of affairs could not be maintained another 24 hours. He had exhausted all his professional resources, and the North Carolina newspapers of all shades of opinion were clamoring for the truth, and were insisting that, for the honor and dignity of the state, Gov. Dangerfield should show himself in Raleigh.

"We've got to find Dangerfield or bust. Now, where is that eminent statesman, Ardmore? You can't tell me you don't know; but if you don't, Miss Dangerfield does, and she's got to tell."

"She hasn't the slightest idea, but if the newspapers find out that he's really and truly missing, he will have to show up; but first we've got to take Appleweight off that case of Chateau Bizet and lodge him in the jail at Turner Court House, and let Gov. Osborne have the odium of incarcerating the big chief of the border, to whom he is under the greatest political obligations."

"But it's all over the country now that Osborne hasn't been seen in Columbia since he and Dangerfield had that row in New Orleans. Cranks are turning up everywhere, pretending to be governors of various states, and old Dangerfield is seen on all the outgoing steamers. There's been nothing like it since the kidnaping of Charley Rees."

Ardmore drew on his riding-glove reflectively, and a delighted grin illuminated his countenance.

"I caught a lunatic down on the Raccoon this afternoon who said he was the governor of South Carolina, and I locked him up."

"Well, he may be Osborne," remarked Collins, with journalistic suspicion.

"And he may be a Swiss admiral or the King of Mars. I guess I'm a governor myself, and I know what a governor looks like and acts like—you can't fool me. I put this impostor where he'll have a chance to study astronomy to-night."

"Then he isn't on that case of Chateau Bizet with Appleweight?"

"No; I locked him in a corn-crib until I got time to study his credentials. Come along now!"

Ardmore, Collins and Cooke rode rapidly away through the wide gates of the estate along the Sapphire road, over which, by his last bulletin, the adjutant general of North Carolina was marching his troops. They had left Cooke's men with Paul's foresters to guard the house and to picket the banks of Raccoon in the immediate neighborhood of the camp of the South Carolinians.

"I guess those fellows can hold 'em till morning," said Cooke. "We've got to clean up the whole business by to-

night. You can't have two states at war with each other this way without shaking up the universe, and if federal troops come down here to straighten things out it won't be funny."

"They had ridden about a mile, when Cooke checked his horse with an exclamation.

"There's somebody coming like the devil was after him. It must be Gillingwater."

"They drew rein and waited, the quick patter of hoofs ringing out sharply in the still night. The moonlight gave them a fair sweep of the road, and they at once saw a horseman galloping rapidly toward them.

"'Lordy, the man's on fire!' gasped Ardmore.

"'By George, you're right!' muttered Collins, moving nervously in his saddle. 'It's a human sunburst.'

"'It's only his gold braid,' explained the practical Cooke.

Seeing three men drawn across the road, the horseman began to check his flight.

"'Men!' he shouted, as his horse pawed the air with its forefeet. 'Is this the road to Ardsey?'

"'Right you are,' yelled Cooke, and they were aware of a flash, a glitter that startled and dazzled the eye, and Col. Rutherford Gillingwater thundered on.

"They rode on and saw presently the lights of camp-fires, and a little later were ceremoniously halted at the roadside by an armed guard.

It had been arranged that Collins, who had once been a second lieutenant in the Georgia militia, should be presented as an officer of the regular army, detailed as special aide to Gov. Dangerfield during the encampment, and that in case Gillingwater failed to return promptly he should take command of the North Carolina forces.

An open field had been seized for the night's camp, and the tents already shone white in the moonlight. The three men introduced themselves to the militia officers, and Collins expressed their regret that they had missed the adjutant general.

"Gov. Dangerfield wished you to move your force on to Ardsey should we fail to meet Col. Gillingwater; and you had better strike your tents and be in readiness to advance in case he doesn't personally return with orders."

Capt. Collins, as he had designated himself, apologized for not being in uniform.

"I lost my baggage train," he laughed, "and Gov. Dangerfield is so anxious not to miss this opportunity to settle the Appleweight case that I hurried out to meet you with these gentlemen."

"Appleweight!" exclaimed the group of officers in amazement.

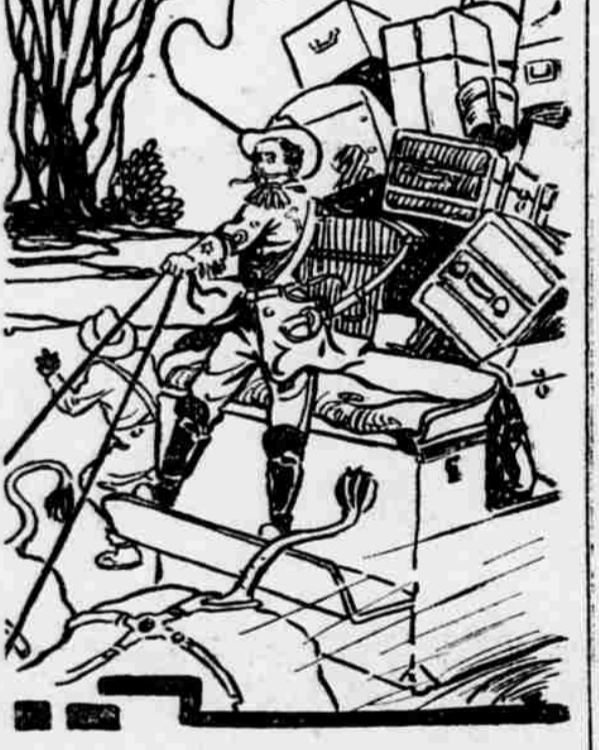
"None other than the great Appleweight!" responded Collins. "The governor has him in his own hands at last, and is going to carry him across the border and into a South Carolina bastle, as a little pleasantry on the governor of South Carolina."

The militia officers gave the necessary orders for breaking the half-

formed camp, and then turned their attention to the entertainment of their guests. Ardmore kept track of the time, and promptly at ten o'clock Collins rose from the log by the roadside where they had been sitting.

"We must obey the governor's orders, gentlemen," said Collins courteously, "and march at once to Ardsey. I, you understand, am only a courier, and your guest for the present."

"If you please," asked Cooke, when the line had begun to move forward, "what is that wagon over there?"



Belaboring the Mules Furiously.

He pointed to a mule team hitched to a quartermaster's wagon that a negro was driving into position across the rough field. It was piled high with luggage, a pyramid that rose black against the heavens. One of the militia officers, evidently greatly annoyed, bawled to the driver to get back out of the way.

"Pardon me," said Collins politely, "but is that your personal baggage, gentlemen?"

"That belongs to Col. Gillingwater," remarked the quartermaster. "The rest of us have a suit-case apiece."

The pyramidal baggage wagon had gained the road behind them, and lingered uncertainly, with the driver asleep and waiting for orders. The conspirators were about to gallop forward to the head of the moving column, when Collins pointed across the abandoned campground to where a horseman, who had evidently made a wide detour of the advancing column, rode madly toward the baggage wagon.

"The gentleman's trying to kill his horse, I should judge," murmured Ardmore. "By Jove!"

"It's Gillingwater!" chorused the trio.

The rider in his haste had ever-looked the men in the road. He dashed through the wide opening in the fence, left by the militiamen, took the ditch by the roadside at a leap,

wakened the sleeping driver on the wagon with a roar, and himself leaped upon the box and began turning the horses.

"What do you think he's doing?" asked Cooke.

"He's in a hurry to get back to mother's cooking," replied Ardmore. "He's seen Miss Dangerfield and learned that war is at hand, and he's going to get his clothes out of danger. Lordy! Listen to him slashing the mules!"

"But you don't think—"

The wagon had swung round, and already was in rapid flight. Collins howled in glee.

"Come on! We can't miss a show like this!"

"Leave the horses then! There's a hill there that will break his neck. We'd better stop him if we can!" cried Cooke, dismounting.

They threw their reins to the driver of the wagon, who had been brushed from his seat by the impatient adjutant general, and was chanting weirdly to himself at the roadside.

The wagon, piled high with trunks and boxes, was dashing forward, Gillingwater belaboring the mules furiously, and hearing the shouts of strange pursuers, yelling at the team in a voice shrill with fear.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Ardmore, thoroughly aroused, "catch the spy and traitor!"

The road dipped down into the shadow of a deep cut, where the moon's rays but feebly penetrated, and where the flow of springs had softened the surface; but the pursuers were led on by the rumble of the wagon, which swung from side to side perilously, the boxes swinging about noisily and toppling threateningly at the apex. Down the sharp declivity the wagon plunged like a ship bound for the bottom of the sea.

The pursuers bent gamely to their task in the rough road, with Cooke slightly in the lead. Suddenly he shouted warningly to the others, as something rose darkly above them like a black cloud, and a trunk fell ahead of them. The top had been shaken off in the fall, and into it head first plunged Ardmore.

"There's another coming!" yelled Collins, and a much larger trunk struck and split upon a rock at the roadside. Clothing of many kinds strewed the highway. A pair of trousers, flung fiercely into the air, caught on the limb of a tree, shook free like a banner, and hung there somberly etched against the stars.

Ardmore crawled out of the trunk, screaming with delight. The fragrance of toilet water broke freshly upon the air.

"It's his ammunition!" bawled Ardmore, rubbing his head where he had struck the edge of a tray. "His scent bottles are smashed, and it's only by the grace of Providence that I haven't cut myself on broken glass."

They went down the road, stumbling now and then over a bit of debris from the vanished wagon.

"It's like walking on carpet," observed Cooke, picking up a feathered cheapeau. "I didn't know there were so many clothes in all the world."

They abandoned the idea of farther pursuit on reaching a trunk standing on end, from which a uniform dress-coat drooped sadiy.

"This is not our trouble; it's his trouble. I guess he's struck a smoother road down there. We'd better go back," said Cooke.

In a moment they had climbed the hill and were in hot pursuit of the adjutant general's abandoned army.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Southern Gold and Southern Cotton.

Before 1849 the south furnished the chief gold fields of the country, but since that date the south has not been in the running. This section has been outlashed by California, by Colorado, by Nevada, and last but not least by Alaska. In the last fiscal year Alabama produced gold to the value of \$41,200 and silver to the value of \$200. This state was outranked in gold production in order by North Carolina, Georgia, and South Carolina, but no one of them turned out enough gold to make the round figure of \$100,000. The entire production of gold in the south in the last year was \$256,400 and \$273,000 in silver. Nearly all the silver was mined in Texas.

It is pretty plain that Alabama and all the rest of the south can get more gold out of the soil via the cotton boll than it can dig out in the gold mines proper. The climate and the soil can in that way be coined into gold. The method is a trifle more circuitous, but it yields in cotton alone more money nine times over than do all the gold fields in the country, for the total yield of gold in the last fiscal year in this country was but \$94,560,000.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Woodpecker's Foresight.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception.

But he does not eat the acorn, for as a rule he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remain intact, but becoming saturated are predisposed to decay when they are attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food.

It is then that the woodpecker repeats the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground, being covered with snow, he would experience difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.

The KITCHEN CABINET

BEAUTY without virtue is like a flower without fragrance.

Labor conquers everything.

Cocktails.

The cocktail is a very popular beginning to a dinner, the object of which is to stimulate the appetite for the heavier dishes which are to follow. The gustatory nerves are very sensitive, and if abused by too highly-seasoned foods, lose the power to appreciate the more delicate and flower-like flavors which it should be our pleasure to enjoy.

Mint and Lemon Cocktail.—To one quart of strong lemonade, made with four lemons, add one cup of tea infusion, a few sprigs of fresh mint and a sprinkling of red pepper. Sweeten to taste, pour over crushed ice and serve with a lemon curl on top of the glass.

Clam Cocktail.—For every cocktail required, take one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of vinegar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of walnut sauce, one-half a teaspoonful of mushroom catsup, a pinch of salt, and a dash of tabasco sauce. Pour this mixture over eight little neck clams and serve in a well-chilled glass. This cocktail is favored for luncheon and suppers.

Pineapple Cocktail.—For each glass take a tablespoonful of pineapple and lemon or orange juice and one-half of a tablespoon of grated orange peel. Sweeten to taste. Pour over a little chipped ice in the bottom of the glass and add a little iced water.

Lemon Cocktail in Lemon Cups.—Prepare as many lemons as there are guests to be served by cutting off the round end until they will stand firmly, and then cutting off the pointed end about a quarter of the way down. Empty the lemons and scrape well. Make a strong lemonade, and add an equal quantity of grape juice. Chill and fill the cups with the mixture. Place the lemon cups on a paper doily on a small plate.

Sauces for Oyster Cocktails.—One teaspoonful each of horseradish and tomato catsup, salt, pepper and tabasco to taste and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix well, chill and serve on oysters.

Catsup, horseradish, walnut and mushroom catsup with lemon juice makes a sauce well liked.



Little Housekeepers.

The mother who will not be bothered with a child "messing around in the kitchen," as she may call it, has only herself to thank when the child, a young woman, refuses to interest herself in cooking and household affairs. It is natural for a little girl to want to make things, and when cooking is being done to want to share in the work. Of course, the cook or mother may not want to be bothered, but when she remembers that a child well started and interested in work will make a difference in her whole life, she surely would not call it bother.

Let them have their own small utensils, use them and keep them in order. They will learn many more valuable lessons besides the knowledge they gain in cookery.

Household Hints.

Keep small cloths for wiping meat and washing fish. These may be burned after using, and thus save the laundering of them. Many careful housewives have these rags hemmed and marked, and so kept for its especial purpose, but this is more valuable to most women, and rags are usually plentiful.

To remove mildew, soak the article in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours. Rinse in cold water.

When grating a new nutmeg begin at the opposite end from the stalk, as it will prove hollow.

To remove the odor of onion from the breath, eat a banana.

The odor of fish or onion on the hands may be removed by a little hot vinegar.

Dishes may be cleaned with vinegar after using them for fish.

A few drops of onion juice and a garnish of a few pieces of lemon adds to beefsteak.

When roasting spareribs baste them with sweet cider.

The colder eggs are the more quickly they will beat up.

Nellie Maxwell.

Mustard in England.

Mustard is grown in England to a considerable extent in the eastern countries and the Fen district and to some extent in the Midlands. It is ordinarily grown in heavy black soil, but it is generally believed that the crop draws a great deal of strength from the soil. For that reason it is not especially popular. The yield an acre is variable, ranging from twenty to thirty bushels, but twenty bushels is usually considered a fair yield. The seed rate is usually about three to four pounds an acre when drilled in rows from ten to twelve inches apart

BOTH HAD KNOWN HAPPINESS

But the Circumstances Were Not Exactly Alike, That Was All the Difference.

They were riding into town in a subway train, these two married men, says the New York Times. One seemed occupied with his own thoughts, the other was engrossed in his copy of the Evening Piffle, from which he eventually glanced with a superior smile. "I always read what Betsy Bumstuf has to say in her 'Twilight Twaddle' column," he said. "She generally hits us off pretty well, but she isn't always right. Now, this evening, she gets on the subject of elopements. She says elopements never turn out happily. I don't agree with her." "Neither do I," said the man who had been occupied with his own thoughts. "I am glad to hear you say it," exclaimed the Evening Pifflete. "I eloped with my wife, and I've been happy ever since." "So have I ever since some fellow eloped with mine," remarked the other. "Betsy Bumstuf is away off!"

Shillalah Still Useful.

The shillalah, which showed at Louth that it has not entirely lost its old importance as a factor in deciding elections, is no raw limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well balanced cricket bat. The old shillalahs were as carefully looked after by their loving owners as is a rifle in the wilds. Cut from the sturdiest of young blackthorns, and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighted with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip, so that its center of gravity was about four-fifths of the way from the hitting end. When properly seasoned by being kept in the neighborhood of the farm oven for a few months, it became a thing of supple steel. And the proper pronunciation of the name of this fearsome weapon is the melodious one of "shill-ally," with the accent on the "all."—London Chronicle.

The Progress of Music.

A German baker in West Philadelphia has a young hopeful who is beginning in youth the study of the violin. He takes weekly lessons and the parents are sanguine of his becoming a great musician.

A friend strolled into the bakshop the other day and inquired of the genial German what progress the boy was making.

"He pretty good gets along," came the baker's assuring answer, with an elevation of the chin, and a swelling chest. "He play 'Home, Sweet Home' with such sweetness that makes you wish for the Faderland. And, by golly, your ought to hear him play that 'Nearer, My God, to You!'"

Why Maria Laughed.

Hiram paused at the door and holding up a steel trap, said:

"Maria, when you see this trap again it will have a skunk in it."

Fifteen minutes later he reappeared.

"Maria!" he yelled, "you come here and loosen me out of this all-fired trap."

And then he got made at "Maria" because she laughed.

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