

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

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24 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 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 Ardmore, her own prisoner. Griswold and Barbara, while investigating the outlaw's disappearance, meet Ardmore and Jerry, the latter reveals the presence of Appleweight at Ardmore. 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. The North Carolina militia is called into action. When Gillingtonwater, Jerry's fiancé, finds that real war is afoot, he flees.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the Road to Turner's.

"Who goes there?"
"A Jug."
"What kind of a jug?"
"A little brown jug from Kildare."
Thus Mr. Thomas Ardmore tested his pickets with a shibboleth of his own devising. The sturdy militiamen of North Carolina patrolled the northern bank of Raccoon creek at midnight, aware that riotous flood alone separated them from their foes. The terraces at Ardmore bristled with the guns of the First Light battery, while, upon a cot in the wine cellar beneath, Mr. Bill Appleweight, alias Poteet, slept the sleep of the just.

He was rudely aroused, however, at one o'clock in the morning by Ardmore, Cooke and Collins, and taken out through the kitchen to one of the Ardmore farm wagons. Big Paul held the reins, and four of Cooke's detectives were mounted as escort. Ardmore, Cooke and Collins were to accompany the party as a board of strategy in the movement upon Turner Court House, South Carolina.

Appleweight, the terror of the border, blinked at the lanterns that flashed about him in the courtyard. He had been numbed by his imprisonment, and even now he yielded himself docilely to the inevitable. His capture in the first instance at Mount Nebo had been clear enough, and he could have placed his hand on the men who did it if he had been free for a couple of hours. This he had pondered over his solacing solitaire as he sat on the case of Chateau Bizet in the Ardmore wine cellar; but the subsequent events had been altogether too much for him. He had been taken from his original captors by a girl, and while the ignominy of this was not lost on the outlaw, his wits had been unequal to the further fact, which he had no ground for disbelieving, that this captivity within the walls of Ardmore had been due to a daughter of that very governor of North Carolina whom he had counted his friend.

"The road between Kildare and Turner's is fairly good," announced Cooke, "though we've got to travel four miles to strike it. Griswold evidently thinks that holding the creek is all there is of this business, and he won't find out till morning that we've crawled round his line and placed Appleweight in jail at Turner's, where he belongs."
"You must have a good story ready for the press, Collins," said Ardmore. "The North Carolina border counties don't want Appleweight injured, and Gov. Dangerfield don't want any harm to come to him—you may be sure of that, or Bill would have been doing time long ago."

"Gentlemen, it was very impolite of you not to tell me you were ready to start!" and Jerry came briskly from the side entrance, dressed for the saddle and nibbling a biscuit.

"But you are not to go!" I thought that was understood!" cried Ardmore. "It may have been understood by you, Mr. Ardmore, but not by me! I should never forgive myself if, after all the trouble I have taken to straighten out this little matter, I should not be in at the finish. Will you kindly get me a horse?"

Miss Dangerfield's resolution was not to be shaken, and a few minutes later the party moved out from the courtyard. Cooke rode several hundred yards ahead; then two detectives preceded the wagon, in which Appleweight sat on a cross-seat with two more of Cooke's men on a seat just behind him. He was tied and gagged, and an old derby hat (supplied by Paul) had been clapped upon the side of his head at an angle that gave him a jaunty air belied by his bonds. Though his tongue was silenced, his eyes were at once eloquent of wan-

derment, resignation and impotent rage. Beside the wagon rode Miss Jerry Dangerfield, alert and contented. Ardmore and Collins were immediately behind her, and she indulged the journalist in some mild chaff from time to time, to his infinite delight, though considerably to Ardmore's distress of heart; for, though no words had passed between him and Jerry as to the disgraceful flight of the adjutant general, yet the master of Ardsley was in a jealous mood. The moon had left the conspirators to the softer radiance of the stars, but there was sufficient light for Ardmore to mark the gentle lines of Jerry's face, as she lifted it now and then to scan the bright globes above.

Paul drove his team at a trot over the smooth road of the estate to a remote and little-used gate on the southern side, but still safely removed from the South Carolina pickets along the Raccoon.

"It's all right over there," remarked Collins, jerking his head toward the creek. "The fronting armies are waiting for morning and battle. I suppose that when we send word to Griswold that Appleweight is in a South Carolina jail it will change the scene of operations. It will then be Gov. Osborne's painful task to dance between law-and-order sentiment and the loud cursing of his border constituents. The possibilities of this rumpus grow on me, Ardmore."

"There is no rumpus, Mr. Collins," said Jerry over her shoulder. "The governor of North Carolina is merely giving expression to his civic pride and virtue."

Leaving Ardsley, they followed a dismal stretch of road until they reached the highway that connects Turner's and Kildare.

"It's going to be morning pretty soon. We must get the prisoner into Turner's by five o'clock. Trot 'em up, Paul," ordered Cooke.

They were all in capital spirits, with a fairly good road before them, leading straight to Turner's, and with no expectation of any trouble in landing their prisoner safely in jail.

They were well into South Carolina territory now, and were jogging on at a sharp trot, when suddenly Cooke turned back and halted the wagon.

"There's something coming—wait!" "Maybe Bill's friends are out looking for him," suggested Collins.

Cooke impatiently bade them be quiet.

"If we're accosted, what shall we say?" he asked.

"We'll say," replied Jerry instantly, "that one of the laborers at Ardmore is dead, and that we are taking his remains to his wife's family at Turner's. I shall be his grief-stricken widow."

The guards already had Appleweight down on the floor of the



Sturdy Militiamen Patrolled the Northern Bank of Raccoon Creek.

wagon, where one of them sat on his feet to make sure he did not create a disturbance. At her own suggestion Jerry dismounted and climbed into the wagon, where she sat on the side board, with her head deeply bowed as though in grief.

"Pretty picture of a sorrowing widow," mumbled Collins. Ardmore punched him in the ribs to make him stop laughing. To the quick step of walking horses ahead of them was now added the whisper and creak of leather.

"Hello, there!" yelled Cooke, wishing to take the initiative.

"Hey-O!" answered a voice, and all was still.

"Give up the road; we're taking a body into Turner's to catch the morning train," called Cooke.

"Who's dead?"

"One of Ardmore's Dutchmen. Shipping the corpse back to Germany."

The party ahead of them paused as though debating the case.

The north-bound party was a blur in the road. Their horses sniffed and moved restlessly about as their riders conferred.

"Give us the road!" shouted Cooke. "We haven't much time to catch our train."

"Who did you say was dead?"

"Karl Schmidt," returned Paul promptly.

Ardmore's heart sank, fearful lest an inspection of the corpse should be proposed. But at this moment a wall, eerie and heart-breaking, rose and fell dimly upon the night. It was Jerry mourning her dead husband, her slight figure swaying back and forth over his body in an abandon of grief.

"De poor widow—she be mit us," called out big Paul, forsaking his usual excellent English for guttural dialect.

"Who are you fellows?" demanded Cooke, spurring his horse forward. The horsemen, to his surprise, seemed to draw back, and he heard a voice speak out sharply, followed by a regrouping of the riders at the side of the road.

"We been to a dance at Turner's,

and air goin' back home to Kildare," came the reply.

"That seems all right," whispered Ardmore to Collins.

"Thus," muttered Collins, "in the midst of death we are in life," and this, reaching Jerry, caused her to bend over the corpse at her feet as though in a convulsive spasm of sorrow, whereupon, to add color to her story, Paul rumbled off a few consolatory sentences in German.

"Give us the road!" commanded Cooke, and without further parley they started ahead, closing about the wagon to diminish, as far as possible, the size of the caravan. Paul kept the horses at a walk, as became their sad errand, and Jerry continued to weep dolorously.

They passed the horsemen at a slight rise in the rolling road. The party bound for Turner's moved steadily forward, the horsemen huddled about the wagon, with Jerry's led horse between Ardmore and Collins at the rear. At the top of the knoll hung the returning dancers, well to the left of the road, permitting with due respect the passing of the funeral party. One of them, Ardmore could have sworn, lifted his hat until the wagon had passed. Then some one called good night, and, looking back, Ardmore saw them—a dozen men, he judged—regain the road and quietly resume their journey toward Kildare.

"Pretty peaceable for fellows who've been attending a dance," suggested Collins, craning his neck to look after them.

"One fellow lifted his hat as we passed, and I thought—"

"Well, what did you think, Mr. Ardmore?" demanded Cooke impatiently.

"Well, it may seem strange, but I thought there was something about that chap that suggested Grissy."

They paused to allow Jerry to resume her horse, and one of the detectives joined in the conference to venture his opinion that the men they had passed were in uniform. "They looked like militia to me," and as he was a careful man, Cooke took note of his remark, though he made no comment.

But as they moved on toward Turner's, Ardmore was still troubled over what had seemed to him the remarkable Parisian courtesy of the returning reveler who had lifted his hat as the corpse passed. Grissy, he kept saying over and over to himself, was no fool by any manner of means, and he was unable to conjecture why the associate professor of admiralty, known to be detached on special duty for the governor of South Carolina, should be riding to Kildare, unless he contemplated some coup of importance.

The stars paled under the growing light of the early summer dawn. Appleweight, with shoulders wearily drooping, contemplated the attending cortege with the gaze of one who sullenly accepts a condition he does not in the least understand.

A few early risers saw the strange company enter and proceed to the jail; but before half the community had breakfasted, Bill Appleweight, the outlaw, was securely locked in jail in Turner Court House, the seat of Mingo county, in the state of South Carolina, and the jailer, moreover, was sharing the distinguished captive's thraldom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stewardship of Wealth.

There is no people in the world like the American in the number of men and women who look upon their title to wealth as involving stewardship and disposition of income and principal for public ends. During the last 17 years the amount of gifts, in sums of \$5,000 or more, to religious, educational, philanthropic and civic causes, has been many millions over a billion dollars, the record for the year just closing amounting to \$141,250,000, or \$40,000,000 more than during any previous year. Add to this the enormous sum that is given each year in sums smaller than \$5,000, given either as regular contributions to religious, educational and charitable causes, or left as bequests for the same "uplift" ends, and it begins to appear why the agitator against wealth, as in of itself a pernicious thing, finds this country less favorable to his revolutionary propaganda than he wishes it were.

The Eggman in Philadelphia.

A young farmer from Clementon, N. J., was selling eggs at the corner of Fourth and South streets when a bartender walked up to him and asked him the price of a dozen eggs. The farmer answered: "Forty cents a dozen," and as there was an extra egg in the dozen he wanted three cents extra, but the bartender wanted it "thrown in with the bargain."

"Well," said the one who sells the liquor, "I will take the egg and treat you to a drink."

"All right," said the farmer. When they came to the tavern he was asked what he would drink, to which he replied:

"Well, I allus drink sherry with an egg in it."

And they say farmers buy gold bricks.—Philadelphia Times.

Rice Market Yields \$200,000,000.

The world's market for rice, measuring this market merely by the imports of the principal countries of the world, amounts to from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 per annum. The imports of rice into the principal countries of Europe in the latest available year amounted to about \$52,000,000 value; into Asia and Oceania, \$88,000,000; into North and South America, exclusive of the United States, \$12,000,000; and into Africa, \$6,000,000.

Hunchbacks in Spanish Town.

One town in Spain has one hunchback to every 13 inhabitants.

PUBLIC MONEY WASTED

PEOPLE ARE TAXED TO GLORIFY AMBASSADORS.

Representative Underwood Makes Vigorous Protest Against Republican Extravagance—Forcible and Well Chosen Arguments.

Opposing the present system of the government in appointing ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries on the ground that it is antiquated and a waste of the people's money, Representative Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, chairman of the new Democratic ways and means committee, did not hesitate to vote against the measure providing for the expenditure of \$5,000,000 for the building or purchase of legation houses in the foreign capitals. Congress spent the \$5,000,000, however. Mr. Underwood said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to this proposition. One reason is that I am opposed to the entire system that the country and the world now recognizes of appointing ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries. I believe the system is antiquated and as out of date as the system of riding in a stage coach as compared to riding in a railroad train. The system of sending a foreign ambassador to represent us abroad was inaugurated at a time when a country a few hundred miles away from another was so far removed in time and ability to reach it as it is to the furthestmost point of the earth today.

"Today there is not a capital at which we have a foreign ambassador or minister that cannot be reached by telegraph wire. There is not a country in which the communications by mail between it and this country are not nearer and faster than they were a hundred years ago between the states of the Union. As a matter of fact, we send some distinguished gentlemen to a foreign court to represent us there, and yet when an important matter comes up we send a special envoy or special agent to represent the United States government and do the work that the minister is supposed to do.

"I believe what we should do is have certain men well trained, well educated, understanding the business, who can be sent to a foreign country to negotiate our business whenever a particular question arises that needs representation at a foreign court.

"Now, as to the consular service, it is a different thing. The consular agents represent the business portion of our people and the business interests of the government. We should maintain the consular system, and the consular agents can look after the protection of the lives and rights of our citizens abroad as well as ambassadors.

"But to build legation houses today would be to extend the system that we have but which I believe the world should abandon, a system that is unnecessary and that is not up to modern ideas and modern thought."
Republicans had no reluctance in voting to spend the \$5,000,000 for the homes of the foreign ambassadors, as it unloads on the sixty-second congress another deficiency in the appropriations for which the Democratic party when it comes into power, must provide.

Excessive Tax on Newspapers.

If the Republicans sincerely believed that the government ought to guarantee the profits of the manufacturers of news print paper, why not have paid over the money directly instead of guaranteeing profits by the indirect process of a customs levy? The newspapers themselves might make up the guarantee fund. It would be cheaper for them. If they were allowed to purchase their supply of print paper in Canada, or wherever it was cheapest, unobstructed by any tariff imposts, they could afford to say to the American manufacturers of print paper: "You may close your mills, and we will pay you every year a sum equal to your average annual profits for the last ten years." The newspapers would save money by such an arrangement. As Mr. Norris has pointed out, there has been added more than \$6,000,000 per year to the price which newspapers formerly paid for white paper. The newspaper of the United States pay annually for print paper more than \$55,000,000, and they face the prospect of an increase of this amount by something like 25 per cent.

Lavish With Taxpayers' Money.

One piece of work the last congress was able to do. While tariff board, reciprocity, conservation and other things had to be crowded out, appropriations were made so vigorous that the \$2,000,000,000 mark was surpassed, beating all former records by over \$20,000,000. The retrenchment plans of the opening of the session seem to have slipped from the legislative memory at its close.

Pluralities.

Senator Root favors a bill under which in the event of a legislative deadlock until March 4 in senatorial elections, the candidates receiving the largest number of votes should be declared elected. That would mean the substitution of a plurality for a majority vote. One objection to such a law is that if it had been in effect it would have insured the election of Mr. W. F. Sheehan as senator from New York. And surely there is better senatorial material to be found in that great state.

PROGRAM FOR EXTRA SESSION

Tariff Legislation Demanded by All the Varied Interests of the Country.

President Taft would naturally prefer to postpone all further modifications of the tariff—except the proposed Canadian agreement—until the present or a larger and more generously empowered tariff board shall have made reports on some of the most faulty schedules.

But the people are not in a mood for delay in tariff legislation. They want Canadian reciprocity, but they want still more a slashing of some of the most outrageous duties imposed by the present law. It is the prospect of a more general revision, rather than that of Canadian reciprocity, that has created unusual interest in the extra session.

It is up to the Democrats to show their hand on the tariff. They have come into power in the House through the betrayal of the people by the Republicans. The house that met in extra session April 4 is the same house that will meet in regular session in December. There is no need for delay. And if the policy announced some time ago by Speaker Clark prevails there will be no delay. The new speaker declared that if there should be an extra session the Democrats would proceed to cut out the most flagrant abuses of the existing law, that no preparation was needed for that task and that there could be no excuse for delaying the operation. And that is the truth. If the long tariff session of 1909 did not sufficiently enlighten the leaders of congress on the principal "jokers" in the new law, certainly the operation and discussion of the act since that time have made them clear enough.

The Democrats will make a mistake if they postpone tariff revision, and the Republicans will make another mistake if they oppose tariff legislation in the special session.

Nevertheless, the Democrats should take a friendly attitude toward the proposed permanent tariff commission. Their policy of revising by schedules, continuously applied, would be especially dependent on some permanent source of reliable information.—Kansas City Star.

Fond of Their Gold Brick.

A somewhat irate correspondent from Washington county in a lengthy communication on the reciprocity question passionately voices the fondness of the farmers for being gold bricked. We had supposed from recent political events that the farmers had got beyond their affection for alleged protective duties on their products that protect nothing. But it seems not.

Can our friend tell how on those of his products where prices are fixed by the competition of the world a nominal duty does him any good? Suppose we take the only way in which the tariff on wheat could either by its presence or absence affect the price of that staple. Say that he with half of the other wheat raisers of this country should experience a failure of his wheat crop. Would it increase his prosperity when he came to buy flour for his family to have to pay duty on the flour or wheat imported to make up the shortage?

He is wilfully blind who does not know that on all our products which produce an exportable surplus and which is not controlled by a trust the duty is simply a bait for geese. As to the particular exigencies in which the abolition of the duty might affect trade, it is just as likely to result in giving farmers of the United States a market in Canada when that country has a short crop as the other way.

There are a few agricultural staples of which the domestic production does not equal the consumption and therefore there is some reality in the productive duty. Such, for example, are sugar and tobacco. There was more foundation for the outcry of those interests against Cuban and Philippine reciprocity, but when we compare that Jeremiah with the actual results, we see how ridiculous it was.

President at Fault.

Any congress which starts out with an extra session, followed by the two regular sessions, and whose lack of performance necessitates an extra session of the one following it, cannot be a body which will be regarded favorably by the public. But congress has not been altogether to blame for the unpopular administration. The president himself has failed to sense the restless and insurgentlike spirit of the country, and allowed himself the easy poise of the smiling executive. Whether this might have passed muster in other times it is folly to inquire, but that acquiescence with the machine leaders of either body of congress, even of the same political body, is not indorsed by the people the president knows today, as well as any other man.—Boston Evening Transcript, Rep.

Not Making Friends for Bill.

Nor does the treatment of two women by the New York customs inspectors, which has just been reported, tend to make friends for the Payne tariff law, however great a revenue getter it may be.

Matter of Indifference.

Taney says that care by congress could have saved the government \$62,000,000. But what is a little thing like \$62,000,000—of other people's money—between good fellows in congress?—Milwaukee News.

FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.



AID TO MARRIED HAPPINESS

Southerner Evolves the Panama Cocktail, Which Makes Man Thoughtful of Wife.

Russell Hopkins, a southerner, who lives in the St. Regis, is responsible for the Panama cocktail. He and Charles Luther Burnham were talking over Hopkins' latest concoction, which had been placed in the little book kept by the bartender.

"You take half a pony of brandy, half a pony of curacao, a third of dry gin and French or Italian vermouth, and there you are—there's your drink before dinner," said Hopkins.

"Yes," interposed Burnham, "it's a cocktail, all right. One of your friends came in here the other day with more than \$300 in his wallet. He was initiated into the mysteries of the Panama cocktail. He seemed all right when he left, but he was found the following day in a ferry house hugging a set of furs he had bought for his wife. From what could be gleaned from him he had, on a passably warm day, thought his wife ought to have new furs, and with that idea, he went to a store and spent all the cash in his pocketbook for a set.—New York Press.

Traveling by Wheelbarrow.

"I must hasten on to Ping-Ying. This trip of 45 miles was to be undertaken, to our huge delight, in wheelbarrows, but in two days, with a Chinese inn for the night. Bishop Scott and I were on one barrow, Lancaster followed on the second, the luggage in a third. We did it luxuriously, with three men in each barrow—one in front, one behind on the handles, and a third with a rope in front of all.

"Are there springs in the barrow? Certainly not; it would be no fun if there were. Bumps? Of course. On the first day we calculated we had 25,000 of them; the best were caused by drops of six inches or more from one stone to another. I got quite used to them, and found I could sleep stretched luxuriously on my mattress."—Bishop Montgomery in Mission Field.

A Cold Comparison.

"So you are going to give up poetry?"

"I am," replied the earnest youth. "I'm going to study medicine. A prescription commands enormously more respect than a poem."

Proof Positive.

"I heard he was in bad odor with her family. Is that true?"
"Draw your own conclusions. It was a centless marriage."

It is no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—La Fontaine.

COFFEE HEART

Very Plain in Some People.

A great many people go on suffering from annoying ailments for a long time before they can get their own consent to give up the indulgence from which their trouble arises.

A gentleman in Brooklyn describes his experience, as follows:

"I became satisfied some months ago that I owed the palpitation of the heart from which I suffered almost daily, to the use of coffee. (I had been a coffee drinker for 30 years) but I found it very hard to give up the beverage.

"One day I ran across a very sensible and straightforward presentation of the claims of Postum, and was so impressed thereby that I concluded to give it a trial.

"My experience with it was unsatisfactory till I learned how it ought to be prepared—by thorough boiling for not less than 15 or 20 minutes. After I learned that lesson there was no trouble.

"Postum proved to be a most palatable and satisfactory hot beverage, and I have used it ever since.

"The effect on my health has been most salutary. The heart palpitation from which I used to suffer so much, particularly after breakfast, has disappeared and I never have a return of it except when I dine or lunch away from home and drink the old kind of coffee because Postum is not served. I find that Postum cheers and invigorates while it produces no harmful stimulation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial proves an eye opener to many.

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

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