

**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 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, his own prisoner. 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 Col. Gillingwater, Jerry's fiancé, finds that real war is afoot, he flees. Appleweight is taken secretly by Ardmore and lodged in a jail in South Carolina.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

**The Battle of the Raccoon.**

Mrs. Atchison met the returning adventurers at the door.

"Your conduct, Jerry Dangerfield, is beyond words!" she exclaimed, seizing the girl's hands. "And so you really looked that horrid person in a real jail! Well, we shan't miss him! We have been kept up all night by the arrival here of other prisoners—brought in like parcels from the grocer's."

"More prisoners!" shouted Ardmore.

The captain of the battery whose guns frowned upon the terraces came up and saluted.

"Mr. Ardmore," he said, "I have been trying for several hours to see Gov. Dangerfield, but this lady tells me that he has left Ardsley."

"That is quite true; the governor was called away last night on official business, and he will not return for an hour or two. You will kindly state your business to me."

The captain was peevish from loss of sleep, and by no means certain that he cared to transact business with Mr. Ardmore. He glanced at Miss Dangerfield, whom he had met at Raleigh, and the governor's daughter met the situation promptly.

"Capt. Webb, what prisoners have you taken, and why are they not gagged to prevent this hideous noise?"

Seemingly from beneath the ample porte-cochere, where this colloquy occurred, rose yells, groans and curses, and the sound of thumps, as of the impact of human bodies against remote subterranean doors.

"They're trying to get loose, Miss Dangerfield, and they refuse to stay tied. The fiercest row is from the fellows we chucked into the coal bins."

"It's excellent anthracite, the best I can buy; they ought to be glad it isn't soft coal," replied Ardmore defensively. "Who are they?"

"They're newspaper men, and they're most terribly enraged," answered Capt. Webb. "We picked them up one at a time in different places on the estate. They say they're down here looking for Gov. Dangerfield."

"You have done well, Capt. Webb," said Jerry with dignity, "and I shall urge your promotion upon papa at the earliest moment possible. Are these newspaper gentlemen your only prisoners?"

"No; we gathered up two other parties, and one of them is in the servants' laundry; the other, a middle-aged person, I locked in the tower, where he can enjoy the scenery. The prisoner up there made an awful rumpus. He declares he will ruin the whole state of North Carolina for this. Here is his card, which, in a comparatively lucid interval, he gave me to hand you at the earliest possible moment," and Capt. Webb placed a visiting card in Ardmore's hands.

A smile struggled for possession of Ardmore's countenance, but he regained control of himself promptly, and his face grew severe.

He gave the card to Jerry, who handed it to Mrs. Atchison, and that lady laughed merrily.

"Your prisoner, Capt. Webb, is George P. Billings, secretary of the Bronx Loan and Trust Company of New York. What was he doing when you seized him?" demanded Ardmore.

"He was chasing the gentleman who's resting on the anthracite. He chased him and chased him, around a teahouse out here somewhere on the place; and finally this person in the coal hole fell, and they both rolled over together. The gentleman in the coal hole declares that he's Foster, the state treasurer of North Carolina, but his face got so scratched on the shrubbery that he doesn't look in the least like Mr. Foster."

"I have sent him with hazel and court plaster, and we can get a doc-

tor for his wounds, if necessary," said Mrs. Atchison.

A sergeant rushed up in hot haste with a demand from Col. Daubenspeck, of the North Carolina First, to know when Gov. Dangerfield could be seen.

"The South Carolina pickets have been withdrawn, and our officers want orders from the governor in person," said the messenger.

"Then they shall have orders," roared Ardmore. "If our men dare abandon their outposts—"

He turned and rode furiously toward the border, and in his rage he had traversed a thousand yards before he saw that Jerry was close behind him. As they passed the red bungalow the crack of scattering rifle-shots reached them.

"Go back! Go back! The war's begun!" cried Ardmore; but, though he quickened the pace of his horse, Jerry clung to his side.

"If there's war, and I hope there is, I shall not shrink from the firing line, Mr. Ardmore."

As they dashed into their own lines they came upon the regimental officers, seated in comfortable chairs from the red bungalow, calmly engaged in a game of cards.

"Great God, men!" blurted Ardmore, "why do you sit here when the state's honor is threatened? Where was that firing?"

"You seem rather placid, gentlemen, to say the least," added Jerry, coldly bowing to the officers, who had risen at her approach. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is the flag of South Carolina I see flaunted in yonder field." And she pointed with a gauntleted hand to a palmetto flag beyond the creek.

"It is, Miss Dangerfield," replied the colonel politely, "and you can see their pickets occasionally, but they have been drawn back from the creek, and I apprehend no immediate advance."

"Advance! Who are we to wait for them to offer battle? Who are we to play bridge and wait upon the pleasure of a cowardly enemy?" and Jerry gazed upon the furious Ardmore with admiration, as he roared at the officers, who stood holding their caps deferentially before the daughter of their commander-in-chief.

"I don't think it would be quite fair," said the colonel mildly, "to force issues to-day."

"Not force issues!" yelled Ardmore. "With your brave sons of our Old North State, not to force battle! In the name of the constitution, I ask you, why not?"

"For the reason," replied the colonel, "that the South Carolina troops ate heavily of green apples last night in an orchard over there by their camp, and they have barely enough men to maintain their pickets this morning. These, you can see, they have withdrawn a considerable distance from the creek."

"Then tell me why they have been firing upon our lines? Why have they been permitted to shoot at our helpless and unresisting men if they are not ready for war?"

"They were not shooting at our men, Mr. Ardmore. Their pickets are

dashed from a neighboring blackberry thicket and waved a white handkerchief. He bore something in his hand, which to Ardmore's straining vision seemed to be a small wicker basket. "It's a flag of truce!" exclaimed Col. Daubenspeck, and a sigh that expressed incontestable relief broke from that officer.

"The cowards!" cried Ardmore. "Does that mean they won't fight?"

"It means that hostilities must cease until we have permitted the bearer of the flag to carry his message into our lines."

The bearer of the basket gained the North Carolina shore and strode rapidly toward Miss Dangerfield, Ardmore and Col. Daubenspeck. He handed the trifle of a basket to the colonel, who gazed upon its contents for a moment with unspeakable rage. The color mounted in his neck almost to the point of apoplexy; and his voice bellowed forth an oath so bleak, so fraught with peril to the human race, that Jerry shuddered and turned away her head as from a blast of flame. The colonel cast the wicker basket from him with a force that nearly tore him from his saddle. It struck against a tree, spilling upon the earth six small, hard, bright green apples.

"My letter," said the emissary soberly, "is for Mr. Thomas Ardmore, and unless I am mistaken, you are that gentleman."

Ardmore seized a long envelope which the man extended, tore it open, and read:

Thomas Ardmore, Esq.,  
Acting Governor of North Carolina.

Sir: As I understand the present unhappy differences between the states of North and South Carolina, they are due to a reluctance on the part of the governor of North Carolina to take steps toward bringing to proper punishment in North Carolina a certain man named Appleweight. I have the honor to inform you that that person is now in jail at Kildare, Dilwell county, North Carolina, properly guarded by men who will not flinch. If necessary I will support them with every South Carolinian able to bear arms. This being the case, a casus belli no longer exists, and to prevent the effusion of blood I beg you to cease your hostile demonstrations on our frontier.

Our men seized a few prisoners during the night, and I am willing to meet you to arrange an exchange on the terms proper in such cases.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
HENRY MAINE GRISWOLD,  
For the Governor of South Carolina.

"The nerve of it! The sublime cheek of it!" exclaimed Ardmore, though the sight of Griswold's well-known handwriting had shaken him for the moment.

"As a bluffer your little friend is quite a wonder," was Jerry's only comment when she had read the letter.

Ardmore promptly wrote on the back of Griswold's letter this reply:

Henry Maine Griswold, Esq.,  
Assistant Professor of Admiralty,  
Camp Buzzard, S. C.

Sir: Appleweight is under strong guard in the jail at Turner court house, Mingo county, South Carolina. I shall take pleasure in meeting you at Ardsley at five o'clock this afternoon for the proposed exchange of prisoners. To satisfy your curiosity the man Appleweight will be produced there for your observation and identification.

I have the honor, sir, to remain with high regard and admiration, your obliged and obedient servant,  
THOMAS ARDMORE,  
Acting Governor of North Carolina.

The messenger departed, but recrossed the Raccoon shortly with a formal note agreeing to an armistice until after the meeting proposed at Ardsley.

"Col. Daubenspeck, you may withdraw your men and go into camp until further orders," said Jerry, and the notes of the bugle singing the recall rose sweetly upon the air.

"By George," said Ardmore, as he and Jerry rode away, "we'll throw it into old Grissy in a way that will jar the professor. But when it comes to the exchange of prisoners, I must tell the boys to bring up that chap I locked in the corn-crib. I had clean forgotten him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**American Illustrators.**

The American Illustrators—the illustrations of our numerous "best sellers" and other stories of shorter length—have noticeably improved in quality in the last few years. The illustrator has slowly but surely forged ahead of his old class and the average work is much higher than formerly. The illustrator is learning that his illustrations have not always illustrated either in their adherence to the printed text or in method of technique used in portraying his conception. He is learning that an illustration of any real value must not only illustrate, but that his work must have artistic value. With neither of these necessary features, it is, of course, worthless to the public, and if it is merely an accurate illustration, merely a line or brush description of a scene or single thing, the educated public wants simplicity of execution and as great a directness as is possible, and in many cases the illustrator cares not for artistic value he should give way to the mechanical draftsman and photographer.

**An Island of Sulphur.**

In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, flocks continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid-charged water, covering fifty acres, and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.



Seated Upon Her Horse Under a Clump of Trees.

very tired from loss of sleep, and they were trying to keep awake by shooting at a buzzard that hung over a field yonder, where there is, our scouts inform us, a dead calf lying in one of your pastures."

"They shall have better meat! Buzzards shall eat the whole state of South Carolina before night! Colonel, I order you to prepare at once to move your troops across that creek."

A moment later the clear notes of the bugle rose above the splash and bubble of the creek. There was no opportunity for a grand onward sweep; it must be a scramble for the southern shore over the rocks and fallen timber in that mad torrent.

Jerry Dangerfield, seated upon her horse on a slight rise under a clump of trees a little way back from the stream, coolly munching a cracker and sipped coffee from a tin cup. Ardmore, again calm, now that Daubenspeck had been spurred to action, smoked his pipe and watched the army prepare to advance.

One gun from the battery was brought down and placed on a slight eminence to support the advance, for which all was now in readiness. The bugle sang again, and the men of one company sprang forward and began leaping from rock to rock, silently, steadily moving upon the farther shore. Here and there some brown khaki-clad figure slipped and splashed into the stream with a wild confusion of brown leggings; but on they went intrepidly. The captain, leading his men through the torrent, was the first to gain the southern shore. He waved his sword, and with a shout his men clambered up the bank and formed in neat alignment. This was hardly accomplished before a uniformed figure

**KEEP KITCHEN CLEAN**

IN NO ROOM IS CLUTTER AND DUST MORE UNSANITARY.

Should Be Times for Each Cleaning Process Besides Ordinary Daily Cleaning—Utensils Should Be Kept Immaculately Clean.

The thought of an untidy kitchen is abhorrent to the good housekeeper. The trouble lies with being more able to spot dirt and scold about it than to give rules for its prevention.

When a new maid arrives the mistress should tell her explicitly how she likes the work managed, instead of saying, "I expect your kitchen to be spotless!"

There should be times for each cleaning process, besides the ordinary daily cleaning up. Every girl should be made to sweep up the kitchen floor at least once a day, preferably after each meal, to wash off tabletops and sink after every dish-washing time and to dust thoroughly each morning.

In no room of the house is clutter and dust more unsanitary, yet little attention is often paid to systematic fighting of it. Sometimes this is due to lack of provision. Every kitchen should be equipped with a broom, roller, brush and pan, dustless dusters, scrubbing brushes, chamolis skins, pail and scrub cloths of its own.

Many cooks will wipe up a kitchen table with the same cloth used for the floor, or worse yet, with the dish-cloth. For this reason have sets of cloths distinct in color, for each operation and there is no excuse for mixing them. The same holds good of brushes; there should be a sink brush, another for vegetables, a third for table tops and a fourth for floors. Also have mops of different size and thickness to use on pots, pans and bottles.

The care of a kitchen floor depends upon the material with which it is covered. If there is a good quality of linoleum on it work is simplified, as beyond daily brushing up it will only need semi-weekly scrubbing with skim milk. Never use soap on linoleum. To brighten rub with a cloth wet in linseed oil after the floor has been washed up and well dried.

A bare floor is liked by some because it can be scrubbed hard with soap and water. If a tablespoonful of kerosene is added to the pail of water the scrubbing will be more quickly done. Where the water is hard it should be softened with borax or ammonia.

A varnished floor can be cleaned more easily if sprinkled with coarse salt, which is allowed to stand for a few minutes then brushed up with a soft broom.

The floors should be washed up with water, then rinsed with skim milk. An occasional treatment of linseed oil will keep luster in the tiles.

Keep three white barred muslin curtains for each kitchen window for frequent changes. Have windows cleaned inside and out once a week. Do not use soap. A tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of hot water will give quick polish. Use two cloths and finish with chamolis or tissue paper.

Utensils must be kept polished. For copper use soap applied with a damp cloth, then sprinkle thickly with borax, if you have no regular copper polish. Brass can be cleaned by being moistened with kerosene then rubbed with a paste of powdered chalk and lemon juice, and polished with chamolis. Boil tin utensils occasionally in strong soda water, and if rusted rub with lard and let stand before washing.

**Excellent Buns.**

Dissolve one-half cake of compressed yeast in two cups of milk boiled and cooled; add one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, and flour to make a stiff batter. Let rise overnight. In the morning add one cup sugar, one-half cup melted or softened butter and flour to make it stiff enough to knead. Let rise again until light, then shape into small biscuits and let rise again. Bake in a hot oven until brown, then rub over top with milk and sugar and let stand in oven a few minutes longer. This makes two dozen.

**Cabbage With Rice.**

Boil a head of cabbage until tender, drain and cut out the heart and center, fill in the opening with a cup of hot boiled rice that has been highly seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, and pour over all a cream sauce. This makes an excellent cold weather dish when the meat course is light.

**Scrappie.**

One and one-half pounds of beef and one-half pound of pork; boil them together and season with salt, pepper, and sage; drain and chop fine. Then add to the liquor corn meal, as you would for mush; add seasoned meat, mold, slice, and fry.

**A Quick Loaf Cake.**

Sift together one cup sugar, one heaping cup flour and one teaspoon baking powder. Break two eggs in same cup and pour four tablespoons of melted butter over eggs. Fill the cup with sweet milk; flavor to suit taste. Bake in a moderate oven.

**To Keep the Neck Smooth.**

A few drops of olive oil firmly stroked on the skin of neck and chin every other night will keep wrinkles at bay. Let oil remain over night.

**Before Allowing an Operation**

Please Read These Two Letters.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before. Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.

**HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT.**

**Paw Paw, Mich.**—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement—I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise every woman who is afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. Orville Rock, R. R. No. 3, Paw Paw, Mich.

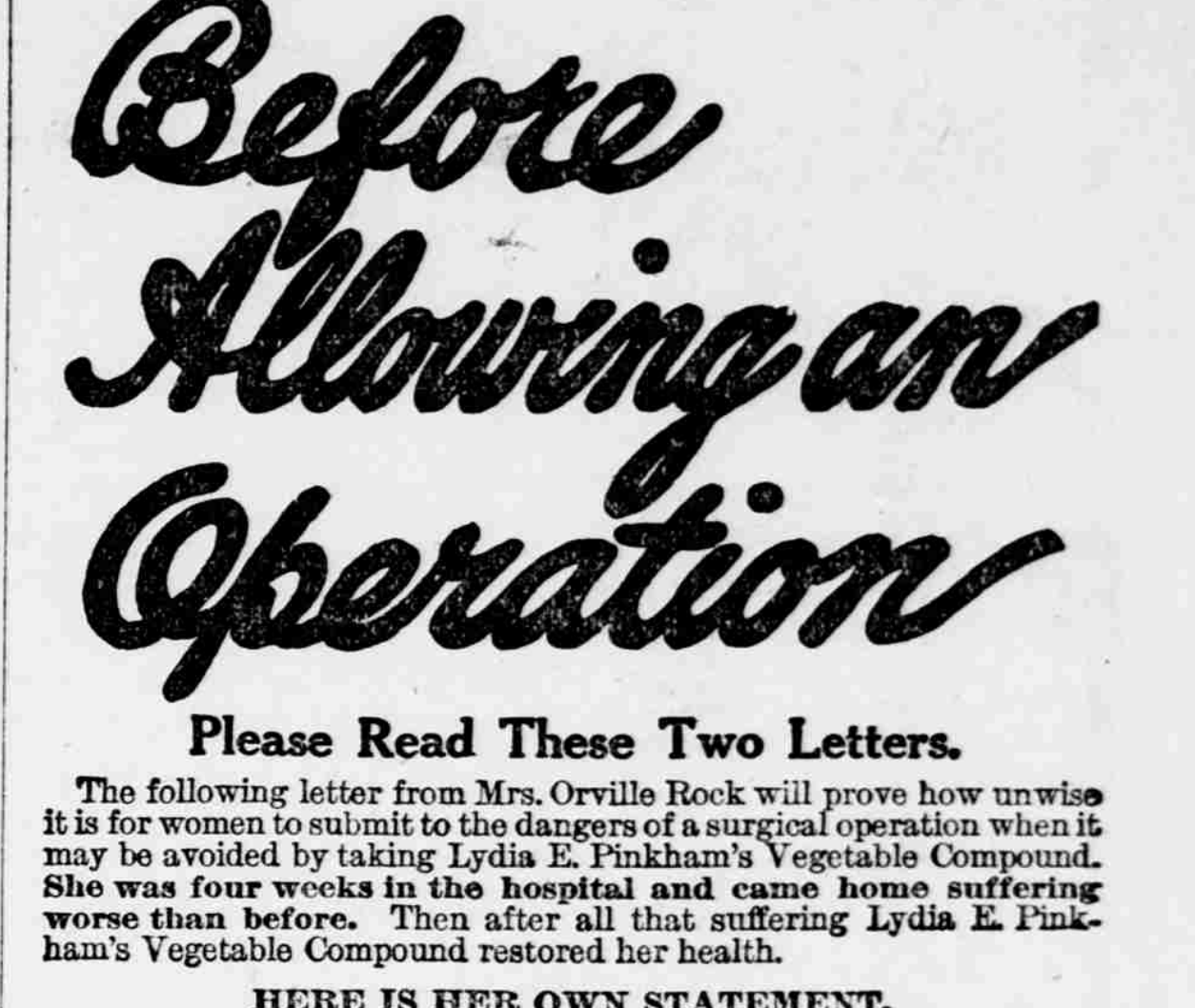
"There never was a worse case."

**Rockport, Ind.**—"There never was a worse case of woman's ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered. For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so to please him I took it, and I improved wonderfully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering women to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation."—Mrs. Margaret Meredith, R. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



**NATURALLY.**

How Sea Birds Drink.

Under the headline, Where Do They Get Water? a writer in the Young Folks' Catholic Weekly says: "When I was a cabin boy I often used to wonder, seeing birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they did for fresh water when they were thirsty. One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glittering day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of empty space over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain cloud, and waited there for about ten minutes, circling round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles maybe to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them going."—New York Tribune.

**Forestalled.**

District Attorney J. F. Clarke of New York was talking about the recent kidnaping cases.

"Kidnapers," he said, "are apt to disappear now. They have become too unpopular. Why, a kidnaper is as unpopular as a widower.

"Widows, now, are very attractive, but about a widower there is always something uncanny, something almost clammy—I mean, of course, from the matrimonial point of view.

"I know a widower who is thinking of marrying again. He thought he'd broach the matter delicately the other morning to his little daughter, so he said:

"'Ah, my dear, how I did love your mother!'"

"But the little girl gave him a suspicious look and snapped:

"'Say "do," not "did," papa.'"

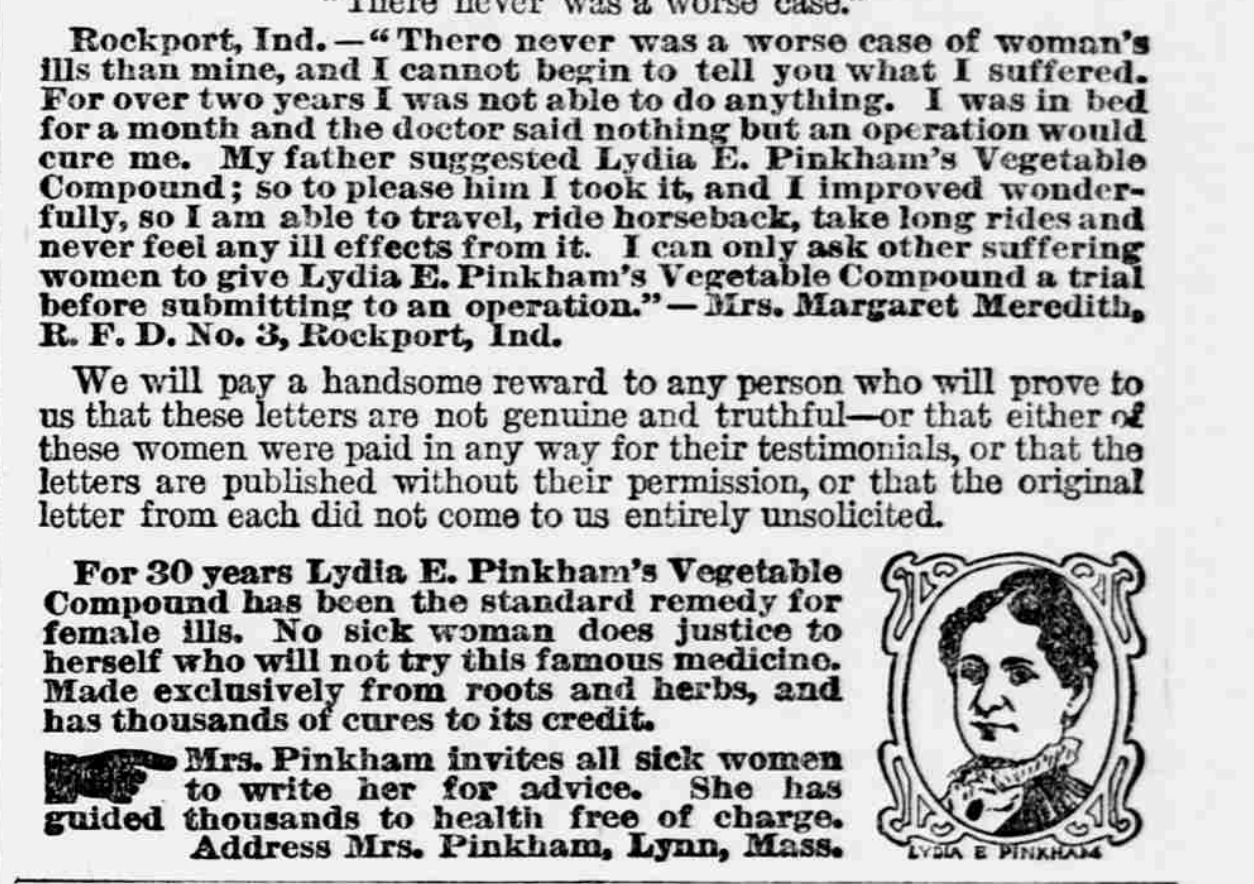
**Getting the Worst of It.**

"Billings isn't very lucky in driving bargains."

"No. He says he can't even change his own mind without getting the worst of the deal."

Garfield Tea will win your approval. It is pleasant to take, mild in action and very health-giving. It overcomes constipation.

A man doesn't have to be a detective in order to find fault.



This world is but a fleeting show, And yet there's not a man But wants to see as much of the Performance as he can.

**He Might Have Earned a Vote.**

Little Johnnie stood gazing solemnly on the decrepit form of an old countryman. Noticing the boy's attention the old man asked: "Well, what is it, son?"

"Say," the inquisitive youngster asked, "did the politicians kiss you when you was a baby?"—Success Magazine.

**"SPOHN'S."**

This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves, and the like among all ages of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or sent to the manufacturers, \$5.00 and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book, Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

**Indication of Wisdom.**

"Why do they call the owl the bird of wisdom?"

"It stays out all night and doesn't tell what it sees or does."—Judge.

**Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes.**

Prevents Infection—Murrine Eye Salve in Tubes for all Eye Ills. No Morphine. Ask Druggists for New Size 25c. Valuable Eye Book in Each Package.

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.—Chatham.

Garfield Tea assists overworked digestive organs, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and rids the blood of impurities.

Envy is punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbor.

**FREE SAMPLE CURED OLD PERSON'S BOWEL TROUBLE**

One of the most remarkable proofs of the unusual laxative merit contained in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is that it is effective not only in people in the prime of life, but at the extremes of ages. As many letters are received from mothers regarding the cures of children, as from men and women of sixty, seventy and eighty years of age. It must be truly a wonderful laxative.

In the cure of constipation and bowel trouble in old people it has no equal. It corrects the constipation, dispels the headache, biliousness, gas, drowsiness after eating, etc. People advancing in years should see to it that their bowels move freely, and if they do not take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You can pro-

long your life by healthy bowel action. Clogged bowels invite disease. Women about to pass the menstrual period cannot do better than use Syrup Pepsin several times a week until the system has settled to its future condition.

Among the strongest supporters of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are Mr. W. G. Zorn of New Decatur, Ala., and Mr. George S. Spaulding of the National Soldiers' Home, Kansas, both elderly men. The regular size bottles can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar, but a free sample bottle can be had by sending your address to the doctor.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.