

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 struggle when the governor of North Carolina and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold, himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore, the son 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 the Applegate, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, he and Griswold set out to make the other prosecute. Both have forces scouting the border. Griswold captures Applegate, but Jerry finds him and takes him to Ardmore, her own prisoner. Ardmore arrests a man on the property who says he is Gov. Osborne. Meanwhile another man is arrested as Applegate, by the South Carolina militia. The North Carolina militia is called into action. When Col. Gillingswater, Jerry's father, is arrested, he is afraid, he flees. Applegate is taken secretly by Ardmore and lodged in a jail in South Carolina. Returning to Ardmore, Ardmore finds that Billings, the banker, and Foster, treasurer of the state, have been arrested. Barbara Osborne arrives at Ardmore. Displeased as to who has the real Applegate, she is in the identification of the man jailed by Ardmore in South Carolina as the outlaw.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Any man," said Jerry, lifting her chin slightly, "who would impersonate the governor of South Carolina would, beyond question, be utterly insane and an object of compassion. Prof. Griswold, will you please produce your imaginary Applegate, as at this hour Mrs. Atchison usually serves tea. Let us therefore make haste."

One of Griswold's retinue ran off to summon the prisoner, who was guarded by half a dozen soldiers near at hand.

The company in the bungalow were all laughing heartily at some sally by the adjutant general of South Carolina, who insisted upon giving a light note to the proceedings, when hurried footsteps sounded on the veranda and a sergeant appeared in the doorway and saluted.

The adjutant general, annoyed at being interrupted in the telling of a new story, frowned and bade the sergeant produce his prisoner. At once a man was thrust into the room, a tall man, with a short, dark beard and slightly stooping shoulders. The strong light at his back made it difficult for the people grouped about the table to see his face clearly, but the air somehow seemed charged with electricity, and all bent forward, straining for a sight of the captive.

As he stood framed in the doorway his face was slowly disclosed to them, and there appeared to be a humorous twinkle in his eyes. Before any one spoke, he broke out in a hearty laugh. Then a cry rose piercingly in the quiet room—a cry of amazement from the lips of Jerry Dangerfield, who had taken a step forward.

"Oh, papa!" she cried.

"The governor!" roared Col. Daubenack, leaping across the table.

"It's Gov. Dangerfield!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus.

At this moment Mrs. Atchison and Miss Barbara Osborne stole softly in and ranged themselves at the back of the room.

The governor of North Carolina crossed to the table and took his daughter's hand.

"Jerry, what part do you play in these amateur theatricals?"

Jerry rose, thrusting her handkerchief into her sleeve, and her lips trembled slightly, though whether with mirth or some other emotion it would be difficult to say. The room at once gave her attention, seeing that she was about to speak.

"Papa, before these people I am not ashamed to confess that during your absence from the seat of government I took it upon myself to fill your office to the best of my ability, finding that many important matters were pressing and that you had gone into exile without leaving your address behind. I made Mr. Ardmore, the gentleman on my left in the pearl-gray suit and lavender tie, first private secretary, and then, when occasion required, acting governor, though in reality he did nothing without my entire approval. I am happy to say that nothing has been neglected and your reputation as a great statesman and friend of the people has not suffered at our hands. We arrested Mr. Applegate, who is standing there by the fireplace, and landed him in the Mingo county jail as a joke on Gov. Osborne, and to appease the demands of the press and the Woman's Civic League of Raleigh. The copies of our correspondence on this and other matters will tell you the story more completely. As for Gov. Osborne, I have taught him a lesson in the etiquette that should obtain between governors that he is not likely to forget. You will find that he have

As he paused, Miss Osborne stepped forward, the men making way for her.

"If this be true, Gov. Dangerfield, may I ask you, sir, what has become of my father?"

Gov. Dangerfield smiled.

"I regret, Miss Barbara, that I cannot answer that question; I must refer it to my daughter."

"Why I should be glad to assist you in recovering your father as a slight return for your having placed mine in the Dilwell county jail and kept him there all night, I regret that I am unable to be of the slightest help to you."

The perspiration was beading Ardmore's brow, but he smiled as though in joy at Jerry's readiness.

"We have taken a number of prisoners," said Ardmore, meeting the governor's glance, "and while I do not think Gov. Osborne can possibly be of the number, yet I shall be glad to produce them all. There is a person in the entrance a little way across country whom I captured myself. I

believe he's now tied to a mulberry tree a little way down the road, and he pretended to be the governor of South Carolina and I feared that he might do himself some harm."

Before he ceased speaking Big Paul strode in, an angry and crestfallen man following at his heels.

"Oh, father!"

It was Barbara Osborne's voice; but whatever of anger or joy there may have been in her words and tone was lost in the shout of laughter that broke from Gov. Dangerfield. The governor of South Carolina was in no such high humor. He sputtered, swore, stamped his foot and struck the table with his clenched hand as he demanded to know the meaning of the outrageous indignity to which he had been subjected.

The more his friend stormed the more Gov. Dangerfield roared with laughter, but when he could control himself he laid an arresting arm on Gov. Osborne's shoulder, and spoke to Barbara.

"Barbara, may I ask whether you, like my own Jerry, have been protesting your father's fair name during his absence; and does that account for my night spent in the jail at Kildare? If so—"

Gov. Dangerfield's laughter got the better of him, but Barbara, with dignity, turned to her father.

"It is quite true, that finding your absence occasioning serious remark, while your attorney general took advantage of your absence to annoy me in a most cowardly fashion, with the kind help of Prof. Griswold I did all in my power to thwart your enemies, and to show the people of South Carolina that you were not a man to evade the responsibilities of your office. As to the details of these matters I prefer, father, to speak to you in private."

"Prof. Griswold?" repeated Gov. Osborne, haughtily. "I believe I have not the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance; whereupon, to ease the situation, Ardmore presented his old friend."

"Gov. Osborne, allow me to present Prof. Henry Maine Griswold, associate

professor of admiralty in the University of Virginia, and the author of—"

"Griswold!" The anger slowly left Gov. Osborne's face. "Do I understand that you belong to the Virginia tide-water family of that name? Then, sir, without hesitation I offer you my hand."

"Osborne," cried Gov. Dangerfield, "we have every reason to be proud of our daughters. They have done us well; and they seem to have acted wisely in accepting aid from these gentlemen; and now, what is to be done with Bill Applegate?"

"We have with us that requisition you left on your desk," exclaimed Barbara, turning to her father.

"I'm afraid that won't help," laughed Gov. Osborne. "That requisition, Barbara, is purely Pickwickian in character."

"The disposition of Applegate," said Cooke, "is a matter of delicacy for both of you gentlemen, and you will pardon me for thrusting myself forward, but that this affair may end happily for all, neither North nor South Carolina should bear the burden of prosecuting a man to whom—we the governors of both states are under some trifling obligations."

The governor of North Carolina exchanged a glance and a nod with the governor of South Carolina.

"Therefore," resumed Cooke, "we must hit upon a plan of action that will eliminate both states from the controversy. I will, with your permission, turn Applegate over to the United States revenue officers who are even now in this neighborhood looking for him."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Precisely True.

Many a preacher would revise his sermons on the next life if he knew more about this one.—St. Louis Times

WILL IS CONTESTED.

Heirs of W. C. McElrath Are Not Satisfied

Litchfield.—Archibald McElrath, a brother, and Elizabeth McElrath, widow, an inmate of the St. Paul asylum, have filed objections to the probate of the will of W. C. McElrath, who died at Kalspell, Mont., leaving an estate of \$29,300 to Ethel Hart, daughter of Mrs. Tennant in the town of Cedar Mills, this county, and Arthur Aylesworth, his partner in Montana.

MOORHEAD HOLDS ELECTION.

Youth of 23 Becomes City Attorney by Big Majority.

Moorhead.—W. H. Davy was re-elected mayor by a majority of 78 votes. Lew A. Hutton of the First National bank was his opponent. Garfield Rustad, aged 23 years, and a graduate of the law department of the Minnesota University, was elected city attorney. He is said to be the youngest city attorney in Minnesota.

Will Dig Many Ditches.

Lancaster.—Teams are busy hauling coal and supplies for the two dredges which will commence ditching operations east of town early in the spring. About 7,000 tons of coal have been contracted for. Brown & Hersey of Litchfield, who have contracts for ditch No. 18, commenced hauling last week with a score of teams, and another contract or two more will be let in a few days. Five dredges will be worked on as many different ditches this spring.

Your Boy's Life's Work

What Shall It Be?

PHOTOGRAPHY!

Despite the fact that so many are engaged in it and that amateurs have taken it up with such enthusiasm, here is an occupation which still offers you a very excellent opportunity to obtain a livelihood and even to accumulate fortune. The popular competition has not injured the business.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

THE fact that photography is a profession of itself, and that thousands of men all over the world are getting rich by means of it in spite of the popular amateur competition, has been almost lost sight of except by those still engaged in the business. The more scientific and artistic improvements that have come up have enabled those following photography for their life work to keep ahead, as they have always done, and there is now a better field than ever for the exercise of their talents.

It is quite likely that your boy, enthused by the fair quality of the pictures he has been able to make with his cheap little camera, aspires to the bigger attainments shown by the man who has made photography his business. It is the purpose of this article to show him some of the steps he will have to take to reach the success he craves.

First he should apply to the proprietor of the nearest large gallery for a job, telling him that he wishes to be a first-class photographer. If the proprietor has no vacancy, apply to another. The boy need not have had more than a rudimentary education, for academic training is not at all necessary. Getting the job, he will discover that he is little more than a porter or a roustabout, sweeping out the gallery, washing bottles and doing other kinds of ordinary labor about the studio.

Naturally of an observant nature, your boy will begin soon to acquire a vague understanding of how various things are done. His first glimpse of this new knowledge will come in the dark room, where plates are removed from the holders after "pictures are taken" in the studio proper, and other manipulating is done.

His first work of really professional character will be to change plates in these holders, learning that the least bit of light will spoil them, and to distinguish between the smooth glass side and the velvety feeling of the other. This must be done entirely by sense of touch, in an absolutely dark room, or where there is only a small red light. Then, as he has been watching the shifting and substitution of various backgrounds as different exposures are made, he will learn that for a best picture of a woman wearing her hat the background will be of a certain kind, another if her hat is off, still another if the picture is to be full length, etc., and he will attend to this under direction of the operator.

Then he will take the negatives, which have been made by an experienced man, to the roof or light window and make proofs, which are to be submitted to the customer for approval; will be shown how to put prints into the water for washing and, when they have been cleaned of all chemicals, how to put them into the drying rack, how to take prints that have properly dried and mount them on the heavy backs, and, finally, will do printing and toning without having to be watched constantly by his boss.

Pretty soon, say within a couple of years after he has started, your boy will be a full-fledged printer and earning anywhere from \$12 to \$20 a week, according to the ability he manifests. This means that he will take the negatives and make prints in proper exposure and develop them without having to be shown how.

His next and last stage, which is most important, will be that of operator. This is the man who poses the subject in the gallery, knows just the proper background and the necessary lighting and shading to use, the correct lens and plate, and the exact exposure to be made, whether of a tenth of a second or of a minute. The placing of the subject, the lighting and the exposure are the things that determine the grade of the pictures, for almost anybody can make good prints from a good negative, but nobody can make a fine print from a poor one.

The minimum pay for an operator is about \$25 a week, according to the standing and importance of the gallery, and experts in high-class work get as much as \$75, or nearly \$1,000 a year. It requires years of experience, and probably the development of a specialty, for an operator to command \$75 a week.

It will require much attention and practice to become a successful operator. Suppose your boy is employed in a scientific institution, such as a museum. He may be asked to make a large picture of a skeleton, showing even the finest of lines in the individual bones, with all their perfection of detail, and yet he has to make the exposure in a poorly lighted room, with shadows and background all askew. It is up to him to know just what background to use, how to place various reflectors so as to give the right shadows, and the exact exposure required in the uncertain light to make his negative exactly right the first time. If he failed, it might mean a waste of as much as \$20 or more in material. He must know this instinctively and through his experience. Or he might be sent to a cathedral to make a picture of an altar. Obviously the altar cannot be moved into a bet-



ter light. He must know just the lens, the proper paper and the exposure to bring the perfect result required. How many amateurs could do this?

After attending high school as an operator, your boy will either get a position as head of a large corps of photographers employed by the government or some public institution or a firm that makes a specialty of some particular phase of photography or a museum or other scientific institution, where he may earn a large salary; or else he will go into business for himself.

In the latter case there is no end of opportunities; for photographs of every conceivable thing under the sun, from portraits to X-ray pictures in hospitals, are in universal demand; also there is independent work to be done in photo-engraving, electroplating, lithography and other lines of mechanical photo-reproduction. Photographers have grown rich in conducting galleries for portrait work alone. There are persons who are willing to pay as much as \$5 to \$10 apiece for their portraits, and the profits are very large.

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GREATEST OF LEGAL ORATORS

Proud Position That Has Been Accorded to William Pinkney of Maryland.

But by long odds the greatest of our purely legal orators was William Pinkney of Maryland. His speeches were the beacon lights that directed the footsteps of the Supreme court of the United States in the formative period of our government.

The great argument in the Nereide prize law case is steeped in a richer rhetoric than almost any other of his speeches. The bold figure of Hercules crushing the Nemean lion has been referred to as one of the sublimest in our oratory.

Seldom has any man been so abundantly equipped for the highest displays of eloquence, and this, too, was largely the result of his later studies. When sent as an ambassador to England he was asked at table one day for his opinion on a certain Greek phrase being discussed at the time, and was ineffably mortified and humiliated to confess that he knew nothing of the subject under discussion. Then and there was born in him the determination to be a classical scholar, and bending himself to the task he became in a few years highly proficient not alone in the ancient but in the modern classics as well. His mind became a reservoir of judicial and literary learning and his speeches began to bear the indelible impress of mental superiority.

His eloquence satisfied the intellect as well as the love of ornament. No vocabulary ever surpassed his in full and rounded excellence. Poetic to a rare degree, yet governed withal by an almost perfect taste, he clothed his large philosophy in the sheen of such a golden style as made it seem quite a matter of course that Story and Marshall should pronounce him "incomparable" and that he should be the "boast of Maryland and the pride of the United States." It is not too much to say that had all of his speeches before the Supreme court and elsewhere been preserved he would have been universally esteemed the greatest of legal orators in the whole world. He was greater than Lancelot or Lysias because his view was broader and more philosophical and his powers of expression by far more poetical, captivating and persuasive.

What the Boys Thought.

Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh of Philadelphia tells this story on a prominent educator who one day visited one of the elementary schools.

"The teacher asked him if he wished to say a word or two," said Dr. Brumbaugh, "and he did. He decided to illustrate a point he was making by a problem in long division, the intricacies of which the class had just mastered. He put down the necessary figures and then said:

"Now, let us see how many times this number will go into the other. Let us try six." He tried six, and, as he intended, six wouldn't do. "Well, let's try five, then," he said. Five was all right, and he went ahead with his talk.

"On his way home that evening he overheard two small boys with book-bags under their arms and heard this conversation:

"Say, Bill, did a long-whiskered, bald-headed old fellow come into your room today?"

"Yep," replied Bill.

"And did he talk to you?"

"Yep," said Bill.

"Well, so he did to us, but the funniest thing, by golly, was that the old chump stumped himself on an example in long division!"

Contrary to Public Policy.

Caller (with a great thought)—Don't you think it would be a splendid thing if you were to employ a skilled physician to edit a column in your paper devoted to answering sick people's questions and telling them how to cure themselves? Wouldn't it save many a poor family from having to pay a doctor bill?

Editor (of Daily Bread)—My dear sir, think of the thousands of good doctors in this town who are barely keeping soul and body together!—Chicago Tribune.

All They Could Find.

"What's all that noise in the next room?"

"My wife and three of her girl friends are trying to play whist with only 47 cards in the pack."

CONGRESS GETS TAFI'S MESSAGE

Brief Document is Transmitted to Country's Lawmakers.

IS ALL ABOUT RECIPROCITY

President Tells of Negotiations Leading to the Canadian Agreement, and Asks Early Action Confirming the Pact.

Washington, April 5.—President Taft's message to the 62nd congress in extraordinary session was transmitted to both branches of congress today. The message in full was as follows:

To the senate and house of representatives: I transmitted to the sixty-first congress on January 6th, last, the text of the reciprocity trade agreement which had been negotiated under my direction by the secretary of state with the representatives of the Dominion of Canada. This agreement was the consummation of earnest efforts extending over a period of nearly a year, on the part of both governments to effect a trade arrangement which, supplementing as it did the amicable settlement of various questions of a diplomatic and political character that had been reached, would mutually promote commerce and would strengthen the friendly relations now existing.

The agreement in its intent and in its terms was purely economic and commercial. While the general subject was under discussion by the commissioners, I felt assured that the sentiment of the people of the United States was such that they would welcome a measure which would result in the increase of trade on both sides of the boundary line, would open up the reserve productive resources of Canada to the great mass of our own consumers on advantageous conditions and at the same time offer a broader outlet for the excess products of our farms and many of our industries. Details regarding a negotiation of this kind necessarily could not be made public while the conferences were pending. However, the full text of the agreement with the accompanying correspondence and data explaining both its purpose and its scope became known to the people through the message transmitted to congress.

Approved by the People.

It was immediately apparent that the ripened fruits of the careful labors of the commissioners met with widespread approval. This approval has been strengthened by further consideration of the terms of the agreement in all their particulars. The volume of support which has developed shows that its broadly national scope is fully appreciated and is responsive to the popular will.

The house of representatives of the Sixty-first congress, after the full text of the arrangement with all the details in regard to the different provisions had been before it, as they were before the American people, passed the bill confirming the agreement as negotiated and as transmitted to congress. This measure failed of action in the senate. In my transmitting message of the 26th of January, I fully set forth the character of the agreement and emphasized its appropriateness and necessity as a response to the mutual needs of the people of the two countries, as well as its common advantages. I now lay that message and the reciprocal trade agreement, as integrally a part of the present message, before the Sixty-second congress and again invite earnest attention to the considerations therein expressed.

Early Action is Urged.

I am constrained in deference to popular sentiment and with a realizing sense of my duty to the great masses of our people whose welfare is involved, to urge upon your consideration early action on this agreement.

In concluding the negotiations the representatives of the two countries bound themselves to use their utmost efforts to bring about the tariff changes provided for in the agreement by concurrent legislation at Washington and Ottawa. I have felt it my duty, therefore, not to acquiesce in relegation of action until the opening of the congress in December, but to use my constitutional prerogative and convolve the Sixty-second congress in extra session in order that there shall be no break of continuity in considering and acting upon this most important subject.

WILLIAM H. TAFI.
The White House, April 5, 1911.

Has No Excuse.

"Do you expect to play golf this summer?"

"No, I'm on the water wagon."

Should Be Prepared.

"There's one thing about the American-Japanese war if it is ever pulled off."

"And what is that?"

"Hobson has given plenty of notice to the moving picture concerns."

His Gong.

Restaurant Proprietor—So you were in your last place for three years. Why did you leave?

New Chef—I was pardoned.—Catholic News.

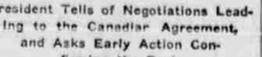
Widow of C. T. Yerkes Dead.

New York.—Mrs. Mary Adelaide Yerkes, widow of Charles T. Yerkes, died at her home in this city.

Turns Down Freedom.

Hutchison, Kan.—With tears in his eyes, Alvis Dyer, a prisoner in the state reformatory here, begged that he be not paroled from the institution. Dyer is taking a course in Bertillon work in the reformatory. When notified of his parole he begged to be allowed another year in which to complete his course. This was granted.

FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.



PE-RU-NA FOR DYSPEPSIA (CATARRH OF STOMACH)

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 \$500 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-Ting. 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.

Much Easier to Handle.

Mabel—Father's so glad you're a poet.

Scribbler—Ah, like yourself, he adores poetry?

Mabel—Oh, no. But you see poets can't fight. The last lover of mine he tried to throw out was a football player!

Generous Advice.

"If the Japanese want to fight us," said the nervous man, "why don't they begin?"

"Perhaps," replied the calm and collected person, "they are waiting for more tips from our military experts on how to proceed."

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."

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.