Woodward & Lothrop

New York—WASHINGTON—Paris.

Demonstration of the Lily of France Corset now in progress.

The New Fall Colored Dress Fabrics.

THE important observation this season is the great variety of textiles favored. Last year it was broadcloth—broadcloth first and last—and nothing but broadcloth.

And while broadcloth is still very fashionable, serges occupy an unusually prominent position, especially the wide wale effects. Soft surface suitings—silky diagonals and zibelines are also very popular, as are camel's hair effects.

In the mixed fabrics melanges, Scotch mixtures, homespuns, and mannish novelty effects have met with great approval. Other very fashionable and popular textures are silk and satin cashmeres, fine worsteds, mohair mixtures, chiffon cloths and henriettas.

Henriettas.

We have just received and placed on sale a beautiful quality of Silk-warp Henrietta, the product of one of the foremost French manufacturers. Included are eight different shades from which to select—all in the soft dull tints—shades that are hard to duplicate. These fabrics are 43 inches wide, and were made to retail at $2.00 the yard, but we are offering them at the

Special price, $1.75 yard.

We have another rich quality of Silk-warp Henrietta, in the desirable shades of apricot, raisin, rose, cadet, amethyst, marsh green, light blue, pink, and russet brown. These are also of French manufacture, and of excellent weight and finish.

44 Inches Wide, $1.50 yard.

In the all-wool Henriettas we show a splendid array of colors and shades, which were selected with great care and thought, and which justifies us in claiming this to be the most complete showing we have ever made.

We are offering an excellent quality imported All-wool Henrietta (44 inches wide), of close firm weave, rich finish and fine texture at

$1.00 the yard.

Also a lighter weight quality, two inches narrower, but of the same finish, texture, and manufacture, and in the same colors at

75c the yard.

Special—A small lot Imported Wool Plaids, in several weaves, and in rich combinations of colors. Very desirable for separate skirts and children's school dresses, offered at the special price,

75c the yard. Value, $1.50.

Second floor—G st.

The New Fall Black Dress Fabrics.

BLACK is extremely fashionable this fall, and no wardrobe can be counted complete without at least one black gown. In fact, it is almost a necessity, and the fashionably dressed woman will find herself compelled to have two or three.

Every want and taste in black may be satisfied in this splendid stock, which includes not only an abundance of the staple weaves, but also the latest foreign novelties as well. Weights for all purposes are shown—from the sheer, clinging fabrics for evening gowns to the heavy worsteds and cheviots for street costumes.

Among the leading fabrics are:

Imported Chiffon Broadcloths, sponged and shrunk, ready for the needle, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, and $4.00 a yard.

Storm Serges, 50c to $2.50 a yard.
Imperial Serges, 75c to $2.50 a yard.
Wide-wale Serges, $1.00 to $2.00 a yard.
Diagonals, $1.50 to $2.50 a yard.
Cheviots, 75c to $2.50 a yard.
Satin Cashmere, $1.25 and $1.50 a yard.
All-wool Cashmere, 75c to $1.25 a yard.
Lupin's Wool Taffetas, $1.00 and $1.25 a yard.
Lupin's Voiles, $1.00 to $2.00 a yard.
Lupin's Cheviots, $1.50 to $2.50 a yard.
Lupin's Unfinished Worsteds, $1.50 to $2.00 a yard.
Priestley's Tussah Royal, $1.50 to $2.00 a yard.
Priestley's Mohair Brilliantines, 50c to $1.25 a yard.
Priestley's Silk Warp Henriettas, $1.50 to $2.00 a yard.
Priestley's Poplins, $1.00 to $1.50 a yard.

Second floor—G st.

Beautiful Handmade French Lingerie.

WE are now displaying our new importations of French Underwear, Bridal Trousseau, Negligees, Matinees, and Dressing Saques, which include very handsome specimens of hand-embroideries and the daintiest creations in lace and ribbon, direct from Paris.

Special attention is called to the superb collection of single garments for those who prefer selecting sets composed of odd pieces, as many are now doing.

Crests, Monograms, and Initials embroidered to order on complete Bridal Trousseaux or single garments, as desired, at reasonable prices.

To-day Sale of Gowns, Drawers, and Chemises at Very Special Prices.

Women's French Hand-made Gowns, with low round neck and short sleeves; hand-embroidered yoke; finished with scalloped edge, eyelets and ribbon.

$2.75 each. Were $3.50.

Women's French Hand-made Drawers, of good quality French nainsook, trimmed with embroidery ruffles and lace.

$1.75 to $4.95 pair.
Were $2.50 to $12.50.

Third floor—Eleventh st.

Women's French Hand-made Gowns of very sheer nainsook, with low neck and short fluffy sleeves; elaborately hand embroidered and trimmed with German valenciennes, point de Paris, and real torchon laces, insertion beading and ribbon.

$7.50 to $15.00 each.
Were $10.50 to $22.50.

Women's French Hand-made Chemises, of very soft nainsook, elaborately trimmed with hand-embroidery and fine laces.

$3.95 each.
Were $5.25 to $7.50.

Woodward & Lothrop.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

Mrs. Taft Attends Service at St. John's Church.

MINISTER JOUBERT ARRIVES

Miss Elizabeth Howry Entertains Miss Cora Bowen—Rear Admiral and Mrs. Brownson Open Washington Home—Miss Marion Leutze Returns from Vacation.

Mrs. Taft, accompanied by her sister, attended St. John's Church yesterday morning, according to her custom, and walked over to the quaint little edifice through Lafayette Park in true democratic fashion from the White House.

The Minister from the Dominican Republic and Mme. Joubert arrived in New York Saturday from their own country, where they have spent the summer and spring. They were met in the metropolis by the charge d'affaires, Senor Don Arturo L. Fiallo, and Senora Fiallo, who will sail in a few days for the former's new post in Hamburg, Germany, where he has been appointed consul general.

Miss Martha Codman, of Boston, who has opened her home here in Decatur place for the winter, is spending a few days in Newport, where she is building a handsome new villa.

Miss Elizabeth Howry, daughter of Judge Howry, entertained at a small tea yesterday afternoon in honor of her house guest, Miss Cora Bowen, of Jacksonville, Fla. Mrs. Howry assisted in receiving the guests and Mrs. P. Lee Phillips poured tea.

Miss Marion Leutze, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. E. H. C. Leutze, of the Washington Navy Yard, returned yesterday from the Hot Springs of Virginia, where she has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Henry M. Alexander, of New York.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Willard H. Brownson and their daughter, Miss Caroline Bronson, who spent the summer and early autumn in Canada and on the North Shore of Massachusetts, have returned to their home in N street.

Mme. Bonaparte, who spent the summer in Bar Harbor with her son, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, will sail shortly for France, to spend the winter with her son-in-law and daugher, Count and Countess von Moltke, who have as their guest just now Mme. Bonaparte's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Edgar, at their country place in Denmark.

Mr. and Mrs. George Westinghouse entertained at dinner, on Saturday night, at their estate, Erskine Park, Lenox, Mass., in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harrison, of London, who arrived there at the end of the week.

Gen. John C. Black and family are now established in their new home in Connecticut avenue, where Mrs. Frank Vrooman, formerly Miss Grace Black, will do the honors for her father's home during the coming winter. The many friends of the family will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Stephen Abbott, Gen. Black's younger daughter, who was formerly Miss Helene Black, has greatly improved in health since taking up her residence in the Southwest, where her husband, Capt. Abbott, is now on duty, at Fort Bayard, after several years' residence at West Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Glover have reopened their house in Farragut square, where they will be established for the winter. They have spent the summer in their country place in the Loughborough road, with the exception of a few weeks which they spent on the Maine coast with their son-in-law and daughter, M. and Mme. van Swinderen, of The Hague.

Mrs. Charles Mitchell, of New York, is making a short visit to her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mitchell (nee Wallach), at their home in K street.

Miss Sara Carr Upton, who has leased her house in Nineteenth street for the winter to the former governor of Montana and Mrs. Toole, will make a series of visits and will pass the greater part of the winter with Miss Charlotte Lincoln in Cincinnati.

Col. Henry T. Birmingham, U. S. A., who returned here during the summer from service in Cuba, has leased for the coming season the residence 1721 Q street, the former home of the first secretary of the Spanish Legation and Senora Luis Pastor. Col. and Mrs. Birmingham will take possession early in November.

The Misses Coulter, of Morristown, N. J., who recently returned from several years' absence in Europe, are spending the autumn at 1140 Connecticut avenue.

Mr. Alexander Randall Claytor, of West River, Md., announces the engagement of his daughter, Elizabeth Cowman, to Mr. Frank Stanley Hinrichs, of Riverdale, Md. The wedding will take place Wednesday, November 3. No invitations will be issued, owing to the recent death of the bridegroom's brother, Mr. William Hinrichs.

Mrs. Mahlon Ashford and daughter, Miss Maude Ashford, have given up their home in Farragut square and taken an apartment for the winter.

Miss Jeannie Sands, who spent the summer abroad with an aunt, has returned and joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Sands, at their home in Q street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nixon, of Portland, Oreg., formerly of this city, sailed last week for Europe for a winter trip. Mrs. Nixon was formerly Miss Agnes Dolph, daughter of the late Senator Dolph, and made her debut in society in Washington when Mr. Nixon was a Washington correspondent.

The marriage of Miss Corinne Douglas Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and the only niece of former President Roosevelt, to Mr. Joseph Alsop, of New York, will take place in the home of Miss Robinson's brother, Mr. Theodore Douglas Robinson, in Park avenue, near Seventy-second street, New York, on November 4. The bridegroom is quite as well known in Washington as the bride, as he has visited here frequently, and been the guest of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Cowles and of his uncle and cousin, Mr. William Wetmore Cryder and Miss Mary A. Cryder. It had been the intention of the bride's parents to have the wedding in their country place at Orange Mountain, but in order to have the affair more simple and unpretentious, because of the mourning in the bride's family, it has been decided to have it in the new home of her brother.

The first secretary of the United States Embassy in London, Mr. John Ridgley Carter, who will be succeeded next month by former Third Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. William Phillips, will said for home when he turns over his work to his successor. He will be accompanied by his wife and daughter, Miss Mildred Carter, a debutante of two seasons ago in New York, where she was presented to society by her maternal grandmother, Mrs. D. P. Morgan, whose Washington home is now occupied by the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. George von L. Meyer. They will spend some weeks in this country and then sail for Mr. Carter's new post of duty, as Minister to Roumania.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cassels have reopened their home in Jefferson place for the season.

A memorable event in the history of the Postal Photographic Club took place Friday evening, when the tenth anniversary of its organization was celebrated by a dinner at the Raleigh Hotel.

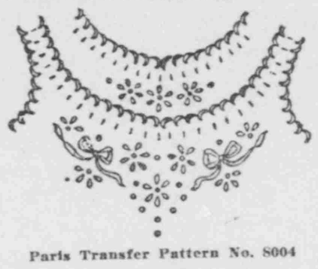
The club is composed of a large body of members in this city and residents of many other cities throughout the United States who are amateurs in the line of photography.

Secretary and Treasurer Gustavus A. Brandt acted as toastmaster and master of ceremonies, and a description of his trip in the mountains of West Virginia was read and many interesting views were on exhibition. Prizes were distributed for excellence of work.

Capt. Curtis E. Crane, of Chestertown, Md., entertained a yachting party last week in his beautiful sailing yacht, the "Josephine." After cruising up the bay the guests visited Baltimore, Washington, and Georgetown, and returned to Chestertown early in the week. Among the guests were: Mr. Lewin Wethered Wicks, Mr. Phillip Wilmer, Mr. Perkins, Mr. William Walker Beck, Mr. Thomas Maslin, and Mr. S. Scott Beck.

TRANSFER PATTERNS.

(Upon receipt of this pattern, ordered on coupon below, place the rough or glazed side of pattern down on material to be stamped, then press hot flat-iron on the back or smooth side of the pattern, be careful not to let pattern slip.)



Paris Transfer Pattern No. 8004

Design to be transferred to corset-cover which slips on over the head or buttons on the shoulders the scalloping being done in buttonhole stitch having first been padded and the design to be worked in solid embroidery with mercerized cotton, on batiste, linen lawn, nainsook, Persian lawn, jaconet or China silk.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Size desired.....

Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and inclose, with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

REV. DR. POWER ILL.

Vermont Avenue Church Pastor Suffers from Indisposition.

Momentarily overcome by the strain of carrying on his church work and caring for his wife, who has been ill for some time, Rev. Dr. Frederick D. Power, pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, and dean of the ministers of Washington, suffered a slight nervous collapse on Saturday.

He had recovered sufficiently yesterday to leave the house. At the church, Rev. E. L. Powell, a visiting minister, former pastor of Mount Rainier Church, delivered the sermon last evening. The morning session was occupied by a Sunday school rally.

Dr. Power last evening declared he would be able to continue his regular work in a few days. He was inclined to treat his indisposition lightly, saying it was nothing more than a passing weakness.

Since his wife was taken ill, Dr. Power has been almost constantly at her side. In addition, he has carried on the work of the church. The combined strain, it is believed, caused his illness.

Funeral of John Hayward.

Funeral services for John Hayward, for years head of the night schools of this city, will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at All Souls' Unitarian Church. Rev. U. G. B. Pierce will officiate. Interment will take place in Arlington Cemetery. Mr. Hayward was born in St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1835, of British parents. He received his education in England, but came to this country shortly before the outbreak of the civil war, in which he served with the Twenty-first New York Volunteers. He is survived by his wife and three daughters, Mrs. Mary Crenshaw, and Misses Emma and Mabel Hayward.

OVER A MILLION VISITORS IN NEW YORK CITY

Many Hudson-Fulton Celebration Guests Stopped at the Hotel St. Regis.

Careful estimates indicate that during the week of September 25 to October 2, 1909 (the period of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in that city), there were upward of one million visitors quartered in New York at once. At such a time it is most important for the visitor to be housed in a really restful hotel. The strenuous celebrating cannot be fully enjoyed if its fatiguing features are repeated at night in the hotel corridors and public rooms. In the largest hotels this was unavoidable, while in the small hotels their size naturally reduced the noise of numbers, but augmented the feature of overcrowding. There was one other class, however, of which the Hotel St. Regis, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, is admittedly the leader, where neither excess of noise nor overcrowding was possible, and where patrons obtained the same home-like comforts and seclusion as if such things as tercentenaries, parades, and pageants did not exist. The St. Regis is recognized as "America's finest hotel," and on this occasion it demonstrated anew its right to this title. The St. Regis made many new friends, for those who stopped there for the first time learned that its cuisine is unsurpassed anywhere, and that its restaurant charges are no higher than other first-class hotels. They also learned that St. Regis room rates are likewise low; from $3 to $4 a day for a comfortable and splendidly furnished large single room; $5 a day for the same with private bath (or $6 for two people); or $12 a day and up for an exquisite suite of parlor, bedroom, and private bath.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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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 locked 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.

"Dragged here at an unearthly hour of the morning, and flung into the most impossible places by your soldiers! You can hear them yelling without much trouble from the drawing-room, and we had to give up breakfast because the racket they are making was so annoying."

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 often 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 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."

Collins grinned his delight.

"Oh, perfect hour!" he sand. "We'll keep them until they promise to be good and print what we tell them. The little squeaky voice you hear occasionally—hark!—that's Peck, of the Consolidated Press. He scooped me once on a lynching, and here is where I get even with him."

"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 lodged in the tower, where he can enjoy the scenery."

He pointed to the tower, from which the flag of North Carolina waved gently in the morning breeze.

"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 hiterval, 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 tea house 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 witch-hazel and court plaster, and we can get a doctor 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 1,000 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 last," 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."

"No 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. Ardmore, it was clear, they did not take very seriously, a fact which she inwardly resented.

"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 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 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."

The colonel hesitated.

"I regret to say, sir, that we have no pontoons."

"Pontoons! Pontoons! What, by the shade of Napoleon, do you want with pontoons when you have legs? Again, sir, I order you to advance your men!"

It was at this crisis that Jerry lifted her chin a trifle and calmly addressed the reluctant colonel.

"Col. Daubenspeck, in my father's name, I order you to throw your troops across the Raccoon!"

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.

And the Raccoon is a stream from all time dedicated to noble uses and destined to hold mighty kingdoms in leash. One might well hesitate before crossing this wayward Rubicon. The Mississippi is merely an excuse for appropriations, the Potomac the sporting ground of Congressmen and shad. No other known stream is so happily calculated as the foamy Raccoon to delight at once the gods of battle and the gentle sons of song. It marks one of those impatient flings of nature in which, bored with creating lordly, broadly flowing streams, or varying the landscape with quiet woodlands or meadows, she abandons herself for a moment to madness and, shaking water and rock together as in a dice-box, splashes them out with joyous laughter.

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

Beyond the creek, and somewhat removed from it on the South Carolina side, a rifle cracked, and far against the blue arch a huge, black, languorous object, raising with a last supreme effort, as though to claim refuge of heaven, fell clawing at space with sprawling wings, then collapsed and pitched earthward until the trees on the farther shore hid it from sight. A feeble cheer rose in the distance.

"They sound pretty tame over there," remarked Ardmore critically. "There's no ginger in that cheer."

"The ginger," suggested Col. Daubenspeck, ironically, "is probably all in their stomachs."

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 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 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 man with the basket was already crossing the creek in charge of a corporal.

"I have read somewhere about being careful of the Greeks bearing gifts," said Jerry. "There may be something annoying in that basket."

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,
In the Field.

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 an outlaw named Appleweight. I have the honor to inform you that that person is now in jail at Kildare, Dilwell County, N. C., 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, S. C. I shall take pleasure in meeting you at Ardsley at 5 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.

"Putting 'professor' on that will make him crazy," remarked Ardmore to Jerry.

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."

"I don't think you mentioned him, Mr. Ardmore, but I suppose he's one of the Appleweight ruffians."

"Undoubtedly," replied Ardmore, whose spirits had never been higher, "though the fellow was not without his pleasant humor. He insisted with great vigor that he is the governor of South Carolina."

"I wonder!"—and Jerry spoke wistfully—"I wonder where papa is!"

"Well, he's not in the corn crib; be sure of that."

"Papa looks every inch the statesman," replied Jerry proudly, "and in his frock coat no one could ever mistake him for other than the patriot he is."

[TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.]

Fred Niblo on "Ireland."

Fred Niblo gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on Ireland at the Columbia Theater last evening. The travelogue was listened to by a large and appreciative audience, which included many sons of old Erin, and it may be said that last night's entertainment proved up to the standard of Mr. Niblo's former efforts. The famed beauties of the lakes and fells of Killarney, the Giants' Causeway, Goblin's Cliffs, the River Shannon, the Innniscarry, the Sugar Loaf Mountain, the hills of Wicklow, the road to Tipperary, the Gap of Dunloe, Serpent Lake, Muckross Abbey, and many other remarkable sights were shown in the pictures and described by the lecturer.

Camerograph pictures of the famous Dreadnought in action, the Punchestown steeplechase, and the pig market at Limerick were important features of the evening's entertainment. The same subject, "Ireland, from Blarney Castle to the Giant's Causeway," will be used by Mr. Niblo on next Friday afternoon.

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