

Will King of Castledale has dug 700 bushels of potatoes from two acres of ground.

Ogden is again free from smallpox, the last patient having been released from quarantine a few days ago.

Losses of approximately \$80,000 have been sustained by Salt Lake banks through the bankruptcy of Bert L. Smith in the courts of San Francisco.

The truant officers of Salt Lake City have determined to see that the law requiring children to attend school for thirty weeks each year is rigidly enforced.

Joseph Dayne and David Thompson, of Salt Lake City, were seriously injured when a scaffolding collapsed, on which they were working. It is feared Thompson will not recover.

William F. Dunn, who was so badly injured in an accident at a candy factory in Provo about a month ago, that it was feared his injuries would prove fatal, is recovering rapidly.

Roger Goodrich, aged 10 years, son of William Goodrich, a dairyman, who was knocked down and fatally injured by an automobile in Salt Lake City on October 27, died November 1.

While operating a loaded ore car at the Garfield smelter, Constantino Bithanis, a Greek, aged 34, slipped on a rail and falling in front of the car was so seriously injured that he died within a few minutes.

Davis county canning factories have just completed one of the most successful seasons in years, turning out 100,000 cases of tomatoes and other products. Of this total, there were 60,000 cases of tomatoes.

Vernon Workman, 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Workman of Park City, who was accidentally shot in the head by another boy while playing at the Workman home, died in a Salt Lake hospital on Wednesday.

Carl Seeley of Castledale was leading a mule, with the rope wrapped around his hand, when the mule suddenly made a break for liberty, tearing the end off Seeley's thumb and otherwise lacerating his hand.

Two men died of overdoses of poisonous drugs in Ogden early Thursday morning. They were Dennis Sullivan, aged 60 years, a miner, and Harry E. Blaine, 30 years old, married, and a local employe of the Oregon Short Line.

With five steam mixers and one steam shovel in operation, the work of concreting the Weber-Davis county canal, said to be the biggest concrete undertaking ever launched in the state, is being rapidly rushed to completion.

The monthly report of the Salt Lake City food and dairy commissioner shows that during October 641 inspections were made. In these inspections 1,330 pounds of foodstuff were condemned as unfit for use and one prosecution followed.

Through the efforts of the attorney general a settlement has been effected between the board of trustees of the State Industrial school, and Fred J. Schleaf, a San Francisco cattle dealer, in the dispute over the sale of a herd of cattle, part of which were found to be diseased.

One of the features of this year's work at the Agricultural college, at Logan, is the installation of the short courses, giving the young men and women of the state who are unable to attend school the year round an opportunity of an education in their chosen lines.

Verne Workman, aged 8, while playing at his home in Park City, was struck in the head by a bullet accidentally fired by another boy, the bullet lodging in the boy's brain and there being no hope for his recovery.

Being thrown from a load of lumber, while driving down Blacksmith's Fork canyon, Alvin McCoombs of Smithfield was run over by the wagon and crushed to death, the wheels passing over his head. McCoombs leaves a wife and six children.

More than 700,000 acres of land in the Uintah Indian reservation, comprising a large part of that section of the reserve opened to white settlers during the summer of 1906, which was allowed to revert back to the government by careless winners in the drawing, are now being sold at auction.

Officials of the International Smelting & Refining company, and business men of the new town of Toco, to the number of sixty, have organized a Town and Country club, which is expected to meet the social needs of the residents and provide entertainment for visitors as well.

Ben Williams, the bartender who shot and badly injured Donald Workman, a laborer, in a rooming house at Milford on September 27, has been bound over to the district court on a charge of assault with intent to commit murder.

# 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 young ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Applegate, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Applegate. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold also takes the field. Frank Collins, Atlanta reporter, is arrested by Ardmore, but released to become press agent for the young millionaire's expedition.

## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Prisoner, you fool! I'm a guest at Ardsley and I'm looking for a lady."

"That's a very unlikely story. Collins, help the gentleman down;" and the reporter obeyed instructions with so much zeal that the noble gentleman fell prone, and was assisted to his feet with a fine mockery of helpfulness.

"I tell you I'm looking for a lady whose horse ran away with her! I'm the duke of Ballywinkle and brother-in-law to Mr. Ardmore. I'll have you sent to jail if you stop me here."

"Come along, duke, and we'll see what you look like," said Cooke, leading the way to the bungalow veranda. Within Ardmore was lighting lamps. There was a long room finished in black oak, with a fireplace at one end, and a table in the center. The floors were covered with handsome rugs and the walls were hung with photographs and etchings. Ardmore sat on the back of a leather settee in a pose assumed at the moment of the duke's entrance. It was a pose of entire nonchalance, and Ardmore's cap, perched on the back of his head, and his brown hair ruffled boyishly, added to the general effect of comfort and ease.

The duke blinked for a moment in the lamplight, then he roared out joyously:

"Ardy, old man!" and advanced toward his brother-in-law with outstretched hand.

"Keep him off; he's undoubtedly quite mad," said Ardmore, staring coldly, and bending his riding-crop across his knees. "Collins, please ride on after the lady and bring her back this way."

Cooke had seated the prisoner rather rudely in a chair, and the noble duke, having lost the power of speech in amazement and fright, rubbed his eyes and then fastened them incredulously on Ardmore; but there was no question about it, he had been seized with violence; he had been repudiated by his own brother-in-law—the useless, stupid Tommy Ardmore, who, at best, had only a child's mind for pirate stories and who was indubitably the most negligible of negligible figures in the drama of life as the duke knew it.

"Cooke," began Ardmore, addressing his lieutenant gravely from his perch on the settee, "what is the charge against this person?"

"He says he's a duke," grinned Cooke, taking his cue from Ardmore's manner. "And he says he's visiting at Ardsley."

"That," said Ardmore with decision, "is creditable only to the gentleman's romantic imagination. His face is anything but ducal, and there's a red streak across it which points clearly to the recent sharp blow of a weapon; and no one would ever strike a duke. It's utterly incredible," and Ardmore lifted his brows and leaned back with his arms at length and his hands clasping the riding-crop, as he contemplated with supreme satisfaction the tell-tale red line across the duke's cheek.

"For God's sake, Ardy—" howled the duke.

Ardmore drew from his pocket Johnston's "American Politics" with an air of greatest seriousness.

"Cooke," he said, half to himself as he turned the pages, "do you remember just what the constitution says about dukes? Oh, yes; here we are! Now, Mr. Duke of Ballywinkle, listen to what it says here in Section 9 of the Constitution of the United States, which reads exactly as follows in this book: 'No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; And no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.' And it says in Section 10 that 'No state shall grant any title of nobility.' Now, Mr. Ballywinkle, it is perfectly clear that this

government can't recognize anything that it can't create, for that would be foolish. As I, the governor of North Carolina, can't make a duke, I can't see one. You are therefore wholly illegal; it's against the most sacred law of the land for you to be here at all; and, painful though it is to me, it is nevertheless my duty to order you to leave the United States at once, never to return. In fact, if you ever appear in the United States again, I hereby order that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead. One of Mr. Cooke's men will accompany you to New York to-morrow and see to it that you take passage on a steamer bound for a British port. The crime of having insulted a woman will still hang over you until you are well east of Sandy Hook, and I advise you not to risk being tried on that charge in North Carolina, as my people are very impulsive and emotional, and lynchings are not infrequent in our midst. You shall spend to-night in my official caboose some distance from here, and your personal effects will be brought from Ardsley, where, you have said, you are a guest of Mr. Thomas Ardmore, who is officially unknown to me. The supreme court will now adjourn."

Cooke pulled the limp, bewildered duke to his feet, and dragged him from the bungalow. As they stepped out on the veranda Collins rode up in alarm.

upon the insolent Applegate. Nearly every man of the party had some private score to settle, but they had all been sworn as special constables and were sobered by the knowledge that the power of the state of South Carolina was back of them.

Thus, at the very hour that Mr. Ardmore and his lieutenant rode away from the lonely anchorage of the caboose, Prof. Griswold and his cavalcade set out for Mount Nebo church. When the master of Ardsley was revenging himself upon the duke of Ballywinkle, his dearest friend, against whom he had closed the doors of his house, was losing no time in setting forth upon a mission which, if successful, would seriously interfere with all Mr. Ardmore's hopes and plans.

The guide of the expedition pushed his mule forward at a fast walk, making no excuses to Griswold and Habersham for the roughness of the trails he chose, nor troubling to give warning of sharp turns where a horse, being less wise than a mule, tobogganed madly before finding a foothold. Occasionally a low hanging limb switched the associate professor sharply across the face, but his temper continued serene where the trail was darkest and steepest, and he found himself ignoring Habersham's occasional polite questions about the university in his effort to summon up in memory certain ways of Barbara Osborne which baffled him.

"Check up, can't you?" snarled the man on the mule, laying hold of Griswold's rein; and thus halted, Griswold found that they had been circling round a curiously symmetrical, thickly wooded hill, and had finally come to a clearing whence they were able to gaze far off toward the north.

"We are almost out of bounds," said Habersham, pointing. "Over there somewhere, across the hills, lies North Carolina. I am as thoroughly lost as you can possibly be; but these men know where they are. How far is it, Billy?"—he addressed the silent guide—"to Mount Nebo?"

"About four mile, and I reckon we'd



The Guide Pushed His Mule Forward at a Fast Walk.

"I followed this road to a cross-road where it became a bridle-path and runs off into the forest. There I lost all trace of the lady, but here is her riding-crop."

"Cooke, take your prisoner to the caboose; and Collins, come with me," commanded Ardmore; and a moment later he and the reporter rode off furiously in search of Jerry Dangerfield.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Dangerfield Takes a Prisoner.

A dozen men carrying rifles across their saddle-bows rode away from Habersham's farm on the outskirts of Turner Court House and struck a rough trail that led a devious course over the hills. At their head rode the guide of the expedition—a long silent man on a mule. Griswold and Habersham followed immediately behind him on horseback. Their plans had been carefully arranged before they left their rendezvous, and save for an occasional brief interchange between the prosecuting attorney and the governor's special representative, the party jogged on in silence. Habersham's recruits were, it may be said, farmers of the border, who had awaited for years just such an opportunity as now offered to avenge themselves

better let out a little now or they'll sing the doxology before we git thar."

"What's that light away off there?" asked Habersham.

The guide paused to examine, and the faint glow far down the vale seemed to perplex him. He spoke to one or two other natives and they viewed the light ruminatively, as is their way.

"That must be on Ardmore's land," said the leader finally. "It shoots out all sorts o' ways round byeh, and I reckon that's wher Raccoon creek cuts through."

"That's very likely," said Habersham. "I've seen the plat of what Ardmore owns on this side the border at the courthouse, and I remember that there's a long strip in Mingo county that is Ardsley land. Ardmore has houses of one kind and another scattered all over the estate and those lights may be from one of them. You know the place, don't you?"

"Yes; I've visited there," admitted Griswold. "But we'd better give it a wide berth. The whole estate is simply infested with scarlet fever. They're quarantined."

"Within how many days?" demanded Griswold, his heart sinking at the thought that Ardmore had led to him to keep him away from Ardsley—from Ardmore's house! The thought of it really hurt him now.

"Come on!" called Habersham. Half the company rode ahead to gain the farther side of the church; the remainder, including Griswold and Habersham, soon dismounted and tied their horses out of sight of the country road which they had latterly been following.

"We are in plenty of time," said Habersham, looking at his watch. "The rest of the boys are closing in from the other side and they will be ready for Applegate when he finishes his devotions. We've been studying the old man's habits and he has a particular place where he ties his horse back of the church. It's a little apart from the fence where most of the congregation hitch, and he chose it, no doubt, because in case of a surprise he would have plenty of room for maneuvering. Two men are going to lay for him, seize and gag him and carry him into the wood back of the church; and then we're off across the state line to lock him up in jail at Kildare and give Gov. Dangerfield the shock of his life."

"It sounds simple enough; but it won't be long before Applegate's friends miss him. You must remember that they are a shrewd lot."

"We've got to take our chances. Let's hope we are as shrewd as they are," replied Habersham.

They moved softly through the wood and presently the faint sound of singing reached them.

"Old Rabdick has finished his sermon and we'll know the worst in a few minutes."

One of the party had already detached himself and crept forward toward the church, to meet his appointed comrade in the enterprise, who was to come in from the other side.

The clapboard church presented in the moonlight the austere outlines, and as the men waited, a rude though unseen hand was slamming the wooden shutters that protected the windows from impious violence.

"We could do with less moon," muttered Habersham, as he and Griswold peered through the trees into the churchyard.

"There goes Bill Applegate now," whispered one of the natives at his elbow, and Griswold felt his heart-beats quicken as he watched a tall figure silhouetted against the church and moving swiftly toward the rear of the building. At the front of the church voices sounded, as the departing worshippers rode or drove slowly away.

Habersham laid his hand suddenly on Griswold's arm.

"They've got him! They've nailed him! See! There! They're yanking him back into the timber. They've taken him and his horse!"

Griswold saw nothing but a momentary confusion of shadows, then perfect silence hung over the woods behind the little church. The congregation was slowly dispersing, riding away in little groups. Suddenly a voice called out in the road 100 yards beyond the church:

"Hey, there! Where's Bill?"

"Oh, he's gone long ago!" yelled another.

In a moment more the church door slammed and a last figure rode rapidly away.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A Church in a Rock.**  
In the quaint old German town of Oberstein an ancient church stands, built in the great rock rising from the river. The front of the building is of stone, but the church itself is hollowed out of the rock and penetrates far into its heart. Tradition says that in the fourteenth century the count of Oberstein, one of the old robber barons, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighboring knight.

His brother also sought the fair maiden's hand and the two suitors had a violent quarrel. The upshot was that the count flung his hapless brother from the top of his castle wall high up the precipitous cliff. Repenting of his awful deed, the count vowed that he would build a church where his brother's body first touched the ground. He did so, excavating the church in the rock; and tradition goes on to say a miraculous spring of clear water sprang from the crag as a token that heaven was appeased. This cupious church is now the only Protestant place of worship in the town.—Wide World Magazine.

**Gladstone's Memory.**  
Gladstone's power of memory was always one of his greatest assets. In his last years he often lamented that it was not what it had been; but even so, it came triumphantly out of some remarkable tests. In his eighty-third year he set himself to recall Manzoni's ode on the death of Napoleon, which, as a young man, he had translated into English. He had entirely forgotten his own version, but by dint of hard "digging" or "fishing up," as he called it, he wrote down 104 of the 108 Italian lines. Two years later he essayed to write from memory a complete list of all the men who had been his cabinet colleagues, and enumerated 60 of the 70.