

The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Malne 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 Apppleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Apppleweight. 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. Griswold's men capture Bill Apppleweight. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive outlaw and leads him to Ardmore, her own prisoner.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Little gal, I'm an ole man, and I hain't never done y'u no harm. Your haouse is only a leetle way up thar, and I can't be no more use to y'u. I want t' go home, and if y'u'll help me ontie this yere harness—" and he grinned as he viewed his bonds in the fuller light of the open road.

Thou hoof-beats thumped the soft earth of another of the trails that converged at this point, and Ardmore and Collins flashed out upon Jerry and her captive, amid a wild panic of horses.

Apppleweight twisted and turned in his saddle but Jerry instantly held up her hand and arrested the inquiries of her deliverers.

"Mr. Ardmore, this gentleman was most rudely set upon by two strangers as he was leaving a church over there somewhere in the woods. I was lost, and as his appearance at the time and place seemed almost providential, I begged him to guide me toward home, which he has most courteously done," and Jerry, to give the proper touch to her explanation, twitched the strap by which she held her prisoner's horse, so that it danced, adding a fresh absurdity to the wobbling figure of its bound rider.

"You are safe!" cried Ardmore in a low tone, to which Jerry nodded carelessly, in a way that directed attention to the more immediate business at hand. He was not at once sure of his cue, but there seemed to be something familiar in the outlines of the man on horseback, and full identification broke upon him now with astounding vividness.

"Jugs," he began, addressing the prisoner smilingly, "dear old Jugs, to think we should meet again! Since you handed me the Jug on the rear end of the train, a few nights ago, life has had new meanings for me, and I'm just as sorry as can be that I gave you the buttermilk. I wouldn't have done such a thing for billions in real money. And now that you have fallen into the excellent hands of Miss Dangerfield—"

"Dangerfield!" screamed the prisoner, lifting himself as high in the saddle as his bonds would permit.

"Certainly," replied Ardmore. "Your rescuer is none other than Miss Gerline Dangerfield."

"Why, gal," began the outlaw, "of your pa's the gov'nor of No'th Carolina, him an' me's old friends."

"Then will you kindly tell me your name?" asked Jerry.

"Allow me to complete the introduction," interrupted Collins, who had hung back in silence. "Unless my eyes deceive me, which is wholly improbable, this is a gentleman whom I once interviewed in the county jail at Raleigh, and he was known at that time as William Apppleweight, alias Poteet."

"You air right," admitted the prisoner without hesitation, and then, addressing Jerry: "Yer pa would be glad to know his dorter had helped an ole fren' like me, gal. Ye may hev heard him speak o' me."

"But how about that message in the cork of the Jug you put on the train at Kildare?" demanded Ardmore. "And why did you send your brother to try to scare me to death at Raleigh?"

"That is not of the slightest importance," interrupted Jerry, gently playing with the tether which held Mr. Apppleweight; "nor does it matter that papa and this gentleman are friends. If this is indeed the famous outlaw, Mr. William Apppleweight, then, papa or no papa, friend or no friend, he is a prisoner of the state of North Carolina."

"Pris'ner!" bawled Apppleweight—"an' you the gov'nor's gal—"

"You have hit the situation exactly, Mr. Apppleweight; and as far as the office of governor is concerned, it is capably filled by the young gentleman on your left, Mr. Thomas Ardmore. Let us now adjourn to his house,

where, if I am not mistaken, a bit of cold fowl is usually to be found on the sideboard at this hour. But hold!"—and Jerry checked her horse—"where can we lodge this gentleman, Mr. Ardmore, until we decide upon his further fate?"

"We might put him in the wine cellar," suggested Ardmore.

"He shall be treated with the greatest consideration," said Jerry, and thereafter, no further adventure befalling them, they reached Ardsley, where their arrival occasioned the greatest excitement.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Meeting of Old Friends.

Habersham's men had proved exceedingly timid when it came to the business of thrashing the woods for Apppleweight, whom they regarded with a new awe, now that he had vanished so mysteriously. They had searched the woods guardedly, but the narrow paths that led away into the dim fastnesses of Ardsley were forbidding, and these men were not without their superstitions. They had awaited for years an opportunity to strike at the Apppleweight faction; they had at last taken their shot, and had seemingly brought down their bird; but their lack of spirit in retrieving the game had been their un-

lucky — "Apppleweight was probably seized all of a sudden, and broke away in his delirium. Let's go to bed."

At eight o'clock he and Habersham rode into Turner Court House, and Griswold went at once to the inn to change his clothes. No further steps could be taken until some definite report was received as to Apppleweight's whereabouts.

It had been the most puerile transaction possible, and he was aware that a report of it, which he must wire at once to Miss Barbara Osborne, would not impress that young woman with his capacity or trustworthiness in difficult occasions. The iron that had already entered into his soul drove deeper. He had ordered a fresh horse, and was resolved to return to Mount Nebo church for a personal study of the ground in broad daylight.

As he crossed the dusty parlor of the little hotel, to his great astonishment Miss Osborne's black Phoebe, stationed where her eyes ranged the whole lower floor of the inn, drew attention to herself in an elaborate courtesy.

"Miss Barb'ra wish me t' say she done come heah on business, and she like fo' to see yo' all right away. She done bring huh saddle, and war a-gwine ridin' twell you come back. She's a-gettin' ready, and I'll go tell huh you done come. She got a heap o' trouble, thet young missis, so she hev," and the black woman's pursed lips seemed to imply that Prof. Griswold was in some measure responsible for Miss Osborne's difficulties.

As he stared out into the street a negro brought a horse bearing a better saddle than Mingo county had ever boasted, and hitched it near the horse he had secured for himself. An instant later he heard a quick step above, and Miss Osborne, sedately followed by the black woman, came downstairs. She smiled and greeted him cordially, but there was trouble in her brown eyes.

"I didn't warn you of my coming. I

drew from her purse a cutting from a newspaper and handed it to him.

"That's from last night's Columbia Vidette, which is very hostile to my father."

He was already running over the heavily leaded column that set forth without equivocation the fact that Gov. Osborne had not been in Columbia since he went to New Orleans. It scouted the story that he was abroad in the state on official business connected with the Apppleweight case—the yarn which Griswold had forced upon the friendly reporter at the telegraph office in Columbia. The governor of a state, the Vidette went on to elaborate, could not vanish without leaving some trace of himself, and a Vidette representative had traced the steps of Gov. Osborne from New Orleans until he had again entered South Carolina under cover of night and for purposes which, for the honor of the state, the Vidette hesitated to disclose.

The writer of the article had exhausted the possibilities of gentle suggestion and vague innuendo in an effort to create an impression of mystery and to pique curiosity as to further developments, which were promised at any hour. Griswold's wrath was aroused, not so much against the newspaper, which he assumed had some fire for its smothered trifle of smoke, but against the governor of South Carolina himself, who was causing the finest and noblest girl in the world infinite anxiety and pain.

"The thing is preposterous," he said lightly. "The idea that your father would attempt to enter his own state surreptitiously is inconceivable in these days when public men are denied all privacy, and when it's any man's right to deceive the press if he finds it essential to his own comfort and peace; but the intimation that your father is in South Carolina for any dishonorable purpose is preposterous. One thing, however, is certain, Miss Osborne, and that is that we must produce your father at the earliest possible moment."

"But"—and Barbara hesitated, and her eyes, near tears as they were, wrought great havoc in Griswold's soul—"but father must not be found until this Apppleweight matter is settled. You understand without making me speak the words—that he might not exactly view the matter as we do."

It was a painful subject; and the fact that she was driven by sheer force of circumstances to appeal to him, a stranger, to aid her to perform a public service in her father's name rallied all his good impulses to her standard. It was too delicate a mat-

ter to ignore, and he assumed at once a lighter tone.

"Come! We must solve the riddle of the lost prisoner at once, and your father will undoubtedly give an excellent account of himself when he gets ready. Meanwhile the fiction that he is personally carrying the war into the Apppleweight country must be maintained, and I shall step to the railway station and wire the Columbia newspaper in his name that he is in Mingo county on the trail of the outlaws."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Start A Tight Screw.

Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood, a screw that won't budge at all, and have in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such a thing occurs again don't give it up, don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw:

Heat a poker red hot, and then hold it against the screw head for a little while, wait a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screw driver that just previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple.

The red hot poker heats the screw, the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are.

Mud-Throwing Too Popular.

A New York merchant told a story illustrative of what he declared to be the attitude of this whole country—no doubt including artists, as he named no exceptions. "In the United States we throw mud," he said: "It's all in the story of the small girl with a fistful of it standing by a corner.

"Who you waitin' for, sis?"
"Mabel."
"What's she done?"
"Nothin'. Don't you know she's Queen of the May?"

Look Out, Boys!

A German professor has found that a boy in walking a mile through the streets of a town is exposed to 10,000,000 germs and microbes that may cause his death. It seems they never do cause his death, but the only safe way for a boy to do is to remain at home and take out the ashes and bring in the coal. If he feels any danger he can black the cookstove and whitewash the cellar.



Found Nothing But Apppleweight's Wool Hat.

doing. They had only aroused their most formidable enemy, who would undoubtedly lose no time in seeking revenge. They were a dolorous band who, after warily beating the woods, dispersed in the small hours of the morning, having found nothing but Apppleweight's wool hat, which only added to their mystification.

"We ought to have taken him away on the run," said Habersham bitterly, as he and Griswold discussed the matter on the veranda of the prosecutor's house and watched the coming of the dawn. "I didn't realize that those fellows lived in such mortal terror of the old man; but they refused to make off with him until the last of his friends had got well out of the way. I ought to have had more sense myself than to have expected the old fox to sit tied up like a calf ready for market. We had all his friends accounted for—those that weren't at prayer meeting were marked down somewhere else, and we had a line flung pretty well round the church. Apppleweight's deliverance must have come from somewhere inside the Ardmore property. Perhaps the game warden picked him up."

"Perhaps the Indians captured him," suggested Griswold, yawning, "or maybe some Martian came down on a parachute and hauled him up. Or, as scarlet fever is raging at Mr. Ardmore's castle,—and his tone was

didn't want to be a nuisance to you; there's a new—a most unaccountable perplexity. It doesn't seem right to burden you with it—you have already been so kind about helping me; but I dare not turn to our oldest friends—I have been afraid to trust father's friends at all since Mr. Bosworth acted so traitorously."

"My time is entirely at your service, Miss Osborne; but I have a shameful report to make of myself. I must tell you how miserably I have failed, before you trust me any further. We—that is to say, the prosecuting attorney of this county and a party he got together of Apppleweight's enemies—caught the outlaw last night—took him with the greatest ease—but he got away from us! It was all my fault, and I'm deeply disgusted with myself!"

He described the capture and the subsequent mysterious disappearance of Apppleweight, and confessed the obvious necessity for great caution in further attempts to take the outlaw, now that he was on guard. Barbara laughed reassuringly at the end of the story.

"Those men must have felt funny when they went back to get the prisoner and found that he had gone up into the air. But there's a new feature of the case that's more serious than the loss of this man—" and the trouble again possessed her eyes. She

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