

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN... A Story of the Romantic Age in England. By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER I.

There was no pleasanter coaching-house between London and the far North, in the days when the great highlands of England were lively with the romance of travel than the Star and Garter at Kirkstall.

To this day it challenges admiration for its picturesque site, its handsome bay windows, its pleasant smoking-room, and its old-fashioned bowling-green, which is still frequented by lovers of a time-honored game.

From the bright windows of the old inn one still looks out upon the ruins of the famous Abbey, and though the river Aire is no longer clear and full of fish, it flows through green meadows and reflects such local beauties of landscape as the needs of the busy towns of Leeds have not yet annexed.

England was a merry England then, in spite of the severity of her laws, and the constant drain which continental wars made upon the manhood of the nation. Troops were continually on the march. Highwaymen on foot chargers dashed along the roads and levied toll with a pistol and an epigram.

With all their drawbacks, these were merry days. Men loved the country, lived country lives, and ate plain but wholesome fare. And what superb women delighted the eye. You might, nevertheless, have traveled all over England and never have seen a more lovely woman than Mary Lockwood.

She was tall and straight as a Normandy poplar. She walked from the hips, as an athlete does. Her figure had all the graces of a woman's curving outlines, with suggestions of great strength. Her arms were white as if they knew none of the labor of household work.

There was no self-consciousness in her manner. She would rather be complimented upon her strength and courage than her beauty. She was five and twenty, and had the strength of a man and the courage of an army.

The girl won upon the old man, not only on account of her usefulness, but for the reason that Morley, being naturally weak and timid, admired in Mary an exactly opposite physical and moral capacity. She was to him a possession of which he boasted.

But Mary had no fear of men. There was not one of her acquaintances who had ever thought of offering her an insult, or who would have dared to do it; and none of them ever made the slightest impression on her heart.

It is true honest Jack Meadows had hung about her skirts for a matter of four years, but he was looked upon, both by Mary and her uncle, only in the light of a neighbor and friend.

Jack had never ventured to speak of love to Mary, but he had insinuated himself into her good graces by many acts of consideration and thoughtfulness.

He was about her own age, and well-to-do. His father had died and left him a comfortable little farm a few miles beyond the abbey; the only inheritance being his mother, whom Jack found a solace rather than an embarrassment, for he was a good son, and everybody agreed that he would make a good husband to the woman who would be fortunate enough to win him.

Jack Meadows was a steady young man of mild manners, but of a resolute character. He owned his own farm, hunted with the local hounds,

was respected by everybody and cared for nobody, he would say. But he always said this with a mental reservation which included Mary and his mother, but more particularly Mary. He usually dressed in a velvet shooting jacket, and did not mind at all if some stranger mistook him for a gamekeeper; in fact, he rather liked to be mistaken for a gamekeeper; the position had for him a spice of romance, and, moreover, he was a crack shot, a rare fellow across country, and master of all country sports.

It was a common remark in Kirkstall that Jack and Mary would make as fine a couple as ever stood before an altar. Mary paid no heed to this kind of observation, and the fact that Jack had, under the influence of wise instinct, spoken no words of love to her, enabled Mary to have him as a constant companion, hawking, fishing, riding, nutting, or climbing the walls of Kirkstall Abbey.

But, at the opening of this history, Mary had become too valuable in the management of the inn for her uncle to be able to spare her for more than occasional indulgence in these holiday kind of sports and rambles.

She had settled down to the work of the house, to the management of the bar; and, although she had a very limited knowledge of reading and writing, she kept Joseph Morley straight with his customers, and with the bank at Leeds. She was, in short, a treasure of good sense, good conduct, and good looks, and was both famous and beloved by all the travelers along the road.

It was a curious contrast, and yet full of human nature, the picture of Joseph Morley—thin, wizened, short of stature—in a posture of admiration and worship, as you might have seen him now and then, drawing attention to his niece in some act of physical prowess, trying a horse along the road, flinging a quoit in the yard, or deftly rolling a ball to its goal on the green at the back of the house.

"I am an old fellow," he would say, "but I have allus paid my way, allus can, allus mean to, and, when I'm gone, if Mary don't choose to marry and give the Star and Garter a new landlord, why, she is man enough and woman enough to manage the house herself. And so I shall die happy whenever my time be come; and what can a man want more than to see straight after him up to the last journey he makes, and that's to the church yard, if man wants any more below, well, I haven't heard of it!"

Mary would smile at the old man, and pat his thin cheek, and say it was not for folk to look too far ahead; the main thing was to do your duty and trust in God's mercy and cultivate content!

CHAPTER II.

But when you are happiest, beware! One pleasant autumn evening two travelers arrived at the Star and Garter. One of them was young and handsome, the other might have been any age from 35 to 50.

The younger of the two was dark and fiery-looking, but he had a fine mouth and a musical voice. His name was Richard Parker. He was London born and bred. His hair was black as night, and he wore a slight mustache. He came swinging into the outer bar, with its cups and jugs, and ale-warmers, its bright polished floor, its wide fireplace and its pretty screen, which cut it off from the bar-parlor, otherwise the sanctum of Mary and her uncle, but more particularly the sanctum of Mary, the Maid of the Inn, where she kept her accounts, presided over the cellar, and where she and her uncle ate their meals and lived their indoor life.

He came swinging into the outer bar—this young, dashing, Corsican-like hero, in a light coat or cloak with a cape (such as was worn by our fathers at this picturesque period), corduroy breeches, an under coat with a tall collar, a steeple-shaped hat with a buckle on it, and he carried a riding-whip with a lash.

"House!" he exclaimed. "Where are you all?"

"We are here—some of us," said Mary, advancing from the inner bar—"who is it in such a hurry?"

"A fair good evening to you!" said Parker, doffing his hat.

"The like to you," Mary replied. "I was lighting the candles and had not heard you. If you had ridden, your horses can hardly have been shod; I did not hear them."

"We have ridden and put up our horses, too, my pretty maid," the young fellow replied—for men paid compliments of this kind those days, and no harm meant.

to put an end to useless talk or cooey. "What can you give us?" Mary eyed the second traveler with no great favor, and called the barman, or groom, or waiter, or whatever Tom Sheffield's position might be at the Star and Garter, and, whatever his office, he had held it since boyhood, and to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Supper, drinks, beds," said Mary, addressing Tom, and indicating the travelers with a courteous wave of the hand.

"Yes, mum," said Tom. "Come this way, gentlemen; there's the blue room and the red, both at your service, and the balcony room—that's double-bedded, if you'd loike to see 'em before you sup; your 'osses is all right, and I mek no doubt Star and Garter can mek you as comfortable as 'osses—good accommodation for man and beast isn't a sign as we put up, but we does it w'out boasting—this way."

They followed Tom without more ado, for Mary had quietly retired to her little room, and the younger of the travelers, after looking in a dreamy kind of way at the spot where she had been standing as if she were a beautiful vision that had vanished, strode after his companion.

"By Jupiter, and Venus, and Diana, a Juno and Hebe in one!" exclaimed Dick Parker to his friend when they, having settled to sleep in the double-bedded room that looked upon the bowling green, were alone.

"Oh, she'll pass muster for a country wench," said the other, who was known to his companions as Andy Foster, Andy being short for Andrew, "she'll pass muster, and if she's handsome, she knows it."

They did not carry much luggage, for travelers, though they had been on the road for some days. They each had a saddle-bag (in which were a few common necessities of the toilet, a map of the country and a flask), and pistol holsters, in which were weapons of weight; for men did not travel in those days without being prepared to defend their money and their lives.

Except for the general cheeriness and well-known respectability of the Star and Garter, any two men being shown into the double-bedded room of this famous hostelry might have deemed it necessary to be prepared for emergencies, it looked so dark and shadowy, lighted with only a candle now that the sun had gone down. The two great beds might have been tents for generals on the march in a hostile country, so hung about with somber curtains, so tall, so wide, so seemingly mysterious as were they. And the great bay window, with its outer balcony, which could just be seen in the fitful moonlight, might have been the entrance place of banditti or midnight assassins, such as one reads of in stories of old days.

But Dick Parker ("Gentleman Dick" they called him, the friends who called Foster Andy), and his morose friend had no fear of these things, though the small pistols they carried in addition to those in their holsters might have been looked upon as arguing the contrary.

"Oh, curse the girl!" said Foster, presently, in answer to fresh outburst from Dick, as he swilled his face at the capacious washstand. "That's not the business that has brought us all these miles out of our beat."

"But it may be an incident of pleasure, you snarler," said Dick.

"It may be anything you like, if you will not make it the first consideration, as you generally do; damme, I'm getting sick of your trifling! You've had every silver we've made for the last six months. Your gallantries, as you are pleased to call them, have twice run our necks within measurable distance of the gallows; and now that we are in the locality of our newest and most promising quarry, you begin raving about a country barmaid, as if she was my Lady Dolly, or the Duchess of Seven Dials, or some other crack beauty made to drive men mad, and to ruin millionaires!"

"Bravo, Andy! That's a long speech for you!" (To be continued.)

Food Foolishness. One of the commonest forms of pound foolishness is countenanced by many high authorities. This is the purchase of certain household provisions in large quantities. Few writers on domestic topics fail to lay stress upon the economy of buying groceries in bulk. That sugar and flour, potatoes and apples should be bought by the half or whole barrel, cereals by the case, butter by the tub, and other things in like proportion is one of the early precepts in the "Young Housekeepers' Complete Guide to Domestic Economy." The ignorant young things buy the provisions first and the experience afterward. The flour grows musty, the cereals develop weevils, the potatoes and apples rot long before they can be eaten, and the cook exercises a lavishness in the use of the butter and sugar she would never show were they bought in such limited amounts that the housekeeper could hold close watch over them. Even after these events the young mistress feels as if she were absolutely reckless and no manager at all when she so far departs from household law as to buy food in small quantities.—The Independent.

Enfished Work. Baby May was having a hard time cutting her last teeth. One day her mother found her crying, and asked her what was the matter. Little May said: "God made me, but he didn't finish me. He left me to cut my tooth all by myself."—Harper's Bazar.

In gaining his point a man often loses a friend. A time-honored horse is one that lowers the record.

ILLINOIS ITEMS

John Homrighous, a dentist, died at Mattoon from the effects of an attempt at suicide made last Thursday night. Homrighous corresponded with his cousin, Miss Emma Homrighous of Ohio, for twenty years, but feared that he was unfitted by temperament to wed her, and that \$3,000 he had saved was not enough money with which to face matrimony. Homrighous confided his fears to a friend. The same night he chloroformed himself and turned on the gas. He left a will bequeathing his sweetheart \$3,000.

Rev. James Hewitt is dead at DeKalb, aged 80. Mr. Hewitt entered the ministry at the age of 14 years, and was one of the early circuit riders in central Illinois. Forty years ago he settled in DeKalb county, and rode to the various stations in the county preaching the gospel, receiving pay in sacks of grain, etc. At the age of 10 he was converted in the Methodist church, and was turned away from home by his father, as his people were Episcopalians. In later years his father was converted under his preaching, and joined his church.

A brilliant welcome was accorded to Captain Richard P. Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, by the people of Bloomington Monday. He was the guest of society leaders and a series of receptions were given in his honor at private residences. Monday night he lectured on "The Navy" before a vast audience at the Grand opera house and was given an ovation. In the boxes of the theater were the state officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the lecture being under the auspices of the local chapter. Following the address the speaker held a public reception on the stage. Tuesday noon Captain Hobson was the guest at a dinner at the home of former Vice President A. E. Stevenson.

A programme of protest against British methods in the South African war was carried out before an immense audience at the Auditorium theater at Chicago Sunday night. Following an eloquent address by W. Bourke Cockran, and earnest speeches by others, resolutions for the appointment of a committee to bring the sentiment of the meeting before the President were adopted. Although an admission was charged, the funds being intended to aid the Boers, and especially their women and children, standing room was at a premium, and many were unable to gain admittance. The programme opened with the song, "The True Heart," sung by nineteen German singing societies of Chicago. Dr. Hiram Thomas, head of the People's church, followed with a prayer for the women and children in South Africa prison camps. Then followed short addresses by Judge Theodore Brentano and Judge Murray, of Tuley, chairman of the Chicago branch of the American Transvaal league, under the auspices of which the meeting was held. There were 500 people on the stand when Mr. Cockran, the orator of the evening, arose and bowed in recognition of the tumult of applause which greeted him.

Following Mr. Cockran's speech a letter was read from Hon. Carl Schurz, in which he likened the attitude of the British toward the Boers to the attitude of the Spaniards toward the Cubans before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. A novel swindling scheme came to light at Springfield. A letter was received by Postmaster Wheeler from Trinidad, Colo., purporting to have been written by Alexander Krowoski, a Pole. It stated that the writer had been robbed of \$300 in money and a diamond ring worth \$85. The name of the robber, the letter said, was Frank Dellaner, but that he was impersonating the writer (Krowoski) and had mailed two postal orders for \$100 each to Krowoski at Springfield. The writer asked that the letter be opened and that the amount of the money orders be telegraphed to him at Trinidad. It so happened that the local post office authorities remembered a Pole who represented himself to be Alexander Krowoski, who had called on Friday and secured a letter containing money orders. For purposes of identification he had been asked to describe the contents of the letter, which he did, and the description was verified by the opening of the letter. It was found that he had deposited the money in the State National bank. The federal authorities got track of the man and arrested him at the station as he was about to board a train for Riverport. He was greatly surprised and produced papers proving conclusively that he was not Dellaner, but that he was Krowoski. When the letter from Trinidad was shown him, he explained that Dellaner was a tramp Pole whom he had befriended; that before leaving Trinidad he told Dellaner of sending the money orders and that undoubtedly the latter had planned this scheme to rob him, with the aid of the post office authorities. The matter has been placed in the hands of the federal authorities and Dellaner will be prosecuted.

D. M. Farson and other revivalists from Chicago ousted from the Park Street Church, Boston, because their meetings were too boisterous.

Reappointment of United States Marshal Ames, Collector Nixon, and Assistant Treasurer Williams at Chicago decided upon by the President.

Charles Archer, while sleeping on the street car tracks in Rock Island, was killed by a motor car. At Harrisburg while drilling for artesian water at a depth of 464 feet a thirteen-foot vein of coal has been found, and of the best quality.

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Captain Thomas N. Francis is dead at his residence in Chicago after an illness of two weeks. Captain Francis was born in Springfield, Ill., sixty-four years ago. He was the son of Josiah Francis, who founded the Springfield State Journal and was one of Abraham Lincoln's advisors and intimates. Twenty-five years ago he removed to Chicago, and for fifteen years was connected with the J. M. W. Jones publishing house. Of recent years he had not engaged in active business. He was a member of Enterprise Lodge, I. O. M. A., Typographical Union No. 16, and a charter member of the U. S. Grant Post of the G. A. R. Captain Francis left a widow—Nellie Francis—and one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Chase.

Hoopston was visited by one of the most dangerous fires in its history at an early hour Sunday morning, the loss aggregating nearly \$100,000. The fire started at 2 o'clock in the basement of B. E. Oppenheim's general store, adjoining the postoffice, in the First National Bank building on Main street, the finest block in the city. Among the firms sustaining the heaviest losses were: J. S. McFerrin, banker, \$50,000, insurance \$30,000; B. E. Oppenheim, general store, loss \$18,000, insurance \$11,000; postoffice, loss unknown; C. F. Davis, furniture, loss \$2,500, insurance \$2,000; J. S. Duncomb, grocery, \$6,000, insurance \$2,500; Hoopston Telephone company, loss \$1,000, insurance \$1,000; Charles A. Allen, attorney, notes and valuable papers, loss \$10,000, no insurance. A number of the firms also suffered severe losses by the flames. The origin of the fire is not known.

Pro-Boer meeting held at the Auditorium, Chicago, with Bourke Cockran as the principal speaker. He declared Great Britain will abandon the struggle if the Boers can prolong their resistance a few months.

Clarence Silvers, colored, was stabbed and killed early Monday morning by Lewis Benjamin at the home of Mrs. Georgia Mathley in Chicago. It is said the two men quarreled over Bessie Slaughter, 24 years old, who lived in the same flat with the two men.

It is reported in Chicago and Alton shop circles at Bloomington that the trouble between the machinists and the company is not yet over. The union men here are not altogether satisfied with the result of the Chicago conference and it is possible that another hearing will be demanded. The positive refusal of General Superintendent Barrett to recognize the union or the committee as representatives of that organization, has created much feeling and there is a disposition to insist that this body be given recognition. The terms agreed to by the committee are also not entirely satisfactory. It is stated that the company will take back all but two of the suspended men, but the union wants every man reinstated. In addition all who refused to work Thanksgiving day must take a two weeks' suspension, and this has also created hard feeling. The situation was discussed Saturday night behind closed doors, following the return of the committee from Chicago, and another meeting was held Monday.

Louis John Stancke, an Austrian, was arrested by United States deputies in a Central train at Springfield. He is wanted in St. Louis for making fraudulent bankruptcy returns. He scheduled \$196 when he had \$9,000 in cash, and one night this week settled with two creditors, paying them in all \$2,400. His daughter and her two weeks' old baby were with him and asked to go to jail with him, which was granted.

Edward T. McGlennon, representing the Lake Shore, Nickel Plate and Lake Erie & Western railroads of the Vanderbilt system, was heard by the railroad commission of the state board of equalization at Springfield. He protested against the figures furnished the board by the committee from Chicago city council, and said those figures were exorbitant. He stated that the Lake Shore road in past years had been assessed at \$400,000 a mile, which was outrageous. The railroad committee adopted a resolution by which no more oral arguments will be heard by them. A number of members of the capital stock committee are in Chicago to-day investigating corporations.

W. W. Wilcox of Granite City was stabbed by Thos. J. Webb, also of the same place, in Schwarz & Mays' saloon. Fortunately the knife struck the hipbone and prevented a serious injury. A suit is pending in court at Edwardsville between them. Webb got away during the excitement, and a warrant was placed in the hands of officers for his arrest.

One of the most remarkable characters that has come to public notice was arrested near Tunnel Hill, Johnston County, for "boot-legging," and is now confined in the Sangamon County Jail. He is Andrew Davis, aged thirty years, six feet six inches in height. At the time of his arrest he knew nothing of the taste of whisky, although charged with its illegal selling. He had never seen a railroad train, and when placed in the car was frightened and tentatively clinging to the seat. On reaching Springfield he was horrified at the sight of a fire engine.

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Margaret Finley, of the Central railway company, received a telegram at Peoria from President McCall of the Western league, offering her a franchise in the league. Jay Andrews, who tried to get a franchise on the "Three I" league, was handed the telegram and is carrying on telegraphic communication with McCall. Andrews will accept the franchise provided Kansas City and Omaha remain with the league.

John P. Colson, a coal miner of Braceville, is dead and two companions are seriously injured as the result of an unexpected explosion of a dynamite blast. The injured men are Peter Anderson and Ben Parsons. The three men had prepared a blast in shaft No. 5, but the fuse failed to explode. The men went back to ascertain the trouble, when the charge exploded. The others, it is expected, will survive.

Thomas W. Bowne, who recently brought suit against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, claiming \$5,000 damages for injuries received while working for the company, was awarded a verdict of \$3,000 in the Adams county circuit court. The defense has made a motion for a new trial and if it should not be allowed an appeal will be taken to the higher courts.

Mrs. Gabriel Rives, of Greenfield, who had during her lifetime twice narrowly escaped burial alive while in a state of suspended animation, died at her home in that city on Tuesday, aged 70 years. The end came suddenly from hemorrhage of the lungs, produced by a violent coughing spell. Trusting that the transition might be a requiem of suspension of animation, relatives of Mrs. Rives deferred an interment of the body. The spark of life failed to return, and the burial took place Friday. While visiting in St. Louis several years ago Mrs. Rives lapsed into unconsciousness and gave every evidence of being dead. Before arrangements were completed for removing the apparently lifeless body to Greenfield the supposed corpse showed signs of life. To the astonishment of her mourning relatives Mrs. Rives arose and was in her usual health. Some forty years ago Mrs. Rives is said to have had a similar experience, surviving just in time to escape burial alive.

Official of the Standard Slaughtering company and five men engaged in retail meat business at Chicago, arrested charged with traffic in meat condemned by government inspectors.

The adjutant-general at Springfield has ordered an election in Co. M, First Infantry, for first lieutenant, for Wednesday, Dec. 11, Capt. C. A. Towne to preside. The following men are discharged: First Infantry—Co. A, L. G. Stiles, William Campbell; Co. C, Frank McDonald; Co. D, Sergt. F. A. Fisher; Co. I, Corporal B. E. Sherman; Privates William M. Edwards and Arthur Garrett; dishonorably, G. A. Hill, C. J. H. Krueger; Co. K, dishonorably, Dan McLean. Second Infantry—Co. E, honorably, Privates George Conklin and Peter Mohr; dishonorably, William Byrke, Martin Drop, John Herck, Frank Landrum, Mike Mandike, Stanley Mizuski, Hugh Urganhard, John Zelinski; Co. L, honorably, Privates Edw. Lyggett, William Quinslan, C. H. Shaw, Headquarters, First Ship's Crew—Chief Writer L. M. Cozzens; Second division, First ship's crew, John W. Taylor.

Rev. John Chandler White, of East St. Louis, was unanimously elected secretary of the twenty-fourth annual Episcopal synod of Springfield at the opening session at Springfield. Rev. John J. Cossit, of Lincoln, was made treasurer of the synod. The first session was devoted to routine business, Bishop Seymour delivering part of his address and the election occupying the remainder of the time. The synod committees were appointed and session work was discussed. The latter auxiliary met at the same time, electing Mrs. George F. Seymour honorary president and Mrs. Isabelle Louisa Cande, of Cairo, acting president.

The largest open-hearth steel plant ever built in it is erected at Pittsburgh by Independents.

The dedication of St. Michael's church, the new Catholic edifice which has just been completed at a cost of nearly \$200,000, took place in Peoria. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., bishop of Peoria, and Rt. Rev. H. J. O'Connell, D. D., auxiliary bishop of Peoria, assisted by thirty other clergymen. Various sections of the mass were read by Rev. J. H. Naves, of Chicago, shortly following the dedication. The service was held at 10 o'clock.

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