

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN...

A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH MATTON.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The miller talked the affair over at the Hawk-to-Rover, his inquiries as to what was "up" not having been satisfactorily answered at the Star and Garter.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a night of storm and tempest. There was a moon nevertheless; but it only appeared at fitful moments from behind the driving clouds.

There was a damp feeling in the air, as if the wind had come across the sea. Squire Bellingham rode merrily through the storm; the noise and bustle of it rejoiced him.

He was content to be allowed to go on his way rejoicing; but he was a man without fear. There were many in the Yorkshire of those days, as there are now. He little thought, as he galloped along towards Kirkstall that his courage and his skill were about to be sorely tried.

Not far on the side of the Abbey nearest the high road two horsemen had tethered their steeds under a clump of trees, through which the wind howled and laughed, now like some mystical demon, now like some fiend in an agony.

They were well trained steeds that stood together like sentinels beneath the screaming trees.

Neither of them moved a muscle, except when one of the dismounted riders came from the outer darkness into the deeper gloom of the wooded cover, and, patting his gray mare, took a brace of pistols from her holsters.

He seemed to do this in a sly and secret manner. The truth was, he had engaged with his fellow-conspirators not to use firearms in the enterprise upon which they were engaged.

The two robbers had prepared a surprise and a trap for the Squire, which should have rendered him an easy victim without the aid of pistols.

Moreover, they had, by a clever strategy, and with the assistance of a nefarious hostler at the Squire's previous halting place, had his pistols emptied.

They had contrived a method of obstruction upon the road near the Abbey, an ingenious but cruel contrivance of rope and wire stretched across the road that could not fail to entangle the surest-footed animal.

The Squire was sailing along toward the trap, and two men lay in ambush awaiting the result, on this autumn night of our story, and about the same time Mr. William Taylor and Mr. John Wilson arrived at the Star and Garter inn.

Taylor was no stranger to the hospitality of the old coaching house; but Wilson was there for the first time. They found several other customers in the bar, and Morley, the landlord, holding forth upon the prowess of his Mary.

Wilson was a young fellow, though an old friend of Taylor, who lived at Leeds.

Taylor had been telling Wilson how beautiful Mary was, and Wilson was anxious to see this paragon of loveliness and virtue. He had traveled and knew the world. His father and Taylor had been venturers in their time, and young Wilson was a native of Plymouth, and although accustomed to see men do brave things, it was something new for him to meet a girl who had, as Taylor said, all the great qualities of the masculine hero with the sweet and gentle virtues of a beauty.

"I'm talking of Mary," said the landlord.

"Yes, Mr. Taylor," said Morley; "I fear I am allus a talking of her, bless the lass' heart."

"I have brought my friend, Mr. Wilson, to stay the night. This is Mr. Morley, our landlord," he said, introducing Morley and Wilson in an informal kind of way.

"Glad to see any friend of Mr. Taylor. You riding? Has Tom put your horse up?"

"Yes; and now we propose that you shall put up a bowl of punch; and if the company will join us in doing justice to the brew, we shall feel honored."

The company consented. Taylor and Wilson sat down, Morley called Mary, and presently the girl, with the aid of a servant, and Morley himself, had set upon the table a bowl of rum punch that filled the atmosphere with a delicious perfume.

Mary had never looked more beautiful than on this fatal night. There was a touch of sadness in the expression of her face that rather heightened than diminished the interest the young stranger felt in her. He did not attempt to disguise his admiration, which set old Morley off on her strength, her courage, her athletic feats.

Mary was more or less sad because she had parted with Richard Parker, not for many days, he had said; but she had a strange foreboding that this first parting might be their last. He had offered her marriage, but he proposed that their wedding should be secret. His father would not consent to his marrying out of the aristocratic families in which he had sought to make an alliance for him. If he disobeyed his father he would be disinherited; and Mary herself would not hear of that. Neither would she listen to the proposal that they should go to Leeds, be married privately, live secretly as man and wife in some remote cottage which he would provide, or travel into foreign lands, until such time as in the course of nature his father should make way for his accession to title and estate. His father was an old man, and although he loved him very much, he could only live a few years longer, and it might be that perhaps in the meantime he would forgive him and take his dear Mary, his beautiful wife, to his castle, and forget and forgive.

Mr. Richard Parker, under the influence of his consuming passion, had done his best and his worst to induce Mary to go away with him. But she was as firm in her refusal as she was in the confession that she loved him and would never marry if she did not marry him. He was obliged to be content with this declaration, and he was obliged to join his companion, Foster, as previously arranged.

When he left Mary he took a ribbon from her neck. "The knights of old," he said, "fastened their ladies' gloves in their helmets, their gages of battle, their love-tokens. Let your dear little fingers fasten this ribbon upon my chapeau, Mary, and it shall be my talisman of love and luck."

Unhappy boast! She attached the ribbon upon his hand in the shape of a rosette, half hiding it behind the silver buckle that already ornamented the young fellow's picturesque head-gear.

When he rode away she had sat at her window, watching his retreating figure until it disappeared along the London road. She did not see the horseman change his course an hour later, and make for the distant towers of York.

But to return to the punch, the revellers, and the stormy wind at the Star and Garter. Mary and her uncle had retired to their little room behind the bar, leaving the guests to their own conversation, which had turned upon the state of the roads, the safety of the Yorkshire highways as compared with those in the south, and had lifted back to Mary, the maid of the inn.

"She certainly does not belie your report, Taylor," said Wilson. "I have seen many fine women in all parts of the world, but never so superb a creature as the landlord's niece."

"It is not her beauty only, it's her courage, her daring, that makes her so popular in these parts," said Taylor.

"For my part," said Wilson, "I admire beauty more than pluck in a woman; but I shouldn't mind having some proof of the girl's daring."

"Well," said a man who had not previously spoken, "she ain't afraid of ghosts. I've knowed her to walk about the abbey at nightfall when I wouldn't a' done it for a wager. And I've seen her walk 't' abbey on All E'en by herself, when it's been as dark as it is now."

"Aye!" said the other. "I wouldn't mind walking with her now," said Wilson, laughing. "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

"Mayhap you'n never seen one," said the previous speaker.

"No, I have not—at least not to my knowledge."

"That makes all the difference," said Mr. Taylor.

"I shouldn't wonder you might like to keep her company," said a native, referring slowly to Wilson's remark. "But she be engaged already as far as I mear out; but I'll lay a wager she would be willing to go 't' abbey this night, if old Joe Morley said her, and you made a bet on it of a wager, the brass to go to poor folk as lives up to Hawk-to-Rover."

"Aye," said several voices, "aye!"

"Then I'll wager she does not," said Wilson, who had drunk more of the second than the first bowl of punch, and was a little nettled at the remark that Mary's affections were engaged. "I'll wager she does not go alone to the abbey—that is, if it does not rain."

There was a loud laugh at the proviso.

"In the first place," said the native "there will be no rain w' that wind, and in the next our lasses! Yorkshires isna sugar, they don't melt."

"I don't think it worth while making the wager," said Taylor to his friend, "if you bet you will lose."

"The object is charity," said Wilson, "the money goes to the poor, and if she is engaged, as you say, at least she may not object to wear the silken gown I'll send her from London."

Wilson was piqued in some way that he could hardly explain even to himself. His pride was hurt; and in his cups he actually began to feel a little resentful towards Mary, as weak people sometimes do towards persons they do not know, but whose praises they hear sung on all hands.

The wager was made. Old Morley was summoned. He would give his consent if the girl's could be gained. Had he no fear for her? Not he, it was nothing, he said. He was rather inclined to think the stranger had been taken in.

This raised a little discussion, almost a controversy, almost a row, for the noisiest of the natives insisted upon construing Morley's remark into a reflection upon the honesty of the men of Kirkstall.

This trouble over, Mary was called into the room.

Mr. Taylor, as being the most important guest among those whom he knew, was selected to explain the discussion that had arisen about her. He was cautioned to do it in such a way as not to let it be seen that they had been talking her over except with the greatest respect. Mr. Taylor acquitted himself of the difficult task with diplomatic skill, and when he came to the wager, the whole room hung on her words and looked at Mary for her reply.

"Oh, yes," she said, "if it will please you, gentlemen, and give something to the poor, I will win the wager for—"

"Me!" said the native, who had laid his money down against Wilson's.

"And in that case," said Wilson, looking at the girl, and wondering at her calm demeanor, "you will have to do me the honor of wearing a silken gown I shall send you from London, for that is part of the wager."

"Do you live in London, sir?" was Mary's odd reply, an interrogatory answer that was remembered and keenly discussed some time afterwards.

"Yes, my pretty one," he said.

"Is it a grand place?"

"Yes," he said. "It is; but there is no grander woman there than—" (he paused, as if he suddenly thought the compliment he had intended was too coarse for her) "than there are in Yorkshires."

"I should like to see it," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"And so you shall," said old Morley in his squeaking voice, "some day." (To be continued.)

QUEER LUCK OF BETTORS.

Some Mistakes in the Betting of Horses That Paid Well.

Men who go racing suffer from quaint hallucinations, and at times with beneficial results, says the London Sketch. At Goodwood this year a well-known writer came across a man who professed to have backed the winner in the Steward's cup. When asked why, he calmly referred his questioner to the good race O'Donovan Rossa had won at Newmarket a week or two previously. A "book" was produced and the race hunted up, but the winner was O'Donoghue, and the Stewards' cup winner did not run in that race. Last Cambridgeshire day, after the race so beautifully won by Sloan on Encombe, I asked an acquaintance what sort of a race he had had. It turned out to be a satisfactory one. He proceeded to inform me that he had received a wire from somebody "in the know" at Stanton advising him to back the good thing and that Wadlow had just got the horse to his liking. Added to which he gave me many other details concerning the animal and its owner. "Pardon me," I ventured to say, "you have mixed things up a little." I took his race card and showed him that he had backed Echele. But he had not. Through some mistake he had backed Encombe for Echele, and, what is more, he backed a winner.—Chicago Tribune.

Fishes of Nile.

W. S. Loat, the superintendent of the survey of the fishes of the Nile, has returned to Egypt to continue his work. It is proposed during the ensuing season to explore the Blue Nile from its junction with the White Nile to Rosaires, and ever farther if the steamer can ascend the river. On completion of this river Mr. Loat's instructions are to ascend the White Nile from Fashoda to Gondokoro, in Uganda, establishing fishing stations on his way up.

His Criticism.

The farmer—Don't that new boarder like your cookin', Maria? His wife—Well, I dunno just what he means, but he says these ain't enough of it per capita.—Puck.

ILLINOIS ITEMS.

The city council at Collinsville let the contract for an extension to the city water supply system to George P. Heckle of St. Louis, representing the Collinsville Water company. The contract provides that the water is to be pumped from wells to be dug in the American bottom, three miles distant from the city, and the work is to be completed by June 1, 1902. The cost is not to exceed \$35,000.

Christopher Bamberger, aged 35, foreman of Stanford & Adduddell's cigar factory at Flora, died while seated in a chair in the shop. Physicians say death resulted from heart failure caused by nicotine poisoning.

William Tiescher was accidentally shot and killed by his brother while hunting in the Barnett neighborhood at Carlinville. The top of Tiescher's head was blown off.

"Young Griffo" and Jack Cullen have been matched to spar before the Riverside Athletic club of Peoria, January 22. There will be several preliminary sparring matches.

James Lavery, one of the pioneer merchants of Carrollton, presented each of his four sons with a check for \$3,000 on New Year's day.

Miss Harriet Jenkins of Elkville has been added to the corps of teachers in the township high school at Murphysboro. She will have charge of classes in mathematics, algebra and American history.

Rev. Dr. Calloway Nash, who has been critically ill at his home in Jerseyville, was taken to the St. Louis Baptist sanitarium for treatment Sunday.

Mrs. Julius Ritter, aged sixty-five years, an inmate of the County Infirmary, dropped dead at Joliet while in the store of Supervisor Herath waiting to be taken back to that institution. Mrs. Ritter had just returned from the funeral of her husband.

The Southern Illinois Telephone and Telegraph company has completed its telephone exchange at Okawville and operations on the same have been commenced. Work of connecting the towns in the west end of Washington county with the long-distance line is being pushed forward rapidly.

The next quarterly meeting of the Madison County Teachers' association will be held in Collinsville on February 3.

Following are the officers elected by the Sunday school of the First Methodist Episcopal church at Flora: Lowell M. Greenlaw, superintendent; Loun P. Wetherbee, assistant superintendent; Ferdinand Toney, secretary; Miss Estella Peak, assistant secretary; Mrs. L. P. Wetherbee, organist; Loren Irwin, librarian; Miss Beese Taylor, assistant superintendent primary department.

The assessed value of the property of the various railroads passing through Clinton county, as equalized by the state board of equalization, is as follows: Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern, main track, \$91,801; side track, \$20,064; rolling stock, \$69,652; a grand total of \$181,517. Illinois Southern, main track, \$4,829; rolling stock, \$942, a total of \$5,781. Jacksonville and St. Louis, main track, \$33,375; side track, \$556; rolling stock, \$5,884, a total of \$48,823. Southern railroad, main track, \$38,000; side track, \$856; rolling stock, \$44,789, a total of \$140,755. Louisville and Nashville, main track, \$15,227; side track, \$1,460; rolling stock, \$4,911, a total of \$23,228. This is only an increase of about \$600 on the entire assessment, compared with the previous year.

The funeral of Grandma Latch, aged 98 years, was held Sunday near Argenta.

With her hands and face severely burned and her hair partly singed from her head Mrs. Charles McMahon of Chicago made two brave efforts to save her two daughters, Hazel, 3 years old, and Ellen, 5 years old, from death by fire which was rapidly consuming her home on the second floor of a two-story frame building. The woman succeeded in saving Ellen and safely carrying her to the street, but when she returned to get her younger daughter the smoke and flames were so fierce that she was forced back downstairs. Firemen rushed into the house, but were too late. The little girl's body charred and black, lay in the bed, which had been partly consumed.

Anton Schamorfosky, 10 years old, was drowned in a clay pit in Chicago. The boy, in company with several companions, was playing on the thin ice which covered the surface of the pit. Anton ventured on one of the dangerous spots and the ice broke.

The Illinois Poultry and Pet Stock Association is holding its eighth annual exhibition this week at Joliet. Fowls of all descriptions have been arriving by every train and a splendid lot of exhibits is assured.

The "Battle of Zapote Bridge," the painting by Vereschagin of the last contest in which Gen. Lawton was engaged, fell while being taken from the walls of the art institute in Chicago, where the painting has been on exhibition. A large hole was torn in the canvas. Vereschagin said that he thought it would be impossible to repair the damage. The painting was valued at \$16,000.

Thomas Black and John Grahmsky were fatally injured by an explosion in the Black Diamond mine near Springfield.

The Springfield accommodation train on the Chicago & Alton railway, due in Lincoln at 5:45 p. m. Saturday evening, struck the milk wagon of the asylum for feeble-minded children at Griggs, a small station two miles south of Lincoln, and killed two occupants of the vehicle. They were inmates of the asylum, named Edward Brown of Henderson county and J. B. Zanders from Kane county.

William Fox, said to have been the oldest traveling salesman in Chicago, died Sunday at his residence, 4108 Prairie avenue, aged 70 years. Mr. Fox went to Chicago from Canada in 1882 and for forty years thereafter worked for Kohn Bros.' clothing house, retiring from active business in 1892. Interment will be at Elgin, Ill.

Judge Edward C. Lovell an attorney and president of the Elgin National bank, is dead at his home in Elgin.

John Hickey, a farmer, living south of Galesburg, who was found in an injured condition in the railroad wire fence with hands and feet frozen, died later.

Judge J. Otis Humphrey of the United States Circuit and District courts of the northern district of the southern division of the state of Illinois will in a few days take charge of the Peoria court, it being the southern district of the northern division of Illinois. Judge Kohlhaas has for some years been unable to hold court here but once or twice each year, and then only for a few days at a time. As a result the dockets are filled and the local bar association has taken the matter up. A committee consisting of Judges E. D. McCulloch, William Jack and Walter S. Horton has been appointed to arrange for the transfer and have had conferences with both the judges. Judge Kohlhaas expressed a desire that Judge Humphrey take the Peoria court off his hands, saying that his Chicago work was already too much for him. Judge Humphrey will take charge within the next few days and will hold court here once a month, or more frequently if desired.

Frank, better known as "Buck," O'Donnell arrived in Chicago Sunday in the custody of detectives. The young man was arrested in Brooklyn in connection with the theft of diamonds valued at \$2,000 from Mrs. Josephine B. Hunt, wife of H. M. Hunt.

Rev. Mr. Wilson of Mattoon has resigned his pastorate to accept a call to the First Christian church of Bloomington, the largest congregation of the denomination in Illinois. He succeeds Rev. J. H. Gilliland, who will be pastor of the Second church of the same city.

Dr. F. E. Downey, president of the Illinois Homeopathic Medical Association and a well-known physician of Clinton, died at the Hahnemann Hospital, Chicago, as the result of an operation. His widow was present at his death and accompanied the body to Clinton. Dr. Downey was 43 years old and had long held a place of prominence among homeopaths everywhere. He was born near Atlanta, Logan Co., Ill., and graduated from the Atlanta high school. He took a course in Rush Medical College, Chicago, and later was graduated from Pulte Medical College, Cincinnati. Early in the 80's he began to practice in Clinton. He became active in politics and was president of the board of education and city treasurer at various times. He was president of the State Association of Homeopaths when he died.

Eleven persons were arrested by Hyde Park police early Sunday morning in a basement at 4235 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, charged with playing "craps." The raid by the police was the result of a complaint of William Hartford, who has apartments in the flat. He telephoned to the Hyde Park police station that a number of men in the basement were making so much noise that it was impossible for the occupants of the flat to sleep. Of the eleven persons arrested seven were under 18 years of age.

John H. Cook, one of the most prominent residents of Lebanon, town clerk and also township treasurer of Lebanon township, died at his home Wednesday. He was prominent in Masonic circles.

James Loughman, the popular racing official, who was paddock judge at Washington Park, Harlem Park, Worth and Lakeside racetracks, was stricken with paralysis of the right side on New Year's Day. He is confined in Dr. Harvey's Garfield Park sanitarium, Chicago, and it is feared that he also is suffering from an abscess on the brain. Mr. Loughman was apparently in the best of health and spirits, and a few minutes before the stroke of paralysis came on he was chatting and laughing with William Myers, the superintendent of the Harlem Park race course.

Illinois subscriptions to the McKinley monument fund amount to \$20,919.

Fire, supposed to have been started by traps, partly destroyed a vacant dwelling belonging to William McLean, Emerson street and Asbury avenue, Evanston. The house is a block west of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad tracks, and persons living in the neighborhood say that traps have been seen coming from the premises in the morning. The house has not been occupied since last summer. The fire caused a damage of \$700.

John Mischick and Miss Florence A. Clark were married Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Mischick.

There was a frightful accident at Coal City, ten miles southeast of Morris. Joseph H. Morris, a prominent leader among the Bohemians in the coal fields, had trouble with his wife in the morning. He brooded over the matter till afternoon, when he went to the village and secured a stick of dynamite. On his return he went to his barn, and, laying on his hands, placed the dynamite beneath his feet. With his hands he struck the cap and exploded the dynamite. The explosion tore a large hole in the earth and blew the man's body into countless pieces. Some of the remains were gathered up for the purpose of holding an inquest.

A car of the Springfield Consolidated Street Railway Company, loaded with nonunion employes of the Gettley Manufacturing Company, was wrecked by dynamite shortly after 6 o'clock Friday evening. The explosion occurred within a block of the company's plant and created a panic among the occupants of the car. While the men were waiting for a relief car to carry them downtown a crowd of 100 sympathizers of the strikers, including a number of women, gathered, about the smashing and hooting at the nonunion men and the policemen accompanying them. A brick was thrown through a window of the relief car as it pulled away from the place, but no one was injured.

John Wool Griawold died suddenly of heart disease at the Virginia Hotel, Chicago. He was identified with the wire industry, being connected with firms in Sterling, Ill., Bradock, Tenn., and Troy, N. Y. He was 55 years old and a son of former Congressman John A. Griawold, who with John F. Winslow built the Monitor, which defeated the Merrimack in the naval combat in Hampton Roads in the civil war.

Coach Stagg of the University of Chicago has lost no time in getting his baseball men at work upon the opening of the winter quarters at the midway. Friday a lively baseball practice followed the first rotations. Fourteen men, most of them freshmen, reported for work, which took place in the gymnasium. They were Harper, Watkins, Smart, Pratt, Green, Johnson, Rooney, Flickinger, McLeod, Wynan, Miller, Schuts Smith, Minko. Coach Stagg has planned to hold another conference with Manager Baird of the University of Michigan when the latter reaches Chicago on his return from California. Stagg hopes that at this meeting he and Baird will succeed in arranging their schedule of football contests for the next few years to the perfect satisfaction of both.

Charles Knock died suddenly at his home at 4714 Justine street, Chicago, of lockjaw. Knock was injured in the leg several months ago and had just sufficiently recuperated to leave the hospital. The wound in his leg became worse Thursday and in the evening lockjaw suddenly developed. Knock was a poor man and leaves a widow and four children in destitute circumstances.

Finding teachers for the country schools has become a difficult matter in the vicinity of Kankakee. School boards declare that at no previous time in the last thirty years has so great difficulty attended their efforts to get teachers in the rural schools. County Superintendent Martin A. Lether has been brought face to face with the problem. He says: "Times have changed in the last few years. Work is plentiful and the pay is better in all occupations. If we are to keep any but the poorest class of teachers here in Henry county and elsewhere in the state we must make their wages an inducement. Our country schools are suffering more today from parsimony than from any other cause. There are still districts that are trying to get teachers for \$25 a month. Last year we lost from our teaching force in Henry county more than sixty of our best teachers. No school teacher who is a good one works in the country schools, as matters now stand, longer than she has to. She is on the watch for something better and usually it is not long before she gets it."

The New Year's reception given by Mrs. Yates was the most brilliant ever held at the executive mansion. At 11 o'clock in the morning the state officers called and paid their respects and an hour later the officers of the national guard, attired in full uniform, were presented to the governor and Mrs. Yates. In the afternoon Mrs. Yates received Springfield society. She was assisted by prominent women, including the wives of the state officers and friends from Springfield, Chicago, Peoria, Danville, Quincy and Jacksonville. In the evening there was an informal party at the mansion, where such of the guests who did not care to attend the assembly hall given by the younger portion of Springfield society at the Leland hotel were entertained.

Henry Damm, a German farmer living at Hoffman, near Centralia, aged 65 years, received notice that a \$10,000 inheritance is awaiting him at Detroit. With this notice came a letter to pay traveling expenses, and Damm left at once. He was sole heir to his nephew, John A. Damm.

Miss Elva Sanderson, a member of the Shakespeare club at Peoria, died at her home of former members of the club in the city.

John Mischick and Miss Florence A. Clark were married Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Mischick.