## THE MAID OF A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER X .-- (Continued.) "Better ask the girl what she has cally seen," suggested Mr. Taylor. "Or what she thinks we ought to do. propose we go the abbey and find

out what has frightened her." wor murder, she said," marked one of the slowest and most deliberate of the natives, "and that was one of the murderer's hat."

"Aye!" said the others. "And Joseph Morley, he says straight out, says he, that is Gentleman Parker's hat, and we know who he be. If he's up and killed the blacklocking chap as he come wi' first to the Star and Garter, why, I for one shan't profess to be sorry."

"Nor me if it weren't a felony," said Moriey. "But mayhap that would olear the road for Jack; and I'd prefor him to follow me at the Star and Garter, with Mary for his missus, than see her married to the starchiest nobleman that ever wore a coronet and a robe of ermine."

"Morley is a trifle flowery," said Taylor to Wilson; and as he delivered himself of this declaration, he went into the inner room and left the comsany with their surmises and their varied suggestions of what it should be their duty to do under the circum-

While they were discussing the sublect over the last of the second bowl of punch the storm rose in fury. For a moment it seemed as if the wind and driven in the door; but it was not the wind only that came banging into the hall and then into the room, but break my word." "Souire Bellingham's groom.

Before any one could question him, he said in a clow, lumbering fashion: was takin' a sup at Hark-to-Rover on the way hum, for I expected 'Equire In hauf an hour, and I was a-ridin' owd mare in from farm, when we hearn such a hammerin' on t'road as you'd a' thowt devil hissen was ridin' wrsce, and we goes to door, and there In t'moonfeet I seed 'Squire's own nag come tearin' o weet its main a most on and, its mouth oppen, its eyes like soals o' fire! And I out into road, and Boars, 'So ho! So ho, William!' as its mame he knows hissen by; and he sulls up straight, and stands a-trembills' as if he'd seen a ghost! And I says as if he could answer me, says I: Where's the 'Squire?' and then owd man at Hark-to-Rover, he brings out lantern, and there was blood on t' idle, and I thowt mayhap t' contable might be here and may be he'd like to go wi' me down t'Harrogate Boad to see what's up-for summat's un that's sartin, and summet awful if

The constable is not here," said Taylor, "but we will go with you, some of us, and see what can be done." "Thank you kindly," said the groom

knows owt of William."

tapping on the counter. Tom answered the summons with

the remark: "I reckon missus is a bit out o' sorta and guyner, too. What might it be, James?"

A glass o' rum, hot, said James. Treckon maybap a bit o' Dutch courmabbe useful, if we're to seek Soutre down by t'abbey; for I mek mt o' William that he hadna' come far at that paace, seein' as weren't in no sweat; and I allus towd 'Squire as I hated that bend i' the road, by plantation, where they said murder, was one dount knaw how many years one; and they do say as that's where mer albeited t' malefactor, though it in been long afore my time. Here's boking towards you, gentlemen."

Both Tom and the company watched the gnarled, sturdy, slow old groom as he told his story, drank his rum and then invited "them as 'ud loike the to come and see what was up.

Wilson and the rest followed the quire's man; all except Tom and Mr.

Tom stood eilently behind the bar. Mary was sitting by her uncle's side, sale, troubled, tearless, but suffering reat mental agony.

Jack Meadows was on his feet, stehing the girl and listening to old forley with acute interest.

Taxlor passed as he closed the door. am an old friend," he said, "can I of any service to you, neighbor

forley, or to Miss Lockwood?" "I was just telling her," said Morley a his piping tones; "I was saying it will be of no avail to try and hide mything from justice. If murder has done, and she holds the clue, it her bounden duty, even if I was the lorit, or whoever the culprit might

to give him up. You don't know what you say," ary answered. "Ask me no more ions tonight."

Morley stepped aside to speak confi-

stially to Taylor

he did so Mary whispered to the ribbon fastened near the buckle. "I will go to my room. When det, and uncle is a bed, meet the balcony on the bowling honest. hen turning toward her uncle id she bade them goodthe might have to say she

athwart the footpath, where Tom Sheffield saw it, and watched it as in duty bound. Presently he saw another shadow upon the white path, and heard Mary speak to her companion. Tom lay prone upon the balcony above | Star and Garter. He went into the

"Jack you love me?"

"God knows it, and to my sorrow." "I had betrothed myself to another; never can be his now. Let that bring me back to your confidence."

"Mary, when I came into the inn tonight, it was to see you for the last time. I am leaving Kirkstall."

"Leaving Kirkstall! Where is your mother, then?"

"I have given her the farm and the money; my Uncle Luke will see to the business and her brother is an honest

man. She can take no harm." "And why art thou going?" she asked, some of her old native tenderness of speech coming back to her.

"Because I cannot live in the land

where another is to wed thee." "My poor Jack! Then do not go on that account. I'll never wed another; never wed at all. But in memory of our dear old days of friendship, do this thing I ask of thee. Tonight a foul deed has been done, and I have lived to bear home with me the evidence

that one I love better than all the world is concerned in it. Hush, Jack! for the love you bear me, listen and fulfill your promise that whatever I could ask you to do for me you would

"I am listening, Mary, and I will not

"You know the young no-the young gentleman, Mr. Parker-nay, do not shrink from me-find him, warn him, save him. Tell him all is known, he must put the seas between him and England-between him and me. Tell him 'twas I who found the hat with its blue ribbon in the band, and took it home, and they recognized it at the moment I did. Go now; follow the men who are gone to the abbey; hear what they say at the Hark-to-Rover; use your own keen wits, and hunt down Richard Parker; but only for his good-to warn him, to save him! I'll to thy mother, and comfort her, and tell her that thou hast bethought thyself of thy decision, and that there is no need thou shouldst go."

"God bless, thee, my poor betrayed love. I'll see thee no more until he is mafe beyond the sea. Good-by!"

He kissed her upon the cheek and

"Well, I'm dommed!" exclaimed Tom Sheffield under his breath, as he slipped from his hiding place and sought his curious old-fashioned bunk somewhere beneath the great staircase. "Well, I'm dommed! I often 'eard parson say as devil can put on a pleasin' shape for his own ends, and I duppo as I lyver reightly understood it afore tonest. Ther's that sandymugged villin Foster, as cum wi' Gentleman Dick, biggest fool i' Kirkstall could see as he wor no better nor a waster, a want-rope, a cut-throat scour-o'-th-neet; but as for t'other'n. why, weren't seemingly a better chap goin'. 'Andsome is as 'andsome does, that's reet; but 'andsome and doin' everything 'andsome to boot, that was Gentleman Parker, a 'earty, pleasantspoken gent as you'd wish to see, and just the sort, if I'd been a womanwhich I thanks Providence I ain't-as I'd ha' gone for straight; just as our poor lovely Mary have ben and done. And then, all being said, lo and behold if it don't turn out that he's the very Old Nick hissen, and hav' been and done a murder! Which fulfills what is written, as parson says that the devil he can put it on for his purpose, whether it be a fine handsome young gentleman, a fisherman, or a roarin' lion; but there's one thing, Tom, you can bet on, as no judge and fury, if so be it should go as far, is ever a-goin' to get out o' you what

With which earnest comment and reflection, with which touch of foresight, and warning bond of secreey. Tom turned in, and slept the sleep of the fearless and just.

you'n 'eard this night."

CHAPTER XI. The next day Mary had been induced by her uncle, a magistrate, and the parson, to tell her story. The wager: her walk to the abbey; how she had been startled by voices while she stood by the elder tree; how she had hidden; then men bearing a body between them; the hat of one of them being blown by the wind to her feet; her return home; and her belief that she had seen the hat before. At this point she was obdurate, she would not say whose hat she thought it was: she made no remark whatever about Old Morley supplied this link in the chain of evidence. He was weak, but

Meanwhile the constable, inefficient as were the constables of those days, had investigated the apparent scene of the murder; the broken rope and wire across the road; the evidences of evere struggle; the traces of blood; the marks on the road where the poor horse had made frantic efforts to free

made a detour with their burden i order to mislead the searchers for the

Two days after the deed, the body was found; and almost at the same time Jack Meadows came upon Parker and Foster at the Heather-Bell, a roadside tavern not far from Scarbor-

ough. The meeting was more or less accidental. The horses of the two men were in the stable when Jack went to put up his own mare for the night. He thought he recognized one of them, for Parker had ridden a superb animal into Kirkstall, which Jack had seen him mount more than once at the common room of the small inn. and there sat the two highwavmen at supper. Parker in an evidently gloomy and discontented frame of mind.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Jack.

"The same to you, friend," said Foster, cheerfully.

Parker looked up and could not disguise his surprise, not to say fear, at sight of his rival, the man whose hopes in life he had blasted.

"I was seeking you," said Jack. "Seeking us!" exclaimed Foster, starting to his feet.

"Not you," said Jack, "this gentle-

"Oh," said Foster, with a sigh of relief, for at the moment it occurred to him that Jack might be the spokesman of others stationed without and bent on their capture.

"Your time will come, no doubt," said Jack: "but I am not the man that will bring you to the gallows."

Foster stood in an attitude of selfdefense. Dick calmly awaited Jack's further disclosures.

"What do you mean?" asked Foster. his hand upon his pistol. "We are at home here, the landlord is in our service. You are one of us, is that what you wish to say?"

"No, I am not one of you; if I had not sworn to help you-not you!" turning to Foster, "I would hand you over to justice now, in spite of your landlord and your pistols, you damnable ruffians! There, make the most of that, and take you hand from your pistol, or I'll scatter your brains on

Jack as he spoke leveled a formidable weapon at Foster, leaving Parker to do what he pleased.

Foster showed his hands straight, and turned deadly pale.

"That is well, you coward," said Jack: "I am not here to arrest you am the messenger of a heart-broken girl, to save you, Richard Parker, the nobleman (with a sneer), and, out of my love for her, I extend the reprieve to your companion."

Foster eyed Jack suspiciously. "I am that fool, a doting lover," went on Jack, "who thought kindness and devotion would count something to a woman-good conduct, and an honest name. It was for you to come to Kirkstall and show me what a fool

murderer!" Parker sat like a statue staring at his rival, while Jack flung these de-

was; you, a highwayman, a thief, a

nunciatory sentences at him. Foster moved uneasily, seeking an opportunity to attack the passionate countryman, who turned toward him to say, "if you make a move, so much as a handstir, I'll shoot you! Why lay another deed of blood on your soul? tell you I am not here to harm you, but to warn you, because I have sworn to save the ruffian who has stolen my place and robbed me of my life, and because I am a fool."

"Swear you do not mean to molest us, or to obstruct our escape," said Foster in a whisper, "and don't speak

"I will swear nothing to such as you; if you doubt me, leave the room and take your chance; this man, your friend, knows I speak the truth; his black heart has white enough in it to tell him so."

"You have said it," Parker replied. (To be continued.)

His Satanic Majesty.

The latest phase of the discussion of the devil is not an attack upon the devil's definite existence, but a defense of his comeliness. The popular idea of the devil, with cloven feet, a forked tail, and leering countenance, does not seem to be borne out by scriptural description. The Rev. Dr. J. B. Mack. a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of South Carolina, feels that the mission of the devil is demeaning enough, without detracting from his personal attributes. The devil was chief among the angels, therefore must have had angelic loveliness. According to Ezekiel he was "perfect in beauty," and St. Paul refers to him as an angel of light. The devil therefore is an angel, with purposes made mailgnant, but with all his original comeliness. There have been painters who preferred to present him thus, and the picture of the fallen archangel driven out of heaven, as described by Milton, recalls a strong man indignant.-Atlanta Constitution.

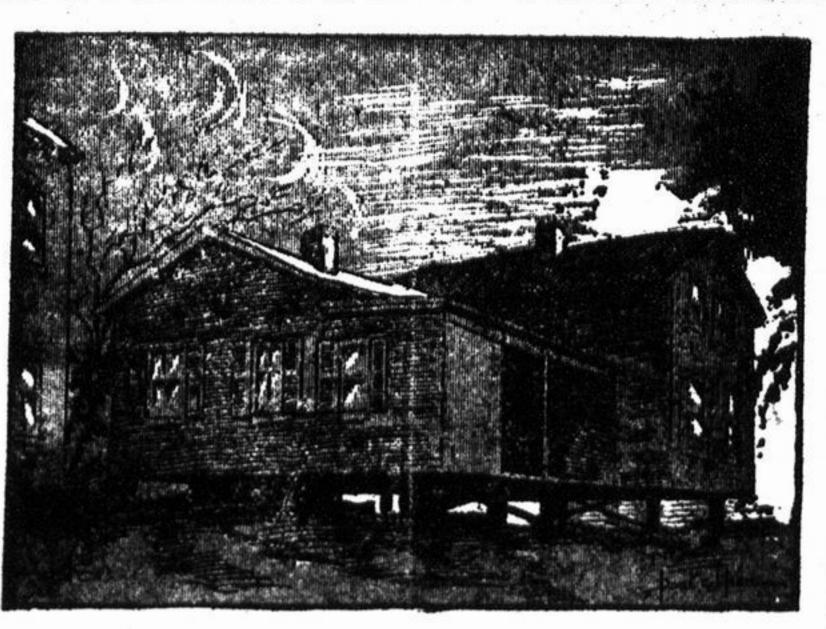
New Zealand Scenery.

Almost every New Zealander lives within sight of mountains or the ocean, or both. Its landscape show ong ranges and solitary glants tipped with Alpine glow: there are waterfalls everywhere, some of them among the finest in the world; luxuriant countryside, golden farms, lakes geysers, volcanoes, forests with miles of pink, white and red-flowering trees to pring, and there are flords of the se ing their way around the feet

## OLD McKINLEY HOME IN INDIANA

about the year 1840 by James and on the same day-Aug. 20, 1847. Their Mary McKinley, grandparents of the remains were interred in a cometery late President William McKinley, has near South Bend, where the graves been saved from demolition by the were long unmarked. Some eighteen

The historic residence erected two | within a few hours of each other is miles northeast of Mishawaka, Ind., adjoining rooms in the same house



generosity of a Mishawaka man. He | or twenty years ago the late President will have the structure moved to town of the United States came here, had and will preserve it. James and Mary the resting place of his grandparents McKinley, the grandparents of the suitably designated, and an iron fence late distinguished President, were in prected, which today is a very condestitute circumstances during their spicuous object in the beautiful little residence there. They passed away cemetery.

## CIVIL WAR RELIC FOUND IN TENNESSEE

on a ring found in a field eight or ten miles from Shelbyville, Tenn., being unearthed from a slight depth below the surface. During the civil war soldiers were encamped in this neighborhood, but the nearest fighting was about twenty-five miles away, at Stone's River. The ring was evidently lost by one of the encamped soldiers. Within the ring appears the

The illustration shows the design | tourist who gave some interesting in formation about Greenland. Speaking of local literature of that country he substantially said that about twenty years ago a little newspaper began to be printed at Godthasb on the southwest coast of Greenland. It appeared in the Eskimo language and was one of the most unique productions of the printing press. It was called the Atnagliuti (the Reader), and at first was following legend, engraved in script: | issued only once in awhile, as the edi-"One of Nineteen, July 4, 1858." From tor did not print a new issue until he



this legend and from the intaglio | had sold all the copies of the preceding forming the setting of the ring it is evident that the ring belonged to a graduate of the Virginia Military institute, of the year 1858. This institute is located at Lexington, Va., and is known as the "West Point of the South," and undoubtedly has a record of the nineteen graduates of the year 1858. The ring is in a fine state of preservation.

Greenland's One Newspaper.

Lars Moeller is the name of the editor and publisher of this little Greenland newspaper. He has made his paper very useful because it has stimulated a desire among the natives to learn to read. For some years past the paper has been printed as a monthly publication, but it is now appearing once in every two weeks,

Electric cab service in Paris has A resident of New York who has re- proved very unprofitable. It is said turned from a tour in Sweden met a that the loss so far represents \$900,000

## Steepest Street in United States

highway in the state, if not in the railroads to the river. Both railroads country. It runs up the face of the and the few mills of the place are on hill on which the town is situated, a climb of 350 feet in a quarter of a ever, had sufficient pull to get the mile, and is so nearly perpendicular that the people of the town built a so when the inhabitants of the lower flight of steps that pedestrians might town want their mail they have to reach the top.

county, and is on the Mississippi river. sairway is remarkable, being built

Chester, Ill., boasts the steepest | iness is in shifting people from the the lower level. The hill people, howpostoffice placed on the summit, and climb up a hilly road, a steep side-Chester is the capital of Randolph walk, and 239 steps to get it. The



Forty feet or so above the average | mostly of stone, and part of the way stage of the water runs the first level of the town the old settlement o Chester. There are the ruins of old stone stores and buildings of a cen-

The new town was built on the h

cut from living rock. The feelings of the man who climbs the hill for his mail, expecting a check, and is told that the mail bec

The secretary of the Kans Beard of Agriculture has just lated in comparative form obtained from the U.S. Departs Agriculture year books.

The tables are brief and graphic and calculated to surprise those who have looked on Kansas as a semi-arid state

Kansas ranks first in the value of wheat and corn raised for the five years 1896 to 1900, inclusive, and also for the year 1900 alone; first in the value of wheat alone raised in 1990; fifth in the value of corn alone for the same period; second, in the value of wheat and corn raised in 1900 per capita.

The same authority gives the number of bushels of corn raised in Kansas in 20 years as 2,995,985,308, and the number ber of bushels of wheat raised in same period as 691,297,613.

These are truly wonderful figures. In part they show the solid basis of value on which the securities of the Santa Fe railway rest, for the Santa Fe is to Kansas what the Pennsylvania railroad is to Pennsylvania, the chief transportation agency, with lines covering the state more generally than do those of any other company.

A new booklet on the resources of Kansas is being prepared by the Santa Fe passenger department and will be ready for distribution early in the year. The booklet will contain statistics for the year 1901.

TO THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

The Wisconsin Central Ry. will take you there in proper shape. Dany trains at convenient hours leave Chicago from Central Station, 12th street and Park Row (Lake Front) for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the Northwest. Pullman Sleepers are attached, and meals in dining cars are served a la carte. Nearest ticket agent can give you further information.

Jas. C. Pond, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

He "Speaks Both Languages." An Eastern Congressman was asking Congressman Dinsmore, of Arkansas, about his district and his residence. Mr. Dinsmore was pointing out Fayetteville on the map, when his friend remarked that he lived pretty close to the Missouri line. "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Dinsmore. "I speak both hanguages."

Miles of Potatoes. Everybody knows that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., are the largest seed potato growers in the world, so when their President, Henry A. Salzer, recently purchased 21,000 acres more of ideal potato land, all wondered what for. Well, it is for potatoes-miles and miles of potatoes.

Hungary May Raise Cotton. Hungary hopes to be able to raise cotton, aithough the warm season is only five months long and the plant requires seven months to ripen. The difficulty is to be overcome by special preparation of the seed and by adding certain ingredients to the soil,

In his book "Kim," Rudyard Kipling has told a simple and wonderful story. Kim is the child of an Irish soldier, lost in the native quarter of Lahore, India and taken up by a Tibetan monk. He ultimately enters the mysterious secret service of the Anglo-Indian government. The book is full of the strange life and mystery of the Orient. It introduces us to the bazaers of the natives and the hidden sources of England's control of the great empire of india.

James Creelman, the well-known writer and special correspondent, has written a vivid and stirring book, entitled "On the Great Highway." From personal acquaintance with kings. pope, and statesmen, patriots and authors, with yellow journalism, battle scenes and war episodes, he crowds the interesting pages of an absorbing nar-

The Brooklyn Eagle says of Mr. Winston Churchill's famous book. "The Crisis." that it contains "the best portrayal of Lincoln yet seen in fiction," and the Chicago Tribune says Mr. Churchill's are "the best historical romances any American has thus far produced."

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 20.-For many years Garfield Tea, the Herb Cure, has been earning a reputation that is rareit is UNIVERSALLY praised! This remedy presents unusual attractions to those in search of health; it is made o HERBS that cure in Nature's way-by removing the cause of the disease; it is PURE: it cleanses the system, purifies the blood and establishes a perfect action of the digestive organs. It is equally good for young and old.

The present population of Ecuador is about 1,300,000, including Indians.

