

# MARY THE MAID OF THE INN... A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Better ask the girl what she has really seen," suggested Mr. Taylor. "Of what she thinks we ought to do. I propose we go to the abbey and find out what has frightened her." "It was murder," she said, "re- 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 in Gentle- man Parker's hat, and we know who he is. If he's up and killed the black- looking chap as he come w' first to the Star and Garter, why, I for one shan't profess to be sorry."

athwart the footpath, where Tom Sheffield saw it, and watched it as it 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 them. "Jack you love me?" "God knows it, and to my sorrow." "I had betrothed myself to another; I never can be his now. Let that bring me back to your confidence." "Mary, when I came into the Inn to- night, 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 do it."

"I am listening, Mary, and I will not break my word." "You know the young no—the young gentleman, Mr. Parker—nay, do not shrink from me—and 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 betrothed 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 safe beyond the sea. Good-by!" He kissed her upon the cheek and was gone. "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 dunno as I fver rightly understood it afore tonight. There's that sandy- mugged villin Foster, as cum w' Gentleman Dick, biggest fool 'I Kirkstall could see as he wor no better nor 'I waster, a want-rope, a cut-throat scour-o'-th-neet, but as for 'other's, why, weren't seemingly a better chap goin' 'And some is 'andsome does, that's real; but 'andsome and doin' everything 'andsome to boot, that was Gentleman Parker, a 'earty, pleasant- spoken gent as you'd wish to see, and just the sort, if I'd been a woman—which I think Providence I ain't—as I'd ha' gone for straight; just as our poor lovely Mary has 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' ben and done a murder! Which fulfillis 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 jury, if so be it should go as far, is ever a-goin' to get out o' you what you'n 'eard this night."

With which earnest comment and reflection, with which touch of fore- sight, and warning bond of secrecy, Tom turned in, and slept the sleep of the fearless and just.

CHAPTER XI.

The next day Mary had been in- duced 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 the ribbon fastened near the buckle.

Old Morley supplied this link in the chain of evidence. He was weak, but honest. 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 evidence of a severe struggle; the traces of blood; the marks on the road where the poor horse had made frantic efforts to free himself from the entanglement which had thrown him to the ground; but the investigation was at fault in regard to the direction of the footprints of the murderers and their load. It transpired later that the men had

made a detour with their burden in order to mislead the searchers for the body. 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-Hill, a roadside tavern not far from Scarbor- ough. The meeting was more, or less ac- cidental. 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 Star and Garter. He went into the common room of the small inn, and there sat the two hitchwagmen at supper. Parker in an evidently gloomy and disconcerted frame of mind. "Good evening, gentlemen," said Jack. "The same to you, friend," said Fos- ter, cheerfully. Parker looked up and could not dis- guise 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- man!" "Oh," said Foster, with a sigh of relief, for at the moment it occurred to him that Jack might be the spokes- man 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 self- defense. 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 ser- vice. 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 the wall."

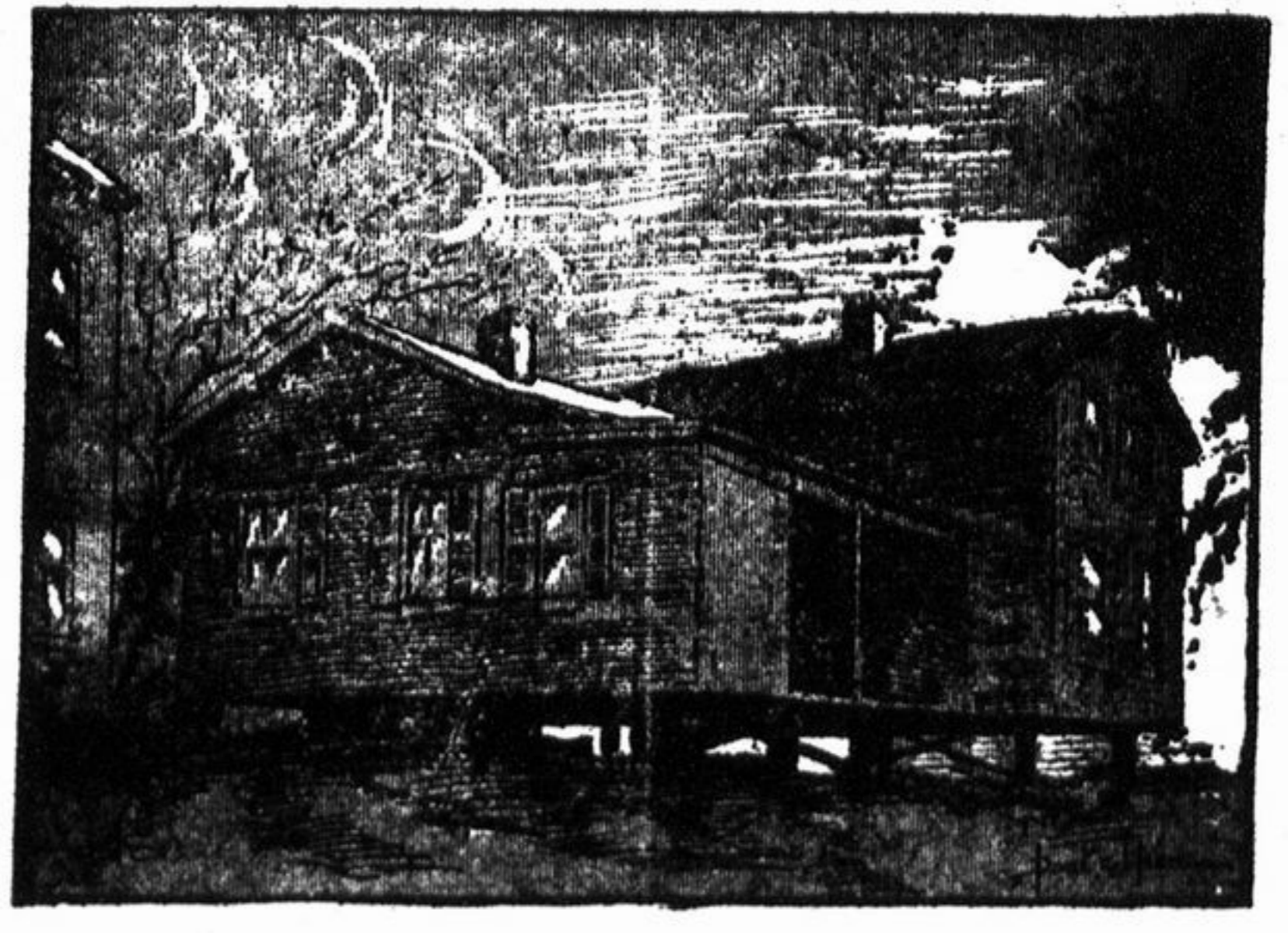
Jack as he spoke leveled a formid- able weapon at Foster, leaving Parker to do what he pleased. Foster showed his hands straight, and turned deadly pale. "That is well, you coward," said Jack; "I am not here to arrest you. I am the messenger of a heart-broken girl, to save you, Richard Parker, the nobleman (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 dotting 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 I was; you, a highwayman, a thief, a murderer!" Parker sat like a statue staring at his rival, while Jack sung these de- 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 handstr, I'll shoot you! Why lay another deed of blood on your soul? I 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."

# OLD MCKINLEY HOME IN INDIANA

The historic residence erected two miles northeast of Mishawaka, Ind., about the year 1840 by James and Mary McKinley, grandparents of the late President William McKinley, has been saved from demolition by the generosity of a Mishawaka man. He will have the structure moved to town and will preserve it. James and Mary McKinley, the grandparents of the late distinguished President, were in destitute circumstances during their residence there. They passed away

within a few hours of each other in adjoining rooms in the same house on the same day—Aug. 30, 1847. Their remains were interred in a cemetery near South Bend, where the graves were long unmarked. Some eighteen or twenty years ago the late President of the United States came here, had the resting place of his grandparents suitably designated, and an iron fence erected, which today is a very conspicu- ous object in the beautiful little cemetery.



# CIVIL WAR RELIC FOUND IN TENNESSEE

The illustration shows the design 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 sol- diers were encamped in this neighbor- hood, but the nearest fighting was about twenty-five miles away, at Stone's River. The ring was evidently lost by one of the encamped sol- diers. Within the ring appears the following legend, engraved in script: "One of Nineteen, July 4, 1864." From

information who gave some interesting information 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 Godthab on the south- west 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 At- naglutit (the Reader), and at first was issued only once in awhile, as the editor did not print a new issue until he



had sold all the copies of the preceding one. Lars Moeller is the name of the editor and publisher of this little Green- land newspaper. He has made his pa- per very useful because it has stimu- lated 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 proved very unprofitable. It is said that the loss so far represents \$900,000.

# Steepest Street in United States

Chester, Ill., boasts the steepest highway in the state, if not in the country. It runs up the face of the hill on which the town is situated, a climb of 350 feet in a quarter of a mile, and is so nearly perpendicular that the people of the town built a flight of steps that pedestrians might reach the top. Chester is the capital of Randolph county, and is on the Mississippi river.

ness is in shifting people from the railroads to the river. Both railroads and the few mills of the place are on the lower level. The hill people, how- ever, had sufficient pull to get the postoffice placed on the summit, and so when the inhabitants of the lower town want their mail they have to climb up a hilly road, a steep side- walk, and 230 steps to get it. The stairway is remarkable, being built



KANSAS CROPS. The secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture has just tabu- lated in comparative form statistics obtained from the U. S. Department of 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 1900; 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 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 cover- ing 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 statis- tics for the year 1901.

TO THE GREAT NORTHWEST. The Wisconsin Central Ry. will take you there in proper shape. Daily trains at convenient hours leave Chicago from Central Station, 12th street and Park Row (Lake Front) for St. Paul, Minne- apolis, Ashland, Duluth and the North- west. 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 Dinmore, of Arkansas, about his district and his residence. Mr. Dinmore was pointing out Fayetteville on the map, when his friend remarked that he lived pretty close to the Missouri line. "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Dinmore. "I speak both lan- guages."

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, although 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 mys- terious 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 bazaars of the natives and the hidden sources of England's control of the great em- pire 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- rative.

The Brooklyn Eagle says of Mr. Winston Churchill's famous book, "The Crisis," that it contains "the best portrayal of Lincoln yet seen in fic- tion," 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 Gardiner Tea, the Herb Cure, has been earning a reputation that is far- it is UNIVERSALLY praised! This remedy presents unusual attractions to those in search of health; it is made of 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 ac- tion of the digestive organs. It is equally good for young and old.

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

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