

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

By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

There was something so melancholy, so dejected in the young man's manner, something so forlorn, that Jack's attention was riveted upon his face, and the next moment he was in the grip of Foster, who had sprung upon him from behind and pinned him to the floor, his hand upon his throat, before Jack had time to realize what had happened.

for the wilful murder of Stephen Bellingham was one of the most exciting events of the March Assizes for the East Riding of Yorkshire. Richard Parker was known by several aliases; his training and education, his courtly manners, his handsome face and figure had all been themes of admiration even occasionally with the ladies whose coaches he had stopped. It was also known that it was his boast that he had not only never shed blood, but had vowed he never would except in the last extremity of self-defense.

"I don't know as it was on the night of the murder." "What night was it?" "I forget." "You forget?" "Yes." "Did she not give you a message to the prisoner?" "A message?" echoed the witness. "Yes, a message. Are you deaf?" "Well, not particularly," Meadows replied.

ILLINOIS ITEMS

The Chicago Bible Society held its sixty-second annual meeting. Thirty-five thousand five hundred and thirty-nine Bibles were distributed during the year.

The State Historical Society has appointed Professor Edmund J. James, president of Northwestern University, chairman of a committee which is to petition the legislature to establish a permanent State Historical Library.

It is reported that the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern road soon will be consolidated with the Rock Island system and operated as part of it. Seventy-five per cent of that road's stock is now owned by the Rock Island and 25 per cent by the Burlington.

ITALIAN CRADLE SONGS.

Babies in sunny Italy break into a Cantillation. It has been touchingly said that cradles resemble nests in every clime, from the hanging cradles of wicker-work and sacks of savage lands to those of our own country.

CHAPTER XII. The trial of York of Richard Parker. "It is the pot calling the kettle black," said Foster.

"And you saw him at the Star and Garter the night when the man Foster, of whom we have heard, and the prisoner at the bar arrived at Kirkstall?"

Lower are always in the wrong.