

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

By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Mary Lockwood looked at him, and then her eyes wandered round the court.

"It is very painful, no doubt," said the judge, turning toward her and addressing her in the midst of sobs that were audible from more than one corner of the great hall of justice; for the vast concourse was painfully moved; moved as one man, as one woman; it was a relief to those who could weep; some could only sob, as they watched the gradual breakdown of the witness, struggling in the midst of her grief to save her lover from the doom that was surely settling down upon him.

"Now, Mary Lockwood," said the judge, "attend to the question of the learned counsel."

"Let me bring you back to the night when you went to the abbey. These men you told us of having passed you, a hat rolled to your feet—"

Counsel paused as Mary, pushing back her thick tresses of hair that had fallen from their bands, said in what sounded like a new voice—a sweet, strange, confident voice:

"The abbey."

"Yes, the abbey," he replied, puzzled and hesitating.

"Yes, we sat beneath the elder, the leaves were brown, but there is no knowing what you may come to!"

She looked at the dock, the judge, the counsel, but it was easy to tell that she saw none of them. Her great blue eyes seemed to seek something away in the distance. The March wind moaned in the corridor of the castle. The night was coming on; presently the court would have to be lighted up.

"The leaves are like birds when the wind blows," she said, "and, oh, how peaceful to sleep under the water, the calm river. Good-by, good-by."

As she stepped down from the box she broke out into a fit of laughter that rang through the place and pierced every heart with grief. The next moment she had fainted, and was carried out into the bleak March air.

CHAPTER XIV.

After a pathetic pause the counsel for the prosecution rose, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, that is my case;" whereupon the learned counsel for the defense addressed the court for the prisoner, urging for him every point upon which a question of doubt might be raised in his favor; but everybody felt the verdict was a foregone conclusion. The prosecution closed, the judge charged the jurors, and a verdict of guilty was quickly found.

The judge, in passing sentence, alluded to the poor young woman whose strange presence at the scene of the murder seemed like the hand of Divine Providence in the interest of justice. In pronouncing the last penalty of the law he left no room for doubt that it would be carried out, and the road from the highway outside Kirkstall would shortly bear witness to the supremacy of the law in a newly erected gibbet.

Mary Lockwood never spoke again with the directing aid of a balanced reason.

The day before the execution they took her to the convict's cell. He desired it. The doctors said the interview would do her neither harm nor good. She was past all hope. She had wandered about the inn after they took her home, in an aimless way, now smiling at everything that was said to her, now bursting out into a petty rage; but generally ending in a tearful glance at the questioner, and a sigh of weariness.

She took Parker's hand. She did not know him. He talked to her of their love; spoke of his misery; desired her forgiveness. She alternately smiled or frowned at him. Presently she both laughed and cried.

The warders who were present at the interview were unmanned; not alone at the sight of the poor, beautiful, mad girl, but at the piteous grief of the condemned man, whose last words were:

"I welcome the morrow. I have no desire to live another day, seeing what I see, hearing what I hear."

Before the year had passed away, old Morley had left the inn, and had gone with Mary to live at Meadows Farm. He had grown old and infirm almost suddenly; as it seemed, under the saddest influence of Mary's misery and derangement. What money he possessed he settled in the hands of Mr. Taylor and another trustee for the safe-keeping of Mary in case he died before her.

She became a hopeless maniac. Mrs. Meadows, out of compassion and for her son's sake, took care of her, watching over her, and at odd hours talked to her of Jack, who little thought, when he had made his disposition for leaving Kirkstall, that, having found reason for not going away as sorrowful as those which had previously decided him in favor of a life-long exile, he would be taken away against his will. The king needed troops. The press-gang was busy in many districts of the north, and on the very day of Richard Parker's execution, a daring company headed by Jack Meadows and transported him in due course to a vessel bound under sealed orders for a distant port. Jack made but little time in getting to this remote locality. He was arrested, before sailing, to see

a letter to his mother, in which he was allowed to state that he had taken service under the king, and that he was glad he had already made arrangements for a long absence from Kirkstall. He enjoined his mother to be a mother to Mary. He sent manly if tender messages to all his friends; and the farm, of which he had been so proud and had hoped to have installed Mary as his wife, knew him no more.

Sometimes Mrs. Meadows thought Mary had a glimmering of reason, for she would often say: "Jack, Jack, dear Jack!" but she only repeated the words as the widow had taught her.

Old Morley would wander about with the girl who had once been his chief pride and delight; but the merest boy in the village, or the smallest girl, could have outstripped her in any sport or exercise.

She had not only lost her gaiety, but her physical strength, as it seemed. She would walk with her uncle over the meadows by the abbey along the banks of the Aire, but she would rest oftener than the old man himself. He, too, loved to hear her say "Jack, dear Jack!" though it had no more meaning for her than the gibbet by the plantation where the abbey murder was committed.

Mrs. Meadows would often say that it was a mercy after all that Divine Providence had taken away Mary's reason, since the man who had worn her ribbon in his hat was now a shapeless, awful thing, swinging in dreadful state, with chains and iron collar, in the wind, as it whistled down the valley.

There was a break in the trees at the point where the strangled man swung to and fro—dead, yet living, as it were, dead, yet alive in the autumn wind and rain, rattling his chains sighing in the rain, a white ghost in the winter when the snow and ice cling to him and protect him from hawks and vultures, and fixed him in bonds the wind could not break.

CHAPTER XV.

A terrible warning, unheeded of those whom it warned, only terrible to those who need no such inhuman sign of the rough vengeance of the outraged law.

An awful warning if men who need it had thought of what it meant; but many a highway robber rode merrily by the grim sign-post, snapped his fingers at it and muttered to himself, "Not for me; there is no tree so high, no iron so strong, that they shall ever swing me to and fro in the wind."

They would fall, some of these, to the hangman's perquisites nevertheless; they were either too bold, too reckless, or a woman was in the case, or what not. For all that, justice won no victories by her scarecrow.

As the birds of the field will feed beneath the empty coat, the straw man of the farmer, so were there highwaymen who would sit beneath the gibbet and divide their spoil, or pass around the bottle.

But it was a fearful business, this inhuman, awful thing, for nervous women and girls, for old men and young, obliged to traverse the king's highway sometimes at night, always in the day; this ghastly suggestion of a human creature warring with the elements and the birds of prey, attacked by the carrion crow, and worn at last into exhibitions of its weather-beaten nakedness.

Old Morley, and the men who saw Mary come home that autumn night from the abbey, had strange visions of the bright, gay young traveler who had jested with them, who had fished in the river, who had played bowls on the green; and it was like a nightmare of an untimely resurrection—the figure in its rough tarred swaddling clouts hanging by its iron collar, wailing with the wind and rattling its chains in the tempest.

In the second winter, after the setting up of the inhuman sign on the Kirkstall road, Mary Lockwood had, so old Morley and Mrs. Meadows thought, given signs of awakening reason; but the hope in which they fondly indulged arose simply from the fact that Mary's constitution was utterly breaking down.

She had grown quiet, and they in their ignorance said thoughtful. She walked less, and sat longer by the window, looking at the sky.

When the snow came and silence reigned over the land, she smiled at the white flakes as they fell, and held out her thin hand to catch them, and would seem to wonder that they disappeared.

Then came Christmas Eve. The new landlord of the Star and Garter would insist that Joseph Morley should come to the inn and sip one glass from the wassail bowl in the old inglenook, and meet the friends who sorrowed with him and held him in honor and respect.

Mrs. Meadows urged him to go. She never kept these feasts, now that Jack had left her. It would content her to spend the evening with her brother who was an invalid, and teach Mary to call their beloved by his name—their dear Jack—for the widow had long since forgiven Mary the part she had played in his voluntary exile, and had come to regard her as a poor, forlorn daughter, so sympathetic memory lingered in her mind of the rival who had expiated his crimes on the gallows. She tried to forget this shadow upon

her son's affections, and would sit for hours and talk to Mary of her love and of the time when he might return.

Old Morley went to the inn. The talk was of the old days when Morley was the landlord.

Tom waited upon him hand and foot. Mr. Taylor proposed his health in some touching words of remembrance, glancing only at the fatal shadow which had fallen upon his old age, and enforcing the moral that they must all bend to the decrees of Providence.

Old Morley sat and smiled in a mournful way at the kindly efforts of his neighbors and friends to comfort him.

They had sent for him in a chaise, and promised Mrs. Meadows to see him safely to the farm in time for her, and him and Mary, to hear the Christmas bells begin to ring; for, although the bells were few and the fingers were not experts, they did manage to "salute the holy morn" at Kirkstall, and it was good, they thought, for the sorrowful, as well as the gay, to hear the glad tidings and to believe in them.

But the bells, if they rang for Mary, rang in heaven.

She heard them no more on earth. (To be continued.)

CORONATION FLOWER.

Lily of the Valley, Alexandra's Favorite May Be Chosen.

There seems good reason for supposing that the lily of the valley, which has always been the favorite of Queen Alexandra, will take a very prominent place in the coronation decorations next June, says the London Telegraph. It is in that month, as it happens, that the bloom is at its best out of doors. As it happens, the lily of the valley can, in these days be had to almost any extent, and at any time of year, owing to a system of forcing which, by a curious coincidence, was first practiced in this country on the king's estate at Sandringham. A Dutch cultivator of considerable repute set up the first "factory" at Dersingham, attracted thither by the consideration that the soil closely resembles that in which bulbs are so successfully cultivated in Holland. What he did was to import "crowns," as they were termed, and then, by the utilization of artificial heat, to bring them to the flowering stage as and when desired. So well understood is the practice in this respect that the lily of the valley may be made to bloom to order, and the initiated know not only the day, but the hour when the process will be completed. On the other hand, by means of cold storage, the stock of crowns can be kept in an undeveloped state for a long while, so as to be always ready for drawing upon as circumstances arise.

June being the month of roses, there was some anticipation that these would be regarded as the coronation flowers; but the facts outlined above make it plain that the very general employment of the queen's favorite would be not only a graceful compliment to her majesty, but would have the charm of novelty, besides presenting no serious difficulty. Out of season the lily of the valley is still comparatively expensive, but there can be little doubt that, with the long notice which is held out to everybody who has a garden to add to the available supply of these delicate flowers, next June, the range of values at the coronation ought to be anything but exorbitant.

They Will Step on the Horse.

The man in the stable door gave the horse a jerk, but before it cleared the sidewalk the woman had landed on it with both feet.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" grunted he, with another tug, according to the New York Times. "I never could understand what makes women so crazy about stepping on horse, anyway. I've been attending to lawns and gardens and sidewalks for a good many years and never yet have I seen a woman go past while the horse was stretched across the pavement that she didn't plant both feet on it and taster around for awhile just for exercise."

"What pleasure the habit affords them I can't for the life of me see. I use to think that the practice indicated a remnant of childish playfulness and that they were so disporting themselves just to see the water play out in an extra spurt, but I've noticed lately that they never even look at the fountain end of the tube, so I've come to the conclusion that they know all that thumping will injure the horse and so perform their little stunts out of sheer devilry. "But whatever the cause of the practice, it certainly is a fact that nine-tenths of the women passing along the street cannot resist the temptation to step on the horse."

Lost the Fourth of July.

An incident occurred during a summer voyage of the army transport Hancock, which will not soon be forgotten by the distinguished party of American officials then en route to Manila. It all came about through the speed of the trim transport and the accepted laws laid down in the Gregorian calendar. The Hancock made a record run from San Francisco and arrived at the one hundred and eightieth meridian on the night of July 3, and, as usual, one day was lost in the crossing thereof. In this case the day lost was Independence day, July 4, and therefore no celebration could be held.

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the man who never hesitates is hard to find.

Sheep as Scavengers.

From the Farmers' Review: That sheep act as scavengers is one great argument in favor of having a flock on every farm. They assist in clearing the farm of weeds, sprouts, etc., utilizing these intruders as food to grow mutton and wool. It is true that sheep will aid very materially in eradicating noxious plants. But to have the sheep do this cleansing work, and at the same time yield a handsome profit from wool and mutton, is a difficult problem. To starve any animal in order to force it to eat that which is distasteful to it, is almost always a losing game, and it would be better economy to hire a man to cut the weeds with scythe and hoe. If the sheep can be so managed that they will eat the weeds willingly, without detriment to themselves, they will, of course, act as double wage-earners, and the practice will indicate good farming.

To do this successfully requires experience in handling sheep, and a knowledge of their peculiar habits. A lack of this experience and this knowledge has caused many a farmer's flock to dwindle away until the owner would become disgusted and dispose of the few remaining because he "could have no luck with sheep." Sheep enjoy frequent changes from one field to another, and it is quite noticeable that when turned from good pasture into another field containing weeds, they will run through the new field, biting off the leaves and nibbling the weeds and buds with as much relish as they ate the grass. They, however, soon tire of this diet. If this roving nature of the sheep is catered to, many weeds may be destroyed. In the fall and winter, after pasture is gone, sheep, well-fed on dry feed, will run over the fields eating buck plantain, briars, and bush buds with great relish, and to their material benefit. At this time of the year the sheep may be seen biting the bulb of the buck plantain that has been raised in the ground by the freezing and thawing, and nibbling the green leaves of this hardy plant. These winter raids give the breeding ewes the needed exercise, and prepare them for lambing and for furnishing their young with nourishing milk immediately after birth.—W. B. Anderson.

Chicago Poultry Show.

The Chicago Poultry Show was held last week and was a great success. The number of entries was very large and the fowls entered were of high quality. The show was so big that it was not containable in the Coliseum and a building on the south of it had to be utilized. It was in fact five great shows in one, comprising farm fowls, pigeons, rabbits, dogs and cats. All of these classes of animals were represented by numerous and excellent specimens. The attendance was good, and certainly those who attended got the worth of their money, if they had any interest at all in any of the lines mentioned. As a means of education, the Chicago show is most certainly a success, and the men that have brought it up to the present point of excellence deserve great praise for the hard work they have done. We hope to have more to say on the show in a future issue.

The Cattle Feeding Problem.

From Farmers' Review: Counting corn and hay at their present value, it is a question whether cattle breeders and feeders are making any money but of beef production. The feeling among beef producers is that corn is too high to feed at a profit, unless fast cattle advance in price, and the result is that but few cattle are being fed here. Corn was a fair crop here, but is selling at 60 to 65 cents per bushel, and farmers are inclined to sell rather than feed it.—C. H. Hughes, Lee County, Illinois.

To Start Ostrich Farms.

Arrangements have been made for the introduction of ostrich farms on the Riviera as a practical industry. A start is to be made between Nice and Monte Carlo. Forty ostriches have been imported from California for a beginning, American birds being selected after careful study, the climate of the Riviera has been found to approximate closely to that of parts of the California coast.

Charcoal for Turkeys.

It has been ascertained by experiment that turkeys that get charcoal mixed with their food get heavier than others, and their meat is more tender and better flavored.

At the recent convention of Illinois dairymen, the question of the construction of silos was discussed. One man said that in lathing his silo he placed the lath diagonally. He had obtained his ideas of the construction of a round silo mostly from H. B. Gurler. The question was asked whether Mr. Gurler lathed his silo in this manner, but Mr. Gurler not being present, it was unanswered. Later, the Farmers' Review addressed an inquiry to Mr. Gurler on the subject, and received the following reply: "I think it best to put on the lath horizontally, as we get more resistance that way than when the lath is put on diagonally. Our idea is to have strength in the circular form to resist the lateral pressure."

The phylloxera is threatening the vineyards of California to such an extent that growers there are experimenting with resistant roots, such as those of grapes growing east of the Rocky Mountains.

An old bachelor says that matrimony and not Wisconsin is the "badger" state.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh—A Congressman's Letter.



Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recommend recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 8, 1901. Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio: Dear Sir—The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured. SISTERS OF CHARITY. This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat with good results as the above letter testifies.

SISTERS OF CHARITY All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na for Catarrh.

From a Catholic institution in Ohio comes the following recommendation from the Sister Superior: "Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an excellent remedy for the influenza of which we then had several cases which threatened to be of a serious character. "We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold, cough and bronchitis." SISTER SUPERIOR. Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country.

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