

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN...

A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

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

"I dunno," he said, "as the young gentleman is a waster or nowt better nor he should be. I don't have much faith in strangers as comes by road on fine 'osses and hangs about pretending they're fishermen, when they don't know how to throw a fly or bait a pool; but as the Bible says, they be various of the fisher tribe, and the party about whom I'm alludin' seems to know plenty about other kinds of fishing, to-wit, as the constable says, fishing for a pretty woman. And if he ain't 'ooked Mary Lockwood, I never seed a gal as was 'ooked in all my born days."

It was something on this strain of thought that the 'Squire's reflections had traveled as he trotted on his way to Harrogate. He found himself wondering who this young buck could be; this stranger who had cut out Jack Mead as so completely. He remembered the night of his arrival with another fellow, whose looks he thought villainous, whose appearance was that of a rogue, he thought. The younger of the two seemed a frank sort of chap, outspoken, and a decent air and manner; but what was he doing in company with a man whom any jury, he being charged with a capital offense, would hang on the evidence of his own face? "We shall doubtless meet again," the 'Squire had said, when leaving the inn and addressing Parker.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a night of storm and tempest. There was a moon nevertheless; but it only appeared at fearful moments from behind the driving clouds. It would have rained, but the wind was too high.

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. The 'Squire carried about him a large sum of money, but it was well known by everybody that his pistols were heavy, and that he would not scruple to use them if he was attacked. Indeed, it was said that the fine old 'Squire-merchant rather courted than feared attack; though this was not quite correct.

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 moaned and laughed, now like some hysterical 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 sure-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 virtue of a beautiful girl.

"You are talking of Mary," said Taylor to 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 stitched the ribbon upon his hatband 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 drifted back to Mary, the maid of the inn.

"She certainly does not baffle 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 known 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 others.

"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 a'ready as far as I meks out; but I'll lay a wager she would be willing to go t' abbey this

minit, if old Joe Morley axed her, and you made a bet on it of a wager, the brass to go to poor folk as lives up to Hark-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 wi' that wind, and in the next our lasses' Yorkshire lina 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 of the compliment he had intended was too coarse for her) "than there are in Yorkshire."

"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 Backing 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 goodly record of O'Donovan Rossa had won at Newmarket a week or two previously. A "book" was produced and the race hunted up, and the winner was O'Donoghue, and the Steward's 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 Echeion. But he had not. Through some mistake he had backed Encombe for Echeion, 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 Rosalres, 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 there new boarder like your cookin', Maria? His wife—Well, I dunno jest what he means, but I say there ain't enough of it per capita.—Puck.

WHERE COLOR LINE FAILED.

An Incident in the Life of Professor Booker T. Washington.

On one occasion when I was making a trip from Augusta, Ga., to Atlanta, being rather tired from much travel, I rode in a Pullman sleeper. When I went into the car I found there two ladies from Boston whom I knew well. These good ladies were perfectly ignorant, it seems, of the customs of the South, and in the goodness of their hearts insisted that I take a seat with them in their section. After some hesitation I consented. I had been there but a few minutes when one of them, without my knowledge, ordered supper to be served to the three of us. This embarrassed me still further. The car was full of southern white men, most of whom had their eyes on our party. When I found that supper had been ordered, I tried to contrive some excuse that would permit me to leave the section, but the ladies insisted that I must eat with them. I finally settled back in my seat with a sigh, and said to myself, "I am in for it now, sure."

To add further to the embarrassment of the situation, soon after the supper was placed on the table one of the ladies remembered that she had in her satchel a special kind of tea which she wished served, and as she said she felt quite sure the porter did not know how to brew it properly, she insisted upon getting up and preparing and serving it herself. At last the meal was over—and it seemed the longest one that I had ever eaten. When we were through I got myself out of the embarrassing situation and went into the smoking room, where most of the men were by that time. In the meantime, however, it had become known throughout the car who I was, and I was never more surprised in my life than when each man—nearly every one of them a citizen of Georgia—came up and introduced himself to me, and thanked me earnestly for the work that I was trying to do for the whole South. This was not flattery, because each one of these individuals knew that he had nothing to gain by trying to flatter me.—From Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

ROOSEVELT'S DINNER GUEST.

Something About the Work Booker T. Washington Has Done.

Booker T. Washington is carrying out a work at Tuskegee of more practical benefit to the white men of the South than any other work which has yet been undertaken along the same line. He is solving the race problem by a practical plan. The southern people admit that they need the negro. He is there among them because he serves a purpose, and if he is to be there he must be made industrious and self-reliant, and all educational experts agree that it is precisely these qualities which are being instilled into young negro men and women at the Tuskegee institute. Its value is inestimable, and under Mr. Washington's direction it has become the foremost influence in the South for improving the negro character by practical education. The head of the school has built up by the force of his own personality, having secured general recognition for his work in philanthropic and educational circles in this country and Europe. President McKinley once visited his school, clasped his hand, and stood at his elbow. He was for days the guest of the Atlanta fair in the capital of Georgia, where he delivered an address which made him famous the world over. He has received a degree from Harvard university, which is not lavish of such honors. He is an earnest, honorable, upright man of rare attainments and exceptional ability, in every manly attribute the superior of hundreds of men in public life. Mr. Roosevelt is President not of a party, or a section, or of any race or sect, but of all the people of the nation, of every color and condition. We assume that the President did not entertain Booker Washington to recognize him as his social equal, but merely as the chief executive to pay tribute to genius, which so glows in this man of lowly origin that it rays have penetrated to all civilized peoples of the world.—Philadelphia Times (Ind. Dem.).

Bullet Wound in Head.

NORFOLK, Neb., Nov. 27.—Edward Brasch was found in his room in Tilden dead from a bullet wound in his head. He has been in poor health for a year or more, spending a portion of the time at his father's home here and a portion at Salt Lake, from where he recently returned when his health failed.

Many Farms Change Hands.

CERESCO, Neb., Nov. 27.—A great many farms in this locality have changed hands within the last two months and the prices paid are from \$35 to \$55 per acre. The majority of the purchasers are men who have heretofore been renters.

Woman Attempts Suicide.

LEIGH, Neb., Nov. 27.—Mrs. Fred Kimball of this place swallowed five grains of morphine, apparently with suicidal intent. Her husband discovered that she had done so and immediately summoned a physician, who restores her. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kimball were married last July at Laurel, Neb., and immediately came to Leigh, where Kimball had formerly lived with his first wife, who died a year ago. Kimball has four children.

Every Dog Wags His Own Tail; Don't Kill Him because you hate his master.

THE VOTE IN NEBRASKA

State Canvassing Board Reviews Figures of the County Clerks.

MAJORITY OF WINNING CANDIDATES

J. W. Cole, Acquitted at Trenton of Alleged Ballot Stealing—Mrs. Kimball Attempts Suicide at Leigh—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters.

LINCOLN, Nov. 27.—The majority state canvassing board, is 12,659. The average majority of the republican candidates for regents is 15,171.

The canvassing board met and made the official count from the returns of the county clerks. The total vote cast was 204,192, and for the various candidates was as follows:

For supreme judge—S. H. Sedgwick, republican, 98,992; C. H. Hollenbeck, fusion, 86,334; W. L. Clark, prohibition, 4,072; J. B. Randolph, socialist, 1,836.

For regents—Ernst, 99,084, and Calkins, 96,846, republicans; Hawxby, 83,895, and Baynton, 81,819, fusionists; Walker, 4,297, and Billsworth, 4,013, prohibition; Wilkie, 1,924, and Shram, 2,007, socialists.

Following is the official vote by counties for Sedgwick and Hollenbeck:

Counties.	Sedgwick.	Hollenbeck.
Adams	1,329	1,549
Antelope	1,212	989
Banner	146	85
Boone	91	53
Boone	1,277	1,197
Box Butte	574	384
Boyd	671	586
Brown	365	265
Buffalo	1,702	1,439
Burr	1,412	764
Butler	1,435	1,744
Cass	2,268	1,351
Cedar	1,227	1,239
Chase	297	356
Cherry	627	624
Cheyenne	627	452
Clay	1,708	1,422
Colfax	818	1,152
Franklin	1,136	1,361
Custer	1,895	1,776
Dakota	681	672
Dawes	531	476
Dawson	1,175	1,131
Deuel	363	353
Dixon	1,059	712
Dodge	1,725	2,112
Douglas	9,547	7,854
Dundy	280	259
Fillmore	1,711	1,063
Franklin	838	931
Frontier	1,136	1,176
Furnas	1,132	969
Gage	3,188	1,891
Gardner	251	215
Garfield	288	244
Gosper	88	45
Grant	80	45
Greeley	490	779
Hamilton	1,638	1,213
Harlan	797	796
Hayes	297	265
Hickock	289	289
Holt	1,295	1,569
Hooker	48	32
Jackson	876	1,094
Jefferson	1,566	1,174
Johnson	1,212	937
Kearney	962	838
Keith	265	265
Keya Paha	241	22
Kimball	150	51
Knox	1,311	1,138
Laramie	5,055	2,850
Lincoln	1,170	972
Logan	83	89
Loup	153	129
Lyon	56	39
Madison	1,649	1,577
Merrick	960	856
Morrison	812	768
Nemaha	1,580	1,580
Nuckolls	1,273	1,191
Otoe	2,130	1,759
Pawnee	1,361	866
Perkins	173	201
Phelps	1,696	815
Pierce	753	740
Platte	1,011	1,065
Polk	962	1,125
Red Willow	858	677
Richardson	2,215	1,609
Ross	435	219
Saline	1,891	1,623
Sarpy	884	871
Saunder	1,925	2,106
Scotts Bluff	365	344
Seward	1,467	1,561
Sheridan	520	570
Sioux	419	528
Stanton	154	162
Stearns	637	654
Thayer	1,660	1,171
Thomas	96	84
Thurston	736	396
Valley	730	761
Washington	1,576	1,094
Waverne	974	854
Webster	1,227	1,105
Wheeler	122	176
York	2,560	1,555
Totals	30,293	26,374

Attorney General of Minnesota Will Help to Suppress Consolidation.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 28.—Attorney General Douglas, who returned home this evening, made the following statement in regard to the effort to prevent the alleged consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railway companies through the medium of the Northern Securities company of New Jersey.

"I shall earnestly co-operate with Governor Van Sant in fighting any consolidation which is in violation of law and will do anything in my power to encourage further legislation of a practical nature, either state or national, which is calculated to preserve competition.

"The organization of the great railroad corporation is a clear violation of the spirit, although not of the letter of the act of 1881, the validity of which was sustained by the supreme court of the United States in the Peaslee case. I am not in a position to discuss remedies, but am under the impression that interference by the federal authorities, based upon the Sherman anti-trust act and the interstate commerce acts, is likely to bring about good results."

WILLIAM M'KINLEY ESTATE

Valuation is \$138,890, of Which One-Half is Life Insurance.

CANTON, O., Nov. 28.—The appraisers have filed their report of the appraisal of the estate of the late President McKinley.

The report shows that the deceased died possessed of personal and chattels to the value of \$2,055.89, of securities, bank deposits and life insurance, \$133,105.15; moneys, of which \$60,129.15; total personal estate, \$135,890.18, of which \$60,132.19 was life insurance. The real estate was not appraised, as under the will it goes to Mrs. McKinley for life and at her death to his family. It is believed to be worth \$60,000 to \$75,000.

Consul Fletcher Is Dead.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—A cablegram to the state department from Rome announces the death of United States Consul James Fletcher, at Genoa, Italy.

Shots Feller's Best Man.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 28.—William Haynes, a traveling man from Chicago, was shot and probably fatally wounded by Roy Kaighn, the 19-year-old son of Colonel M. M. Kaighn, who is prominent in law and Grand Army of the Republic circles in this city. The shooting occurred in the lobby of the Knutzford hotel shortly after 1 o'clock in the afternoon and caused a panic among the guests and employes of the hotel.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was not a heavy supply of cattle, quite a decrease being noted as compared with last week, but still there is an increase over the same day of last year. The demand was in good shape for all the better grades and as a result the market was fairly active and but little change was noticed in the prices paid. The offerings of corn-fed steers were limited, so that buyers were not early and paid good prices for anything at all desirable. There were a good many cows in the yards, but by far the bulk was of common quality. The better grades changed hands freely at steady prices, and in some cases sales were made that looked a little stronger. Canners and the r'ium grades were not as active as the good kinds, but still they sold about steady. Heavyweight feeders showing quality were in active demand and the prices paid were fully steady with those in force at the close of last week. Western range beef steers were in good demand where the quality was satisfactory, and prices were strong. As high as \$5.00 was paid. Range cows sold about steady, and so also did the better grades of stockers and feeders.

Hogs—This week opened with another big run of hogs, there being about as many on sale today as there were a week ago. Favorable reports, however, were received from other markets, and as the local demand was heavy the market ruled active and considerably higher. Trade started out on a basis of a 50c advance and the market grew stronger as the day advanced and closed up 10c higher than Saturday. Good hogs on the start sold mostly at \$3.75 and \$3.75, but after the first run it was mostly a \$5.75 market, and toward the close heavy hogs