

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"You are right," answered Overshute. "I gave my horse to a boy to hold and followed the man into a warm, dry place, and into his own corner. As I passed, and the people made way for me, I saw that they were genuine gypsies, not mere English vagabonds. My gruff companion raised a screen, and showed me into his snuggery."

"It was dimly lit by a queer old lamp of red earthenware, and of Roman shape. Couches of heather, and a few low stools and some vessels were the only furniture, but the place was beautifully clean and fragrant with dry fern and herbs. In the furthest corner lay little Tom, with a woman bending over him. At the sound of our entry she turned to meet us, and I saw Cinnamonita. Her hair and eyes and graceful carriage were as grand as ever, and her forehead as clear and noble; but her face had lost the bright promise of youth, and the flush of damask beauty. In a word, that rich mysterious look, which used to thrill so many hearts, was changed into the glance of fear, and the restless gaze of anxiety."

"She knew me at once, and asked, with a very poor attempt at gaiety—'Are you come to have your fortune told, sir?'"

"Before I could answer, her husband spoke some words in her own language, and the 'Princess,' as we used to call her, took my hand in both of hers, and kissed it, and poured forth her thanks. She had been so engrossed with her poor sick child that she had not known me on horseback. Having done so little to deserve her thanks, I was quite surprised at such gratitude; and it made me fear that she must be now unaccustomed to kind treatment. I asked how her grandmother was, who used to sit up so proudly at Cowley, as well as her sister, the little thing that used to run in and out so. As I spoke of them, she shook her head and gazed at some long distance, to tell me that they were no more. I could not remember the rest of her peo-

ple, except Uncle Kerahoe, as fine a fellow as ever stole a horse. When I spoke of him, she laughed as if he were going in as well as ever; and I hoped that it might be no son of his to whom I had trusted Cantelepe. But of course I knew that gypsy honor would hold him sacred for the time. It really made me feel as if I never should laugh again almost, when I saw this fine, unselfish woman controlling herself, and commanding herself, in the depth of her misery about her child. And when I thought how she might have got on, if she only had liked education, and that; and to marry a fellow of Oriel. I really could not help feeling that poor Cinnamonita had not made a good tally with her husband. However, that was no concern of mine. She had made her own choice, and must stick to it. But to think of it made me uncomfortable, and I could not speak then of what I wished to speak of, but took short leave and rode away. First, however, I got permission to come over again on the Friday—yesterday, I mean; and now I will tell you exactly what happened then."

"The log had burned down, and the fire was low, when Russel thus ended his story. Cripps was indignant, because he had made up his mind for 'summat of a settlement,' and Esther was full of young womanly thoughts about Cinnamonita and her poor child. But even before they could consult one another, or cross-examine, a loud, sharp knock at the door was heard, and in ran Mary Hookham. "Oh, if you please, sir—oh, if you please, sir!" she exclaimed with both hands up, "such a thing have turned up—I never! Them stockings! Oh, them silk stockings, sir! Your worship—oh, them silk stockings, sir!" "Silk stockings, forsooth!" cried Master Cripps, being vexed at this break of the evening. "Why, my grandmother had a whole pair of them! I believe I could find 'em now, I do! Silk stockings, to break up one's comfort for! Not but what I be glad to see you."

"Oh, Mr. Cripps, you are so funny! Oh, I am so shocked to trouble you! Natural hair are so provoking, compar-

ed to what most people wears nowadays. But about what I come for—oh, your worship, stockings is not what I ought to speak of, except in the ear of females."

"Stockings are a very good subject, Mary; particularly if they are silk ones." "Now, I never thought of that. To be sure, that makes all the difference! Well, then, your worship must know all, and Master Cripps, and Miss Esther, too. It seemeth that Mrs. Fermilage, master's own sister, you know, sir, have never been comfortable in her mind about her behavior when the quest was held. Things lay on her nerves at that time so, that off and on she hardly seemed to know where she was, or how dooty lay to her. You could not expect her—could you now?—to go through it, as if she was a man; or rather, I should say, a gentleman?"

"Of course we could not," answered Overshute; and the carrier began to think why not?

"However, she did go through it," said Mary, "as well as the very best man could have done. She covered her feelings. Well, this very day, sir, in she come when I was doing of my morning doot, and she say to me, 'Mary Hookham!' and I says, 'Yes, ma'am; at your service.' And she ask me without any more to do, for to send at once, without troubling poor master, to fetch they stockings as was put by, to the period of the coroner's quest. Poor master have never been allowed to see them, no more has none of us, sir; for fear of setting on foot some allowance of vulgar curiosity. So I acted according to mother's directions. And between us we got Master Kale to go all the way to Oxford. He carried a letter from Mrs. Fermilage, couched in the thirtieth person, to Mrs. Luke Sharp of Cross Duck House. Master's sister have felt below contempt towards her. And now she put it short and sharp, and word for word can I say it of:

"Mrs. Fermilage has the honor of presenting her compliments to Mrs.

self, sir; but I pulled a pair of scissors out of my pocket, no snuffers being handy; and then I heerd a most sad groan.

"To my heart it went, like a clap of thunder, having almost expected it, which made it worse; and back I ran to do my dooty, if afforded rightly. And sure enough there was poor Mrs. Fermilage a-fell back well into the long-backed chair, with her legs out straight, and her hands to her forehead, and a pair of gray stockings laid naked on her lap! 'Is it they things, ma'am? Is it they?' I asked, and she put up her chin to acknowledge it. By the way, they were lying upon her lap. I was sure that she was vexed with them. 'Oh, Mary,' she cried out; 'oh, Mary Hookham, I am both a foolish and a wicked woman, if ever in the world there was one!'"

"So deeply was I shocked by this, master's own sister, and a mint of money, going the wrong way—that I give her both ends of the smelling bottle, open, and running on her velvet gown, as innocent as possible. 'Oh, you wicked, wicked girl!' she says, coming round, before I could stop; 'do you know what it cost a yard, you minx?'"

"This gave me good hopes of her, being so nateral. Twice the price comes always into ladies' minds, when damage is; if anybody can be made to pay. But it did not become me to speak one word, as you see, Mr. Russel, and Master Cripps. And there was my regard at once.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Overshute had always been on good terms with Mrs. Fermilage. The lady desired no better suitor for her niece than Russel Overshute, and had labored both by word and deed to afford him fair opportunity. Moreover, it was one of her great delights, when time went heavily with her, to foster a quiet little fight between young Russel and his mother. Those two, though filled with the deepest affection and admiration for each other, could scarcely sit half an hour together without a warm argument rising. The late Mr. Overshute had been for years a knight of the shire, and for some few months a member of the Tory government; and this conferred on his widow, of course, authority paramount throughout the county upon every political question. How great, then, was her indignation to find subversive and radically erroneous principles coming up, where none but the best seed had been sown.

Mrs. Fermilage sat well up, in a chair that had been newly stuffed. She was very uncomfortable; and it made her cross, because she was a good-sized woman. She kept on turning, but all for the worse; and her mind was uneasy at her brother's house. The room was gone dark, and the lights going down, while Miss Mary Hookham was revealing in the mansion of the carrier. Nobody cared to hurry for the sake of anybody else, of course; and Mrs. Fermilage could not see what the good of all her money was. The lady was all the more vexed with others, because her own conscience was vexed with her; and as Overshute came with his quick, firm step, she spoke to him rather sharply.

"Well, Russel Overshute, there was a time when you would not have left me to sit in this sad way by myself all the evening. But that was when I had pretty faces near me."

"My dear Mrs. Fermilage, I had no idea that you were even in the house. The good Squire sent me a very nice dinner; but you did not grace it with your presence."

"And for a very good reason, Russel. I have on my mind an anxiety, which precludes all idea of eating."

"Oh, Mrs. Fermilage, never say that. You have been brought up too delicately."

"Russel, I believe that is too true. The world has conspired to spoil me. I seem to be quite in a sad position, entirely for the sake of others. I fear that I have not quite acted for the best, entirely as I meant to do so. You remember that horrible state of things, nearly two months ago, and my great distress?"

"At the time of that wretched inquest? Yes; you were timid, as well you might be."

"It was not only that. But the weather was so cold that I scarcely knew what I was doing at all. Hard weather is to me as it is to a plant, a delicate fern, or something. My circulation no longer is correct; even if it goes on at all, I scarcely can answer for what I am doing when they put me into cold rooms, and bitter draughts."

"To be sure, to be sure!" answered Overshute, wondering what was next to come.

"Yes, and that is the manner in which justice is now administered. The canal was frozen, and the people of the burgrudget a quarter of a hundredweight of coal. And the coroner sided with the price of coals, because he had three top-coats on. The jury, however, with their teeth all chattering, wanted only to be done and go. They were only too glad, when my witness failed to answer when called upon; and having all made up their minds outside, they were shivering to declare them."

"You speak the bare truth, Mrs. Fermilage."

"What verdict does ailsness desire? the coroner asked. And he made all the rest go accordingly. Nobody knows what they might have sworn, without a clever man to guide them."

"Of course. What can you expect? But still, you have something new to tell me."

(To be continued.)

Vaccination in France.

Vaccination is now compulsory in France during the first year of life, and revaccination during the eleventh and twenty-first years.

Topics & Times

The primary schools of Bangkok are now attended by over 10,000 pupils of both sexes.

Seventy-five years ago the first regular news boat to intercept packet ships for foreign intelligence was put in commission in New York.

It is now thought that ebony will grow in California, and some trees are to be taken there from Mexico and an attempt made to grow them.

In Spain Hebrews are not permitted to erect and maintain houses of worship. They have no civil rights, and exist in the kingdom only as aliens.

Six million pounds weight of adulterated and harmful foods were destroyed by the health department of New York during the last twelve months.

A rural route carrier at Rockport, Mo., when asked to define his district wrote: "My route begins at the livery stable and runs all around and ends at the postoffice."

French submarines at Cherbourg have succeeded in diving while traveling at a speed of eight and a half knots, a result never before obtained by these craft.

A man charged in a London Police Court with carrying a pistol, said he had bought it for "self-protection," as he was "going to America." He was sympathetically discharged.

In spite of the cordon rouge, in spite of the universal cookery exhibition, the best hotel in England is not as good as any second-class French one, says Food and Cookery.

Naples, says Consul-General Neville-Rolfe, is now probably the best drained city in the world, and it certainly has a water supply which is surpassed by no other town, large or small.

The amount of rice produced in Siam has increased enormously of late years. Ten years ago the exports of rice from Siam amounted to 217,000 tons, as compared with 800,000 tons in 1903.

Brewers' yeast has been used in Paris successfully in the treatment of typhoid fever as an aid in reducing temperature, overcoming dryness of the tongue, and regulating the bowels.

Besides rice, teakwood forms the principal product of Siam. Elephants are extensively used in this industry. In hot weather, when elephants can not be used, buffaloes have to do the work in the forests.

The River Jordan has long been considered the most winding river in the world, but it is not in the same class as the White River in Arkansas. This river flows 1,000 miles in going thirty miles as the crow flies.

"Sulphur, which is a nuisance and an impudent adulterant among the metals," says the American Machinist, "still has a way of keeping itself uncontaminated, American producers of sulphur offer it 99.9 per cent pure."

Extensive plans for the improvement of the Suez canal are now well under way. The waterway is to be widened so that the largest ships can pass each other at almost any point between Port Said and Suez, and by constant dredging the depth of the canal is kept at about 28 feet.

A vixen fox about two years old and a puppy hound from Earl Bathurst's kennels are to be seen playing together at Church Farm, Shiddington, near Cirencester, England. The vixen was caught when very young. Children caress her, and the foxhound puppy and she play together for hours.

A French journal, *La Verite sur le Congo*, which, as its name indicates, is published by way of refuting English charges relative to the misgovernment of Congo, declares that whereas Holland, Germany, and Japan forbid the opium trade in their colonies, England benefits by it to the extent of \$22,000,000 a year.

LIGHT ON ANCIENT SYRIA.

Important Discoveries Made by the Princeton Expedition.

Important discoveries by the Princeton expedition to Syria, which will do much to clear up the history of ancient Syria, and particularly of the Nabataeans, who ruled Damascus in the time of St. Paul, are announced in the Princeton Alumni Weekly, says the New York Post. The expedition, which is composed of Howard Crosby Butler, lecturer on architecture; Prof. W. K. Prentice of the Greek department; Dr. Enno Littmann, an orientalist, and F. A. Norris of New York, engineer, left for Syria last summer and spent the fall and winter studying the ancient cities of the interior. Mr. Butler, who sent the account of the expedition's work, tells about excavations at Arak-el-Emir, Amman (ancient Philadelphia), and Bosra. He continues in part:

"Our fourth important station was Si' (pronounced Siab), the most important religious center in the Hauran from early Nabataean times until the end of the second century. This place has been the subject of much absent

treatment since it was discovered and superficially examined by De Vogue forty-five years ago. We attacked the acropolis of Si' with a force of seven muleteers and five Druses as laborers and excavated whenever it seemed important to do the work thoroughly.

"The discoveries include the full plan of the great Temple of Baal Shamim, a 'temple' within a temple, clearing up the mystery of one of the Nabataean inscriptions, which speaks of the 'inner and outer temple.'"

The report also says:

"The magnificent gateway of the forecourt was excavated and much of its lower parts found in situ. All the details for a complete restoration were found and squeezes were made for setting it up in plaster. The most important discovery here was the head of Baal Shamim, the sun god, with his crown of rays, almost perfect. The carved details and relief sculptures of this gate are rich in the extreme and unique, showing no influence of Greek or Roman art. The head of Baal Shamim I am trying to have sent to the museum in Constantinople, but another, human head, and a fine horse's head, I shall bring with me to Princeton.

"We discovered a second temple facing the middle court, of the same period and almost as large as the Temple of Baal Shamim. All the details for a restoration of this temple were excavated and a long Greek inscription and a fragmentary one in Nabataean characters were unearthed. "All of these buildings are pre-Roman, and undoubtedly earlier than the Christian era; some may be early first century, but in plan and details they are new to the history of architecture and of unusual beauty.

"Dr. Littmann found many unknown inscriptions, in Nabataean characters and in Greek, at Si'. We had already begun our quest of these mysterious Nabataeans, while we were in Bosra. Now we have collected a quantity of material bearing upon their history and civilization. We plan now to move southward to other known centers of Nabataean life, and I trust that we shall be able to contribute enough information about these people who ruled Damascus when St. Paul was here to give them some standing in history.

TOYS OR FIZZ-JIGS.

Isn't the Child's Preference for the Former Plain and Unmistakable.

Pending the investigation of the toy question by some learned society of sociological expert, which we should suppose must be certain to take place says the Boston Transcript, we venture to suggest one probable conclusion of such investigation and to submit the question of its soundness to our readers who as a result of Christ mas are in a position to observe the varying effects of the different kinds of toys upon the temper, happiness and general well-being of the victims—we mean the recipients.

The conclusion which we thus submit is that what children want is toy and not fizzes—things that they can play with, not things of the song and dance variety, solo artists that need to be wound up and then do all the playing for themselves. What a child wants from his toys is not primarily entertainment, but expression; the expression of his own ideas through the use of his own faculties, not the expression of the ingenuity of the clever man who made the toy.

Toys are accordingly welcome to him, are treasured and become a part of his life, in proportion as they are plastic to his hand and mind, in proportion as he can build with them or use them in the drama of which so great a part of his play consists. Sand is the most popular play material with very small children; then come blocks, then a variety of objects, but always such as the child can do things with, up to the football or baseball of college sport.

A doll that could dance ragtime and whistle "Hail, Columbia," would not be so popular, after the first five minutes, as a clothespin dressed in a bit of rag. The mechanical marvel is good when ragtime and "Hail, Columbia," are wanted—that is, fairly good, not quite so good as she would be if she did not provide the music and dancing for herself. All the rest of the time she is wholly and perfectly useless. The rag doll, on the other hand, has endless possibilities. Like the American girl, she is fit for any part and will adorn any station in life, from cook to princess, as if she had been born to it. And such must a real doll be, or lose her job, for life is varied and exacting, and one doll in her time plays many parts.

They Will Talk.

Hicks—Nonsense! How on earth could a deaf and dumb woman play whist? How could she hold the cards? Wicks—I didn't say she didn't have any hands.

Hicks—Of course, but being a woman she'd have to use her hands to chatter with and ask "What's trump?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Enchanting.

He—Witty people make me tired! She—Um. Keeping up with them?—Detroit Free Press.



AT THE SOUND OF OUR ENTRY SHE TURNED TO MEET US, AND I SAW CINNAMINTA.