

# CRIPPS, THE CARRIER

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## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"He have had a time of it!" she exclaimed; as her master began to gaze around. "Oh, my, what a time of it he have had! Squire Overshute, sir, if you please, requesteth the honor of seeing you."

"Mary, I am hardly fit for it. I was doing my best to sit quite quiet, and to try to think of things. I am not as I was yesterday, or even as I was this morning. But if I ought to see him—why, I will. And perhaps I ought, no doubt, when I come to think of things. The poor young man has been very ill. To be sure, I remember all about it. Show him where I am at once. What a sad thing for his mother! His mother is a wonderful clever woman, of the soundest views in politics."

"His mother be dead, sir; I had better tell you for fear of begetting any trifles with him; although we was told to keep such things from you. Howsoever, I do think he be coming to himself, or he would not have fallen out of patience as a bath done; and now here he be, sir!"

Russel Overshute, narrowed and flattened into half of his proper size, and heightened thereby to unnatural stature—for stoop he would not, although so weak—here he was walking along the damp walk, when a bed, or a soft, or a drawn-out chair at Shotover Grange was his proper place. He walked with the help of a crutch-handled stick, and his deep mourning dress made him look almost ghastly. His eyes, however, were bright and steady, and he made an attempt at a cheerful smile, as he congratulated the Squire on the great improvement of his health.

"For that I have to thank you, my dear friend," answered Mr. Oglander; "for weeks I had been helpless, till I helped myself; I mean, of course, by the great blessing of the Lord. But of your sad troubles, whatever shall I say—"

"My dear sir, say nothing, if you please—I cannot bear as yet to speak of them. I ought to be thankful that life is spared to me—doubtless for some good purpose. And I think I know what that purpose is; though now I am confident of nothing."

"Neither am I, Russel, neither am I," said the old man, observing how low his voice was, and speaking in a low, sad voice himself. "I used to have confidence. But now there is something over there—which shows that we may carry such ideas to a foolish point. But I cannot speak of it; say no more."

"I will own," replied Overshute, studying the Squire's downcast face, to see how far he might venture: "at one time I thought that you yourself carried such notions to a foolish length. That was before my illness. Now, I most fully believe that you were quite right."

"Yes, I suppose that I was—so far as duty goes. But as for the result—where is it?"

"As yet we see none. But we very soon shall. Can you bear to hear something I want to say, and to listen to it attentively?"

"I believe that I can, Russel. There is nothing now that can disturb me very much."

"This will disturb you, my dear sir, but in a very pleasant way, I hope. As sure as I stand and look at you here, and as sure as the Almighty looks down at us both, that grave in Beckley church yard holds a gypsy woman, and no child of yours. Ah! I put it too abruptly, as I always do. But give me your arm, sir, and walk a few steps. I am not very strong, any more than you are. But, please God, we will both get stronger, as soon as our troubles begin to lift."

Each of them took the right course to get stronger, by putting forth his little strength, to help and guide the other's steps.

"Russel, what did you say just now?" Mr. Oglander asked when the pair had managed to get as far as another little bower, Grace's own, and there sat down. "Must have taken your meaning wrong. I am not so clear as I was, and often there is a noise inside my head."

"I told you, sir, that I had proved for certain that your dear daughter has not been buried here—nor anywhere else, to my firm belief. Also I have found out and established who it was that lies buried here, and of what terrible disease she died. As regards my own illness, I would go through it again—come what might of it—for the sake of your darling Grace; but, alas! I have lost my own dear mother through this utterly fiendish plot—for such it is, I do believe. This poor girl buried here was the younger sister of Cinnamonita."

"Cinnamonita?" said the Squire, trying to arouse old memory. "Surely I have heard that name. But tell me all, Russel, and how you came to find it out, and what it has to do with my lost pet."

"My dear sir, if you tremble so I shall fear to tell you another word. Remember, it is all good, so far as it goes; instead of trembling you should smile and rejoice."

"So I will—so I will; or at least I will try. There, now, look—I have taken a pinch of snuff, you need have no fear for me after that."

"All I know beyond what I have told you is that your Grace—and my Grace, too—was driven off in a chaise and pair, through the narrow lanes towards Wheatley. I have not been able to follow the track in my present helpless condition; and, indeed, what I know I only learned this morning; and I thought it my duty to come and tell you at once. I had it from poor Cinnamonita's own lips,

who for a week or more had been lurking near the house to see me. This morning I could not resist a little walk—lonely and miserable as it was—and the poor thing told me all she knew. She was in the deepest affliction herself at the loss of her only surviving child, and she fancied that I had saved his life before, and she had deep pangs of gratitude, and hence she was driven to confess all her share, which was but a little one. She was tempted by the chance of getting money enough to place her child in the care of a first-rate doctor."

"But Grace—my poor Grace!—how was she tempted—or was she forced away from me?"

"That I cannot say as yet; Cinnamonita had no idea. She did not even see the carriage; for she herself was borne off by her tribe, who were quite in a panic at the fever. But she heard that no violence was used, and there was a lady in the chaise; and poor Grace went quite readily, though she certainly did seem to sob a little. It was no elopement, Mr. Oglander, nor anything at all of that kind. The poor girl believed that she was acting under your orders in all she did; just as she had believed that same when she left her aunt's house to meet you on the homeward road, though that forged letter, which, most unluckily, she put into her pocket. There, I believe I have told you all I can think of for the moment. Of course, you will keep the whole to yourself, for we have a deal with subtle brutes. Is there anything you would like to ask?"

"Russel Overshute," said the Squire, "I am not fit to go into things now; I mean all the little ins and outs. And you look so very ill, my dear fellow, I am quite ashamed of allowing you to talk. Come into the house and have some nourishment. If any man ever wanted it, you do now. How did you come over?"

"Well, I broke a very ancient vow. If there is anything I detest it is to see a young man sitting alone inside of a close carriage. But we never know what we may come to. I tried to get up on my horse, but could not. By the by, do you know Hardenow?"

"Not much," said the Squire; "I have seen him once or twice, and I know that he is a great friend of yours. He is one of the new lights, is not he?"

"I am sure I don't know, or care. He is a wonderfully clever fellow, and as true as steel, and a gentleman. He has heard, of course, of your sad trouble, but only the popular account of it. He does not even know of my feelings—but I will not speak now of them—"

"You may, my dear fellow, with all my heart. You have behaved like a true son to me; and if ever a gracious Providence—"

Overshute took Mr. Oglander's hand, and held it in silence for a moment; he could not bear the idea of even the faintest appearance of a bargain now. The Squire understood, and liked him all the better, and waved his left hand towards the dining room.

"One thing more, while we are alone," resumed the young man. "Hardenow is a tremendous walker; six miles an hour are nothing to him; the 'Flying Dutchman' he is called. Of course, I would not introduce him into this matter without your leave. But may I tell him all, and send him scouting, while you and I are so laid-up on the shelf? He can go where you and I could not, and nobody will suspect him. And, of course, as regards intelligence alone, he is worth a dozen of that John Smith. May I try it? If so, I will take on the carriage to Oxford, as soon as I have had a bit to eat."

"With all my heart," cried the Squire, whose eyes were full again of life and hope.

## CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Sharp leaned back in his easy chair, after making an excellent supper, and gazed with complacency at his good wife. He was really glad to be at home again, and to find his admiring household safe, and to rest for a while with a quiet brain, as the lord and master of everything. Christopher had been sent to bed, as if he were only ten years old; for, instead of exhibiting the proper joy, he had behaved in a very strange and absent manner; and his father, who delighted much in snubbing him sometimes, had requested him to seek his pillow. Kit had accepted this proposal very gladly.

"Now, darling Luke," began Mrs. Sharp, as soon as she had made her husband quite snug, "you really must be amazed at my unparalleled patience and self-control. You ran away suddenly at the very crisis of a most interesting and momentous tale. And from that day to this I have not had one word; and how to behave to Kit has been a riddle beyond riddles. How I have seen to the dinner—I am sure—and of sleep I have scarcely had fifty winks, between my anxiety about you and misery at not knowing how the story ended."

"Very well, Miranda, I will tell you all the rest; together with the postscript added since I went to London. Only I must know where I left off. With all I have done since, I quite forget."

"You left off just when you had discovered the real man who was called 'Jolly Fellows'; the man Cousin Fermitage left his will with."

"To be sure! Of at least it was a codicil. Very well, I found him in the wine vaults of the company. I was admitted without a word. At length I got a chance of speaking alone to Señor Gelofios, a tall, dark, gentleman-

ly man, of grave and dignified manner. He at once remembered that he had received a paper from Mr. Fermitage; of its nature, however, he knew nothing, not being acquainted with our legal forms. He had kept it, ever since, in a box at his house, and if I could call upon him after office hours he would show it to me with pleasure. Accordingly, I took a hackney coach to his house near Hampstead in the evening, and found that old 'Port-wine' had not deceived me during our last interview.

"I held in my hand a most important codicil to the old man's will, duly executed and attested, so far at least as could be decided without inquiry. By this codicil he revoked his will thus far, that instead of leaving the residue, after payment of legacies, to his widow absolutely, he left her a life interest in that residue, after bequeathing a sum of 20,000*l.*, duty free, to his niece, Grace Oglander."

"Out of my money, Luke!" cried Mrs. Sharp, indignantly. "Twenty thousand pounds out of my money! And what niece of his was she, I should like to know? Was there nothing whatever for his own flesh and blood?"

"Nothing whatever," answered Mr. Sharp calmly. "But wait a bit, Miranda, wait. Well, all the residue of his estate, after the decease of his said wife Joan, was by this codicil absolutely given to his said niece, Grace. He said that they both would know why he had made the change. And then the rest of his will was confirmed, as usual."

"I never heard such a thing! I never heard such robbery," exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, with a panting breast. "I hope you will contest it all, my dear. If there is law in the land, you cannot fail to upset such a vile, vile will. You can show that the fungus got into his brain."

"My dear, it is my object to establish that will, or the codicil rather, which I thus discovered. I am obliged to proceed very carefully, of course; a rash step would ruin everything. Unluckily the executors remain as before, though he would not trust them with the codicil. Well, one of them, as you know, bought such a lot of port, half price, at his testator's sale, that in three months he required an executor himself. The other took warning by his fate, and is going in for claret and the sour Rhenish wines. This has made him as surly as a bear, and he is a most difficult man to manage. But if any one can handle him I can; and he has a deadly quarrel with that haughty Joan. I had first ascertained, without any stir, that the attestation is quite correct—two stupid bottle-men, who gave no thought to what they were doing, but can swear to the signing, and the codicil itself, though 'Port-wine' drew it without any lawyer, is quite clear and good. At the proper moment I produce the codicil, account for my possession of it, go to Mr. Wigginton, and make him prove it; and then I think we turn the tables on the proud old widow."

"Oh, Luke, what a blessed day that would be for me! The things I have endured from that odious woman! Of course, it will mortify her not to have disposal, and have to give up 20,000*l.* The filthy silk stockings I should be ashamed to own! But, darling Luke, I do not see how we ourselves are a bit the better off for it. Poor Grace being dead, of course her father takes the money."

"Suppose, for a moment, that, instead of being dead, Grace Oglander is the wedded wife, by that time, of a certain Christopher Fermitage Sharp, and without any settlement?"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, jumping with astonishment. "Is it possible? Is it possible?"

"It is more than possible, it is probable; and without some very bad luck, it is certain."

"Oh, you darling love!" she very nearly shouted, giving him a hug with her plump white arms. "Oh, Luke, Luke, it is the noblest thing I ever heard. And she is such a nice girl, too, so sweet, and clever, and superior! The very daughter I would have chosen out of fifty thousand. And with all that money at her back! Why, we can retire, and set up a green barouche! I shall have it lined with the new agate color, trimmed with deep puce, like the Marchioness of Marston's—that is, if you approve, of course, my dear. And a pair of Iron-greys always go the best with that. But, Luke, you will laugh at me for being in a hurry. There is plenty of time, dear, is there not? though they do say that carriage builders are so slow. But they think so much of their old family, my dear. I know how very wonderfully managing you are, and as clever as can be consistent with the highest principle. But do tell me, how you have contrived all this so well, and never even let me guess a single whisper of it."

"It has required some tact and skill," Mr. Sharp replied, "and even more than that, Miranda, without a bold stroke it could never have been done. I staked almost everything upon the die; not quite everything, for I made all arrangements if we should have to fly."

"Fly, my dear!" cried Mrs. Sharp, looking up with a very different face, "what do you mean, Luke? to have to run away?"

"Quite so. There is no great stroke without great misdeed. And if I had misdeed we must all have bolted suddenly."

"Run away in disgrace from my father's own house, and the whole world that knows us! I never could have tried to go through such a trial!"

"Yes, my dear Miranda, it might have come to that. And you would have gone through the whole of it, without a single murmur."

(To be continued.)

**Clever Youngster.**  
It was during a history lesson on the "Loss of the White Ship."  
Teacher—It is said that after King Henry heard of the death of his son he never smiled again.  
Boy (who has been deeply interested in the story)—Please, miss, what did he do when they tickled him?



### Baked Fish.

An old-fashioned way of baking fish on gratin has never been improved upon. Skin the fish, starting at the head and drawing towards the tail, cut off the head and take out the backbone. This leaves two large pieces of fish. Prepare a sauce by lightly browning a minced slice of onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter. When the butter bubbles, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and add stock or water to make a creamy compound. Season, and add the juice of half a lemon and half a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Lay the fish on a buttered baking tin and pour the sauce over it. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, put bits of butter over, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty-five minutes. Tomato sauce is recommended with this.

### Strawberry Shortcake.

Make the dough as usual. Instead of rolling out and placing on flat tins to bake, roll and then cut out with a large-size biscuit cutter or coffee cup, placing one on another and buttering between as you would the large cakes. When done, have the berries slightly crushed and sugared, pull apart the little cakes, laying the lower halves on a platter, butter and cover with the strawberries, then put on the top parts. Lay some of the finest berries on the tops of the cakes, and sprinkle with sugar. Whipped cream poured over just before serving makes a handsome addition to looks and taste.

### French Lettuce.

Have your lettuce crisp and cool; cut it fine; don't chop; for a dish of lettuce enough for six people, boil hard four eggs, and cut them up fine, whites and yolks together; then make a dressing of melted butter the size of an egg, three teaspoonfuls of French white mustard, a couple of teaspoonfuls of sugar; mix thoroughly, and if you like, add a little olive oil; pour into this a half teacup of white wine vinegar, and stir into the eggs; mix lettuce and dressing together, garnish top with slices of hard-boiled egg, and the lettuce is ready to eat.—What to Eat.

### Fried Celery.

Wash and scrape the desired number of celery stalks; then cut into pieces four inches long. Cook until tender in salted water. When done remove from the water, drain, and spread to dry in a cool place. When the stalks have become firm dip them into a batter made of one cupful of flour sifted three times, a half teaspoonful of baking powder in it, and wet up with a beaten egg and whatever milk may be required. Fry a golden brown in hot lard.

### Roasted Oyster Crackers.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a bowl with half a pint of boiling water. When the butter is melted put in a pint and a half of oyster crackers, stirring them well, that all may get a slight coating of the butter and water. Spread the crackers in a shallow pan and put in a hot oven for ten or twelve minutes. They should be brown and glossy at the end of that time. Serve in a deep dish, with oyster soup.

### Harvard Snaps.

Mix together one cupful of granulated sugar, one of molasses, one-half cup of butter, a third of a cupful of lard and two eggs; then add a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of cloves, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water, and flour enough to roll out well. Cut into rounds and place in floured tins to bake in a moderate oven.

### Green Pea Soup.

For six persons there will be required one pint of peas, one pint and a half of soup stock, one pint of cream or milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two level tablespoonfuls of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper.

### Short Suggestions.

One housekeeper says that she uses only the red part of rhubarb for cooking, cutting it up without removing the skin. Instead of stewing it, she bakes it in the oven with sugar and a little water.

To clean a terra cotta vase wash the vase well with soap and water, then scour it with sand. When clean, rinse it thoroughly and put it near the fire to dry, when its color will be found much improved.

To clean tarnished silver mix a teaspoonful of ammonia with half a cup of water and with this dampen some finely powdered whiting, so as to form a paste. Apply this to the silver with a leather, rubbing it well. Use another leather to remove the whiting and to give a final polish.

## NEBRASKA NOTES

Miss Hazel Sabin of Beatrice has sustained a severe injury by being kicked on the knee by a horse just after she dismounted.

The assessment of personal property of Frontier county for 1905 shows an increase of more than 10 per cent over last year.

Work is in progress on the new bridge across the Blue river at Barsteson, the old one having been washed away some time ago by high water.

Manager McNeill of the Home Telephone company at Beatrice has had a force of men at work rebuilding the line near Hoag that was torn down recently by the linemen of the Nebraska Telephone company.

Mrs. Melinda A. Facemire, for many years a resident of Humboldt has died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James H. Smith, in the north part of Humboldt, after an illness of several years.

This week occurred the funeral of Mrs. Helim Thompson of Gibbon. Mrs. Thompson was sick but a few days and her death, so unexpected, casts a shadow over the community, she having gone to Gibbon with the colony.

Hugh A. Teeter, who has been a member of the firm of Dohner & Teeter cigar manufacturers, and retail dealers at Beatrice for five years, has sold his interest to Mr. Dohner, who will conduct the business in the future.

Material has been ordered for an extension of the telephone line from Curtis to Maywood. When this is completed all towns in Frontier county will have telephone communication with the county and each other.

Miss Anna Schlipman and Mr. Fred Miller of Pleasanton have been united in wedlock at the Lutheran church at Weldon. They will make their home at Pleasanton.

Work on the new bank building at Holmesville will be started in a short time. A. C. Hollingsworth of Beatrice has been awarded the contract for doing the stone work.

John Kizer, a farmer who resides south of Nebraska City has been accidentally shot in the left leg by his nephew, T. J. Adamson. The wound is a bad one, but is not considered dangerous.

The 2-year-old son of Mr. Ed Fairbanks of Grand Island got hold of a bottle of iodine and had swallowed some of it before the danger was discovered. A prompt antidote by a physician, however, saved the little fellow's life.

The home of George Miller, corner Eighth street and Fourth avenue, Nebraska City, has been damaged by a fire caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove. The damage is not great and is fully covered by insurance.

S. P. Lash of Beatrice, received a message announcing the death of his brother, J. O. Lash, a former resident of Beatrice which occurred at Okmulgee, I. T. Mr. Lash was 84 years of age and leaves a wife and four children, one of whom lives in Beatrice at present.

In a runaway August Bruckner, a farmer, living three miles east of Huskins was dangerously hurt and he may die. His skull was fractured. The bones have been lifted from his brain, but his condition remains very critical.

Rupert B. Folda of Schuyler commissioner from range 3 has handed in his resignation, same to take effect at once, giving as his reason that he anticipated leaving the county for the west.

A change in the officers of the Maple Valley State Bank has taken place at Leigh. H. W. Graves, who has been the cashier of the institution for the past five years, stepped down and out, having sold his block of stock to Ed Wurdeman, who succeeds him as assistant cashier. V. W. Graves, who has been cashier for more than a dozen years, retains his position.

Miss Minnie Bowen oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adjutant Bowen of the Soldier's home at Grand Island, formerly of Lincoln, was married to Mr. George Schuylerman of Glenview at the Soldier's home chapel, in the circle of a large congregation, Rev. Pope of the Baptist church officiating. The groom is a practicing physician located at Glenview, who, the happy couple at once went to make their home.