

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER

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CHAPTER XXV.

No sooner had the Carrier begun his ventful homeward course, as heretofore related, than Eddy, who loved a forest walk and felt rather dull without Zachary, took Peggy's fat red hand and, after a good tea with Susannah, set forth for an evening stroll, to gather flowers and hear the birds sing.

Almost before they had got well into the wooded places, Peggy shrank away from a black wooden shed, partly overhung by trees.

"Peggy not go there, Aunt Eddy," she said; "goose in there, a great white goose."

"A ghost, you little goose?" answered Esther, laughing, for still there was good sunset. "Come and show me; I want to see a ghost."

"No, no, no!" cried the child, pulling backward, and struggling as hard as she had struggled with the gate; "Peggy see a white goose in a black hole there, all day."

"Then, Peggy, stop here while I go and look. You won't be afraid to do that, will you?"

Running bravely up to the hole in boards, Esther saw, to her great amazement, the form, perhaps the corpse of a man, stretched at length on the ground inside. It lay too much in the dark for the face to be seen, and the dress was so swaddled with netting and earthy, that little could be made of it. A torn strip of cambric, that once had been white, lay partly on the body and partly on the board. Esther caught it up; she remembered having ironed something of this shape for somebody once, who was going to be examined. She knew where to look for the mark, and there she saw in small letters—"T. Hardenow."

Surprised as she was, she did not lose her wits or courage, as she used to do. She ran to the door of the shed, tried the padlock, and finding it fastened, made haste to the grain house and seized a bunch of keys. Not one of them truly was born with the lock, but one was soon found to serve the turn; then Esther pushed back the creaking door, and timidly gazed round the shadowy shed. She was quite alone now, for her little niece, with short sobs of terror, had set off for home.

In the light admitted by the open door, young Esther described a poor miserable thing, helpless, still as a log, and senseless; yet to her faithful heart the idol of all adoration. Gently, step by step, she stole to the prostrate form, and knelt down softly, and reverently touched it. She feared to seem to take advantage of a helpless moment; and yet a keen joy, mixed with terror, shone in the eagerness of her eyes. "He is alive. I am sure of that," she said to herself, as she pulled forth a pair of strong scissors which she always carried; "he is alive, but very, very nearly dead. What wretches can have treated him like this?"

In two minutes Hardenow was free from every cord and thong of bondage; his lax arms felt at his sides.

"Oh, he is starving, or downright starved!" cried Esther, watching his white lips, which trembled with some glad memory of suction, and then stiffened again to some Anglican dream. "After all, I have blamed other folk quite unjustly. He hath corded himself away from his victuals to give way to his noble principles. But how could he lock himself in? The Lord must have sent a bad angel to tempt him, and then to turn the key on him."

Before she had finished this reasoning process, the girl was half way towards the out of Tickness, her heart outweighing her mind, according to all true feminine proportions. She ran in swiftly upon Susannah, sitting in the dusky kitchen and pondering over a very slow fire the cookery of the children's supper. It was as fine a pot of stuff as ever Susannah Cripps had made, for she did not hold at all with fattening the pigs and starving her own children; and she argued most justly, while Esther all the while was hailing all the virtue out.

To put it briefly, Hardenow came quite round, and after twenty spoonfuls vowed—with the conscience rushing for the moment into the arms of common sense—that never would be fast again. And after thirty were absorbed and beginning to assimilate, he gazed at Esther's smiling eyes, and saw the clearest and truest notion of all his "postulates on Liberty." Esther dropped her eyes in sorrow, and made him drink the dregs and bott m, with a convert's zealous gulp. And as it happened, this was wise.

Esther smiled and wept at her patient's ardent words and impassioned gratitude. She knew that between them was a great gulf fixed, and that the leap was seldom as a happy landing; and when poor Hardenow fell back, in a weak reaction of a heart more fit for a than passion, she knelt at his side and nursed and cheered him, less with the air of a courted maiden than of a careful handmaid. In the end, however, a feeling was prevailed upon to subside, and Esther, although of the least revolutionary and longest established stock in England—that of the genuine Crippses, whose name, originally no doubt "Chryssippus," indicates the possession of a golden horse—Eddy Cripps, finding that the heart of her adored one had, in Splinters' opinion, a perilous fissure, requiring change of climate, consented at last to come down from the tilt and go to Africa.

For Hardenow, as he grew older and able to regard mankind more largely, came out from many of the narrow ways,

which satisfy their final cause by leading into one another. With the growth of his learning, his candor grew; and he strove to bind others by his own strap and buckle, as little as he offered to be bound by theirs. Therefore when two of his very best friends made a bona fide job of it, and being unable to think their thoughts out got it done by deputy, and sank to infallible happiness, Thomas Hardenow pulled up, and set his heels into the ground of common sense, like a horse at the brink of a quarry pit, and the field of reason, rich and gracious, opened its gates again to him.

And so, before any University Mission, or plough-and-Bible enterprise, Hardenow set forth to open a track for commerce and civilization, and to fight the devil and slavery in the rich, rude heart of Africa. Besides his extraordinary gift of tongues, he had many other qualifications, his quiet style of listening, his magnificent freedom from humor, and last, not least, as he said to Eddy, for a clinching argument, his wife's acquaintance with the carrying trade.

Happy exile, how much better than home misery it is! But the House of Cripps sent forth another member into banishment, with little choice or chance of much felicity on his part. As there are woe more strong than tears, so are the crimes beyond the lash. When the doings of Leviticus were brought to light, and shown to be unsuccessful, a council of Crippses was held in his hog house, and a stern decree passed to expatriate him. Tickness was offered his fair say, and did his very best to defend himself; but the case from the first was hopeless, if he had wronged any other parish than Beckley, or even any other as well, there might have been some escape for him. Cruelty, cowardice, treason high and low, perjury to his own elder brother, and eternal disgrace to his birthplace—there was not a word in the mouth of any one half bad enough to use to him. The Carrier rose, and said all he could say, for the sake of the many children; but, weighty with piety as he was, he could not stem the many-fountained torrent of the Crippsian wrath. The pigs of Leviticus were divided among all the nephews and nieces and cousins, and Tickness himself, unboused, unsteady, unhardened, and unsmoked, wandered forth with his business gone, like a Gadarene swinehead void of swine.

The loyalty of Mrs. Permitage to her distinguished husband's memory was never disturbed by any knowledge of that fatal codicil. Poor Mrs. Sharp, as she slowly recovered from the sad grief wrought by greed, more and more reverently cherished her great husband's high repute. She rejoined him in a better world without any knowledge of the blow he had given to her son's head and her own heart. Kit had not died from his father's blow, and, like a man, concealed that outrage, and, like a good son, listened to his departed father's praises. But in her heart the widow felt that some of these might be imperilled if that codicil turned up. Long time she kept it in reserve, as a thunderbolt for Joan Permitage, but finally, on Kit's wedding day to a banker's daughter, with a sigh and a prayer, she took advantage of a clear fire and a rapid draught—and the codicil flew through the chimney pot.

As a lawyer's daughter, she revered such things. In the same capacity, she knew that now it could make no great practical difference; for Grace was quite sure of her good aunt's money. And again, as a widow and mother, she felt what a stain must be cast on the name she loved best, if this little document ever came to light—other than good freight. But why should Esther have had no house of her own, as darkly hinted above, so as to compel her almost to descend from tilt to tent? The reason is not far to seek, and he who runs may read it without running out of Beckley.

Cripps the Carrier, now being past the middle milestone of man's life, and seeing every day, more and more, the gray hairs in his horse's tail, lowered his whip in a shady place, and let his reins go slackly, and pulled his crooked sixpence out, and could not see to read it. And yet the summer sun was bright in the top of the bushes over him!

"I veer a must; I see no way out of 'un," Zachary said to his lonely self. "Eddy is as good as gone a'ready, her cannot stand out agin' that there celticity; and none else understandeth the frying pan. I have fought agin' the wommines, seeing all as I has seen. And better I might 'a done, if I must come to it, many a time in the last ten year. Better at last for the brown, white and yellow, though the woman as brought might 'a shattered 'em again. After all, Mary might be a deal worse, though I have a' felt some doubt concerning her tongue, but her bath a proper respect for me, and forty puns to Oxford bank—if her mother spaikeht raight of her; and the Squire bath given me a new horse, to come on when Dobbins beginneth to wear out. Therefore his domestics with first claim; though I'd sooner drive Dobbins than ten of 'un. What shall we do now? Whatever shall we do?"

Zachary Cripps pulled off his hat in a slow perspiration of suspense, for if he once made up his mind, there would be no way out of it. He looked at his horse with a sad misgiving, both on his own account and Dobbins'. The marriage of the master might wrong the horse, and the horse might no more be the master's. Suddenly a bright idea struck him—a bar of sunshine through the shade.

"Thou shalt zettie it, Dobbins," he cried, leaning over and stroking his gingerly loins. "It consarneth thee most, or leastways quite as much. Never hath any man had a better horse. Dobbins, thou seest things as never men can tell of. Now, if thou waggest thy tail to the right—I will; and so be to the left—I won't. Mind what thou doest now. Call upon thy wisdom, nag, and give thy master honestly the sense of thy discretion."

With a settled mind, and no disturbance, he awaited the delivery of Dobbins' tail. A fly settled on the white foam of the harness on the off side of this ancient horse. Away went his tail with a sprightly flick at it; and Cripps accepted the result. The result was the satisfaction of Mary's long and faithful love for him, and the happy continuance, in the woodland roads, of the loyal race and unpretentious course of Cripps the Carrier.

(The end.)

SOME OTHER INAUGURATIONS

When Washington Took the Oath—"Tippecanoe's" Big Day.

When, on April 30, 1789, George Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States, the country had only eleven States (for North Carolina and Rhode Island did not ratify the constitution or come under the government until many months afterward), all of which were east of the Alleghenies and north of Florida, which was Spanish territory until a third of a century later. New York City, then the national capital, with its 1,000,000 inhabitants in 1905, says C. M. Harvey in Leslie's Weekly, has 1,000,000 more people and many billions more wealth to-day than the entire United States had at that time.

The 3,000,000 population of the United States at the beginning of Washington's presidency had increased to 5,000,000 at the opening of Jefferson's, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee, admitted in the interval, brought the number of States up to sixteen, but the country's western boundary was still at the Mississippi, and still Spain's territory of east and west Florida shut out the United States from access to the Gulf of Mexico. With Jefferson's entrance into office in 1801 began that Democratic control of the government which lasted till Lincoln's inauguration in 1861, except during two short intervals of Whig sway.

"To-day we have had the inauguration," wrote Webster on March 4, 1829, at the induction of Jackson into office. "A monstrous crowd of people is in the city. I never saw anything like it before. Persons have come 500 miles to see Gen. Jackson, and they really seem to think the country is rescued from some dreadful danger."

Said ex-President John Quincy Adams, in his "Memoirs," the "inauguration of William Henry Harrison as President was celebrated with demonstrations of popular feeling unexampled since that of Washington, in 1789." This was on March 4, 1841, and Harrison's triumph (he was a Whig) was the first defeat which the seemingly invincible Democracy had sustained since Jefferson brought that party into power forty years earlier. No previous inauguration brought to Washington anything like the swarms of people, largely office seekers, which the entrance of old "Tippecanoe" into office attracted. The 12,000,000 inhabitants of the United States at Jackson's inauguration had expanded into 17,000,000 at the induction of the hero of the battle of the Thames into office. The railroad, too, had appeared, adding to the convenience and the cheapness of travel.

Australian Tea Drinkers.

The tea drinkers of Australia rival those of China and Japan, not, however, in the quality, but in the quantity, consumed. The men, especially, drink the beverage, in large quantities, and all day long, and at a strength which would make the cue of a tea-drinking Chinaman curl. Sunday morning the tea drinker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire, with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this is boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep coffee-colored liquid.

Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process; Tuesday the same, likewise Wednesday, and so on through the week. Toward the close of the seven days the pot is filled with an acid mash of tea leaves, out of which the tea is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the tea is the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The natives call it "real good old pot and rails," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regard it as having been brought to perfection.

Something in the Bank.

He—Before proposing, Miss—er—Gertie, I wish to know if you have anything in the bank?

She—Yes, Mr. Poorman; I have a sweetheart there and we are to be married next week.—Pick-Me-Up.

No Ag' Lumit.

Bacon—I see Professor Osler says people do their best work before they are 40.

Egbert—How about Mrs. Chadwick? —Yonkers Statesman.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Clothes do not make the man, as many suppose. They make the woman.

Perhaps Mohammed went to the mountain because he was tired of the seashore.

Pierpont Morgan paid \$81,375 for a biberon in London. Now watch the chase to the dictionary.

Artemus Ward would have admired Togo. The admiral is not addicted to the habit of slopping over.

Noah was a great ball player. He pitched the ark without and within and later put the dove out on a fly.

"Love is honey mixed with gall," says a poet. The girls furnish the honey part and the boys do the rest.

Every time we see a picture of John D. Rockefeller's head we can't help thinking what a sinecure his barber possesses.

A Los Angeles preacher was deposed for heresy eighteen months ago. He has since made \$100,000 in mining. Tainted money?

The census bureau has ruled that women must tell their ages to the enumerators. Isn't this putting a premium on perjury?

One of the railroads proposes to equip one of its fast trains with a gymnasium. The upper-berth passenger will not feel the need of it.

The King of Siam has eighty-two wives and boards all of his mothers-in-law with him. Let us hear no more from the man with but one.

Let us hope, since he is likely to be a grandfather within a year or so, that Emperor William may no longer be slightly referred to as "that young man."

Grafting has always been a risky business, particularly when accompanied by lying, from the days of Ananias and Sapphira down to the present time.

The corporation magnate is always prepared to show that any legislation he does not want is going to be inimical to the interests of the laboring man.

When Captain Richmond Pearson, Hobson tells his bride that she is the sweetest woman he ever kissed, the compliment will be more than usually expressive.

If Japan finds that the job of kidnapping the Emperor of Korea calls for an artist the able Pat Crowe, who can produce a flattering line of testimonials, is out of a job.

According to statistics the average number of children in an American family is two and three-eighths. So that when you have three children you have five-eighths of some other family's child, mathematically speaking.

One of the St. Petersburg organs of the reactionary party mournfully complains that Russia is in danger of being regarded as a second-class nation. The editor's fear is wholly unwarranted. Russia will hereafter be looked upon as one of the fifth-rate powers.

Forty years ago Lord Francis Douglas lost his life in an attempt to ascend the Matterhorn. No trace of the body was found, although search was made for it, and the deadly grasp of the glacier has held it through all the period. The rate at which the glacier has moved has led some persons to think it probable that the portion where the alpinist fell will reach the valley during the present year, and a close watch is kept.

Beneath the Sandy Hook light-ship is a bell which is rung by the same little engine which toots the fog-horn. The bell rings five—one, five—one, five—one, 51, the number of the light-ship. The sound travels swiftly under the water, and may be caught and magnified by a drum under the water-line, which is placed against the plates of vessels which avail themselves of the signal. A telephone wire attached to the drum conveys the notes to the proper officer. The fog-horn may fail to do its duty, but no matter how hard the gale blows, the submarine warning is effective miles away from the light-ship.

In breaking down the barriers between the sexes the women are beginning to practice toward men the same impoliteness that they formerly reserved for each other. Men no longer as a rule give up their seats in street cars to women because they have been taught by painful experience that the women as a class no

longer appreciate the courtesy. In doing so they are rarely rewarded with even a glance and almost never with a word of thanks. The man who lifts his hat when he offers his seat is often frozen with a stare which implies a doubt as to his sanity or his motives. The time may yet come when the man who lifts his hat to a woman except upon a society dress parade will be regarded with contempt for his mental softness.

Recently occurred the fortieth anniversary of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House. A generation has passed since then. Not the slightest bitterness remains in the North. The recently published book of letters and recollections of General Robert E. Lee, the great soldier whom competent European authority compares with Napoleon, was welcomed no more heartily in the South than in the North. Lee was one of the great heroes of the war, and as the years pass he is slowly becoming a national hero of whom all sections are proud. The South has already taken to its heart Lincoln, the great, pathetic burden-bearer, who grows larger and more sublime as the majesty of his spirit appears above the forgotten distractions of his exciting period. The heat of passion dies with the passing years, and then the divine in man reasserts itself. Tennyson illustrated this in his two "Locksley Halls." The later one, not very highly prized by the critics, is the diviner poem, for in it the hero turns his back on revenge and rises to the heights from which he can say, "Love will conquer at the last." It does conquer. It has conquered here in America, for Congress, just before it adjourned, authorized the return to the States of all the battle-flags of the war, not only the flags of the regiments of the North that had been stored in Washington, but the flags of the regiments of the South which had been captured in the field; and not a protest has been heard from any quarter. The breach is healed, and scarcely a scar remains.

What would you think of a young man, ambitious to become a lawyer, who should surround himself with a medical atmosphere and spend his time reading medical books, asks Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. Do you think he would ever become a great lawyer by following such a course? No, he must put himself into a law atmosphere, where he can absorb it and be steeped in it until he is attuned to the legal note. He must be grafted into the legal tree so that he can feel its sap circulating through him. How long would it take a young man to become successful who puts himself into an atmosphere of failure and remains in it until he is soaked to saturation with the idea? How long would it take a man who deprecates himself, talks of failure, thinks of failure, walks like a failure, and dresses like a failure—who is always complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure—how long would it take him to arrive at the success goal? Would any one believe in him or expect him to win? The majority of failures began to deteriorate by doubting or depreciating themselves, or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment you harbor doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to undermine the very foundation of all achievement. So long as you carry around a failure atmosphere, and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all the currents of failure thoughts, of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavor, and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

Candies to Match Costumes.

"Candies to match dresses is the latest fad in novelty confectionery," said J. K. Levy, of Chicago. "The idea is entirely new, and, like all other new things, had its inception in a trifling incident that was all but overlooked. A matinee girl complained to a New York candy merchant that the box of sweets he had just sold her formed a contrast with her dress which was perfectly awful. He immediately got busy and looked over his assortment of goods, and is now selling pink, mauve and brown shades of candies, in a box to match, which the matinee girl can allow to repose in her lap, happy in the knowledge that it is another item in her color scheme."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Quick and Thorough.

Mrs. Paddock—I thought Bobbie had a system for playing the races.

Mr. Paddock—He had, but he bet on a horse named Saraparilla and it cleaned his system out.—Puck.

A man had fins and bones for breakfast this morning; small fish.