M A R T THE MAID OE
A Story of the Romantic Age in England.

JOSEPH HATTON


was respected by everybody and cared
or nobody, he would say. But he
 From the bright windows of the old
Inn one atill tooks out upon the ruins
of the famous Abbey, and though the
on of the tamous Abbey, and though the
river Alre is no looger clear and full
of fikh, it flows through green meadows nd reflects such local beautles of
andscape as the needs of the busy town of Leeds have not yet annexed.
In those days the river If bogrimed
with duant, and clogged with the retuee
of mins and dyeworks. When Mary
ond local inn, it wha a mirroror in which
Venus herself might bave been satise
fed to enst the reflected Image of her
beauty.
Engiand was a merry Engiand then, England was a merry Engliand then,
In pplte of the severity of her lawz, and
the constant drain which continental
wars made upon the manhood of the
wat Trotlon. Troops were continually on
he march. HIghwaymen on fleet
hargers dashed along the roads and hargers dashed along the ronds and
lerled toll with a plotol and an ept-
luan. Juages of assize entered the
 hem vague snatehes of tragic storles,
and in the name of Justice, an occa-
sonal grim ilign-post as a warning to
ovil-doers. On dark nights the clinking chains of the gibbet macte the
chlmney corners seem more than usu-
ally nnug, and gave an additional spice ally anug, and gave an additional spice
of fear ot the story o the local trage-
ty, as the gossipg loved to tell it. chimney, and the rain rattled at the
asement.
Wity With all their drawbacks, these were
merry days. Men loved the country,
Iived country lives, Tived country lives, and ate plain but
whotesome tare. And what superb
Women dellghted the eye. You might,
nevertheless, have traveled all over
Tenter nevertheless, have traveled all over
England and never have seen a more
lovely woman than Mary Lockwood, whe woman than Mary Lockwood,
Wouthey as "Mary, the Mald of the poet
So She was tall and stralght as a Nor-
mandy poplar. She walked from the mandy poplar. She walked from the
hips as an athete does. Her Agure
had all the graces of a woman's curv-

## se

 Tor nobody. he would say. But he areWays baid this woth a mental reesra-
too which Included Mary and his
mother, but more partucularly Mary.
He maually dresed in a velveteen


## spoken no words of love to her, en- abled Mary to have him an a a constant companton, hawking Anhing. rding. nutting. or climblng the walls of Kirk.

nutting, or elimbing the walls of Kirk-
stall Abbey.
But, at the opening of this history,
Mary had become too valuable in the
Mary had become too valuable in the
management of the Inn for her unce
to be able to spare her for more than
occasional lindulienene In these holiday
kind of sports and rambles. Ste had settled down to the work of
the house, to the managentent of the
ari; and, although ahe had a very lim-
ted knowledge of reaíling and writing

| to put an end to aseless talk or courteny. "What can you give un?" <br> Mary eyed the second traveler with no great favor, and called the barman, or groom, or walter, or whatever Tom Sheffield's position might bo at the Star and Garter, and, whatever hls offlee, he had beld it alince boyhood, and to the satisfaction of all parties. <br> "Supper, drinks, beds," said Mary, addressing Tom, knd indteating the |
| :---: |



## 

 Leds. She was, In short, the treasure atLoot
good sense, good conduct, and good
ooks, and was both famous and bee
oved by all the travelers along the

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { dresse } \\
& \text { often } \\
& \text { more } \\
& \text { drape } \\
& \text { tilla, }
\end{aligned}
$$

