

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN... A Story of English Life.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Mary Lockwood looked at him, and then her eyes wandered round the court.

"It is very painful, no doubt," said the judge, turning toward her and addressing her in the midst of sobs that were audible from more than one corner of the great hall of justice; for the vast concourse was painfully moved; moved as one man, as one woman; it was a relief to those who could weep; some could only sob, as they watched the gradual breakdown of the witness, struggling in the midst of her grief to save her lover from the doom that was surely settling down upon him.

"Now, Mary Lockwood," said the judge, "attend to the question of the learned counsel."

"Let me bring you back to the night when you went to the abbey. These men you told us of having passed you, a hat rolled to your feet—"

Counsel paused as Mary, pushing back her thick tresses of hair that had fallen from their bands, said in what sounded like a new voice—a sweet, strange, confident voice:

"The abbey."

"Yes, the abbey," he replied, puzzled and hesitating.

"Yes, we sat beneath the elder, the leaves were brown, but there is no knowing what you may come to!" She looked at the dock, the judge, the counsel, but it was easy to tell that she saw none of them. Her great blue eyes seemed to seek something away in the distance. The March wind moaned in the corridor of the castle. The night was coming on; presently the court would have to be lighted up.

"The leaves are like birds when the wind blows," she said, "and, oh, how peaceful to sleep under the water, the calm river. Good-by, good-by."

As she stepped down from the box she broke out into a fit of laughter that rang through the place and pierced every heart with grief. The next moment she had fainted, and was carried out into the bleak March air.

a letter to his mother, in which he was allowed to state that he had taken service under the king, and that he was glad he had already made arrangements for a long absence from Kirkstall. He enjoined his mother to be a mother to Mary. He sent manly if tender messages to all his friends; and the farm, of which he had been so proud and had hoped to have installed Mary as his wife, knew him no more.

Sometimes Mrs. Meadows thought Mary had a glimmering of reason, for she would often say: "Jack, Jack, dear Jack!" but she only repeated the words as the widow had taught her.

Old Morley would wander about with the girl who had once been his chief pride and delight; but the merest boy in the village, or the smallest girl, could have outstripped her in any sport or exercise.

She had not only lost her gaiety, but her physical strength, as it seemed. She would walk with her uncle over the meadows by the abbey along the banks of the Aire, but she would rest oftener than the old man himself. He, too, loved to hear her say "Jack, dear Jack!" though it had no more meaning for her than the gibbet by the plantation where the abbey murder was committed.

Mrs. Meadows would often say that it was a mercy after all that Divine Providence had taken away Mary's reason, since the man who had worn her ribbon in his hat was now a shapeless, awful thing, swinging in dreadful state, with chains and iron collar, in the wind, as it whistled down the valley.

There was a break in the trees at the point where the strangled man swung to and fro—dead, yet living, as it were, dead, yet alive in the autumn wind and rain, rattling his chains sighing in the rain, a white ghost in the winter when the snow and ice clung to him and protected him from hawks and vultures, and fixed him in bonds the wind could not break.

CHAPTER XV.

A terrible warning, unheeded of those whom it warned, only terrible to those who need no such inhuman sign of the rough vengeance of the outraged law.

An awful warning if men who need it had thought of what it meant; but many a highway robber rode merrily by the grim sign-post, snapped his fingers at it and muttered to himself, "Not for me; there is no tree so high, no iron so strong, that they shall ever swing me to and fro in the wind."

They would fall, some of these, to the hangman's perquisites nevertheless; they were either too bold, too reckless, or a woman was in the case, or what not. For all that, justice won no victories by her scarecrow.

As the birds of the field will feed beneath the empty coat, the straw man of the farmer, so were there highwaymen who would sit beneath the gibbet and divide their spoil, or pass around the bottle.

But it was a fearful business, this inhuman, awful thing, for nervous women and girls, for old men and young, obliged to traverse the king's highway sometimes at night, always in the day; this ghastly suggestion of a human creature warring with the elements and the birds of prey, attacked by the carrion crow, and worn at last into exhibitions of its weather-beaten nakedness.

Old Morley, and the men who saw Mary come home that autumn night from the abbey, had strange visions of the bright, gay young traveler who had jested with them, who had fished in the river, who had played bowls on the green; and it was like a nightmare of an untimely resurrection—the figure in its rough tarred swaddling clouts hanging by its iron collar, walling with the wind and rattling its chains in the tempest.

In the second winter, after the setting up of the inhuman sign on the Kirkstall road, Mary Lockwood had, so old Morley and Mrs. Meadows thought, given signs of awakening reason; but the hope in which they fondly indulged arose simply from the fact that Mary's constitution was utterly breaking down.

She had grown quiet, and they in their ignorance said thoughtful. She walked less, and sat longer by the window, looking at the sky.

When the snow came and silence reigned over the land, she smiled at the white flakes as they fell, and held out her thin hand to catch them, and would seem to wonder that they disappeared.

Then came Christmas Eve. The new landlord of the Star and Garter would insist that Joseph Morley should come to the inn and sip one glass from the wassail bowl in the old innkeeper, and meet the friends who sorrowed with him and held him in honor and respect.

Mrs. Meadows urged him to go. She never kept these feasts, now that Jack had left her. It would content her to spend the evening with her brother who was an invalid, and teach Mary to call their beloved by his name—their dear Jack—for the widow had long since forgiven Mary the part she had played in his voluntary exile, and had come to regard her as a poor forlorn daughter, no sympathetic memory lingering in her mind of the rival who had expiated his crimes on the gallows.

She tried to forget this shadow upon

her son's affections, and would sit for hours and talk to Mary of her love and of the time when he might return.

Old Morley went to the inn. The talk was of the old days when Morley was the landlord.

Tom waited upon him hand and foot. Mr. Taylor proposed his health in some touching words of remembrance, glancing only at the fatal shadow which had fallen upon his old age, and enforcing the moral that they must all bend to the decrees of Providence.

Old Morley sat and smiled in a mournful way at the kindly efforts of his neighbors and friends to comfort him.

They had sent for him in a chaise, and promised Mrs. Meadows to see him safely to the farm in time for her, and him and Mary, to hear the Christmas bells begin to ring; for, although the bells were few and the ringers were not experts, they did manage to "salute the holy morn" at Kirkstall, and it was good, they thought, for the sorrowful, as well as the gay, to hear the glad tidings and to believe in them.

But the bells, if they rang for Mary, rang in heaven.

She heard them no more on earth. (To be continued.)

CORONATION FLOWER.

Lily of the Valley, Alexandra's Favorite May Be Chosen.

There seems good reason for supposing that the lily of the valley, which has always been the favorite of Queen Alexandra, will take a very prominent place in the coronation decorations next June, says the London Telegraph. It is in that month, as it happens, that the bloom is at its best out of doors. As it happens, the lily of the valley can, in these days be had to almost any extent, and at any time of year, owing to a system of forcing which, by a curious coincidence, was first practiced in this country on the king's estate at Sandringham. A Dutch cultivator of considerable repute set up the first "factory" at Dersingham, attracted thither by the consideration that the soil closely resembles that in which bulbs are so successfully cultivated in Holland. What he did was to import "crowns," as they were termed, and then, by the utilization of artificial heat, to bring them to the flowering stage as and when desired. So well understood is the practice in this respect that the lily of the valley may be made to bloom to order, and the initiated know not only the day, but the hour when the process will be completed. On the other hand, by means of cold storage, the stock of crowns can be kept in an undeveloped state for a long while, so as to be always ready for drawing upon as circumstances arise.

June being the month of roses, there was some anticipation that these would be regarded as the coronation flowers; but the facts outlined above make it plain that the very general employment of the queen's favorite would be not only a graceful compliment to her majesty, but would have the charm of novelty, besides presenting no serious difficulty. Out of season the lily of the valley is still comparatively expensive, but there can be little doubt that, with the long notice which is given, and with the inducement which is held out to everybody who has a garden to add to the available supply of these delicate flowers, next June, the range of values at the coronation ought to be anything but exorbitant.

They Will Step on the Hose.

The man in the stable door gave the hose a jerk, but before it cleared the sidewalk the woman had landed on it with both feet.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" grunted he, with another tug, according to the New York Times. "I never could understand what makes women so crazy about stepping on hose, anyway. I've been attending to lawns and gardens and sidewalks for a good many years and never yet have I seen a woman go past while the hose was stretched across the pavement that she didn't plant both feet on it and teeter around for awhile just for exercise."

"What pleasure the habit affords them I can't for the life of me see. I use to think that the practice indicated a remnant of childish playfulness and that they were so disporting themselves just to see the water play out in an extra spurt, but I've noticed lately that they never even look at the fountain end of the tube, so I've come to the conclusion that they know all that thumping will injure the hose and so perform their little stunts out of sheer deviltry. But whatever the cause of the practice, it certainly is a fact that nine-tenths of the women passing along the street cannot resist the temptation to step on the hose."

Lost the Fourth of July.

An incident occurred during a summer voyage of the army transport Hancock, which will not soon be forgotten by the distinguished party of American officials then en route to Manila. It all came about through the speed of the trim transport and the accepted laws laid down in the Gregorian calendar. The Hancock made a record run from San Francisco and arrived at the one hundred and eightieth meridian on the night of July 3, and, as usual, one day was lost in the crossing thereof. In this case the day lost was Independence day, July 4, and therefore no celebration could be held.

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the man who never hesitates is hard to find.

WEARY OF THE WORLD

An Aged Farmer Takes His Life by Means of a Rope.

DESPONDENT OVER LOSS OF WIFE

Coal in Paying Quantities Said to Have Been Discovered in Seward County—Rebuilding of the Winslow Mills—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Dec. 31.—Feeble of body and mind, aged considerably beyond the allotted three score and ten and utterly disconsolate since the death of his wife, which occurred but three weeks ago, August Hessel, sr., went to the barn and hung himself. His body was found several hours later by his son, August, Jr. The old man had left the house at about 9 o'clock in the morning, presumably to go to a neighbor's, and when the dinner hour arrived and he was not present the other members of the family thought nothing of it.

The young men went to the fields to bring in fodder for the cattle. Upon returning, and at dinner time, they put up their horses in another stable, the one in which the man hung himself being a granary and vehicle and implement barn. In the afternoon a neighbor named Fisher returned a hay rack he had borrowed and during a conversation a trade was suggested between the two over a sewing machine and a buggy. August Hessel, Jr., proposed to take the neighbor into the barn to see the buggy in question, but found the door hooked on the inside. Another door was resorted to and this appears to have been prodded shut. But a vigorous push opened it. The father was found hanging to a beam, death having evidently resulted from strangulation. The body was in such a position that the old man could easily have saved himself by stepping on an adjacent railing, from which he evidently jumped after having fastened the rope.

COAL FIELDS IN NEBRASKA

Vein of Dusky Diamonds Reported in Paying Quantities.

LINCOLN, Dec. 31.—It is reported here that coal in paying quantities has been discovered near Milford in Seward county. According to the information, the vein is seven feet wide and is found 250 feet below the surface.

"The discovery of coal is causing considerable excitement among the farmers near Milford," said J. D. Gage of Seward county. "Several traces have been found in the neighborhood in recent years and there has always been a strong belief that there was paying coal somewhere beneath the surface. The vein was found by farmers four miles south of Milford. They have been drilling for several weeks and their efforts were rewarded by unmistakable evidence of the existence of a vein at least seven feet wide, and they say they haven't reached the bottom yet."

Several weeks ago a small vein of coal was found near Swedeburg in Saunders county and an application for the state's standing reward was promptly filed in the governor's office. The discoverers are still at work over their supposed treasure and hope to establish the fact that their property can be mined at a profit.

Panic at Christmas Entertainment.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Dec. 31.—At Hein's school house at a Christmas celebration Santa Claus' robe of cotton batting caught fire and in the excitement that followed other trimmings of the tree and building were ignited. The school house was crowded and there was an immediate panic. Every window and door was at once a place of egress and the room was cleared wonderfully quick.

Shoots Top of Head Off.

WEST POINT, Neb., Dec. 31.—David Elliott of West Point committed suicide. He was the father of James C. Elliott, editor of the West Point Republican, and stood high in the community. He had lived here a year, moving his family from Pennsylvania. He was found with the top of his head shot off. No cause is assigned for the deed. He was well-to-do and enjoyed pleasant family relations.

Seventy Years Married.

SURPRISE, Neb., Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Woodruff celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their married life December 28.

Horses Poisoned.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Dec. 31.—Cornstark poison is assigned as the cause of the death of five horses belonging to O. L. Baker on the Forrest Merrill farm, northwest of the city.

Dies Very Suddenly.

GREELEY, Neb., Dec. 31.—G. W. Jeffers, a brother of ex-Senator Jeffers, died suddenly. There are allegations that he took poison, either by mistake or with suicidal intent. There will probably be an investigation.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was a good average supply of cattle, and as the demand was also in good shape the market ruled active and steady to strong prices were paid for all desirable grades of beef cattle. Buyers were out early and rode fast, so that the bulk of the offerings was out of first hands in good season. There were quite a few beef steers included in the receipts this morning and some of them were of very fair quality. Packers took hold in good shape and the market could safely be quoted strong and active. Even the short-fed cattle sold without difficulty. The demand for cow stuff was also of liberal proportions and the prices paid looked strong as compared with those in force at the close of last week. Bulls of good quality also met with ready sale at good, strong prices, and the same could be said of veal calves and stags. There were only a few stockers and feeders on sale and anything at all desirable was picked up at an early hour at strong prices. The demand for the cattle showing fresh and quality is larger than the supply.

Hogs—There was not a particularly heavy run of hogs, so that sellers had a good opportunity to put on a little. The advance, however, was very uneven, and while some cases looked 10c higher and in some cases more, other sales did not seem to be any more than steady. The market, however, was active and the bulk of the offerings was soon disposed of. The market could, perhaps, best be described by calling it close to a dime higher. The bulk of the heavyweight hogs sold from \$6.50 to \$6.75. Medium weights went mostly from \$6.30 to \$6.50.

Sheep—There was a fair run of sheep and lambs, and although Chicago was reported 10c lower, the market at this point was very active and stronger prices were paid. It was very evident that packers were anxious for supplies, and there did not seem to be enough on sale to meet their demands. All last week the supply was not adequate to the demand, so that packers are hungry for both sheep and lambs.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Market 10c higher; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$9.00 to \$9.25; fair to good, \$4.75 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 to \$3.50; western fed steers, \$4.50 to \$5.00; western range steers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Texas and Indian steers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Texas cows, \$3.50 to \$4.00; native cows, \$2.50 to \$3.00; heifers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.00; bulls, \$2.00 to \$2.50; calves, \$3.00 to \$3.50.

Hogs—Market 5c higher; top, \$6.50; bulk of sales, \$6.00 to \$6.25; heavy, \$5.50 to \$6.00; mixed packers, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light, \$5.00 to \$5.50; pigs, \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Sheep—Market strong; fed lambs, \$4.25 to \$4.50; fed wethers, \$3.75 to \$4.00; yearlings, \$4.00 to \$4.25; ewes, \$2.50 to \$3.00; culls and feeders, \$1.75 to \$2.00.

JOSEPH BARTLEY IS LIBERATED

Passes From Penitentiary on Pardon Brought From Gov. Savage.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 2.—Ex-State Treasurer Joseph S. Bartley left the state penitentiary Tuesday evening a free man, after serving nearly five years of a twenty years' sentence, after conviction for embezzling state funds. Governor Savage commuted his sentence to take effect Tuesday night and the governor's orders were immediately carried into effect.

Private Secretary R. J. Clancey went to Mr. Bartley's residence at 7 o'clock and handed to the wife and children a commutation of sentence and a discharge. Mrs. Bartley, accompanied by her young son and her daughter, India and Charles O. Whedon, went to the penitentiary and returned with Mr. Bartley. The trip was made in Mr. Whedon's carriage.

Mr. Bartley was taken to his home on South Seventeenth street and within a short time he was overwhelmed with congratulations of friends. These expressions came in the form of telegrams and telephone messages and many persons called to shake his hand. He spent New Year's day with his family and partook of a New Year's dinner at his home.

The arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Bartley in the Douglas county jail dates from June 24, 1897. Not until after the supreme court had affirmed his sentence was he taken to the penitentiary. That was on July 6, 1898. Counting the time he was in jail and the good time allowance his sentence already served amounts to four years, six months and seven days. He was paroled July 13 by Governor Savage and at the request of the republican state convention was returned to the penitentiary July 28.

The scene at his home when Private Secretary Clancey presented the discharge was extremely affecting and the liberation came as a complete surprise to the family.

Berling Sea Seal Differences.

THE HAGUE, Jan. 2.—M. Komaroff, the Russian chamberlain, has handed to Prof. Asser, one of the Dutch members of the permanent arbitration court and arbitrator of the claims of American sealers for the seizure of their vessels by the Russian government about six years ago, Russia's reply to the last note of the United States on the subject of the Berling sea seal fishing differences.

Batch of Bills Introduced.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The general assembly convened in annual session. S. Fred Nixon was re-elected speaker of the house, and the other republican caucus nominees of the house, as well as those of the senate, were elected. The annual message of Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., was delivered to the legislature. After the reading of the governor's message a number of bills were introduced, and then the legislature adjourned.

DECORATIONS IN METALS.

Modern Designs Include Small Objects to Ornament Drawing-Rooms.

Nothing probably is more marked at the present time than the tendency to introduce the metals into interior decoration, copper being at present a favorite. The extension of the electric light has created a demand for light hand-wrought fittings in metal, from which the use of that material has been extended to fire screens, stands, or trays, flower and lamp standards, and to all the hundred and one small objects that crowd the modern drawing room, says the Architectural Record. So far as the architect is concerned, he is affected by the increased use of metal in the furniture of doors, in the fittings of all kinds of windows, in grilles in and about the fireplace, in hoods, blowers, basket grates, fire dogs, etc., as well as in the use of metal moldings to inclose marble or tile linings. Occasionally small doors are cased in beaten plates of metal, and, in fact, there is no reason why, with the constantly increasing means of cheap production and working of the metals, the practice should not be further extended, as in the coverings of piers, jambs between ranges of small windows, ceilings, and other suitable places. We know that in the age of Homer great effects were obtained by the metal-lined interiors of the Hall of the Chieftains, while from Assyrian excavations have been recovered wonderful specimens of metal applied to doors. Metal used for casing purposes in the present day requires to be very thin, and is best mounted on a thin wooden foundation.

BEAVER-TAIL SOUP.

Michigan Lumber Camp Delicacy That Pleases a Marylander.

"Although I am a Marylander, and an eastern shore one at that," said Chauncey F. Raynor, "and consequently I know what good things to eat are, I want to tell you that I'll have to take off my hat to the lumber camp cook of the upper Michigan peninsula as the discoverer, fabricator, and dispenser of a dish that knocks the eastern shore cuisine silly. And that rare lumber camp dish is beaver-tail soup."

"I was with Colonel Park of Columbus, Ohio, deer hunting in the Rainy lake region of Michigan one fall. We lived at a lumber camp boarding shanty. There were signs of beaver at the upper end of the lake, and a trapper succeeded in trapping one of the wily dam builders. When the beaver was brought into camp the cook went nearly wild. And so did the lumbermen when they heard the news. All because they had been trying to trap a beaver for weeks—not for its fur but for its tail, as they were pining, they said, for beaver-tail soup. The cook took that broad-shouldered beaver, mangled like an armadillo, took from it the underlying bone and meat, and from it made such a soup as never came from any other stock at the beck of the most expert and scientific chef that ever put a kettle on. We could do the something, and perhaps better, on the eastern shore, but we lack one thing. We haven't got the beavers to yield us their tails."—New York Sun.

Preparing the Impromptu.

Great orators have generally refused to speak on the spur of the moment on important themes. Demosthenes, the king of orators, would never speak in a public meeting without previous thorough preparation. Daniel Webster when once pressed to speak on a subject of great importance, refused, saying that he was very busy, and had no time to master it. When a friend urged that a few words from him would do much to awaken public attention to the subject, he replied: "If there be so much weight in my words it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it." On one occasion, Webster made a remarkable speech without notes before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard university, when a book was presented to him. After he had gone, a manuscript copy of his eloquent "impromptu" address, carefully written, was found in the book, which he had forgotten to take away.—Saturday Evening Post.

Unlucky Thirteenth.

A curious incident occurred in connection with the royal journey from Balmoral to the South. The Duke of Athol traveled from Dunkeld to Perth with the intention of awaiting the arrival of the royal train. In consequence of a delay on the Highland railway the train by which his grace traveled was detained, and the Duke did not reach Perth until a few minutes after the royal party. Their majesties had by this time sat down to dinner in the Station hotel and the Marquis of Breadalbane had been asked to dine. As soon as the Duke's arrival he informed his majesty, and suggested that his grace should also join them. Some of the ladies, however, pointed out the fact that the Duke would make the party one of thirteen. The Marquis of Breadalbane promptly offered to sacrifice himself, and with his majesty's permission retired, the Duke of Athol taking his place.—London Express.

Breeding Place of Cholera.

The marshy ground of the Ganges delta, with its vast masses of vegetation, decaying under a tropical sun, is the native home of the cholera. In that pestilential region the cholera and plague are found every year and all the year round.

Prayer should sound of "thank you" as much as of "please."