# CRIPPS, THE CARRIER

### R. D. BLACKMORE

Author of "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.) "I knows where Miss Gracie be," segan with a little defiance. "I knows where our Miss Gracie lies-dead and told-dend and cold-without no coffin, tor a winding sheet-the purty crature. the purty crature-there, what I fool

Master Cripps, at the picture himself had drawn, was taken with a short fit of tobs, and turned away. Mr. Oglander tlowly had down the pen, which he had mken for notes of a case, and standing ts firm as his own great oak tree, gave no sign of the shock, except in the color of his face, and the brightness of his

"Go on, Cripps, as soon as you can." be said in a calm and gentle voice. "Try not to keep me waiting, Cripps.'

"I be trying; I be trying all I known. The blessed angel be dead and buried, riose to Tickusa' tatie crop, in the corter of Bramble Quarry. At least, I mean Pickuss's taties was there; but he dug them a fortnight, come Monday, he did.

"The corner of the 'Gipsy Grave,' as they call it. Who found it? How do you know it?"

"Esther was there. She seed the whole of it. Before the snow come-last Tues-

"Tuesday night! Ah, Tuesday night!" -for the moment, the old man had lost his clearness. "It can't have been Tuesday night-it was Wednesday, when I tode down to my sister's. Cripps, your sister must have dreamed it. My darling was then at her aunt's, quite safe. You have frightened me for nothing, Cripps."

"I am glad with all my heart," cried Eacchary; "I am quite sure it were Tuesday night, because of Mrs. Exic. And your Worship knows best of the days. no doubt. Thank the Lord for all His mercies! Well, seeing now, it were somebody else, in no ways particular, and perhaps one of them gipsy girls, as took the fever to Cowley, if your Worship will take your pen again, I will tell you all as Esther seed. Two men with a pickax working, where the stone overhangeth so, and the corpse of a nice young woman laid for the stone to bury it natural. No harm at all in the world, when you come to think, being nought of a Christian body. And they let go the rock, and it come down over, to save all me, all about a trifle!" wiped his forehead, and smiled. "And old-fashioned. won't I give it well to her?"

whoever it may have been. But stop-I am all abroad. It was Tuesday afterboon when my poor darling left Mrs. Fermitage. And to the Quarry, across the fields, from the way she would come, is not half a mile—half a mile of fields and hedgerows-Oh, Cripps, it was my

daughter! "Her might a been, sure enough," said Cripps, in whom the reflective vein, for the moment, had crossed the sentimental ←"sure enough, her maight a' been. A pasture meadow, and a field, and Gibbs' turnips, and then a fallow, and then into Tickuss' taties-half an hour maight a' done the carrying-and consarning of the rest-your Worship, now when did she leave the lady? Can you count the

"Zacchary, now the will of the Lord be done, without calculation! My grave is all I care to count on, if my Grace lies buried so. But before I go to it. please God, I will find out who has done it."

time of it?"

"Now, do 'e put on a muffler, sir,' cried Mary, running out with her arms full, as Mr. Oglander set forth in the bitter air, without overcoat, but ready to meet everything. At the door was his old Whitechapel cart, with a fresh young coll between the shafts, pawing the show, and snorting. The floor of the cart was jinging with iron tools as the young horse shook himself; and the Squire's groom, and two gardeners, were ready to jump in, when called for,

"So plaize your Worship, let me drive," said Cripps, who was going to sit In front. "A young horse, and you at your time of life, and all this trouble

over you!" "Give me the reins, my friend," cried his Worship; and Cripps, in some dread for his neck, obeyed.

The men jumped in, and the young horse started at a rather dangerous pace. Many a time had Miss Grace fed him, and he used to follow her like a lamb.

"He will take us safe enough," said he Squire; "he seems to know what he going for."

Not another word was spoken until hey came to the gap at the verge of the Quarry, where the frosty moon shone brough it. "Tie him here," said the naster shortly, as the groom produced lis ring rope; "and throw the big cloth wer him. Now all of you come; and Dripps go first."

Scared as they were, they could not in hame decline the old man's orders; and he sturdy Cripps, with a spade on his houlder, led through the drifted thicket. schind him plodded the Squire, with an mit lautern in one hand, and a stout ink staff in the other; the moonlight distening in his long white hair, and parking frost in his hoary beard. The now before them showed no print larger the new county fail, where one of the han the pad of an old dog fox pursuing many off-sets of the Isis filters its artifihe splantering track of a pheasant's cial way beneath low arches and betwixt burs; and a crunched beneath their dead walls; and this street was known to bots with the crusty impact of crisp the elder generation by the name of everance. All around was white and "Crossduck Lane." tuste with depth of unknown loneliness;

After many flounderings in and out of hollow places, they came to the corner of the quarry dingle, and found it entirely choked with snow. The driving of the northeast wind had gathered as into a funnel there, and had stacked the snow of many acres in a hollow of less than half a rood. Over the whole, the cold moon shone, and made the depth look deeper. The men stopped short, and poked at their shovels, and looked at one another. All powers of evil were canded against them, and they saw no turn to take; still it was not their own wish to go back, without having struck blow for it.

"You can do nothing," said the Squire, with perhaps the first bitter feeling he had yet displayed. "All things are dead igainst me; I must grin, as you say, and sear it. It would take a whole corps of suppers and miners a week to clear this place out. We cannot even be sure of the spot; we cannot tell where the corner is; all is smothered up so. Ill uck always rides ill luck. This proves beyond doubt that my child lies here."

The men were good men, as men go, and they all felt love and pity for the lost young lady, and the poor old master. Still their fingers were so blue, and their frozen feet so hard to feel, and the deep, white gulf before them surged so palpably invincible, that they could not repine at a dispensation which sent them home to their suppers.

"Nort to be done till change of weather," said Cripps, as they sat in the cart again; "I reckon they villains knew what was coming, better nor I, who have kept the road, man and boy, for thirty year. The Lord knoweth best, as He always do. But to my mind He maneth to kape on snowing and freezing for a month at laste. Moon have changed last night; and a bitter moon we shall have of it."

And so they did; the bitterets moon, save one, of the present century. And old men said that there had not been such a winter, and such a sight of snow, since the one which had been sent on purpose to discomfit Bony.

Mr. Oglander, in his lonely home, strove bravely to make the best of it. He had none of that grand religious consolation which some people have (especially for others), and he grounded his happiness perhaps too much upon his infection. What a turn that Etty gived own old hearthstone. His mind was not The carrier an extraordinary one, and his soul was

Moreover, his sister Joan came up-a "Poor giri! It is no trifle, Cripps, truly pious and devoted woman, the widow of an Oxford wine merchant. Mrs. Fermitage loved her niece so deeply that she had no patience with any selfish pinings after her. "She is gone to the better land," she said; "the shores of bliss unspeakable-unless Russel Overshute knows about her a great deal more than he will tell. I have little confidence in that young man. But to wish her back is a very sinful and un-Christian act, I fear.

"Now, Joan, you know that you wish her back, every time that you sit down, or get up, or go to tea without her."

"Yes, I know, I know I do. And most of all when I pour it out-she used to do it for me. But, Worth, you can wrestle more than I can. The Lord expects so much more of a man."

Being exhorted thus, the Squire did his best to wrestle. Not that any words of hers could carry now their former weight; for if he had no daughter left, what good was money left to her? The Squire did not want his sister's money for himself at all. Indeed, he would rather be without it. Dirty money, won by trade-but still it had been his duty always to try to get it for his daughter. And this is worth a word or two.

At the Oxford Bank, and among the lawyers, it had been a well-known thing that old Fermitage had not died with less than £150,000 behind him. Ever in Oxford there never had been a man so illustrious for port wine. "Fortiter occupa portum" was the motto over the door to his vaults, and he fortified port impregnably. Therefore he supplied all the common room cellars, and among the undergraduates his name was surety for another glass. And there really was a port wine basis; so that nobody died of

Mr. Fermitage went on, and hit his mark continually; and his mark was that bull's eye of this golden age, a yellow imprint of a dragon. So many of these came pouring in, that he kept them in bottles sealed, and left to mature, and acquire "the genuine bottle flavor." When he had bottled half a pipe of these, and was thinking of beginning now to store them in the wood, a man coming down with a tap found him wead; and was too much scared to steal anything.

This man reproached himself, ever afterwards, for his irresolute conscience; and the two executors gave him nothing but blame for his behavior. People in Holiwell said that these two took a dozen battles of guineas between them, to drink their testator's health. Enough that he was dead, and every man seeing his funeral, praised him.

CHAPTER VII.

There was a street in Oxford, near the ruins of the ancient castle, and behind

Here, in a highly respectable house, and Master Cripps said for the rest of a truly respectable man was firing, with no tell what held to environme and his fun. '-" - w fish but 'y are mone 's it's and

scription, style and title; and he was not by any means a bad man, so as to be an

This man possessed a great deal of influence, having much house-property; and he never in the least disguised his sentiments, or played fast and loose with them. Being of a commanding figure, and fine straightforward aspect, he left on impression, wherever he went, of honesty, vigor and manliness. And he went into very good society, as often as he seen you for a long while." cared to do so; for although not a native of Oxford, but of unknown origin, he now was the head, and indeed the en- ing. "I don't see how you've bore tirety, of a long-established legal firm. He had married the daughter of the senior partner, and bought or ousted away the rest; and although the legend on his plate was still "Piper, Pepper, Sharp, and Co.," every one knew that the learning, wealth, and honor of the ever. Get on to that pompadour bang whole concern were now embodied in Mr. Luke Sharp.

His wife, a fat and goodly person, Miranda Piper of former days, happened to be the first cousin and nearest relative of a famous man-"Port-wine Fermitge" himself; and his death had affected her very sadly. For she found that he and provided a most unjust disposal of is worldy goods. To his godson, her only child and her idol, Christopher Fermitage Sharp, he had left a copy of Dr. Doddridge's "Expositor," and nothing else. Mrs. Luke Sharp, though a very good Christian, repacked and sent back the "Expositor."

If Mr. Sharp had been at home, he would not have let her do so. He was full at all times of large, generous limpulse, but never yet guilty of impulsive acts. It had always been said that his son was to have the bottled half-pipe of gold, or the chief body of it, after the widow's life-interest. Whereas now, Mrs. Fermitage, if she liked, might roll ail the bottles down the High street. She, however, was a careful woman; and it was manifest where the whole of this ly. vintage would be binned away-to wit, in the cellars of Beckley Barton, with the key at Grace Oglander's very pretty waist. Mr. Sharp at the moment could descry no cure; but still to show temper was a vulgar thing.

Now upon the New Year's day of 1838, the bitter weather continuing still, and doing its best to grow more bitter. Mr. Sharp had closed his office early He had ordered his turkey to be kept back, and begged his wife to see to it until he could make out and settle the mport of a letter which reached him about one o'clock. It had been delivered by a groom on horseback. The letter was short, and expounded little.

'I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you at four o'clock this afternoon, pon some important business. Obedienty yours,

"RUSSEL OVERSHUTE." It is not altogether an agreeable thing, even for a man with the finest conscience to receive a challenge upon an unknown point, curtly worded in this wise. Luke Sharp had led an unblemished life, since the follies of his youth subsided; he subscribed to inevitable charities; and he waited for his rents when sure of them. Still he did not like that letter.

Now he took off the coat which he wore at his desk and washed his nice white hands, and clothed himself in expensive dignity, then he opened his book of daily entries, and folded blotting-paper, and prepared to receive instructions, or give advice, or be wise abstractedly. But he thought it a sound precaution to have his son Christopher within earshot; for young Overshute was reputed to be of a rather excitable nature; therefore Kit Sharp was commanted to finish the cleaning of his gun-which was his chief delight-in his father's closet adjoining the office, and to keep the door shut, unless called for.

The lawyer was not kept waiting lond. As the clock of St. Themas struck four, the shoes of a horse rang sharply on the icy road, and the office bell kicked up its hours, arose. Early in May, when he tongue, with a jerk showing great en-"Let him ring again," said Mr. Sharp; "I defy him to ring much hard-

The defiance was soon proved to be unsound; for in less than ten seconds, the bell which had stood many years of Mexico the International Bridge spanviolent spasm that nothing short of the President would dare to cross the melting-pot restored its constitution. A structure or not was the question piece clinked on the passage floor, and the lawyer was filled with unfeigned wrath. That bell had been ringing for three generations, and was the Palladium of the firm.

"What clumsy clodhopper," cried Mr. -"what beggardly bumpkin has broken my bell? Mr. Overshute-oh! I beg pardon, I am sure."

"We must make allowance," said Russel calmly, "for fidgety animals, Mr. Sharp; and for thick gloves in this frosty weather. John, take my horse on the Seven Bridges road, and be back in exactly fifteen minutes. How kind of you to be at home, Mr. Sharp!"

With the words, the young man bestowed on the lawyer a short, sharp glance, which entirely failed to penetrate

"Shut out this cold wind," he exclaimed as he shut in his visitor. "You young folk never seem to feel the cold. Now take this chair. Never mind your boots; let them hiss as they will on the fender. I have had men here come fifty miles across country, as the crow flies, to see me, when the floods were out; and go away with minds comforted."

"I have heard of your skill in all legal points. But I am not come on that account. Quibbles and shuffles I detest." (To be continued.)

Now They Don't Speak. Nell-Do you think I look as if needed a doctor?

Belle-M'm-well, a beauty doctor wouldn't do you any harm .- Philadeiphia Bulletin.

There are some widows who will no

,........ HE BROUGHT A FRIEND.

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"Here's little Bright-Eyes," said the sallow young man with the corduros waistcoat as the waitress approached. "Hello, sweetness!" he continued, addressing the young woman. "I haven't

"Not sence yest'd'y," said the waitress, without a pause in her gum chew-

"I ain't-not very well," said the young man. "I've jost flesh. Every body notices it. Billy, this is the queen of the quick lunchers—the sassiest

like it in town. Gladys, darling, this is my friend. "He looks like an improvement on

you," retorted the waitress.

and tell me if you ever seen anything

"Now will you be good?" said Billy "I guess that ought to hold you for a

"Takes more'n that to hold him." said the waitress. "He's a great joi-Her, ain't he?"

"You know you don't mean that." said the young man in the cordurop waistcoat. "I never gave you any jolly. Ain't she a peach, though, Billy ! Didn't I tell you?"

"I guess you told him a lot about me," said the waitress.

"Haven't talked about anything else, have I, Billy?"

"I don't wonder at it," said Billy. "You're something of a jollier yourself," said the waitress.

"No, that's straight," protested Bil-"Cut it out," said the sallow young

"He's jealous, ain't he?" smiled the waitress.

"We don't care, do we?" said Billy. "Sure we don't."

"What you going to have?" asked the sallow young man.

"What you going to have?" "Spareribs and sauerkraut." "Guess I'll take the same."

"Two spareribs and sauerkraut, said the waitress, supplying them with paper napkins. "Say," she murmured, leaning over Billy, "if he tells you any more about me don't you listen to him, will you?" She smiled with impartial coquettishness on them both and sailed off.

"Ain't she a corker?" demanded the sallow young man.

"Sure," said Billy, emphatically. "They all like a little jolly," said the sallow young man. "I've got myself solid with her, all right."-Chicago Daily News.

UNWRITTEN LAW RIGID.

President Restricted from Leaving Country Lven for a Day.

The President must not leave the United States even for a day. This is an old, unwritten law which has been respected by all successors of George Washington, with perhaps one or two exceptions. This restriction is not imposed by statute. President McKinley emphasized his respect for this rule on his tour to the South and West. It was unofficially announced that he would meet President Diaz of Mexico somewhere near the boundary of that sister republic. A controversey as to whether Mr. McKinley might properly cross the Mexican line, even for a few visited El Paso, Tex., where he was greeted by President Dlaz's personal representative, he expressed a desirto take a look into Mexico.

From El Paso there extends into strong emotion was visited with such a ning the Rio Grande. Whether the which members of his party asked one another. He did not. He went to the bridge and caught a view of the Sierre Madre. Half way across the bridge was a line. Stepping over this was Sharp, rushing out, as if he saw nobody putting foot upon Mexican territory.

President Harrison had ventured as far as this line ten years before. But President McKinley did not so much as place his foot upon the bridge. President Arthur was accused of violating this unwritten law in October, 1883, upon a pleasure trip to Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands. His political enemies accused him then of venturing across the Canadian line on a fishing excursion. The boundary between Canada and New York extends to the middle of the St. Lawrence

President Cleveland was similarly accused. On one of his hunting trips to North Carolina he sailed by the ocean route past Cape Hatteras. His enemies contended that he ventured outside the three-mile limit. According to international law, a country's possessions extend for three miles outside its coast line. Plying the seas farther than this is leaving home tercitory.

The President must not accept gifts of great value from inferiors in the tederal service, but he may accept rifts from foreigners. Grant, McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt have received difts from fore an rulers. Several gifts have been sent to Mr. Roosevelt from the West -- Knusas City Star.

## ITS MERIT IS PROVED

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICIN

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Telle How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing amon the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, and thinking people gener



The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvelous results among sick and ailing women.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"About nine months ago I was a great sufferer with womb trouble, which caused me severe pain extreme nervousness and frequent headaches, from which the doctor failed to relieve me. I tried Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, and within a short time felt better, and after taking five bottles of it I was entirely cured. I therefore heartily recommend your Compound as splendid uterine tonic. It makes the monthly periods regular and without pain; and what a blessing it is to find such a remedy after so many doctors fail to help you. I am pleased to recommend it to all suffering women."— Mrs. Sara Wilson, 31 East 3d Street, Cincin-

If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhea, flooding, nervous prostration, dizzi-ness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We might cut out the music, softi) suggested a bad young man in the rear of the auditorium .- Evansville Courier.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teeth Disorders. move and regulate the Bowel and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE A dress A. S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N. Y.

Two Questions. - She-Are you sure you love me for myself alone?

He-Did you think I loved you for your mother?-Somerville Journal.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itehing, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINT MENT fulls to cure you in \$ to 14 days 506.

The war who never takes enny risks makes az menny blunders a enny hoddy.

PRE EN DAVID BENNEDYS FAVORIT

How high can that soprano sing! As bigh as \$5,000 a night, answered the manager, absent-mindedly. - New

# GRANT LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA

During the months of March and April, there will be Excursions on the various line of railway to the Chadren West. Hundreds of thousands of the best Wheat and Grazing lands on the Continent free to the settler. Adjoining lands may be purchased from railway. Apply for information to Superint indent of Immigra tion, Ottawn, annata, or to W. V. hennett, sol New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb. Auth. rized Government Agents.

Flense say where you saw this advertisement. I look upon most nothings az faisi -at best, mere sauce for the ole

The top round ov the la mer iz the dangerous one; come at d roost with me, mi boy, on the mindl one,

Mrs. Wirslows SOOTHING STRUP for chi dren to thing, softens the gums reduces infli mation, allays pain, cures colic Price 25c bottle.

"Kno thys If" iz the put o pner's stone; it haz allwass been a sekret, and pr table allwess will be.

### BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES catarrh of the stomach.

I never yet had min n way in enotyling but what I saw if er aid how I could hav mor v ... non-it



to thout, to do