

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
 Cripps, it took me a very long time to warn him up to the matter again. He was burning for some great suit-at-law against some rival nursery, which always pays the upstart one; but I led him round and by patient words and simple truth brought him back to reason. The packing of the bag he remembered well, and the pouring of a lot of buckwheat husks around and among the potato sets, to keep them from bruising, and to keep out frost. And he sent his best man to the Oxford coach, the first down from London, which passed by their gate about ten o'clock, and would be in Oxford about two, with the weather and the roads as usual. In that case, the bag could scarcely have been at the 'Black Horse' more than half an hour before you came and laid hold of it; and being put into the bar, as the Squire's parcels always are, it was very unlikely to be tampered with.
 "It was witchcraft then! The same as I said all along; it were witches' craft, and nothing else."
 "Stop, Cripps, don't you be in such a hurry. But wait till you hear what I have next to tell. But oh, here comes my friend Hardenow, as punctual as the clock strikes two!—Well, old fellow, how are you getting on?"
 The Rev. Thomas Hardenow, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose, strode into his own room at full speed, and stopped abruptly at sight of the carrier. "Of all men most I have avoided thee," was in his mind; but he spoke it not, though being a strongly outspoken man. Not that he ever had done any wrong to make him be shy of the Cripps race; but that he felt it in his heart a desire for composure, which must be dangerous. He knew that in him lurked a foolish tendency towards Esther; and he knew that she had done her best to overcome a still more foolish turn towards him.
 Cripps, however, looked upon any little bygone "cooing" as a social and congenial topic, enabling a quiet man to get on with almost any woman. Like a sensible man, he had always acquitted Hardenow of any blame in the matter, knowing that young girls' fancies may be caught without any angling. "If her chest be to a fool, how were he to blame for it?" And the carrier never forgot the stages of social distinction. "Servant, sir," he therefore said, with his usual salaam; "hope I see you well, sir."
 "Thank you, Zacchary," said Mr. Hardenow, taking the carrier's hand, "I am pretty well, thank you."
 "Then you don't look it, sir, that you doesn't. We heerd you was getting on wonderful well. But the proof of the puddin' ain't in you, sir."
 "That's right, Cripps," cried Overshute; "give it to him, Cripps. Why, he starves himself. Ever since he took his first and second, and got his fellowship and took orders, he hasn't known what a good dinner is. He keeps all the fasts in the calendar, and the vigils of the festivals, and he ought to have an appetite for the feasts; but he overstates his time, and can't keep anything on his stomach."
 "Now, Russel, as usual!" Hardenow answered, with a true and pleasant smile; "what a fine fellow you would be if you only had moderation! But I see that you want to talk to Cripps; and I have several men waiting in the quad."
 "There goes one of the finest fellows, of all fine fellows yet." With these words Russel Overshute ran to the window and looked out. A dozen or more of young men were waiting, the best undergraduates of the college, for Mr. Hardenow to lead them for fifteen miles, without a word.
 "Sir," said Cripps, "you might a' seen as I was waiting, until such time as you please to go on w' 'em."
 "Very well, that satisfies the most exacting historian. I will go on where I left off. Well, I left the foreman of the nursery telling me about the man he sent with the bag of potatoes to the Oxford coach. He told me he was one of his sharpest hands, who had been off work for a week or two then, and had only returned that morning. 'Joe Smith' was his name, and when they could get him to work he would do as much as any other two men. Here to-day and gone to-morrow had always been his character; and they thought that he must be of gypsy race, and perhaps had a wandering family.
 "This made me a little curious about the man; and I asked to see him. But the foreman said that for some days now he had not been near the nursery, and they thought that he was in the neighborhood of Nettledale. Suddenly I thought of your sister's tale, and I said to the foreman, 'Does he speak like this?' frowning as well as I could your sister's imitation of him. 'You know the man, sir,' the foreman answered, 'you have got him so exactly that you must have heard him many times.'
 "Cripps, you may well suppose that my suspicions were strong by this time. Here was your sister's description confirmed to the very letter; and here was the clear opportunity offered for slipping the wretch of hair into the bag."
 "Your worship, now, your worship! you be a bit too sharp! If that there man were at Headington Quarry at sightfall of Tuesday, how could he possibly a' been to Maldenhead next morning? No, no, your worship are too sharp."
 "Too thick, you mean, Cripps; and not sharp enough. Those long-legged gypsies think very little of going thirty miles in a night. And then there is the up wall

coach. Of course he would not pay his fare, but he might hang on beneath the guard's buggy, with or without his knowledge, and slip away at the changing houses.
 "Very well, sir," said Cripps, discreetly; "who be I for to argify?"
 "Well, I went back to the inn at once, and rode leisurely to Henley. It was raining hard and the river in flood with all the melted snow and so on, when I crossed that pretty bridge. I went into the entrance of that good inn by the waterside. The landlord was good enough to come out, and knowing me from old boating days, he got into a talk with me. Remembering how the gypsies hang about the boats and the waterside, I asked him whether any of them happened to be in the neighborhood just now. He thought, perhaps, that I was timid about my dark ride homeward, and he told me all he knew of them. There was one lot, as usual, in the open ground about Newnham, and another large camp near Chalgrove, and another, quite a small pitch that, on the edge of the first above Nettledale.
 "This last was the lot for me; and I pressed him so about them that he looked at me with a peculiar grin. 'What do you mean by that?' I asked. 'Now, Squire Overshute, as if you did not know?' he answered. 'Doth your worship happen to remember Cinnaminta's name?'
 "Cripps, I assure you I was astonished. Of course you knew Cinnaminta—well, I don't want to be interrupted. No one could say any harm of her; and a lovelier girl was never seen. The landlord had heard some bygone gossip about Cinnaminta and myself. I did admire her. I am not ashamed to say that I greatly admired her. And so did every young fellow here who had got a bit of thick in him. I will not go into that question; but you know what Cinnaminta was."
 Cripps nodded, with a thick mixture of feelings. His poetical self had been smitten more with Cinnaminta than he cared to tell. "To be sure, your worship," was all he said.
 "Very well, now you understand me. To hear of Cinnaminta being in that camp at Nettledale made be determined. When I got to the end of 'the fair-mile,' the night came down in earnest. All day there had been spits of rain, with sudden puffs of wind, and streaks of green upon the sky, and racing clouds with ragged edges. The road was running like a river; come here and go there, life glass it shone. I stooped upon Canteleupe's neck, or the wind would have dashed me back over his crupper.
 "Suddenly, in this swirl and roar, my horse stood steadfast. He spread his fore legs and stooped his head to throw his balance forward; and his mane swished down in a waterfall of hair. I was startled as much as he was, and in the strange light stared about. 'You have better eyes than I have,' I said.
 "I followed the turn of his head, and there I saw a whites thing in the ditch. Something white or rather of a whity-brown color was in the trough, with something dark leaning over it. 'Who are you there?' I shouted, and the wind blew my voice back between my teeth.
 "'Nort to you, master. Nort to you. Go on, and look to your own consarns.'
 "This rough reply was in a harsh, high cackle, rather than a human voice; but it came through the roar of the tempest clearly, as no common voice could come. For a moment, I had a great mind to do exactly as I was ordered. But curiosity, and perhaps some pity for the fellow, stopped me. 'I will not leave you, my friend,' I said, 'until I am sure that I can do no good.' The man was in such trouble that he made no answer which I could hear, so I jumped from my horse, who would come no nearer; and holding the bridle, I went up to see.
 "In as sheltered a spot as could be found, lay, or rather rolled and kicked, a poor child in a most violent fit. 'Don't e' now, my little Tom; don't e', that's a deary, don't!' The man kept coaxing, and moaning, and trying to smooth down little legs and arms. 'Let it have it's way,' I said; 'only keep the head well up; and try to put something between the teeth.' Without any answer, he did as I bade; and what he put betwixt the teeth must have been his own great thumb. Of course he mistook me for a doctor. None but a doctor was likely to be out riding on so rough a night.
 "Ah, now I pity they poor chaps!" cried Carrier Cripps. "Your worship'll 'scuse me abreakin' in. But there's half my arrands to do yet. Might I make so bold—your worship be coming to see the Squire. Your worship is not like some worships be. Your worship is not the man to take me crooked. I means no liberty, mind you."
 "Of that I am certain," Mr. Overshute answered. "Cripps, your suggestion just hits the mark. I particularly want to see your sister. And I did not like to see her, until you should have had time to prepare her. I have several things to see to here, and then I will ride to Beckley. Mrs. Hookham will give me a bit of dinner, when I have seen my dear friend the Squire. At night, I will come down and finish my story with you."

CHAPTER XII.

Any kind, good-natured person, loving bright simplicity, would have thought it a little treat to look round the carrier's dwelling room upon that Saturday evening when he expected Mr. Overshute. The room was still a kitchen, and she

had made no attempt to disguise that much. But what can look better than a kitchen, clean and bright, and well supplied with the cheery tools of appetite? It was a good-sized room, and very picturesque with snugness. Little corners, in and out, gave play for light and shadow; the fire place retired far enough to well express itself; and the dresser had brass-handled drawers, that seemed quietly nursing table cloths. Well, above these, upon lofty hooks, the chronicles of the present generation might be read on cups. Zacchary headed the line of course; and then—as Genesis is ignored by grander generations—Exodus, and Leviticus and Numbers, and a great many more, showed that the carrier's father and mother had gladly baptized every one.
 Russel Overshute knocked at the door, in his usual quick and impetuous way. In the main he was a gentleman; and he would have knocked at a nobleman's door exactly as he did at the carrier's. To put it more plainly—Overshute knocked hard, and meant no harm by it.
 "Come in, sir, and kindly welcome," Cripps began, as he showed him in; "please to take this chair, your worship. Never mind your boots; the mud of three counties cometh here."
 "Then it goes away again very quickly! Miss Cripps, how are you? May I shake hands?"
 Esther, who had been shrinking into the shade of the clock and the dresser, came forward with a brave bright blush, and offered her hand, as a lady might. Russel Overshute took it kindly, and moved to her curtsy, and smiled at her. In an honest, manly way he admired pretty Esther.
 "Cripps," he continued, "have you told your sister all I told you at Brasenose? Very well, then; I may begin at the point where I left off with you. Where did I break it? I almost forget."
 "With the man's big thumb in the mouth of the child, and the wind and the rain blowing furious."
 "Ah, yes, I remember; and so they were. I thought that the crust of the hedge would fall over and bury the whole of us out of the way. And when the poor boy had kicked out his convulsions, and fallen into a senseless sleep, the rough man turned on me savagely, as if I could have prevented it. 'A pretty doctor you be,' he exclaimed. 'Stand back, there!' I said; and I lifted the child and placed the poor little fellow on my horse, and managed to get up into my saddle before the wind blew him off again. 'Now lead the way to your home,' I said. And muttering something, he set out.
 "He strode along at such a pace that, having to manage both child and horse, it was all I could do to keep up with him. But I kept him in sight till he came to a common; and there he struck sharply away to the right. By the light of the wind and the rain I followed him perhaps for half a mile through a narrow track, in and out furze and bramble. At last he turned suddenly round a corner, and a shadow fell behind him—his own shadow thrown by a gusty gleam of fire. Canteleupe—that is my horse, Miss Esther—has not learned to stand fire yet, and he shied at the light, and set off through the furze, as if with the hounds in full cry before him. We were very lucky not to break our necks.
 "I got my horse under command, but we must have gone half a mile anywhere, and to find the way back seemed a hopeless task. But the quick-witted people saved me miles of roundabout by a very simple expedient. They hoisted from time to time a torch of dry furze blazing upon a pole; and though the light flared and went out on the wind, by the quick repetition they guided me. Canteleupe, and the child, and I fetched back to the place. And we saw, not a flash, but a glow this time, a steadfast body of cheerful fire, with pots and cauldrons over it. So well had the spot been chosen, in the lee of ground and growth, that the ash of the fire lay round the embers, as still as the beard of an oyster; while thicker and tree but a few yards off were, thrashing in the wind and wailing. Behind this fire, and under a rick-cloth sloping from a sandstone crest, women and children and one or two men sat as happy and snug as could be; dry, and warm, and ready for supper, and pleased with the wind and the rain outside, which improved their comfort and appetite.
 "But while I was watching them a woman came out of the darkness after me. Heedless of weather, and reckless of self, she had been seeking for me, or rather for my little burden. Her hair was steeped with the drenching rain, and her dark clothes hung on the lines of her figure, as women hate to let them do. Her eyes and face I could not see because of the way the light fell; but I seemed to know her none the less.
 "While I gazed in doubt, my little fellow slipped like an eel from my clasp and the saddle; and almost before I could tell where he was—there he was in the arms of his mother! Wonders of love now began to go on; and it struck me that I was one too many in a scene of that sort; and I turned my good horse, to be off and away. But the woman called out and a man laid hold of my bridle and took his hat off. I saw that it was my good friend of the ditch. He was doing no less than inviting me, with all his heart, to an uncommonly good dinner!"
 "Now that," said Cripps, "is what I call the proper way of doing things. Arter all, they hatbens knows a dale more than we credit 'em."
 (To be continued.)

Fair but Deceitful.

Chimney—I told her I'd die if she refused me, an' showed her de dime I'd saved for carbolic acid.
 Johnny—An' wot did she do?
 Chimney (groaning)—Do? She jollied me along till I blowed de dime on soda water, and den refused me.—Puck.

Sugar in a Beet.
 Beets yield 12 to 13 per cent of their weight in sugar.

Topics of the Times

The French postoffice department is now operating twenty motor car postal routes in various parts of the country.
 Magnetic iron sand has recently been discovered on the south coast of Java, and it is reported to be very valuable.
 The new parliament building in Stockholm, which was begun ten years ago, is now completed. It lies on a small island.
 A peculiar fact is that 1905 began on Sunday, and therefore has fifty-three Sundays. This will not occur again in 110 years.
 The Trappist monks of Algiers have sold their buildings and land, and like most of the persecuted French orders, have gone to Italy.
 Among female Moors birthday celebrations are unknown. A Moorish woman considers it a point of honor to be absolutely ignorant of her age.
 Jules Verne seems doomed to disappointment. His great ambition is to be elected to the French academy, but the prospect of its realization is not bright.
 German soldiers are to have a new tunic, cut like a blouse, with a low standup collar. Visibility of bright buttons on the tunics is to be tested at various distances.
 The French government has bestowed the decoration Palmes Academiques on Miss Frances Johnston, of Washington, D. C. But one other American woman has been honored in this way.
 Down in one of the southern Kansas towns, the other day, the preacher at a funeral made a sad mess of it when he attempted to read an obituary of the dead woman. She was born in Ystradgynlas, Glamorganshire, Wales. —Kansas City Journal.
 The peninsula of Arabia has an area of some 1,200,000 square miles, with a population estimated at from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000. The Turkish province of Yemen is most populous, and is highly fertile. Aden commands a total export and import trade of some \$30,000,000.
 In the course of a case at Lambeth County Court, London, it was in evidence that old hard felt hats, which were valueless up to a few months ago, could now be sold for \$35 a ton, and the market was rising. The hats are burned to get the shellac, which is worth 50 cents a pound.
 Military critics claim that the sword is a part of the field equipment of officers of the infantry is doomed. Its uselessness in this connection has been realized for many years, and a proposition that it be done away with is understood to have the approval of the authorities of the United States War Department.
 Among the curiosities recently presented to the Maritzburg museum, in South Africa, is a chain twenty-three feet six inches long, carved from the trunk of a tree by "Knobnose" natives, a tribe in the Zoutspanberg district, Transvaal. The chain is continuous, requiring phenomenal patience and skill in carving.
 It is said that there are in London about 2,000 charitable institutions and organizations to advance the cause of progressive and advanced civilization. The number includes large and small institutions, affording more or less relief to the afflicted and those in distress. They are supported almost entirely by personal contributions.
 Some of the farmers near Santa Rosa, Cal., are experimenting with tea-growing, and their efforts seem to be meeting with success. It is said that there is no reason why tea should not be grown in some sections of this country, though the earlier South Carolina experiment is not known to be making great headway.
 Prof. Goldlob has been telling the Christiania Academy of Science the results of his investigations into the migrations of whales. These creatures hang about the coast of Norway and Finland until the spring is well advanced, and then go away on their travels. Some go to the Azores, others to Bermuda and the Antilles, and they cover these enormous distances in an incredibly short time. Some of them bring back harpoons which bear the names of ships and other evidences of where these migrants have been for their summer holidays.

NATURE IN GREEK ART.

As to Animal and Vegetable Forms by Hellenic Artists.
 Look at any collection of Greek coins, half of them bear representations of animals—animals treated so tenderly and with such feeling for the texture of feather and hide that here can be little doubt that the artist studied them with understanding and affection. Look at the eagles of Agrigentum devouring their prey, says a writer in Macmillan's Magazine, the splendid eagle's head of Elis,

or the lion and calf of Dyrhachium, or the bull of Eretria scratching his head to the very life; the chariot horses of the cities of Magna Graecia tossing their heads in eagerness for the contest.
 We are even told that a bronze cow was the chief glory of the great Myron. The same is true of gem engraving—grayhounds, dolphins and rams appear drawn with a wonderful truth to nature; indeed, in some cases the engraver has made his design correspond to the color of his stone, so that a cow will appear on an emerald as if in a green field, or a dolphin on a berg as if in the blue green sea water, though that may possibly be due to the desire to emphasize the power of the gem as an amulet.
 In the treatment of floral and vegetable forms the result is disappointing. Flowers and leaves occur on coins, but their treatment is not successful, it is neither natural nor conventional. The wheat ear of Metapontum, the parsley leaf of Selinus, the rose of Rhodes are unsatisfactory; all that can be said for them is that they are unmistakable.
 On a coin of Gortyna in Crete Europa is seen seated in a tree which is certainly drawn after a more natural pattern; but even here it is inferior to the bull on the other side so complacently licking his back. It is doubtful whether a natural treatment of flowers is suitable as a decoration for vases. Admirers of the Worcester china of our own day will say that it is, but the question remains open.
 No one, however, will deny that most beautiful conventional patterns may be made from floral forms, yet the only cases of such designs on Greek vases are, so far as I know, the stereotyped lotus and palmetta. The vine appears as the adjunct of Dionysus, and sometimes alone, as on a vase where satyrs are gathering on the grapes, yet the treatment is almost always inadequate, and in no case, I believe, does the olive appear on vases of Athenian manufacture.
 An apple bough is seen on a very beautiful white ground vase by Sotades in the British museum, but the general feeling for floral forms is different from that which the Mycenaean potter had for the weeds and flowers of the deep. Where they do occur it is generally as a necessary part of a story which the human interest is paramount. Triptolemus, for instance, holds the wheat ears in his hand, but it is on him that the artist expends his skill; Dionysus is surrounded by the vine, but it is the god at whom we look, not at the curving spirals of the plant. The acanthus leaf, again, is the motive of the Corinthian capital, but it quickly becomes stereotyped; the variety of the Byzantine capitals and friezes shows a far greater love for leaf form.

Charming Dolly Madison.
 To define the charm of a charming woman is always difficult. Dolly Madison's features were not regular, nor was her figure perfect. She was not witty, nor was she wise, and she participated little, if at all, in her husband's intellectual life. Nevertheless she stands out as the greatest of all mistresses of the White House, and her popularity was unbounded. She ruled over her world in Washington with genial good nature and instinctive tact. Her nature was warm, affectionate and impressionable. She loved life and people, and her world loved her. Her brilliant coloring, animated face and well-rounded figure went with a cordial manner and sympathy for those about her amounting to genius, and she was always ready to bubble into laughter.
 Who could resist such a woman, the wife of a President? She was the center of observation at the inaugural ball, but she would have been the center of observation at any ball, even if she had not been the President's wife. She had, in fact, ruled as indisputably over the little boarding house in Philadelphia kept by her mother, when she was the Widow Todd, as she did over the White House as Mrs. Madison.—Century.

Recipe Wanted.
 Young Mrs. Vinton looked over the fence that separates her back yard from Mrs. Hardy's, and her pretty face was troubled, says the Chicago News.
 "Mrs. Hardy!" she called softly.
 "Yes. What is it?" and Mrs. Hardy's matronly figure appeared in her kitchen door.
 "I'm so sorry to trouble you," Mrs. Vinton went on, "but will you tell me some good way to cook clay pigeons? Jimmy has just sent me word that he is going out to shoot some. He's bound to bring a lot home, and I haven't the remotest idea how to prepare them."
 "Uninterested.
 "Why don't you make an effort to do something that will cause your name to be written high in the annals of history?"
 "I'm not interested in any firms that publish history," answered Senator Sorghum coldly. "I don't see why I should be providing them with material."—Washington Star.