pyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller, ] CHAPTER I.

AFTER A STORMY LIFE. To hear people talking about North Devon and the savage part called Exmoor you night almost think that there never was my place in the world so beautiful or any ing men so wonderful. It is not my inten-on to make little of them, for they would e the last to permit it; neither do I feel ill fill against them for the pangs they allowed the to suffer, for I dare say they could not elp themselves, being so slow-blooded and thinking thus I am not alone; for the very best judges of that day stopped short of that end of the world, because the law would not go any further. Nevertheless, every word is true of what I am going to tell, and

My father was Sylvester Ford of Quan-ck, in the County of Somerset, a gentleman large estate as well as ancient lineage. Also of high courage and resolution not to Also of high courage and resolution not to be beaten, as he proved in his many rides with Prince Rupert, and, woe that I should say it! in his most sad death. To this he was not looking forward much, though turned three score years and five; and his only ild and loving daughter, Sylvia, which is myself, had never dreamed of losing him. For he was exceedingly fond of me, little as deserved it, except by loving him with all my heart and thinking nobody like him.



"NO MORE CONVERSE MUST WE HOLD WITH THAT SON OF THE BARON DE WICHEHALSE."

And he, without anything to go upon, except that he was my father, held, as I have often heard, as good an opinion of me.

Upon the triumph of that hard fanatic, the brewer, who came to a timely end by the justice of high heaven—my father, being disgusted with England as well as banished from her, and despoiled of all his property, took service on the continent, and wandered there for many years, until the replacement of the throne. Thereupon, he expected, as many others did, to get his estates restored to him, and perhaps be held in high esteem at court, as he had a right to be, but this did not so come to pass. Excellent words were granted him, and promise of tenfold restitution; on the faith of which he returned to Paris, and married a young Italian turned to Paris, and married a young Italian lady of good birth and high qualities, but with nothing more to come to her. Then, to his great disappointment, he found himself left to live upon air—which, however distinguished, is not sufficient—and love, which, being fed so easily, expects all who lodge with it to live upon itself.

My father was full of strong loyalty; and the King (in his value of that sentiment) showed faith that it would support him. His Majesty took both my father's hands, having comed him with most gracious warmth, and promised him more than he could desire. But time went on, and the bright words faded, like a rose set bravely in a noble vase

Another man had been long established in our hereditaments by the commonwealth; and he would not quit them of his own accord, having a sense of obligation to himself.

an I could know until the harrow passed

Shall I ever cease to thank the Lord that proved myself a good daughter then?

CHAPTER II.

BY A QUIET RIVER. Living as we did all by ourselves, and five except a few books, the sight of which would now that I was full-grown, and beginning



"LITTLE DICK HUTCHINGS WHISTLED."

given him the breeches on his legs and the

Thic be Gare watter," said the boy, "and

I began to run, and the Doone that wa killed was gone away, but the squire la along with his arms stretched out, as quie as a sheep before they hang him up to drain."

CHAPTER III.

WISE COUNSEL.

Some pious people seem not to care how many of their dearest hearts the Lord in heaven takes from them. How well I remember that in later life I met a beautiful young widow who had loved her husband with her one love, and was left with twin babies by him. I feared to speak, for I had lerest of the tender, and my eyes were fu of tears for her. But she looked at me wi some surprise, and said: "You loved my Bo I know," for he was a cousin of my own, and as good a man as ever lived; "but, Sylvia you must not commit the sin of grieving for

It may be so in a better world, if people are allowed to die there; but as long as we

ten am I taken for a clerk in holy nd in better times I might have at sacred vocation, though so un-But I am a member of the older



CHAPTER IV.

A COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

Master Pring was not much of a man to talk. But for power of thought he was considered equal to any pair of other men, and in the proper style of it. So that it was impossible for him to think very highly of the Doones. Gentlemen they might be, he said, and therefore by nature well qualified to fight. But where could they have learned of formation, or even any skill of sword of irearms? "Tush, there was his own son a young trooper as ever drew sword, and per-haps on his way at this very moment, under country of that pestilent race. Ah, ha! We

ma'am; hit her hard what always brings shouted, as I might by the young man whom she

ken in you pretty well! Capt.
Discrete, I know not what—
Is now be all upside down.
The proper name for them,
the proper name for them.

who are you." I said, fo

told thee so!" tool thee so?"
who spoke raised his hat
it he had a scarlet plume,
le Wichehalse gloried in
stretch him that he may
off to Southmolton for woods—as reckless a gallant as ever brok hearts, and those of his own kin foremost yet himself so kind and loving.

CHAPTER V.

MISTAKEN AIMS.

Capt. Purvis, now brought to the Warren in this sad condition, had not been shot by his own men, as the dashing Marwood de Wichehalse said; neither was it true to say that he had been shot by anyone. What happened to him was simply this: While behaving with the utmost gallantry and encouraging the militia of Somerat where culverin on the opposite side of the valley who were the red facings, and had taken their excellent friends and neighbors, the loyal band of Somerset. Either brigade had three culverins, and never having seen

e Lord, you don't even know how to touch

CHAPTER VI.



To Pay for Parnell's Burial.