

# MR. MAGSDALE'S COURTSHIP.

# Slain by the Doones.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

(Author of "Lorna Doone.")

## CHAPTER I.

### AFTER A STORMY LIFE.

To hear people talking about North Devon and the savage part called Exmoor you might almost think that there never was any place in the world so beautiful or any living men so wonderful. It is not my intention to make little of them, for they would be the last to permit it; neither do I feel ill will against them for the pangs they allowed me to suffer, for I dare say they could not help themselves, being so slow-blooded and hard to stir, even by their own egrimonies. But when I look back upon the things that happened, and were for a full generation of mankind accepted as the will of God, I say that the people who endured them must have been born to be ruled by the devil. And in 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 the stoutest writer of history cannot make less of it by denial.

My father was Sylvester Ford of Quantock, in the County of Somerset, a gentleman of large estate as well as ancient lineage. 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 of three score years and five; and his only child and loving daughter, Sylvia, which is myself, had never dreamed of losing him. For he was exceedingly fond of me, little as I deserved it, except by loving him with all my heart and thinking nobody like him. 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 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 learned that hearty style in France, and welcomed 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 without any nurture under it.

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. Nevertheless, he went so far as to offer my father a share of the land, if some honest lawyers, whom he quoted, could find proper means for arranging it. But my father said: "If I cannot have my rights, I will have my wrongs. No mixture of the two for me." And so, for the last few years of his life, being now very poor, and a widower, he took refuge in an outlandish place, a house and small property in the heart of Exmoor, which had come to the Fords on the spindle side, and had been overlooked when their patrimony was confiscated by the brewer. Of him I could speak with no contempt, because he was ever as good as his word.

In the course of time we had grown used to live according to our fortunes. And I verily believed we were quite content, and repined but little at our lot. For my father was a very simple-minded man, who had seen so much of uproarious life, and the false hood of friends, and small glitter of great folks, that he was glad to fall back upon his own good will. Moreover, he had his books, and me; and as he always spake out his thoughts he seldom grudged to thank the Lord for having left both of these to him. I felt a little jealous of his books now and then, as a very poor scholar might be; but reason is the proper guide for women, as we are quick enough in discerning it, without having to borrow it from books.

At any rate, now we were living in a wood, and trees were the only creatures near us, to the best of our belief and wish. Few might say in what part of the wood we lived, unless they saw the smoke ascending from our single chimney, so thick were the trees, and the land they stood on so full of sudden rise and fall. But a little river called the Lynn made a crooked border to it, and being for its size as noisy a water as any in the world, perhaps, can be heard all through the trees, and leaves to the very top of the Warren wood. In the summer all this was sweet and pleasant; but lonely, and dreary, and shuddersome when the twigs bore drops instead of leaves, and the ground would not stand to the foot, and the play of light and shadow fell, like the lopping of a tree, into one great lump.

Now, there was a young man about this time, and not so very distant from our place—as distances are counted there—whom managed to make himself acquainted with us, although we lived so

privately. To me it was a marvel, both why and how he did it; seeing what little we had to offer, and how much we desired to live alone. But Mrs. Pring told me to look in the glass if I wanted to know the reason; and while I was blushing with anger at that, being only just turned 18 years, and thinking of nobody but my father, she asked if I had never heard the famous rhymes made by the wise woman at Tarr-steps: Three fair maids live upon Exmoor, The rocks and the woods and the dairy-door.

The son of a baron shall woo all three, But barren of them all shall the young man be.

Of the countless things I could never understand, one of the very strangest was how Deborah Pring, our only domestic, living in the lonely depths of this great wood, and seeming to see nobody but ourselves, in spite of all that contrived to know as much of the doings of the neighborhood as if she went to market twice a week. But my father cared little for any such stuff; coming from a better part of the world, and having been mixed with mighty issues and making of great kingdoms, he never said what he thought of those little combings of petty pie-crusts, because it was not worth his while. And yet he seemed to take a kindly liking to the young De Wichelhalse; not as a youth of birth only, but as one driven astray perhaps by harsh and austere influence. For his father, the Baron, was a godly man—which is much to the credit of any one, growing rarer and rarer, as it does—and there should be no rasp against such men, if they would only bear in mind that in their time they had been young and were not quite so perfect then. But lo! I am writing as if I knew a great deal more than I could know until the harrow passed over me.

No one, however, need be surprised at the favor this young man obtained with all who came into his converse. Handsome and beautiful as he was, so that bold maids longed to kiss him, it was the sadness in his eyes, and the gentle sense of doom therein, together with a laughing scorn of it, that made him come home to our nature, in a way that it feels, but cannot talk of. And he seemed so young and bright and brave; of the time when greater things were done, and men would die for women. That he should woo three maids in vain, to me was a stupid old woman's tale.

"Sylvia," my father said to me when I was not even thinking of him, "no more converse must we hold with that son of the Baron de Wichelhalse. I ordered Pring to keep the door; and Mistress Pring, who hath the stronger tongue, to come up if he attempted to dispute; the while I go away to catch our supper."

He was bearing a fishing rod made by himself, and a basket strapped over his shoulders.

"But why, father? Why should such a change be? How hath the young gentleman displeased thee?" I put my face into his beard as I spoke, that I might not appear too curious.

"Is it so?" he answered. "Then high time it is. No more shall he enter this"—house he would have said, but being so truthful changed it into—"hut. I was pleased with the youth. He is gentle and kind; but weak—my dear child, remember that. Why are we in this hut, my dear, and thou, the heir of the best land in the world, now picking up sticks in the wilderness? Because the man who should do us right is weak and wavering and careth but for pleasure. So is the young Marwood de Wichelhalse. He rideth with the Doones. I knew it not, but now that I know it is enough."

My father was of tall stature and of fine presence, and his beard shone like a cascade of silver. It was not the manner of the young as yet to argue with their elders, and though I might have been a little flustered by the comely gallant's lofty talk and gaze of daring melancholy, I said good-by to him in my heart as I kissed my noble father. Shall I ever cease to thank the Lord that I proved myself a good daughter then?

(To Be Continued.)

## CHICAGO'S POVERTY.

Not Money Enough in the Treasury to Conduct the City's Affairs.

A despatch from Chicago says:—A meeting of public-spirited men was held at the Palmer House the other day under the auspices of the Civic Federation, to which real estate men, bankers, lawyers, labor leaders, and merchants were invited to discuss reforms in tax laws and revenue systems. Mayor Swift said in his speech that it was a splendid idea to discuss elaborate schemes which would bring results in six or seven years, but some plan by which Chicago could be rescued from the most distressing emergency into which any city had ever been thrown would please him better. He said that he expects to be compelled to close several bridges and viaducts because it is criminal carelessness to risk human lives on their rotten foundations. He said public safety demanded an increase of 500 men in the Police Department, with no possible way of providing against the menacing danger. He said the Health Department was in a crippled state, and concluded with the statement that, with the streets reeking with filth, the meagre street-cleaning appropriation is all but exhausted. The Fire Department is handicapped by lack of funds to increase the force, and from top to bottom the local government was suffering for money and being conducted largely to avoid an increase of the floating indebtedness of \$5,000,000. A general discussion of the situation followed. Meantime a committee of five will prepare some definite plans to be worked on at the next gathering so that the embarrassed financial condition of the city may be dealt with properly.

## His Barber Uses Only Scissors.

No Nihilist will ever get at the Czar of Russia with a razor, at least in the guise of a barber. The autocrat has his whiskers carefully trimmed, but with scissors. Even this is treated as a responsible and important function, and of the four Grand Masters of the Court, as they are called, one always attends the Czar when his Majesty is under the barber's care. Not that any doubt is felt as to the fidelity of the tonsorial artist. The family of Guelabovski have been barbers to the Imperial House of Romanoff from the time of Czar Paul,

# PRINCESS'S PET DAUGHTER.

SOME ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE PRINCESS MAUD.

She is Known in the Family as Harry—Carves Pipes, Stuffs Birds, Pays Visits to Cognac, Plays the Violin, and Fond of Tea.

Princess Maud of Wales, the most vivacious and original of all the young women in the British royal family, is about to be married. The daughters and granddaughters of Queen Victoria mostly bear a strong resemblance to that model of all the solid domestic virtues. They go in heartily for good works, but they afford little amusement to fashionable society or the community at large. The Princess Maud is an exception.

She is the youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the second still unmarried. Her eldest sister, Princess Louise, married the Duke of Fife. The other daughter, Princess Victoria, is waiting for an opportunity to make some eligible prince happy.

The future husband of Princess Maud is Prince Karl of Denmark. The Princess was born Nov. 26, 1869, and is therefore twenty-six years of age. The Prince was born Aug. 3, 1872, and is therefore only twenty-three years of age. The Princess has reached an age much later than that at which most princesses are married, and has developed a well-defined character of her own. The Prince, however, is reported to be amiable as well as youthful, and it is to be hoped he will not give her much trouble.

The Prince and Princess are FIRST COUSINS.

The list of such marriages in the English royal family is already remarkably long. The Princess's mother the Princess of Wales, is a daughter of the King of Denmark. The young Prince is the second son of the Crown-Prince Frederick of Denmark, whose father is King of Denmark.

The young people are said to be in love with one another, a statement commonly made by the English newspapers when a royal engagement is announced. The Times says: "The fact that it is a pure love match, free from all suspicion of State influence, will add immensely to its popularity with the English people."

The Princess Maud is short, dark and vivacious. The Prince is very big, blond and sedate. Both are fond of athletic sports.

The Princess is a favorite with the gayest and most hospitable set in English society. She has no doubt inherited some of her father's liberal ideas, as many as are good for a young woman. She has not been overawed and reduced to respectable dulness by her august grandmother.

In the family circle she is known as "Harry." This is a very interesting fact. The name "Harry" sounds very suitable for a young woman of high spirits and sporting inclinations.

She is her father's favorite daughter having endeavored herself to him by her delicate attentions when he was suffering from indisposition, to which his convivial habits rendered him frequently liable. A prince of a great royal family is not so familiar as the ordinary mortal with the soothing ministrations of wife or daughter in these hours of sorrow, and we may be sure that when he is the object of them he appreciates them highly.

Besides bearing the name of Harry in the royal family, the Princess is also known as Miss Mills. In order to avoid the ceremony which must inevitably attend the doings of a princess, she has made visits to country houses under this name, and insists that her hosts and their visitors and servants should regard her as an untitled young woman. This was, no doubt, pleasant for the Princess, for after a few years' experience, it must be rather wearisome to have nobody speak until you start the conversation, and nobody do anything until you give them permission. As Miss Mills she made many friendships, and it is said that many young Englishmen have

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to the lady. She made one visit of two weeks where her rank was not known to the other visitors the whole time.

Princess Harry rides, drives and skates with much skill, and is proficient in other athletic sports, but does not shoot. She is particularly clever with her hands, being able to carve wood to make pipes and to work little things in copper and bronze. She has many talents which should enable her to beautify the home at small expense. Possibly she could write a woman's page, and certainly she could tell how to construct cosy corners.

Pipe making is said to be the gift of which she is proudest. She has presented pipes handsomely carved by her own hands to several of her two or three hundred cousins. One which she gave to her cousin, the Emperor William, greatly pleased him and is the favorite pipe of His Majesty when assuming one of his numerous characters, that of the placid German citizen, devoted to his beer, his pipe, his family and his fatherland.

Princess Harry also wears a monocle, is an expert amateur photographer, and a good violinist. She is, in fact, only inferior in the number of her accomplishments to her cousin, the German Emperor, and no one, imperial or royal or otherwise, is in it with him.

She has mingled with the crowds at public exhibitions, a very unusual and not always an easy thing for royal persons to do, and has ridden on the top of a London omnibus. She is also expert in the use of her tongue, and not always gentle.

The Princess has apparently much less individuality than his fiancée. He is an officer in the Danish Navy, and has been recently stationed in the West Indies. He is fond of athletic sports and is very big, a characteristic of his family. He is over six feet, and the only one of his near relatives who is bigger is Prince George of Greece.

Humility is the truest abstinence in the world.—Delany.

"It is I," he answered irritably. "Well, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bunshaw in tones which would have led a casual hearer to suppose that it was Peter's acknowledged habit to sleep on the doorstep when he came home late. "What do you want?" "I—I want to get in," replied her brother, with chattering teeth.

"Pray, do you know what time it is?" she asked.

"I don't know. I was detained (sneeze). I really couldn't get home any sooner." (sneeze).

Mrs. Bunshaw referred his appeal to the higher court of Principle to obtain its views about the propriety of entertaining it, and a long pause was thus necessitated. "I will let you in this time, Peter," she said, at length, as though by doing so she incurred grave responsibility. "Miss Terripeg was here this evening, and I am much vexed at your behaviour.—There is the key," she continued, throwing it down to him. "I will speak to you about this in the morning." Peter clutched the key, and let himself in, breathing a silent but earnest prayer of gratitude for the whim which had moved his sister to let him go to bed in peace.

The next morning he awoke with a cold so severe that he could not get up, and as Cornelia considered suspense had a softening and beneficial effect, she delayed calling him to account until the evening; but before then she had a visitor in the person of Miss Parkins, who came to tell her of the result produced by the solicitor's letter.

"I knew it would bring him on his knees," said Mrs. Bunshaw at the end of Miss Parkins' story.

"He is willing, nay, anxious to adhere to his engagement; and I think Mary will forgive him, being unaware of the means with which we have brought him back."

"Our sole object of course is to secure your niece's rights," said Mrs. Bunshaw, after a minute's thought. "If you will bring her to see me to-morrow, we will see what more can be done, though I do not think we can do anything further now."

Miss Parkins took her leave, promising to bring Mary Cressburn the following day, and Cornelia went up-stairs to see the recalcitrant Peter. She found him seated by the fire, a hoarse and woe-begone victim of catarrh, and took up her station opposite him in solemn silence. "I will say nothing about your late return last night, Peter," she began after a time, "nor will I refer to the occupation which detained you; for that you are sufficiently punished already. I feel it my duty, however, to speak to you very seriously about Anna Terripeg."

Peter fidgeted and looked a shade unhappier than he did when she came in, but said nothing.

"You know that your demeanour towards her has not been that of an ordinary acquaintance."

"I don't know how; she is no more than an ordinary acquaintance."

"I can't believe that you mean what you say, Peter. During the past month I have looked upon her in the light of a sister."

Peter muttered something about his willingness to look upon her in the light of a sister, too; but the concession was unacceptable, and earned him a severe snub for his improper levity.

"She will be here to-morrow. She has never doubted that you mean to make her your wife; and to draw back now would be to jilt her—yes, to jilt her," he started at the word. "You must speak to-morrow."

The time had come to put an end to this dream of Cornelia's, and Peter roused himself to do it. Engaged as he was to Mary Cressburn, he could not allow it to go any further. "If Miss Terripeg has any idea of the kind, Cornelia, your words, and not mine, have given it to her. I've shown her the usual civility due to a friend, and nothing more, in spite of your palpable efforts to throw us together, which I couldn't prevent."

"I know what Anna thinks, and how she has come to regard you. She has opened her heart to me and shown me her inmost thoughts."

"She wouldn't have done that unless you had given her sympathy and encouragement."

"How could I refuse to sympathize with her, knowing her as I do, and believing in your honesty—I will say nothing more now," said she, rising; "but before you meet her again, weigh carefully what I have said."

"I have never said a word to Miss Terripeg that might not be said to any acquaintance."

"Though you have bound yourself by no promise," said Mrs. Bunshaw in her most impressive platform tones, "she has your unspoken pledge, which is as sacred, in the eyes of an honorable man. A relation of mine who breaks his word to a woman, need expect nothing from me when I have done with this world's goods," she added, and she left him, after firing this as a parting shot. In her own mind she knew well that there was great truth in Peter's assertion that she had encouraged her friend to believe that he meant to marry her.

"But his attentions were so patent," she argued to herself; "he was always begging me to have her here, and used to be quite restless until he could have her to himself to take home."

Up-stairs, Peter was reproaching himself with his share in the business, in happy ignorance of the crisis which was impending the next day.

Mrs. Bunshaw had arranged a little tea-party, at which all our friends were to be present to witness the reconciliation of Allan and Mary Cressburn, and, if possible, the betrothal of Peter to Anna Terripeg. With regard to the latter couple, Cornelia had very grave doubts, but she meant to do her best to bring the engagement about.

Every one has arrived, and Mrs. Bunshaw has gone away for a moment to call Peter; so Allan takes advantage of her absence to say something to Mary Cressburn. "His sister simply rules him. I am certain that nothing but his dread of her interference made him so reluctant to let you know her. He came to me the other day after I last saw you, and was half mad at the idea of losing you, as he thought you meant to give him up."

Allan was doing all he could to patch up the quarrel, and was on a fair way

to success, for Mary knew nothing of Messrs. Carrel and Stalker's letter.

She did not answer his arguments. She had told Miss Parkins that she had done with Peter and his love when her last letter to him remained unanswered. Had she been too hasty? Was he the poor weak but faithful creature his cousin made him out? She loved him still, in spite of his neglect and the unmanly feelings which had caused it. Yes; if he would make amends now, here before his friends and her own, she would forgive him, but it should be his last chance.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entry of Mrs. Bunshaw and her brother. He did not know Miss Cressburn was in the house; but on being told that Miss Terripeg was there, he silently resolved to declare his engagement to the former in the presence of the latter. Whatever unpleasantness might result, it would put a final stop to the scheming which could only be productive of pain to one and vexation to the other.

Cornelia was posing for an opening speech, and did not see the start he gave when he saw Miss Cressburn in the room; she gave reign to her organ of language at once, and proceeded to make everything nice and comfortable before she descended to domestic affairs and rang for tea. She addressed her cousin first, and the magnanimous kindness of her remarks would have moved most men of good feeling to tears. We deeply regret to record that the effect upon Allan was far otherwise. He grinned; openly and undisguisedly grinned.

"I was most unwilling to believe, Allan, that you had laid yourself open to suspicions which, if just, would have thrown so dark a shadow upon the hitherto unblemished name of Magdsdale. I have invited you here this evening to meet Miss Mary Cressburn. I trust you have explained your conduct towards her, and earned my forgiveness by obtaining hers, for causing her to doubt that your promise."

The looks of blank astonishment on three faces brought her speech, which was only gathering way, to an abrupt termination. Everybody looked at everybody else, and then stared so hard and meaningly at Mrs. Bunshaw, that she paused.

Miss Parkins was the first to recover the use of her tongue, and she hastened to put Cornelia right. "You are making some unaccountable mistake, Mrs. Bunshaw. Your cousin, Mr. Peter Magdsdale, was engaged to my niece."

"Peter!" shrieked Mrs. Bunshaw and Miss Terripeg in a breath—"Peter!"

The hero of this story saw that the moment had come. He walked across the room and took Mary's hand with doubting gentleness; she let him retain it, and he knew he was forgiven. Her presence strengthened him, and he spoke firmly: "I am engaged to marry Miss Cressburn," he said.

For a moment there was a dead silence. Cornelia stood pale but calm, gazing sadly on the pair before her. Her hopes and plans had been defeated; and she, in her blind anxiety to do what she thought right, had done much to destroy them. She would not betray her disappointment; she had undertaken to obtain justice for Mary Cressburn, and the identity of the lover was an element which must not be allowed to affect her pledge. She had, only yesterday, solemnly charged Peter to remember that a promise spoken or unspoken was a thing sacred, and she must not bid him retract the one he had given, now.

"Is this true, Peter?" she said in a low voice.

"It is quite true,"

Miss Terripeg, who had been eagerly waiting for his reply, fell back on the sofa in hysterics; and Cornelia said her last word as she moved over to her assistance: "You might have trusted me to stand your friend, Peter. For the sake of the girl you have allowed to suffer, and to whom you have so tardily made amends, I will not turn your enemy now. The mistake was mine."

And this was the end of Peter Magdsdale's Courtship, for he married Mary Cressburn three weeks later.

(The End.)

## Stories of London Lawyers.

Many prominent lawyers in London are of an evangelistic turn of mind, and employ their leisure by pulpit exercises in whatever denomination they favor. Reader Harris, a well-known Queen's counsel, for instance, is founder and head of the obscure body known as the Pentacostal League. But the best known preaching Queen's counsel is Samuel Waddy, a leading light among Methodists. Mr. Waddy is a good-humored old soul, of whom his "brethren learned in the law" like occasionally to make fun. Once when he was on a circuit with Mr. (now Sir) Frank Lockwood, that witty lawyer determined to see how Waddy behaved in the pulpit. Accordingly, accompanied by a barrister friend, Mr. Lockwood visited the Methodist chapel where Waddy was to preach, and took a prominent front seat. But Waddy espied them when he entered the pulpit, and, knowing their object, determined to get rid of them; so, after some preliminary exercises, he rose and solemnly said:

"Brother Lockwood will lead the congregation in prayer."

"Brother" Lockwood's dismay may be better imagined than described. He vanished from his seat quicker than thought, and no "Methody" chapel has known his proud presence since.

It is not often that any one scores off Lockwood. Generally it is the other way. Once he was engaged on the opposite side from Sir Charles Russell (now Lord Russell, of Killowen), who was trying to browbeat a witness into giving a direct answer, "Yes" or "No."

"You can answer any question 'Yes' or 'No,'" declared Sir Charles.

"Oh, can you?" retorted Lockwood. "May I ask if you have left off beating your wife?"

Of course Lord Russell is not a wife-beater, but he was fairly cornered. If he said "Yes" he admitted the practice; if he said "No" the situation was still worse. He did not press the point with the witness.

## A Light Obligation.

Professor, said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, I am indebted to you for all I know. Pray do not mention such a trifle, and was the reply.