

# SLAIN BY THE DOONE'S.

## CHAPTER VI.

The sound of the woods was with me now, both night and day, to dwell upon. Exmoor in general is bare of trees, though it hath the name of forest; but in the shelter, where the wind flies over are many thick places full of shade. For here the trees and bushes thrive, so copious with rich moisture that, from the hills on the opposite side, no eye may pick holes in the umbrage; neither may a foot that gets amid them be sure of getting out again. And now was the fullest and heaviest time, for the summer had been a wet one, after a winter that went to our bones; and the leaves were at their darkest tone without any sense of autumn. As one stood beneath and wondered at their countless multitude, a quick breathing passed among them, not enough to make them move, but seeming rather as if they wished, and yet were half ashamed to sigh. And this was very sad for one whose spring comes only once for all.

One night toward the end of August I was lying awake thinking of the happier times, wondering what the end would be—for now we had very little money left and I would rather starve than die in debt—when I heard our cottage door smashed in and the sound of horrible voices. The roar of a gun rang up the stairs and the crash of some one falling and the smoke came through my bedroom door and then wailing mixed with curses "Out of the way, old hag!" I heard, and then another shriek, and then I stood upon the stairs and looked down at them. The moon was shining through the shattered door and the bodies and legs of men went to and fro like branches in a tempest. Nobody seemed to notice me, although I had cast over my night dress—having no more sense in the terror—a long silver coat of some animal shot by my father in his wanderings, and the light upon the stairs glistened round it. Having no time to think I was turning to flee and jump out of my bedroom window, for which I had made some arrangements, according to the wisdom of the councilor, when the flash of some light or the strain of my eyes showed me the body of Thomas Pring, our faithful old retainer, lying at the foot of the broken door and beside it his good wife, creeping up to give him the last embrace of death. And lately she had been cross to him. At the sight of this my terror fled and I cared not what became of me. Buckling the white skin round my waist I went down the stairs as steadily as if it were breakfast time and said:

"Brutes! murderers! cowards! you have slain my father! Now slay me!"

Every one of those wicked men stood up and fixed his eyes on me, and if it had been a time to laugh their amazement might have been laughed at. Some of them took me for a spirit—as I was told long afterward—and rightly enough their evil hearts were struck with dread of judgment. But even so, to scare them long in their contemptuous, godless vein was beyond the power of heaven itself; and when one of my long tresses fell, to my great vexation, down my breast, a shocking snarl arose, and words unfit for a maiden's ear ensued:

"None of that! This is no farmhouse wench, but a lady of birth and breeding. She shall be our Queen instead of the one that hath been filched away. Sylvia, thou shalt come with me."

The man who spoke with this mighty voice was a terror to the others, for they fell away before him, and he was the biggest monster there—Carver Doone, whose name for many a generation shall be used to frighten unruly babes to bed. And now as he strode up to me and bowed—to show some breeding—I doubt if the moon, in all her rounds of earth and sky and the realms below fell ever upon another face so cold repulsive, ruthless.

To belong to him, to feel his lips, to touch him with anything but a dagger! Suddenly I saw my father's sword hanging under a beam in the scabbard. With a quick spring I seized it, and leaping up the stairs, had the long blade gleaming in the moonlight. The staircase would not hold two people abreast, and the stairs were as steep as narrow. I brought the point down it, with the hilt against my breast, and there was no room for another blade to swing and strike it up.

"Let her alone!" said Carver Doone, with a smile upon his cold and corpse-like face. "My sons, let the lady have her time. She is worthy to be the mother of many a fine Doone."

The young men began to lounge about in a manner most provoking, as if I had passed from their minds altogether; and some of them went to the kitchen for victuals, and grumbled at our fare by the light of a lantern which they had found upon a shelf. But I stood at my post, with my heart beating so that the long sword quivered like a candle. Of my life they might rob me, but of my honor, never!

"Beautiful maiden! Who hath ever seen the like? Why even Lorna hath not such eyes!"

Carver Doone came to the foot of the stairs and flashed the lantern at me, and thinking that he meant to make a rush for it, I thrust my weapon forward; but at the same moment a great pair of arms was thrown around me from behind by some villain who must have sealed my chamber window, and backward I fell, with no sense of power left.

When my shattered wits came back I felt that I was being shaken grievously, and the moon was dancing in my eyes through a mist of tears, half blinding them. I remember how hard I tried to get my fingers up to wipe my eyes so as to obtain some knowledge; but jerk, and bump, and helpless wonder were all that I could get or take; for my hands were strapped and my feet likewise, and I seemed like a wave going

up and down without any judgment upon the open sea.

But presently I smelled the wholesome smell which a horse of all animals alone possesses, though sometimes a cow is almost as good, and then I felt a mane coming into my hair, and there was the sound of steady feet moving just under me, with a rise and fall and swing alternate, and a sense of going forward. I was on the back of a great strong horse, and he was obeying the commands of man. Gradually I began to think, and understood my awful plight. The Doones were taking me to Doone Glen to be some cut-throat's light-of-love; perhaps to be passed from brute to brute—me Sylva Ford, my father's darling, a proud and dainty and stately maiden, of as good birth as any in this English realm. My heart broke down as I thought of that, and all discretion vanished. Though my hands were tied my throat was free, and I sent forth such a scream of woe that the many winding vale of Lynn with all its wild waters could not drown nor with all its dumb foliage smother it; and the long wall rang from crag to crag, as the wrongs of men echo unto the ears of God.

"Valant damsel, what a voice thou hast! Again and again let it strike the skies. With them we are at peace, being persecuted here according to the doom of all good men. And yet I am loath to have that fair throat strained."

It was Carver Doone who led my horse; and his horrible visage glared in to my eyes through the strange, wan light that flows between the departure of the sinking moon and the flutter of the morning when it cannot see its way. I strove to look at him; but my scared eyes fell, and he bound his rank glove across my poor lips. "Let it be so," I thought, "I can do no more."

Then when my heart was quite gone in despair, and all trouble shrank into a trifle, I heard a loud shout and the trample of feet and the rattle of arms and the clash of horses. Contriving to twist myself a little I saw that the band of the Doones were mounting a saddle-backed bridge in a deep wooden glen with a roaring water under them. On the crown of the bridge a vast man stood, such as I had never descried before, bearing no armor that I could see but wearing a farmer's hat and raising a staff like the stem of a young oak tree. He was striking at no one, but playing with his staff, as if it were a willow in the morning breeze.

"Down with him! Ride him down! Send a bullet through him!" several of the Doones called out, but no one showed any hurry to do it. It seemed as if they knew him and feared his mighty strength, and their guns were now slung behind their backs on account of the roughness of the way.

"Charlie, you are not afraid of him," I heard that crafty Carver say to the tallest of his villains, and a very handsome young man he was. "If the girl were not on my horse I would do it. Ride over him and you shall have my prize when I am tired of her."

I felt the fire coming into my eyes, to be spoken of so by a brute; and then I saw Charlie Doone spur the bridge leaning forward, and swinging a long blade round his head.

"Down with thee, clod!" he shouted; and he showed such strength and fury that I scarce looked at the farmer, dreading to see his great head fly away. But just as the horse rushed at him, he leaped aside with wonderful nimbleness, and the rider's sword was dashed out of his grasp, and down he went, over the back of the saddle, and his long legs spun up in the air as a juggler tosses a two-pronged fork.

"Now for another!" the farmer cried, and his deep voice rang above the roar of Lynn; "or two at once if it suits you better. I will teach you to carry off women, you does!"

But the outlaws would not try another charge. On a word from their leader they all dismounted, and were bringing their long guns to bear, and I heard the click of their flints as they fixed the trigger. Carver Doone, grinding his enormous teeth, stood at the head of my horse, who was lashing and plunging, so that I must have been flung if any of the straps had given way. In terror of the gun flash I shut my eyes, for if I had seen that brave man killed it would have been the death of me as well. Then I felt my horse treading on something soft. Carver Doone was beneath his feet, and an awful curse came from the earth.

"Have no fear!" said the sweetest voice that ever came into the ears of despair. "Sylvia, none can harm you now. Lie still, and let this protect your face."

"How can I help lying still?" I said, as a soft cloak was thrown over me, and in less than a moment my horse was rushing through branches and brushwood that swept his ears. At his side was another horse, and my bridle rein was held by a man who stooped over his neck in silence. Though his face was out of sight I knew that Anthony Purvis was leading me.

There was no possibility of speaking now, but after a tumult of speed we came to an open glade where the trees fell back, and a gentle brook was gurgling. Then Capt. Purvis cut my bonds and, lifting me down very softly, set me upon a bank of moss, for my limbs would not support me; and I lay there unable to do anything but weep.

When I returned to myself the sun was just looking over a wooded cliff, and Anthony, holding a horn of water and with water on his cheeks, was regarding me.

"Did you leave that brave man to be shot?" I asked, as if that were all my gratitude.

"I am not so bad as that," he answered, without any anger, for he saw that I was not in reason yet. "At sight of my men, although we were but five in all, the robbers fled, thinking the regiment was there; but it is God's truth that I thought little of anyone's peril compared with thine. But there need be no fear for John Ridd; the Doones are mighty afraid of him since he cast their culverin through their door."

"Was that the John Ridd I have heard so much of? Surely I might have known it, but my wits were shaken out of me."

"Yes, that was the mighty man of Exmoor, to whom thou owest more than life."

In horror of what I had so narrowly escaped I fell upon my knees and thanked the Lord, and then I went shyly to the Captain's side and said: "I am ashamed to look at thee. Without Anthony Purvis where should I be? Speak of no John Ridd to me."

For this man whom I had cast forth,

with coldness, as he must have thought—although I knew better when he was gone—this man my honored husband now, who hath restored me to my father's place, when Kings had no gratitude or justice, Sir Anthony Purvis, as now he is, had dwelled in a hovel and lived on scraps to guard the forsaken orphan who had won and shall ever retain his love.

(THE END.)

## Lord Killeen's Revenge.

### CHAPTER I.

"Marry him? why did I marry him? Oh, well," said she, with a little light laugh, "that's just it, you see. I wish I could tell you. I really do. But the fact is, I don't know myself."

She stopped, as if she had said all there was to be said, and dropped another lump of sugar into the little delicate eggshell cup before her.

"Money is a power," remarked her cousin, sententiously.

"And he is possessed of it? Yes—she paused again, and then looked up with one of her brilliant smiles. "There is something in that I dare say," she said airily.

"So I must always think, that anything so unsexed as—"

"As he is to me! That's so, certainly," interrupted Mrs. Dundas, complacently.

"As you are to him I was going to say," went on her cousin, with a calm glance.

"Were you? You should show more speed." She smiled again, and turned her lovely face full upon Constantia.

That the girl regarded her with distrust and suspicion she knew, but the knowledge cost her nothing. A good many people regarded her in the same light. There was amusement to be got out of it always, and sometimes a little revenge, which to women is often sweet. "And so you think Mr. Dundas too good for me?" she said, leaning forward and fixing her great velvety eyes on Constantia.

"That does not matter—and I did not say so. What really surprises me all, is, that you did not marry Lord Varley."

"Lord Varley!" Mrs. Dundas for quite half a minute regarded Constantia with a settled attention, over the head of the Maltese terrier lying upon her lap. Having satisfied herself, she went on. "Oh!" she said, with the air of one who has solved some troublesome puzzle. "I hardly understood you. He was not Lord Varley then—when I knew him, you must remember."

"When you were engaged to him."

"At that time—yes." A little gleam shot from her dark eyes. She had given Constantia plainly to understand that she had forgotten all about Lord Varley, even to his right significance now, which, indeed, had not been the same in those old far-off days when she had been considerably more to him than she is in the present. Her answer had been slow, but surely full of meaning. And yet the girl would not understand! "He was only Mr. Grande then," she continued, in a perfectly even tone.

"Must that be remembered? Is it part of it?" asked Constantia, with a little grave glance that sat rather funnily upon her mobile features. "Well, even so, we had all so entirely made up our minds to your marriage with Frederic Grande, that we could scarcely believe it true when we heard that the engagement had come to an end."

"Yes, it came to an end," said Mrs. Dundas. "More sugar? You look as if you wanted—something."

"So I do—an answer to my question. Tell me, Donna, why you and Frederic said good-bye to each other forever."

"Not forever, I hope. He is in the neighborhood, you tell me." She laughed a little here, and pulled out a bit of rare lace that hung round her sleeve, with a slow, graceful gesture. Her long lashes lay upon her cheeks; it would have been impossible for Constantia to see her eyes. Even if she had done so, she would not have understood the curious expression that brightened them. "You asked me why we parted," she said, after a hesitation that was hardly remarkable. "Is it possible to remember, I wonder? It seems only a thing of yesterday, that little affair; yet I can not recall it. We parted—she paused—"because—chiefly, I think, because of what the vulgar would term jealousy. On his part, you will understand. He was always a trifle difficult, that poor Frederic! There was a wretched little Italian prince, and there were his presents—chocolats in elaborate boxes—or were they pearls? one forgets. At all events, after them came the deluge—for Frederic! You put me through my paces, so I feel bound to recollect if it were pearls or sweetmeats. But really it grieves me; it is so long ago."

"Let us say pearls," said Constantia, dryly.

"By all means, if you think it fits more neatly, and gives better cause for the rupture. A rupture it was, with a vengeance. He has a vile temper, that dear Frederic. But, fortunately, mine is good. I bore admirably with his ravings and reproaches, that were all about nothing, when one comes to look into it. I expect I am well out of it, though I really do think, if it had not been for that German Count, I should be Lady Varley now."

"The Italian prince, you mean."

"Ah, true. It's quite all the same thing. Certainly it was some one. And so he is in the neighborhood? And his wife? Of what texture is she? Fine?"

"Superfine," said Constantia, warmly.

"You would be as good as a book if you did not require to be questioned," said Mrs. Dundas, frivolously. "Superfine, you say. Inside or out?"

"Both. As regards her soul, beyond all doubt; though I will admit that her face is not so assured. To me—to many—she is as beautiful as a saint; to you—"

"And such as me, she may be as ugly as the devil! Is that what you would convey?" She lay back in her chair and smiled in a light, amused fashion.

"What are you smiling at?" asked

Constantia, quickly, with a little frown. "At Lord Varley and his devil."

"A saint, I said."

"That makes it all the more laughable. At Lord Varley and his saint, then, if you will."

"Traveling has not improved you, Donna," said her cousin, coldly, after a few moments' observation.

"No? You think not? Yet many people have told me otherwise," said Mrs. Dundas, amiably.

She lay back in her chair again, and looked out of the window. The sunset was glorious, and some of its crimson rays entered the room and fell—as if in love with her—around her chair. It was an old-fashioned affair as comfort of the most modern order would permit, and it suited her to perfection as she lounged in it, in all the easy insolence of a beauty that admitted of no question.

She was a tall woman, but so exquisitely formed as to make her height forgotten. Her svelte, lithe figure was yet full, and she tapered toward all her points. Her hands, her head, her feet—all were small.

Her hair was red. Not auburn, or chestnut, or blonde cendre, as our French neighbors so kindly have it, but red, pure and simple. She and her maid (who was an invaluable person and who adored her) had rendered it darker by a tone or two by means of numerous costly washes; but it was still red, and just now was quite beautiful as the dying sunlight glittered upon it, playing hide and seek between her brow and her ear.

It was a very nervous, and might have been used as a decoration to a mediaeval angel. Mrs. Dundas herself was remarkably like an angel, with her broad, fair brow, and her eyes of sapphire blue. Her skin was like ivory—a dazzling white.

Her mouth interfered a little with the heavenly picture. It was large, riant, and yet, when one looked at it, a trifle—just a trifle—cruel. Yet it was good-natured, too. That she felt little, cared little, would endure little throughout her earthly pilgrimage was written in clear letters upon her unruffled brow.

She laid her delicate, much-beringed hand upon her beautiful bosom now, and coughed faintly. This broke the spell of silence. Perhaps she had broken it purposely, with a view to asking another question or two of her guest and cousin; but if so, Constantia thwarted her, albeit unconsciously.

"You have told me nothing yet about Mr. Dundas," she said.

"Why should I? You have met him—doubtless judged, and favorably, too." There is not an atom of rancor about this speech. "You remember you gave him the palm when comparing him with me? Let us, therefore, skip the old boy and go on to something more interesting."

She gave a little pull to her exquisite tea-gown of lace and satin as she said this, as well as a smart slap to her terrier, who was growing troublesome, and unfurled her fan. "About the country, for example," she said.

(To Be Continued.)

## DODGES OF DEBTORS.

### Schemes of the Impecunious for Avoiding Paying What They Owe.

There are certain forms well known to the impecunious, which tradesmen are in the habit of affixing to their bills, and which range from the mildly applicatory to the sternly peremptory. When these come to an end, and the debtor shows no inclination to pay, recourse is often had to the professional debt-collector.

As might be expected, the dodges resorted to by people who either can't or won't pay are curious, but it is frequently a case of diamond cut diamond, and the counter devices of the process-server, or bailiff, are fully as ingenious.

For instance, on one occasion an obstinate debtor had so securely barricaded himself in the Englishman's proverbial castle, and was so wary about promiscuous strangers, that he baffled the bailiffs for a long time. One day, however, a railway porter brought to the doorstep a large hamper with suggestive feathers protruding from under the lid. As the bearer of provisions to the beleaguered garrison he was made heartily welcome, but no sooner inside the door than he threw off his peaceful character and revealed himself as the bailiff.

Another debtor happened to have his house in a private road, and when the distress vans for removing the furniture loomed in sight he successfully appealed to the ground landlord to assert his right of way, and so got off, as the vehicles were forbidden to approach within 300 yards of his house.

It must be rather embarrassing to have men in possession of one's home when a big dinner party or dance is pending, but that has ere this happened to "smart" but impecunious folk. On occasion the bailiffs have acted as waiters and men servants generally.

## A Color Test on a Large Scale.

A color test on a large scale occurred recently near Geseke, Germany. The Volmede, the Waid, and the Heder are three brooks which have their source near Geseke, and according to tradition their waters had subterranean connection with the Alme, a mountain stream whose bed is some five miles distant. Millers located on the lower Alme dumped refuse in certain eddies of the upper portion of the stream, and the millers on the Volmede, the Waid, and the Heder claimed that by doing this the water supply of the latter streams was materially diminished. To determine the connection, about four pounds of potassium fluoresceinate was dumped into one of the eddies five miles from the source of the Heder. This substance is marvellously powerful and a solution containing one part in 10,000,000 shows a distinct fluorescence in transmitted light. Twenty-five hours later the Heder took on a beautiful dark green color, showing conclusively the connection between the two streams. An experiment at another point showed with equal clearness that there was a subterranean connection between the Alme and the Waid and the Volmede, though in this case forty-four hours elapsed between the depositing of the dyestuff in the Alme and the appearance of the coloration in the other streams.

About the only monument of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the fortress of Babylon, at old Cairo, is being torn down to make way for modern buildings.

## WILL CURE CONSUMPTION

### THE DREAM OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE ABOUT TO BE FULFILLED.

#### A New York Doctor Says He Has the Specific That Will Banish the Dread Disease—What He Says About It.

Not for many years has the medical world been so interested in any discovery as it is interested to-day in what is now known among the profession as "Mitchell's Fluid," says the New York Journal. Its scope is ambitious and its claim apparently well founded.

Wherever medicine is practiced, physicians have been deeply interested in this mixture, which, it is believed, will cure consumption, and will prove a most valuable aid in the treatment of specific disease.

And while the world is discussing this new discovery, Dr. Mitchell talks freely of the "mixture," as he carelessly calls it, and visits and receives his patients as he has done for years. He goes on experimenting, for he is not satisfied yet. He believes himself on the eve of making a discovery which may be the means of blotting out a hideous disease.

To do this is the dream of the doctor's life. As he emptied a small quantity of iodides into a phial containing a small amount of his own famous mixture, and watched the chemical operation by which the yellow fluid, was transformed into a darker liquid, he marked:

#### THINKS HE HAS IT.

"I don't want to be too sanguine, but I honestly believe that before many months I will have so far advanced in my researches that something very like that red fluid you see there will do much to lessen the misery of this unhappy world of ours. I hope so, anyhow."

"Phthisis," said the doctor, "is consumption, or tuberculosis—it's all the same—and the fluid which I claim cures the disease is a chemical combination of the holozen, or holooid group of salts in solution, and the resultant fluid is what is now called by physicians 'Mitchell's fluid.' This fluid is a pale yellow—something like chartreuse. I'll show you a new brew." The doctor brought forth a large bottle, from which he poured into a glass a small quantity of the fluid. "Now, this," he resumed, "has a hydrochloric acid reaction and a specific gravity of 10.22 to 10.25. I made my discovery after years of patient research and experiment."

#### CURED A CARUNCLE.

"I first used it in October, 1893, not for consumption, but for carbuncle. Mr. S—, thirty years old, came to me then as a patient. He had on his neck a carbuncle 2 1/2 inches in diameter, greatly inflamed and swollen, leaving him totally incapable of exertion. I applied the fluid with cotton, and in three days he was able to resume work, and in two days more he was cured."

"Do not make any mistake, now, in this fluid. I claim that it cures phthisis and heals the external evidences of specific disease. For the former it is taken internally, for the latter it is applied with cotton. I have yet to meet with a single failure in either disease. Since its discovery I have treated nine cases of consumption, and eight of the patients were women. The cases were, with one exception, far advanced, both lungs being affected. In each of these eight cases complete cures were effected in from four to six months. A young man, who had a large cavity in the middle of the right lung, was cured in three months. I now have five patients, all men, under treatment of phthisis, and in each case rapid progress is being made, so I feel much encouraged."

#### HOW IT IS GIVEN.

"The fluids are given internally, in doses of a drachm to a drachm and a half, four or five times a day. When taken on an empty stomach it is immediately absorbed and carried into the blood vessels and conveyed to the lung tissue. There it seems to act by destroying the bacilli and rendering them incapable of further increase."

"In the treatment of specific diseases having a contagious external eruption, such as ulcers, mucous patches on the mouth and elsewhere, I have been uniformly successful. The affected parts have been treated by an application of the fluid, and healing at once without difficulty has been the result. Ulcers of the leg of a specific character, and ulcers dependent upon accident, which have been obstinate and difficult of cure, have healed very rapidly under a local application of the fluid. I have treated over thirty cases and have yet to record a failure."

#### CURES OTHER ILLS.

"In the domain of gynecology, or diseases of women, the fluid has been of most signal benefit. Ulcerations and inflammations have been promptly cured by local applications. In ulcerative tonsillitis, or old-fashioned quinsy sore throat or putrid sore throat—Whatever you wish to call it—the symptoms have promptly subsided after application with a brush. I use a common camel's hair brush, which I affix to a glass rod. This, you see, is perfectly antiseptic. An atomizer can be used, but is not nearly so successful."

"The formula of the fluid I am willing the whole world should have, for there is nothing secret about it. I am experimenting constantly with a mixture of iodide of potassium and the fluid, which I believe will positively cure specific diseases."

#### Britain the Great Sea Power.

Britain is the greatest power in the world to-day in a war which calls for mixed fighting on sea and land. The United States is not a great naval power, and by multiplying ships and enlisting sailors could not become a great naval power. Britain has a merchant marine manned by the best sailors in the world. There are fishermen by thousands in the Maritime Provinces and in Newfoundland who would rally in the hour of Britain's danger. The United States has not the ships, and if she had the ships, she has not the men. Britain's naval power will never go down before a navy manned by sailors of all nationalities, who enlist not because they love the sea, but because they can get nothing better to do on land.