again.

For a time (as I may have implied before) Master Stickles' authority, and manner of levying duties, had not been taken kindiy by the people round our neighborhood. The manors of East Lynn and West Lynn, and even that of Woodbanger—although just then all Woolhanger—although just then all three were at issue about some rights of wreck, and the hanging of a sheep-stealer (a man of no great eminence, yet claimed by each, for the sake of his clothes) a man of no great eminence, yet claimed by each, for the sake of his clothes)— I these three, having their rights impugned, or even superseded, as they declared, by the quartering of soldiers in their neighborhood, united very kindly to oppose the King's Commissioner. However, Jeremy had contrived to conciliate the whole of them, not so much by anything engaging in his deportment, or delicate address, as by holding out bright hopes that the plunder of the Doone Glen might become divisible among the adjoining manors. Now I have never discovered a thing which the lords of manors (at least in our part of the world) do not believe to belong to themselves, if only they could get their rights. And it did seem natural enough that if the Doones were ousted, and a nice collection of prey remained, this should be parted among the people having elder rights of plunder. Nevertheless, Master Jeremy knew that the

he should have the victory yet, and how well he looked, considering.

These things cheered him a little now, and a little more next time; and every time we went on so, he took it with less impatience. Then once when he had been very quiet, and not even tried to frown at us, Annie leaned over and kissed his forehead, and spread the pillows and sheet, with a curve as delicate as his own white ears; and then he feebly lifted hands, and prayed to God to bless her. and after that he came round gently, though never to the man he had been, and never to speak loud again.

evil. This Court has a power of scent unknown to the common-law practitioners, and slowly, yet surely, tracks its game; even as the great lumbering dogs now introduced from Spain, and called by some people "pointers," differ from the swift gaze-hound, who sees his prey and runs him down, in the manner of common lawyers. If a man's ill fate should drive him to make choice between these two, let him rather be chased by the hounds of law, than tracked by the dogs of Equity.

Now, as it fell in a very black day (for all except the lawyers), His Majesty's Court of Chancery, if that be what it called itself, gained scent of what it called itself, gained scent of poor Lorna's life, and of all that might be made of it. Whather be made of it. Whether through that brave young lord who ran into such peril, or through any of his friends; or whether through that

of his friends; of whether through that deep old Counselor, whose game none might penetrate; or through any disclosures of the Italian woman, or even of Jeremy himself; none just now could tell us; only this truth was too clear—Chancery had heard of Lorna, and then had seen how rich she was; and never had seen how rich she was; and never delaying in one thing, had opened mouth, and swallowed her.

mouth, and swallowed her.

The Doones, with a share of that dry humor which was in them hereditary, had welcomed the two apparitors (if that be the proper name for them) and led them kindly down the valley, and

And it did the bounder of the county of the

LORNA DOONE

B. R. D. BLACKSONE.

CHAPTER LV

GETTING INTO CHANCEIV

Two of the Devonshire officers (Captains Pykes and Dallau) now took command of the men who were left, and ordered all to go home again, commending much the bravery which had been a good jarder. The commendation of the men who were left, and ordered all to go home again, commending much the bravery which had been tool. This last word always seems to me to settle everything when said, the cause nobody understands it, and yet all an puzzle their neighbors. So the Devonshire men, having beans to good the commendation of the commendatio

well-spring but a bubble without reason.

Feeling many things, but thinking, without much to guide me over the grass-plats laid between I went up to Lorna. She in a shower of damask roses, raised her eyes, and looked at me. And even now in those sweet eyes, so deep with loving kindness, and soft maiden dreamings, there seemed to be a slight unwilling, half-confessed withdrawal; overcome by love and duty, yet a painful thing to see.

"Darling," I said, "are your spirits good? Are you strong enough to-day to bear a tale of cruel sorrow, but which perhaps, when your tears are shed, will

to bear a tale of cruel sorrow, but which perhaps, when your tears are shed, will leave you all the happier?"

"What can you mean?" she answered, trembling, not having been very strong of late, and now surprised at my manner: "are you come to give me up, John?"

"Not very likely," I replied; "neither do I hope such a thing would leave you all the happier. Oh, Lorna, if you can think that so quickly as you seem to all the happier. Oh, horns, it you can think that so quickly as you seem to have done, now you have every prospect, and strong temptation to it. You are far, far above me in the world, and I have no right to claim you. Perhaps, when you have heard these tidings, you will say, 'John Ridd, begone; your life and mine are parted.'"

and mine are parted."
"Will I?" cried Lorna, with all the brightness of her playful ways returning: "you very foolish and jealous John, how shall I punish you for this? Am I to forsake every flower I have, and not even know that the world goes round, while I look up at you the whole day long and say, "John, I love, love you."

ove, you."

During these words, she leaned upon During these words, she realled upon me, half in gay imitation of what I so often made her do, and half in depth of earnestness, as the thrice repeated word grew stronger, and grew warmer, with and to her heart. And as she looked up at the finish, saying, "you" so musically, I was much inclined to clasp her round; but remembering who she was, forbore; at which she seemed sur-prised with me.

prised with me.

"Mistress Lorna," I replied, with I know what temptation, making little of her caresses, though more than all my heart to me, "Mistress Lorna, you must eep your rank, and proper dignity.
ou must never look at me with any-

of the good of the set against selfishness."

As she spoke in that low tone, I gazed at the clear lines of her face (where every curve was perfect), not with love and wonder only, but with a strange

new sense of awe.
"Darling," I said, "come nearer_to me. Give me surety against that.

me. Give me surety against that. For God's sake never frighten me with the thought that He would part us."

"Does it, then, so frighten you?" she whispered, coming close to me; "I know it, dear; I have known it long; but it never frightens me. It makes me sad, and very lonely till I can remember!"

"Till you can remember what?" I asked, with a long, deep shudder; for we are so superstitious.

we are so superstitious.
"Until I do remember, love, that you

"Until I do remember, love, that you will soon come back to me, and be my own forever. This is what I always think of; this is what I hope for."

Although her eyes were so glorious, and beaming with eternity, this distant sort of beatitude was not much to my liking. I wanted to have my love on earth and my dear wife in my own home. earth, and my dear wife in my own home, and children in good time, if God should please to send us any. And then I would be to them exactly what my

battalion of King's troops, and a pienary commander.

This Sergeant Bloxham, being senior of the surviving soldiers, and a very worthy man in his way, but a trifle over-zealous, had succeeded to the captaincy upon his master's disablement. Then, with desire to serve his country and show his education, he set up most part of three nights, and wrote this wonderful report by the aid of our stable lantern. It was a very fine piece of work, as three men to whom he read it (but only one at a time) pronounced, the proposition of the proposition show his education, he set up most part

himself, but must have her opinion upon his work.

Lizzie sat on a log of wood, and listened with all her ears up, having made proviso that no one else should be there to interrupt her. And she put in a syllable here and there, and many a time she took out one (for the sergeant overloaded his gun more often than undercharged it, like a liberal man of letters); and then she declared the result so good, and the style to be elegant, so chaste, and yet so fervent, that the

upon the sensitive maiden, was more than she could bear all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at once; as any than she could be are all at a she and the preast, and the preast, and the preast once any the she could be are all at a she and the preast and the preast and the pressure of my hand, how each word when are all and the pressure of my hand, how each word when are all and the pressure of my hand, how each word when are all and the pressure of my hand, how each word when are all and the pressure of my hand, how each word when are all and the pressure of my hand, how each word when are all and the pressur

"How can it matter to me, 30nn?" she answered, with a depth of grief which made me seem a trifler. "It can never matter now, when there are none to share it."

"Poor little soul!" was all I said, in a tone of purest pity; and to my surprise, she turned upon me, caught me in the arms, and loved me as she never had done before.

"Dearest, I have you," she cried; you, and only you, love. Having you, with and only you, love. Having you, and only you, love. Having you, and only in the standard one before.

"Bearest, I have you," she cried; with yours. Oh, John, how can I treat you so!" Blushing through the wet of weeping and the gloom of pondering, yet she would not hide her eyes, but folded me, and the gloom of pondering, yet she would not hide her eyes, but folded me, and wheels with yours. Oh, John, how can I treat you so!" I cannot believe, in the pride of my joy," I whispered into one little ear, "I tat you could ever so love me, beauty, as to give up the world for me." "Would you give up your farm for me, John?" cried Lorna, leaping back and looking, with her wondrous power of me, John?" cried Lorna, leaping back and looking, with her wondrous power of me, John?" cried Lorna, leaping back and looking, with her wondrous power of me, John?" "Of course I would. Without two thoughts. You know it; you know it, Lorna."

"It is true that I do," she answered, in a tone of deepeet sadness; "and it it this power of your life, John?"

"Of course I would. Without two thoughts. You know it; you know it, Lorna."

"It is true that I do," she answered, in a tone of deepeet sadness; "and it it this power of your love which has made me love you so. No good can come of it; in good. God's face is set against shiftship.

"It is true that I do," she answered, in a tone of deepeet sadness; "and it it this power of your love which has made me love you so. No good can come of it; in good. God's face is set against ship has been only the property.

As she spoke in that low tone, I gazed at the clear lines of her face (where coursell li kept covered from me. Attempts, I mean, to pledge her love to this one, or

mean, to pledge her love to this one, or that other; some of which, perhaps, might have been successful, if there had not been too many.

And then, as her beauty grew richer and brighter, Carver Doone was smitten strongly, and would hear of no one else as a suitor for her, and by the terror of his claim drove off all the others. Here, too, lay the explanation of a thing which seemed to be against the laws of human nature, and upon which I longed, but dared not, to cross-question to be a company so young, and brave, and distant, have escaped the vile affections of a lawless company?

a lawless company?
But now it was as clear as need be.

mother admiring Lorna's eyes, and grace, and form of breeding, and Lorna beaw withs. And herein it was most accept of evil due to be the worth of th

don't" he almost wailed.

Lady Kathleen looked haughtily.

Tady Kathleen looked haughthy,
"I mean you—you are so busy; you've
got such a lot of serious things to think
about; there are your clubs and your
meetings, and your parties, and the kids,
and—and lots of things" (vaguely);
"and Kennet is a good lad, he licks my
accepted; into fine shape."

"and Kennet is a good lad, he licks my speeches into fine shape."
Sir George watched her anxiously.
"A speech! Hmm!" (N. B.—Hmm was a snift of contempt.)
"Only once I wrote you a speech. And after days and days of toil and brain-fag you—you actually laughed at it, and didn't use it!"
"I was deuced sorry, old girl, but you see, although it was a rattlin' fine speech

see, although it was a rattlin' fine speech and all that, its policy was directly against my party's, or else I'd have used it like shot." It had cost him a handsome pearl and

It had cost him a handsome pearl and ruby necklace to soothe her ladyship's wounded feelings, wounded because (as she but it in her sweetly, womanly, rea-sonable way) George cared more for the feelings of his party than he did for his

wife's.

"I'm going to give a dinner party."

"A jolly good idea!" The relief caused by the seemingly harmless announcement made him enthusiastic.

"Yes, isn't it? And I'll invite all the people who might be of service to you—the wobbly ones, who are not quite sure how they are going to yote."

sure how they are going to vote."
"Oh, I wouldn't trouble, old girl"
(hastily.) "You remember what a flasco
that last one was? Not that I blame that last one was? Not that I blame you in any way," he added quickly, seeing her pretty face cloud. "You did your best, but our guests were such inconsiderate asses. Let me see "(wrinkling up his brow in thought:) "it was Mr. Tucker, the chemist, and that station-master chap, Lawrence, who made all the fors, wasn't it?"
"Yes, they were simply impossible."

made all the foss, wasn't it?"

"Yes, they were simply impossible.
Mr. Tucker was a Free Trader, and
Lawrence a Protectionist, and moreover
the worthy pair are at deadly enmity
in private life; such bad form for them
to quarrel the way they did, and at my
place, too! Oh, no, George, you needn't be afraid, I wouldn't ask them again.
This time I'll he quite safe, I'm in-This time I'll be quite safe; I'm just This time I'll be quite safe; I'm just going to invite Thatcher, the mill-owner, and some of his people, then there can't be any unpleasantness. And you see, dear, your very own agent, Mills, was telling me that this will be a yery close election; every vote will count; it will be a big fight."

"I—I don't think I'd bother if I were you. Kit "(uneasily.) "Thatcher is a

he had been saved from the drown in a creek. Mentall to tell his wife at some near that he had made a mistal the Thatchers & Co. were n ians, but meat-eaters like Sir George left the room.

The night of the dinner p and it was not until Lady I proudly reciting to him t had prepared that the hor truth fell on his soul like bolt. And really, George

"—And really, Georg greatest difficulty in persua prepare the dishes I orde going to walk out of the he even giving notice, but whe to her how incalculably helping you, she was simp raised her wages on the s lear, I do think you ought ul to me," she sighed. Now, what could a man Now, what could a man d cumstances but kiss his wher he didn't know what without her?

without her?

"I hope it's a satisfyin Kit; those beggars are te meals," he said, with as journal of the said, with a said, wit

eals, no command.
conld command.
Oh, yes; there are co and crushed meat cutter soups and banana meal, Macaroni and Proteid Su and a whole lot of nice-so and, George, as you know so careful about my food little thing upsets my have told cook to send soup and sweetbread and fact to serve me with the soup and sweetbread and fact to serve me with the always have."

"And me too, Kit." grasped eagerly at the least having a decent me him over the ordeal.

"No, certainly not." ("No, certainly not.")

at you, George at you, George "(severel I can sacrifice myself sul with these people, and to thought to the ordering of food, you should not mit them. They would be both ate food different f

ye give them."

It is difficult to acc with the philosophy with or future can be tread George did his best.

All the time he was dassuring himself that he

assuring himself that he
the evening through so
the thought of fat, bee
and the round, plump
would intrude itself;
leen's husband groaned.
Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher Miss Bullock, and seve Thatcher clique, and that oh! but the begin and pleasant and good-tall was pretty and harm Kitty's heart swelled be gratulations at her of thus helping her hus poor man, was a comic vousness and hilarity. Mr. and Mrs. That

drank the curious cone mincingly, and sighed it was finished. Now t thing which Mr. Thate thing which Mr. Thate plebian, but express "filling." Such satisf came—at least they ca to the end of the tabl smiling, chatting, Mrs. Thatcher turned iously and looked in spouse; he looked in the spouse; he looked in the spouse in his face.

pouse; ne tooked in pression in his face. Mr., Mrs., and Mi themselves up stiffly, like bright stars behi Sir George's hearts. Conversation had d Lady Kitty's sharp Lady Kitty's sharp through the delicate crackle made a tast; swallowed hard, as the were watering. It sigh of relief that he

the last delicions-loc into the room. Hun hungry hands plentit Cook had proved h in making unpalatat All's well that enclast Lady Kathleen Silently the ladies gay tinkle of their h ecoming forced.

Lady Kitty had b

Lady Kitty had to something had gor speech died away. It was a subdued dining room and wits cloaks and wrap Not a word way when the ladies, aft the donning of t the donning of t This unaccounta ting on her lady frowned reproachfu he, too, seemed sud he, too, seemed sud Bravely Kitty v it seemed to her of imagination that h

"So sorry you "So sorry you this, Hope you hit der. So pleased night. Hope we Good-bye. Good-Until she was or And still not a them, Sir George They all solem hostess's hand, a departure.

hostess's hand, we departure.

"George," alt Kitty, "what is t happened? Why "Eesh shtuck us was what he mutt s Which, as he tilater, after he ha later, after he ha "That last d damned glutinou together; not o

> Sir George wa election.
> It is publicly