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**A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.**

**ALL FOR LOVE.**

(Continued from Page 4.)

... of the father shall be visited up-  
 on the children and the children's  
 children, even to the third and fourth  
 generations. Woe to all of the house  
 of De Courcy!

As if the angel of death had sud-  
 denly descended in their midst, every  
 face blanched, and every heart stood  
 still with nameless horror. For one  
 moment, the silence of the grave  
 reigned, then a wild, piercing shriek  
 was heard through the house, and  
 the nurse Martha, with terror-blanch-  
 ed face, and uplifted arms, rushed in  
 to the midst of the assembled guests,  
 screaming:

"O Miss Minnie! Miss Minnie!  
 Miss Minnie!"

"O God! my child!" came from  
 the white lips of Lady Maude, in a  
 voice that those who heard never  
 forgot, as she fled from the room, up  
 the long staircase, and into the nur-  
 sery.

But the crib was empty; the babe  
 was gone.

The wild, wild shriek of a moth-  
 er's woe resounded through the  
 house, and Lady Maude fell in a  
 deadly swoon on the floor.

And when Lord Villiers—his own  
 noble face white and set with un-  
 utterable anguish—burst into the room,  
 he found her lying cold and lifeless  
 on the ground.

Meantime, some of the most self-  
 possessed of the guests had assemb-  
 led round Martha, in order to ex-  
 tract from her, if possible, what had  
 happened.

But half insane with terror al-  
 ready, the continuous screaming of  
 the frightened ladies completely  
 drove every remaining gleam of  
 sense out of her head, and her words  
 were so wild and incoherent, that  
 but little could be made out of them.  
 It appeared from what she said, that  
 she had been sitting half asleep in  
 her chair, with her little charge  
 wholly asleep in the cradle beside  
 her, when suddenly a tall, dark sha-  
 dow seemed to obscure the light in  
 the room; and looking up with a  
 start of terror, she beheld the most  
 awful monster—whether man, or wom-  
 an, or demon, she could not tell—  
 in the act of snatching little Er-  
 minie from the cradle, and flying  
 from the room. Frozen with horror,  
 she had remained in her seat unable  
 to move, until at last, fully con-  
 scious of what had taken place, she  
 had fled screaming down stairs. And  
 that was all she could tell. In vain  
 they questioned and cross-questioned;  
 they could obtain nothing further  
 from the terrified Martha, and only  
 succeeded in driving the few remain-  
 ing wits she had, out of her head.

Lord Villiers, leaving his still  
 senseless wife in the care of her  
 maids, with a face that seemed tur-  
 ned to marble, gave orders to have  
 the house, the grounds, the whole of  
 London, if necessary, ransacked in  
 search of the abductor.

But there was one who sat bowed,  
 collapsed, shuddering in his seat,  
 who recognized that voice, and knew  
 what those awful words meant, and  
 that one was Earl De Courcy, and  
 "She has murdered her!" was the cry  
 that seemed ringing his very heart with  
 horror and despair.

**CHAPTER XII.**

Maddened, despairing, blasphem-  
 ing, cursing earth and heaven, God  
 and man, hating life, and sunshine,  
 and the world, the wretched gipsy  
 queen had fled from those who had  
 gathered around her on that morning  
 full of woe, and fled far away, she  
 neither knew nor cared whither.

She sped along through lanes, and  
 streets, crowded thoroughfares, see-  
 ing nothing, hearing nothing, con-  
 scious of nothing but her own mad-  
 dening wrongs, glaring before her  
 like a maniac, and dashing fiercely  
 to the ground with her clenched fist  
 all those who, moved by pity, would  
 have stopped her. On, like a bolt  
 from a bow, until the city seemed to  
 fade away, and she saw green fields,  
 and pretty cottages, and waving  
 trees, and knew that she had left  
 London behind her.

Night came on before she thought  
 of stopping for a single instant to  
 rest. She had walked far that day;  
 her feet were bleeding and blistered;  
 for nearly three days she had touched  
 nothing but cold water, yet her iron  
 frame was unshaken—she felt no  
 weariness, no faintness, no hunger.  
 The indomitable spirit within, sus-  
 tained her. She thought of nothing,  
 cared for nothing, but revenge; and  
 for that her very soul was crying  
 out with a longing—a hunger that  
 nothing could appease. She dared  
 not stop for one moment to think;  
 she felt she would go mad if she did;  
 so she hurried on and on, as if  
 driven on by some force, inward  
 power, against which it was useless  
 to contend.

How the night passed, how morn-  
 ing came, how she found herself in  
 the peaceful depths of the forest, she  
 never could tell. How, ere that sun  
 set, she found herself with her tri-  
 bing, lying prostrate on the cold ground,  
 conscious, like one in some frightful  
 nightmare, of what was passing  
 around her, yet unable to compre-  
 hend what it meant—all was vague  
 and unreal still. Past, and present,  
 and future, all were mingled togeth-  
 er in one dark, dreadful chaos, of  
 which nothing was real but the dull,  
 muffled pain at her heart; and the  
 word revenge, that kept ever dan-  
 cing in letters of blood-red flame be-  
 fore her hot, scorching eyes.

She was conscious, in a lost,  
 dreamy sort of way, that sun rose  
 and set, and the insufferable light  
 departed, and the dark, cool night  
 came again; and again; of seeing  
 anxious eyes bent upon her, and  
 hearing hushed voices and subdued  
 footfalls, and dusky, troubled faces  
 stooping over her; but, like all the  
 rest, it was a mocking unreality.  
 The first shock of the blow had  
 crushed and stunned her, numbing  
 the sense of pain, and leaving noth-  
 ing but the heavy throbbing aching  
 at her strong, fierce heart. The wom-  
 an, with a slightly irate and fierce,  
 stormy passion lay there, motion-  
 less—stricken to the dust.

And then this departed, and an-  
 other mood came.

One by one the broken links of  
 memory returned and than all other  
 feelings were submerged and lost in  
 a strong, deadly, burning desire of  
 revenge—a revenge as fierce and un-  
 conquerable as the heart that bore  
 it. With it came the recollection of  
 his child; and drawing from her bos-  
 om the packet he had given her, she  
 read (for gipsy as she was she could  
 read) the woman's address. There  
 were two motives to preserve life;  
 and, like a lioness rousing herself  
 from a lethargy, the gipsy queen  
 arose, and resolutely set her face to  
 the task. One determination she  
 made, never to lose sight of him  
 whom she hated, until her revenge  
 was satisfied. For she could wait—  
 there would be no sudden stabbing  
 or killing; she did not believe in such  
 vengeance as that—vengeance that  
 tortures its victim but for a mo-  
 ment. Revenge might be slow, but  
 it would be sure—she would hunt  
 him, pursue him, torture him, until  
 life was worse than death, until he  
 would look upon death as a mercy;  
 then he would have felt a tinge of  
 the misery he had made her endure.

Another determination was to  
 leave her son's child with the tri-  
 bing until such time as she should again  
 claim it. She knew it would be well  
 cared for with them, for they all lo-  
 ved their queen. And taking with her  
 a lad whom she could trust, she left  
 one morning, and started for the  
 child.

Leaving the gipsy youth some miles  
 from the place, she approached the  
 cottage, which was opened by the  
 widow herself, who looked consid-  
 erably startled by her dark, stern vis-  
 itor. In the briefest possible terms,  
 Keturah made known her errand, and  
 imperiously demanded the child.

The woman, a mild, gentle-looking  
 person, seemed grieved and troubled,  
 and began something about her affec-  
 tion for the little one, and her hope  
 that it would not be taken away.

"I want the child!—bring it here!"  
 he said in the gipsy, with a fiercely-  
 impatient gesture.

The woman, terrified into silence  
 by her dark imperious visitor, went  
 to the door and called:

"Ray, Ray!"

"Here, Susan," answered a spirit-  
 ed young voice; and, with a gleeful  
 laugh, a bright little fellow of three  
 years bounded into the room, drag-  
 ging after him, by the collar, a huge  
 savage-looking bulldog, who snap-  
 ped fiercely at his captor, and scream-  
 ed in a hoarse, guttural voice.

The woman Susan uttered a shriek  
 and fled from the dog to the other  
 side of the room.

"I caught him, Susan, and pulled  
 him in! Lie can't bite me?" said  
 the little fellow, triumphantly, his  
 black eyes flashing with the con-  
 sciousness of victory. Then, catch-  
 ing sight of the stranger, he stopped,  
 and stared at her in silent wonder.

"What! he can't bite me?" said the  
 woman, half-appealingly. "It be  
 no fault of mine, mistress; he will  
 bite his own way, spite all I can  
 say."

The gipsy fixed her piercing eye  
 keenly upon him, and started to be-  
 hold the living counter-part of her  
 own son when at the same age. There  
 was the same clear olive com-  
 plexion, with a warm, healthy flush  
 on the cheeks and lips; the same  
 bold, bright black eyes, fringed by  
 long silken lashes; the same high,  
 noble brow; the same daring, un-  
 daunted, fearless spirit, flashing al-  
 ready in his young eyes. Her hard  
 face softened for an instant; but  
 when she saw the thick curling black  
 hair clustering round his head; noted  
 the small, aristocratically-fastidious  
 mouth, the long, delicate hand, she  
 knew he must have inherited them  
 from his mother—and she grew dark  
 and stern again. His smile, too,  
 that lit up his beautiful face, and  
 softened his dazzling splendor, was  
 not his father's; but still he was suf-  
 ficiently like him to bring a last ray  
 of human feeling back to her iron  
 heart.

"Little boy, come here," she said,  
 holding out her hand.

Any other child would have been  
 frightened by her odd dress, her  
 harsh voice, and darkly-gleaming  
 face; but he was not. It might be  
 that, child as he was, he had an in-  
 herent liking for strength and power,  
 or it might have been his kindred  
 blood that drew him to her—for he  
 fearlessly went over, put his hand  
 in hers, and looked up in her face.

"What is your name?" she said,  
 in a softer voice, as she parted his  
 thick, silky curls, and looked down  
 into the dark splendor of his eyes.

"Raymond Germaine," was his an-  
 swer.

The gipsy looked at Susan.

"His father's name was Germaine,"  
 the woman hastened to explain,  
 "and I called him Raymond because  
 I saw R.G. on his father's handker-  
 chief; and I thought maybe it might  
 be that."

"Very good. Will you come with  
 me, Raymond?"

"If Susan lets me," answered the  
 boy, looking at his foster-mother.

"She will let you," said the gipsy,  
 calmly. "Get him ready instantly.  
 I have no time to lose."

The woman, though looking deeply  
 grieved and sorry, did not hesitate  
 to obey, for there was something in  
 the eye of Keturah that might have  
 made a bolder woman yield. So she  
 dressed little Raymond in silence,  
 made up the rest of his clothing in a  
 bundle, kissed him, and said good-  
 bye, amid many tears and sobs, and  
 saw him depart with Keturah.

"Let me carry you—we have a long  
 way to go," said the gipsy, stoop-  
 ing to lift him in her strong arms.

"I don't want to be carried. I'll  
 walk," said Master Ray, kicking  
 manfully.

The gipsy smiled a hard, grim  
 smile.

"His father's spirit," she mutter-  
 ed. "I like it. We'll see how long  
 he will hold out."

For nearly an hour the little hero  
 trudged sturdily along, but at the  
 end of that time his steps began to  
 grow slow and weary.

"Ain't we most there?" he said,  
 looking ruefully down the long, muddy  
 road.

"No, we're a long way off. You  
 had better let me carry you."

With a somewhat sleepy look of  
 mortification, Master Ray permitted  
 his grandmother to lift him up; and  
 scarcely had she taken him in her  
 arms, before his curly head dropped  
 heavily on her shoulder, and he was  
 fast asleep.

With the approach of night, feeling  
 somewhat fatigued and footsore her-  
 self, she overtook our friend Mr. Har-  
 kins, who, as he related to Mr.  
 Tootsy, "took her in," and  
 brought her to his own house, where  
 "Missis Arkins" regaled young Mr.  
 Germaine with a supper of bread and  
 milk, to which that youth did ample  
 justice.

Another hour brought her to the  
 place where the gipsy-boy was wait-  
 ing, and to his care she consigned  
 her still sleeping grandchild. Many  
 injunctions that he was to be  
 taken the best care of. These com-  
 mands, were, however, unnecessary;  
 for, looking upon the sleeping child  
 as the future king of his tribe, the  
 lad bore him along as reverentially  
 as though he were a prince of the  
 blood-royal.

Then the gipsy queen, Keturah, giv-  
 ing up all other thoughts but that  
 of vengeance, turned her steps in the  
 direction of London, where, by for-  
 tune, she could live and never lose  
 sight of her deadly foe.

"Everything concerning the De Cour-  
 cys she learned. She heard of the  
 marriage of Lord Villiers to Lady  
 Maude Percy, and on the night of  
 the wedding she had entered unob-  
 served by all, in the bustle, and  
 screened from view behind a side-  
 door, she had uttered the words that  
 had thrown the whole assembly into  
 such dismay. Then knowing what  
 must be the consequence, she had fled  
 instantly, and was far from danger  
 ere the terrified guests had recovered  
 sufficient presence of mind to begin  
 the search.

How after that she haunted, har-  
 assed, and followed the earl, is well  
 known to the reader, and the success  
 of this course was sufficient even to  
 satisfy her, implacable as she was,  
 to show torture was beginning to  
 be slow torture to him—that his  
 dread of her was amounting to a  
 monomania with him; and still she  
 pursued him, like some awful night-  
 mare, wherever he went, keeping him  
 still in view.

With the birth of little Erminie,  
 she saw a still more exquisite tor-  
 ture in store for him. Her very soul  
 bounded with the thought of the life-  
 long misery she might heap upon  
 him through the means of this child,  
 whom she had heard he idolized.

From the first moment she had heard  
 of its birth, her determination was  
 to steal it—to make way with it—  
 murder it—anything—she did not care  
 what, only something to make him  
 feel what she had felt. She had  
 been, for a time, delirious, when she  
 first heard of her son's death; but  
 that grief lasted but for a short  
 time; and then she rejoiced—yes, ac-  
 tually rejoiced—that he was dead,  
 and free from all future earthly mis-  
 ery. Death would have been to her  
 a relief, had she not determined to  
 live for revenge. She had lost a  
 child—so should they; and then, per-  
 haps, they would be able to compre-  
 hend the wrong they had made her  
 suffer.

But in spite of all her attempts, a  
 year passed and she had found no  
 means of carrying this threat into  
 execution. The baby was so seldom  
 taken out, and then always in a car-  
 riage with its mother and the nurse,  
 that it was impossible to think of  
 obtaining it. To enter the house,  
 except on the occasion of a ball, or  
 party, when servants and all would  
 be busily occupied, was not to be  
 thought of, either. But on the night  
 of the abduction, hearing of the party  
 to be given at the mansion, and  
 remembering that it was the anni-  
 versary of her son's death, she had  
 been wrought up to a perfect frenzy  
 of madness, and resolved to obtain  
 the child, even at the cost of her  
 life.

Toward midnight, she had cautio-  
 usly entered, thinking all were most  
 likely to be in the drawing rooms at  
 that hour, and having previously  
 heard from the servants, by appar-  
 ently careless questions, where the  
 nursery was situated, bent her steps  
 in that direction. Pausing at the  
 door, which was ajar, she had glanced  
 through, and beheld child and  
 nurse both asleep.

To steal cautiously in, snatch up  
 the child, muffle it so tightly in her  
 cloak that if it cried it could not be  
 heard, and fly down the stair-case,  
 was but the work of an instant.

Pausing, for an instant, before the  
 door of the grand saloon, in her fleet  
 descent, she had boldly uttered her  
 denunciation, and then, with the  
 speed of the wind, had flown through  
 the long hall, out of the door, and  
 away through the wind and sleet, as  
 if pursued by the arch-demon itself.

When she paused, at last, from ex-  
 haustion, she was on London Bridge.  
 Darkly came back the memory of the  
 night just two years before, when,  
 with deadly despair in her heart, she  
 had stood in that self-same spot, on  
 the point of committing self-murder.

**DON'T MONKEY**  
**WITH A COUGH**

Just a little Tickleing Cough  
 may not suggest any trouble  
 but it is often the forerunner  
 of very serious lung disease.

**COUGH NOT**

Soothes and heals the irritated  
 membrane and the Cough  
 passes away.

It is now the Standard  
 Remedy. One bottle will  
 demonstrate its virtue.

SOLD AT  
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With a fierce impulse, she opened her  
 cloak and lifted the half-smothered  
 infant high above her head, to dash  
 it into the dark waters below. For  
 one moment, she held it poised in  
 the air, and then she drew it back.

"No," she said, with a fenshish  
 smile; "it will be a greater revenge  
 to let it live—to let it grow up a  
 tainted, corrupted, miserable out-  
 cast; and then, when spurned alike by  
 God and man, present it to them as  
 their child. Ha, ha, ha! that will  
 be revenge, indeed! Live, pretty  
 one—live! You are far too precious  
 to die yet."

Awakened from her sound sleep by  
 the unusual and unpleasant sensation  
 of the bitter March storm beating  
 in her face, little Erminie began to  
 cry. Wrapping it once more in her  
 thick mantle, the gipsy, knowing  
 there was no time to lose, fled away  
 in the direction of a low house, in  
 St. Giles, where, with others of her  
 tribe, she had often been, and the  
 proprietor of which was a gipsy him-  
 self, and a member of her own tribe.  
 Here, safe from all pursuit, she could  
 stay with the child until the first  
 heat of the search was past, and then—  
 then to begin her tortures once  
 more.

Little Erminie grieved without ceas-  
 ing for "mamma" at first and seemed  
 almost to know the difference between  
 the miserable den wherein she was  
 now located and the princely home  
 she had left. It was not in any  
 heart, however hard, to dislike the  
 lovely infant; and much as Keturah  
 hated the race from which she sprung  
 she really pitied the little, gentle  
 helpless babe,—she procured a nurse  
 for little Erminie, a woman a shade  
 better than the rest of her class,  
 who had lately lost a child of her  
 own; and owing to her care, little  
 Erminie lived. Lived—but for what  
 fate?

**CHAPTER XIII.**

A month passed. Night and day  
 the search had been carried on; enor-  
 mous rewards were offered; detectives  
 were sent in every direction; but all  
 in vain. No trace of the lost child  
 was to be found.

Lady Maude had awoke from that  
 deadly swoon, only to fall into an-  
 other, and another, until her friends  
 grew seriously alarmed for her life.  
 From this, she sank into a sort of  
 low stupor; and for weeks, she lay  
 dead and motionless, unconscious of  
 everything passing around her. White  
 frail, and shadowy, she lay, a breath-  
 ing corpse, dead to the world and  
 all it contained. She did not know  
 her husband, who, the very shadow  
 of his former self, gave up every-  
 thing to remain by her bedside, night  
 and day. They began to be alarmed  
 for her reason, at last; but her phy-  
 sicians said there was no danger—  
 she would arouse from the dull,  
 death-like lethargy, at last; they  
 must only let nature have her way.

Earl De Courcy never left his room  
 now. Feeling as if in some sort he  
 was the cause of this awful calam-  
 ity, he remained day and night in  
 his chamber, a miserable, heart-bro-  
 ken, wretched old man.

Late one evening, early in May, as  
 he sat bowed and collapsed in his  
 chair, a servant entered to announce  
 a stranger below, who earnestly de-  
 sired to see his lordship.

"Is it a woman?" asked the earl,  
 turning ghastly.

"No, my lord, a man, I think,  
 wrapped in a long cloak, and with  
 a hat slouched down over his face. He  
 said he had something of the utmost  
 importance to reveal to your lord-  
 ship."

"Show him up," said the earl,  
 eagerly.

The next moment, the door was  
 thrown open, and a tall, dark figure,  
 muffled in a cloak reaching to the  
 ground, and with a hat pulled far  
 over the face, entered, and stood si-  
 lently confronting the earl.

"Well? Do you bring news of my  
 son's child? Speak quickly, for  
 God's sake, if you do!" said the  
 earl, half rising in his eagerness.

Two fierce, black eyes, like living  
 coals, glared at him from under the  
 hat, but the tall stranger spoke not  
 a word.

A deadly fear, like an iron hand,  
 clutched the heart of the earl. That  
 tall, motionless form; those glaring  
 eyes; that ominous silence, made his  
 very blood curdle. White and trem-  
 bling, he fell back in his seat, for  
 all his undaunted strength was gone  
 now.

"Leave the room," said the stran-  
 ger, in a deep, stern voice, turning to  
 the servant, who stood gazing from  
 one to the other.

The man vanished—the door closed.  
 And Earl De Cour