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ALL FOR LOVE.
(Continued from Page 4.)
ner a jerk that swung her completely out, and then grasping her by the waist, he dumped her down on the floor beside him, upon which she immediately clapped another finger in her mouth, and there they sat, silently staring at each other, until both were despatched to bed.

Early in the morning Master Raymond and Miss Erminie found themselves awakened from an exceedingly sound slumber, and undergoing the unpleasant operation of dressing. The young gentleman kicked, and plunged manfully for a while, but finding it all of no use, he gave up the struggle and yielded to fate in a second nap. Erminie, after crying a little, followed his example, and then the gipsy, taking her in her arms, and followed by one of the tribe bearing the sleeping Raymond, hurried to the trying place.

There they found Mr. Toosyeps, looking green and sea-sick already, from anticipation. In a few words the gipsy gave him to understand that she wished to go on board immediately—a proposition which rather pleased Mr. Toosyeps, who was inwardly afraid she might desire to be brought to his house, where she would be confronted by Miss Toosyeps, of whom he stood in whole-some awe.

Half an hour brought them to the pier where the vessel lay; and consigning little Raymond to the care of one of the female passengers, she sought her berth with Erminie. Until England was out of sight she still dreaded detection; and therefore, she sat, with feverish impatience, longing to catch the last glimpse of the land where she was born.

Once she caught a passing glimpse of Mr. Toosyeps, a victim to "green and yellow melancholy" in its most aggravated form, as he walked toward his berth in an exceedingly limp state of mind and shirt collar. Mr. Toosyeps knew what sea-sickness was from experience; he had a distinct and sad recollection of what he endured the last time he crossed the Atlantic; and with many an ominous foreboding he ensconced himself in an armchair in the cabin, while the vessel rose and fell as she danced over the waves. Silently he sat, as men sit who await the heavy, slow Fate has in store for them.

Suddenly a stentorian voice from the deck rose high above the creaking and straining of ropes, and tramping of feet, with the thrilling words, "Heave ahead!" Mr. Toosyeps gave a convulsive start, an expression of intense anguish passed over his face, and suddenly clapping his handkerchief to his mouth, he fled to the silent depths of the state room, where hidden from human view, what passed was never known.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated a tall, thin, sharp female, with a sour face, and a cantankerous expression of countenance generally, who sat with her hands folded over a shiny brown holland gown, as upright as a church steeple and about as grim. "Well, I never, going hand being sea-sick afore he's ten minutes on board, which is something none of the family hever ad before, and I've been hoover to Highland without hever thinking of such a thing; lying there on the broad of his back, leaving me a poor lone woman, and gronin' hevery time this dratted hold ship givus a plunge, which is something that's not pleasant for a humprotect- ed female to be, having a lot of disagreeable sailors, smelling of skum and tar and sich, as if he couldn't wait to be sea-sick hafter we'd land. Ugh!" And Miss Priscilla Dor-hea Toosyeps—for she it was—knit up her face in a bristle of the sourest kinks, and punctuated her rather rambling speech by sundry frowns of the most intensely acid character.

To describe that voyage is not my intention; suffice it to say that it was an unusually speedy one. On the following morning the gipsy had appeared on deck with little Erminie, whose gentle beauty attracted universal attention, as her nurse's dark, stern, moody face did fear and dread. Many hands were held out for her, and Keturah willingly gave her a pleasant-faced young girl who offered to take charge of her until they should land. Master Raymond had already become prime favorite with all on board, more particularly with the sailors, and could soon run like a monkey up the shrouds into the rigging. At first he condescended to patronize Erminie occasionally; but on discovering she could not climb on her feet properly—he began to look down on her with a sort of lofty contempt. On the fifth day, Mr. Toosyeps made his appearance on deck, a walking skeleton.

As every one but Miss Priscilla laughed at him, and she scolded him unmercifully, the unhappy young man was forced to fly for relief to Keturah, whose silent grimness was quite the lightful compared with either of the others. Feeling that she owed him something for his kindness, she listened in silence to all his doleful complaints, and this so won upon the susceptible heart of that unfortunate youth, that he contracted quite an affection for her—just as a lap-dog has been known to make friends with a tiger before now.

"What do you intend to do when you get to America, Mrs. Keturah?" he asked one day as they sat together on the deck.

"I have not thought about it," she answered indifferently.

"You'll have to do something, you know," insinuated Mr. Toosyeps. "People always do something in America. They're real smart people there. I'm an American, Mrs. Keturah," added Mr. Toosyeps, complacently.

"The real kindness of his tone, his simple generosity, touched even the granite heart of the hard gipsy queen."
"I thank you and accept your offer, and more for their sake, however, than my own"—pointing to the children. "I could make my way through the world easily enough, but they are young and tender, and need care. I will go with you."

"It's real good for you to say so, Mrs. Keturah, and I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosyeps, with a brightening up of his pallid features. "We will land at New York, and after that, go to Dismal Hollow via Baltimore, which means, Mrs. Keturah," said Mr. Toosyeps, interrupting himself, to throw in a word of explanation, "by way of."

"It's Latin, or Greek, I guess, though I never learned either. Ugh! ain't it Latin nice, though!" added the owner of the sickly complexion, with a grimace of intense disgust. "I tried it for six weeks, one time, with an apothecary; and then, as it began to throw me into a decline, I gave it up. Not any more. I'm very much obliged to you."

Three days after that, the vessel touched the wharf at New York. And after two days and delay, which Mr. Toosyeps required to get his "land legs" on, they set off for Baltimore. In the course of time, that goodly city was reached, and one week after, the whole party arrived at Judestown—a thriving country town on the sea-coast, called then after the first settler, but known by another name, through the town, they reached the suburbs, and entered a more thinly settled part of the country.

Turning an abrupt angle in the road, they drove down a long, steep, craggy path, toward a gloomy, mountain gorge, at sight of which Mr. Toosyeps so far forgot himself as to take off his hat, and utter a hoarse "Hooryay" which so scandalized that strict Christian, his aunt, that she gave him a look beneath which he wilted down, and was heard no more.

"What an ugly old place! I won't go there," exclaimed little Raymond, with a strong expression of contempt.

And truly it did not look very inviting. The mountain, which by some convulsion of nature, seemed to have been violently rent in twain, was only passably by a narrow, dangerous, butle path. Down in the very bottom of this deep, gloomy gorge, stood an old, time-worn building of what had once been red brick, with dismal, black, broken window shutters, that at some far distant time might have been green. A range of dilapidated barns and outhouses spread away behind, and in front, some hundred yards distant, ran a slender rivulet, which every spring became swollen into a foaming torrent.

Here the sun never penetrated; no living creature was to be seen, and a more gloomy and dismal spot could hardly have been found in the wide world. Even the gipsy queen looked round with a sort of still amaze that any one could be found to live here, while Miss Priscilla, elevated both hands in horror, and in the may of the moment was surprised into the exclamation of exclaiming: "Great Jemini!"

"It's the ugliest old place ever was, and I won't go there!" reiterated Master Raymond.

"It is rather dull looking now," said Mr. Toosyeps, apologetically; "but wait till we get it fixed up a little, after a spell. The niggers have let things go to waste since I went away."

"Humph! Should think they had!" said Miss Priscilla, with a disdainful sniff. "Nothing but trees, and rocks, and mountains split him two; hand what your blessed father, which lies now a hangel in some nasty, swampy graveyard, could have been thinking hafter, with that 'orrid little river hafore the door, to build a 'ouse in sich a spot, which must hoverflow hevery in his life rains, hisure than I can tell—drowning hisure to do, some fine morning or hothe. Wah! wah!"

And with this final expression of disgust, given in a tone of scorn no words can express, the ancient virgin suffered herself to be handed from the wagon by her dutiful nephew.

"The noise of wheels—a very unusual noise—brought some half score of lean, hungry looking curs from some unseen region, who instantly began a furious yelping and barking. Miss Priscilla set up a series of short, sharp little screams and jumped upon a rock in mortal terror; little Erminie, terrified by the noise, began to cry; Master Raymond yelled to the dogs at the top of his lungs, and plunged headforemost in among them. Mr. Toosyeps went through all the phases of the potential commanding"—and a general uproar ensued that would have shamed Babel.

The hubbub and din roused the inmates, at last, as it might very easily have done the Seven Sleepers themselves. A shuffling of feet was heard within, and then a trembling voice demanded: "Who dar?"

"It's me. Open the door, for goodness sake!" exclaimed Mr. Toosyeps, in an agony of supplication.

"We's got yarms, and dar ain't nothing in the house for you to rob, so you'd better go away," said a quavering voice.

"Will you open the door? I tell you it's only me!" shouted the deeply exasperated Mr. Toosyeps, seizing the handle of the door and giving it a furious shake.

"Cautiously the door was partly opened, a terrified voice was heard to whisper: "You hit dem wid de poker arter I fire," and then the howling muzzles of two huge horse-pistols met their dismayed eyes.

"Don't shoot—it's me!" yelled the terror-stricken Mr. Toosyeps; but his words were lost in the bang! bang! of the pistols as they went off.

"O Lord, have mercy on me! I'm shot!" shrieked the unhappy Mr. Toosyeps, as he dropped like a stone in the mud, and lay motionless.

"Iland me de blunderbus—quick, Pomp! Dar's more o' dem," again whispered the chattering voice; and once more the warlike individual within blazed away, while Miss Priscilla lay kicking in the strongest hysterics, and Mr. Toosyeps, flat on his face in the mud, lay as rigid and still as a melancholy corpse.

So completely amazed was the gipsy queen by all this, that she stood motionless, with Erminie in her arms. Now the door was slowly opened, and a negro's face, gray with terror, was protruded. His round, goggle eyes, starting from his head with fear, fell on the prostrate forms of Miss Priscilla and her unfortunate nephew.

"Two ob dem gone, bress de Lord!" pliously ejaculated Coffee. "It takes me for to do the business. Well, bress Mars' r! if I ain't had a fight for't." Then catching sight of the gipsy, he passed suddenly, and jumped back, and raised the dis- charged blunderbus, but no effort could make it go off a second time.



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their snuffing them again.
"Dying? Wah, wah!" grunted Miss Priscilla, catching him by the shoulder and shaking him with no gentle hand. "Pretty corpse you'll make, hall hover with mud, hand looks has much like dying has I do."

"De blunderbus an' de pissels war only loaded wid powder—no shot in 'em at all. Deed, old missus, he ain't hurted the fustest mite, only he tink so."

"Hold!" shrieked Miss Priscilla, turning fiercely upon Coffee. "You impudent black nigger, you! to call me hold! Leave the room this very minute, hand never let me see your ugly black face haagin!"

"Come—you are not hurt—get up!" said Keturah, going over to the bedside, as poor Coffee, crest-fallen, slunk away. "There is not a hair of your head injured. Up with you!"

"Am I not shot?" demanded Mr. Toosyeps, bewildered. "Did the bullet not enter my brain?"

"You never had any for it to enter," said the gipsy, encouragingly. "Look yourself; there is neither wound nor blood."

"No; but it's bleeding inwardly," said Mr. Toosyeps, with a hollow groan. "Oh, I know I'm a dead man!"

"Chut! I have no patience with you! Get up, man! you are as well as ever!" impatiently exclaimed Keturah.

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