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**ALL FOR LOVE**

(Continued from Page 4.)

with all, and so was the bold, bright, high-spirited Raymond, to whom the somewhat eccentric Admiral Haven- ful took such a fancy that he insisted on sending him to college with his nephew Ranty, or Randolph Law- less. To college, therefore, the boys went; and Erminie remained at the Barrens, and went every fine day to Judestown to the district school, sometimes, but very rarely, accom- panied by Pet Lawless; for that wild young lady voted schools and school teachers and "Committee men," un- mitigated bores, all, and preferred her own "sweet will" and her pony Starlight to suffering through "read- in', writin', and reticem'." In vain her father, the judge, stormed and threatened her with all sorts of calamities. Pet, metaphysically speaking, snapped her finger in the face of all authority; and the more she wouldn't, though she did offer to do her best to learn if they would let her go with Ranty and Ranty. But gaiters were things forbidden inside the college gates; and besides, Ranty very ungallantly protested that all girls in general, and "our Pet" in particular, were nothing but "pesta" and that he wouldn't have her near him at any price. Master Ranty Lawless did not like the female pres- sion, and once gruffly announced that his idea of Heaven was a place where boys could do as they liked, and where there were no girls. So as Pet had no mother to look after her, and queneed it over the servants at home, she grew up pretty much as she liked, and was not far and near the wildest, maddest, skip-over-the-moon madcap that ever threw a peaceable community into convul- sions.

This much being premised, it is on- ly necessary to say that Ray and Ranty had returned from college for a few months' vacation, the day pre- vious to the commencement of this chapter, and then go on with our story.

"When is Miss Priscilla coming over, Mr. Toosyeps?" said Erminie as she filled for the third time his cup with fragrant golden coffee.

"Morning evening," replied Mr. Toosyeps, speaking with his mouth full; "she's going to bring you a parcel of muslin things to work for her."

"The collar and caps she was speak- ing of, I guess," said Erminie, with her pleasant smile.

"How in the world, Erminie," ex- claimed Pet, "do you find time to work for everybody? I never saw you a moment idle yet."

"Well, it's pleasanter to be doing something," said Erminie; "and be- sides, Miss Priscilla can't do fine sewing, her eyes are so weak, you know. I can't bear to sit still and do nothing; I like to sew, or some- thing."

"Ugh! sewing's the most horrid thing," said Pet, with a shrug; "I don't mind reading a pretty story to pass time now and then; but to sit down and go stitch-stitch-stitching for hours steady—well, I know I'd soon be in a strait-jacket if I tried it, that's all. I was reading a real nice book the other night."

"What was it?" asked Ray. "I should like to see the book you would like to read."

"Well, there ain't many I like, but oh! this one was ever so nice. It was all about a hateful old Jew who lent money to a man that wanted to go somewhere a-courting; and then this Jew wanted to cut off a piece of his flesh, to eat, I expect—the nasty old cannibal! And then this lady, I forget her name, came and dressed herself up in men's clothes and got him—the fellow who went courting, you know—off somewhere. Oh, it was splendid! I'll lend you the book sometime, Minnie."

"Why it must have been the 'Mer- chant of Venice' you read," said Ray, "though such a jumbled-up account of it as that, I never heard. I'll go over for the book to-morrow and read it to Min, if she cares about hearing it."

Before Erminie could reply, a sur- prised ejaculation from Pet made her turn quickly round. Ray's eyes wan- dered in the same direction, while Mr. Toosyeps sprung from his seat in terror, thereby badly scalding him- self with the hot coffee at the sight which met his astonished eyes.

**CHAPTER XVI.**

A little old decrepit woman, bent double with age, leaning on a staff, and, shaking with palsy, stood as suddenly before them as if she had sprung up through the earth. Her dress was the most astonishing com- plication of rags that ever hung to- gether on a human back before. A long, old-fashioned, cloak that, a hundred years before, had probably been all the rage, swept behind her; and as it trailed along, seemed in imminent danger of throwing the un- fortunate old lady over her own head, every minute. A brown, sun- burnt face, half hidden in masses of coarse gray hairs peered wildly out; and from under a pair of bushy, wrenching gray eyebrows, gleamed two keen, needle-like eyes, as sharp as two-edged stilettoes. This singular individual wore a man's old beaver hat on her head, which was forcibly retained on that palsy-shak- ing member by a scarlet bandanna handkerchief passed over the crown, and tied under the chin.

Altogether, the little stooping, un- earthly-looking creature was one of the most singular sights that mortal eyes ever beheld.

So completely amazed were the whole assembly, that for some five minutes they stood staring in silent wonder at this unexpected and most startling apparition.

"Don't be afraid, pretty ladies and gentlemen," said the little old lady, in a shrill, sharp falsetto. "I won't hurt none of you, ef you behave yourselves. I guess I may come in 'zoo'."

And suiting the action to the word, the little owner of the extraordinary head-dress hobbled in, and compos- edly dumped herself down into the rocking chair Mr. Toosyeps had vacated.

"Now, what in the name of Hecate and all the witches, does this mean?" exclaimed Pet, first recovering her presence of mind.

"It means that I'll take some breakfast, if you'll bring it down, miss," said the little old woman, laying her formidable-looking stick across her lap; and favoring the com- pany, one and all, with a prolonged stare from her keen, bright eyes.

"Well, now, that's what I call cool," said Pet, completely taken aback by the old woman's sang froid. "Perhaps your ladyship will be con-descending enough to sit over here and help yourself?"

"No, thankee," squeaked her lady- ship. "I'd rather have it here, if it's all the same to you, I ain't as smart as I used to was; and don't like to be getting up much. Perhaps 't'other young gal wouldn't mind bringing it here," she added, looking at the astounded Erminie.

"Ray's out of her trance of aston- ishment; not unmingled with terror by claims of hospitality, Erminie hastened to comply; and placing a cup of fragrant coffee and some but- tered waffles on a light waiter, placed it on a chair within the old wo- man's reach.

That small individual immediately fell to, with an alacrity quite aston- ishing, considering her size and age; and coffee and waffles in a remark- ably short space of time were "among the things that were, but are no longer."

"Thankee, young 'oman, that was very nice," said the old woman, drawing out a flaming yellow cotton pocket-handkerchief, and wiping her mouth, as a sign she had finished; "my appetite ain't so good as it us- ed to be; I reckon that do for the present. What's your dinner-hour, young gals?"

"Little after midnight," said Pet. "Humph! I reckon you're trying to poke fun at me, Miss Pet Lawless; but no good ever comes of telling lies. Have you ever heard tell on Ammanias and Sapphira?" asked the old woman, turning sharply on Pet.

"Whew! ghosts, and goblins, and warlocks! She knows my name!" whistled Pet, in unbounded astonish- ment.

"Yes; I know more about you than I want to know," said the little old woman with a scowl.

"Well, you ain't the only one in that plight, if that's any consolati- on," said Pet, carelessly.

"Do you know who I am, too," said Ray.

"Yes, I've heern tell on you," said the old woman, shortly.

"Ain't no good either, I'll be bound!" said Pet.

"Well, no; sence you say it, I never did hear any good of him," said the old woman, taking out a huge snuff- box, and composedly helping herself to a pinch.

"What did you hear about me, mother?" said Ray, laughing, as he shook his curly black locks.

"Well, I heard you was a noisy, dis- respectable, fightin' character; allus a kickin' up a row with somebody, and forever a tormentin' of that nice young gentleman, Master Ranty Law- less, who is a brother of that little yellin' gal over there, and worth a dozen like her!" said the little old woman, with asperity.

"Well, upon my word, if that ain't polite, not to say complimentary," said Pet, drawing a long breath.

"Little yellin' gal! Good gracious!"

"Well, you ain't white, you know," said the old woman—who, whatever her other infirmities might be, was certainly not deaf. "You're ray- ing at me, as every body what's a pety eyes can see for themselves. It's a got you ain't good-looking, like your brother Ranty. I don't think I ever saw a prettier young man nor he is in my life."

"Why, you hateful old thing!" burst out Pet, indignantly; losing all her customary respect for old age in these unflattering remarks. "I ain't tawny; and I am pretty—I just am! and I'm not going to believe any- body that says anything else. I'm you and everybody else thinks I'm ugly, it's to your bad taste! Ran- ty's prettier than me! Likely story!"

"I'll bet, than me! Likely story!" said Pet, between contempt and in- dignation.

"Well, look what a nice white skin he has!" said the old woman, with whom Master Ranty appeared to be an immense favorite.

"White skin! bleached saffron more like!" blurted out Pet; "if our Ranty's good looking, I guess he keeps his beauty in his pocket; for nobody but you ever discovered it. Humph! 'Little yellin' gal!' I vow it's enough to provoke a saint!" ex- claimed Pet, in a higher key, at the remembrance of this insult.

"May we ask the name of the lady who has favored me with her com- pany this morning?" said Ray, at this point, bowing to the old woman with most ceremonious politeness.

"Yes, you may, young man," said the old lady, with a sharp asperity, that seemed rather uncalled-for; "it's a name I ain't never ashamed of, and that's more'n some folks can say. I'm Goody-Two-Shoes; and if you don't like it, you may lump it."

"A mighty pretty name," remarked Pet.

"And we like it, exceedingly," said Ray; "though, if we didn't, what awful meaning lies hidden under the mysterious phrase of 'lumping it'?"

I confess, it passes my comprehen- sion. Perhaps, my dear madam, you would be good enough to translate it from the original Greek, to which language I should judge it belongs, and let us know its import in the vulgar tongue, commonly called plain English."

"Young man!" exclaimed the be- dame, facing sharply round; "I dare say you think it mighty amusing to keep poking fun at me—which shows all the brought-up ever you had, to go showing no respect to people what's in think such onchris- tian conduct"—here the sharp voice rose to the shrillest possible treble tone—"I'll go on punished on this sirth, or in the air to come, you're very much deceived young man; let me tell you that! I have power, though you mayn't think so, and could turn you into a cracked jug, or a murt- ard pot, just as easy as not."

"I wish to merray you would, then, old Goody Two Shoes! Lor! what a snowy appearance you 'd merray, Ray, as a murtard pot!" said Pet, burst- ing into a fit of laughter.

"Why, my dear madam, I hadn't the slightest idea of 'poking fun' at you, as you elegantly expressed it," said Ray, looking deeply persecuted and patient; "and as to being turned into a cracked jug, or a murtard pot, I think I would rather retain my present shape, if it's all the same to you."

"Take care, then, how you rouse my wrath," said the old woman, with a scowl. "I'm a patient woman; but I can't stand everything. I'm used to be treated with respect. Where I came from, no such conduct was ever heerd tell on."

"It's a warm climate there—ain't it?" inquired Pet, meekly.

"Humph! there's some inference in that, if a body only could make it out," grunted the old woman; "any- ways, I was always treated with re- spect, there, young 'oman; which I'd advise you to remember, for you need it."

"Now, who would think that the little demons would treat the old one with respect?" said Pet, musing- ly. "I never knew they were so pol- ite down there, before."

"Young woman," began Goody, with kindling eyes, when Pet inter- rupted her impatiently with:

"Look here, now, old Goody Two- Shoes, I ain't a young woman, and I never intend to be; and I'd thank you not to keep calling me out of my name. I'm Miss Petronilla Law- less, and if it's not too much trouble I'd feel grateful to you if you'd call me so, there!"

"Go'd gracious! Miss Pet, take care!" whispered Mr. Toosyeps, who, gray with terror, had been all this time crouching out of sight in a corner; "it's real dangerous to rouse her; she might bring the roof down about our heads, and kill us all, if you angered her."

"Who is that young man?" said the old woman, in an appalling voice, as she slowly raised her fin- ger, and pointed it, like a pistol, at the trembling head of Mr. O. C. Toosyeps.

"I—I—I'm Orlando C. Toosyeps, I—I'm very much obliged to you," stammered Mr. Toosyeps, dodging behind Pet, in evident alarm.

"Young man, come over here," sol- emnly said the be-dame, keeping her long finger pointed, as if it about to take aim, and then removing her chin, lighting eyes from the pallid physiognomy of the unhappy Mr. Toosyeps.

"Go, Horlander," said Pat, giving him an encouraging push. "Bear it like a man; which means, hold up your head, and take your finger out of your mouth, like a good boy. I'll stick to you to the last."

With chattering teeth, trembling limbs, bristling hair, and terror- stricken face, Mr. Toosyeps found himself standing before the ancient sybil, by dint of a series of pushes from the encouraging hand of Pet.

"Young man, wouldst thou know the future?" began the old woman, in a deep, stern, impressive voice.

"I—I—I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Two-Shoes," replied Mr. Toosyeps. "It's real kind of you I'm sure, and—"

"Vain mortal, spare thy superfluous thanks," interrupted the myster- ious one, with a wave of her hand.

"Dark and terrific is the doom that Fate has in store for thee; and doom do dreadful that dogs will come to the stars in the firmament hold their breath, and even the poultry in the barn-yard turn pale to hear it. Woe to thee, unhappy man! Better for thee somebody else had a mill- stone tied round his neck, and were plunged into the middle of frog-pond, than that thou shouldst live to see that day."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the horror-stricken Mr. Toosyeps, wiping the cold drops of perspiration off his face, as the sybil flourished her snuff-box in the air, as if invoking kindred spirits to come to her aid.

"Sublime peroration!" exclaimed Ray, laughing.

"Live to see that day?" inquired Pet, whose curiosity was aroused.

"The day he gets married, maybe." "Awful will be the result, that is, follow that day," said the ancient Pet, scowling darkly at the irreverent "Tremendous clouds will flash vividly through the sky, the blinding thunder will show itself in all the colors of a dying dolphin, and a severe rainstorm will probably be the result. On thyself, O unhappy of mortals, terrific will be the effects; it will produce! These beautiful snuff- colored freckles will shake to their very centre, these magnificent whisk- ers, which, I perceive, in two or three places show symptoms of sprouting, will wither away in dread, like the grass which perisheth. This courage- ous form, brave as a lion, which has never yet quailed before man or ghost, will be rent in twain like a mountain in a gale of wind; and an attack of influenza in your great toe will mercifully put an end to all your earthly agonies and troubles at once! Unhappy mortal, go! Thou hast heard thy doom."

A more wretched and woebegone face than Mr. Toosyeps displayed as he turned round, no earthly eye ever fell on before. Ray had turned to the window in convulsions of laughter.

"I ain't well," said Mr. Toosyeps, mournfully, as he took up his hat. "I've got a pain somewhere, and I guess I'll go home. Good morning, Mrs. Two-Shoes. I'm very much ob- liged to you, I'm sure."

"And slowly and dejectedly Mr. Toosyeps crushed his hat over his eyes, and turned his steps in the di- rection of Dismal Hollow.

"Poor Horlander!" said Pet; "if he isn't scared out of his wits, if he ever had any. Say, Goody, won't you tell my fortune, too?"

"Come hither, scoffer," said the sybil, with solemn sternness. "Ap- pear, and learn the dark doom Des- tiny has in store for thee."

"O Hamlet! what a falling off was there!" quoted Ray.

"Peace, irreverent mortal!" said Goody Two-Shoes; "peace, while I foretell the future fate of this tawny little mortal before me!"

"Well, if you ain't the politest old

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"Say!" ejaculated Pet. "But go on; I don't mind being called ugly, now, I'm getting used to it, and rather like it."

"You'll never be drowned," began the sybil, looking down prophetic- ally into Pet's little, dark palm.

"Well, that's pleasant, anyway," said Pet.

"Because you were born to be hanged," went on the old woman, un- heeding the interruption.

"Whew!" whistled Pet.

"Your days are numbered—" "Well, I never saw a number on one of 'em yet," interrupted the in- corrigible Petronilla.

"Peace, scoffer!" exclaimed the be- dame, fiercely. "The fates disclose a speedy change in thy destiny."

"I expect they do," said Pet; "for I'm going to be sent to school soon."

"Some dark torture is in store for you, an agony that nothing can al- leviate, a nameless secret misery—" "Perhaps it's the colic," suggested Pet. "If it is, I ain't afraid; cause gin and water will cure it."

"Silence, girl! and mock not des- tiny thus. At some future day, you will be a wife."

"Well, there ain't anything very wonderful in that, I'm sure; I didn't need to be told that. You didn't expect I'd be an old maid, did you?" said Pet.

"I behold here," continued the seeress, peering into the little palm quite heedless of the interruption, "a miserable little hut, where thirteen red-haired children are playing; and a tawny woman, with a dirty face, in the midst of them, is—" "Spanking them all round!" inter- rupted Pet, eagerly. "If she isn't, it ain't me."

"Will you be silent!" vociferated the ancient prophetess, with increas- ing sharpness. "Terrible is the doom of those who scoff at fortune as thou dost! Don't withdraw your hand! It is here plainly revealed that if you travel northward, that if you travel southward, you'll see a good deal."

"Go away!" ejaculated Pet, incred- ulously.

"And if you have a great deal of money you'll be rich."

"It ain't possible!" once more broke in the unbelieving Miss Law- less.

"And if you don't die you'll live to be pretty old."

"Now, who'd a thought it?" said Pet.

"Leave me, wretched unbeliever!" said the old woman, flinging away Pet's hand, with angry disdain.

"Leave me; but beware! I am not to be mocked with impunity."

"Neither am I," said Pet; "so I'm not going to believe a word about them thirteen red-haired children. A baker's dozen, too; as if twelve was- n't enough! Poh! I ain't such a goose, Goody Two-Shoes."

"Well, wait, you misdirected, sun- burnt, unfortunate, turned-up-nosed misbeliever!" exclaimed the old vi- rage, shaking her fist at Pet, in a rage. "Wait! And when my words come true, remember they were fore- told by Goody Two-Shoes."

"Well, I declare!" said Pet. "If I wasn't the patientest, best tempered little girl up in Maryland, I wouldn't put up with this abuse. Not even my nose is allowed to escape; and it never injured you or anybody else in its life."

And Pet with a deeply wounded look ran her finger along the insulted pro- bosis, as if to soothe its feelings.

"Will you tell my fortune, Mother Two-Shoes?" said Ray, turning round. "I am particularly anxious to know the future."

(Continued next week.)

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