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ALL FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 4)

to be respectful when you address your father."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Pet. "No matter how seriously, sensibly, or solemnly I talk, people say I'm talking nonsense. But that's just my fate; everything awful and horrid is destined to happen to me; and if I say a word against it I'm told I'm prudent and ungrateful, and dear knows what. Now, I told you I locked my teacher up, and you tell me you have no time to listen to my nonsense. I guess Mr. Garnet finds it an unpleasant truth, anyway."

"Petronilla! What do you mean?" said her father, beginning to think there might be method in this madness.

"Why, that I've locked Mr. Garnet up in the library for not behaving himself." said Pet, promptly.

"Locked him up!"

"Yes, sir; and served him right, the old ghoul!"

"Locked your teacher up?"

"Yes, sir; teachers require locking up as well as pupils."

"Miss Lawless, it's not possible that you have been guilty of such an outrageous act!" said the judge, with an awful frown.

"Yes, it is possible," said Pet, "and he deserves twice as much for what he did. Oh, wouldn't I like to be a man for one blessed half hour, that I could horse-whip him within an inch of his life!"

"Good Heavens! what a visitation this mad girl is! What has Mr. Garnet done, you dreadful girl?"

"Dreadful girl!" burst out Pet, indignantly; "there's the way I'm abused for taking my own part. Your daughter's teacher has been making all sorts of love to me all the whole blessed morning!" and thereupon Pet commenced with a "full, true, and authentic" account of her morning interview in the library.

As the judge listened, the scowl on his brow looked blacker and blacker till his face was like the double-refined essence of a thunderbolt. But when Pet mentioned his threats and indignity, in refusing to free her, his rage burst all bounds, and his wrath was a sight to see.

"The villain! the scoundrel! the blackleg! the lowbred hound! to dare to talk to my daughter in such a way! I vow to heaven I have a good mind to break every bone in his body! To insult my daughter under her father's roof, and threaten her like this! Petronilla, where is the key? I'll kick the impertinent puppy out of the house."

"The key's in the door," said Pet. "I expect he's in a sweet frame of mind by this time!"

Upstairs marched the judge and turning the key in the library door, he confronted Mr. Garnet.

"So, Mr. Garnet, you have done my daughter the honor to propose for her hand this morning, and when that digit was refused you, you caught her, and had the impudence to insult her in her father's house. Oh! you are a model teacher of youth, Mr. Garnet! You're an exemplary young man to be trusted with the education of a young female. Come, sir, out of my house, and if ever I catch sight of you again, I'll cane you while I'm able to stand. Off with you this instant." And the judge, who was as strong as half-a-dozen broken-down roues like Garnet, caught him by the collar and unceremoniously dragged him down stairs. In vain the quondam teacher strove to free himself, and make his voice heard; not a word would the judge listen to; but upon reaching the hall door, landed him by a well-applied kick on the broad of his back, and then went in, slamming the door in his face.

Crest-fallen and mortified, Mr. Garnet picked himself up, and glancing hurriedly around beheld Petronilla standing laughingly watching him at the window. A very fiend seemed to leap into his eyes then, and shaking his fist fiercely at her, he strode off, breathing words of vengeance, not "loud but deep."

CHAPTER XXV.

Admiral Havenful, it's kind of you to ask, but I ain't well at all; I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, in a deeply dejected voice, as he walked into the parlor of the White Squall and took his seat without ever raising his eyes from the floor.

"Stand from under!" growled the admiral, in a tone like a bear with the bronchitis, as he gave his glazed hat a slap down on his head, and looked in a bewildered sort of way at the melancholy face of Mr. O. C. Toosypegs.

"Admiral Havenful, it's my intention to stand from under as much as possible," said Mr. Toosypegs mournfully; "but, at the same time, I'm just as miserable as ever I can be, thank you. I don't see what I was born for at all, either. I dare say they meant well about it; but at the same time, I don't see what I was born for," said Mr. Toosypegs, with increased mournfulness.

The admiral laid both hands on his knees, and leaning over, looked solemnly into Mr. Toosypeg's face. Reading no expression whatever in that "Book of Beauty" but the mildest sort of despair, he drew himself up again, and grunted out an adjuration to "heave ahead."

"Admiral Havenful, would you oblige me by not saying that again?" said Mr. Toosypegs. "You mean real well, I know; but it recalls unpleasant recollections that I wish buried in oblivion. Ugh!" said Mr. Toosypegs, with a convulsive shudder.

"Now, Mr. Toosypegs, I'm considerable out of my latitude, and if you'll just keep her round a point or so, I'll be able to see my way clearer, and discover in which corner the wind sits. What's the trouble, young man?"

"The trouble, Admiral Havenful, is such that no amount of words can ever express it. No, Admiral Havenful!" exclaimed the unhappy Mr. Toosypegs, "all the words in all the dictionaries, not to mention the spelling-books, that ever was printed couldn't begin to tell you the way I feel. It worries me so, and preys on my mind at such a rate that my appetite ain't no circumstance to what it used to be. My Sunday swallow-tails (the one with the brass buttons, Admiral Havenful), that used to just barely meet on me, goes clean around me twice, now. I don't expect to live long at this rate, but I guess it's pleasanter laying in the graveyard than living in this vale of tears," added Mr. Toosypegs with a melancholy snuffle.

Once again the perplexed admiral glanced at Mr. Toosypegs, but still nothing was to be read in those pallid, freckled features, but the mildest sort of anguish. The admiral was beginning to lose patience.

"Belay there! belay!" he roared, bringing his fist down with a tremendous thud on his unoffending knee. "Come to the point at once, Orlando Toosypegs! What the dickens is the matter?"

"Admiral Havenful, don't swear!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, looking deeply scandalized. "I dare say you mean well; but profane swearing isn't so edifying as it might be. I've a little tract at home that tells about a boy that told another boy to 'go to blazes!' and three years after he fell out of a fourth-story window and broke two of his legs, and some of his arms. That shows the way profane swearing is punished. I'll bring you over the book some day, Admiral Havenful, if you like; it's a very interesting story to read about."

The admiral fell back with a groan.

"I haven't read anything lately but the 'Lamentations of Jeremiah,'" said Mr. Toosypegs, resuming his former objections; "it's very soothing to the feelings, though I can't lay it to heart so much as I would like to, on account of Aunt Priscilla scolding all the time. She means real well, I know, but it ain't so pleasant to listen to as some things I've heard. I laid awake all last night crying, but it don't seem to do me much good."

The admiral said nothing; he had evidently given up the point in despair.

"I wouldn't mention this to anybody but you, Admiral Havenful," said Mr. Toosypegs, "because my feelings are so dreadfully lacerated that it's a great affliction for me to speak of it. I know you won't tell any body that I've revealed it, because I would feel real bad about it if you did."

"Orlando Toosypegs, just stand by a minute, will you?" said the admiral, in the tone of a patient but persecuted saint. "Now, hold on—what have you revealed to me? what have you told me? There's two questions I'd feel obliged to anybody to answer."

"Why, my goodness!" said Mr. Toosypegs, in much surprise, "haven't I told you? Why, I thought I had. Well, then, Admiral Havenful, I've went and fell in love, and that's all about it."

"Maintopsail haul!" roared the admiral, immeasurably relieved; "who'd ever have thought it! Who is she, Orlando?" said the admiral, lowering his voice to a husky whisper.

"Your niece, Miss Pet Lawless," said Mr. Toosypegs, blushing deeply.

This announcement took the admiral so much by surprise that he could only give vent to it by another appealing glance at the picture, and a stifled growl of "Splice the main-brace!"

"Admiral Havenful, it's my intention to splice the main-brace as much as possible. I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, gratefully, "but, at the same time, I'm afraid it won't do me the least good. I know very well she don't care anything about me, and will go and marry somebody else some day. By gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, with the energy of desperation, "I've a good mind to go and do something to myself, whenever I think of it. Why, it's enough to make a fellow go and heave himself away into an untimely grave—so it is."

"Don't Orlando, don't," said the admiral, in a tone of grave rebuke; "It's not proper to talk so. When you come to overhaul your conscience, by and by, you'll be sorry for such rash threats. Now, look here—I'm going to talk to you for your own good. Does Pet know you've gone and splashed your affections on to her?"

"Good gracious, no!" ejaculated Mr. Toosypegs, in much alarm; "I wouldn't tell her for anything—no, not for any amount of money you could give me for doing it, Admiral Havenful. Oh, my goodness! the idea! Why, she would laugh at me, Admiral Havenful."

"Avast there, messmate! avast!" growled the admiral administering a thump to his glazed hat. "Now, look here. When a young man goes and falls into love with a young woman, what does he do? or, what do they do?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Admiral Havenful," said Mr. Toosypegs, looking dejectedly at the carpet; "I never was in love before, you know, and it's just the queerest feeling ever was. I never experienced anything like it before. It's not like the colic, or the toothache, or a cramp, or anything: you feel—well, I don't know as I can describe it; but you kind of feel all over. And whenever I meet Miss Pet suddenly and she turns them two great black eyes of her's right on to me—my gracious! Admiral Havenful, the state it sets me into! Why, I actually feel as if I'd like to crawl out of the toes of my boots, or have the carpet open and swallow me up."

"Belay! belay!" said the admiral, impatitntly: "you're steering in the wrong direction altogether, Orlando. Now, look here; I asked you, 'when a young man goes and falls in love with a young woman, what does he do?" and says you, 'I don't know, Admiral Havenful.' Well now, look here; I'll tell you. When a young man goes and falls in love with a young woman, what does he do? Why, Orlando Toosypegs, he goes and marries her? That's what he does!"

And hereupon the admiral administered another vigorous slap to his glazed hat, that very nearly stove in the crown of that ill-used head-piece; and leaning back in his chair, looked with excusable triumph and exultation at Mr. Toosypegs.

"They goes and gets married. That there's what they does," repeated the admiral, folding his arms and leaning serenely back, like a man who has settled the matter forever. "And now, Orlando Toosypegs, in the words of scripture"—here the admiral got up and took off his hat—"'go thou and do likewise.'"

"Admiral Havenful, I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," said the "lovyer,," in a subdued tone; "but—but maybe she wouldn't have me. She might, just as likely as not, say 'No,' Admiral Havenful," said Mr. Toosypegs, mournfully; "It's my luck always, to have the most dreadful things happen to me! I declare it's enough to make a fellow mad enough to go and do something to himself—it actually is."

"Don't now, Orlando, don't now," said the admiral severely; it isn't proper, you know, and you really shouldn't. There's a proverb I'm trying to think of," said the admiral, knitting his brows in intense perplexity; "you know the Book of Proverbs, Orlando, don't you. Hold on, now, till I see; 'Fain'—no—yes, 'Fain heart—fain heart never won a fair lady.'" Again the old sailor reverentially removed his hat. "That's it, Orlando; 'fain heart never won fair lady.' No, look here; you go straight along and ask Firefly if she's willing to cruise under your flag through life, and if she lays her hand in yours, and says 'I'm there, messmate!' by St. Paul Jones! we'll have such a wedding as never was seen in old Maryland since Calvert came over. Hoorah!" yelled the admiral, waving his hat over his head in an unexpected outburst of delight that quite startled Mr. Toosypegs.

"Admiral Havenful, I'll do it! I will, by granny!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, jumping up in the excitement of the moment. "I'll go right straight over to Heath Hill and ask her. Why, she actually might say 'Yes,' after all. Oh my gracious! if she does, won't it be nice? What will Aunt Priscilla say? Admiral Havenful, it was real kind of you to advise me so, and tell me what to do; and I'm ever so much obliged to you—I really am," said Mr. Toosypegs, bustling around, and putting on his hat, and turning to go.

"Keep her to the wind's eye!" roared the admiral, in a burst of enthusiasm, as he brought one tremendous sledge-hammer fist down with an awful thump on the table.

"Admiral Havenful, it is my intention to keep her to the wind's eye as much as possible," said Mr. Toosypegs, who comprehended the sentence about as much as he would a Chinese funeral oration. "Good-bye, now; I'll come right back when it's over, and tell you what she said."

CHAPTER XXVI.

In all the ardor of his momentary excitement Mr. Toosypegs got astride of a serious-looking pony, a family relation of the admiral's favorite nag, Ringbone, and set out at a shuffling gallop for Heath Hill. Mr. Toosypegs did not look quite so pretty on horseback as some people might suppose; for he went jiggling up and down with every motion of his steed, and being remarkably long in the legs, his feet were never more than a few inches from the ground; so that, altogether, he was not the most dashing rider you would have selected to lead a charge of cavalry. But Mr. Toosypegs was not thinking of his looks just then, but of a far more important subject—trying to screw his courage to the sticking-point. The farther he went, the faster his new-found courage began oozing away. As the White Squall receded, so did his daring determination; and as the full extent of the mission he was on burst upon him, a cold perspiration slowly burst out on his face, despite the warmth of the day.

"Good gracious! it's going to be awful; I know it is!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, wiping his face with the cuff of his coat. "And how I'm ever going to get through with it, I'm sure I don't know! If I only knew any young man that's in the habit of proposing, he could tell me how they do it, and then I wouldn't mind. But now—by granny! I've a good mind to turn, and go right back to Dismal Hollow. But, then, the Admiral—what will he say? Well, I don't care what he says. How would he like to go and pop the question himself, I wonder? By gracious! I will go back. It's no use thinking about it; for I'd sooner be chawed alive by rattlesnakes, and then kicked to death by grasshoppers, than go and tell Miss Pet the way I feel. I couldn't tell her the way I feel; it's the most peculiar sensation ever was. And them black eyes of hers! Land of hope and blessed promise! the way they do go right through a fellow's vest-pattern! How in the world so many men can manage to get married is more than I know; for I'd sooner march up to the muzzle of a pistol while old Nick held the trigger, than go and do it! Whoa, Charlie! Turn 'round. I'm going home to Dismal Hollow!"

Whir, whir, whir! came something, with lightning-like rapidity, over the soft heath. Mr. Toosypegs turned round; and there came Miss Pet herself, flying along like the wind, on her fleet Arabian, her cheeks crimson, her splendid eyes blazing, her red lips smiling; her short, jetty curls flying in the wind she herself raised, her long, raven black plume just touching her scarlet cheeks; the red rings of flame flashing out in the sunlight from her dazzling eyes and hair. She was bewildering, dazzling, blinding! Mr. Toosypegs had his breath completely taken away, as his heart had long since been, and at that moment fell more deeply, deplorably, and helplessly in love than ever. Every idea was instantaneously put to flight by this little, dark, bright bird-of-paradise—this blinding little grenade, all fire, and jets, and sparkles.

"Halloa, Orlando! Your very humble servant!" shouted Pet, as she laughingly dashed up, touching her hat gallantly to the gentleman. "How does your imperial highesss find yourself this glorious day?"

"A—pretty miserable, thank you, A—I mean I ain't very well, Miss Pet," said Mr. Toosypegs, stammering, and breaking down.

"Not very well, eh? Why, what's the matter? Not cholera morbus, or measles, or a galloping-decline, or anything—is it?" said Pet, in a tone of deepest anxiety. "The gods forbid anything should happen to you, Orlando, for the sake of all Judestown girls whose hearts you have broken! You do look sort of blue—a prey to 'green and yellow melancholy.' I shouldn't wonder! Make Miss Priscilla apply a mustard poultice when you get home—it doesn't matter where—and go to bed with your feet in a tub of hot water, and I'll bet you anything you'll be as well as ever, if not considerably better, in the morning. I'm going to take in nursing some of these days, and ought to know!"

"Miss Pet, it's real good of you to advise me, and I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, gratefully; "but, at the same time, I don't believe mustard poultices and tubs of hot water would do me the first mite of good. No, Miss Pet, not all the hot water in all the hot springs that ever was, could do me the least good," said Mr. Toosypegs, firmly. "I'm in that state that nothing can do me any good—no, no, nothing!" repeated Mr. Toosypegs, with increased firmness. "It's all internal, you see, Pet."

"Oh! is it?" said Pet, puckering up her mouth as if she were going to whistle. "You ought to take something, then, and drive it out! Hot gin, or burnt brandy and cayenne is good—excessively good—though not so nice to take as some things I've tasted. Just you take a pint or so of hot burnt brandy and cayenne to-night before going to bed, and you'll see it will be all out in a severe rash to-morrow morning. I'm advising you for your good, Orlando; for I feel like a mother to you."

"It's real good of you, Miss Pet, I'm sure," said Mr. Toosypegs, wincing, as the very thought of the hot brandy and cayenne brought tears to his eyes, "and I would be real glad to take your advice, and brandy, only what ails me can't be brought out in a rash. No, Miss Pet, all the brandy from here to Brandywine," said Mr. Toosypegs—with a hazy idea that all ardent apirits came from that place—"couldn't do it. It's real good of you though, to recommend it."

"Well, really, I'm afraid I'll have to give the case up, though I hate to do it. How do you feel as a general thing?"

"Well, I can't say I feel very well," said Mr. Toosypegs, mournfully. "I'm sort of restless, and can't sleep of nights!"

"Ah, that's owing to the mosquitos!" said Pet. "That ain't dangerous. Go on."

"No, Miss Pet, it's not the mosquitos; it's me feelings," said Mr. Toosypegs, with increased mournfulness, "I've lost my appetite!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't wonder at that either," again interrupted Pet. "Miss Priscilla half-starves you over there—I know she does. Just you come over and dine with us two or three times a week, at Heath Hill, and you'll be astonished slightly at the way you'll find your appetite again. Oh, I don't despair of you at all!"

"Miss Pet," burst out Mr, Toosypegs, in a sort of desperation, "it's very good of you to ask me, and I'm very much obliged to you; but you don't understand my feeling at all. It's an unfortunate attachment—"

"An attachment?" exclaimed Pet. "Whew, that is bad! Why, Orlando, I didn't think you owed anybody anything. When was this attachment issued against you?"

"O Miss Pet! can't you understand? My gracious! that ain't the sort of attachment I mean at all. It's not legal—"

"Then it's illegal," said Pet, with a profoundly-shocked expression of countenance. "Why, Mr. Toosypegs, where do you expect to go to! I never expected to have any such confession from your lips. An illegal attachment! O my stars and gar-

(Continued next week)

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Martineau's Defalcations Still the Subject of Investigation.

Ottawa, Feb. 23.—Investigation is still proceeding into the accounts of the Militia Department, but it will be a couple of days before the exact amount of Arthur Martineau's defalcations are known. The accused has several thousand dollars on deposit in Ottawa banks, which the Government may be able to attach. These sums added to the $12,000 found on the prisoner when arrested will mean the recovery by the Government of nearly $30,000. The ultimate loss may not be large.

Charge Against Yukon Officials.

The Department of the Interior has been advised that two Yukon Officials, Messrs. Hinton and Young, who formerly belonged to Ottawa, and who were employed in connection with the recording of claims on Duncan Creek, about 200 miles from Dawson, have been accused by the miners of beating them out of their claims. The complaints were made to the department on behalf of the miners, and immediately on learning of them Mr. Sifton ordered Mr. Wood, the acting Commissioner of the Yukon, to suspend both officials. Instructions were also sent to investigate the charges to the fullest possible extent, and if they are established to institute both civil and criminal actions against Hinton and Young.

President Sise Served.

Montreal, Feb. 20.—The contest of Ontario County farmers with the Bell Telephone monopoly reached Montreal yesterday, when a criminal summons was served on President Sise of the Bell Telephone Co. At the same time a subpoena was served on the president of the C. P. R. A special constable from Whitevale arrived with the papers at noon. Mr. Sise was found in his office. He did not seem surprised and received the constable cordially.

An Equal Safety.

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor.

"How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

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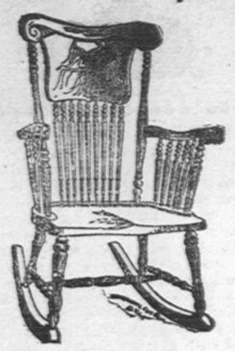

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