

(Continued from last week.) sers! Excuse me, Mr. Toosypegs, but after such a highly improper confession I must bid you good morning. No young and unsuspecting iemale like me can be seen with propriety in your company for the fusure. I am very sorry, Mr. Toosypegs, and I should never have sus-

pected you of such shocking conduct had you not confessed it yourself." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, in a distracted tone, nearly driven out of his senses by this harangue. "O land of hope! was a fellow that never done nothing nobody ever talked to like this fore! By granny! it's enough to make a fellow get as mad as anything; so it is! Why, Miss Pet, haven't done anything improper-I wouldn't, for any price; upon my word and honor, I wouldn't. I've fell in love with-a-with-a young lady, and I don't see where's the harm of it. It's unkind of you, Miss Pet, to speak so, and I don't see what I've done to deserve it. You mean real well, I'm sure, but it makes a fellow feel bad to be talked to this way all the time," said Mr.

Toosypegs, in a stifled whimper. "Well, there, don't cry, Orlando," said Pet, soothingly, "and I won't say another word. What young lady have you had the misfortune to fall in love with?"

"Miss Pet, excuse me, but-I-I'd rather not tell, if it's all the same," replied Mr. Toosypegs, blushing deep-"O fool! tell me, as a friend, you

know. Won't ever mention it again so help me! Do I know her?" "Ye-yes, Miss Pet, slightly." "Hem! It isn't Jessie Masters?" "Miss Pet allow me to say I ain't in the habit of falling in love with

women with wooden legs," said the young gentleman with dignity. "Well, I didn't know; it's cheaper, in shoe leather, especially. Hemm-m! Perhaps it's Huldah Rice." "A little stout thing, with-with a hump, and cross-eyes? Miss Pet, it

ain't!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, with tears of vexation in his eyes. "Not her, either? then I give up. Who is it, Orlando?" "Miss Pet, I don't like to tellyou'll laugh at me," said Mr. Too-

sypegs, blushing, deeply. "Laugh! No, I won't; honor bright! I'll look as grim as a death's-head and cross-bones! Now

then, out with it." "Miss Pet, it's-it's you," fairly shouted Mr. Toosypegs, driven to desperation by her perseverance. "Me! O ye gods and goddesses,

without skirts or bodices! Me! Great Jehosaphat! I'll know what It feels like to be unexpectedly struck by a cannon-ball, after this! Me! Well, I never!" Miss Pet, I knew you would laugh:

so this morning," said Mr. Toosypegs, with a sniffle; "you mean well, I dare say, but it don't seem kind at

"Laugh!" exclaimed Pet; "come, 1 discover the ghost of smile on my above such a weakness, I hope," said Pet, with ineffable contempt.

have me," said Mr. Toosypegs, with acquaintances as she passed.

"Orlando, I'm very sorry; but-I



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"Miss Pet, you don't mean it; you can't mean it, surely. I know I ain't so good-looking as some," said Mr. Toosypegs, in a melancholy tone; "but I can get something to take the freckles off, and I expect to fatten

out a little, by-and-by, so-" "Now, don't go to any such trouble for me," said Pet, with difficulty keeping from laughing at his mildlyanguished look. "I don't mind the freckles at all; I rather like them, in fact; they vary the monotony of the complexion, just as oases do in the deserts we read of; and as for being thin-well, I'm rather on the hatchetpattern myself, you know. But you must quit thinking about me, Orlando, because I'm only a wild little Tom-boy, that everybody gets furious about, and I never intend to get married at all-that is, unless-well, never mind,"

"Miss Pet, if you only knew how badly in love I am."

"Well, I'm sorry, Orlando, but 1 can't help it, you know. Now be a good boy, for my sake, and try to forget me won't you?" said Pet, coaxingly. "I'll try to, Miss Pet, since you

wish it," said poor Mr. Toosypegs, with tears in his eyes; but it's blamed hard. I wish to gracious I had never been born-I just do! I don't see where is the good of it at all." "O, now, Orlando, you musn't feel bad about it, because it won't amount to anything," said Pet, in a consoling tone; "don't let us talk

any more about it. Guess what I heard last night over at Judes-"I'm sure I don't know, Miss Pet," said Mr. Toosypegs, giving his eyes and nose a vigorous wiping with his

handkerchief. "Well, then that the gang of smugglers who have been for so long a time suspected of having a rendezyous around the coast somewhere, have been seen at last. Two or three of them were observed putting off in a boat, the other night, and going on board a dark, suspiciouslooking schooner, anchored down the bay. They are known to have a hiding-place somewhere around here, but the good folks of Judestown can't discover it, and consequently are in a state of mind at having such desperadoes near them. I'm going to hunt all over the shore far and near myself, this very day, and see if my eyes are not sharper than those of the Judestown officials. Oh, I would love, of all things, to discover their hiding-place; perhaps my smartness wouldn't astonish the native's slight-

"But, good gracious, Miss Pet! if they get hold of you," said Mr. Toosypegs, his blood running chill with horror at the very idea; "why, it

would be awful." "If they did," said Pet, "they would find, as others have done, to their cost, before now, that they had caught a Tartar; a snap-dragon; a pepper-pod; an angel in petticoats ! Oh, they'd have their hands full, in every sense of the word. I'm bound to go on my exploring expedition this afternoon, wind and weather permitting, any way, and see what will be the result. Where are you going, may I ask?"

"To Dismal Hollow, or-no; I've got to go to the White Squall;

"Very well; I won't detain you, then. I'm off to Judestown-goodbye; remember me to Uncle Harry." And giving her jaunty, plumed hat another gallant touch, Firefly dashed off, leaving Mr. Toosypegs gazing dejectedly after her until the last flutter of her dark riding habit vanished amid the trees; and then he slowly and mournfully turned his solemnfaced nag in the direction of the I knew it all along, and I told him White Squall, to tell the admiral the unsatisfactory result of his proposal.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Petronilla rode gayly along to the like that, and my face as long as an little bustling, half-village-half-city, undertaker's! You may take a mi- Judestown, thinking over her late croscope and look from this until the surprising proposal, and scarcely week after next, and then you won't knowing whether to laugh at or pity poor Mr. Toosypegs. As she reachcountenance. Laugh, indeed ! I'm ed the town these thoughts were dispelled by the busy scenes around, and Pet found herself fully occupied in "Then, Miss Pet, perhaps you'll nodding to her various friends and

Pet's destination was the post-office, a large building which served as a store, hotel, and post, all in one. As she drew rein at the door, the mail-coach drew up, and Pet lingered where she was a moment, in order

to avoid the crowd. The passengers crowded in, and as the coach door opened, a young gentleman sprang out and assisted a lady, closely veiled, to alight. Neither of them noticed Pet; so they did not observe her quick start, her sudden flush, and the vivid lighting up

These outward and very onwented signs of emotion on Pet's part passed away as quickly as they came, and in one minute more she was as cool, saucy and composed as ever. "Is there any one here who will drive us to Old Barrens Cottage ?" said the young gentleman, glancing

at the landlord. "Yes, sir; in ten minutes, sir; just step in, sir; my boy's gone off in the gig with a gent, but he'll be back soon. Walk right in this way, sir,' replied the obsequious landlord, with a profusion of bows to the welldressed and distinguished-looking stranger before him.

"I would rather not wait," said the gentleman. "Can you not let me have some other conveyance, and I will drive over myself?"

"Very sorry, sir, but they're all engaged. Just step in, sir, you and your good lady, sir."

In one moment Pet was off her horse, and consigning him to the care of the hostler, darted in by a side door and rang a peal that presently brought the hostess, a pleasantfaced, fat, little woman, in a tremendous flutter, into the room.

"Laws! Miss Petronilla, is it you? Why, you haven't been to see me this long time. How do you do?" "I'm very well, thank you, Mrs.

Gudge; but see here-did you notice that gentleman and lady who have "That tall, handsome young man,

with all them there moustaches?yes, I seen him, Miss Pet."

-weil, do you know who he is?" to me as if I'd seen him somewhere horse daintily with his whip. it, kept her vail down and I couldn't you know the family at old Barrens see her face. No; I don't know 'em, cottage?" Miss Pet."

"Well, that don't matter; I do. And now, Mrs. Gudge, I want you to help me in a splendid piece of-of-"Mischief, Miss Pet," said the

"No, not exactly-just fun. I want you to bring a suit of your son Bob's clothes up here. I'm going to smiling. dress myself in them, and when he comes with the gig let me drive them over. My riding-habit and pony can remain here till I send for them." "Now, Miss Pet-"

"Now, Mrs. Gudge, don't bother me! Go, like a dear, old soul. I'll give you a kiss if you do."

"But the judge-"Oh, the judge won't know anything about it, unless you tell him. There, be off! I want to be dressed before Bob comes. If you don't hurry I'll lose the most splendid joke ever was. Hurry how! Put Mr. Gudge up to it, so the cat won't get out of the bag.

With a deprecating shake of her head, and upturning of her eyes, the little hostess bustled out, inwardly wondering what "Miss Pet would do next." Pet, in the meantime, with her

wicked black eyes scintillating with the prospect of coming fun, was rap- any longer; and the last we heard of divesting herself of her hat and him was, that he was in State Prisriding-habit. And then little Mrs. Gudge made her appearance with her son and heir's "Sunday-go-to-meetins," and stayed to assist the fairy in her frolic, and find out who the handsome owner of the "mustarchers" was. But Pet was as close as a clam and only laughed at the landlady's "pumping," while she dived desperately into Bob's pants and coat, which-except being narrow where Pet thought they ought to be wide, and wide were they ought to be narrow-fitted her very well. Then she combed her short, dancing, black curls to one side, over her round, boyish forehead and setting upon them a jaunty, Scotch cap, stood there, bright, saucy and smiling, as handsome and dashing a little fellow as you could see in a long sum-

"Well, laws! you do make a pretty boy, and no mistake, Miss Pet," said the woman, admiringly; "them handsome eyes of yours and shaking, shining curls is jest the thing! But your hands-they're a heap too small and deliky-looking for a boy's.

"Oh! well, I'll rub some mud on them when I get out. They're not the whitest in the world any way; and besides, they won't look very closely at a little cab'boy's hands.' "Now, if you want to be like a boy, you must take long steps, and stick your hands in your pockets and swear. Can you swear, Miss Pet?"

said the woman, seriously. "Well, I never tried," said Pet, laughing; "and as I don't know any oaths off by heart, I guess I won't mind, for fear the effect would be a

"It's a pity you don't," said Mrs. Gudge, thoughtfully; "all boys allers swears at the horses. You must look sassy-but that comes natural enough to you; and you had better smoke a pipe or chew some tobacco, on the road-which will you do, Miss Pet?"

"Well, really, Mrs. Gudge, I'd rather not do either, if it's all the same to you," said Pet; "but you mustn't keep calling me 'Miss Pet,' you know; my name's Bob now, Bob

"So it is. Laws! if it ain't funny; you don't do none of them things, hoss," said the boy, sharply. Can you whistle, miss-Bob I mean. For reply, Pet puckered up her rosy mouth, and whistled "Hail Columbia," in a way that made little Mrs. Gudge's eyes snap with delight. "Here comes Bob!" she cried, as a gig came rattling into the yard.

"You wait here a minute and I'll fix things all right." Out flew Mrs. Gudge, and called off Bob to some secret corner, and then showed her head in at the door, and

"Come, now Miss-Bob, and drive round to the front door while I tell the lady and gentleman all's right now."

Pet, imitating Bob's shuffling swagger, went out to the yard, sprang up on the front seat, took the reins, and, in masterly style, turned the horses, and drove around to the front

Scarcely had she got there and struck up "Hail Columbia" in her shrillest key, than the dark, handsome gentleman with the "mustarchers" came out with the lady, who was still veiled, followed by the host and hostess, on whose faces rested a broad grin. Pet, with her cap pulled over her eyes, to shade them from the hot sun, and also to subdue their dark, bright splendor a little, sat whistling away, looking as cool as a cucumber.

The young gentleman handed the lady in, and she took her place on the back seat.

"Now, Minnie, I'm going to sit here with the driver, and have a chat with him," said the young man. The shrili whistle rose an octave

"Very well," said the young lady, in low, laughing tones; "anything to put an end to that piercing whistle, I suppose he cannot talk to you and whistle together?"

"Can't I though?" thought the small urchin, who held the reins.

"We'll see about that, Miss Erminie Germaine," and higher and higher still, rose the sharp, shrill notes. "Come, my lad, start," cried the gentleman, springing in, "and if it's not too much trouble, might I request you to stop whistling?"

"Don't see no harm in whistling nobody never objects to it." Pet, imitating to perfection the gruff, surly tones of Master Bob. "I'm fond of music myself, if you ain't, and so is the hoss, who would not go a step if I didn't whistle; so I'll just keep on, if it's all the same to you." And another stave of "Hail 'Columbia' pierced the air.

"How long does it take you to drive to the Barrens?" "Well, sometimes longer and some-

times shorter; and then again not so "No; though it does kinder seem long," said the driver, touching the before. The lady, his wife, I take ' "Quite enlightened, thank you! Do

"There ain't no family there; there's only the old woman what can't walk or nothin'; and a nigger. Them two don't make one whole member of deciety, let alone a family. Was you acquainted with them,

"Slightly so," said the gentleman, "Well, maybe you knew that there

cove that went away-young Mr. "I believe I had that honor," replied the young man, with the smile

still on his handsome face. "Honor! humph! I reckon you're the only one ever thought it an honor to know him," said the lad, grimly. "He always was a vagabones, and ended as all vagabones must, at

For one moment the young gentleman glanced at the driver, evidently hesitating whether to pitch him then and there out of the gig or not; but seeing only a little boy with an exceedingly muddy face, he thought better of it, and said:

"Well, this is really pleasant to listen to! And how did this vagabones, as you call him, end?" "Why, he was sent away from home, when they couldn't stand him

on for life." A low peal of laughter from the young lady followed this, in which, after a prolonged stare of astonishment, the gentleman was obliged to

"Well, for cool, innate impudence, and straightforward bluntness, I'll back you against the world, my good youth," said the young man, while the little driver sat looking as serious as a judge.

"And the young lady who lived there, what became of her?" "There wasn't never no young lady," said the lad; "there was a little gal with yaller hair, but she went off, too; and, I expect, ran away with some one-eyed fiddler or other. They was English trash, and no better couldn't have been expected," said the boy in strong accents

of contempt. Another low laugh from the young lady and a prolonged whistle from the gentleman followed this.

"Well, I am sorry my friends have turned out so badly. How about the others now: Judge Lawless and his family, for instance: Admiral Havenful, Mr. and Miss Toosypegs and the rest."

"They're all hanging together. Mr. Toosypegs is going to get married, and take in sewing for a living; and Miss Priscilla goes round making vinegar." "Making what?"

"Vinegar," said the lad, gravely. "The grocer gets her to look into barrels of water, when they turns into vinegar 'mediately." "I shouldn't wonder," said the

gentleman, laughing; 'but the others -Judge Lawless, Miss Lawless, what "Oh, she's all right. Don't expect she'll be Miss Lawless, though, much longer," said the boy.

"No? why? how? what do you" mean?" said the young gentleman, starting so suddenly that the boy looked up, apparently quite terrified by this unexpected outburst.

"See here, square, you'll skeer the hoss if you keep on like this. If you're subjick to 'tacks of this kind you ought for to have told me bebut I'm afraid they'll find you out if fore we started, and not 'larm the "Tell me what you mean by that? Speak!" said the young man, vehe-

> "By what? skeering the hoss?" said "No, about Miss Lawless, was the

impetuous rejoinder. "Oh! Well I have hearn tell she was goin' to be married. Likely as not she is too; got lots of beaux." The young gentleman's face flushed for a moment, and then grew set and

"Did you hear who she was to be married to?" said the young lady,

"No, marm, nobody never can tell what she'll do; likely as not she'll get married to the one nobody expects her to marry. She always was the contrariest young woman always that ever was," said the boy, casting a quick, bright, searching glance from under his long eyelashes, at the handsome face of the gentleman. And it was a handsome face; the very handsomest the saucy little driver had ever seen; and it might have been his close proximity to its owner that sent such quick thrills to the heart of the quondam boy, and set it beating so unnecessarily fast under the jaunty black coat. The dark, clear complexion; the straight, classic features; the thick, jetty, clustering hair; the high princebrow; the bold, flashing, falcon, black eyes; the thin, curving nostril, that showed his high blood; the proud, haughty mouth, shaded

by a thick, black moustache; the tall slight, elegant form; the high, kingly movements-these made up the outward attractions of him by whose side Pet sat. Of course, every reader above the artless age of five knows as well as I do who it is, so there is not the slightest necessity for announcing his name as Raymond Ger-

There was a long silence after this. (Continued on Page 3.)

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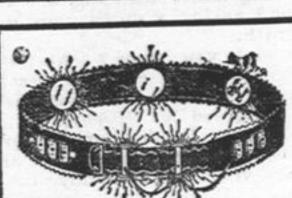
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