

(Continued from last week.)

Gronilla. "Ranty is nearly distract-"Ranty?

"Yes-arrived late last night." "Did you ever! And they had to take and carry me off such a contrary time, and I wanted to see him so much. I say, Ray, how did you

find me out, though?" "It was all an accident. I will tell you another time. What was the cause of your being abducted this

way, Pet?" "Why, if your coming was an accident, mine was a mistake-thought it was your Erminie, you know, because I look so much like her, I expect. And now, are you going to take me home?"

"Hardily, I fancy," said Captain Reginald, who, with the rest, had all this time been watching them, and listening, half-curious, half-amused. "Mr. Ray, if that is his name, will hardly get back as easily as he rame.

"Why, you hateful old brigand! You wouldn't be so ugly as to keep him whether he wanted to or not?" said Pet, with flashing eyes.

"Sorry to disoblige a lady, but in this case, I fear I must," he said,

bowing sarcastically. Pet, having by this time got over the first shock of her surprise, like all the rest, was forcibly struck with the resemblance between the smugtler-captain and her handsome lover. Her bright eyes danced, for a few seconds, from one to another, and then she burst out with:

"Well, now, if you two don't look as much alike as two strung mackerels, my name's not Pet. I said all long Ray, you were his very image, and I'll leave it to everybody in general if you ain't. If you were only twenty years older, and had whiskers sticking out from under your chin like a row of shaving-brushes, you would be as much alike as a couple

of peas." 1 my soul, the likeness is strof'nary!" exclaimed Black Bart, looking from one to another.

"Really, I feel flattered to resemble s young gentleman half so handsome," said the captain, in his customary tone of careless mockery. "The resemblance must be very striking, since it attracts the notice of

every one." "I declare, it's real funny!" said Pet. "Maybe you will turn out to be relatives, by-and-by-who knows? It always ends so in plays and novels, where everybody discovers, at last, they are not themselves at all,

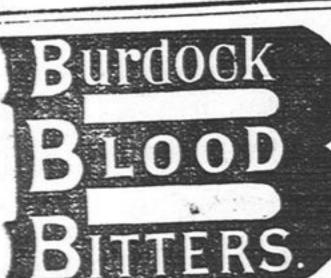
but somebody else." "May I ask the name of the gentleman whom I have the honor of re- ed him, inwardly wondering whether sembling? I hardly think, Miss Law- this half-smuggler-half-pirate captain less, we will turn out to be relatives as I have not one in the wide world," said Captain Reginald, with something like a cloud settling on his dark face.

"My name is Raymond Garmaine," said Ray, coldly.

"Germaine!" exclaimed the smuggler, starting suddenly and paling stightly, "did you say Germaine?" "Yes, sir: what is there extraordinary in that?" asked Ray, whose arm still encircled Pet.

"I once knew a person of that name, and its utterance recalled strange memories. It is not a very common name here-may I ask if you belong to this place?'

"No; I am English by birth, but I have lived here since a child." "English!"



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He started wildly again, and this time looked at the young man in a sort of terror. "Yes-or rather, no; for though

born in England, I am not English. come of another race." The fixed glance of the smuggler's eyes grew each moment more intense, his dark face paled and paled, until contrasting with his jet-black hair

and beard, it looked ghastly. His breath came quick and short as he almost gasped. "And that race is-" "The gipsy! Yes, I am of the degraded gipsy race," exclaimed Ray,

with a sort of fierce pride, as though he dared and defied the world to despise him for that. The smuggler-captain reeled as though some one had struck him a

blow, and grasping Ray by the arm, he exclaimed, in a low, husky whis-"Tell me who brought you here. You were a child, you say, when you left England-who had charge of

you?" "My grandmother-a gipsy What in the name of Heaven, sir, is all this to you?" exclaimed Ray, like the rest completely astounded by this strange emotion. "Her name!" said the outlaw,

"Among her tribe she was the gip-

sy-queen Ketura." "Just God!" exclaimed the smuggler-chief, as his grasp relaxed with a face perfectly colorless he stood like one suddenly turned to

"Sir, what under Heaven is the meaning of this," said the bewildered Ray, while the rest looked on almost speechless with astonishment. There was no reply. The outlaw

had leaned his arm on a sort of mantel, and, with his head dropped upon it stood like one stunned by some mighty blow. He lifted his head at last, and they

started to behold its dreadful ghastliness. His eyes for some moments were fixed in a long, inexplicable gaze on the surprised face of Ray, then in the same low, hoarse tone, he asked: "And she, your grandmother-does she still live?"

"Yes. In Old Barrens Cottage; but she is a helpless paralytic." "So near, so near! and I never knew it. Great Heaven! how wonderful is thy dispensations!" he

"Is it possible you knew her?" asked the bewildered Ray. "Yes. I knew her," he replied slow-"Tell me, did she ever speak to

you of your father?" Ray's brow darkened. "She did-often. My father was drowned! He was branded, tried, convicted, and condemned for the

guilt of another. His day of retribution is to come yet! Enough of this -I cannot understand what possible interest all this can have for you." "You will soon learn. Come with me; Miss Lawless, remain with my wife until my return. This way,

young man," said the outlaw, turning to the inner apartment, and motioning the other to precede him. The astonished Ray did so, and the curtain fell between the wonderstruck assembly outside and the

twain within.

CHAPTER XXXVI. "Be seated," said the outlaw, with

a wave of his hand. Silent and wondering, Ray obeyed. His strange companion began pacing up and down, while Ray watch-

was quite right in his mind. He stopped, at last, in his quick, excited walk as rapidly as he had commenced it, and facing round to where Ray sat, demanded: "Why did this gipsy, Ketura, leave

England?" "I do not know-she never told me," replied Ray.

"Old Earl De Courcy died shortly after I, her son, left England-perhaps she was instrumental in his death and was obliged to fly." "Of that I know nothing," said "What has all Ray, impatiently. this to do with the revelations you

are to make?" "Not much, perhaps; but I wish my questions answered. You say she re-

sides in Old Barrens cottage?" "You live there, too, with her of

course?" "Yes." "If she is, as you say, a helpless paralytic, how has she contrived to

support and educate you-for I per-

ceive you are educated?" "It was not she who did it. I am indebted for my education to the kindness of an old gentleman who resides near us," said Ray, flushing and biting his lip till it was blood-

"Who attends to her now in her helplessness?"

"Erminie and her servant." "Erminie who? Oh! I remember; Miss Lawless spoke of some Erminie Germaine, who was to have been brought here instead of her. Who is this Erminie?" "I cannot tell. My grandmother brought us from England together-

she was a mere infant, then." "Perhaps she is your sister?" "No; her very looks forbid such a blood in her veins, I am confident. "And gipsy Ketura brought her from England? Strange strange Who can she be?" said the outlaw, musingly. "She has often spoken to

"Yes, often." "Did she tell you Lord Ernest Villiers married Lady Maude Percy?"

"She did." "Do you know if they had any children?" "I do not know." "She never told you?"

where this "Catechism of Perseverance" was to end. "Strange, strange-very strange!" said the outlaw, pacing up and down with brows knit, in deep thought. "And so you are determined to

"Yes Heaven helping me, I will !"

tiently. "It cannot concern you in any way, Captain Reginald, and on this subject you need ask me no more questions, for I will not an-

strange smile. "You have inherited drowned?"

"Yes-yes! To what end are all these questions?" come to that presently. Did your for three of as good, brave, warmgrandmother ever speak to you of hearted fellows as ever climbed the your mother?"

her, but that she was a lady of rank. That, however, I am inclined to doubt."

"And why?" "Because my father was a gipsy. No lady of rank, knowing it, would have anything to do with one of his class. Proud England's proud daughters would not mate with de-

spised gipsies." moment across the dark face of Captain Reginald, and then passed away, to him for his own sake, but he had leaving it whiter than before.

"Love levels all distinctions, young sir," he said, haughtily. "If she loved him, would not that be sufficient to break through all the cobweb barriers of rank? Have not all social ties been proven, thousands of times, to be more flimsy than paper walls before the irresistible whirlwind of human love and passion?" Ray thought of Pet, and his dark cheek flushed slightly. Would she, too, break down these "paper walls" for his sake? Would she give up all the world for him, as thousands had

done before, according to this strange man's story. "Your mother was a lady of rankis a lady of rank, for she still lives!" were the next words, spoken rapidly and excitedly, that aroused him from

his dangerous reverie. "My mother lives?" exclaimed Ray, springing to his fett.

"Great Heaven! Where?" "In England, most probably." "My mother lives? Can it be possible? Who is she? What is her name?" demanded Ray, like one be-

side himself. "Lady Maude Villers, Countess De Courcy!" exclaimed the outlaw, while his dark, fierce eyes blazed. "My mother the Countess De Cour-

cy!" he said, scornfully. "Do you mistake me for a fool, Captain Reg-"Young man, before high Heaven,

I swear I speak the truth!" said the outlaw, solemnly. "Did not Ketura tell you the manner in which your father's marriage was brought "That he inveigled my mother into it by some unlawful means? Yes

she told me that. But, good heavens! the idea of it being Lady Maude Percy! Oh, it is absurd, ridiculous, incredible, impossible!" exclaimed Ray, vehemently. "It is the truth! Raymond Germaine, look me in the face, and see

if I am not speaking the truth." Yes; no one could look in those dark, solemn eyes and doubt his

Stunned, giddy, bewildered, Ray dropped into his seat, feeling as i the room was whirling round him. "And you-who, in Heaven's name, are you, that know all this?" he pas-

sionately asked. "That I will tell you presently. Suffice it to say that I do know that I am speaking God's truth."

"Angels in heaven! the Countess De Courcy my mother? From whom did you learn this?" "From your father." "My father is dead."

"Your father is not." "What?" "Your father is not dead!"

"Sir, you are either mad or mocking me?" exclaimed Ray, springing fiercely to his feet. "Young man, I am neither."

"My father was drowned on his way to Van Dieman's Land." "Your father was not."

"Great Heavens! am I sane of mad?" exclaimed Ray, in a loud, thrilling tone. "Man, demon, devil whoever you are, was not the transport wrecked on her way from England, and all on board lost?" "No. All were lost but two-your

father was one of these. "Heaven of heavens! And where is my father now?"

"That too, you will learn anon. you please, we will take things in the order of their occurring. Listen, now. Sit down, and be calm; getting excited will do no good, and only retard matters. The transport struck a sunken reef, and was wrecked, one stormy night. Your father and one sailor clung to a spar until daylight. By that time, all the rest had disappeared-were ingulfed in the ocean, and perished. Captain, sailors, convicts, and all were equal, at last, in the boundless sea. Before noon, the next day, your father and the sailor were seen, and picked up by a passing vessel."

"Were you that sailor?"

"Patience, my dear sir," said Captain Reginald, with a slight smile "who I was, does not matter just now. The ship was a merchant-man, bound to a far distant port. They took us with them and over a year elapsed before our sails filled for "Merrie England" again. We were in the South Seas-then, as now, infested with pirates, and we never reached our island-home. For one day we were chased, overtaken, attacked, and defeated by a pirate, and more than half our number found graves in the wide ocean, where many "Never," said Ray, wondering a brave heart had grown cold before, and will while the great sea rolls." "We?" broke in Ray, at this point. dixing his eyes piercingly on the other's face-"we? Then you were the sailor saved with my father?"

"Hasty and impatient yet.

Again that ficeting, quickly-fading,

"Heaven?" said the outlaw, with must learn that great Christian virhis old sneer. "It is the first time I tue, patience, Mr. Germaine; one canever heard Heaven aided revenge; Sa- not well get through the world withtan helping you, you mean. And out it. Whether I was the sailor in how is this revenge to be accomplish- question, or not, does not matter, "Time will tell," said Ray impa- ship when she was mastered by the and the captain very graciously offered their lives to those that remained, on condition of their taking an oath of allegiance to him, and be-"As you please," said he, with a coming rovers and free lords of the preferred the red maws of hungry race, I see. Your father is, you say, sharks who went swimming round the asking, as plainly as looks could speak, for another mouthful of an old salt. They were gratified, too; "Very little," said Ray, in a softer and found their graves in the capaci-"She told me she never saw ous stomachs of the ravenous devils of sharks. Poor fellows! if there is such a place as heaven, they went there straight; for heaven is as easily reached by water as land."

"Very true," said Ray; "and you joined the pirates to aid my fa-

ther?" "Yes, we joined them; I was reckless and so was he; we did not care a fillip whether we cruised under the A streak of fiery red darted for a black flag or the red cross of St. George. Life was not of much value to live for sundry notions-revenge, I fancy, being the strongest. Then he had a child living-you, Master Raymond; and though considerable of a devil himself, he had some human feeling left, and the only white spot in his soul was his love for you, for his mother, and Lady Maude Percy. For he loved her then, loves her still, and will while life remains for

"And yet she scorned him," said Ray, with flashing eyes and dilating

outlaw, "no one else could have done it and live. But he loved her, and though he had resolved never to see her more, yet her memory and that of her child were the only bright spots remaining in his darkened life." Well, Mr. Germaine, he sailed along with the pirates. They were a motley assembly, that crew-men from every nation, whom crime, revenge, hatred, or any other dark, dreadful cause had driven together here to wage eternal war against the world they hated, and find their only delight in scenes of blood, pillage, and murder. There were French, Spanish, Italian, English, Corsicans, and Heaven knows what besides, all jabbering together there-raising the most infernal commotion sometimes, when they got drinking and fighting, that ever shamed Babel. The discipline was pretty strict, about as strict as it could by any possibility be among such a gang, but they would break out at times, and then the diabolical regions themselves might have found it hard to raise such scenes as ensued. There were worse crimes than murder committed, sometimes, by these human fiends; your father never took part in them, though: the memory of the past kept him from that. Standing by myself, sometimes, after witnessing things that would make your blood curdle, I used to wonder if there was a deep enough pit in hell for these fellows. When I was young, I used to believe in such a place, Mr. Germaine, no doubt you do now; but somehow I got over that and sundry other pleasant beliefs of late years. Though, whenever I think of what I saw and heard on board that cursed floating pandemonium, I wish, from the bot- ventured back to the same place

"Did my father ever take part in these horrible scenes?" asked Ray,

with a slight shudder. "No, never!" replied the outlaw, emphatically; "your father had been a gentleman once, and his whole nature revolted against this brutality. No, he never joined these fearful revels, but he fought like the very fiend himself in open warfare, especially against the English ships. When they were attacked, he was worth the whole pirate crew together. He high-sea wolves leg-bail one moonfought, and cut, and clove, and slash- light night, and was off. He reached them, like the devil and all his angels. Burning and smarting still under the sense of his mighty wrongs and the marriage of Lady Maude and degradations, he seemed deter- Percy to the son of his enemy, Lord mined to wipe out all his sufferings in their blood. Many an English heart grew cold in death to atone for the wrong, one of their countrymen had done him. He had vowed vengeance against the whole nation, and I doubt whether St. Senanus himself kept a vow more religiously both in

letter and spirit. "Well, Mr. Germaine, we cruised along with these sea-wolves some four or five months, and kept on at our old trade of throat-cutting, plankwalking, scuttling, sinking, and burning ships. Sometimes, to vary the (Continued on Page 3.)

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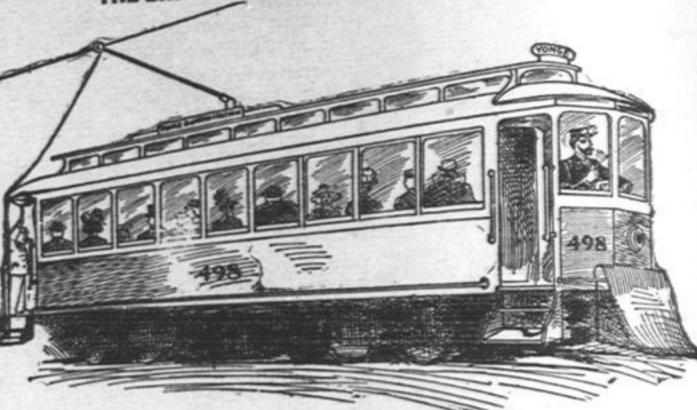
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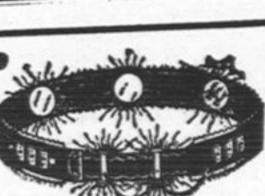
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generally among the peaceable inhabitants of various sea-port towns and cities. These places very soon got too hot to hold us, and we never tom of my soul, there was one to twice; for some of the men getting tender-hearted at times, would take a fancy to the pretty wives daughters of the good citizens, and carry off two or three of them for the benefit of sea air. Of course there always was the devil to pay when these little escapades were found out, and it was like running our heads into a hornet's nest to go back. Your father wished to go to England and see after you, I fancy, but there was no opportunity. He managed to make his escape, however, after a long time: gave the ed England in safety, and there, the first news he had was his own death,

Ernest Villiers. "The news nearly drove him mad, for his love for that most beautiful lady amounted to frenzy. His intentions had been to seek you out; but when he heard of that marriage, he fled from England as if the old demon was after him, and never rested till he reached the place where he knew he was most likely to meet his old friends, the pirates, again.

"Well, he found them, gave some ed, well supplied with money plausible reason for his absence, and was admitted among that happy used to go ashore, and raise old Nick more. He reached them just in the board now, would not have band of Christian brothers once nick of time, too; for their command- worthy of notice, had not one er was dead, and the whole crew was them, a most beautiful French girl, as they were never likely to find an- of the land—a marquis de something other who could bill alove other who could kill, slay, burn, and murder all before him, and send insubordinate sailors to kingdom come, with a rap of a marlin spike, as neatly as he could. Your father had, from the first, been an immense favorite with them, and had obtained that powerful ascendency over them that men of refined and strong minds always possess over coarse, brutal natures; and besides he had the amiable qualities of his lamented and accomplished predecessors in a high degree. Therefore, no sooner did he arrive than he was unanimously, and with one accord, elected to the vacant command, and stood in the shoes of the never-to-be-sufficientlymourned-for Captain Diago, who, having served his Satanic Majesty like a faithful servant for five-andtwenty years in this whirligig world, went to aid him in keeping the Kingdom Infernal in order, with five ounces of lead through his skull.

> "Well, Mr. Germaine, under the command of your worthy father, who, by the way, dropped his alias of Germaine when he first joined the pirates, the 'Diable Rouge' as we called, very appropriately, our ship, did a flourishing business, and sunk more goodly vessels belonging to

under the black flag at the time. He did some good, too, among his own crew-put a stop to all their noteasily-to-be-told excesses, of more kinds than one, and let them know they had found their master at last. rebel at first; but he very coolly took out a brace of pistols and shot two of the ring-leaders of the mutiny dead; and then, in a speech, much shorter than sweet, gave them to understand that every symptom of insubordination would, for the future, be put a stop to in the same gentle and fatherly way. Well, Mr. maine, would you believe it, instead of flying into a rage as this, and kicking up a rumpus, they immediately conceived an immense respect for him, and from that day no Caliph Haroun Alraschid ever reigned it more royally over his bastinadoed subjects than did Captain Reyour father, on board the 'Red Devil.' On board a French privateer, that we sent to 'Davy Jones' night, we found a lot of ladies; and after sending their masculine friends to another, and it is to be hoped, a better world, we transferred the fair portion of the cargo to our own ship. It was nothing unusual for us to take ladies in this way; but since your father took command, they were always well and respectfully treated, and landed at the first port we touch left to make the best of their home. Therefore, our having three or four of the dear creatures leave him. so forth, in fact, he talked to as if he had been the greatest anchorite that ever looked upon the of Satan-the whole thing was old story of St. Revere and Cath wouldn't listen to reason, and termined to have him at any price. Our moral young captain hesitated at first; but she was young, beauwas only frail fresh and blood like the

like the rest of us, and the result

that one evening they both went on

shore together, and perpetrated

easy defiance of all the statutes and

downright matrimony, in free and

by-laws against bigamy that (Continued on Page 3.)

of all her tears and pleadings

Vol. XLVI, No. 11.

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decided not to creat a new

quarters. are the pass legalizing the lict of labor disputes, a tioning picketing for the spe bose of obtaining or commi

information, or persuading to abstain from work. Senator Wark, now in b land year, left Fredericton tawa on Tuesday. He decl of a private car made