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**A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.**

**ALL FOR LOVE**  
 (Continued from Page 4)

to meet you here—my dear, my dear, remember the gallant preserver of Rita's life?"

Ranty actually blushed at the epithet, coming as it did from the father of Ermie.

"Would you wish to see Lady Rita?" "Thank you, my lord. Some other time I will have that pleasure, answered Ranty. "At present, we have no time to spare; every minute is precious."

Without further parley, the whole party left the house. A carriage and fast horses were in waiting; and a few moments after they were on their way.

Lord and Lady De Courcy seemed never tired of asking questions concerning Ermie; and Ray expatiated on her goodness and beauty in a way to satisfy even the most exacting.

"Being so beautiful, of course she might have had many suitors," said Lady Maude, somewhat anxiously.

"She might have had, my dear mother. She seemed so strongly attached to him already that it became quite natural to Ray to call her mother. But she would listen to none of them."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Lady Maude, drawing a deep breath of relief. "Then her affections are still her own?"

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**G. T. R. TIME TABLE**

**ARRIVALS.**

30. From Toronto, fgt.....	5.00 a.m.
31. From Haliburton .....	8.55 a.m.
21. From Port Hope .....	9.10 a.m.
20. From Toronto .....	10.50 a.m.
30. From Cobocok .....	10.10 a.m.
35. From Port Hope .....	2.00 p.m.
42. From I. B. & O. Jet .....	5.20 p.m.
33. From Port Hope .....	6.23 p.m.
24. From Whitby .....	7.30 a.m.
54. From Toronto .....	8.05 p.m.
56. From Whitby .....	8.45 p.m.
45. From Midland .....	3.10 p.m.
94. From Belleville .....	5.50 p.m.
13. From Belleville .....	10.20 p.m.

**DEPARTURES.**

12. For Belleville .....	6.25 a.m.
51. For Whitby .....	6.30 a.m.
21. For Toronto .....	9.15 a.m.
22. For Port Hope .....	10.53 a.m.
13. For I.B.&O. Jet .....	11.00 a.m.
65. For Whitby .....	11.05 a.m.
37. For Toronto .....	12.05 p.m.
31. For Haliburton .....	2.40 p.m.
31. For Cobocok .....	6.35 p.m.

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"Oh that point I am not informed. Perhaps," said Ray, glancing at Ranty with a wicked look in his dark eyes, "Mr. Lawless can throw a little light on the subject. He and Ermie are very confidential friends!"

Poor Ranty reddened to the very roots of his hair under the imputation, and the look that Lord and Lady De Courcy gave him. "Never mind, my dear boy," said Lord De Courcy, kindly, as he saw his confusion. "Ermie herself shall tell us all about it when we see her."

The journey was a very sad and silent one, despite all. The thought of him who lay dying, checked their joy at the approaching reunion; and the fear that he might be dead, hung like a dark pall over the heart of Ray.

On arriving at Judestown, they procured a conveyance from Mr. Gudge, and started at a rapid pace for the Old Barrons Cottage.

It was nearly dark when they reached it, and all around was ominously silent and still. Ray's heart sank as he pushed open the door and entered.

The first person he encountered was Pet Lawless, who uttered an exclamation of joy as she beheld him.

"O Petronilla! is he alive yet?" he asked.

"Just alive, and no more." The doctor says he has only a few hours to live."

"Thank Heaven that we find him alive at all," said Ray.

Then motioning the others to follow, he passed into the sitting room.

It was tenanted only by the dying man and his wife, Marguerite. She crouched beside him just as Ray had seen her last—just as if she had never risen a second since.

The earl and countess followed, Ranty coming last. Lady Maude trembled like an aspen, and clung to her husband's arm for support.

"Father!" said Ray, going over, and bending down.

He opened his eyes, and looked up, vacantly at first, but with brighter light when he saw who it was.

"Back at last!" he exclaimed.

"And her—have you seen her?"

"She is here beside you. Come, my dearest mother!"

He supported the trembling form of Lady Maude to the couch, and she sank down beside it on her knees and hid her face in her hands.

A light seemed to flash into the wan face, lighting up the sunken eyes of the dying man. He half-raised his hand, as if to take hers, and then it fell heavily on the quilt.

"Maudie! Maudie!" he cried out, "can you forgive me before I die?"

She looked up, lifted her pale, beautiful face to his, laid her hand on his pallid brow, and softly and sweetly murmured:

"Yes, as I hope to be forgiven. May God forgive you, Reginald, as I do."

His strong chest heaved, rose, and fell, as if the spirit within were trying to burst its bonds before its time.

"You have heard all, Maudie?"

"Yes; all—all."

"And you forgive me the wrong I did you, Maudie?"

"Freely and fully, from my heart and soul."

"And you will acknowledge our son when I am gone?" O Maudie! I loved you through all. I was unworthy of you; but I loved you as none other ever loved before. Maudie, where is he?"

"Who? Reginald?"

"Your—Lord De Courcy. Is he here?"

"Yes, my dear old friend, I am sorry for this," said the earl, stepping forward.

The dying lover held out his hand, and Lord De Courcy took it in his strong grasp.

"I'm glad you have come—I am glad you are her protector through life. Do you remember our last parting, Lord Ernest?"

"That night? Yes."

"Ah! that night—that night! What a different man I might have lived and died for that dark, sorrowful night caused you, too! It turned that poor mother's brain, Lord Ernest; and—she stole your child!"

"I know it."

"Do you not want to see her?—have you seen her?"

"Not yet. I will see her soon."

"Where is my daughter, Raymond?" asked Lady Maude, looking wistfully round.

"Up stairs, with her grandmother, madam," said Pet, respectfully. "She does not know you are here. Shall I go and tell her?"

"Not just yet," said Lord De Courcy, "my dearest love. Subdue your impatience for a few moments—remember, you are in the presence of her dying. You have waited for her all these years—you can afford to wait a few moments longer," said Ray, in a low tone.

"How is my gene, of Pet. Ray, in a low tone, as she and he looked at each other, making a faint effort to stifle a sob.

"Neither sees, hears, nor feels, apparently. They brought her up-stairs this morning, and Ermie has been with her since."

"How does Ermie bear the news of her new-found parents?"

"Very quietly—with a sort of still, deep joy not to be expressed in words. She says she always knew that sweet, lovely lady with the soft, beautiful eyes was something to be used to come to her in dreams, or something—odd, ain't it? And she's your mother, too, Ray! I don't care it's all the strangest and most romantic thing I ever heard of!"

"We, too, have had our troubles," said the dying man, making a faint motion toward Marguerite. "Perhaps it was a just retribution of heaven. We, too, lost a child; had he lived, even I might have been a different man to-day. She was lost, and all that was originally good in my nature went with her. My poor little Rita!"

"What did you say? Rita!" exclaimed Lady Maude, as she and her husband gave a simultaneous start.

"Yes," Marguerite was her. Rita was always called her—why?" he asked, in surprise.

"She was lost, did you say? How

did she die?" breathlessly demanded Lady Maude.

"No; she was carried off, perhaps by gipsies—she was kidnapped."

"How old was she at the time?"

"About two years old—why?" for the first time spoke the woman Marguerite, starting up.

"Was she dark, with black hair and eyes?"

"Yes, yes, yes! O Mon Dieu! why?"

"Did she wear a cross upon her neck bearing the initials 'M.L.L.'?" wildly broke in Marguerite. "A little gold cross with these letters, which was mine when I was a girl, and stood for Marguerite Isabella Landry, my maiden name, was round her neck. O madam! in my own name, do you know anything of my child?"

"I do! I do! I found her," he brought her up as my own, and she lives with me now. Just Heaven! how mysterious are thy ways!" exclaimed the awe-struck Lady Maude.

There was a wild cry, and the woman, Marguerite, fell fainting on the floor.

Ray bore her away in his arms, and Pet hastened out to attend her. At the same moment, a change came over the face of the gipsy's son—a dark shadow from an invisible wing—came of coming death.

Both held their breath. Great throes shook the strong form before them, and the death-dew stood in great drops on his brow. Lady Maude wiped them off, pale with awe. The mighty death-agony ceased at last, and there came a great calm. He opened his eyes and fixed them, with a look of unspeakable love, on the face looking over him.

"Maudie," he whispered, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, "say once more you forgive me."

She took his cold hand in both hers, and bending down, touched her lips to his pale brow, while her tears fell fast on his face.

The hand she held grew stiff in her clasp; she lifted up her head, and her heart, for an instant, almost ceased to beat. It was Reginald Germaine, the wronged, the guilty, was dead!

"May God have mercy on his soul!" fervently exclaimed Lady Maude.

"Amen," sadly and solemnly responded her husband.

Both arose. At the same moment the door was opened and Ray appeared; holding the pale and agitated Ermie by the hand.

"Your father and mother, Ermie," he briefly said, as he again went out and closed the door.

And in the dread, chilling presence of the dead, the long-divided parent and child were re-united at last.

**CHAPTER XXXIX.**

That same night, within that same hour, when her son lay cold and stark in the room below, the fierce, turbulent, passionate spirit of the gipsy-gone passed away.

Death above, and death below—the cold, dread, invisible presence pervading the whole house with a chilling awe. Voices were hushed to low, deep whispers, foot-falls were muffled; the deep, fervent joy of the re-united held in check by its dread majesty.

There was a subdued lustre through the house when morning broke. Pet and Ermie, very pale and very silent, had arrayed mother and son for the grave; and now, side by side, they lay, white, and still, and rigid, in the pale, leaden dawn of the morning that dawned for them in vain. Stern, and still and silent, Ray sat by the bedside, gazing, in tearless grief, on the lifeless forms before him. Near him sat Lord De Courcy, with a look of deep sadness, which not even the joy of meeting Ermie could totally efface from his fine features. Kneeling beside her dead husband, with her face hidden in her hands, was the woman Marguerite, swaying back and forward in voiceless grief. Her first cry had been to be restored to her child, but Lady Maude had soothed her and prevailed upon her to wait until they could all return to the city together. Worn out and fatigued by her rapid journey, Lady Maude lay asleep in Ermie's little bed; and Ermie, sitting round her, with her arms clasped in a wreath of golden hair lying on her breast, was asleep too. Ranty Lawless had ridden off to Judestown to prepare for the funeral, good-naturedly taking upon himself all the trouble in order to spare Ray.

And lastly Petronilla, looking pale and still and serious as though a heavy burden had never dimpled her cherry lips, moved on tip-toe about the house, dressing everything in white, arranging flowers in vases, and imparting a softened beauty to the grim reality of death.

Early in the day the news spread abroad, and sympathizing neighbors began to drop in with offers of aid and assistance. Among them came the admiral, looking unspeakably doleful and lugubrious; and when Pet, in as few words as possible, related what had happened, the dear, crusty, soft-hearted old beau was so affected that he was obliged to rush from the house and wipe his stormy, old eyes, unseen, under the lee of Ringbone, which gaunt quadruped regarded him with displeased surprise. Then came Mr. Toosyeps and Miss Prissilla. Mr. Toosyeps and Miss Prissilla had grown thin degrees more unyieldingly sour and acid with every passing year. Poor Mr. Toosyeps was so sincerely grieved at the death of "Mrs. Keturah," that he took out his handanna and relieved his mind by a good hearty cry.

It was all like a dream to Ermie, a dream of mingled sorrow and joy. Her tears fell fast for her whom, deeply as she had ever treated her, she still loved; and a father's hand rested on her bowed head. She could scarcely realize or believe all that had happened; and she watched the people come and go, and saw the lifeless forms closed from view beneath the coffin-lids, and saw the funeral-procession pass from the house, and felt the chilling sense of desolation that a funeral always brings. Then this, too, passed; and she saw the people disperse and go to their

homes, and the white shrouding removed from the rooms, and the bright summer sunshine came warmly in, and then all began to be real—a glad, joyous reality at last.

"And now, what next?" said Ray, as they all gathered together in the little parlor of the cottage when all was over.

"We must all return to the city, next," said Lord De Courcy, "to Rita. You, of course, my dear boy, are one of the family now."

"I thank you, my lord, but I have marked out my future course for myself. I have a name and a fortune yet to win."

"My dearest Ray, you would not leave me," said Lady Maude; reproachfully, laying her hand on his arm.

"He touched his lips to the small, white hand, and said: "I cannot be a dependant on any one's bounty, not even yours, my dear mother. You would not have me fold my arms ignobly and become a worthless drone in the busy hive of this world. My path is already clear—an up-hill one it may be—but the goal I am at will be reached at last."

"But you, at least, will not think of leaving us so soon," pleaded Lady Maude; "consider how short a time since we have met, and how long we have been parted. Indeed, I will not hear of parting with you yet."

"Oh, pray, Ray, don't go," said Ermie, gently; "what could we all ever do without you? Do stay, like a dear, good boy."

"You must have a heart of flint if you can resist all these pleadings," said Lord De Courcy, drawing Ermie fondly to his side. "Come, Ermie, will you not aid my little girl, here, in persuading this ungrateful scapegrace of ours from running away?"

"Oh, there is no use in me asking anybody to do anything," said Pet, coloring slightly yet looking saucy still, "because they never do it; if Minnie—beg pardon, Lady Ermie—can't persuade him, then there is no use in my trying."

"Now, Pet," said Ermie, reproachfully, and blushing at her new-found title.

"Come, my dear boy, consent to stay with us for some weeks, at least," said Lady Maude, looking up, coaxingly, in his handsome face.

"Your ladyship's will is my law," said Ray, a smile breaking through the grave sadness of his face.

"That is right! when are we to start, my lord?"

"Early to-morrow, if you like. Mrs. Germaine," he said, glancing at Marguerite, "I know, is impatient to embrace her daughter."

"I wish you were coming, too, Pet," said Ermie, going over and putting her arm around Pet's small waist.

"And why can she not?" said Lady Maude, looking kindly down in Pet's changing face; "we will be delighted to have her with us. Do come, my dear."

"I thank your ladyship, but I cannot."

"Now, Pet, why? You can come if you like," said Ermie.

"Indeed, I can't, Ermie; I must stay and console Uncle Harry for our loss. The man of war on the mantel-piece will be quite inadequate to the task, and there he will be in sackcloth and ashes, rending his garments and tearing his hair."

"His wig, you mean," broke in Ranty.

"Ranty, be still. I should like to oblige you, Lady Ermie, but you perceive I can't. It is one of the cardinal virtues consoling the afflicted, and I am trying to cultivate all the virtues preparatory to taking the black veil one of these days, and becoming a nun."

"Not if I can help it," said Ray, coming over.

"Well, but you can't help it, you know," said Pet, turning red, but flashing defiance in a way that made Lady Maude smile, and reminded Ermie of the Pet of other days; "and now I really must go before it gets any later. Ermie, I'll come over early to-morrow and see you off, so I will not bid you good-bye now. Ranty—"

"Oh, never mind Ranty," interposed Ray; "let me be your escort home for once, Pet. Come, do not refuse me now. I have a great many things to say to you."

Pet colored vividly, but she did not refuse, and nodding a good-bye to the rest, they left the cottage together.

"Can we not prevail upon you at least to accompany us back to the city?" said Lady De Courcy to Ranty, when they were gone.

"Come, say yes, Mr. Lawless," said Lord De Courcy, laying his hand on Ranty's shoulder, in his kind, cordial manner. "Ermie must not part with all her old friends at once."

So it was arranged they should start the following morning. Pet rode over to see Ermie off, and the ears stood in the dancing eyes of the earl as she bade her good-bye. As for Ermie, she wept audibly as the carriage rolled away, and the home of her childhood was left far behind. She strained her eyes to catch a last glimpse of the pretty little vine-covered cottage on the lonely bank, and watched the blinding top of the White Squall fading away in the distance as if it had been the face of an old friend.

Nothing of any importance occurred during the journey. The whole rest of the day, and the city, and party arrived safely in the city, and were domesticated with the friend in whose house the earl and countess were staying.

Ray passed a week with the family in Baltimore, and then returned to Judestown—on business, he said, but as more than one of the party shrewdly guessed, to see Pet. He found her worthy father at home, and unbounded was the astonishment of that most upright gentleman upon learning all that had transpired during the absence. Inwardly he rejoiced at the annihilation of the gang of smugglers, and fervently thanked his stars that his own connection with them had not been discovered.

But another surprise was in store for him when Ray appeared before him and formally solicited the hand of his daughter. Ray Germaine, the gipsy's grandson, and Jlav Germaine,

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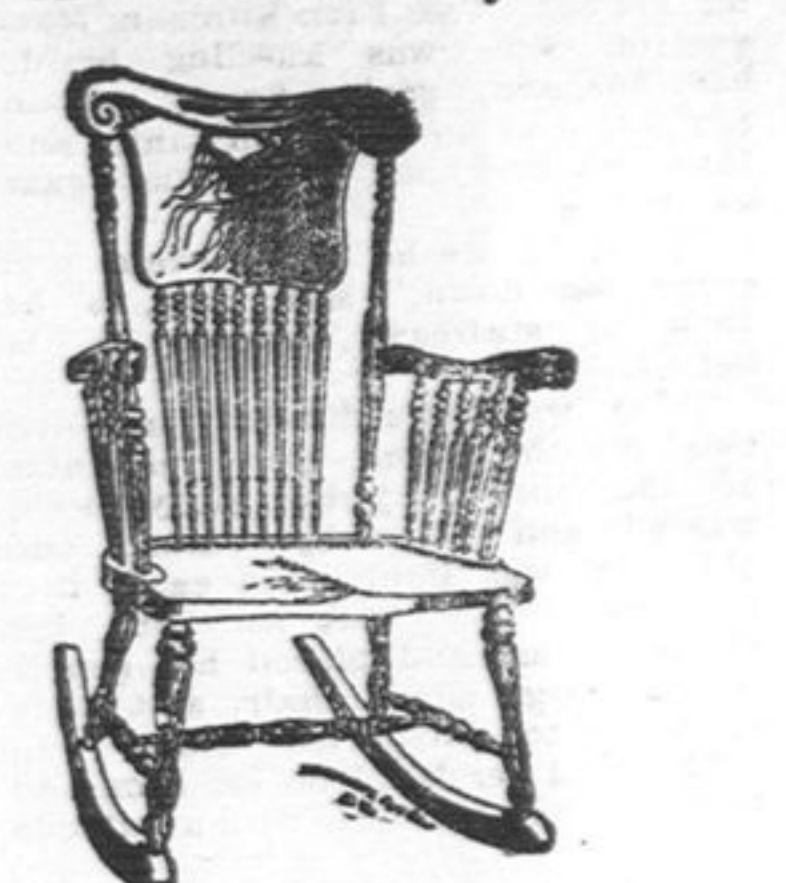
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Lady De Courcy's son, were two very different personages; and his worship, the judge, was graciously pleased to give a prompt assent. The first would have been, in no very choice terms, shown the door; the latter was taken by the hand and cordially told of the manner of fathers in the play, to "take her and be happy," which Pet assured him he would find some difficulty in being, once she was his wife.

And so our Pet was engaged at last; and Ray returned to Baltimore to inform his friends of his success, and make arrangements for their marriage, which the judge, who thought it would be something added to his already overwhelming dignity to be father-in-law of the son of a peeress, desired might take place as soon as possible.

Ermie clasped her hands with delight when she heard of it, and Lady Maude, whose heart the wild elf had taken by storm, expressed her heartfelt pleasure.

"And you must return with us to England as soon as you are married," said Lord De Courcy to the bridegroom-elect.

"And we will all live together. Oh, it will be so nice to be near Pet!" said Ermie, delightedly.

She laughed and shook her head.

"We may accompany you to England, as both Pet and I desire to visit it, but our future home must be here."

"Why not in England as well as here?" asked his lordship.

"Oh, well, for many reasons. One is, Petronilla would never consent; another is, that I am too much attached to this land of my adoption to wish to leave it for any other."

(Concluded on Page 2.)

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