

Groder's SYRUP will cure SICK HEADACHE

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By James de Mille.)

Continued.

Dacres said nothing. He was collecting his scattered thoughts. Oh, may Heaven grant that we may be saved! Oh, it is the troops—it must be! Oh, Sir, come, come; help us to escape! My darling sister is here. Save her! Your sister? cried Dacres.

Oh yes; come, save her! My sister—my darling Minnie!

With these words Mrs. Willoughby rushed from the room.

Her sister! Her sister! repeated Dacres—Minnie Fay! Her sister! Good Lord! What a most infernal ass I've been making of myself this last month!

He stood still for a few moments, overwhelmed by this thought, and apparently endeavoring to realize the full extent and enormous size and immense proportions together with the infinite extend of ear, pertaining to the ass to which he had transformed himself, but finally he shook his head despairingly, as though he gave it up altogether. Then he hurried after Mrs. Willoughby.

Mrs. Willoughby rushed into Minnie's room, and clasped her arms with frantic tears and kisses.

Oh, dear! said Minnie, isn't this really too bad? I was so tired, you know, and I was just beginning to go to sleep, when those horrid men began firing their guns. I really do think that every body is banded together to tease me. I do wish they'd all go away and let me have a little peace. I am so tired and sleep!

While Minnie was saying this her sister was embracing her and crying over her.

Oh, come, Minnie, come! she cried; make haste. We must fly!

Where to? said Minnie, wondering.

Any where—any where out of this awful place; into the woods.

Why, I don't see the use of going into the woods. It's all wet, you know. Can't we get a carriage?

Oh, no; we must not wait. They'll all be back soon and kill us.

Kill us! What for? cried Minnie. What do you mean? How silly you are, darling Kitty!

At this moment Dacres entered. The image of the immeasurable ass was still very prominent in his mind, and he had lost all his fever and delirium. One thought only remained (besides that of the ass, of course), and that was—escape.

Are you ready? he asked hurriedly.

Oh yes, yes; let us make haste, said Mrs. Willoughby.

I think no one is below, said he; but I will go first. There is a good place close by. We will run there. If I fall, you must run on and try to get there. It is the bank just opposite. Once there, you are in the woods. Do you understand?

Oh yes, yes! cried Mrs. Willoughby. Haste! Oh, haste!

Dacres turned, and Mrs. Willoughby has just grasped Minnie's hand to follow when suddenly they heard footsteps below.

They stopped, appalled.

The robbers had not all gone, then. Some of them must have remained on guard. But how many?

Dacres listened and the ladies listened, and in their suspense the beating of each heart was audible. The footsteps below could be heard going from room to room, and pausing in each.

There seems to be only one man, said Dacres, in a whisper. If there is only one, I'll engage to manage him. While I grapple, you run for your lives. Remember the bank.

Oh yes; but oh, Sir, there may be more, said Mrs. Willoughby.

I'll see, said Dacres, softly.

He went cautiously looked out. By the increased light he could see quite plainly. No men were visible. From afar the noise of the strife came to his ears louder than ever, and he could see flashes of the rifles.

Dacres stole back again from the window and went to the door. He stood and listened.

And now the footsteps came across the hall to the foot of the stairs. Dacres could see the figure of a solitary man, but it was dark in the hall, and he could not make him out.

He began to think that there was only one enemy to encounter.

The man below put his foot on the lowest stair.

Then he hesitated.

Dacres stood in the shadow of the other doorway, which was nearer to the head of the stairs, and prepared to spring as soon as the stranger should come within reach. But the stranger delayed still.

At length he spoke:
Hallo, up there!

By this time the ladies were both at the bottom of the stairs.

Come! said Tozer, hurry up, folks. I'll take one lady and you take 't'other.

Do you know the woods?
Like a book.

So do I, said Dacres.

He grasped Mrs. Willoughby's hand and started.

But Minnie! said Mrs. Willoughby. You had better let him take her; it's safer for all of us, said Dacres.

Mrs. Willoughby looked back as she was dragged on after Dacres, and saw Tozer following them, holding Minnie's hand. This reassured her.

Dacres dragged her on to the foot of the bank. Here she tried to keep up with him, but it was steep, and she could not.

Whereupon Dacres stopped, and without a word, raised her in his arms as though she were a little child, and ran up the bank. He plunged into the woods. Then he ran on farther. Then he turned and doubled.

Mrs. Willoughby begged him to put her down.

No, said he; they are behind us. You can not go fast enough. I should have to wait and defend you, and then we should both be lost.

But oh! we are losing Minnie. No, we are not, cried Dacres; that man is ten times stronger than I am. He is a perfect elephant in strength. He dashed past me up the hill.

I can't see him.

Your face was turned the other way. He is ahead of us somewhere.

Oh! I wish we could catch up to him.

At this Dacres rushed on faster. The effort was tremendous. He leaped over fallen timbers, he burst through underbrush.

Oh, I'm sure you'll kill yourself if you go so fast, said Mrs. Willoughby. We can't catch up to them.

At this Dacres slackened his pace, and went on more carefully. She again begged him to put her down. He again refused. Upon this she felt perfectly helpless, and recalled in a vague way, Minnie's ridiculous question of How would you like to be run away with a great big horrid, man Kitty darling?

Then she began to think he was insane and felt very anxious.

At last Dacres stopped. He was utterly exhausted. He was panting terribly. It had been a fearful journey. He had run along the bank up to the narrow valley which he had traversed the day before, and when he stopped it was on the top of that precipice where he had formerly rested, and where he had nurtured such dark purposes against Mrs. Willoughby.

Mrs. Willoughby looked at him, full of pity. He was utterly broken down by this last effort.

Oh dear! she thought. Is he sane or insane? What am I to do? It is dreadful to have to go on and humor his queer fancies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MINNIE'S LAST LIFE-PRESERVER.

When Tozer started after Dacres he led Minnie by the hand for only a little distance. On reaching the acclivity he seized her in his arms, thus imitating Dacres's example, and rushed up, reaching the top before the other. Then he plunged into the woods, and soon became separated from his companion.

Once in the woods, he went along quite leisurely, carrying Minnie without any difficulty, and occasionally addressing to her a soothing remark, assuring her that she was safe. Minnie, however, made no remark of any kind, good or bad, but remained quite silent, occupied with her own thoughts. At length Tozer stopped and put her down. It was a place upon the edge of a cliff on the shore of the lake and as much as a mile from the house.

The cliff was almost fifty feet high, and was perpendicular. All around was the thick forest, and it was unlikely that such a place could be discovered.

Here, said he, we've got to stop here, and it's about the right place. We couldn't get any where nigh to the soldiers without the brigands seeing us; so we'll wait here till the fight's over, and the brigands all chased off.

The soldiers! what soldiers? asked Minnie.

Why, they're having a fight over there—the soldiers are attacking the brigands.

Well I didn't know. Nobody told me. And did you come with the soldiers?

Well, not exactly. I came with the priest and the young lady.

But you were not at the house?

No. They wouldn't take me all the way. The priest said I couldn't be disguised—but I don't see why not—so he left me in the woods till he came nigh the lake. Well, then I stole away; and when they made an attack the brigands all ran there to fight, and I watched till I saw the coast clear; and so I came, and here we are.

Minnie now was quite silent and pre-occupied, and occasionally she glanced sadly at Tozer with her large, pathetic, child-like eyes. It was a very piteous look, full of the most tender entreaty. Tozer occasionally glanced at her, and then, like her, he sat silent, involved in his own thoughts.

And so, said Minnie at last, you're not the priest himself?

The priest?

Yes. Well, no I didn't call myself a priest. I'm a minister of the Gospel.

Well you're not a real priest, then. All men of my calling are real priests—yes, priests and kings. I yield to no

man in the estimate which I set upon my high and holy calling.

Oh, but I mean a Roman Catholic priest, said Minnie.

A Roman Catholic priest! Me! Why, what a question! Me! a Roman Catholic! Why, in our parts folks call me the Protestant Champion.

Oh, and so you're only a Protestant after all, said Minnie, in a disappointed tone.

Only a Protestant! repeated Tozer, severely—only a Protestant. Why, ain't you one yourself?

Oh yes; but I hoped you were the other priest you know. I did so want to have a Roman Catholic priest this time.

Tozer was silent. It struck him that this young lady was in danger. Her wish for a Roman Catholic priest boded no good. She had just come from Rome. No doubt she had been tampered with. Some essult had caught her, and had tried to proselytize her. His soul swelled with indignation at the thought.

On dear! said Minnie again.

What's the matter? asked Tozer in a sympathizing voice.

I'm so sorry.

What for?

Why, that you saved my life you know.

Sorry? sorry? that I saved your life? repeated Tozer, in amazement.

Oh, well, you know I did so want to be saved by a Roman Catholic priest you know.

To be saved by a Roman Catholic priest! repeated Tozer, pondering these words in his mind as he slowly pronounced them. He could make nothing of them at first, but finally concluded that they concealed some half-suggested tendency to Rome.

I don't like this—I don't like this, he said solemnly.

What don't you like?

It's dangerous. It looks bad, said Tozer with increased solemnity.

What's dangerous? You look so solemn that you really make me feel quite nervous. What's dangerous?

Why your words. I see in you I think a kind of leaning toward Rome.

It isn't Rome, said Minnie. I don't lean to Rome. I only lean a little toward a Roman Catholic priest.

Worse and worse, said Tozer. Dear! dear! dear! worse and worse. This beats all. Young woman beware! But perhaps I don't understand you. You surely don't mean that your affections are engaged to any Roman Catholic priest. You can't mean that. Why they can't marry.

But that's what I like them so for, said Minnie. I like people that don't marry; I hate people that want to marry.

Tozer turned this over in his mind, but could make nothing of it. At length he thought he saw in this additional proof that she had been tampered with by Jesuits at Rome. He thought he saw in this a statement of her belief in the Roman Catholic doctrine of celibacy.

He shook his head more solemnly than ever.

It's not Gospel, said he. It's a mere human tradition. Why for centuries there was a married priesthood even in the Latin Church. Dunstan's chief measures consisted in a fierce war on the married clergy. So did Hildebrand's—Gregory the Seventh you know. The Church at Milan sustained by the doctrines of the great Ambrose, always preferred a married clergy. The worst measures of Hildebrand were against these good pastors and their wives. And in the Eastern Church they have always had it.

Of course all this was quite beyond Minnie; so that she gave a little sigh and said nothing.

Now as to Rome, resumed Tozer. Have you ever given a careful study to the Apocalypse—not a hasty reading, as people generally do, but a serious, earnest and careful examination?

I'm sure I haven't any idea what in the world you're talking about, said Minnie. I wish you wouldn't talk so. I don't understand one single word of what you say.

Tozer started and stared at this. It was a depth of ignorance that transcended that of the other lady with whom he had conversed. But he attributed it all to Roman influences. They dreaded the Apocalypse, and had not allowed either of these young ladies to become acquainted with its tremendous pages. Moreover there was something else. There was a certain light and trifling tone which she used in referring to these things and it pained him. He sat involved in a long and very serious consideration of her case, and once or twice looked at her with so very peculiar an expression that Minnie began to feel very uneasy indeed.

Tozer at length cleared his throat and fixed upon Minnie a very affectionate and tender look.

My dear young friend said he, have you ever reflected upon the way you are living?

At this Minnie gave him a frightened little look and her head fell.

You are young now, but you can't be young always; youth and beauty and loveliness all are yours, but they can't last; and now is the time for you to make your choice—now in life's gay morn. It ain't easy when you get old. Remember that, my dear. Make your choice now—now.

Oh dear! said Minnie; I know it. But I can't—and I don't want to—and I think it's very unkind in you. I don't want to make any choice. I don't want any of you. It's so horrid.

This was a dreadful shock to Tozer; but he could not turn aside from this beautiful yet erring creature.

Oh, I entreat you—I implore you, my dear, dear—

I do wish you wouldn't talk to me that way, and call me your dear. I don't like it; no, not even if you did save my life, though really I don't know there was any danger. But I'm not your dear.

And Minnie tossed her head with a little air of determination, as though she had quite made up her mind on that point.

Oh, well now, said Tozer, it was only a natural expression. I do take a deep in-

terest in you, my—that is—miss; I feel a sincere regard and affection and—

But it's no use, said Minnie. You really can't, you know; and so, why, you moun't, you know.

Tozer did not clearly understand this, so after a brief pause he resumed:

But what I was saying is of far more importance. I referred to your life. Now you're not happy as you are.

Oh yes, but I am, said Minnie, briskly.

Tozer sighed.

I'm very happy, continued Minnie very, very happy—that is, when I'm with dear, darling Kitty, and dear, dear Ethel, and my darling old Dowdy, and dear kind papa.

Tozer sighed again.

You can't be truly happy thus, he said, mournfully. You may think you are, but you ain't. My heart fairly yearns over you when I see you, so young, so lovely, and so innocent; and I know you can't be happy as you are. You must live otherwise. And oh, I pray you—I entreat you to set your affections elsewhere.

Well then, I think it's very, very horrid in you to press me so, said Minnie, with something actually like asperity in her tone; but it's quite impossible.

But oh, why?

Why, because I don't want to have things any different. But if I have to be worried and teased so, and if people insist on it so, why there's only one that I'll ever consent to.

And what is that? asked Tozer looking at her with the most affectionate solicitude.

Why it's—it's, Minnie paused and looked a little confused.

It's what? asked Tozer, with still deeper and more anxious interest.

Why it's—it's—Rufus K. Gunn.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE IMPATIENT BARON.

The brigands had resisted stubbornly, but finally found themselves without a leader. Girsoule had disappeared; and as his voice no longer directed their movements, they began to fall into confusion.

The attacking party, on the other hand was well led, and made a steady advance driving the enemy before them. At length the brigands lost heart, and took to flight. With a wild cheer the assailants followed in pursuit. But the fugitives took to the forest, and were soon beyond the reach of the pursuers in its familiar intricacies, and the victors were summoned back by the sound of the trumpet.

It was now daylight, and as the conquering party emerged from the forest they showed the uniform of the Papal Zouaves; while their leader, who had shown himself so skillful in forest warfare proved to be no less a personage than our friend the Baron. Led by him the party advanced to the old stone house, and here drawing up his men in front, their leader rushed in, and searched every room. To his amazement he found the house deserted, its only inmate being the dead brigand whom Girsoule had mistaken for Hawbury. This discovery filled the Baron with consternation. He had expected to find the prisoners here, and his dismay and grief were excessive. At first he could not believe in his ill luck; but another search convinced him of it, and reduced him to a state of perfect bewilderment.

But he was not one who could long remain inactive. Feeling confident that the brigands were scattered everywhere in headlong flight, he sent his men out in different directions into the woods and along the shore, to see if they could find any traces of the lost ones. He himself remained near the house so as to direct the search most efficiently. After about an hour they came back one by one, without being able to find many traces. One had found an empty coffin in a grave another a woman's hood, a third had found a scarf. All of these had endeavored to follow up these traces, but without result. Finally a man approached who announced the discovery of a body on the shore of the lake. After him came a party who was carrying a corpse for the inspection of their captain.

The Baron went to look at it. The body showed a great gap in the skull. On questioning the men, he learned that they had found it on the shore, at the bottom of a steep rock, about half-way between the house and the place where they had first emerged from the woods. His head was lying pressed against a sharp rock in such a way that it was evident that he had fallen over the cliff and been instantly killed. The Baron looked at the face and recognized the features of Girsoule. He ordered it to be taken away and laid in the empty grave for future burial.

The Baron now became impatient. This was not what he had bargained for at all. At length he thought that they might have fled, and might now be concealed in the woods around; and together with this thought there came to his mind an idea of an effective way to reach them. The trumpeter could send forth a blast which could be heard far and wide. But what might, could, would or should the trumpeter sound forth which should give the concealed listeners a certainty that the sun moons came from friends and not from foes? This the Baron puzzled over for some time. At length he solved this problem also, and triumphantly.

There was one strain which the trampeter might sound that could not be mistaken. It would at once convey to the concealed hearers all the truth, and gently woo them home. It would be at once a note of victory, a song of joy, a call of love, a sound of peace, and an invitation—Wanderer, come home!

Of course there was only one tune that to the mind of the Baron, was capable of doing this.

To be Continued.

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