

Father, Mother, and Daughter cured of Weakness &

SAINT JOHN, N. B., December 15, 1892. Distress in the Stomach, Pain across the Back and Limbs, Sick eath is.
mother says, For twenty-two
have had severe sick headNothing ever eased them Headache,

Dizziness, Groder's Syrup, has wrought a permanen No less than six physician Vomiting, andhabitual Constipation by ziness, and habitual constipation il I used Groder's Syrup, which cleared my head, given me a d appetite, and my food does distress me. Our statements are true, and I am ready to answer using Groder's Botanic MB. AND MES. T. G. McKERVEY.
Main St., North. St. John, N. B. **Oyspepsia** Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd.

THE

BARON. **AMERICAN** (BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

Continued.

Doodle." Did the trumpeter know it?

Of course he did.

Who does not know it?

All men know that tune. Man is born | confidence in Yankee Doodle. "Yankee Doodle." No one can remember it ever so far, and it was the first thing expression, and walked away for a little object to the priest, for I have a kind of is because he never learned it at all. It didn't dare to venture before. was born in him.

answer, echoes, answer, Yankee Doodle | Minnie that the Italian wanted.

Baron listened and listened, and walked make it all up with her. up and down, and fretted and fumed and chafed, and I'm afraid he swore a little Congrattoo; and at last he was going to tell the the trumpeter to stop his infernal noise, rupting him. Well, you know, she wasn't when, just at that moment, what should my wife at all. he see all of a sudden emerging from the woods but three figures!

And I'll leave you to imagine, if you them was a stranger in the garb of a sort of thing, you know. priest.

New as soon as the party met the Baron who rushed to meet them, Hawbury wrung his hand, and stared at him in unbounded astonishment.

Jove!

Yes, said the Baron. You see, the moment we got into that ambush I kept my eyes open, and got a chance to spring into the woods. There I was all right, and ran for it. I got into the road again a couple of miles back, got a horse, rode to enough to find a company of Zouaves. tell you, and got hold of a chap that we odd, but she knew all about me. made guide us to the lake. Then we opened on them; and here we are by thunder! But where's Min?

Who? asked Hawbury. Min, said the Baron, in the most naturai tone in the world. Oh! Why, isn't she here?

No. We've hunted everywhere. No one's here at all. And the Baron went on to tell about their search and its results. Hawbury was chiefly struck by the news of Girasole.

said Hawbury, as he told the Baron it happened, Kittyabout his adventure at the grave. If that' so, he added, I don't see how the they've run off. Why, we started to run. and got so far off that we couldn't find our way back, even after the trumpet began to sound. You must keep blowing at it, you know. Play-all the national

tunes you can-no end. They'll find their way back if you them time. And now they all went back to the house, and the Baron in his anxiety could not talk any more, but began his former occupation of walking up and down, and fuming and fretting and chafing, and I'm again afraid swearingwhen all of a sudden, on the bank in front of him, on the very top, just emerging from the thick underbrush which had concealed them till that moment, to their utter amazement and indescribable delight they beheld Scone Dacres and Mrs. Willoughby. Scone Dacres appeared to Hawbury to be in a totally different frame of mind from that in which he had been when he last saw him; and what perplexed him most, yea, and absolutely confounded him, was the sight of Scone Dacres with his demon wife, whom he know. had been pursuing for the sake of vengeance, and whose frenzy had been so

bushes; assisting her down the slope; over- me a very favorable answer. whelming her in short; hovering around her, apparently unconscious that there the only greeting which he could give thing you know.

By Jove! And now, while Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel were embracing with tears of joy. and overwhelming one another with questions, the Baron sought information

his friend was.

from Dacres. Dacres then informed him all about Tozer's advent and departure.

Tozer! cried the Baron in intense delight. Good on his darned old head! Hurrah for the parson! He shall marry us for this-he and no other by thunder! Upon which Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel exchanged glances, but said not a

word. Not they.

nerself, she said. Oh. Ethel dear, isn't it dreadful?

What? said Ethel. Why poor Minnie. Poor Minnie?

Yes. Another horrid man. And he'll be claiming her to. And, oh dear ! what sha!l I do?

sion of horror.

be so very bad. He's Lord Hawbury's a woman's dress. friend, you know and then he's very. very brave; and, above all, think what we all owe him.

Mrs. Willoughby gave a resigned sigh. And now the Baron was wilder with And of course that time was "Yankee impatience than ever. He had questioned Dacres, and found that he could give him no information whatever as to Tozer's route, and consequently had no idea where to search. But still had boundless

with an inate knowledge of the strain of That's the way, said Dacres; we heard Willoughby, who looked with a helpless at the same time, if Min prefers it, I don't when he first learned it. The reason that told us it was safe to return. We distance. Pacres and Hawbury were still a Roman Catholic leaning myself.

So the trumpeter sounded it forth, and who told him in general terms how he was also had descended and joined himself to silent—you may ask why I'm in such a wild and high and clear and far the captured. Then he informed him how the priest; and each of these groups had thundering hurry. My answer is because sounds arose; and it was Blow, bugle, Mrs. Willoughby was put in the same blow, set the wild echoes flying; and room, and his discovery that it was

And while the trumpet sounded the Dacres, I couldn't stand it; so I offered to same time the Baron grasped Tozer by them try it on with me). You said I was

Oh, I see you've done that, old boy. enough to be heard by all. Pooh! wait a minute, said Dacres, inter-

At this Hawbury stood utterly aghast. What's that?

She wasn't my wife at all. She looks can, the joy and delight which agitated confoundedly like what my wife was at the bosom our good Baron as he recognized her best, but she's another person. It's a among those three figures the well-known most extraordinary likeness; and yet said nothing. What does he mean? ask- touch upon another point. I've though face and form of his friend Hawbury. she's isn't any relation, but a great deal ed her sister again. With Hawbury was a lady whom the prettier woman. What made me so sure, Baron remembered having seen once in you know, was the infernally odd cointhe upper hall of a certain house in Rome, cidence of the name; and then I only saw on a memorable occasion, when he stood her off and on, you know, and I never on the stairs calling Min. The lady was heard her voice. Then you, know, I was very austere then, but she was very mad with jealousy; and so I made myselt very hard, very hardgracious now, and very wonderfully sweet worse and worse, till I was ripe for in the expression of her face. And with murder, arson, assasination, and all that it. They all do so. The clergy man came to your standard. They mayn't square

> ment, and could not utter a word, until at edlast, as Dacres paused, he said.

By Jove! Well, old man, I was the most infernal You! he cried; yourself old boy! By ass that ever lived. And how I must have bored you!

By Jove! exclaimed Hawbury again. But drive on, old boy.

Well, you know, the row occurred just then, and away went the scoundrels to the fight, and in came that parson fellow and away we went. I took Mrs. Willough-Civita Castellana, and there I was lucky by to a safe place, where I kept her till I He proposed! Why he had proposed it was shocking, that it was dreadful. heard the trumpet, you know. And I've before. Well Sir, we came here flying, mind, I got another thing to tell you. It's duced

The duce she did!

Yes, the whole story. Lived somewhere in the county. But I don't remember the Fays. At any rate, she lived there; and do you know, old fellow, the and socountry people used to think I beat my

By Jove! Yes; and afterward they raised a report that my cruelty had driven her mad. But I had a few friends that stood up for me; and among others these Fays, you He must have gone mad with terror, know, had heard the truth of it, and, as dreadful suspense.

Well, Mrs. Willoughby, I mean-her Why, I think-I-said-yes, said Min-commonly desirable-runaway matches, Silks, ladies could be harmed. I dare say name's Kitty— has always known the nie, casting down her eyes with indis- you know, and all that sort of thing. Velvets, truth about it; and when she saw me Naples she felt interested in me.

Oho! and Hawbury opened his eyes. Well, she knew all about it; and among other things, she gave me one piece of intelligence that has eased my

Ah! what's that?

Why, my wife is dead. Oh, then there's no doubt it? Not a bit. She died eight years ago in ling.

an insane asylum. By Jove! Then she was mad all the Yes: that accounts for it, and turns all

my curses into pity. Dacres was silent now for a few moments. At length he looked at Hawbury with a very singular expression.

Hawbury, old boy. Well, Sconey? I think we'll keep it up.

loughby and I-her name's Kitty, you not; and now when I am saved from him

Keep what up? Why, the-the fond illusion and all | Ch dear, what would I give if you were violent that he himself had been drawn that sort of thing. You see I've got into only safe home ! with him on purpose to restrain him. such an infernal habit of regarding Well I'm sure I don't see what I can And now what was the injured husband her as my wife that I can't look do. Pe ple are always saving my life doing with his demon wife? Doing! why on her in any other light. I And there is Captain Kirby hunting all

doing the impassioned lover most vigor- claimed her, you know, and all that sort over Italy for me. And I know I will be ously; sustaining her steps most tenderly of thing and she thought I was delirious, saved by somebody-if-if-I-I-if-Igrasping her hand; pushing aside the and felt sorry and humored me, and gave if-you know-that if I'm sure-

Humored you?

Yes; that's what she says now, you too absurd. I won't talk about it. You was in all the wide world any other being know. But I'm holding her to it, and I've are a silly child. Oh how I do wish you than Mrs. Willoughby. And as Hawbury every reason to believe you know-in were home! looked upon all his eyes dilated and his fact, I may as well say that it is an lips parted involuntarily in utter wonder; understood thing you know, we'll have it and finally, as Dacres reached the spot. all formally settled, and all that sort of

> Hawbury wrong his friend's hand. See here old boy; you see Ethel there?

Who do you think she is? Who?

Ethel Orne! Ethel Orne! cried Dacres, as the whole

truth flashed on his mind. What a devil of a jumble everything has been getting into! By heaven dear boy, I congratulate you from the bottom of my soul! And he wrung Hawbury's hand

though all his soul was in that grasp. But all this could not satisfy the impatience of the Baron. This was all very well in its way, merely as an episode; but But in about five minutes, when Mrs. he was waiting for the chief incident of Willoughby had Ethel apart a little by the piece, and the chief incident was de-

laying very unaccountably. So he strode up and down, and he fret ted and he fumed, and he chafed, and the trumpeter kept blowing away.

Until at last-

Just before his eyes-Up there on the bank, not far from where Dacres and Mrs: Willoughby had Why you'll have to let her decide for made their appearance the Baron caught herself. I think it will be-this person. sight of a tall, lank, slim figure, clothed and looked up with a pretty little expres- face, r sing above a white neck-tie, peered solemnly yet interrogatively through And do you know dear, added Ethel, the bushes; while just behind him the I'm beginning to think that it wouldn't Baron caught a glimpse of the flutter of

He gave a loud cry of joy, and then sprang up the bank.

But over that meeting I think we had better draw a veil,

CHAPTER XXXIX

Meanwhile Hawbury had got Dacres another about their adventures. Tozer the Baron, as Mrs. Willoughby continued Well, do you know, old chap, continued herself into her sister's arms, while at the to the police (and I'd like to see one of Flour,

very day, by thunder!

what that dreadful-what the Baron said. | chalk. Minnie looked sweetly conscious, but

ing a shy look at the Baron. Oh dear! said Mrs. Willoughby; there's monte. It must be something in me

would not let him be too explicit. But I and is willing to trust herself to me. Condidn't hurt his feelings. Well you know sequently I take her, and I mean to make then all of a sudgen, as we were sitting her mine this day. there, the bugle sounded, and we came back. Well, then, Rufus K. Gunn came began, first of all, to express her gratitude -and you know how very violent he is in and then to beg him to postpone the mar his way-and he said he saved my life riage. She declared that it was an unagain, and so he proposed.

ment and this was for our marriage.

saved my life twice, and he was very dering over to where Ethel was; and urgent and he is so awfully aff ctionate, Ethel caught the expression of his face,

Well, what? cried Mrs. Willoughby, seeing Minnie hesitate.

Why he-Well? I mean, I-

Why what could I say?

But what did you say? cribable sweetness, shyness, meekness, And by Jove! to tell the truth I really

and resignation. Mrs. Willoughby actually shuddered. ah-I'm sure-I wish most confoundedly Now, Kitty, exclaimed Minnie, who at once noticed it, you needn't be so horrid I'm sure you can't say anything against make herself so conspicuous. him now. You needn't look so. You always hated him. You never would

treat him kindly.

Well, I'm sure I can't help it.

you. If it hadn't been for him I would now be married to that wretched Count, marking that your sister would be too who hadn't sufficient affection for me to conspicuous by such a hasty marriage. get me a chair to sit on, and who was very, very rude to you. You didn't care, Why, Kitty and I-that is, Mrs. Wil- though, whether I was married to him or you have nothing but very unpleasant things to say about Rufus K. Gunn.

Nonsense! said Mrs. Willoughby, as Minnie broke down in confusion. It is

At this juncture the conversation was nterrupted by the Baron.

It is not my fashion, ma'am, said, he gravely, to remind another of any obligation under which he may be to me; but my claims on Minnie have been so opposed by you and the rest of her friends that I have to ask you to think of them Your father knows what my first claims are. You yourself, ma'am, know perfectly well what the last claims are which I have won to-day.

The Baron spoke calmly, firmly, and with dignity, Mrs. Willoughby answered

not a word. If you think on your position last night. and Minnie's ma'am, resumed the Baron you'll acknowledge, I expect, that it was pretty hard lines. What would you have given a few hours ago for a sight of my uniform in that old house yonder? If had come then to save Minnie from the clutches of that Italian, wouldn't you have given her to me with all your heart, and your prayers too? You would, by thunder! Think, ma'am, on your sufferings last night, and then answer me.

Mrs. Whilloughby involuntarily thought of that night of horror, and shuddered. and said nothing.

Now, ma'am, just listen to this. I find on coming here that this Italian had a feated Minnie would have been that rascal's wife by this time. The priest was here. They would have been married as Car containing, I 200 chairs and 20 Chamber Setts. sure as you're born. You ma'am, would have had to see this poor trembling, broken-hearted, despairing girl torn from your arms, and bound by the marriage save Manufacturers' profits. tie to a ruffian and a scoundrel whom she loathed. And now, ma'am I save her from this, I have my priest too, ma'am. He ain't a Roman Catholic, it is true-he's Jobbers profits. ASTONISHING WAY OF CONCLUDING AN AD- an orthodox parson- but at the same time I ain't particular. Now I propose

eagerly conversing and questioning one Now you may ask ma'am, continued leisure for a prolonged conversation be- vou fit me off so. You tried to keep me fore they were interupted. At length from Min. You locked me out of your Minnie made her appearance, and flung house. You threatened to hand me over both hands, and called out, in a voice loud mad or drunk; and finally you tried to run away Then you rejected my advice. You shall marry us, parson—and this and plunged headformost into this fix. Now in view of all this, my position is These words came to Mrs. Willoughbys this-that I can't trust you. I've got ears in the midst of her joy at meeting | Min now and I mean to keep her. If you her sister and shocked her inexpressibly, (got hold of her again, I feel it would be What's that, Minnie darling? she asked the last of her. Consequently I ain't goanxiously. What is it? Did you hear ing to let her go. Not me. Not by a long

Finally, ma'am, if you allow me, I'll over your objections to me. It ain't my I suppose he means what he says rank-I'm a noble; it ain't money-I'm replied Minnie, with a timid air, steal worth a hundred thousand dollars; it ain't my name-for I call myself Atraanother dreadful trouble, I know. Its I've come to the conclusion that it's my general style-my manners and customs. Well, I'm sure, said Minnie, I cant help Very well. Perhaps they don't come up and saved me, and he wasn't a Roman with your ideas. Yet, let me inform you To all this Hawbury listened in amaze Catholic clergyman at all and he propos- ma'am, there are other standards of action and manner and speech than those Proposed! cried Mrs. Willoughby to which you are accustomed, and mine is one of them. Minnie doesn't object to On yes, said Minnie, solemnly; and I that. She knows my heart is all right,

As the Baron paused Mrs. Willoughby heard of thing, that it was shameful, that She grew very much excited; she pro-Oh, yes; but that was for an engage- tested, she entreated. Finally she burst into tears, and appealed to Lord Hawbury in the most moving terms. Hawbury Oh yes; and you see, he had actually listened very bravely with his eyes wan and looked quite confused.

Oh think, only think, said Mrs. Willoughby after an eloquent and pathetic appeal-think how the poor child will be

talked about. Well, really-ah-'pon my life, said You what? Really, Minnie dearest. Hawbury with his eyes still wandering you might tell me, and not keep in such over toward Ethel, I'm sure I don't-al -share your views altogether, Mrs. Willoughby; for-ah-there are times you know, when a fellow finds it very unadmire the idea, by Jove! And reallyit was the universal fashion by Jove! But she'll be so talked about. She'll

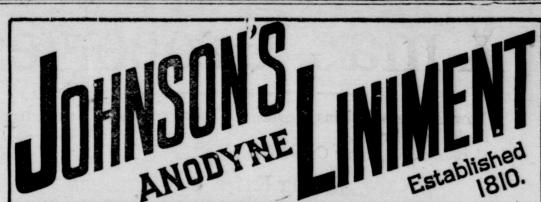
Conspicuous? By Jove! said Hawbury who seemed struck by the idea. At that moment Minnie began talking to her sis-But this-this marriage. It's too shock- ter, and Hawbury went off to Ethel, to whom he began talking in the most earnest manner. The two wandered off for It's too horrid! continued Mrs. Willough- some distance, and did not return for a by, in an excited tone. It will break poor full half hour. When they did return papa's heart. And it will break poor Ethel looked somewhat embarrassed and darling aunty's heart. And it will break Hawbury was radiant. With this radiance on his face he went up to Mrs. Wil-Now Kitty dearest, this is too silly in loughby leaving Ethel in the background. Oh, by the way, said he, you were re-

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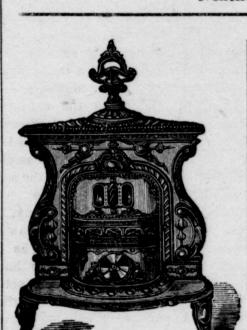
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