

JOHN A. KIMBALL.
Neuralgia of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia!
Avid Constipation! Rheumatism!
CURED BY
GRODER'S SYRUP

SAINT JOHN, N. B., October 11, 1892.
To The Groder Dispensary, Ltd., Ltd.,
Gentlemen: I, John A. Kimball, of the City
of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick,
do solemnly declare that
I cannot speak in too high praise of
the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia
Syrup has worked in my case. It
is an act of justice as well as
a duty for me to tell the public
through you just what your remedy has
done for me. I am 45 years of age. My
life during the past 23 years has NEVER
BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL
NOW. Since I began to take GRODER'S
SYRUP, I have been free from all
trouble. My distress from severe
CONSTIPATION has been an unending
torment for the past ten years, but your
remedy is fast restoring healthy action
of the stomach, THAT and bowels.
Rheumatism of long-standing has ceased to trouble me.
I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy
dyspeptic. There is no ache or pain
in any part of my body. My food digests
readily and causes me no distress
whatever. Your medicine is the first of
the hundreds I have tried that has given
me any relief. I am ready to answer any
inquiry concerning this
statement, for I firmly
believe in Groder's Syrup and desire
other sufferers to obtain help as I have.
It will cure them as it has cured me.
And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously
believing the same to be true, and by
virtue of the Act respecting extra-judicial
oaths.
Done and declared at the City of St. John, in the
Province of New Brunswick, this 11th day of
October, A. D. 1892.
JOHN A. KIMBALL.
Before me, J. E. BARNES,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the City and
County of Saint John.
At all Druggists. \$1.00 per Bottle.
The Groder Dispensary, Ltd.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE
AMERICAN BARON.
(By James de Mille.)
(Continued.)

A vague idea that a communication had
passed between them on the preceding
evening with reference to this was now
in his mind, and his vengeful feeling
was stimulated by this thought to the
utmost pitch of intensity.
Hawbury thus lashed his horses, and
they flew along the road. After the first
cry and shot that they had heard there
was no further noise. The stillness was
mysterious. It showed Hawbury that
the struggle, if there had been any was
over. But the first idea still remained
both in his own mind and that of Dacres.
On they went, and now they came to the
turn in the road. Round this they
whirled, and in an instant the scene re-
vealed itself.
Three carriages stopped, some drivers
standing and staring indifferently; a
group of women crowding around a pro-
strate form that lay in the road; a pale,
beautiful girl to whom a beautiful woman
was clinging passionately; a crowd of
armed brigands with leveled pieces; and
immediately before them a horseman—the
Italian, Girasole.
One glance showed all this. Hawbury
could not distinguish any face among the
crowd of women that bent over Lady
Dalrymple, and Ethel's face was thus
still unrevealed.
What the devil's all this about? asked
Hawbury, haughtily as his horses stopped
at the Baron's carriage.
You are prisoners—began Girasole.
But before he could say another word
he was interrupted by a cry of fury from
Dacres who the moment that he recog-
nized him, sprang to his feet, and with
a long keen knife in his hand, leaped
from the carriage into the midst of the
brigands, striking right and left, and
endeavoring to force his way toward
Girasole. In an instant Hawbury was by
his side. Two men fell beneath the
fierce thrusts of Dacres' knife, and Haw-
bury tore the rifle from a third. With
the clubbed end of this he began dealing
blows right and left. The men fell back
and leveled their pieces. Dacres sprang
forward and was within three steps of
Girasole—his face was full of ferocity,
his eyes flashing, and looking not so
much like an English gentleman as one
of the old vikings in a Berserker rage.
One more spring brought him closer to
Girasole. The Italian retreated. One of
his men flung himself before Dacres and
tried to grapple with him. The next in-
stant he fell with a groan, stabbed to the
heart. With a yell of rage the others
rushed upon Dacres; but the latter was
now suddenly seized with a new idea.
Turning for an instant he held his as-
sailants at bay; and then seizing an op-
portunity, sprang into the woods and ran.
One or two shots were fired, and then
half a dozen men gave chase.
Meanwhile one or two shots had been
fired at Hawbury, but, in the confusion
they had not taken effect. Suddenly, as
he stood with uplifted rifle ready to strike
his enemies made a sudden rush simul-
taneously upon him. He was seized by
a dozen strong arms. He struggled
fiercely, but his efforts were unavailing.
The odds were too great. Before long he
was thrown to the ground on his face,
and his arms bound behind him. After
this he was gagged.
The uproar of this fierce struggle had
roused all the ladies, and they turned
their eyes in horror to where the two
were fighting against such odds. Ethel
raised herself on her knees from beside
Lady Dalrymple, and caught sight of
Hawbury. For a moment she remained
motionless, and then she saw the escape
of Dacres, and Hawbury going down in
the grasp of his assailants. She gave a

lucid shriek and rushed forward. But
Girasole intercepted her.
Go back, he said. De milor is my
prisoner. Back, or you will be bound.
At a gesture from him two men ad-
vanced to seize Ethel.
Back! he said, once more in a stern
voice. You must be tenti! to miladi.
Ethel shrunk back.
The sound of that scream had struck on
Hawbury's ears, but he did not recognize
it. If he thought of it all, he supposed it
was the scream of common terror from
one of the women. He was sore and
bruised and fast bound. He was held
down also in such a way that he could
not see the party of ladies. The Baron's
carriage intercepted the view, for he had
fallen behind this during the final
struggle.
After a little time he was allowed to
sit up, but still he could not see beyond.
There was now some delay, and Girasole
gave some orders to his men. The ladies
waited with fearful apprehensions.
They listened eagerly to hear if there
might not be some sounds of approaching
help. But no such sounds came to glad-
den their hearts. Lady Dalrymple, also,
still lay senseless; and Ethel full of the
direst anxiety about Hawbury, had to
return to renew her efforts toward reviv-
ing her aunt.
Before long the brigands who had been
in pursuit of the fugitives returned to the
road. They did not bring back either of
them. A dreadful question arose in the
minds of the ladies as to the meaning of
this. Did it mean that the fugitives had
escaped, or had been shot down in the
woods by their wrathful pursuers? It was
impossible for them to find out. Girasole
went over to them and conversed with
them apart. The men all looked
sullen but whether that arose from disap-
pointed vengeance or gratified ferocity it
was impossible for them to discern.
The brigands now turned their atten-
tion to their own men. Two of these had
received bad but not dangerous wounds
from the dagger of Dacres, and the scowls
of pain and rage which they threw upon
Hawbury and the other captives boded
nothing but the most cruel fate of all of
them. Another, however, still lay there.
It was the one who had intercepted
Dacres in his rush upon Girasole. He
lay motionless in a pool of blood. They
turned him over.
His white, rigid face, as it became ex-
posed to view, exhibited the unmistak-
able mark of death, and a gasp on his
breast showed how his fate had met him.
The brigands uttered loud cries, and
advanced toward Hawbury. He sat re-
garding them with perfect indifference.
They raised their rifles, some clubbing
them, others taking aim, swearing and
gesticulating all the time like maniacs.
Hawbury, however, did not move a
muscle of his face, nor did he show the
slightest feeling of any kind. He was
covered with dust, and his clothes
were torn and splashed with mud,
and his hands were bound and his
mouth was gagged; but he preserved
a coolness that astonished his
enemies. Had it not been for this cool-
ness his brains might have been blown
out—in which case this narrative would
never have been written; but there was
something in his look which made the
Italians pause, gave Girasole time to in-
terfere, and thus preserved my story from
ruin.
Girasole then came up and made his
men stand back. They obeyed sullenly,
Girasole removed the gag.
Then he stood and looked at Hawbury.
Hawbury sat and returned his look with
his usual nonchalance, regarding the
Italian with a cold, steady stare, which
produced upon the latter its usual mad-
dening effect.
Milor will be ver glad to hear, said he
with a mocking smile, det de mess; but
de mess half been fiancée to me, an' so I
take dis occasione to mak her mine. I
sall love her, an' se sall love me. I haf
save her life, an' se haf been fiancée to
me since den.
Now Girasole has chosen to say to
Hawbury from the conviction that Haw-
bury was Minnie's lover, and that the
statement of this would inflict a pang
upon the heart of his supposed rival
which would destroy his coolness. Thus
he chose rather to strike at Hawbury's
jealousy than at his fear or at his pride.
But he was disappointed. Hawbury
heard his statement with utter indiffer-
ence.
Well, said he, all I can say is that it
seems to me to be a devilish odd way of
going to work about it.
Aha! said Girasole, fiercely. You sall
see. Se sall be mine. Aha!
Hawbury made no reply, and Girasole,
after a gesture of impatience, walked off
baffled.
In a few minutes two men came up to
Hawbury, and led him away to the
woods on the left.
CHAPTER XXIV.
Girasole now returned to the ladies.
They were in the same position which he
had left them. Mrs. Willoughby with
Minnie, and Ethel, with the maids, at-
tending to Lady Dalrymple.
Miladi, said Girasole, I beg your at-
tention. I haf had de honor to inform
you dat dis mess is my fiancée. Se haf
give me her heart an' her hand; se love
me and I love her. I was prevent from
to e her, an' I haf to take her in dis
mannaire. I feel sad at de pain I haf
give you, an' assur you dat it was in-
evitable. You sall not be troubled more.
You are free. Mees, he continued, tak-
ing Minnie's hand, you haf promis me
dis fair had, an' you are mine. You
come to one who loves you bettaire dan
life, an' who you love. You owe youair
life to me. I sall make it so happy as
nevar was.
I'm sure I don't want to be happy, said
Minnie. I don't want to leave darling
Kitty—and it's a shame—and you'll make
me hate you if you do so.
Miladi, said Girasole to Mrs. Willough-
by, de mess says se not want to come,
you may come an' be our sistaire.
Oh, Kitty darling, you won't leave me,
will you, all alone with this horrid man?
said Minnie.

My darling, moaned Mrs. Willoughby,
how can I? I'll go. Oh, my sweet sister,
what misery!
Oh, now that will be really quite deli-
cious if you will come, Kitty darling.
Only I'm afraid you'll find it awfully un-
comfortable.
Girasole turned once more to the other
ladies.
I beg you will assura de miladi when
she recovaire of my consideration de-
mos distingue, an' convey to her de
regrettas dat I haf. Miladi he continued
addressing Ethel, you are free, an' can
go. You will not be molested by me. You
sall go safe. You haf not ver far. You
sall fin' houses dere—forward—before—
not far.
With these words he turned away.
You must come wit me, he said to Mrs.
Willoughby and Minnie. Come. Est
oes not ver far.
He walked slowly into the woods on the
left, and the two sisters followed him.
Of the two Minnie was far the more cool
and collected. She was as composed as
usual; and, as there was no help for it,
she walked on. Mrs. Willoughby, how-
ever, was terribly agitated, and wept and
shuddered and moaned incessantly.
Kitty darling, said Minnie, I wish you
wouldn't go on so. You really make me
feel quite nervous. I never saw you so
bad in my life.
Poor Minnie! Poor child! Poor sweet
child!
Well, if I am a child, you needn't go
and tell me about it all the time. It's
really quite horrid.
Mrs. Willoughby said no more, but
generously tried to repress her own feel-
ings, so as not to give distress to her
sister.
After the Count had entered the wood
with the two sisters, the drivers removed
the horses from the carriages and went
away, led off by the man who had driven
the ladies. This was the man whose
stolid face had seemed likely to belong to
an honest man, but who now was shown
to belong to the opposite class. These
men went down the road over which
they had come, leaving the carriages
there with ladies and their maids.
Girasole now led the way, and Minnie
and her sister followed him. The wood
was very thick, and grew more so as they
advanced, but there was not much under-
brush, and progress was not difficult.
Several times a wild thought of flight
came to Mrs. Willoughby, but was at
once dispelled by a helpless sense of its
utter impossibility. How could she per-
suade the impracticable Minnie, who
seemed so free from all concern; or, if she
could persuade her, how could she ac-
complish her desire? She would
at once be pursued and surrounded, while
even if she did manage to escape, how
could she ever find her way to any place
of refuge? Every minute, also, drew them
deeper and deeper into the woods, and
the path was a winding one, in which
she soon became bewildered, until at
last all sense of her whereabouts was
utterly gone. At last even the idea of
escaping ceased to suggest itself, and
there remained only a dull despair, a
sense of utter helplessness and hopeles-
ness the sense of one who is going to his
doom.
Girasole said nothing whatever, but
led the way in silence walking slowly
enough to accommodate the ladies, and
sometimes holding an overhanging
branch to prevent it from springing back
in their faces. Minnie walked on lightly
and with an elastic step, looking around
with evident interest upon the forest.
Once a passing lizard caused her a pretty
little shriek of alarm, thus showing that
while she was so calm in the face of real
and frightful danger, she could be alarm-
ed by even the most innocent object that
affected her fancy. Mrs. Willoughby
thought that she understood Minnie be-
fore, but this little shriek at a lizard, from
one who smiled at the brigands, struck
her as a problem quite beyond her power
to solve.
The woods now began to grow thinner.
The trees were larger and farther apart,
and rose all around in columnar array,
so that it was possible to see between
them to a greater distance. At length
there appeared before them, through the
trunks of the trees the gleam of water.
Mrs. Willoughby noticed this, and won-
dered what it might be. At first she
thought it was a harbor on the coast; then
she thought it was some river; but finally
on coming nearer, she saw that it was a
lake. In a few minutes after they first
caught sight of it they had reached its
banks.
It was a most beautiful and sequestered
spot. All around were high wooded
eminences, beyond whose undulating
summits arose the towering forms of the
Appennine heights. Among these hills
lay a little lake about a mile in length
and breadth, whose surface was as smooth
as glass, and reflected the surrounding
shores. On their right, as they descended
they saw some figures moving, and knew
them to be the brigands, while on their
left they saw a ruined house. Toward
this Girasole led them.
The house stood on the shore of the
lake. It was of stone, and two stories
in height. The roof was still good but
the windows were gone. There was no
door, but half a dozen or so of the brigand
stood there and formed a sufficient guard
to prevent the escape of any prisoner.
These men had dark, wicked eyes and
sullen faces, which afforded fresh terror
to Mrs. Willoughby. She had thought in
her desperation of making some effort
to escape by bribing the men, but the
thoroughbred rascality which was evinced
in the faces of these ruffians showed
her that they were the very fellows who
would take her money and cheat her after-
wards. If she had been able to speak
Italian, she might have secured their
services by the prospect of some future
reward after escaping; but as it was, she
could not speak a word of the language
and thus could not enter upon the pre-
liminaries of an escape.
On reaching the house the ruffians
stood aside, staring hard at them. Mrs.
Willoughby shrank in terror from the
baleful glances of their eyes; but Minnie
looked at them calmly and innocently,

but not without some of that curiosity
which a child shows when he first sees a
Chinaman or an Arab in the streets.
Girasole led the way upstairs to a room
on the second story.
It was an apartment of large size, ex-
tending across the house, with a window
at each end two on the side. On the floor
there was a heap of straw, over which
some skins were thrown. There were no
chairs, nor was there any table.
Sensa me, said Girasole, miladi, fer
dis accommodation. It gife me pain, but I
promise it sall not be long. Only dis day
an' dis night here. I haf to detain you
dat time. Den we sall go to where I haf
a home fitter for de bride. I haf a home-
wharra you sall be happy bride. mees—
But I don't want to stay here at all in
such a horrid place, said Minnie, looking
round in disgust.
Only dis day an' night, said Girasole,
implying, in fact, that you sall have all
you sall wis.
Well at any rate, I think it's very
horrid in you to shut me up here. You
might let me walk outside in the woods.
I'm so awfully fond of the woods.
Girasole smiled faintly.
And so you sell have plenty of de
wood—but to morra. You wait here now.
All safe—oh yes—secura—all aright—oh
yes—sllip to night, an' in de mornin early
you sall be mine. Dere sall come a
priest an we sall have de ceremony,
Well I think it was very unkind in
you to bring me to such a horrid place.
And how can I set down? You might of
had a chair. And look at poor, darin'
Kitty. You may be unkind to me, but
you needn't make her sit on the floor.
You never saved her life, and you have
no right to be unkind to her.
Unkind! Oh, mess!—my heart, my life,
all arra youairs, an' I lay my life at
youair foot.
I think it would be far more kind if
you would put a chair at poor Kitty's
feet, retorted Minnie with some show of
temper.
But, oh, carissima, tink—de wild wood
—nothing here—no, nothing—not a chair
—only de straw.
Then you had no business to bring me
here. You might have known that there
were no chairs here. I can't sit down on
nothing. But I suppose you expect me to
stand up. And if that isn't horrid I
don't know what is. I'm sure I don't
know what poor dear papa would say if
he were to see me now.
Do not grieve, carissima mia—do not,
charming mess decompose yourself. To
morrow you sall go to a bettaire place, an'
I will carry you to my castello. You sall
haf every want, you sall enjoy every
wis, you sall be happy.
But I don't see how I can be happy
without a chair, retorted Minnie, in
whose mind this one grievance now be-
came pre-eminent. You talk as though
you think I am made of stone or iron,
and you think I can stand here all
day or all night, and you want me to
sleep on that horrid straw and those
horrid furry things. I suppose this is the
castle that you speak of, and I'm sure I
wonder why you ever thought of bring-
ing me here. I suppose it don't make
so much difference about a carpet; but
you will not let me have a chair; and I
think you are very unkind.
Girasole was in despair. He stood in
thought for some time. He felt that
Minnie's rebuke was deserved. If she
had reproached him with wailing and
crying and carrying her off, he could have
borne it, and could have found a reply. But
such a charge as this was unanswerable.
It certainly was very hard that she should
not be able to sit down. But then how
was it possible for him to find a chair in
the wood? It was an insoluble problem.
How in the world could he satisfy her?
Minnie's expression also was most
coaching. The fact that she had no chair
to sit on seemed to absolutely overwhelm
her. The look that she gave Girasole
was so pitious, so reproachful, so heart
rending, that his soul actually quaked,
and a thrill of remorse passed all through
his frame. He felt a cold chill running
to the very marrow of his bones.
I think you are very, very unkind, said
Minnie, and I really don't see how I can
ever speak to you again.
This was too much. Girasole turned
away. He rushed downstairs. He wan-
dered frantically about. He looked in
all directions for a chair. There was
plenty of wood certainly—for all around
he saw the vast forest but of what use
was it? He could not transform a tree
into a chair. He communicated his
difficulty to some of the men. They
shook their heads helplessly. At last he
saw the stump of a tree which was of
such a shape that it looked as though it
might be used as a seat. It was his only
resource and he seized it. Calling two
or three of the men, he had the stump
carried to the old house. He rushed up
stairs to acquaint Minnie with his success
and to try to console her. She listened in
coldness to his hasty words. The men
who were carrying the stump came up
with a clump and clatter, breathing hard
for the stump was very heavy, and
finally placed it on the landing in front
of Minnie's door. On reaching that spot
it was found that it would not go in.
Minnie heard the noise and came out.
She looked at the stump, then at the men
and then at Girasole.
What is this for? she asked.
Est—est ees for a chair.
A chair! exclaimed Minnie. Why, it's
nothing but a great big, horrid, ugly old
stump, and—
Her remarks ended in a scream. She
turned and ran back into the room.
What—what is de maitaine? cried the
Count, looking into the room with a face
pale with anxiety.
Oh, take it away! take it away! cried
Minnie, in terror.
What? what?
Take it away! take it away! she re-
peated.
But est ees for you—est ees a seat.
To be continued.

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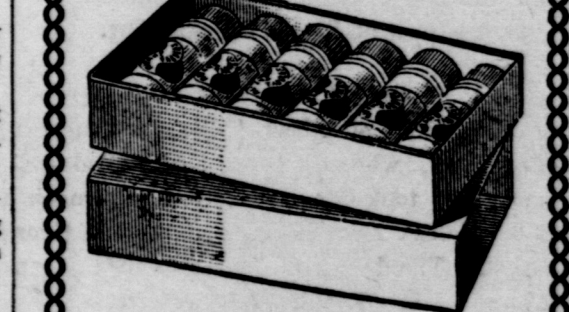
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