(BY JAMES DE MILLE.) (Continued.)

If you had made inquiries at Rome ma'am, you would have found this outand never would have thought of this

And you advise us not to travel it. I do, ma'am.

What would you advise us to do? I would advise you, ma'am, most earnestly, to turn and go back to Rome and leave by another route.

Lady Dalrymple looked at him, and a slight smile quivered on her lips.

I see, ma'am, that for some reason or other you doubt my word. Would you brigands he was in most serious earnest. put confidence in it if another person were to confirm what I have said? That depends entirely upon who the

other person may be.

The person I mean is Lord Hawbury. Lord Hawbury? Indeed! said Lady Rome.

this hotel.

In this hotel? Here?

Yes, ma'am. I'm sure I should like to see him very much, and hear what he says about it.

I'll go and get him, then, said the Baron, and rising briskly, he left the Mrs. Willoughby had sent for him. In a short time he returned with Hawbury. Lady Dalrymple expressed surprise to see him, and Hawbury explained that he was travelling with a friend. Lady Dalrymple, of course thought this a fresh

persecutor and tormentor. how the matter stood, and to ask Haw- of Lord Hawbury was overwhelming, and their view. bury's opinion.

You are right to believe your friend, and there came a wild hope that perhaps he I should trust his word also. But do you did not love Minnie so very much, after not see that perhaps he may believe all. But this hope soon was dispelled as what he says, and yet be mistaken?

Hawbury's warm commendation of him had excited his hopes, but now Lady Dalrymple's answer had destroyed them.

think any of us know much about it. 1 wish we could find some citizen of the town, or some reliable person, and ask him. 1 wonder whether the inn-keeper is a trust-worthy man. The Baron shook his head.

Garibaldians and brigands. This man would advise you to take whatever course

most. But surely we might find some one one that drove our carriage looks like a met the enemy and defeated him. Besides this isn't my fault, Kitty darling. good honest man.

one of them. I don't believe there's an honest vetturino in all Italy. Lady Dalrymple elevated her eyebrows

and threw at Hawbury a glance of de-He speaks English, too, said Lady

Dalrymple. So do some of the worst rascals in the

country, said the Baron. Oh. I don't think he can be a very bad rascal. We had better question him, at

any rate. Don't you think so Lord Hawbury?

harm to have a look at the beggar. The driver alluded to was summoned,

and soon made his appearance. He was a square-headed fellow with a grizzled beard, and one of those non-committal afford new and peculiar enjoyment. faces which may be worn by either an honest man or a knave. Lady Dalrymple thought him the former the Baron the latter. The result will show which of these was in the right. The driver spoke very fair English-

He was two or three times over the road. He had not been over it later than two years before. He didn't know it was Italian on the preceding evening was: dangerous. He had never heard of bri. fully believed by him to be a scheme of gands being here. He didn't know. There was a signore at the hotel who persuasion or vehement statement on child. If we opposed you, it was not from might know. He was travelling to Flor. Hawbury's part in any way shake his ence alone. He was on horseback.

As soon as Lady Dalrymple heard this it. So she sent a private request to that she managed to get some note from him effect.

any service to miladi.

To Lady Dalrymple's statement and question Girasole listened attentively. As she concluded a faint smile passed over his face. The Baren watched him attentively. I know no brigand on dissa road, said he.

at the others. I have travail dissa road many time.

No dangair-alla safe.

Another smile from Lady Dalrymple. The Count Girasole looked at Hawbury and then at the Baron, with a slight dash of mockery in his face.

As for dangaire, he said-pouf! dere is none. See, I go alone—no arms, not a knife-an' yet gold in my porte monnaie. And he drew forth his porte-monnaie, and opened it so as to exhibit its con-

A little further conversation followed.

with the road. The idea of brigands apright. They had taken the trouble to fortable rumble.

vellers within hearing. Both Hawbury and the Baron felt humiliated, especially the latter; and Gira- ahead. sole certainly had the best of it on that occasion, whatever his lot had been at

other times.

lowed, in company with Hawbury. He not let him. was deeply dejected. First of all, he had hoped to see Minnie. Then he had hoped to frighten the party back. As to the All he said he believed. He could not sole. The former he might cousider a scoundrel; but why should Girasole mis- are there lead? And yet he believed he was right. As for Hawbury, he didn't believe much Dalrymple, in some surprise. But he's in in the brigands, but he did believe in his her. friend and he didn't think much of Gira-No. ma'am he's not. He's here-in sole. He was sorry for his friend, yet didn't know whether he wanted the party to turn back or not. His one trouble was Dacres, who now was watching the Italian like a blood-hound, who had seen him, no doubt, go up to the

ladies, and, of course, would suppose that

As for the ladies, their excitement was I'd stake my life on his perfect trutt he should be so warm a friend to Minnie's way, baring their progress. Oh, of course, said Lady Dalrymple, could win her. Amidst these thoughts sale.

she recalled the events of the past, and the carriage. At this the Baron's face fell. Lord reflected on his cool and easy indifference to every thing connected with her. Such emotions as these actuated the ladies; and when the guests had gone For my part, she added. I don't really they joined their aunt once more, and quired Lady Dalrymple, with much agideliberated. Minnie took no part in the tation. debate, but sat apart looking like an injured being. There are among them all the same opinion, and that was that it was all a clumsy device of the Baron's to frighten them back to Rome. Such being I wouldn't trust one of them. They're their opinion, they did not occupy much out they rejected it, and got out them- travelers, and the brigands; in which the greatest rascals in the country time in debating about their course on selves. First Mrs. Willoughby, then Ethel event assistance would be of great value.

Dalrymple than they had known since even the slightest sign of fear. they had been aware that the Baron had whose opinion would be reliable. What followed them. They felt that they had some one will come and save my life matters were, he would probably have do you say to one of my drivers? The grappled with the difficulty. They had again. It's always the way. I'm sure acted precisely in the same way. As for the presence of Hawbury was of itself a Well perhaps so; but I wouldn't trust guarantee of peace. There could be no Girasole approached. further danger of any unpleasant scene while Hawbury was with him. Giraadditional guarantee of safety.

have followed them on what they had avenge her if you dare injure her. very ones, and the only ones, from whom her best friend, Se is fiancee to me, l Well, yes; I suppose it won't do any whether it would not be better to go back else sall I do? I must haf her. Se is mine.

> half an hour after them, and passed them a few miles along the road. The Baron and the Reverend Saul left next and last of all came Hawbury and Dacres came up. Lady Dalrymple lay sense-The latter was if possible, more gloomy less. and vengeful than ever, The visit of the his wife's. Nor could any amount of If you love her, spare her. She is only a

No, he would say, you don't understand. You mistake, said the Count, shrugging She determined to have his advice about feast her eyes on him. Depend upon it and pass one to him in return. He had It was count Girasole. He entered and only to run it under the leaf of a table. threw his usual smile around. He was or stick inside of some book; no doubt charmed, in his broken English, to be of they have it all arranged, and pass their nfernal love-letters forward. But I'll soon have a chance. My time is coming, It's near, too. I'll have my vengeance; and then for all life that demon of

womam shall pay me dear. To all of which Hawbury had nothing to say. He could say nothing; he could Lady Dalrymple looked triumphantly do nothing. He could only stand by his friend, go with him, and waich over him, hoping to avert the crisis which he dreaded, or, if it did come, to lessen the danger

of his friend, The road wound among the hills. The riages in front, and at once was surroundparty went in the order above mentioned, ed.

First Girasole, on horseback. Next, and two miles at least behind

came the Baron and the Reverend Saul crowd of women, the calm face of Minnie Last of all, and half a mile behind the and the uncontrollable agitation of Mrs Girasole evidently was perfectly familiar Baron, came Hawbury and Scone Dacres | Willoughby.

The last drove along at about this dispeared to strike him as some exquisite tance. The scenery around grew grandpiece of pleasantry. He looked as though er, and the mountains higher. The road it was only his respect for the company was smooth and well constructed, and the which prevented him from laughing out- carriage rolled along with an easy, com-

summon him for that! And besides, as They were driving up a slope which the Count suggested, even if a brigand wound along the side of the hill. At the did appear, there would be always tra- top of the hill trees appeared on each side and the road made a sharp turn here. Suddenly the report of a shot sounded

Then a scream.

Have you a pistol, Dacres?

My wife! O God! my! groaned Dacres But a minute before he had been cursing

Get a knife! Get something, man Have a fight for it!

Dacres murmured something. Hawbury lashed the horse and drove them straight toward the wood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAUGHT IN AMBUSH.

The ladies had been driving on, quite great. The doors were thin and they unconscious of the neighborhood of any had heard every word of the conversation. danger, admiring the beauty of the With Mrs. Willoughby there was but one scenery, and calling one another's attenopinion as to the Baron's motive: she tion to the various objects of interest thought he had come to get a peep at which from from time to time became proof of his infatuation about Minnie, and Minnie, and also to frighten them back to visible. Thus engaged, they ascended wondered how he could be a friend to a Rome by silly stories. His signal fail- the incline already spoken of, and began man whom she considered as Minnie's ure afforded her great triumph. Minnie, to enter the forest. They had not gone can I wait if this horrid Italian won't let as usual, sympathized with him, but said for when the road took a sudden turn. me? I'm sure he might be more con-The Baron at once proceeded to explain nothing. As for Ethel, the sudden arrival and here a startling spectacle burst upon

brought a return of all her former excite- The road an turning descended slight-Yes, said Lady Dalrymple, I should ment. The sound of his voice again ly into a hollow. On the right rose a really like to know what you think about vibrated through her, and at first there steep acclivity, covered with the dense wept and meaned and clung to Minnie, began to arise no end of wild hopes. forest. On the other side the ground rose Lady Dalrymple still lay senseless in Well, really, said Hawbury, I have no which, however, were as quickly dispelled. more gradually, and was covered over by spite of Ethel and the maids. The ocacquaintance with the thing, you know. The question arose. What brought him a forest much less dense. Some distance curence had been more to her than a Never been on this road in my life. But, there? There seemed to her but one in front the road took another turn, and mere encounter with brigands. It was at the same time. I can assure you that answer, and that was his infatuation for was lost to view among the trees. this gentleman is a particular friend of Minnie. Yet to her, as well as to Lady About a hundred yards in front of them mine, and one of the best fellows I know. Dalry mple, it seemed very singular that a tree had been felled, and lay across the thought of the Baron's warning and his

tormentor. It was a puzzling thing. Per- About twenty armed men stood before may believe it because he says it. If he haps he did not know that the Baron them close by the place where the turn had commended his friend, and how she says there are brigands on the road, they was Minnie's lover. Perhaps he thought was. Among them was a man on horse had turned away from these to put trust that his frien would give her up, and he back. To their amazement it was Gira. in the driver and Girasole, the very man

> Before the ladies could recover from thoughts that had overwhelmed her. their astonishment two of the armed men advanced and the driver at once stopped

Girasole then came forward. Miladi, said he, I hof de honar of to invitar you to descend.

Pray what is the meaning of this? in-

It means dat I war wrong. Dere are brigand on dis road.

offered his hand to assist the ladies out, going on between the drivers, the other Every man of them is in league with the tie morrow. The idea of going back did then Lady Dalrymple, then Minnie. Though unarmed, he thought he might Three of the ladies were white with utter suatch or wrest a weapon from one of the This event gave a much more agreeable horror, and looked in sickening fear upon enemy. In addition to this, he wished would benefit himself and his friends feeling to Mrs. Willoughby and Lady the armed men; but Minnie showed not to strike a blow to save the ladies from

Before her sister could say anything

Pardon mees, he said; but I haf made lis recepzian for you. You shall be well sole's presence, also, was felt to be an treat. Do not fear. I lay down my life. Villian! cried Lady Dalrumple. Arrest It was felt by all to be a remarkable her at your peril. Remember who she circumstance that so many men should is. She has friends powerful enough to

intended as quite a secret journey. These You arra miistake, said Girasole, gentlemen who tollowed them were the politely. Se is mino, not yours. I am they wished to cancel it. Yet it had all save her life-tell her my love-make a peen revealed to them, and lo! here they proposezion, Se accept me. Se is my all were. Some denate arose as to fiancee. I was oppose by you. What to Rome now, and defy the Baron, and I am an Italtano nobile, an' I love her. leave by another route. But this debate Dere is no harm for any. You must see was soon given up, and they looked for lat I hav de right. But for me se would

ward to the journey as one which might be dead. Lady Dalrymple was not usually excit-On the following morning they started able, but now her whole nature was at an early hour. Girasole left about roused; her eyes flashed with indignation; her face turned red; she gasped for breath, and dropped to the ground. Ethel rushed to assist her, and two of the maids

> With Mrs. Willoughby the result was different She burst into tears.

Count Girasole, she cried, oh, spare her any objection to you; it was because she is such a child.

she suspected that it was Count Girasole Depend upon it, she got him up there to his shoulders. I love her better than is happy. Come. Be my sistaire. It is

Mrs. Willoughby burst into fresh tears at this, and flung her arms around Minnie and moaned and wept.

Well, now, Kitty darling, I think it's horrid. You're never satisfied. You're always finding fault. I'm sure if you

don't like Rufus K. Gunn, you-But Minnie's voice was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels. It was the carriage of the Baron and his friend The Baron had feared brigands, but he certainly was not expecting to come upon them so suddenly. The brigands had been prepared, and as the carriage turned The morning was clear and beautiful, it was suddenly stopped by the two car-

The Baron gave one lightning glance BOTANICAL Read our and surveyed the whole situation. He antee with every bottle. None genuine came the two carriages with the ladies did not move, but his form was rigid and and their maids. did not move, but his form was rigid and bearing NO ALCOHOL Third, and a half mile behind these gleamed fiercely. He saw it all-the The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Well, By thunder! he exclaimed. Girasole rode up and called out.

Surrender! You arra my prisoner. What! it's you is it? said the Baron, and he glared for a moment with a vengeful look at Gieasole.

Descend, said Girasole. You mus be

Bound? All right. Here Parson, you ump down and let them tie your hands. The Baron stood up. The Reverend Saul stood up too. The Reverend Saul began to step down very carefully. The Good Lord! Dacres, did you hear that? Brigands gathered around, most of them cried Hawbury. The driver then tried being on the side on which the two were The Count withdrew. The Baron fol- to stop his horses, but Hawbury would about to decend. The Reverend Saulhad just stepped to the ground. The Baron was just preparing to follow. The bigands were impatient to secure them, Get out! he shouted to the driver; and when suddenly, with a quick movement

kicking him out of his seat, he seized the the Baron gave a spring out of the opporoins himself, and drove the horses site side of the carriage, and leaped to anderstand the driver and Count Gira- straight forward to where the noise arose. the ground. The brigands were taken It's the brigands, Dacres. The ladies completely by surprise, and before they could prepare to follow him, he had sprung into the forest, and with long bounds, was rushing up the steep hill and out of sight.

One shot was fired after him, and that was the shot that Hawbury and Dacres he ard. The two men sprang after him with the hope of catching him. In a sew moments a loud cry was heard

from the woods. MIN! Minnie heard it; a gleam of light flash-

ed from her eyes a mile of triumph came over her lips. Wha-a-a-at? she called in reply. Wa-a-a-a a-it! was the cry that came back-and this was the cry that Haw

bury and Dacres had heard. Sacr-r-r remento! growled Girasole. I'm sure I don't know what he means by telling me that, said Minnie. How

Poor Mrs. Willoughby who for a mom ment been roused to hope by the escape the baron, now le l into despair, and the thought of her own carelessness that overwhelmed her. In an instant tie solemn entreaties flashed across her memory. She recollected how Hawbury who had betrayed her. These were the

But now there arose once more the noise of rolling wheels, advancing more lash of a whip and shouts of a human voice. Girasole spoke to his men, and they moved nearer to thebend, and stood

What Hawbury's motive was it is not difficult to tell. He was not armed, and therefore could not hope to do much, but he had in an instant resolved to rush Lady Dalrymple said not another word. thus into the midst of danger. First of The Count approached, and politely all he thought that a struggle might be captivity, even if his blow should be un-How horrid! she exclaimed. And now availing. Even if he had known how Dacres, he had but one idea.. He was sure it was some trick concocted by his wife and the Italian, though why they should do so, he did not stop to enquire.

To be Continued.



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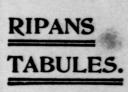
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