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Waterville, Maine.
Physicians and so-called Dyspepsia
Cures failed to give any benefit.
**Croder's Botanic
Dyspepsia Syrup**
Brought relief and a permanent
cure.

To the Dyspepsia Cure Co.
GENTLEMEN: For four years, I have had
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Blood would rush to my head
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After I had tried the best physicians, and
two of the leading sarsaparillas, without
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Syrup. One bottle did me so
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FREE FROM CONSTIPATION;
NO RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD;
NO PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND A
RAVENOUS APPETITE. I sleep nicely and
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ABLE, far more pleasant
than any of the many CURES
I have tried, and IT CURES. I
will gladly answer any inquiry concerning
this statement. Yours respectfully,
MRS. EMMA BOW.

BOTANICAL Read our
guarantee with every bottle. None genuine
unless bearing **NO ALCOHOL**
our trade mark, the Beaver.
Sold by all Druggists.
The Croder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Limited,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**THE
AMERICAN BARON.**

(By JAMES DE MILLE.)
(Continued.)
CHAPTER XXVI.
THE AVEGGER ON THE TRACK.

When Dacres had sprung aside into the
woods in the moment of his fierce rush
upon Girasole, he had been animated by
a sudden thought that escape for himself
was possible and that it would be more
serviceable to his friends. Thus, then,
he had bounded into the woods, and with
swift steps he forced his way among the
trees deeper and deeper into the forest.
Some of the brigands had given chase,
but without effect. Dacres superior
strength and agility gave him the advan-
tage, and his love of life was a greater
stimulus than their thirst for vengeance.
In addition to this the trees gave him
every assistance toward the escape of a
fugitive, while they threw every im-
pediment in the way of a pursuer. The
consequence was, therefore, that Dacres
soon put a great distance between him-
self and his pursuers, and what is more,
he ran in such a circuitous route that
they soon lost all idea of their own local-
ity, and had not the faintest idea where
he had gone. In this respect however,
Dacres himself was not one whit wiser
than they, for he soon found himself com-
pletely bewildered in the mazes of the for-
est; and when at length the deep
silence around gave no further sound of
pursuers, he sank down to take breath,
with no idea whatever in what direction
the road lay.

After a brief rest he arose and plunged
deeper still into the forest, so as to put an
additional distance between himself and
any possible pursuer. He at length found
himself at the foot of a precipice about
fifty feet in height, which was deep in
the recesses of the forest. Up this he
climbed and found a mossy place among
trees at its top, where he could find rest
and at the same time be in a more favor-
able position either for hearing or seeing
any sign of approaching pursuers.

Here, then, he flung himself down to
rest, and soon buried himself among
thoughts of the more exciting kind. The
scene which he had just left was fresh in
his mind, and amidst all the fury of that
strife there arose most prominent in his
memory the forms of the two ladies, Min-
nie, standing calm and unmoved, while
Mrs. Willoughby was convulsed with
agitated feelings. What was the cause
of that? Could it be possible that his
wife had indeed contrived such a plot
with the Italian? Was it possible that
she had chosen this way of striking two
blows, by one of which she could win her
Italian, and by the other of which she
could get rid of himself, her husband?
Such had been his conjecture during the
fight, and the thought had roused him
to his Berserker madness; but now as it
recurred again, he saw other things to
shake his full belief. Her agitation was
too natural.

Yet, on the other hand, he asked him-
self, why should she not show agitation?
She was a consummate actress. She
could show on her beautiful face the soft-
ness and tenderness of an angel of light
while a demon reigned in her malignant
heart. Why should she not choose this
way for keeping up appearances? She
had betrayed her friend and sought her
husband's death; but would she wish her
crime made manifest? Not she. It was
for this then, that she wept and clung to
the child-angel.

Such thoughts as these were not at all
adapted to give comfort to his mind,
or make his rest refreshing. Soon by
such fancies, he kindled anew his old
rage, and his blood rose to fever heat,
so that inaction became no longer toler-
able. He had rest enough. He started
up and looked all around, and listened

attentively. No sound arose and no
sight appeared which at all excited sus-
picion. He determined to set forth once
more, he scarcely knew where. He had
a vague idea of finding his way back to
the road, so as to be able to assist the
ladies, together with another idea, equal-
ly ill defined, of coming upon the
brigands, finding the Italian, and watch-
ing for an opportunity to wreak ven-
geance upon this assassin and his guilty
partner.

He drew his knife once more from a
sheath on the inside of the
breast of his coat, into which he
had thrust it some time before,
and holding this he set forth
watchfully and warily. On the left side
of the precipice the ground sloped down
and at the bottom of this there was
a narrow valley. It seemed to him that
this might be the course of some spring
torrent, and that by following its descent
he might come out upon some stream.
With this intention he descended to the
valley, and then walked along following
the descent of the ground, and keeping
himself as much as possible among the
thicket growth of the trees.

The ground descended very gradually
and the narrow valley wound along
among rolling hills that were covered
with trees and brush. As he confined
himself to the thicker parts of this, his
progress was necessarily slow; but at the
end of that turn he saw before him un-
mistakable signs of the neighborhood of
some open place. Before him he saw the
sky in such a way that it showed the ab-
sence of forest trees. He now moved on
more cautiously, and quitting the valley,
crept up the hill-side, among the brush
as carefully as possible, until he was at
a sufficient height, and then, turning to-
ward the open, he crept forward from
cover to cover. At length he stopped,
a slight eminence was before him, be-
yond which all was open, yet concealed
from his view. Descending the slope a
little, he once more advanced, and finally
emerged at the edge of the forest.

He found himself upon a gentle de-
clivity. Immediately in front of him
lay a lake, circular in shape, and about
a mile in diameter, embosomed among
wooded hills. At first he saw no signs
of any habitation; but as his eyes wander-
ed round he saw upon his right, about a
quarter of a mile away, an old stone
house, and beyond this, smoke curling
up from among the forest trees on the
slopes of the lake.

The scene startled him. It was so
quiet, so lonely, and so deserted that it
seemed a fit place for a robber's haunt.
Could this be indeed the home of his
enemies, and had he thus so mysteriously
come upon them in the very midst of
their retreat? He believed that it was
so. A little further observation showed
figures among the trees moving to and
fro, and soon he distinguished faint traces
of smoke in other places, which he had
not seen at first, as though there were
more fires than one.

Dacres exulted with a fierce and ven-
geful joy over this discovery. He felt now
not like the fugitive, but rather the
pursuer. He looked down upon this as
the tiger looks from his jungle upon
some Indian village. His foes were
numerous, but he was concealed, and his
presence unsuspected. He grasped his
dagger with a firmer clutch, and then
pondered for a few minutes on what he
had better do next.

One thing was necessary first of all, and
that was to get as near as he possibly
could without discovery. A slight survey
of the situation showed him that he
might venture much nearer; and his
eye ran along the border of the lake
which lay between him and the old
house, and he saw that it was covered
over with a thick fringe of trees and
brushwood. The narrow valley along
which he had come ended at the shore
of the lake just below him on his right,
and beyond this the shore arose again to
a height equal to where he now was. To
gain that opposite height was now his
first task.

Before starting he looked all around,
so as to be sure that he was not observed.
Then he went back for some distance,
after which he descended into the valley,
crouching low, and crawling stealthily
among the brush-wood. Moving thus,
he at length succeeded in reaching the
opposite slope without appearing to have
attracted any attention from any pursuers.
Up this slope he now moved as carefully
as ever, not relaxing his vigilance one
moment, but, if possible, calling into play
even more caution as he found himself draw-
ing nearer to those whom he began to
regard as his prey.

Moving up this slope, then, in this
way, he at length attained the top, and
found himself here among the forest trees
and underbrush. They were here even
denser than they were on the place
which he had just left. As he moved
along he saw no indications that they
had been traversed by human footsteps.
Every thing gave indication of an un-
broken and undisturbed solitude. After
feeling his way along here with all the
caution which he could exercise, he
finally ventured toward the shore of the
lake and found himself able to go to the
very edge without coming to any open
space or crossing any path.

On looking forth from the top of the
bank he found that he had not only
drawn much nearer to the old house, but
that he could see the whole line of shore.
He now saw that there were some men
by the door of the house and began to
suspect that this was nothing else than
the headquarters and citadel of the brig-
ands. The sight of the shore now showed
him that he could approach very
much nearer, and unless the brigands,
or whoever they were, kept scouts out,
he would be able to reach a point imme-
diately overlooking the house, from which
he could survey it at leisure. To reach
this point became now his next aim.

shore, he looked down upon the very old
house which he had desired to reach.

The house stood close by the lake,
upon a sloping bank which lay below.
It did not seem to be more than fifty
yards away. The doors and windows
were gone. Five or six ill-looking fel-
lows were near the doorway, some
sprawling on the ground, others loling
and lounging about. One glance at the
men was sufficient to assure him that
they were brigands and also to show him
that they kept no guard or scout or out-
post of any kind, at least in this direc-
tion.

Here, then, Dacres lay and watched.
He could not wish for a better situation.
With his knife in his hand, ready to de-
fend himself in case of need, and his
whole form concealed perfectly by the
thick underbrush into the midst of which
he had crawled, he peered forth through
the overhanging leaves and watched in
breathless interest. From the point
where he now was he could see the shore
beyond the house where the smoke was
rising. He could now see that there
were no less than four different columns
of smoke ascending from as many fires.
He saw as many as twenty or thirty
figures moving among the trees, made
conspicuous by the bright colors of their
costumes. They seemed to be busy
about something which he could not
make out.

Suddenly while his eye roved over the
scene, it was struck by some fluttering
color at the open window of the old house.
He had not noticed this before. He now
looked at it attentively. Before long he
saw a figure cross the window and return.
It was a female figure.

The sight of this revived all that agi-
tation which he had felt before, but
which had been calmed during the severe
efforts which he had been putting forth.
There was but one thought in
his mind, and but one desire in his
heart.

His wife.
He crouched low, with a more feverish
dread of discovery at this supreme mo-
ment, and a fiercer thirst for some fur-
ther revelation which might disclose
what he suspected. His breathing came
thick and hard, and his brow lowered
gloomily over his gleaming eyes.

He waited thus for some minutes, and
the figure passed again.

He still watched.
Suddenly a figure appeared at the
window. It was a young girl, a blonde,
with short golden curls. The face was
familiar indeed to him. Could he ever
forget it? There it was full before him,
turned toward him, as though that one,
by some strange spiritual sympathy, was
aware of his presence, and was thus turn-
ing toward him this mute appeal. Her
face was near enough for his expression
to be visible. He could distinguish the
childish face, with its soft, sweet inno-
cence, and he knew that upon it there
was now that piteous, pleading, beseech-
ing look which formerly had so thrilled
his heart. And it was thus that Dacres
saw his child again.

A prisoner, turning toward him this
appeal! What was the cause and what
did the Italian want of this innocent
child? Such was his thought. What
could his fiend of a wife gain by the
betrayal of that angelic being? Was it
possible that even her demon soul could
compass iniquity like this? He had
thought that he had fathomed her capa-
city for malignant wickedness; but the
presence here of the child-angel in the
power of these miscreants showed him
that this capacity was indeed unfathom-
able. At this sudden revelation of sin so
enormous his very soul turned sick with
horror.

He watched and still looked with an
anxiety that was increasing positive
pain.
And now after one brief glance, Minnie
drew back into the room. There was
nothing more to be seen for some time,
but at last another figure appeared.

He expected this; he was waiting for
it; he was sure of it; yet deep down in
the bottom of his heart there was a hope that
it might not be that, his suspicions, in
this case at least, might be unfounded.
But now the proof came; it was made
manifest here before his eyes, and in the
light of day.

In spite of himself a low groan escaped
him. He buried his face in his hands
and shut out the sight. Then suddenly
he raised his head again and stared as
though in this face there was an irresisti-
ble fascination by which a spell was
thrown over him.

It was the face of Mrs. Willoughby—
youthful, beautiful, and touching in its
tender grace. Tears were now in those
dark luminous eyes, but they were un-
seen by him. Yet he could mark the
dequency of her attitude; he could see
a certain wild way of looking up and
down and in all directions; he noted how
her hands grasped the window ledge as
if for support.

And oh, beautiful demon angel, he
thought, if you could but know how near
you are to the avenger! Why are you
so anxious, my demon wife? Are you
impatient because your Italian is delay-
ing? Can you not live for five seconds
longer without him? Are you looking in
all directions to see where he is? Don't
fret; he'll soon be here.

And now there came a confirmation of
his thoughts. He was not surprised; he
knew it; he suspected it. It was all as it
should be. Was it not in the confident
expectation of this that he had come
here with his dagger—on their trail?

It was Girasole.
He came from the place, further along
the shore, where the brigands were
around their fires. He was walking
quickly. He had a purpose. It was
with a renewed agony that Dacres watch-
ed his enemy—coming to visit his wife.
The intensity of that thirst for vengeance
which had now to be checked until a
better opportunity, made his whole frame
tremble. A wild desire came to him
then and there to bound down upon his
enemy, and kill and be killed in the
presence of his wife. But the other brigands
deterred him. These men might inter-
pose and save the Italian, and make him
a prisoner. No; he must wait till he

could meet his enemy on something like
equal terms—when he could strike a
blow that would not be in vain. Thus
he overmastered himself.

He saw Girasole enter the house. He
watched breathlessly. The time seemed
long indeed. He could not hear any-
thing; the conversation if there was any
was carried on in a low tone. He could
not see anything; those who conversed
kept quiet; no one passed in front of
the window. It was all a mystery and the
time seemed longer. At length
Dacres began to think that Girasole
would not go at all. A long time pass-
ed. Hours went away, and still Girasole
did not quit the house.

It was now sundown. Dacres had
eaten nothing since morning, but the
conflict of passion drove away all hunger
or thirst. The approach of darkness was
in accordance with his own gloomy
wishes. Twilight in Italy is short. Night
would soon be over all.

The house was on the slope of the bank.
At the corner nearest him the house
was sunk into the ground in such a way
that it looked as though one might climb
into the upper story window. As Dacres
looked he made up his mind to attempt
it. By standing here on tip-toe he could
catch the upper window ledge with his
hands. He was strong. He was tall.
His enemy was in the house. The hour
was at hand. He was the man.

Another hour passed.
All was still.
There was a flickering lamp in the
hall, but the men seemed to be asleep.

Another hour passed.
There was no noise.

Then Dacres ventured down. He mov-
ed slowly and cautiously, crouching low
and thus traversing the intervening space.

He neared the house and touched it.
Before him was the window of the lower
story. Above him was the window of
the upper story. He lifted up his hands.
They could reach the window ledge.

He put his long, keen knife between
his teeth, and caught at the upper win-
dow-ledge. Exerting all his strength he
raised himself up so high that he could
cling one elbow over. For a moment
he hung thus, and waited to take
breath and listen.

There was a rush below. Half a dozen
shadowy forms surrounded him. He
had been seen. He had been trapped.

He dropped down and, seizing his
knife, struck right and left.

In vain. He was hurled to the ground
and bound tight.

CHAPTE XXXVII.
FACE TO FACE.

Hawbury, on his capture, had been at
once taken into the woods, and led and
pushed on by no gentle hands. He had
thus gone on until he had found himself
by that same lake which others of the
party had come upon in various ways
which have been described. Toward
this lake he was taken, until finally his
party reached the old house, which they
entered. It has already been said that
it was a two-story house. It was also of
stone, and strongly built. The door was
in the middle of it, and rooms were on
each side of the hall. The interior plan
of the house was peculiar, for the hall
did not run through, but consisted of
a square room, and the stone steps wound
spirally from the lower hall to the upper
one. There were three rooms up stairs,
one taking up one end of the house, which
was occupied by Mrs. Willoughby and
Minnie; another in the rear of the
house, into which a door opened from the
upper hall, close by the head of the
stairs; and a third, which was opposite
the room first mentioned.

Hawbury was taken to this house, and
led up stairs into the room in the rear
of the house. At the end farthest from
the door he saw a heap of straw with
a few dirty rugs upon it. In the wall a
beam was set, to which an iron ring was
fastened. He was taken toward this bed,
and here his legs were bound together,
and the rope that secured them was run
around the iron ring so as to allow of no
more motion than a few feet. Having
thus secured the prisoner, the men left
him to his own meditations.

The room was perfectly bare of furni-
ture, nothing being in it but the straw
and the dirty rugs. Hawbury could not
approach the windows, for he was bound
in a way which prevented that. In fact,
he could not move in any direction, for
his arms and legs were fastened in such
a way that he could scarcely raise him-
self from where he was sitting. He
therefore was compelled to remain in one
position, and threw himself down upon
the straw on his side, with his face to
the wall, for he found that position easier
than any other. In this way he lay for
some time, until at length he was roused
by the sound of footsteps ascending the
stairs. Several people were passing his
room. He heard the voice of Girasole.
He listened with deep attention. For
some time there was no reply. At length
there was the sound of a woman's voice—
clear, plain, and unmistakable. It was a
fretful voice of complaint. Girasole was
trying to answer it. After a time Gira-
sole left. Then all was still. Then
Girasole returned. Then there was a
clattering noise on the stairs, and the
bumping of some heavy weight, and the
heavy breathing of men. Then he heard
Girasole say something, after which arose
Minnie's voice, close by, as though she
was in the hall, and her words were, Oh,
take it away, take it away! followed by
long reproaches, which Hawbury did not
fully understand.

After this there was a further silence
for some time, which at last was broken
by fresh sounds of trampling and shuf-
fling together with the confused directions
of several voices all speaking at once.
Hawbury listened, and turned on his
couch of straw so as to see anything
which presented itself. The clatter and
the noise approached nearer, ascending
the stairs, until at last he saw that they
were entering his room. Two of the brig-
ands came first, carrying something
carefully. In a few minutes the burden
which they bore was revealed.

To be continued.

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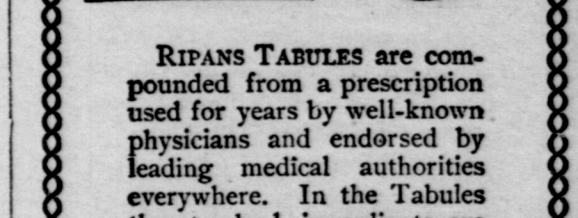
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