

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By James de Mille.)
(Continued.)

If you had made inquiries at Rome, ma'am, you would have found this out and never would have thought of this road.

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 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 Dalrymple, in some surprise. But he's in Rome.

No, ma'am he's not. He's here—in 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 room.

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 proof of his infatuation about Minnie, and wondered how he could be a friend to a man whom she considered as Minnie's persecutor and tormentor.

The Baron at once proceeded to explain how the matter stood, and to ask Hawbury's opinion.

Yes, said Lady Dalrymple, I should really like to know what you think about it.

Well, really, said Hawbury, I have no acquaintance with the thing, you know. Never been on this road in my life. But, at the same time, I can assure you that this gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and one of the best fellows I know. I'd stake my life on his perfect truth and honor. If he says any thing, you may believe it because he says it. If he says there are brigands on the road, they must be there.

Oh, of course, said Lady Dalrymple. You are right to believe your friend, and I should trust his word also. But do you not see that perhaps he may believe what he says, and yet be mistaken?

At this the Baron's face fell. Lord Hawbury's warm commendation of him had excited his hopes, but now Lady Dalrymple's answer had destroyed them. For my part, she added, I don't really think any of us know much about it. I wish we could find some citizen of the town, or some reliable person, and ask him. I wonder whether the inn-keeper is a trust-worthy man.

The Baron shook his head. I wouldn't trust one of them. They're the greatest rascals in the country. Every man of them is in league with the Garibaldians and brigands. This man would advise you to take whatever course would benefit himself and his friends most.

But surely we might find some one whose opinion would be reliable. What do you say to one of my drivers? The one that drove our carriage looks like a good honest man.

Well perhaps so; but I wouldn't trust one of them. I don't believe there's an honest veturino in all Italy.

Lady Dalrymple elevated her eyebrows and threw at Hawbury a glance of despair.

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?

Well, yes; I suppose it won't do any 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 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 dangerous. He had never heard of brigands being here. He didn't know there was a signore at the hotel who might know. He was travelling to Florence alone. He was on horseback.

As soon as Lady Dalrymple heard this she suspected that it was Count Girasole. She determined to have his advice about it. So she sent a private request to that effect.

It was Count Girasole. He entered and threw his usual smile around. He was charmed, in his broken English, to be of 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 Baron watched him attentively. I know no brigand on this road, said he.

Lady Dalrymple looked triumphantly at the others.

I have travellid dissa road many time. No dangair—all 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 contents.

A little further conversation followed. Girasole evidently was perfectly familiar

with the road. The idea of brigands appeared to strike him as some exquisite piece of pleasantry. He looked as though it was only his respect for the company which prevented him from laughing outright. They had taken the trouble to summon him for that! And besides, as the Count suggested, even if a brigand did appear, there would be always travellers within hearing.

Both Hawbury and the Baron felt humiliated, especially the latter; and Girasole certainly had the best of it on that occasion, whatever his lot had been at other times.

The Count withdrew. The Baron followed, in company with Hawbury. He was deeply dejected. First of all, he had hoped to see Minnie. Then he had hoped to frighten the party back. As to the brigands he was in most serious earnest. All he said he believed. He could not understand the driver and Count Girasole. The former he might consider a scoundrel; but why should Girasole mislead? And yet he believed he was right. As for Hawbury, he didn't believe much in the brigands, but he did believe in his friend and he didn't think much of Girasole. 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 Mrs. Willoughby had sent for him.

As for the ladies, their excitement was great. The doors were thin and they had heard every word of the conversation. With Mrs. Willoughby there was but one opinion as to the Baron's motive: she thought he had come to get a peep at Minnie, and also to frighten them back to Rome by silly stories. His signal failure afforded her great triumph. Minnie, as usual, sympathized with him, but said nothing. As for Ethel, the sudden arrival of Lord Hawbury was overwhelming, and brought a return of all her former excitement. The sound of his voice again vibrated through her, and at first there began to arise no end of wild hopes, which, however, were as quickly dispelled.

The question arose. What brought him there? There seemed to her but one answer, and that was his infatuation for Minnie. Yet to her, as well as to Lady Dalrymple, it seemed very singular that he should be so warm a friend to Minnie's tormentor. It was a puzzling thing. Perhaps he did not know that the Baron was Minnie's lover. Perhaps he thought that his friend would give her up, and he could win her. Amidst these thoughts there came a wild hope that perhaps he did not love Minnie so very much, after all. But this hope soon was dispelled as she recalled the events of the past, and 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 they joined their aunt once more, and deliberated. Minnie took no part in the 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 their opinion, they did not occupy much time in debating about their course on the morrow. The idea of going back did not enter their heads.

This event gave a much more agreeable feeling to Mrs. Willoughby and Lady Dalrymple than they had known since they had been aware that the Baron had followed them. They felt that they had grappled with the difficulty. They had met the enemy and defeated him. Besides the presence of Hawbury was of itself a guarantee of peace. There could be no further danger of any unpleasant scene while Hawbury was with him. Girasole's presence, also, was felt to be an additional guarantee of safety.

It was felt by all to be a remarkable circumstance that so many men should have followed them on what they had intended as quite a secret journey. These gentlemen who followed them were the very ones, and the only ones, from whom they wished to cancel it. Yet it had all been revealed to them, and lo! here they all were. Some debate arose as to whether it would not be better to go back to Rome now, and defy the Baron, and leave by another route. But this debate was soon given up, and they looked forward to the journey as one which might afford new and peculiar enjoyment.

On the following morning they started at an early hour. Girasole left about 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. The latter was, if possible, more gloomy and vengeful than ever. The visit of the Italian on the preceding evening was fully believed by him to be a scheme of his wife's. Nor could any amount of persuasion or vehement statement on Hawbury's part in any way shake his belief.

No, he would say, you don't understand. Depend upon it, she got him up there to feast her eyes on him. Depend upon it she managed to get some note from him and pass one to him in return. He had only to run it under the leaf of a table, or stick it inside of some book; no doubt they have it all arranged, and pass their infernal 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 a woman shall pay me dear.

To all of which Hawbury had nothing to say. He could say nothing; he could do nothing. He could only stand by his friend, go with him, and watch over him, hoping to avert the crisis which he dreaded, or, if it did come, to lessen the danger of his friend.

The morning was clear and beautiful. The road wound among the hills. The party went in the order above mentioned. First Girasole, on horseback. Next, and two miles at least behind came the two carriages with the ladies and their maids. Third, and a half mile behind these came the Baron and the Reverend Saul. Last of all, and half a mile behind the Baron, came Hawbury and Scene Dacres.

The last drove along at about this distance. The scenery around grew grander, and the mountains higher. The road was smooth and well constructed, and the carriage rolled along with an easy, comfortable rattle.

They were driving up a slope which wound along the side of the hill. At the top of the hill trees appeared on each side and the road made a sharp turn here.

Suddenly the report of a shot sounded ahead.

Then a scream.

Good Lord! Dacres, did you hear that? cried Hawbury. The driver then tried to stop his horses, but Hawbury would not let him.

Have you a pistol, Dacres?

Get out! he shouted to the driver; and kicking him out of his seat, he seized the reins himself, and drove the horses straight forward to where the noise arose.

It's the brigands, Dacres. The ladies are there. My wife! O God! my! groaned Dacres. But a minute before he had been cursing her.

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 unconscious of the neighborhood of any danger, admiring the beauty of the scenery, and calling one another's attention to the various objects of interest which from from time to time became visible. Thus engaged, they ascended the incline already spoken of, and began to enter the forest. They had not gone far when the road took a sudden turn, and here a startling spectacle burst upon their view.

The road now turned descended slightly into a hollow. On the right rose a steep acclivity, covered with the dense forest. On the other side the ground rose more gradually, and was covered over by a forest much less dense. Some distance in front the road took another turn, and was lost to view among the trees. About a hundred yards in front of them a tree had been felled, and lay across the way, barring their progress.

About twenty armed men stood before them close by the place where the turn was. Among them was a man on horse back. To their amazement it was Girasole.

Before the ladies could recover from their astonishment two of the armed men advanced and the driver at once stopped the carriage.

Girasole then came forward.

Miladi, said he, I hof de honor of it to invite you to descend.

Pray what is the meaning of this? inquired Lady Dalrymple, with much agitation.

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

Lady Dalrymple said not another word. The Count approached, and politely offered his hand to assist the ladies out, but they rejected it, and got out themselves. First Mrs. Willoughby, then Ethel, then Lady Dalrymple, then Minnie. Three of the ladies were white with utter horror, and looked in sickening fear upon the armed men; but Minnie showed not even the slightest sign of fear.

How horrid! she exclaimed. And now some one will come and save my life again. It's always the way. I'm sure this isn't my fault, Kitty darling.

Before her sister could say anything Girasole approached.

Pardon mees, he said; but I haf made dis rezeption for you. You shall be well treat. Do not fear. I lay down my life.

Villian! cried Lady Dalrymple. Arrest her at your peril. Remember who she is. She has friends powerful enough to avenge her if you dare injure her.

You arra miistake, said Girasole, politely. Se is mino, not yours. I am her best friend. Se is fiancée to me, I save her life—tell her my love—make a proposition, Se accept me. Se is my fiancée. I was oppose by you. What else sail I do? I must haf her. Se is mine. I am an Italiano noble, an I love her. Dere is no harm for any. You must see dat I haf de right. But for me se would be dead.

Lady Dalrymple was not usually excitable, but now her whole nature was 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 came up. Lady Dalrymple lay senseless.

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

Count Girasole, she cried, oh, spare her! If you love her, spare her. She is only a child. If we opposed you, it was not from any objection to you; it was because she is such a child.

You miistake, said the Count, shrugging his shoulders. I love her better than life. Se love me. It will make her happy. You come too. You sail see se is happy. Come. Be my sistaire. It is love—

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 it was suddenly stopped by the two carriages in front, and at once was surrounded.

The Baron gave one lightning glance and surveyed the whole situation. He did not move, but his form was rigid and every nerve was braced and his eyes gleamed fiercely. He saw it all—the crowd of women, the calm face of Minnie and the uncontrollable agitation of Mrs. Willoughby.

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 Girasole.

Descend, said Girasole. You must be bound.

Bound? All right. Here Parson, you jump 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 Brigands gathered around, most of them being on the side on which the two were about to descend. The Reverend Saul just stepped to the ground. The Baron was just preparing to follow. The brigands were impatient to secure them, when suddenly, with a quick movement the Baron gave a spring out of the opposite side of the carriage, and leaped to the ground. The brigands were taken 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 heard. The two men sprang after him with the hope of catching him.

In a few moments a loud cry was heard from the woods.

MIN!

Minnie heard it; a gleam of light flashed over her eyes a smile of triumph came over her lips.

Wha-a-a-a! she called in reply.

Wa-a-a-a-a! it was the cry that came back—and this was the cry that Hawbury and Dacres had heard.

Sac-r-r-remento! growled Girasole.

I'm sure I don't know what he means by telling me that, said Minnie. How can I wait if this horrid Italian won't let me? I'm sure he might be more considerate.

Poor Mrs. Willoughby who for a moment had been roused to hope by the escape of the Baron, now fell into despair, and wept and moaned and clung to Minnie. Lady Dalrymple still lay senseless in spite of Ethel and the maids. The occurrence had been more to her than a mere encounter with brigands. It was the thought of her own carelessness that overwhelmed her. In an instant she thought of the Baron's warning and his solemn entreaties flashed across her memory. She recollected how Hawbury had commended his friend, and how she had turned away from these to put trust in the driver and Girasole, the very man who had betrayed her. These were the thoughts that had overpowered her.

But now there arose once more the noise of rolling wheels, advancing more swiftly than the last, accompanied by the lash of a whip and shouts of a human voice. Girasole spoke to his men, and they moved nearer to the bend, and stood in readiness.

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 thus into the midst of danger. First of all he thought that a struggle might be going on between the drivers, the other travelers, and the brigands; in which event assistance would be of great value. Though unarmed, he thought he might snatch or wrest a weapon from one of the enemy. In addition to this, he wished to strike a blow to save the ladies from captivity, even if his blow should be unavailing. Even if he had known how matters were, he would probably have acted precisely in the same way. As for 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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40 00 Handsome Platform Rocker.	5 00.
50 00, China Tea Set, 44 pieces, Gold Finish.	7 00.
75 00, Polished Quarter Oak Centre Table.	10 00.
100 00, Handsome Pinstrip Easy Chair.	12 00.
150 00, Handsome Antique Chamber Suite, 7 pieces.	25 00.
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