POOR DOCUMENT

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By James de Mille.)

Well, the next time you feel inclined for high art sport, we'll go together, and have no end of fun—that is, if you're not married and done for, which, of course, you will be. No matter. I was saying that I was in a fine country, I spent a couple of months there with two or three Indians, and at length started for Ottawa on my way home. The Indians put me on the right path, after which I dismissed them, and set out alone with my gun and fishing-rod.

The first day was all very well, and I slept well enough the first night, but on the morning of the second day I found the air full of smoke. However, I did not give much thought to that, for there had been a smoky look about the sky for a week, and the woods are always burning there, I believe, in one place or another. I kept on, and shot enought for food, and thus the second day passed. That evening the air was quite suffocating, and it was as hot as an oven. I struggled through the night, I don't know how, and then on the third day made another start. This third day was abominable. The atmosphere was beastly hot; the sky was a dull yellow, and the birds seemed to have all disappeared. As I went on it grew worse, but I found it was not because the fires were in front of me. On the contrary, they were behind me, and were driving on so that they were gradually approaching nearer. I could do my thirty miles a day even in that rough country, but the fires could do more. At last I came into a track that was a little wider than the first one. As I went on I met cattle which appeared stupefied. Showers of dust were in the air; the atmosphere was worse than ever and I never had such difficulty in my life in walking along. I had to throw away my rifle and fishing rod, and was just thinking of pitching my clothes after them, when suddenly I turned a bend in the path, and met a young girl full in the face.

By Jove! I swear I never was so astounded in my life. I hurried up to her, and just began to ask where I was, when she interrupted me with a question of the same kind. By-the-way, I forgot to say that she was on horseback. The poor devil of a horse seemed to have had a deuced hard time of it too, for he was trembling from head to foot, though whether that arose from fatigue or f ight I don't know. Perhaps it was both.

Well, the girl was evidently very much alarmed. She was awfully pale; she was a monstrous pretty girl too—the prettiest by all odds I ever saw, and that's saying a good deal. By Jove! Well, it turned out that she had been stopping in the back country for a month, at a house somewhere up the river, with her father. Her father had gone down to Ottawa a week before, and was expected back on this day. She had been out for hours, and was completely bewildered. She was also frightened at the fires, which now seemed to be all around us. This she told me in a few works, and asked me if I knew where the river was.

Of course I knew no more than she did, and it needed only a few words from me to show her that I was as much in the dark as she was. I began to question her, however, as to this river, for it struck me that in the present state of affairs a river would not be a bad thing to have near one. In answer to my question she said that she had come upon this road from the wood on the left, and therefore it was evident that the river lay in that direction.

I assured her that I would do whatever lay in my power; and with that I walked on in the direction in which I had been going, while she rode by my side. Some further questions as to the situation of the house where she had been staying showed me that it was on the banks of the river about fifty miles above Ottawa. By my own calculations I was about that distance away. It seemed to me, then, that she had got lost in the woods, and had wandered thus over some trail to the path where she had met me. Everything served to show me that the river lay to the left, and so I resolved to turn in at the first path which I reached.

At length, after about two miles, we came to a path which went into the wood. My companion was sure that this was the very one by which she had come out, and this confirmed the impression which the sight of it had given me. I thought it certainly must lead toward the river. So we turned into this path. I went first, and she followed, and so we went for about a couple of miles further.

All this time the heat had been getting worse and worse. The air was more smoky than ever; my mouth was parched and dry. I breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely drag one leg after another. The lady was almost as much exhausted as I was, and suffered acutely, as I could easily see, though she uttered not a word of complaint. Her horse also suffered terribly, and did not seem able to bear her weight much longer. The poor brute trembled and staggered, and once or twice stopped, so that it was difficult to start him again. The road had gone in a winding way, but was not so crooked as I expected. I afterward found that she had gone by other paths until she had found herself in thick woods, and then on trying to retrace her way she had strayed into this path. If she had turned to the left on first reaching it, instead of to the right, the fate of each of us would have been different. Our meeting was no doubt the salvation of both.

There was a wooded eminence in front which we had been steadily approaching for some time. At last we reached the top, and here a scene burst upon us which was rather startling. The hill was high enough to command an extensive view, and the first thing that we saw was a vast extent of woods and water and smoke. By and by we were able to distinguish each. The water was the river, which could be seen for miles. Up the river toward the left the smoke arose in great volumes, covering everything; while in front of us, and immediately between us and the river, there was a line of smoke which showed that the fires had penetrated there and had intercepted us.

We stood still in bewilderment. I looked all around. To go back was as bad as to go forward, for there, also, a line of smoke arose which showed the progress of the flames. To the right there was less smoke; but in that direction there was only a wilderness, through which we could not hope to pass for any distance. The only hope was the river. If we could traverse the flames in that direction, so as to reach the river, we would be safe. In a few words I communicated by decision to my companion. She said nothing, but bowed her head in acquiescence.

Without delaying any longer we resumed our walk. After about a mile we found ourselves compelled once more to halt. The view here was worse than ever. The path was now as wide as an ordinary road, and grew wider still as it went on. It was evidently used to haul logs down to the river, and as it approached the bank it grew steadily wider; but between us and the river the woods were all burning. The first rush of the fire was over, and now we looked forward and saw a vast array of columns—the trunks of burned trees—some blackened and charred, others glowing red. The ground below was also growing red, with blacked spaces her and there.

Still the burned tract was but a strip, and there lay our hope. The fire, by some strange means, had passed on a track not wider than a hundred yards, and this was what had to be traversed by us. The question was, whether we could pass through that or not. The same question came to both of us, and neither of us said a word. But before I could ask the lady about it, her horse became frightened at the flames, I advised her to dismount, for I knew that the poor brute could not be forced through those fires. She did so, and the horse, with a horrible snort, turned and galloped wildly away.

I now looked around once more, and saw that there was no escape except in front. The flames were encircling us, and a vast cloud of smoke surrounded us everywhere, rising far up and rolling over head. Cinders fell in immense showers, and the fine ashes, with which the air was filled, choked us and got into our eyes.

There is only one chance, said I; and that is to make a dash for the river. Can you do it?

I'll try, she said.

We'll have to go through the fires.

She nodded.

Well, then, I said, do as I say. Take off your sacque and wrap it around your head and shoulders.

She took off her sacque at this. It was a loose robe of merino or alpaca, or something of that sort, and very well suited for what I wanted. I wrapped it round her so as to protect her face, head and shoulders; and taking off my coat I did the same.

Now, said I, hold your breath as well as you can. You may keep your eyes shut. Give me your hand—I'll lead you.

Taking her hand I led her forward at a rapid pace. Once she fell, but she quickly recovered herself, and soon we reached the edge of the flames.

I tell you what it is, my boy, the heat was terrific, and the sight was more so. The river was not more than a hundred yards away, but between us and it there lay what seemed as bad as the burning fiery furnace of Messrs. Shodrach, Meshach and Abednego. If I were now standing there I don't think I could face it. But then I was with the girl. I had to save her. Fire was behind us, racing after us; water lay in front. Once there and we were safe. It was not a time to dawdle or hesitate I can assure you.

Now, said I, run for your life!

Grasping her hand more firmly, I started off with her at the full run. The place was terrible, and grew worse at every step. The road here was about fifty feet wide. On each side was the burning forest, with a row of burned trees like fiery columns, and the moss and underbrush still glowing beneath. To pass through that was a thing that it don't do to look back upon. The air was intolerable. I wrapped my coat tighter over my head; my arms were thus exposed, and I felt the heat on my hands. But that was nothing to the torments that endured from trying to breathe. Beside this the enormous effort of keeping up a run made breathing all the more difficult. A feeling of despair came over me. Already we had gone half the distance, but at that moment the space seemed lengthened out interminably, and I looked in horror at the rest of the way, with a feeling of the utter impossibility of traversing it.

Suddenly the lady fell headlong. I stooped and raised her up. My coat fell off; I felt the fiery air all round my face and head. I called and screamed to the lady as I tried to raise her up, but she said nothing. She lay as lifeless as a stone.

Well, my boy, I thought it was all up with me; but I, at least, could stand, though I did not think I could take another breath. As for the lady, there was no help for it; so I grasped her with all my strength, still keeping her head covered as well as I could, and slung her over my shoulders. Then away I ran. I don't remember much after that. I must have lost my senses then, and what is more I must have accomplished the rest of the journey in that semi-unconscious state.

What I do remember is this—a wild plunge into the water; and the delicious coolness that I felt all round restored me and I at once comprehended all. The lady was by my side, the shock and the cool water had restored her also. She was standing up to her shoulders just where she had fallen, and was panting and sobbing. I spoke a few words of good cheer, and then looked round for some place of refuge. Just where we stood there was nothing but fire and desolation, and it was necessary to go further away. Well, some distance out about half way across the river, I saw a little island, with rocky sides and trees on the top. It looked safe and cool and inviting. I determined to try to get there. Some deals were in the water by the bank, which had probably floated down from some saw mill. I took half a dozen of these, flung two or three more on top of them, and then told the lady my plan. It was to float out to the island by means of this raft. I offered to put her on it and let her float; but she refused, preferring to be in the water.

The river was pretty wide here, and the water was shallow, so that we were able to wade for a long distance, pushing the raft before us. At length it became deep, and then the lady held on while I floated and tried to direct the raft towards the island. I had managed while wading to guide the raft up the stream, so that when we got into deep water the current carried us toward the island. At length we reached it without much difficulty, and then, utterly worn out, I fell down on the grass and either fainted away or fell asleep.

When I revived I had several very queer sensations. The first thing that I noticed was that I hadn't any whiskers.

What! no whiskers?

No—all gone; and my eyebrows and mustache, and every wisp of hair from my head.

See here, old fellow, do you mean to say that you've only taken one year to grow those infernally long whiskers that you have now.

It's a fact, my boy!

I wouldn't have believed it; but some fellows can do such extraordinary things. But drive on.

Well, the next thing I noticed was that it was as smoky as ever. Then I jumped up and looked around. I felt quite dry, though it seemed as if I had just come from the river. As I jumped up and turned I saw my friend. She looked much better than she had. Her clothes also were quite dry. She greeted me with a mournful smile, and rose up from the trunk of a tree on which she had been sitting, and made inquires after my health with the most earnest and tender sympathy.

I told her I was all right, laughed about my hair, and inquired very anxiously how she was. She assured me then that she was as well as ever. Some conversation followed, and to my amazement, I found that I had slept for an immense time, or had been unconscious, which ever it was, and that the adventure had taken place on the preceeding day. It was now about the middle of the next day. You may imagine how confounded I was at that.

The air was still abominably close and smoky; so I looked about the island, and found a huge crevice in the rocks, which was almost a cave. It was close by the water, and was far cooler than outside. In fact, it was rather comfortable than otherwise. Here we took refuge, and talked over our situation. As far as we could see, the whole country was burned up. A vast cloud of smoke hung over all. One comfort was that the glow had ceased on the river bank, and only a blackened forest now remained, with giant trees arising, all blasted. We found that our stay would be a protracted one.

The first thing that I thought of was food. Fortunately I had my hooks and lines; so I cut a pole, and fastening my line to it, I succeeded in catching a few fish.

We lived there for two days on fish in that manner. The lady was sad and anxious. I tried to cheer her up. Her chief trouble was the fear that her father was lost. In the course of our conversations I found out that her name was Ethel Orne.

Ethel Orne?

Yes.

Don't think I ever heard the name before. Orne? No, I'm sure I haven't. It isn't Horn?

No; Orne—O R N E. Oh, there's no trouble about that.

Well, I rather enjoyed this island life, but she was awfully melancholy; so I hit upon a plan for getting away. I went to the shore and collected a lot of the deals that I mentioned, and made a very decent sort of raft. I found a pole to guide it with, cut a lot of brush for Ethel, and then we started, and floated down the river. We didn't have any accidents. The only bother was that she was too confoundedly anxious about me, and wouldn't let me work. We went ashore every evening. We caught fish enough to eat. We were afloat three days, and, naturally enought, became very well acquainted.

Hawbury stopped, and sighed.

I tell you what it is. Dacres, said he, there never lived a nobler, more generous, and at the same time a braver soul than Ether Orne. She never said a word about gratitude and all that, but there was a certain quiet look of devotion about her that gives me a dueced queer feeling now when I think of it all.

And I dare say—But no matter.

What?

Well, I was only going to remark that, under the circumstances, there might have been a good deal of quiet devotion about you.

Hawbury made no reply, but sat silent for a time.

Well, go on, man; don't keep me in suspense.

Let me see—where was I? Oh! floating on the raft. Well, we floated that way, as I said, for three days, and at the end of that time we reached a settlement. Here we found a steamer, and went on further, and finally reached Ottawa. Here she went to the house of a friend. I called on her as soon as possible, and found her in fearful anxiety. She had learned that her father had gone up with a Mr Willoughby, and neither had been heard from.

Startled at this intelligence, I instituted a search myself. I could not find out anything, but only that there was good reason to believe that both of the unhappy gentlemen had perished. On returning to the house to call on Ethel, about a week after, I found that she had received full confirmation of this dreadful intelligence, and had gone to Montreal. It seems that Willoughby's wife was a relative of Ethel's, and she had gone to stay with her. I longed to see her, but of course I could not intrude upon her in her grief; and so I wrote to her, expressing all the condolence I could. I told her that I was going to Europe, but would return in the following year. I couldn't say any more than that, you know. It wasn't a time for sentiment, of course.

Well, I received a short note in reply. She said she would look forward to seeing me again with pleasure, and all that; and that she could never forget the days we had spent together.

So off I went, and I'll do the following year I returned. But on reaching Montreal, what was my disgust, on calling at Mrs. Willoughby's, to find that she had given up her house, sold her furniture and left the city. No one knew anything about her, and they said she had only come to that city a few months before her bereavement, and after that had never made any acquaintances. Some said she had gone to the United States; others thought she had gone to Quebec; others to England; but no one knew anything more.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

It seems to me, Hawbury, said Dacres, after a period of thoughtful silence—it seems to me that when you talk of people having their heads turned, you yourself comprehend the full meaning of that sensation?

Somewhat.

You knocked under at once, of course, to your Ethel?

Yes.

And feel the same way toward her yet?

Yes.

Hard hit?

Yes; and that's what I'm coming to. The fact is, my whole business in life for the last year has been to find her out.

You haven't dawdled so much then, as people suppose?

No; that's all very well to throw people off a fellow's scent; but you know me well enough, Dacres; and we didn't dawdle much in South America, did we?

That's true, my boy; but as to this lady, what is it that makes it so hard for you to find her? In the first place, is she an American?

Oh, no.

Why not?

Oh; accent, manner, tone, idion, and a hundred other things. Why, of course, you know as well as I that an American lady is as different from an English as a French or German lady is. They may be all equally ladies, but each nation has its own peculiarities.

Is she Canadian?

Possibly. It is not always easy to tell a Canadian lady from an English. They imitate us out there a good deal. I could tell in the majority of cases, but there are many who can not be distinguished from us very easily. And Ethel may be one.

Why mayn't she be English?

She may be. It's impossible to perceive any difference.

Have you ever made any inquires about her in England?

No; I've not been to England much, and from the way she talked to me I concluded that her home was in Canada.

Was her father an Englishman?

I really don't know.

Couldn't you find out?

No. You see he had but recently moved to Montreal, like Willoughby; and I could not find any people who were acquainted with him.

He may have been in England all the time.

Yes.

By Jove! he cried; if I thought that, I swear I'd start for home this evening, and hunt about every where for the representatives of the Orne family. But no—surely it can't be possible.

Were you in London last season?

No.

To be continued.

GRODER'S BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP

THE KIND THAT CURES.

GUARANTEE.

"*This is to certify* that we have given any dealer the privilege of selling (6) bottles Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup for Five Dollars, ($5.00) and guaranteeing it to give satisfaction to the purchaser, and in case it does not, if he will return the six empty bottles he purchased at one sale to the dealer who signs this contract, the dealer will refund the five dollars, and we agree to make good to the dealer the amount he pays out."

The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Company, Ltd.
SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

This is to certify I have sold Mr. ..... six bottles Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup at ..... Signed .....

To the purchaser to whom the above dealer gave this contract will fill out correctly a statement of how the medicine effected him, and testify it did him no good, by returning the six empty bottles he purchased at one sale, the above dealer will refund the five dollars he paid for it.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 23 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

FURNITURE.

We have in Stock a Complete Line of Household Furniture at Very Low Prices.

Upholstering

In All its Various Branches Promptly Attended To.

W. E. MILLER & CO

155 Queen St, - Next below Ely Perkin's.

JUST RECEIVED!

Oysters!
Oysters!
Oysters!

—AT—

YORK STREET Restaurant.

Oysters and Clam Chowders served at a minutes notice.

Hot Lunches at all hours.

Meals of all kinds Cooked to Order.

Persons desiring Board only would find it to their Advantage to patronize us.

The Restaurant is run on the European plan.

Open every Evening until 12 O'clock.

W. A. LINDSAY, - - Manager.

The Best Stock of

MILLINERY

to be found in the city is at the

Millinery Establishment

—OF—

MISS HAYES,

QUEEN ST.

New Fall AND Winter Goods.

I have Just Received a Beautiful Assortment of Overcoatings in Fancy Cheviots, Meltons, Venetians and Naps, which I will make up in the Latest and Most Fashionable Styles. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. Prices all right to suit every pocket; also a New Line of Trowserings.

W. E. SEERY.

Sept. 17th.

Watches and Jewelry

F. J. McCAUSLAND,

Opp., A. F. Randolph & Sons.

Fredericton, N.B., June 1.

A New Stock of

STATIONERY

— AND —

School Supplies,

JUST RECEIVED.

—o—

W. T. H. FENETY.

286 Queen Street.

A. L. F. VANWART,

Undertaker And Embalmer,

Upper Side York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Coffins AND Caskets,

FUNERAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

A First-Class Hearse in Connection the Country. Special Prices for Orders from All Orders Promptly Attended to with Neatness and Despatch.

All Sizes.

Harvey's

PHOTOGRAPHS.

All Styles.

164 Queen St.

Royal Hotel

Fredericton, N. B.

Mrs. B. Atherton, Prop.

Fredericton, N. B. July, 5th, 91.

LATE IMPORTATIONS

—JUST OPENED AT—

OWEN SHARKEY'S.

Ladies' Dress Goods in Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Suitings, Velveteens, etc.

Mantles, Fur Capes, Collars, Fur and Feather Boas.

Cashmere Hose, Gloves, etc.

Pantings, Overcoatings, Ulste Cloths, Men's Youths' and Boys' Clothing in Ulsters, Overcoats, Reefers and Suits, Shirts, Ties, Collars. Silk Handkerchiefs, Under Clothing and Furnishing goods.

Carriage Rugs, Robes, Blankets, Camp Blanketing and Flannels, Tickings, Towellings, Linens, Grey and White Cottons.

A Lot of odd Coats, Pants and Vests very Cheap.

Remnants Always on Hand.

O. Sharkey.

R. C. MACREDIE,

PLUMBER,

Gas and Steam

FITTER,

Queen Street.

Opp. County Court House.

WE ARE

Constantly Receiving Fresh Supplies of Steer Beef, Spring Lamb, Calves and Mutton of

The Best Quality,

and keep constantly on hand Corned Beef and Pork, Ham and Fresh Eggs, all of which we sell at the Lowest Prices consistent with the Quality of the Stock We Offer.

Send in your order for a trial.

KELLEHER & SMITH.

BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the VIGOR OF MEN is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address,

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.