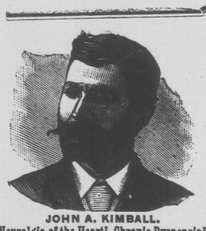
POOR DOCUMENT



JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Neuralgia of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia! Awful Constipation! Rheumatism!

CURED BY GRODER'S SYRUP

SAINT JOHN, N. B., October 11, 1892.

To THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., L'TD.

Gentlemen: I, John A. Kimball, of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, shoemaker, 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 **THE** is an act of justice as well as 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; **KIND** **CHRONIC NEURALGIA** of the heart of **20 YEARS STANDING** has entirely disappeared. My distress from **SEVERE CONSTIPATION** has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach **THAT** and bowels. Rheuma- tism 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 **CURES** 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.

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THE AMERICAN BARON.

(BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

(Continued.)

Why, very little. I'll start off soon for the uttermost ends of the earth, but I wish to stay a little longer and see her sweet face. It's not much, is it? It won't compromise her, will it? She need not run any risk, need she? And I'm a man of honor, am I not? You don't suppose me to be capable of any baseness, do you?

My dear fellow, how absurd, of course not. Only I was afraid by giving way to this you might drift on into a worse state of mind. She's all safe, I fancy, surrounded as she is by so many guardians. It is you that I was anxious about.

Don't be alarmed, old chap, about me. I feel calmer already. I can face my situation firmly, and prepare for the worst. While I have been sitting here I have thought out the future. I will stay here for four or five weeks. I will only seek solace for myself by riding about where I may meet her. I do not intend to go to the house at all. My demon of a wife may have the house all to herself. I won't even give her the pleasure of supposing that she has thrawted me. She shall never even suspect the state of my heart. That would be bliss indeed to one like her, for then she would find herself able to put me on the rack. No, my boy; I've thought it all over. Scone Dacres is himself again. No more nonsense now. Do you understand what I mean?

Yes, said Hawbury slowly, and in his worst drawl; but ah, really, don't you think it's all nonsense?

What?

Why, this ducking and diving about to get a glimpse of her face.

I don't intend to duck and dive about. I merely intend to ride like any other gentleman. What put that into your head man?

Well, I don't know; I gathered it from the way you expressed yourself.

Well, I don't intend anything of the kind. I simply wish to have an occasional looks at her—to get a bow and a smile of recognition when I meet her, and have a few additional recollections to turn over in my thoughts after I have left forever. But this seems odd.

Oh no, it dosen't I quite understand it. A passing smile or a parting sigh is sometimes more precious than any other memory. I know all about it you know—looks, glances, smiles, sighs, and all that sort of thing, you know.

Well, now, old chap, there's one thing I want you to do for me.

Well, what is it?

It isn't much, old fellow. It isn't much. I simply wish you to visit there.

Me?—visit there? What! me—and visit? Why, my dear fellow, you don' know how I hate such bother?

I know all about that; but, old boy, it's only for a few weeks I ask it, and for my sake, as a particular favor. I put it in that light.

Oh, well really, dear, boy, if you put it in that light, you know, of course, that I'll do anything, even if it comes to letting myself be bored to death.

Just a visit a day or so.

A visit a day! Hawbury looked aghast.

It isn't much to ask, you know, continued Dacres. You see my reason is this: I can't go there myself as you see, but I hunger to hear about her. I should like to hear how she looks, and what she says and whether she thinks of me.

Oh, come now! look here, my dear fellow, your putting it a little too strong. You don't expect me to go there and talk to her about you, you know. Why, man alive, that's quite out of my way. I'm not much of a talker at any time; and besides, you know, there's something distasteful in acting as—as— By Jove! I don't know what to call it.

My dear boy, you don't understand me, Do you think I'm a sneak? Do you suppose I'd ask you to act as a go-between? Nonsense! I merely ask you to go as a cursory visitor. I don't want you to breath my name, or even think of me while you are there.

But suppose I make myself agreeable to the young lady, By Jove! she might think I was paying her attentions you know.

Oh no, believe me you don't know her. She's to earnest; she has too much soul to shift and change. Oh no, I feel that she is mine, and that the image of my own miserable self is indelibly impressed upon her heart. Oh no, you don't know her. If you had heard her thrilling expressions of gratitude; if you had seen the beseeching and pleading looks which she gave me, you would know that she is one of those natures who love once, and once only.

Oh, by Jove, now! Come! If that's the state of the case, why, I'll go.

Thanks, old boy.

As a simple visitor.

Yes—thats all.

To talk about the weather, and that rot.

Yes.

And no more.

No.

Not a word about you?

Not a word.

No leading questions, and that sort of thing.

Nothing of the kind.

No hints, no watching, but just as if I went there of my own accord.

That's exactly the thing.

Very well, and now, pray, what good is all this going to do you, my boy?

Well, just this, I can talk to you about her every evening, and you can tell me how she looks, and what she says and all that sort of thing, you know.

By Jove:

And you'll cheer my heart, old fellow.

Heavens and earth! old boy, you don't seem to think that this is going to be no end of a bore.

"I know it, old man: but then, you know, I'm desperate just now.

By Jove.

And Hawbury, uttering this exclamation, relapsed into silence, and wondered over his friend's infatuation.

On the following day when Dacres came in he found that Hawbury had kept his word.

Great bore, old fellow, said he; but I did it. The old lady is an old acquaintance, you know. I'm going there to-morrow again. Didn't see any thing to-day of the child-angel. But it's no end of a bore, you know.

CHAPTER XI.

FALSE AND FORGETFUL

The day when Lord Hawbury called on Lady Dalrymple was a very eventful one in his life, and had it not been for a highly important character. This slight peculiarity consisted in the fact that he was shortsighted, and, therefore, on a very critical occasion turned away from that which would have been his greatest joy, although it was full before his gaze.

It happened in this wise:

On the day when Hawbury called, Ethel happened to be sitting by the window, and saw him as he rode up. Now the last time that she had seen him he had a very different appearance—all his hair being burned off, from head and cheeks and chin; and the whiskers which he had when she first met him had been of a different cut from the present appendages. In spite of this she recognized him almost in a moment; and her heart beat fast, and her color came and went, and her hands clutched the window ledge convulsively.

It's he! she murmured.

Of course there was only one idea in her mind, and that was that he had heard of her presence in Naples, and had come to call on her.

She sat there without motion, with her head eagerly bent forward, and her eyes fixed upon him. He looked up carelessly as he came along, and with his chin in the air, in a fashion peculiar to him, which, by-the-way, gave a quiet unintentional superciliousness to his expression. For an instant his eyes rested upon her, then they moved away, without the slightest recognition, and wandered elsewhere.

Ethel's heart seemed turned to stone. He had seen her. He had not noticed her. He had fixed his eyes on her and looked away. Bitter, indeed, was all this to her. To think that after so long a period of waiting—after such hope and watching as hers had been—that this should be the end. She turned away from the window, with a choking sensation in her throat. No one was in the room. She was alone with her thoughts and her tears.

Suddenly her mood changed. A thought came over her which dispelled her gloom. The glance that he had given was too hasty; perhaps he really had not fairly looked at her, and she would shortly be summoned down.

And now this prospect brought new hope. Light returned to her eyes, and joy to her heart. Yes, she would be summoned. She must prepare herself to encounter his eager gaze. Quickly she stepped to the mirror, hastily she arranged those little details in which consists the charm of a lady's dress, and severely she scrutinized the face and figure reflected there. The scrutiny was a satisfactory one. Face and figure were perfect; nor was there in the world any thing more graceful and more lovely than the image there, though the one who looked upon it was far too self-distrustful to entertain any such idea as that.

Then she seated herself and waited. The time moved slowly, indeed, as she waited there. After a few minutes she found it impossible to sit any longer. She walked to the door, held it open, and listened, She heard his voice below quite plainly. They had two suites of rooms in the house—the bedrooms up stairs and reception-rooms below. Here Lord Hawbury was, now, within hearing of Ethel. Well she knew that voice. She listened and frowned. The tone was too flippant. He talked like a man without a care—like a butterfly of society—and that was a class which she scorned. Here he was, keeping her waiting. Here he was, keeping up a hateful clatter of small-talk, while her heart was aching with suspense.

Ethel stood there listening. Minute succeeded minute. There was no request for her. How strong was the cool indifference of the man below and the feverish impatience of that listener above. A wild impulse came to her to go down, under the pretense of looking for something, then another to go down and out for a walk so that he might see her. But in either case pride held her back. How could she? Had he not already seen her? Must he not know perfectly well that she was there? No, if he did not call for her she could not go. She could not make advances.

Minute succeeded to minute, and Ethel stood there burning with impatience, racked with suspense, a prey to the bitterest feeiings. Still no message. Why did he delay? Her heart ached now worse than ever, the choking feeling in her throat returned and her eyes grew moist. She steadied herself by holding to the door. Her fingers grew white at the tightness of her grasp; eyes and ears were strained in their intent watchfulness over the room below.

Of course the caller below was in a perfect state of ignorance about all this. He had not the remotest idea of that one who now stood so near. He came as a martyr. He came to make a call. It was a thing he detested. To a man like him the one one thing on earth to be avoided was a bore. To be bored was to his mind the uttermost depth of misfortune. This he had voluntarily accepted. He was being bored, and bored to death.

Certainly a man never accepted a calamity more gracefully than Hawbury. He was charming, affable, easy, chatty. Of course he was known to lady Dalrymple. The Dowager could make herself as agreeable as any lady living, except young and beautiful ones. The conversation, therefore, was easy and flowing. Hawbury excelled in this.

Now there are several variations in the great art of expression, and each of these minor arts a part by itself. Among these may be enumerated:

First, of course, the art of novel writing.

Second, the art of writing editorials.

Third, the art of writing paragraphs.

After these come all the arts of oratory, letter writing, essay writing, and all that sort of thing, among which there is one which I particularly wish to call attention to, and this is.

The art of small talk.

Now this art Hawbury had to an extraordinary degree of perfection. He knew how to beat out the faintest shred of an idea into an illimitable surface of small-talk. He never took refuge in the weather. He left that to bunglers and beginners. His resources were of a different character, and were so skilfully managed that he never failed to leave a very agreeable impression. Small talk! Why I've been in situations sometimes where I would have given the power of writing Dickens (if I had it) for perfection in this last art.

But this careless, easy, limped, smooth, natural, pleasant and agreeable flow of chat was nothing but gall and wormwood to the listener above. She ought to be there. Why was she so slighted? Could it be possible that he would go away without seeing her?

She was soon to know.

She heard him rise. She heard him saunter to the door.

Thanks, yes. Ha, ha, you're too kind—really—yes—very happy, you know—To-morrow, is it? Good morning.

And with these words he went out.

With pale face and starting eyes Ethel started back to the window. He did not see her. His back was turned; he mounted his horse and gaily rode away. For full five minutes Ethel stood crouched in the shadow of the window staring after him, with her dark eyes burning and glowing in the intensity of their gaze. Then she turned away with a bewildered look. Then she locked the door. Then she flung herself upon the sofa, buried her face in her hands and burst into a convulsive passion of tears. Miserable indeed were the thoughts that came now to that poor stricken girl as she lay there prostrate. She had waited long and hoped fondly, and all her waiting and all her hope had been for this. It was for this she had been praying—for this that she had so fondly cherished his memory. He had come at last, and he had gone; but for her he had certainly shown nothing save an indifference as profound as it was inexplicable.

Ethel's excuse for not appearing at the dinner-table was a severe headache. Her friends insisted on seeing her and ministering to her sufferings. Among other things, they tried to cheer her by telling her of Hawbury. Lady Dalrymple was full of him. She told all about his family, his income, his habits, and his mode of life. She mentioned, with much satisfaction, that he had made inquiries, after Minnie, and that she had promised to introduce him to her the next time he called. Upon which he had laughingly insisted on calling the next day. All of which led Lady Dalrymple to conclude that he had seen Minnie somewhere and and had fallen in love with her.

This was the pleasing strain of conversation into which the ladies were led off by Lady Dalrymple. When I say the ladies, I mean Lady Dalrymple and Minnie. Mrs. Willoughby said nothing, except once or twice when she endeavored to give a turn to the conversation, in which she was signally successful. Lady Dalrymple and Minnie engaged in an animaied argument over the interesting subject of Hawbury's intentions, Minnie taking her stand on the ground of his indifference, the other maintaining the position that he was in love. Minnie declared that she had never seen him. Lady Dalrymple asserted her belief that he had seen her. The latter also asserted that Hawbury would no doubt be a constant visitor, and gave Minnie very sound advice as to the best mode of treating him.

On the following day Hawbury called and was introduced to Minnie. He chatted with her in his usual style, and Lady Dalrymple was more than ever confirmed in her first being. He suggested a ride, and the suggestion was taken up.

If any thing had been needed to complete Ethel's despair it was this second visit and the project of a ride. Mrs. Willoughby was introduced to him; but he took little notice of her, treating her with a kind of reserve that was a little unusual with him. The reason of this was his strong sympathy with his friend and his detestation of Mrs. Willoughby's former history, Mrs. Willoughby, however, had to ride with them when they went out, and thus she was thrown a little more into Hawbury's way.

Ethel never made her appearance. The headaches which she avouched were not pretended. They were real, and accompanied with heartaches that were far more painful. Hawbury never saw her, nor did he ever hear her mentioned. In general he himself kept the conversation in motion; and he never asked questions they of course had no opportunity to answer. On the other hand, there was no occasion to volunteer any remarks about the number or the character of their party. When he talked it was usually with lady Dalrymple and Minnie; and with these the conversation turned always upon glittering generalities, and the airy nothings of pleasant gossip. All this then will very easily account for the fact that Hawbury, though visiting there constantly, never once saw Ethel, never heard her name mentioned, and had not the faintest idea that she was so near. She, on the other hand, feeling now sure that he was utterly false and completely forgetful, proudly and calmly held aloof, and kept out of his way with the most jealous care, until at last she staid indoors altogether, for fear if she went out she might meet him somewhere. For such a meeting she did not feel sufficiently strong.

Often she thought of quitting Naples and returning to England, Yet, after all, she found a strange comfort in being there. She was near him. She heard his voice every day, and saw his face That was something. And it was better than absence.

Minnie used always to come to her and pour forth long accounts of Lord Hawbury—how he looked, what he said, what he did and what he proposed to do. Certainly there was not the faintest approach to love-making, or even sentiment, in Hawbury's attitude toward Minnie. His words were of the world of small-talk—a world where sentiment and love-making have but little place. Still there was the evident fact of his attentions, which were too frequent to be over-looked.

Hawbury rapidly became the most prominent subject of Minnie's conversation. She used to prattle away for hours about him. She alluded admiringly to his long whiskers. She thought them "lovely" She said that he was "awfully nice." She told Mrs. Willoughby that "he was nicer than any of them; and then, Kitty, darling, she added, it's so awfully good of him not to be coming and saving my life, and carry me on his back down a mountain, like an ogre, and then pretending that he's my father, you know.

For you know, Kitty pet, I've always longed so awfully to see some really nice person, you know, who wouldn't go and save my life and bother me. Now he doesn't seem a bit like propowing, I do hope he won't. Don't you, Kitty dearest? It's so much nicer not to propose. It's so horrid when they go and propose; and then, you know, I've had so much of that sort of thing. So Kitty, I think he's really the nicest person that I ever saw, and I really think I'm beginning to like him.

Far different from these were the conversations which Mrs. Willoughby had with Ethel. She was perfectly familiar with Ethel's story, It had been confided to her long ago. She alone knew why it was that Ethel had walked untouched through crowds of admirers. The terrible story of her rescue was memorable to her for other reasons; and the one who had taken the prominent part in that rescue could not be without interest to her.

To be Continued.

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