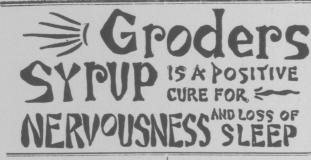
## POOR DOCUMENT



THE AMERICAN BARON. (BY JAMES DE MILLE) Contnued. But all stopares lay on the foor all questions in his mind the ladies, came with Mrs. Willoughby said in a low voice. What did it mean? The tone of Girasole was not the tone of lore. Wat did it mean? The tone of Girasole was not the tone of lore. Mathematical content of the state date of the said state date state of the said state date state of the said state state and master and the state of the said state state and the said state state of the said state state state of the said state state of the said state state state of the said state state of the said state state state state of the said state st flash of a light, and perhaps this woman also. He held his breath in suspense. What did it mean? The tone of Girasole was not the tone of love. The light drew nearer, the footsleps

The light drew nearer, the footsteps too-one a heavy footfall, the tread of a man, the other lighter, the step of a man, the other lighter, the step of a man, the other lighter, the step of a man, the waited almost breathless. At last she appeared. There she was before him, and with the Italian! me! and then in a mo of his fancies, who was to appear before him, and with the Italian? method out the has fearful blow is the sighted again; how he fought that beautiful and gentle face? Was there at race of fiend in that beautiful and gentle face? Was there thought of joy or exultation over list fail and more theory to gloat over his head.
Do you? do you? Oh, answer, I implies the as the auge that it was almost? No! said Mrs Willoughby solemnly. I hat him as 1 never hated man before him, and her friend? Where was the miscreant who had sacrificed all to a milkness, of deep in the sole and mournal lady.
A vigh of relief and of happine-s came from hard her friend? Where was the miscreant who had sacrificed all to a milkness are the the hard and her friend? Where was the miscreant who had sacrificed all to a milkness are the the hard hard more sole and mournal lady.
A tag of relief and of happine-s came from hards and the friend? Where was the miscreant who had sacrificed all to a milkness are than the fourt of a more fortunate man. It was allows a milkness and asked it is a milkness. A with a milkness are and the miscreant who had sacrificed all to a milkness are than the state of the spine scale of a milkness are and the there were any thing, would you? miscreant who had sacrificed all to a groun. guilty passion? Not there; not with that

guilty passion? Not there; not with that face; not with those tears; to think that was impossible—it was unholy. He might rave when he did not see her, but now that his eyes beheld her those mad on that his eyes beheld her those mad now that his eyes b

who altogether misinterpreted her words, beneath and almost at their feet. Around and the emphasis she placed not words, and the emphasis she placed on them; and in his voice there was such peace, and such gentle, exultant happiness, that Mrs. Willoughby again felt touched. Poor fellow ! she thought; how he must have suffered ! bave suffered ! where are you fastened? she whispered where are you fastened? she whispered ing forth flashes; on the left, and at some

Where are you fastened? she whyspered as she bent over him. Dacres is it is r breath upon his check; the hem of her garment teuched his sleeve, and a thrill passed through him. He felt as though he would like to be forever thus, with her breading over him. her bending over him. My hands are fastened bel.ind me, said larked the watchful guards of the bri-gands. It was close behind them. Once

Yes.

But if there were any thing, would you? in the heart of a more fortunate man. It Yes. Freely? he cried, with strong emphasis. what grimy friend; at wany and some-what grimy friend; it was in the pocket





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