

POOR DOCUMENT

IT REACHES THE AGED SUPPER.



MR. THOMAS PETERS, A Veteran of the Civil War, Hale, Hearty and Happy at three-score and ten.

GRODER'S SYRUP HIS FAMILY MEDICINE.

THE GROSS DYSPEPSIA CURE CO.

GENTLEMEN:—I am now seventy years of age, and have been out of health the past fifteen years. My suffering has been greatest during the last five years, when I have been in constant pain from weakness and distress of stomach. At different times I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and sharp pains, distress from eating any kind of food, and became so bloated with wind on the stomach that breathing was difficult. Nervousness kept me awake night after night. My physicians could give me only temporary relief, and my troubles returned again and again until I learned of Groder's Syrup, for I had made my old age painless one. My wife has used your medicine with entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,
THOMAS PETERS,
WENLOW, MAINE.

Get Groder's Syrup—The Syrup. At all Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Guaranteed.

THE GROSS DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., Ltd.
BRAND JOHN, N. B.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By James de Mille.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EVENING JOCKEY.

On the day following two carriages rolled out of Rome, and took the road toward Florence by the railway.

One carriage held four ladies; the other one was occupied by two men, and the luggage of the party.

It was early morning, and over the wide Campagna there hung mists, which were dissipated gradually as the sun arose.

As they went on the day advanced and with the departing mists there opened up a wide view. On either side extended the desolate Campagna, over which passed lines of ruined aqueducts on their way from the hills to the city.

There were crumbling ruins above the plain—some ancient, others medieval, none modern. Before them in the distance arose the Apennines, among which were here and there visible the white outlines of some villa or hamlet.

For miles after mile they drove on, and the drive soon proved very monotonous. It was nothing but one long and unvarying plain, with this only change, that every mile brought the nearer to the mountains. As the mountains were their only hope, they all looked forward eagerly to the time when they would arrive there and wind along the road among them.

Formerly Mrs. Willoughby alone had been the confidante of Minnie's secret, but the events of the past few days had disclosed most of her troubles to the other ladies also, at least as far as the general outlines were concerned. It was the consequence was that they were traveling in this way and Minnie knew that they all knew it. Yet this unpleasant consciousness did not in the least interfere with the sweetness of her temper and the gentleness of her manner. She sat there, with a meek smile and a resigned air, as though the only part now left her in life was the patient endurance of her unmarried wrongs. She blamed no one, she made no complaint, yet there was in her attitude something so touching, so clinging, so pathetic, so forlorn, and in her face something so sweet, so sad, so reproachful, and so pitiable, that she enforced sympathy; and each one began to have a half-guilty fear that Minnie had been wronged by her. Especially did Mrs. Willoughby feel this. She feared that she had neglected the artless and simple-minded child, she feared that she had not been sufficiently thoughtful about her, and now longed to do something to make amends for this imaginary neglect. So she sought to make the journey as pleasant as possible by cheerful remarks and lively observations. None of these things, however, produced any effect upon the attitude of Minnie. She sat there with unalterable sweetness and unvarying patience, just like a holy martyr, who freely forgave all her enemies, and was praying for those who had despoiled and used her.

The exciting events consequent upon the Baron's appearance, and his sudden revelation in the role of Minnie's lover had exercised a strong and varied effect upon all; but upon one its result was wholly beneficial, and this was Ethel. It was so startling and so unexpected that it had roused her from her gloom, and given her something to think of. The Baron's debut in their parlor had been narrated to her over and over by each of the three who had witnessed it, and each gave the narrative her own coloring. Lady Dalrymple's account was humorous; Mrs. Willoughby's indignant; Minnie's sentimental. Out of all these Ethel

received a fourth idea, compounded of these three, which again blended with another and an original one of her own, gained from a personal observation of the Baron, whose appearance on the stairs and impatient summons for "Minnie" were very vividly impressed on her memory. In addition to this there was the memory of that day on which they endeavored to fight the enemy.

That was indeed, a memorable day, and was now alluded to by them as the day of the siege. It was not without difficulty that they had withstood Minnie's earnest protestations, and introduced themselves. But Mrs. Willoughby was elaborate and Minnie's tears, which flowed freely, were unavailing.

Then there came the first knock of the impatient and aggressive visitor, followed by others in swift succession, and in every-breasting power. Every knock went to Minnie's heart. It excited an unlimited amount of sympathy for the one who had saved her life, and was now excited from her door. But as the knock grew violent and imperative, and Minnie grew sad and pitiful, the other ladies grew indignant. Lady Dalrymple was on the point of sending for the police, and only Minnie's entreaties prevented this. At last the door opened, and the madress of lives they did not think. Once convinced that he was mad, they became terrified. The maids all hid themselves. None of them would now venture out even to call the police. They expected that the stranger would interfere, but in vain. The stranger was a fellow.

After a very eventful day night came. They laid their feet upon the stairs, and knew that it was their tormentor. Minnie's heart again melted with tenderness for the man whose fate had turned her head, and she begged to be allowed to speak to him. But this was not permitted. So she went to bed and fell asleep. So in process of time did the others, and the night passed without any trouble. Then morning came, and there was a debate as to what should be done about the man who came up, and I haven't got over it yet.

I'm sure I don't see why, said Minnie. You're always imagining things. You're not a bit of a thing that may happen. No one made any remark, and there was silence in the carriage as the stranger approached. The ladies bowed somewhat coolly except Minnie, who threw upon him the most imploring look that could possibly be sent from human eyes. The Italian's impressive nature thrilled her, and she was overcome by his earnest, unflattering, tender, helpless innocent orb. Remembering his hat, he bowed low.

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Well you saw him at Minnie's house. He came in.

No, he didn't. No. By thunder, it wasn't that time. Well, at any rate, that man I believe, is at the bottom of the row. It's my belief that he's trying to get me out and he'll find he's got a level row to hoe before he succeeds in that project.

And with these words the Baron sat clapping one Italian with something in his eye that resembled family ties, the glance of some Dacra.

The Italian rose on. A few miles further he made any remark, and there was silence in the carriage as the stranger approached. The ladies bowed somewhat coolly except Minnie, who threw upon him the most imploring look that could possibly be sent from human eyes. The Italian's impressive nature thrilled her, and she was overcome by his earnest, unflattering, tender, helpless innocent orb. Remembering his hat, he bowed low.

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