

# POOR DOCUMENT



MRS. EMMA BOW,  
Physician and Sufferer from  
Croder's Botanic  
Dyspepsia Syrup  
Brought relief and a permanent  
cure.

To the Dyspepsia Cure Co.  
GENTLEMEN: For four years, I have had a complaint of stomach-liver trouble. Blood would run to my head, and the causing palpitation of the heart to such a degree that I fainted many times. After I had tried the best physicians, and two of the leading sanitariums, without receiving any lasting benefit, I was recommended to try Croder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. One bottle did me so much good that I determined to buy five under your guarantee to cure me or refund my five dollars. But four bottles accomplished a complete cure and I am again in perfect health. I am free from constipation, nervousness, and I have a ravenous appetite. I sleep peacefully and am growing fatter than I would like. Your medicine is sweet and palatable, far more pleasant than any of the many remedies I have tried. I will gladly answer any inquiry concerning this statement. Yours respectfully,  
MRS. EMMA BOW.

**BOTANICAL** guaranteed guarantee with every bottle. Some genuine and less than others. The one bearing the name of the Croder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Limited, 57, JOHN ST., N. E.

## THE AMERICAN BARON.

(BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AVENGE OF THE TRACK.

When Dacres had sprung aside into the woods in the moment of his fierce rush upon Girasole, he had been animated by a sudden thought that escape for himself was possible and that it would be more serviceable to his friends. Thus, then, he had bounded into the woods and with swift steps he forced his way among the trees deeper and deeper into the forest. Some of the brigands had given chase, but without effect. Dacres superior strength and agility gave him the advantage, and his love of life was a greater stimulus than their thirst for vengeance. In addition to this the trees gave him every assistance toward the escape of a fugitive, while they threw every impediment in the way of a pursuer. The consequence was, therefore, that Dacres soon put a great distance between himself and his pursuers, and what is more, he ran in such a circuitous route that they soon lost all idea of their own locality, and had not the faintest idea where he had gone. In this respect, however, Dacres himself was not one who was than they, for he soon found himself completely bewildered in the mazes of the forest, and when he had been some distance along he found a mossy place among trees at his top, where he could find rest and at the same time be in a more favorable position either for hearing or seeing any sign of approaching pursuers.

Here, then, he flung himself down to rest, and soon buried himself among thoughts of the more exciting kind. The scene which he had just left was fresh in his mind, and amidst the fury of that strife there arose most prominent in his memory the form of the two ladies, Minnie, standing calm and unmoved, while Mrs. Willoughby was convulsed with agonized feelings. What was the cause of that? Could it be possible that his wife had indeed contrived such a plot with the Italian? Was it possible that she had chosen this way of drinking the blow, by one of which she could win her Italian, and by the other of which she could get rid of herself, her husband? Such had been his conjecture during the fight, and the thought had roused him to his Berserker madness; but now as he returned again, he saw other things to shake his mind. Her agitation was too natural.

Yet, on the other hand, he asked himself, why should she not show agitation? She was a consummate actress. She could show on her beautiful face the softness and tenderness of an angel of light while a demon reigned in her malignant heart. Why should she not choose this way for keeping up appearances? She had betrayed her friend and sought her husband's death; but would she wish her crime made manifest? Not she. It was for this then, that she wept and clung to the child-angel.

Such thoughts as these were not at all adapted to give comfort to his mind, or make his rest refreshing. Soon by such fancies, he kindled under his old rage, and his blood rose to fever heat, so that inaction became no longer tolerable. He had rest enough. He started up and looked all around, and listened

attentively. No sound arose and no light appeared which at excited suspicion. He determined to see forth, once more, he scarcely knew where. He had a vague idea of finding his way back to the road, so as to be able to assist his sister, together with another idea, equally ill defined, of coming upon the brigands, finding the Italian, and watching for an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon this assassin and his glibly warty.

He drew his knife once more from a scabbard which he carried in the breast of his coat, into which he had thrust it some time before, and he looked at it with a steady gaze, as if he were about to use it. He then, Dacres lay and watched. He could not wish for a better situation. With his knife in his hand, ready to defend himself in case of need, and his whole form concealed perfectly by the thick underbrush into the midst of which he had crawled, he peered forth through the overhanging leaves and watched in breathless interest. From the point where he now was he could see the shore beyond the house where the smoke was rising. He could now see that there were no less than four different columns of smoke ascending from many fires.

He saw as many as twenty or thirty figures moving among the trees, made conspicuous by the bright colors of their costumes. They seemed to be busy about something which he could not make out.

Suddenly while his eye roved over the scene, it was struck by some flaming color at the open window of the old house. He had not noticed this before. He now looked at it intently. Before long he saw a figure cross the window and return. It was a female figure.

The sight of this revived all that agitation which he had felt before, but which had been calmed during the severe efforts which he had been putting forth. There was but one thought in his mind, and but one desire in his heart.

His wife.

He crouched low, with a more feverish look of anxiety upon his face, and a fiercer thirst for some further revelation which might disclose what he suspected. His retreating course had been such that he saw no sign of any habitation; but as his eyes wandered he saw upon his right, about a quarter of a mile away, an old stone house, and beyond this, smoke curling up from among the forest trees on the border of the lake.

The scene started him. It was so quiet, so lonely, so deserted that it seemed a fit place for a robber's haunt. (Could this be indeed the home of his enemies, and had he been deceived in coming upon them in the very midst of their retreat? He believed that it was.)

A little further observation showed him more among the trees moving to and fro, and soon he distinguished faint traces of smoke in other places, which he had not seen at first, and though there were fires than one.

Dacres exulted with a fierce and vengeful joy over this discovery. He felt no more like the fugitive, but rather the pursuer. He looked down upon this as the tiger looks from his jungle upon some Indian village. His foot was somewhat, but he was unconcerned, his presence unsuspected. He grasped his dagger with a firmer clutch, and then pondered for a few minutes on what he had better do next.

One thing was necessary first of all, and that was to get near as he possibly could without discovery. A slight survey of the situation showed him that he might venture most near; and his eye ran along the border of the lake which lay between him and the old house, and he saw that it was covered over with a thick fringe of trees and brushwood. The narrow valley along which he had come ended at the shore of the lake just below him on his right, and beyond this the shore arose again to a height equal to where he now was. To gain that opposite height was now his first task.

Before starting he looked all around, so as to be sure that he was not observed. Then he went back for some distance, after which he descended into the valley, crouching low, and crawling stealthily among the brush-wood. Moving this, he at length succeeded in reaching the opposite slope without appearing to have attracted any attention from any pursuer.

To this slope he now moved as carefully as ever, not relaxing his vigilance one jot, but, if possible, calling into play even more caution as he found himself drawing nearer to those whom he began to regard as his prey.

Moving up this slope, then, in this way, he at length attained the top, and found himself here among the forest trees and underbrush. They were here even denser than they were on the place which he had just left. As he moved along he saw no indications that they had been traversed by human footsteps. Every thing gave indication of an unbroken and undisturbed solitude. After feeling his way along here with all the caution which he could exercise, he finally ventured to look over the edge of the lake and found himself able to go to the very edge without coming to any open space or crossing any path.

On looking forth from the top of the bank he found that he had not only drawn much nearer to the old house, but that he could see the whole line of the brigands. The sight of the shore now showed him that he could approach very much nearer, and unless the brigands, or whoever they were, kept accounts on him, he would be able to reach a point immediately overlooking the house, from which he could survey it at leisure. To reach this point became now his next aim.

The wood being dense, Dacres found no more difficulty in passing through this than in traversing what lay behind him. The caution which he exercised here was as great as ever, and his progress was as slow, but as sure. At length he found himself upon the desired point, and found himself cautiously forward to the

shore, he looked down upon the very old house which he had desired to reach. The house stood close by the lake upon a sloping bank which lay below. It did not seem to be more than fifty yards away. The doors and windows were gone. Five or six ill-looking fellows were near the doorway, some sprawling on the ground, others hollering and hounding about. One glance at the men was sufficient to assure him that they were brigands and also to show him that they kept no guard or count of their numbers. He saw that at least in this direction.

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should meet his enemy on something like equal terms—when he could strike a blow which would not be in vain. Thus he overmastered himself.

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15.00, Handsome Picture, 21x28, 3 in. Gilt Frame . . . . .	2.00,
20.00, Baby Gown Water Set, 10 pieces, . . . . .	2.25,
30.00, Silver Plated 3 Lettered Caster, . . . . .	3.25,
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