POOR DOCUMENT

Dep. Sheriff Wheeler

Does Not Care to Live

If He Cannot Have

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla

It would be difficult to find a man better known in the vicinity of Burlington, Vt., than Mr. R. D. Wheeler of Winooski Falls, the efficient Deputy Sheriff of Burlington county. He says:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sirs: If Hood's Sarsaparilla cost

$10.00 a Bottle

I should still keep using it, as I have for the past ten years. With me the question as to whether life is worth living depends upon whether I can get Hood's Sarsaparilla. I don't think I *could* live without it now, certainly I should not wish to, and suffer as I used to. For over ten years I suffered the horrors of the damned with

Sciatic Rheumatism

for if ever a man suffers with anything in this world it is with that awful disease. It seems to me as if all other physical suffering were compressed into that one. I took about everything man ever tried for it but never got a dollar's worth of help until I began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have taken it now pretty regularly for ten years and have no more pain and can get around all right. I have advised a good many to try Hood's Sarsaparilla." R. D. WHEELER, Deputy Sheriff, Winooski Falls, Vt.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By JAMES DE MILLE.)

(Continued.)

The arrival of Girasole, therefore, was greeted by her with joy. She at once rose to meet him, and could not help infusing into her greeting a warmth which she had never shown him before. Girasole's handsome eyes sparkled with delight, and when Mrs. Willoughby pointedly made way for him to seat himself next to Minnie his cup of joy was full. Mrs. Willoughby's only idea at that moment was to throw some obstacle between Minnie and that "dreadful person" who claimed her as his own, and had taken such shocking liberties. She did not know that Girasole was in Rome, and now accepted his arrival at that opportune moment as something little less than providential.

And now, actuated still by the idea of throwing further obstacles between Minnie and the Baron, she herself went over to the latter, and began a series of polite remarks about the weather and about Rome; while Girasole, eager to avail himself of his unexpected privilege, conversed with Minnie in a low voice in his broken English.

This arrangement was certainly not very agreeable to the Baron. His flow of spirits seemed to be checked at once, and his volubility ceased. He made only monosyllabic answers to Mrs. Willougby's remarks, and his eyes kept wandering over beyond her to Minnie, and scrutinizing the Italian who was thus monopolizing her at the very moment when he was beginning to have a "realizing sense" of her presence. He looked puzzled. He could not understand it at all. He felt that some wrong was done by somebody. He fell into an ungracious mood. He hated the Italian who had thus come between him and his happiness, and who chatted with Minnie, in his abominable broken English, just like an old acquaintance. He couldn't understand it. He felt an unpleasant restraint thrown over him, and began to meditate a departure, and a call at some more favorable time later in the evening. But he wanted to have a few more words with "Min," and so he tried to "sit out" the Italian.

But the Italian was as determined as the American. It was the first chance that he had to get a word with Minnie since he was in Milan, and he was eager to avail himself of it. Mrs. Willoughby, on her part, having thus discomfited the Baron, was not unmindful of the other danger; so she moved her seat to a position near enough to overlook and check Girasole, and then resumed those formal, chilling, heartless, but perfectly polite remarks which she had been administering to the Baron since Girasole's arrival.

At length Mrs. Willoughby began to be dreadfully bored, and groaned in spirit over the situation in which Minnie had placed herself, and racked her brains to find some way of retreat from these two determined lovers, who thus set at naught the usages of society for their own convenience. She grew indignant. She wondered if they would ever go. She wondered if it were not possible to engage the Count and the Baron in a conversation by themselves, and, under cover of it, withdraw. Finally she began to think whether she would not be justified in being rude to them, since they were so inconsiderate. She thought over this, and was rapidly coming to the decision that some act of rudeness was her only hope, when, to her immense relief, the servant entered and announced Lord Hawbury.

The entrance of the welcome guest into the room where the unwelcome ones were seated was to Mrs. Willoughby like light in a dark place. To Minnie also it brought immense relief in her difficult position. The ladies rose, and were about to greet the new-comer, when, to their astonishment he seized Hawbury's hand, and wrung it over and over again with the most astonishing vehemence.

Hawbury, as I'm a living sinner! Thunderation! Where did you come from! Good again! Darn it all, Hawbury, this is real good! And how well you look! How are you? All right, and right side up? Who'd have thought it? It ain't you, really, now, is it? Darn me if I ever was so astonished in my life! You're the last man I'd have expected. Yes, Sir. You may bet high on that.

And, really, said Hawbury, my dear fellow! Flattered, I'm sure. And how goes it with you? Deuced odd place to find you, old boy. And I'm deuced glad to see you, you know, and all that sort of thing.

And he wrung the Baron's hand quite as heartily as the other wrung his; and the expression on his face expressed as much cordiality as that of the other. Then Hawbury greeted the ladies, and apologized by stating that the Baron was a very old and tried friend, whom he had not seen for years; which intelligence surprised Mrs. Willoughby greatly, and brought a faint ray of something like peace to poor Minnie.

The ladies were not imprisoned much longer. Girasole threw a black look at Lord Hawbury also retired, and made the Baron go with him. And the Baron went without any urging. He insisted, however, on shaking hands heartily with both of the ladies, especially Minnie, whose poor little hand he nearly crushed into a pulp; and to the latter he whispered the consoling assurance that he would come to see her on the following day. After which he followed his friend out.

Then he took Hawbury over to his own quarters, and Hawbury made himself very much at home in a rocking-chair which the Baron regarded as the joy and glory of his room.

By Jove! cried Hawbury. This is deuced odd, do you know old chap; and I can't imagine how the mischief you got here!

This led to long explanations, and a long conversation, which was protracted far into the night, to the immense enjoyment of both of the friends.

The Baron was, as Lord Hawbury had said an old friend. He had become acquainted with him many years before upon the prairies of America, near the Rocky Mountains. The Baron had rescued him from Indians, by whom he had been entrapped, and the two friends had wandered far over those regions, enduring perils, fighting enemies, and roughing it in general. This rough life had made each one's better nature visible to the other, and had led to the formation of a friendship full of mutual appreciation of the other's best qualities. Now it is just possible if they had not known one another, Hawbury might have thought the Baron a bore, and the Baron might have called Hawbury a "thundering snob;" but as it was, the possible bore and the possible snob each thought the other one of the finest fellows in the world.

But you're not a Roman Catholic, said Hawbury, as the Baron explained his position among the Zouaves.

What's the odds? All's fish that comes to their net. To get an office in the Church may require a profession of faith but we're not so particular in the army. I take the oath and they let me go. Besides I have Roman Catholic leanings.

Roman Catholic leanings?

Yes, I like the Pope. He's a fine man Sir—a fine man. I regard that man more like a father than anything else. There isn't one of us but would lay down our lives for that old gentleman.

But you never go to confession, and you're not a member of the Church.

No; but then I'm a member of the army, and I have long chats with some of the English-speaking priests. There are some first rate fellows among them, too. Yes, Sir. Why its all leaning. Why, look here.

I don't see much of a leaning in all that.

Leaning? I remember the time when I was a grim, true-blue Puritan. Well, I ain't that now. I used to think the Pope was the Beast of the Pocalypse. Well, now I think he's the finest gentleman I ever saw. I didn't used to go to Catholic chapel. Well, now I'm there often, and I rather kind o' like it. Besides, I'm ready to argue with them all day and all night, and what more can they expect from a fighting man?

You see, after our war I got my hand in and couldn't stop fighting. The Indians wouldn't do—too much throat-cutting and savagery. So I came over here, took a fancy to the Pope, enlisted, was at Mentana, fit there, got promoted, went home, couldn't stand it, and here I am, back again; though how long I'm going to be here is more'n I can tell. The fact is, I feel kind ot unsettled.

Why so?

Oh, it's an aggravating place, at the best.

How?

There's such an everlasting waste of resources—such tarnation bad management. Fact is, I've noted that it's always the case wherever you trust ministers to do business.

They're sure to make a mess of it. I've known cases. Why, that's always the way with us. Look at our stock companies of any kind, our religious societies, and our publishing houses wherever they get a ministerial committee, the whole concern goes to blazes. I know that. Yes, Sir. Now that's the case here. Here's a fine country. Why, round this here city there's a country, Sir, that if properly managed, might beat any of our prairies—and look at it.

Then, again, they complain of poverty. Why, I can tell you, from my own observations, that they've got enough capital locked up, lying useless, in this here city to regenerate it all, and put it on its feet. This capital wants to be utilized. It's been lying too long without paying interest. It's time that it stopped. Why I tell you what it is, if they were to sell out what they have here lying idle, and realized, they'd get enough money to form an endowment fund for the Pope and his court so big that his Holiness and every official in the place might get salaries all round out of the interest that would enable them to live like—well, I was going to say like princes, but there's a lot of princes in Rome that live so shabby that the comparison ain't worth nothing.

Why, see here, now, continued the Baron, warming with his theme, which seemed to be a congenial one. Just look here; see the position of that Roman court. They can actually levy taxes on the whole world. Voluntary contributions, Sir, are a wonderful power. Think of our missionary societies—our Sabbath school organizations in the States. Think of all our great charitable and philanthrophic and religous bodies. What supports them all? Voluntary contributions. Now what I mean to say is this—I mean to say that if a proper organization was arranged here they would get annual receipts from every quarter of the globe that would make the Pope the richest man on it. Why in that case Rothschild wouldn't be a circumstance. The Pope might go into banking himself and control the markets of the world. But no. There is a lot of ministers here, and they haven't any head for it. I wish they'd give me a chance. I'd make things spin.

Then again they've got other things that's ruining them. There's too much repression that don't do for the immortal mind. My idea is that every man was created free and equal and has a right to do just as he darn pleases, but you can't beat that into the heads of the governing class here. No, Sir. The fact is, what Rome wants is a republic. It'll come, too, some day. The great mistake of his Holiness's life is that he didn't put himself at the head of the movement in '48. He had the chance, but he got frightened and backed down. Whereas if he had been a real, live Yankee, now—If he had been like some of our Western parsons he'd have put himself on the tip top of the highest wave, and gone in. Why, he could have had all Italy at his right hand by this time, instead of having it all against him. There's where he made his little mistake. If I were Pope I'd fight the enemy with their own weapons. I'd accept the situation. I'd go in head over heels for a republic. I'd have Rome the capital, myself president Garibaldi commander-in-chief, Mazzini secretary of state—a man, Sir, that can lick even Bill Seward himself in a regular, old-fashioned, tonguey, subtile, diplomatic note. And in that case, with a few live men at the head of affairs, where would Victor Emanuel be? Emphatically, nowhere?

Why, Sir, continued the Baron, I'd engage to take this city as it is and the office of Pope, and run the whole Roman Catholic Church, till it knocked out all opposition by the simple and natural process of absorbing all opponents. We want a republic here in Rome. We want freedom, Sir. Where is the Church making its greatest triumphs to-day? In the States Sir. If the Catholic Church made itself free and liberal and go-ahead; if it kept up with the times; if it was imbued with the spirit of progress, and pitched aside all old-fashioned traditions—why, I tell you, Sir, it would be a little the tallest organization on this green globe of ours. Yes Sir.

While Hawbury and the Baron were thus engaged in high discourse, Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie were engaged in discourses of a less elevated but more engrossing character.

After the ladies had escaped they went up stairs. Lady Dalrymple had retired sometime before to her own room, and they had the apartment to themselves. Minnie flung herself into a chair and looked bewildered; Mrs. Willoughby took another chair opposite, and said nothing for a long time.

Well, said Minnie at last, you needn't be so cross, Kitty; I didn't bring him here.

Cross! said her sister; I'm not cross.

Well, you're showing temper, at any rate; and you know you are, and I think it very unkind in you, when I have so much to trouble me.

Why really Minnie darling. I don't know what to say.

Well, why don't you tell me what you think of him, and all that sort of thing? You might, you know.

Think of him! repeated Mrs. Willoughby, elevating her eyebrows.

Yes, think of him; and you needn't go and make faces about him, at any rate.

Did I make faces? Well dear, said Mrs. Willoughby, patiently, I'll tell you what I think of him. I'm afraid of him.

Well, then, said Minnie, in a tone of triumph, now you know how I feel. Suppose he saved your life and then came in his boisterous way to you; and got you alone, and began that way and really quite overwhelmed you, you know; and then, when you were really stunned, suppose he went and proposed to you? Now then!

And Minnie ended this question with the air of one who could not be answered and knew it.

He's awful—perfectly awful! said Mrs. Willoughby. And the way he treated you! It was shocking.

I know; and that's just the horrid way he always does, said Minnie in a plaintone. I'm sure I don't know what to do with him. And then he's Lord Hawbury's friend. So what are we to do.

You know I don't know, unless we leave Rome at once.

But I don't want to leave Rome, said Minnie. I hate being chased away from places by people—and they'd be sure to follow me, you know, and I don't know what to do. And oh, Kitty darling, I've just thought of something. It would be so nice. What do you think of it?

What is it?

Why, this. You know the Pope?

No, I don't.

Oh, well, you've seen him you know.

Yes; but what has he got to do with it?

Why, I'll get you to take me, and I'll go to him, and I'll tell him all about it, and about all these horrid men; and ask him if he can't do something or other to help me. They have dispensations and things, you know, that the Pope gives; and I want him to let me dispense with these awful people.

Nonsense! said Mrs. Willoughby.

I don't see any nonsense in it at all. I'm in earnest, said Minnie; I think it's a great shame.

Nonsense! said her sister again; the only thing is for you to stay in your room.

But I don't want to stay in my room, and I can't.

Oh dear! what can I do with this child? exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, whose patience was giving way.

Upon this Minnie went over and kissed her, and begged to be forgiven; and offered to do any thing that darling Kitty wanted her to do.

After this they talked a good deal over their difficulty, but without being able to see their way out of it more clearly.

That evening they were walking up and down the balcony of the house. It was a quadrangular edifice, and they had a suite of rooms on the second and third stories. They were on the balcony of the third story, which looked down into the court-yard below. A fountain was in the middle of this, and the moon was shining brightly.

The ladies were standing looking down, when Minnie gently touched her sister's arm, and whispered.

Look at the man!

Where?

By the fountain.

Mrs. Willoughby looked, and saw the face of a man who was standing on the other side of the fountain. His head rose above it, and his face was turned toward them. He evidently did not know that he was seen, but was watching the ladies, thinking that he himself was unobserved. The moment that Mrs. Willoughby looked at the face she recognized it.

Come in, said she to Minnie. And drawing her sister after her, she went into the house.

I knew the face; didn't you, Kitty dear? said Minnie. It's so easy to tell it. It was Scone Dacres. Put what in the world does he want? Oh dear! I hope he won't bother me.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INTRUDER.

Judging from the Baron's own words, it will be perceived that this comprehension of the situation was a little different from the actual fact. His idea was that his last letter had been received by Minnie in England, whereupon she had been seized with such an ungovernable longing to see him that she at once set out for Rome. She had not sent him any message, for she wished to surprise him, She had done so effectually. He was not merely surprised; he was overwhelmed joyed, intoxicated with joy. This was indeed kind, he thought—the true part of a fond girl, who thus cast aside all silly scruples, and followed the dictates of her own noble and loving heart.

Now the fact that he had made a partial failure of his first visit to his charmer did not in the slightest degree disconcert him. He was naturally joyous, hilarious and sanguine. His courage never faltered, nor could the brightness of his soul be easily dimmed. A disappointment on one day gave him but little trouble the next. It was quickly thrown off, and his buoyant spirit looked forward to better fortune on the next day. The little disappointment he had did not, therefore prevent him from letting his reason feast and his soul flow with Lord Hawbury; nor, when that festive season was over, did it prevent him from indulging in the brightest anticipations for the following day.

On the afternoon of that day, when the Baron directed his steps toward the hotel where his charmer resided, his heart beating high, and the generous blood mantling his cheek, and all that sort of thing. But the Baron was not alone. He had a companion, and his companion was an acquaintance whom he had made that morning. This companion was very tall, very thin, very sallow, with long straggling locks of rusty black hair white necktie, and a suit of rather seedy black clothes. In fact, it was the very stranger who had been arrested almost under his eyes as a Garibaldian. His case had come under the notice of the Baron, who had visited him, and found him not to be a Garibaldian at all, but a fellow-countryman in distress—in short, no less a person than the Reverend Saul Tozer, an esteemed clergyman, who had been travelling through Europe for the benefit of his health and the enlargement of his knowledge. This fellow-countryman in distress had at once been released by the Baron's influence; and, not content with giving him his liberty, he determined to take him under his protection, and offered to introduce him to society; all of which generous offices were fully appreciated by the grateful clergyman.

The Baron's steps were first directed toward the place above mentioned, and the Reverand Saul . accompanied him. On reaching it he knocked and asked for Miss Fay.

Not at home, was the reply.

Oh, well said he, I'll go in and wait till she comes home. Come along parson, and make yourself quite at home. Oh, never mind, young man, he continued to the servant; I know the way. Come along parson. And with these words he led the way into the reception room, in which he had been before.

An elderly lady was seated there whom the Baron recognized as having seen before. It was Lady Dalrymple, whose name was, of course, unknown to him, since he had only exchanged a few words on his former visit. But as he was naturally chivalrous, and as he was bent on making friends with all in the house, and as he was also in a glorious state of good will to the entire human race, he at once advanced to the lady and made a low bow.

How do you do, ma'am?

Lady Dalrymple bowed good-naturedly, for she was good-natured to a fault.

I suppose you remember me, ma'am, said the Baron in rather a loud voice; for as the lady was elderly, he had a vague idea that she was deaf—which impression, I may mention, was altogether unfounded—I suppose you remember me, ma'am?

To be Continued.

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30 00,	Silver Plated 5 Lottled Castor,	3 25.
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50 00,	China Tea Sett, 44 pieces, Gold Finish,	7 00,
75 00,	Polished Quarted Oak Centre Table,	10 00,
100 00,	Handsome Plush Easy Chair,	12 00,
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TO William H. Beckwith formerly of the Parish of St. Marys in the County of York, gentleman, and now of city of Boston in the State of Massachusetts, United States of America and all other persons whom it may in anywise concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virture of a power of sale contained in a certain assignment of lease by way of mortgage bearing date the fifteenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine and made between the said William H. Beckwith of the one part and the undersigned Thomas J. McElroy and Thomas J. McCaffrey administrators of all and singular the goods chattels and credits of Terence McElroy deceased of the other part and registered with and as attached to the original lease with assignment endorsed thereon in the office of the Registry of Deeds and Wills for the County of York in Book K4 pages 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336 and 337 of said York County Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Assignment of Lease by way of Mortgage default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Queens Ward in the city of Fredericton in the County of York on Saturday the seventh day of January next at the hour of twelve o'clock noon the said lease and unexpired term and right of renewal thereof and the lands and premises mortgaged and conveyed in the said Assignment of Lease by the way of Mortgage and described in the original Lease so assigned as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Town Plot of Fredericton aforesaid, Beginning at Queen street at the Easterly Angle of Lots leased to Isaac W. Simmons and Henry Lowell thence running by the Magnet North, Thirty six degrees, East seventy five feet, thence North fifty four degrees, West sixty seven feet thence South thirty six degrees, West seventy five feet to Queen street and thence along the said street. South fifty four degrees, East sixty seven feet or to the place of beginning known as the Donnelly Lots, in the Plan of Lots belonging to the said city of Fredericton lying between the Engine House in Wellington Ward in said city and, the Public Landing at the foot of Smyth street together with all buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances and privileges to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated November 30th A. D. 1892

THOS. J. McELROY.
THOS. J. McCAFFREY.
Administrators of all and singular the goods chattles and credits of Terence McElroy deceased.

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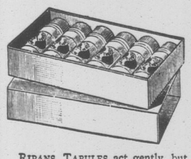

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