POOR DOCUMENT

GERTRUDE MCKERVEY.

Father, Mother, and Daughter cured of Weakness & Distress in the Stomach, Pain across the Back and Limbs, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Vomiting, and habitual Constipation by using Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
December 15, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Our daughter, twelve years old, has always been sick from weakness of the stomach and limbs; pain across her back, and general debility have kept her from school. We could not get help for her from the several doctors whom we tried. The countless medicines we bought gave her no benefit. Her appetite never was good; all she ate was a few mouthfuls of graham bread at a meal. Last summer we of her hope, for we were afraid of her dying of consumption. Six weeks ago she could not walk two hundred yards without getting very tired. Now she can walk to the city, two miles, and back, without the least weariness; her appetite is such, she relishes anything a hearty man would wish to eat. For the first time in her life she knows what health is.

The mother says, For twenty-two years I have had severe sick headaches. Nothing ever eased them until I used

Groder's Syrup,

which has wrought a permanent cure. No less than six physicians, and medicines without number, have failed to help me.

The father speaks: I have had dyspepsia almost ever since I can remember. Of course I was better sometimes than others, but I have always suffered with vomiting, distress in the stomach and bowels, dizziness, and habitual constipation until I used Groder's Syrup, which has cleared my head, given me a good appetite, and my food does not distress me. Our statements are all true, and I am ready to answer questions concerning them.

MR. AND MRS. T. G. MCKERVEY,
Main St., North. St. John, N. B.

Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd.
St. John, N.B.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

Continued.

And of course that time was "Yankee Doodle."

Did the trumpeter know it?

Of course he did.

Who does not know it?

All men know that tune. Man is born with an inate knowledge of the strain of "Yankee Doodle." No one can remember when he first learned it. The reason is because he never learned it at all. It was born in him.

So the trumpeter sounded it forth, and wild and high and clear and far the sounds arose; and it was Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying; and answer, echoes, answer, Yankee Doodle dying."

And while the trumpet sounded the Baron listened and listened, and walked up and down, and fretted and fumed and chafed, and I'm afraid he swore a little too; and at last he was going to tell the trumpeter to stop his infernal noise, when, just at that moment, what should he see all of a sudden emerging from the woods but three figures!

And I'll leave you to imagine, if you can, the joy and delight which agitated the bosom our good Baron as he recognized among those three figures the well-known face and form of his friend Hawbury. With Hawbury was a lady whom the Baron remembered having seen once in the upper hall of a certain house in Rome, on a memorable occasion, when he stood on the stairs calling Min. The lady was very austere then, but she was very gracious now, and very wonderfully sweet in the expression of her face. And with them was a stranger in the garb of a priest.

Now as soon as the party met the Baron who rushed to meet them, Hawbury wrung his hand, and stared at him in unbounded astonishment.

You! he cried; yourself old boy! By Jove!

Yes, said the Baron. You see, the moment we got into that ambush I kept my eyes open, and got a chance to spring into the woods. There I was all right, and ran for it. I got into the road again a couple of miles back, got a horse, rode to Civita Castellana, and there I was lucky enough to find a company of Zouaves. Well Sir, we came here flying, mind, I tell you, and got hold of a chap that we made guide us to the lake. Then we opened on them; and here we are by thunder! But where's Min?

Who? asked Hawbury.

Min, said the Baron, in the most natural tone in the world.

Oh! Why, isn't she here?

No. We've hunted everywhere. No one's here at all. And the Baron went on to tell about their search and its results. Hawbury was chiefly struck by the news of Girasole.

He must have gone mad with terror, said Hawbury, as he told the Baron about his adventure at the grave. If that' so, he added, I don't see how the ladies could be harmed. I dare say they've run off. Why, we started to run, and got so far off that we couldn't find our way back, even after the trumpet began to sound. You must keep blowing at it, you know. Play all the national tunes you can—no end. They'll find their way back if you them time.

And now they all went back to the house, and the Baron in his anxiety could not talk any more, but began his former occupation of walking up and down, and fuming and fretting and chafing, and I'm again afraid swearing—when all of a sudden, on the bank in front of him, on the very top, just emerging from the thick underbrush which had concealed them till that moment, to their utter amazement and indescribable delight they beheld Scone Dacres and Mrs. Willoughby. Scone Dacres appeared to Hawbury to be in a totally different frame of mind from that in which he had been when he last saw him; and what perplexed him most, yea, and absolutely confounded him, was the sight of Scone Dacres with his demon wife, whom he had been pursuing for the sake of vengeance, and whose frenzy had been so violent that he himself had been drawn with him on purpose to restrain him. And now what was the injured husband doing with his demon wife? Doing! why doing the impassioned lover most vigorously; sustaining her steps most tenderly grasping her hand; pushing aside the bushes; assisting her down the slope; overwhelming her in short; hovering around her, apparently unconscious that there was in all the wide world any other being than Mrs. Willoughby. And as Hawbury looked upon all his eyes dilated and his lips parted involuntarily in utter wonder; and finally, as Dacres reached the spot the only greeting which he could give his friend was,

By Jove!

And now, while Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel were embracing with tears of joy, and overwhelming one another with questions, the Baron sought information from Dacres.

Dacres then informed him all about Tozer's advent and departure.

Tozer! cried the Baron in intense delight. Good on his darned old head! Hurrah for the parson! He shall marry us for this—he and no other by thunder!

Upon which Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel exchanged glances, but said not a word. Not they.

But in about five minutes, when Mrs. Willoughby had Ethel apart a little by herself, she said,

Oh, Ethel dear, isn't it dreadful?

What? said Ethel.

Why poor Minnie.

Poor Minnie?

Yes. Another horrid man. And he'll be claiming her to. And, oh dear! what shall I do?

Why you'll have to let her decide for herself. I think it will be—this person.

Mrs. Willoughby clasped her hands, and looked up with a pretty little expression of horror.

And do you know dear, added Ethel, I'm beginning to think that it wouldn't be so very bad. He's Lord Hawbury's friend, you know and then he's very, very brave; and, above all, think what we all owe him.

Mrs. Willoughby gave a resigned sigh.

And now the Baron was wilder with impatience than ever. He had questioned Dacres, and found that he could give him no information whatever as to Tozer's route, and consequently had no idea where to search. But still had boundless confidence in Yankee Doodle.

That's the way, said Dacres; we heard it ever so far, and it was the first thing that told us it was safe to return. We didn't dare to venture before.

Meanwhile Hawbury had got Dacres who told him in general terms how he was captured. Then he informed him how Mrs. Willoughby was put in the same room, and his discovery that it was Minnie that the Italian wanted.

Well, do you know, old chap, continued Dacres, I couldn't stand it; so I offered to make it all up with her.

Oh, I see you've done that, old boy. Congrat—

Pooh! wait a minute, said Dacres, interrupting him. Well, you know, she wasn't my wife at all.

At this Hawbury stood utterly aghast.

What's that?

She wasn't my wife at all. She looks confoundedly like what my wife was at her best, but she's another person. It's a most extraordinary likeness; and yet she's isn't any relation, but a great deal prettier woman. What made me so sure, you know, was the infernally odd coincidence of the name; and then I only saw her off and on, you know, and I never heard her voice. Then you, know, I was mad with jealousy; and so I made myself worse and worse, till I was ripe for murder, arson, assasination, and all that sort of thing, you know.

To all this Hawbury listened in amazement, and could not utter a word, until at last, as Dacres paused, he said.

By Jove!

Well, old man, I was the most infernal ass that ever lived. And how I must have bored you!

By Jove! exclaimed Hawbury again. But drive on, old boy.

Well, you know, the row occurred just then, and away went the scoundrels to the fight, and in came that parson fellow and away we went. I took Mrs. Willoughby to a safe place, where I kept her till I heard the trumpet, you know. And I've got another thing to tell you. It's duced odd, but she knew all about me.

The duce she did!

Yes, the whole story. Lived somewhere in the county. But I don't remember the Fays. At any rate, she lived there; and do you know, old fellow, the country people used to think I beat my wife!

By Jove!

Yes; and afterward they raised a report that my cruelty had driven her mad. But I had a few friends that stood up for me; and among others these Fays, you know, had heard the truth of it, and, as it happened, Kitty—

Kitty?

Well, Mrs. Willoughby, I mean—her name's Kitty— has always known the truth about it; and when she saw me at Naples she felt interested in me.

Oho! and Hawbury opened his eyes.

Well, she knew all about it; and, among other things, she gave me one piece of intelligence that has eased my mind.

Ah! what's that?

Why, my wife is dead.

Oh, then there's no doubt it?

Not a bit. She died eight years ago in an insane asylum.

By Jove! Then she was mad all the time.

Yes; that accounts for it, and turns all my curses into pity.

Dacres was silent now for a few moments. At length he looked at Hawbury with a very singular expression.

Hawbury, old boy.

Well, Sconey?

I think we'll keep it up.

Who?

Why, Kitty and I—that is, Mrs. Willoughby and I—her name's Kitty, you know.

Keep what up?

Why, the—the fond illusion and all that sort of thing. You see, I've got into such an infernal habit of regarding her as my wife that I can't look on her in any other light. I claimed her, you know, and all that sort of thing and she thought I was delirious, and felt sorry and humored me, and gave me a very favorable answer.

Humored you?

Yes; that's what she says now, you know. But I'm holding her to it, and I've every reason to believe you know—in fact, I may as well say that it is an understood thing you know, we'll have it all formally settled, and all that sort of thing you know.

Hawbury wrung his friend's hand.

See here old boy; you see Ethel there?

Yes.

Who do you think she is?

Who?

Ethel Orne!

Ethel Orne! cried Dacres, as the whole truth flashed on his mind. What a devil of a jumble everything has been getting into! By heaven dear boy, I congratulate you from the bottom of my soul!

And he wrung Hawbury's hand as though all his soul was in that grasp.

But all this could not satisfy the impatience of the Baron. This was all very well in its way, merely as an episode; but he was waiting for the chief incident of the piece, and the chief incident was delaying very unaccountably.

So he strode up and down, and he fretted and he fumed, and he chafed, and the trumpeter kept blowing away.

Until at last—

Just before his eyes—

Up there on the bank, not far from where Dacres and Mrs. Willoughby had made their appearance the Baron caught sight of a tall, lank, slim figure, clothed in rusty black, whose thin and leathery face, rising above a white neck-tie, peered solemnly yet interrogatively through the bushes; while just behind him the Baron caught a glimpse of the flutter of a woman's dress.

He gave a loud cry of joy, and then sprang up the bank.

* * * *

But over that meeting I think we had better draw a veil,

CHAPTER XXXIX

ASTONISHING WAY OF CONCLUDING AN ADVENTURE.

The meeting between the Baron and Minnie gave a new shock to poor Mrs Willoughby, who looked with a helpless expression, and walked away for a little distance. Dacres and Hawbury were still eagerly conversing and questioning one another about their adventures. Tozer also had descended and joined himself to the priest; and each of these groups had leisure for a prolonged conversation before they were interupted. At length Minnie made her appearance, and flung herself into her sister's arms, while at the same time the Baron grasped Tozer by both hands, and called out, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all.

You shall marry us, parson—and this very day, by thunder!

These words came to Mrs. Willoughbys ears in the midst of her joy at meeting her sister and shocked her inexpressibly.

What's that, Minnie darling? she asked anxiously. What is it? Did you hear what that dreadful—what the Baron said.

Minnie looked sweetly conscious, but said nothing. What does he mean? asked her sister again.

I suppose he means what he says replied Minnie, with a timid air, stealing a shy look at the Baron.

Oh dear! said Mrs. Willoughby; there's another dreadful trouble, I know. Its very hard, very hard—

Well, I'm sure, said Minnie, I cant help it. They all do so. The clergyman came and saved me, and he wasn't a Roman Catholic clergyman at all and he proposed—

Proposed! cried Mrs. Willoughby aghast.

On yes, said Minnie, solemnly; and I would not let him be too explicit. But I didn't hurt his feelings. Well you know then all of a sudden, as we were sitting there, the bugle sounded, and we came back. Well, then, Rufus K. Gunn came—and you know how very violent he is in his way—and he said he saved my life again, and so he proposed.

He proposed! Why he had proposed before.

Oh, yes; but that was for an engagement and this was for our marriage.

Marriage!

Oh yes; and you see, he had actually saved my life twice, and he was very urgent and he is so awfully affectionate, and so—

Well, what? cried Mrs. Willoughby, seeing Minnie hesitate.

Why he—

Well?

I mean, I—

You what? Really, Minnie dearest you might tell me, and not keep in such dreadful suspense.

Why what could I say?

But what did you say?

Why, I think—I—said—yes, said Minnie, casting down her eyes with indiscribable sweetness, shyness, meekness, and resignation.

Mrs. Willoughby actually shuddered.

Now, Kitty, exclaimed Minnie, who at once noticed it, you needn't be so horrid I'm sure you can't say anything against him now. You needn't look so. You always hated him. You never would treat him kindly.

But this—this marriage. It's too shocking.

Well, I'm sure I can't help it.

It's too horrid! continued Mrs. Willoughby, in an excited tone. It will break poor papa's heart. And it will break poor darling aunty's heart. And it will break my heart.

Now Kitty dearest, this is too silly in you. If it hadn't been for him I would now be married to that wretched Count, who hadn't sufficient affection for me to get me a chair to sit on, and who was very, very rude to you. You didn't care, though, whether I was married to him or not; and now when I am saved from him you have nothing but very unpleasant things to say about Rufus K. Gunn.

Oh dear, what would I give if you were only safe home!

Well I'm sure I don't see what I can do. People are always saving my life And there is Captain Kirby hunting all over Italy for me. And I know I will be saved by somebody—if—if—I—I—if—I—if—you know—that if I'm sure—

Nonsense! said Mrs. Willoughby, as Minnie broke down in confusion. It is too absurd. I won't talk about it. You are a silly child. Oh how I do wish you were home!

At this juncture the conversation was interrupted by the Baron.

It is not my fashion, ma'am, said, he gravely, to remind another of any obligation under which he may be to me; but my claims on Minnie have been so opposed by you and the rest of her friends that I have to ask you to think of them. Your father knows what my first claims are. You yourself, ma'am, know perfectly well what the last claims are which I have won to-day.

The Baron spoke calmly, firmly, and with dignity, Mrs. Willoughby answered not a word.

If you think on your position last night, and Minnie's ma'am, resumed the Baron, you'll acknowledge, I expect, that it was pretty hard lines. What would you have given a few hours ago for a sight of my uniform in that old house yonder? If I had come then to save Minnie from the clutches of that Italian, wouldn't you have given her to me with all your heart, and your prayers too? You would, by thunder! Think, ma'am, on your sufferings last night, and then answer me.

Mrs. Whilloughby involuntarily thought of that night of horror, and shuddered, and said nothing.

Now, ma'am, just listen to this. I find on coming here that this Italian had a priest here all ready to marry him and Minnie. If I'd been delayed or defeated Minnie would have been that rascal's wife by this time. The priest was here. They would have been married as sure as you're born. You ma'am, would have had to see this poor trembling, broken-hearted, despairing girl torn from your arms, and bound by the marriage tie to a ruffian and a scoundrel whom she loathed. And now, ma'am I save her from this. I have my priest too, ma'am. He ain't a Roman Catholic, it is true—he's an orthodox parson— but at the same time I ain't particular. Now I propose to avail myself this day of his invaluable services at the earliest hour possible; but at the same time, if Min prefers it, I don't object to the priest, for I have a kind of a Roman Catholic leaning myself.

Now you may ask ma'am, continued the Baron, as Mrs. Willoughby continued silent—you may ask why I'm in such a thundering hurry. My answer is because you fit me off so. You tried to keep me from Min. You locked me out of your house. You threatened to hand me over to the police (and I'd like to see one of them try it on with me). You said I was mad or drunk; and finally you tried to run away Then you rejected my advice, and plunged headformost into this fix. Now in view of all this, my position is this—that I can't trust you. I've got Min now and I mean to keep her. If you got hold of her again, I feel it would be the last of her. Consequently I ain't going to let her go. Not me. Not by a long chalk.

Finally, ma'am, if you allow me, I'll touch upon another point. I've though over your objections to me. It ain't my rank—I'm a noble; it ain't money—I'm worth a hundred thousand dollars; it ain't my name—for I call myself Atramonte. It must be something in me. I've come to the conclusion that it's my general style—my manners and customs. Very well. Perhaps they don't come up to your standard. They mayn't square with your ideas. Yet, let me inform you ma'am, there are other standards of action and manner and speech than those to which you are accustomed, and mine is one of them. Minnie doesn't object to that. She knows my heart is all right, and is willing to trust herself to me. Consequently I take her, and I mean to make her mine this day.

As the Baron paused Mrs. Willoughby began, first of all, to express her gratitude and then to beg him to postpone the marriage. She declared that it was an unheard of thing, that it was shameful, that it was shocking, that it was dreadful. She grew very much excited; she protested, she entreated. Finally she burst into tears, and appealed to Lord Hawbury in the most moving terms. Hawbury listened very bravely with his eyes wandering over to where Ethel was; and Ethel caught the expression of his face, and looked quite confused.

Oh think, only think, said Mrs. Willoughby after an eloquent and pathetic appeal—think how the poor child will be talked about.

Well, really—ah—'pon my life, said Hawbury with his eyes still wandering over toward Ethel, I'm sure I don't—ah—share your views altogether, Mrs. Willoughby; for—ah—there are times you know, when a fellow finds it very uncommonly desirable—runaway matches, you know, and all that sort of thing. And by Jove! to tell the truth I really admire the idea, by Jove! And really—ah—I'm sure—I wish most confoundedly it was the universal fashion by Jove!

But she'll be so talked about. She'll make herself so conspicuous.

Conspicuous? By Jove! said Hawbury who seemed struck by the idea. At that moment Minnie began talking to her sister, and Hawbury went off to Ethel, to whom he began talking in the most earnest manner. The two wandered off for some distance, and did not return for a full half hour. When they did return Ethel looked somewhat embarrassed and Hawbury was radiant. With this radiance on his face he went up to Mrs. Willoughby leaving Ethel in the background.

Oh, by the way, said he, you were remarking that your sister would be too conspicuous by such a hasty marriage.

To be Continued.

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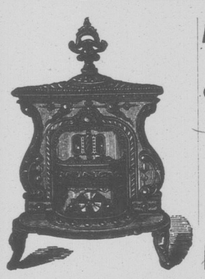

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