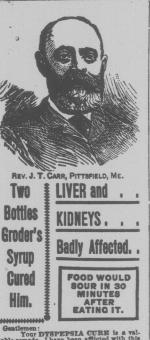
POOR DOCUMENT



Your DYSPEPSIA CURE is a vi e been amicted with th ore than 12 TEARS. Fc e to take but very littl ISTRESSED ME an MINUTES after eating affected in this way. Atfully, J. T. CARR.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE COMPANY, Ltd. St. John, N.B. THE

(BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

(Continued. Her impression was correct, and the speaker was Girasole. He had heard the sibilant sounds of the whispering, and,

 sibilant sounds of the whispering, and, knowing that Minnie could not speak
 two men; could I, Ethel dear?
 ment we give to spies and traitors?
 concealed she could not know. Every moment she expected to hear the cry of

Italian, it had struck him as being a very singular thing that she should be whis-pering. Had her sister joined her? He tbought he would go up and see. So he went up softly, and the whispering still went on. He therefore concluded that the "Italian woman" was not doing her duty, and that Mrs. Willoughby had joined her sister. This he would not allow; but as he had alrendy been suffic-iently harsh he did not wish to be more

nent.

allow; but as he had already been sufficeSuch trifles. Such trifles too! He feltyoubring this lady?The recollection of this filled her withiently harsh he did not wish to be moreashamed to think that he could have sub-
jected to such annoyances a women whomThat is simply answered, said the
priest, with unfaltering calmess. ThisThe recollection of this filled her with
anguish. Had they buried him?—how

It don't pain you, said Minnie-it don't against the coffin, sending a cold chill of No, not one, I want you all. If they pain you at all. You're always teasing borror through every nerve. Already are traitors, they are deep ones. They ne. You never do what I want you to, enough earth had been thrown to cover must be guarded; and, mind you, if they You wouldn't even give me a chair. Alas, carissima mia, to morra you sall haf all! But dis place is so remote. It is not remote, said Minnie. It's lose by roads and villages and things. was confused; i.is thoughts refused to be Why, here is Ethel; she has been in a collected. They all walked on in silence, following They all walked on in silence, following prilage where there are houses, and And now, in the midst of this, the atten-beop'e, and as many chairs as show tention of all was attracted by a lond youd the grave, and within view of one

vants. Oh, mees, eef you will but wait an'be one near. The priest looked around. The place was about half-way between the atient—eef you will but wait an' see how ender I will be, an' how I lof you. men stopped shoveling, and turned to see the cause of the noise. grave and the fire. It was a little knol bare of trees and from it they could be ender I will be, an' how I lof you.

tender I will be, an' how I lof you. You don't love me, said Minnie, one bit. Is this love—not to give me a chair? the seen approaching, and was already near enough to be distin-Girasole was seen approaching, and was already near enough to be distin-I have been standing up till I am nearly guished. Behind him followed a female words of warning to the guards, he turned ready to drop. And you have nothing figure. At this sight the priest's mind and took his departure. better than some wretched promises iningave him. The priest sat down upon the grass, and Girasole came up, and now the priest urged Ethel to do the same. She fol-

omfortable to-day. You won't let me saw that the female was no other than lowed his advice, and sat down by his ave a single thing. And now you come Ethel. ave a single thing. And now you com-blear, darling Ethel. bet ees because she deceif me-she rome wit a plot-she steal in here Eet

The had wait, all would be well. You mustn't dare to touch her, sai the priest regained his presence of mind. The men who gave him very civil ree had wait, all would be well. Alumic, vehemently. You shall leave er here. She shall stay with me. er here. She shall stay with me. I am ver pain—on, very; but oh, my tered and confused thoughts. The men In the priest's mind there was still

ngel-sweet-charming mees-eet er stood looking at the speakers, and listen- some anxiety but much greater hope than langaire to my lof. She plot to take you ing, leaning on their shovels. way. An' all my life is in you. Tink You were sent for? away. An' all my life is in you, Tink hat I haf to do to gain you! Minnie looked upon Girasole, with her And a maid? arge eyes dilated with excitement and Yes. You brought this lady? You are a horrid, horrid man, she ex-Yes. You put her in disguise; you pass d only offset to all was his own captivity.

laimed. I hate you. Oh, my angel, pleaded Girasole, with her off as an Italian? eep agitation, take back dat word. I'm sorry you ever saved my life, said Yes. The priest made no attempt at denial Before the next day Girasole would cer

Minnie, very calmly; and I'm sorry I ever saw you. I hate you. Ah, you gif me torment. You do not mean dis. You say once you lof me.

AMERICAN BARON. I did not say I loved you. It was you who said you loved me, I never liked hury of Girasole, who seemed determined the seemed determined between the seemed determined bet yon. And I don't really see how I could to visit upon the head of the priest and than his own certain but remote danger. be engaged to yon when I was engaged Ethel the rage that he felt at his last in-

he had dared to have for some time. He

remembered that the coffin was not all overed over, and hoped that the inmale

might be able to breath. The fact that

the work had been so unexpectedly in

terrupted was one which filled him wit

joy, and gave rise to the best hopes. The

but that was a very serious one. Besides he knew that his life hung upon a thread.



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