



JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Neuralgia of the Heart, Chronic Dyspepsia Awful Constipation, and Rheumatism cured by Groder's Syrup.

St. John, N. B., October 11, 1892. GENTLEMEN: For twenty-three years I have never been free from suffering until now. Since I began to take Groder's Syrup, chronic neuralgia of the heart of twenty years standing has entirely disappeared. My distress from severe constipation has been an unending torture, but your remedy has restored healthy action of the stomach and bowels. Rheumatism of long standing has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is no ache or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily, and causes me no distress whatever. Your remedy is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has ever given me any relief, say nothing of a cure, such as I have experienced. I am ready to answer any inquiry concerning this statement, for I firmly believe in Groder's Syrup, and desire others to obtain help as I have. I make this solemn declaration believing the same to be true. JOHN A. KIMBALL. Before me, J. E. Barnes, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the city and county of Saint John, N. B., October 11th, 1892. Done and declared at the city of Saint John, N. B., October 11th, 1892. Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd. St. John, N. B.

Carol Richmond

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.

Continued.

The answer came immediately, and yet was so muffled that they could hardly distinguish it. In the chimney, for Heaven's sake, get me out quick; I believe I am dying!

There was but one way to accomplish this; Jack realized the fact at once. He handed the lamp to the little widow and replaced his revolver, feeling that he would have no occasion to use it, at least for the present.

Then he commenced enlarging the orifice by tearing down the brick, always working downward. Sometimes he had difficult work, but in the end he always succeeded in his task, and the result was that at the end of ten or fifteen minutes he had cleared the way to within a foot or so of the ground.

When he had laid him on the floor of the mill, he bent over to examine the man's ghostly wounds. Who did this foul deed? he asked in horror.

The man whispered in reply, for he was weak and almost dying. Jack uttered a smothered curse and, gaining his feet, cried in a voice that froze Carol with horror: "Some more of that devil's work. May the curse of Heaven blight him and his forever. He is one of Satan's fiends, and when we meet I shall send him to the master he serves. Witness the oath?"

CHAPTER XVIII. THE HAND OF FATE.

The words of the young man came very near killing Carol Richmond, for, of course, she thought all along he had reference to the Roger Darrel she knew and loved, and to think of him as a murderer, in addition to his other sins, would have been enough to have entirely crushed her.

At the time she did not remember that her mother and herself had seen Captain Grant, or some one closely resembling him, leave the mill on the previous night some time between the hour when Nora Warner was carried off by her jailers at daybreak.

All she could think of was this one fact, that besides being guilty of all those other misdeeds, her Roger was not only a murderer at heart, but was in a fair way to become one in fact, for the unfortunate man upon the mill floor looked as though he were dying.

When her eyes rested upon those gaping knife-wounds in his breast, Carol did not faint, but a terrible revolution of feeling swept over her in reference to her lover.

Whatever he may have seemed to her, it was now plainly evident that he was a villain of the deepest dye, and her heart was like lead when this conviction came to her and she realized that she must give him up—must send him from her as if he were a leper, with the scathing words the case demanded.

Her heart was now steeled against Roger, and at their next meeting she must let him know that he could not even call her friend.

While Carol was thus thinking upon the matter and deciding as to her future

plans, Jack was examining the wounds of the detective.

My man, said he finally, you shall live, live for vengeance on the fiend whose hand struck those cowardly blows. The face of the detective lighted up and a fierce gleam came into his eyes, for he would ask nothing better on earth than this.

Gently raising him, Jack carried the poor man into the habitable part of the building, and laid him upon the blankets prepared for him by the widow. Then he proceeded to dress the wounds, and the skill he exercised in this proved him to be a young physician of more than ordinary talents, which was in fact the truth, for Jack was a graduate of Hiedelberg, in Germany.

He had a case of remedies with him, and before leaving the old mill on his search for lost Nora, he left the medicines to be used in the hands of Carol's mother.

The detective possessed a magnificent constitution, his wounds were not fatal, so that he was in a fair way for speedy recovery, being in excellent hands. Besides that, the burning desire for revenge upon the man who had dealt him such a cowardly blow, was enough of an incentive to keep him alive, for it brought his will into play.

The widow was his attendant, for Carol could not stay in the house, such was the tumult of her thoughts in regard to Roger. But for the fact that Jack, for prudential reasons, had talked of all other subjects before his departure save the one they were interested in, they might have learned that which would have fallen like a bomb between them.

The detective was more communicative, for his heart warmed to the widow as the one to whom he owed his life. He was a Russian by adoption, but in reality was a born Englishman, which accounted for his speaking the language so properly.

While he entertained the little lady with long stories of the American adventurer's doings in Russia, and how, falling under the ban, it was discovered that he was a plotter against the life of the Czar, the fact never leaked out that each of them had in mind a far different personage.

Thus the terrible mistake was allowed to become deeper, and the characters in our story drifted along as the stern decree of fate willed.

He had mentioned to the widow the fact that the adventurer's hand had been branded when he was sent to Siberia, so that he was now compelled to always wear a glove, but this did not seem so singular to the lady, for the fact remained that every time she had met Roger Darrel he had had gloves on; so she did not think it worth while to mention this part of the story to Carol, seeing that it confirmed the detective's ideas rather than dispute them.

Though she had only seen Roger a few times, she had been wonderfully impressed by his manner and looks, and she had made up her mind that if these terrible charges against him proved true she would never trust a man again, no matter what his reputation might be.

Poor, broken-hearted Carol wandered out each day, waiting for that dread interview which was sure to come, and yet which seemed unaccountably delayed.

What had come of Roger? He had said he would still be her friend, and yet to all appearances he had deserted her. Could it be he had made the alarming discovery that his secrets were no longer hidden from them, and that he dared not face them? Perish the thought!

At the very time when these misty ideas were passing in review through the wearied and troubled brain of Carol Richmond, the object of her thoughts, poor Roger Darrel, was pacing his library like a caged animal, groaning now and then and showing every evidence of distress and despair.

Try as he would, he found it impossible to think of Carol without allowing his mind to dwell on love, and he was nearly frantic with the continued fight he had gone through.

He had promised to be a friend to the girl he loved, and though this was easy to say, yet when it came to attempting it he found he had before him the most difficult task of his life.

The detective gained in strength so rapidly that in a few days more he hoped to leave those who had stood so nobly by him, and start upon his trail of vengeance.

When the little widow came to him she found that he was a most agreeable person, but his profession made him reserved, and this acted as a barrier between them upon the very subject in which she was just then most interested.

Her sympathies and motherly love were of course all enlisted in behalf of her child, and she was in arms against the man who, to all appearances, had caused such suffering to come upon Carol.

She saw that the young girl had lost all interest in life, and her heart was sore within her, for she knew of no remedy for a disease like this. Carol was constituted very like her mother, possessing the same pride and firmness, so that in all probability there lay before her a life of suffering that was sad to contemplate.

It would seem that the tide of pain and sorrow that afflicted these two innocent women had reached its flood, but this was not so.

There yet remained in store for them ordeals that would try their courage and even the new bond of love that linked them together.

Singularly enough, two incidents happened on the same day that struck home to their hearts, and it actually seemed as though some unseen fate was moving on, bearing them with it and gradually widening the chasm that separated them from those they loved.

Though Roger Darrel had not yet made his appearance since the time of his separation from Carol, the widow knew he would soon come, and hence she was continually on the lookout for him. She had promised her child not to say anything to him, leaving the whole matter to her, and when she came to think about it she realized that it was best.

It came at last. The day was a lovely one, with the birds singing among the trees, and all nature looking beautiful. From the far southwest a bank of clouds was rising, and soon a change would come over all this landscape, for a storm was brewing.

Up the forest aisle came Roger, heading straight for the old mill. His face was pale and set, as though he had conquered in his battle, and yet none knew better than he how weak human nature was when the hour of temptation came.

The little lady saw him coming, and while she spoke to him pleasantly, her eyes were watching his face. She saw the traces of anguish there, such as never rested upon the countenance of guilt, and when he had gone to seek Carol, after her directions, she gave utterance to her thoughts aloud.

If that is the face of guilt, then my judgment of character is at fault. Place Roger Darrel before me and I should have declared him the most honorable of men, noble and generous. Yet how the man belies his looks. If all is true, then a greater villain never went unhung. May Heaven give my dear girl the strength to do what is right, no matter what the pain may be.

She had no idea of what was in store for her while thus thinking of her child, and yet a crisis in her own affairs was rapidly approaching.

Although she could not comprehend in full what the temptation would be, yet she knew Carol must suffer, and her heart went out to her poor child, upon whom Heaven had apparently frowned so early. Had it been possible, she would have liked so much to have been with Carol during this trial, but the girl would not hear of it, and the little lady's heart told her also that it was best not so.

There are some battles in this life of ours which must be fought alone, when the consciousness that all depends upon the unaided efforts of the one who fights nerves the arm much more than would the presence of the dearest friend.

That she should be nervous after Roger had left her was quite natural, for she imagined all that could possibly happen, and her mother heart was touched with sympathy.

Only those who have suffered for years can truly sympathize with the afflicted. In the midst of her tears, the lady was startled by a loud, authoritative rap upon the door, and, somewhat confused, she hastily dried her eyes, and answered the summons.

When she opened the door, she uttered a low, almost inaudible cry, and would have fallen but for the support her hold afforded her.

The curtain of fifteen years had been swept aside by the hand of fate, and those two, who had loved and parted in the past, were now brought together over the grave of their only child's hopes.

Face to face stood Lawrence Richmond and the wife whom he had not once seen since that bitter parting.

CHAPTER XIX. I WILL THROW YOUR LOVE FROM ME LIKE A TATTERED GLOVE!

Something within seemed to tell Carol that the meeting she had looked forward to with such aversion, and yet, at the same time, a strange eagerness, as though anxious to have it over with, was about to take place that day.

She could not have explained it, but in her heart she felt that, when the sun went down that day, it would have witnessed their parting forever, never again to meet, except as the most distant strangers.

When she left the mill, she wended her way slowly through the forest to a favorite spot of hers, and, reaching it, sat down at the base of a huge elm tree. It was the summit of quite an elevation, and the view on either hand was perfectly grand, embracing, as it did, so many vistas where opening occurred, through which the eye ranged far away to the river, to a still greater elevation.

Alone with her thoughts she was accustomed to seeking this spot, and it seemed as if her very surroundings gave her comfort, yet nothing could ease the terrible pain that tugged at her heart strings.

She held a book in her hand, but it did not occupy her attention, for her gaze was far away, and her mind evidently upon the one subject nearest her heart.

Thus she sat, when the eager eyes of an approaching man fell upon her, and the spectacle brought him to a sudden pause. There was that in her attitude that brought most vividly to his mind their first meeting, when she sat by the brook, with a copy of Tennyson in her lap, watching the gambols of a little dog; and, as he gazed, Roger stifled a groan of despair.

It was terrible to see his life look so dark before him, when he had fought against it so—terrible to have all his noble aims and purposes, together with his life's happiness, buried in one common grave by the evil deeds of one with whom he was not even connected, save by family ties.

Still he had already gone over all this field, and there could no good come of fighting the battle over again.

If Carol had decreed that, so long as Nora lived, they would be nothing but friends, he would keep his part of the compact manfully, and try to hide from her the fact that his great love was slowly, but surely, killing him.

Ah! little did the poor fellow suspect what evil influences had been at work since he had parted from the one he loved, or what a terrible reception he was about to receive.

Recovering himself, therefore, he strode forward.

His footsteps came to her ears. Once they had been wont to send the blood rushing to her face until neck, cheeks, forehead, and all were crowned with a woman's glory—the blush of innocent love—but now, alas, how sadly altered!

When she knew that it was Roger who was drawing near, her face whitened until it resembled the driven snow, while her pearly teeth seemed to penetrate the scarlet lips, and from those lapis lazuli eyes there gleamed a strong light, such as may be seen in the orbs of a poor, hunted deer brought to bay, and turning upon his hunters.

To be continued.

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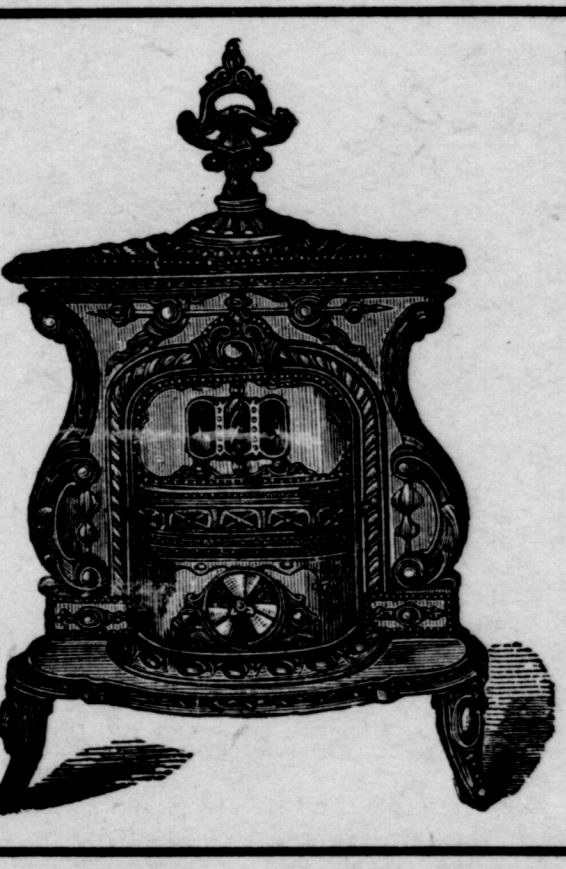
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