



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., Done and declared at the city of Saint John, N. B., October 11th, 1892. Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd. St. John, N. B.

rascal, ready to obey all orders without question. He had already been in the institution two days, and his soul was sickened by what he had seen. The doctor had hired him for a special purpose, and as yet he had not been required to indulge in any work though he accompanied the other keepers so as to familiarize himself with the inside arrangements of the asylum. One of the men complaining of feeling sick on this evening—the result of a powder which Jack had cunningly mixed with his supper—the latter had volunteered to visit the patients in his stead, and leave them the frugal repast that was intended to be their supper. Thus it was he entered the cell in which was confined the young girl. When Nora realized who it was that stood before her in disguise, and that love for her had been the subject to lead him on, she felt her heart fill with rapture. Oh, Jack, you have come to save me, to take me away from this terrible place. She had been brave before when she had to depend upon herself, but no sooner did she understand that her lover had come than this courage forsook her, and she clung to him as if in the greatest terror. He soon soothed her, however, and a few hasty words were exchanged. They could not say much, for the time was limited, and there might be danger of some one overhearing them, but Jack would her to be ready and expecting him at any minute. When he stood in the doorway before leaving, he called back the one encouraging word. Remember! He did not see the dark form that had come to a sudden halt down the passage and stepped into an alcove. It was Dr. Grim. Remember what that worthy muttered to himself as he watched the new keeper go on down the corridor, he came out of her cell too. Besides, it seemed to me I missed his usual accent in that word. Yes, I shall remember to keep a watch on your movements, Lanty O'Shane and if you trip up, so much the worse for you. Thus Jack was shadowed. The doctor who so shrewd a man to let the other keepers know that he suspected the new man, for his influence over them would be gone. Already they feared the bogus Lanty O'Shane, who could tell such terrible stories about himself, and seemed ready to back up the argument at any time, that he instinctively acknowledged in him a leader, and were ready to give him the allegiance inspired by fear. It chanced, however, that Jack was very circumspect in his actions. Perhaps he had caught the cunning eye of the doctor fastened upon him. At any rate, as time passed on the master of the mad-house found nothing to complain about in his actions, though he did not give up watching him entirely. Nora Warner now lived in an agony of suspense. She feared for the safety of her lover much more than she had done for herself. There were times when a fierce joy would sweep over her, as she realized how near he was to her, this noble man who loved her so well that he had taken sides with her against the one to whom she owed such a debt of hatred. She watched for him continually, and yet guarded well her feelings, for unless she was careful his betrayal might come through her, and should such be the case she would die of sorrow. Whatever plans Jack had formed, he had to be so careful in their carrying out that time passed by; but Nora, conscious of his strong presence, and the fact that he was risking all for her sake, felt her spirits buoyed up. Twice again had she suffered the terrible torture of the falling water upon her head. Heaven alone knows what the result might have been but for that one thought ever before her—the fact of Jack's presence under the same roof. On the second occasion she had fainted dead away, and when Jack came to visit her in the evening—he managed to have the keeper remain sick—he saw from her pale face that something was wrong. When he finally managed to force the story from her, he was filled with the great horror and indignation, and vowed that not another night should pass without his making an attempt to save her from this place of horrors. Fortunately for them they spoke low, for just outside crouched the mad-house doctor, and his keen ear was bent to the key-hole. He could only hear the murmur of voices, and was unable to distinguish aught that was said, but the very fact of his new keeper, the blood-thirsty fellow whom he had hired especially for any work of an extra severe nature, being engaged in a low conversation with Nora Warner, was enough to excite his suspicions. These were partially allayed upon hearing the curses honest Jack gave vent to when he learned what torture the woman he loved had already submitted to, though, of course, the doctor was not supposed to understand what it was brought oaths from the lips unused to swearing. Under the circumstances Jack could not be blamed very much, and, as he was aware of the fact that Dr. Grim was spying upon his movements even then, he would have made it particularly disagreeable for that worthy.

The mad-house doctor was a man far above the average in cunning, and, once his suspicions in regard to the mock keeper were aroused, he was like a tiger in the watch. He knew nothing, only that the man's actions seemed suspicious; he might be entirely innocent, and the doctor was not the one to scare away such a promising hand simply for want of a little watching. If he proved to be the spy suspected then the vengeance of the mad-house doctor would descend upon him like an avalanche, crushing him like a worm. Although Jack was not fully conscious of being watched, except on general principles, he was very careful in his actions, fearful lest all might be discovered at the last minute. The night fell. Gradually the noises of the house died away, for the doctor was severe in his rules, and if his most unruly patients persisted in making night hideous with their wild shrieks, he quickly discovered where their particular fear lay, and treated them to a dose of it until they learned to obey. Now and then, however, some poor wretch would break out into wild cries, as if Satan had in truth come after him, but it was the duty of the keeper to quiet these outbursts. Silence was never of long duration in that establishment, and the doctor had seen fit to have the walls deadened between the main part of the building and his private rooms, so that it did not annoy him to any extent. Jack entered the cell just after the hour of midnight, fully prepared for the venture. He found Nora Warner ready. She had been in a fever of impatience and anxiety, fearing lest some little thing which they had not counted on would occur to mar their well-laid plans. Even the presence of Jack, in her present trembling state was of much aid to her, for now that she had some one to lean upon she proved her womanly nature by letting her heart tremble, whereas, had she but herself to depend upon, she would have been firm as a rock. Their work was but begun. They must now manage to leave the mad-house and grounds, and to do this would require no little boldness and ingenuity. Jack had observed the way well and had even gained a couple of keys which would aid them in reaching the yard at least, though the great gate would still bar their way unless they could discover where the key was kept. Softly they glided from the cell and along the corridor. Suddenly the death-like silence was broken by a terrible shriek as some madman awoke from his awful dreams; so highly strung were her nerves that Nora could not but utter a cry. Out the mad-house they passed, and across the yard. The moon was shining and the trees cast gaunt shadows upon the white ground. They came to the gate, but a hurried search failed to disclose the key. What was to be done? Even while they stood there, irresolute a low, mocking laugh smote on their ears and, turning like a flash, they saw the mad-house doctor standing within a few yards of them, an even smile on his face. At almost the same instant the great bell in the tower clanged out its wild appeals of alarm. All was lost!

CHAPTER XXII.

"MY SIN HAS FOUND ME OUT." Strange things often come to pass in this queer world of ours, but never could anything happen more singular in its nature than the meeting, face to face, of Lawrence Richmond, the man of strong impulses and fierce passions, with the woman who had been his wife, and yet upon whom his eyes had never once fallen during the past fifteen years. Between those two, though they seemed separated by but a step, lay a chasm so deep that it would have been almost impossible to have crossed it. This was the pit time had dug and over which even love had not built a bridge. She knew him at once. His hair, when last she looked upon the lover of her youth, had been black as the raven's wing, while now it was white as the snow, but there was that upon his face—a look that never changed. That look of deadly anger that had been the last she had seen upon his face and it had all these years haunted her, so that when she looked upon the same expression now, the knowledge of who stood before her flashed like a meteor over her mind, causing her to reel at first, although she soon regained her self-possession. As for him, he had not the remotest suspicion of the truth as he stood there. That this kind-looking, elderly lady from whose life his hand had driven all happiness except what she drew from within, was his wife of the past—the one whom he had once loved with all the fire of his nature—was something that did not enter his mind just then, so that he had not a glimmer of the truth, and was all unprepared for what was to come. He was hot with anger. Having followed Roger Darrel in the direction of the haunted mill, he knew just where his child had been hidden away, and had hurried on as fast as possible. In common with others, Lawrence Richmond had heard of the widow who occupied the old mill, but he had never paid any attention to the gossip that was

circulated concerning her, and the fact that she never seemed to want for anything so long as money would buy it. He was enraged at the idea of his child being carried off in the audacious manner she had been, and then kept so close to home. In his anger, he forgot that Carol was of age, and that the law could not help him in the matter. When he found himself face to face with the mysterious widow, he saw with some satisfaction that she evidently seemed disturbed by his presence, and the fact gave him pleasure. He also saw her lips from his name, although the sound, if any issued from between them, was not audible to him. Yes, it is Lawrence Richmond, madame! At last I have found you out. By tracking that young imp of Satan I have struck the bower to which he carried her. Do not attempt to deny it madame; my child is here! he thundered. At first she had suspected that he had recognized her, but was immediately reassured on this point by his words. I shall not attempt to deceive you; Carol has been here. She is out for a walk now, but will be back soon, when you can see her if you wish. We have nothing to fear from you, Lawrence Richmond, for the girl is of age, and no longer subject to your authority. Go your way, or remain and see her if you will. He started at sound of her voice, as though memory had given him a stab, and yet just then he could not comprehend why he should act thus. His keen eyes seemed to search the face of the woman, but she was so utterly changed from the one he had loved, yet sent from him, that not the faintest glimmer of the truth penetrated his brain. To be continued.

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