

Fredericton Globe.

VOL. IV.

FREDERICTON, N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893.

No 22

New Advertisements



New Drug Store.

NEW GOODS.

I am now fully prepared for business, and invite the public to come and inspect my

Store. :-

MY STOCK OF

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fancy, Toilet and Miscellaneous Articles is complete,

And the Public will now find as Full and Varied Selection as in any Drug Store in the city.

I am carrying a very choice line of English, French and American Perfumes, also a beautiful line of FANCY SOAPS.

The choicest Brands of Havana Cigars. Cigarettes, Tobacco, Pipes etc.

Patronage Respectfully Solicited,

Alonzo Staples,

(Late of Davis, Staples & Co.)

2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLE'S BANK, - QUEEN STREET.

The 'Ladies Journal' for One year FREE to every subscription or renewal of subscription to this paper.

JUST OPENED!

A Large Stock of

:-: Roller Blinds,

BEST OAPQUE, Plain and Bordered.

—AT—

VERY LOW PRICES.

—OO—

W. T. H. Fenety

Queen Street, Opp Post Office.

Carol Richmond

— OR —

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE

—O—

Continued.

He had shut the door in order to keep out the dense volume of smoke until he was ready for the final plunge, and, after hastily wrapping several blankets about the precious form of the girl, who was clad only in a loose wrapper of her mothers that she had thrown about her when first swakened by the dense smoke, he opened the door.

What a terrible prospect!

The hall and stairway were still full of smoke, but he would no longer have to grope his way along either, for the ruddy flames, dancing and forking out their diabolical red tongues, as though in fiendish glee, lighted up both.

How was he ever going to run the gauntlet with that precious burden in his arms?

Was it possible to escape by the window? One glance in that direction told him that such a thing could hardly be accomplished, in fact, that it was impossible, for the fire was already glaring in through the glass with evil eyes.

Drawing in a long breath, and pressing Carol still closer to him, for he felt that by this baptism of fire she was given to him for all time and eternity, Roger dashed boldly into the flames and down the stairs.

Had he been alone he would have taken a flying leap to the bottom, and very probably have come out almost unscathed; but now his progress was much slower, and he received many a flash from the tongues of flame that darted out this way and that.

Heaven knows how he passed through that fiery ordeal! The consciousness that he held in his arms all that made life dear to him gave him additional courage and strength.

Several times he heard what he fancied were the voices of men, hoarse and loud, accompanied with rapid blows, but he knew not what to make of them, not being aware of the fact that two mortal souls were locked in a room near by, and almost suffocated by the smoke and fire.

The hand of God must have directed the heroic young man, for he reached the foot of the burning stairs in safety. Then nerving himself for the final act in the drama, he rushed through the barrier of flame and out into the clear air.

Loud cries greeted him as he staggered forward and placed his burden in the arms of Lawrence Richmond, blackened in face, and his garments burning in a score of places.

He heard a terrible roaring noise, as though the old mill had fallen in, and then he knew no more. The hero had swooned.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

Five minutes from the time that Roger dashed from the burning building, blind with smoke and burning wherever the flames had licked the flesh, the whole mill was tottering and threatening to fall.

It had yielded itself so completely to the demon of fire that it burned like tinder.

Just at this time a man staggered from the door, threw up his hands as a falling burning raft struck him, and dropped like a rock. No one dared go to his assistance, for the whole mill was about to topple over in that very direction.

Those who were looking, however, saw a second form emerge from the building. He stumbled over the Captain, stooped, and, raising the fallen man, bore him to a place of safety just as, with a mighty roar, the burning structure gave way, sending a myriad of sparks skyward as it crushed in like an eggshell.

Roger was not seriously hurt. True he bore upon his arms burns that would never be wholly lost, but they would be sacred scars, for they were received while he had in his arms the girl he loved. When he recovered his senses he found Carol bending over him, supreme love written on every lineament of her sweet face. He soft lips pressed kisses upon his wounded arms. Between those two no clouds could ever come again; they had been baptized in fire, and the bond was cemented forever.

His face and hair had escaped because he had been wise enough to cover them with a wet cloth, all but the eyes, and he had ducked his head when passing through the flames.

Presently he was able to arise, and then he found a group near by, bending over a form upon the ground. It was the Captain.

A strange fate had brought together all those whom he had wronged to see the arch-schemer die. Above him stood the Russian detective, scarred a little from contact with the flames, and yet still worth a dozen dead men; Lawrence Richmond, Jack, and the girl who had been the wife of the dying man as she believed—Nora Warner.

Knelling beside the Captain was the gypsy Barbara Merriles.

The two men, locked in the room and with the fire roaring around them, rendered desperate by their situation, had hurled themselves against the door, but the effort was useless, and they would undoubtedly have been burned alive but that the detective chanced to remember an ax that was lying in a small closet.

With this they assailed the door by turns, like two great Farnese Hercules, but it was almost too late for the smoke was filling the room, and when they did manage to smash the lock of the door it was only to find themselves face to face with huge billows of seething flames that swept up the stairs and licked up the woodwork.

The Captain rushed down first, and was just in time to receive the crushing blow from the rafter outside the building.

Thus did the vengeance of Heaven overtake the plotter, when that of man seemed almost without hope.

He lay there dying now—there could be no mistake about that—and his eyes wandered from one face to another, lighted up by the glare of the still burning remnants of the haunted mill.

When he saw Roger approach, supported by Carol's arm, something that was almost a smile came across the dying man's face, and he beckoned for them to draw still nearer.

Death has caught me, cousin, he hoarsely whispered as they bent over him. I have wronged many in my life, but now all is over and I go to pay the penalty. Is there one here who can say he or she will not forgive me? In the name of Heaven, do not refuse a dying man this request.

All were silent. No one denied him this, and although his voice grew weaker as he proceeded, his face lighted up strangely.

Nora, I see you have found happiness with that noble young man, and it is not so hard to forgive; nor can you cousin, now that all the clouds are cleared away, look upon this dying wretch with anger, Lawrence Richmond you will find the false paper I held over you on my person. It was a forgery, for you were innocent of the crime, though circumstances aided me in securing my power over you. Jack Avenal, I know you now. Your sister is at last avenged. As for you, Barbara poor girl, once I loved you better than aught else in my life. Had I let that love reign I would have been a better man, but I trampled it under foot, deceived you; and became worse than ever, but this I swear—once I really loved you:

The poor gypsy girl uttered a cry and hid her face in her hands, overmastered by emotion. Captain Grant was almost gone, but turning his eyes upon the detective, he gasped:

It will serve you just as well—you know it was—dead or alive. I can defy you—now.

He was dead!

Heaven was merciful to his soul, for he had never known what mercy was in this world, and there were more hearts than those present at the time of his death that were crying out for vengeance because of this civil man.

They buried him in the country church yard with the Darrels, though he ill-deserved this distinction, and tried to forget him.

Nora Warner went home with Carol, and they two became great friends. The latter was as happy as the day was long, and delighted to hear Nora tell of what a noble man Roger Darrel was.

Nora knew Lawrence Richmond of old, for they had met before. She was the daughter of a wealthy Virginian, and no poor obscure girl. He imagined that she had done him harm, but it all turned out that she had once, in her womanly indignation, upbraided him for his conduct toward his wife, the story of which she had heard.

Nora married Jack Avenal, whose sister had been one of the dead man's victims, which accounted for Jack's hatred and they have always been a happy couple. The past is shut out; they live in the present.

Roger and his wife know no wants. They are all in all to each other, and the old folks dandling the little grand-children on their knees, bless God for the light that has come to them after those long years of darkness.

Doctor Grim's establishment was eventually broken up by the authorities.

The detective obtained the reward offered by the Russian Government for hunting down the Man with the Black Glove, and was heard of no more.

One morning they found the gypsy girl dead on the grave of her lover who had repaid the wages of sin, and they buried her beside him in pity, dropping a tear for her sorrows.

THE END.



HENRY B. CUNNINGHAM, Belfast, Me.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.
Skoda's German Soap
and Skoda's Ointment,
Should Always Find a Place
in the Nursery!

SKODA DISCOVERY CO.:
GENTS:—We cannot be too grateful, for the benefit our little babe derived, from the use of SKODA'S REMEDIES. When less than 9 months old, his face broke out with a Terrible Eczema. The itching and burning caused him to scratch so much that his cheeks became raw, and bled considerably. He suffered extremely. We gave him 3 drop doses of the DISCOVERY internally, used the SOAP and OINTMENT externally, and in a few weeks he was perfectly cured, and is to-day a rugged, healthy boy.
Respectfully,
MR. & MRS. H. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Belfast, Me.

No REMEDIES in the world equal SKODA'S for Blood and Skin Diseases. Endorsed and used by Physicians, are they not worthy your trial?
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

A Wedding GIFT.

A COMPLETE STORY.

"I will have you! I will have you! I will! I will! I will!" I can see his dark face now as he looked when he spoke these words, as he remember noticing how pale his lips were as he hissed out through his clinched teeth: Although I had to fight with a hundred men for you, though I had to do murder for your sake, you should be mine. In spite of your love for him, in spite of your hate for me, in spite of all your struggles, your tears, your prayers, you shall be mine, only mine!

I had known Kenneth Moore ever since I was a little child. He had made love to me nearly as long. People spoke of us as sweethearts, and Kenneth was so persevering that when my mother died and I found myself without a relative, without a single friend that I really cared for, I did promise him that I would one day be his wife. But that had scarcely happened when Philip Rutley came into the village—and everybody knows I fell in love with him.

It seemed like Providence that brought Philip to me—just as I had given half consent to marry a man I had no love for and with whom I never could have been happy.

I had parted from Kenneth at the front gate, and he had gone off to his home crazy with delight because at last, I had given way.

It was Sunday evening late in November, very dark, very cold and very foggy. He had brought me home from church, and he kept me there at the gate, pierced through and through by the frost, and half choked by the stifling river mist, holding my hand in his own and refusing to leave me until I had promised to marry him.

Home was very lonely since mother died. The farm had gone quite wrong since we lost father. My near friends advised me to wed with Kenneth Moore, and all the village people looked upon it as a settled thing. It was horribly cold too, out there at the gate—and—that was how it came about that I consented.

I went into the house as miserable as Kenneth had gone away happy. The door was on the latch; I went in and flung it behind me with a petulant violence that made old Hagar, who was rheumatic and had stayed at home that evening on account of the fog, come out of the kitchen to see what was the matter.

It's settled at last, I cried, tearing off my bonnet and shawl: I'm to be Mrs. Kenneth Moore. Now are you satisfied?

It's best so—I'm sure it's much best so, exclaimed the old woman, but deary-me, how can I be satisfied if you don't be. Hagar offered condolence and supper, but I would partake of neither and I went up to bed at once, prepared to cry myself to sleep, as other girls would have done in the same plight as mine.

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