



Mrs. JENNIE GILPATRICK.

Suffered Seven Years with Constipation, Bowels Bloated, Feet and Ankles Swollen, Distress in Her Stomach.

Gentlemen, - For 7 years I suffered everything but death from Dyspepsia. I was constipated, my food disressed me, my bowels were bloated, and my feet and ankles were swollen. The distress in my stomach after eating was something terrible. Two doctors gave me up to die. This was my condition when I commenced to take Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup and to-day I am well; your Syrup has permanently cured me. Had I the power to herald to all the world the good qualities of your remedy, I would most gladly do so, as it has brought health and happiness to me. Yours most sincerely, Mrs. JENNIE GILPATRICK West Hollis, Me.

Carol Richmond

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.

There was not the least hesitation. With a low, exultant cry of "My mother!" Carol sprang forward and clasped her arms about the neck of the widow. The strange feelings she had experienced at sight of Mrs. Randall were all explained now, and could be accounted for on very natural grounds. They embraced with all the fervor of those who loved, though they had been parted so long that it was as if Carol had never seen her mother. Then they sat down to talk, first of the strange chain of fate that had led to this meeting, and then of the past. Carol heard her mother's story, as told in the simplest manner, and then she found no blame could be attached to her. That her father had been blinded by jealousy there could not be the least doubt in the world, and while in this state he could be no more held accountable for his actions than the man who was drunk. Of late Carol had begun to see her father in a new light that was not as agreeable as it might have been. Formerly she had loved him, and been petted by him as one would expect an only child to be, but all had changed on that day when he found her seated by the side of Roger Darrel in the forest. He had then shown what an ungovernable temper he possessed, and this had not improved since. Then had come his strange conduct in relation to her marriage with Captain Grant, who also had a hold upon him for some act done in the past. Last of all, she now heard of his contemptible conduct in the past, and her sympathy was wholly with her mother, whom she exonerated from all blame. True, some might have said she was indiscreet not knowing the circumstances of the case; but when her story was told, Carol saw that there was not the slightest possibility of her having done wrong, and had Lawrence Richmond given her a chance for explanation, instead of standing there and cursing her, he could not but have been convinced of her entire innocence. She possessed a singular, though strong nature, and, when subject to such a tirade of abuse, pride sealed her lips after that wild entreaty for him to examine into the matter before he cursed her. Suffering in silence, she would not let him know after that how cruelly he wounded her, and, as a consequence, they had parted to meet no more. This was in the South, and immediately after had come that terrible shock to Lawrence Richmond by which he lost three of his four children. He gave out among his Virginia friends, or at least it was naturally understood that he had lost his wife with the children. As time passed on and tempered the blow, he began to see it in another light, as a judgment from Heaven for his actions toward his wife. His stubborn spirit would not yield enough to permit him to make an investigation, even when little things came involuntarily to light that gave him to understand that she was innocent. Guilt hardens a man, and there cannot be found any one more stubborn and unforgiving than the one who knows he has made a great mistake and is in the wrong. The meeting was indeed such a singular one as imagination could never conceive.

These two had each looked on the other as dead for many years back, and to think of their meeting here and recognizing one another by means of the picture of him who should have been the connecting link between them, but who, instead was the source of misery and discord! It was wonderful almost beyond belief. The world would never again look so dreary to the lonely woman, and Carol had found one whom she could confide in, now that even her father had turned against her. The time passed quickly, and midnight had come almost before they were aware of it. They were still talking about the past and present, and even the future, when they were astonished by a knock at the door. Instantly all was alarm, for they could conjecture nothing else than that pursuit had been made by the enraged bridegroom and some of the wedding guests, and that they had finally come to the very place where the missing bride had been hidden away. The elder lady proved herself fully equal to the emergency. She sprang up and hastily placed a large crock over the candle. Then Carol felt hurried into a closet. A minute later she heard the widow boldly open the front door. Before doing so, the lady had armed herself with a pistol, for she knew not what desperate need there might be. The moon had arisen since the time of their arrival at the mill, being in her last quarter; and it was easy to see the figure of a young man standing outside. Well, sir, what is it you wish? demanded the widow with severity, and at the same time managing to show the weapon with which she was armed, without appearing to do so intentionally. The other seemed in nowise abashed, and but for the fact that the moon was at his back she might have seen the smile upon his face, as though he readily recognized the little device so extremely feminine. I seek Carol Richmond; but do not think I come from her father. I have no love for him in the first place, for he bitterly wronged my father; though my mother paid him back in full and made him curse her name. I am not what I seem. Will you tell Carol that Nora Warner is here, and would speak with her? Nora Warner! Surely, I should know that name; and are you her child? Will strange things never cease? Never mind what I am or what I know, but your mother was once a bosom friend of mine. How did you know Carol was here? That matters not at present. I know it; and I must see her upon matters of vital importance concerning her happiness. Since last I met her I have found out many things that will alter the whole of her life, and probably bring peace and happiness where wretched sorrow now lives. Do not keep me from her, I entreat you Madam. That fiend has set the hounds from the asylum on my back again and at any minute they may spring upon me. Then it would be too late, and she must suffer. There was wild entreaty in the tone of the girl, and although the reference to the asylum had startled the lady for a moment, she believed the other to be sincere, and turning, took several steps toward the closet in which Carol had been shut. At this juncture her ears were saluted with savage oaths and a cry of alarm from the disguised girl, followed by the sharp report of a pistol. Two brutal-looking men had sprang from the neighboring bushes upon her. They were keepers of the mad-house!

Carol, where is Carol? she huskily cried; I must see her before they take me away— Shut up! cried one of the keepers. A form clad in white came bounding out of the mill door. I am here, Nora Warner. What would you say to me? she asked, eagerly. I came to see you—to tell you that it was all—that he—Roger Dar—good—find out. My God! help me—I am choking—dying! In the name of Heaven take your hand from her throat, you wretch. Don't you see you are killing her? Help! help! and in her excitement Carol sprang at the keeper, seeking to release the one whom he was choking into insensibility. Keep back! he roared, thrusting her aside, and thank your lucky stars it ain't you we've come after. By this time Nora Warner had completely lost her senses, and lay like a log in the arms of the keeper. Both Carol and her mother were too much horrified to say a word more. Doctor Grim now advanced. He was one of your smooth-tongued villains—a scoundrel of the first water—and yet he was always pretending to be so tender-hearted that he often deceived those who did not know him. It was second nature with him, and while torturing the poor souls committed to his fiendish care, he was wont to apologize to them because the red hot iron was so cold, the end of the lash worn off a trifle, the thumb-screws aged, and all such cold-blooded attempts at ferocious wit. Patients confided to his care were never expected to see the outside world again. True, there were many mad persons under his roof, but it is extremely doubtful whether there was ever an insane person brought to him. Horrible as it may seem, the doctor had all sorts of terrible contrivances for making people mad, and very often nothing more was needed than shutting them in a dark dungeon, allowing cold water to fall on their heads, or tickling the bare soles of their feet an hour each day until the simple but barbarous torture caused the mind to collapse. This was the wretch who stood before the two women, and snavely begged their pardon for their having witnessed such a spectacle. My men have generally to deal with such desperate madmen that they dare not give one half a chance for fear of their lives. They know, also, that this woman is a desperate character. Perhaps they have gone a little too far, but better than that she should have been struck upon the head, that is the way we often have to deal with them. But Nora Warner is not mad. By what right do you drag her away from here? demanded Carol, recovering her voice when she found she had at least a polished scoundrel to deal with. The doctor laughed. You are no judge of that, Miss. Learned men have so decided. These insane creatures could often deceive the devil himself—begging your pardon. They have deceived me for fully three weeks at a time, but in the fourth, at the full of the moon, they proved themselves as mad as March hares. I would stake something that this one now has been gaining your sympathy by relating a long rignarorie about a cruel husband. There I can see by your face that it is the truth. She tells every one that, when in truth she has the best of husbands, who provides her a princely home and all the comforts of life. But I must tear myself away, ladies. There is my card. If ever you should wish a place of retirement for some poor demented relative who is better there than in the world, remember yours sincerely, Timothy Grim, M. D. He turned to his men, and gave them some hurried orders, upon which they picked up the senseless form of Nora Warner and strode away. The affable doctor lifted his hat to the ladies, and Carol responded by tearing his card in halves and hurling it from her, which was a plain way of showing her dislike of the doctor, who smiled in his grim way as he strode away muttering. Evidently the young beauty was not much smitten with the personal charms of Doctor Grim. I would give something to have her under my care for a few months. Had she known what the mad-house doctor was wishing just then, Carol Richmond would have shuddered. She and her mother went in again, and the door was barred. The young girl was lost again in a new whirl of amazement and nameless horror. Was Nora Warner really insane, as the doctor had said? Somehow or other she could not believe it, even though many things seemed to point that way. Even if Roger Darrel was ignorant of the cruel, heartless manner in which his wife was treated, would that lessen his responsibility any? He must surely have been aware of the nature of the place in which she had been put, and even a simple mind ought to be able to read the character of the villainous mad-house doctor. She thought on for hours. Neither of them seemed to think of rest, and it was near dawn when some noise in the unoccupied part of the ruined mill reached their ears. A few minutes later, while they stood listening, in dread suspense, and half suspecting that the insane asylum doctor had returned to bear them away to his den of infamy, so as to hide all evidence

of his iniquity, the widow drew Carol to the window. There, they would plainly see a man walking rapidly away from the mill. What had he been doing there? Once he turned and looked back, but they had no light in the room, and, besides, his attention seemed directed toward the main part of the old mill. Carol recognized Captain Grant, and her heart beat rapidly as she wondered whither he sought her. Whatever mysterious errand brought the duelist Captain to the mill at that strange hour, he had no idea how close he had been to his missing bride. CHAPTER XVI. THE DEAD WITNESS. Lawrence Richmond was thunderstruck when he saw Captain Grant walk into the room alone. Had he been given any chance to stake his belief to the others, he would have sworn that the soldier-duelist would come back no more; that his words of parting and promise to be with them again in a few minutes after he had convinced the foreign detective—if such the stranger was—of the mistake he had made were but empty braggadocio, and that in reality he was in power of a man who had hunted long for him, and would not be apt to have the wool pulled over his eyes by his game. Fancy the old man's consternation and amazement, therefore, when after a lapse of a short time, the adventurer coolly stepped through the open window leading out upon the veranda. To be continued.

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