

Groder's Syrup

Positively CURES DYSPEPSIA

Carol Richmond

— OR —

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE

— O: —

Continued.

His blazing eyes were fastened upon Jack, and it was evident that, like a panther, he was crouching in order to make a fatal leap.

Knowing the nature of the brute so well, the young man was well aware of the fact that the time for action had come, and that if he delayed now, all might indeed be lost.

Taking a keen aim, he fired. There was a sharp yelp, and as the little cloud of white smoke was swept away by the wind, the hound was seen writhing in the agonies of death.

The bullet had done its work. Again the hammer was raised, and just in time, for once more the bushes were parted, and the form of another dog sprang into view.

Like the first one, at sight of the foe he came to a sudden halt, and, crouching for a spring, gnashed his teeth in fury.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAVED!

That pause, short though it was, proved fatal to the terrible hound.

Again Jack's weapon sounded. His nerves were of steel, and nothing could have exceeded his coolness, for he realized all there was at stake.

When a few seconds later this little cloud of smoke was blown aside, it revealed the second hound lying across the body of the first, and yet a third terrible animal was in the act of flying through the bushes.

Once more the bloody tragedy had to be repeated, but this time, for some cause or other, he failed to deal out a death shot, and, wounded as the brute was, it made the leap.

Even while the animal was passing through midair the young man fired again, and when the animal struck it was within two feet of him.

That was enough. Flesh and blood could stand no more, and the terrible-looking animal sank bank even at his feet, dead.

Heaven help them if there were any more like this last, for he had but one charge left in the revolver, and if that failed to do its work he would have the horrid brute at his throat.

To his intense relief, all was silent save that some little distance away he could hear the excited voices of men, and knew from this that the pursuers were approaching.

Leaving the dead hounds where they lay, the two once more hastened on, Jack with his arm thrown protectingly around his companion. His love for her was of that deep, chivalrous nature that worships its object, and Nora, become wise through experience, could easily detect the difference between his love and the passion that had once been entertained for her by the man to whom she owed such a bitter score.

Love seeks to elevate the object upon which it is bestowed, while passion degrades.

As they passed rapidly on, all sounds from the rear died away.

Once they heard a chorus of savage cries, and knew that their pursuers had discovered the dead hounds, but after that all was wrapped in the most impenetrable silence.

They were safe! Again Nora's heart began to beat in its accustomed way, and she mentally thanked God for this almost miraculous escape.

There still remained before her the mission to which both Jack and she were ready to devote their lives, and after this terrible experience at the hands of Doctor Grim it may be readily imagined that they were even more earnest in their work than ever before.

If the men pursued them at all after finding the defunct hounds, they must have speedily realized the utter uselessness of that move, and no doubt they were assisted materially to that conclusion by the remembrance of the feat that Jack had just accomplished single-handed

and the consciousness that such a man would prove a bad enemy to tackle.

Jack and Nora Warner finally reached the house they had been aiming for. Here he had formed his arrangements before going to the asylum, and his gold had made staunch friends of the cottager and his old crone of a wife.

They were warmly welcomed, as soon as the old pair could get up and dress and Nora was given an extra room they chanced to have, while Jack, having reloaded the chambers of his revolver, laid down in the main room.

When morning came they partook of a hearty breakfast and then bade adieu to the old couple. Their hearts were now fired with a desire for vengeance, and Jack wished to see the fury of an outraged Heaven descend upon the man who stood between him and happiness—a veritable dog in the manger, as it were—the husband of Nora Warner.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE GAME IS UP."

When Roger Darrel tore himself away from the presence of the girl in whom his whole life was wrapped up, he did so in the most wretched state of mind imaginable for one who had even so lately looked forward to happiness.

It seemed to him as though the Heaven had opened to pour their wrath upon his poor head, and as he rushed away from the spot he held his hands convulsively to his temples, for to him it appeared as though his brain were on fire.

But for the fact that in his terrible misery he was deaf to all sounds, he might have heard the wail of keen despair that rang like a death knell from the lips of Carol Richmond.

Had he turned his head just then he would have seen her on her knees, stretching out her clasped hands after him imploringly, but he did not look. Heaven had not yet done.

When he had gone some little distance Roger came to a pause. His thoughts were in a perfect whirl, and he knew full well that unless he restored order out of this chaos, he was in danger of going insane; so he shut his teeth hard together and gradually collected his thoughts.

It was a bitter awakening for him; yes more bitter than death.

She in whom his whole being was wrapped up, and against whom he would never have believed the slightest whisper of reproach—this girl had accused him of the most terrible crimes in the calendar, and in a manner that told all too plainly that she had allowed her mind to dwell upon and believe them, instead of coming to him with the story in the beginning.

And that is woman's love, he said to himself, bitterly; the love that poets rave about; the love that will endure all things? Out upon it for something unreal; something that does not exist. As for me, give me the love of a good man as strong and steadfast as a rock, and as lasting as the hills. He must be daring indeed, who would venture to impeach the honor or integrity of the woman whom he loves. Compare her love and mine. At the bare mention of suspicions which I could have strangled with the greatest ease had she but come to me frankly with them, this girl finds her soul filled with horror; love dies from her heart, leaving it a graveyard, and to my face she tells me that she has found me out; that I am a wretch who has imprisoned his wife in a mad-house, and no longer worthy of her love.

How is it with me? I am not in a fit state to analyze my heart, but this much I know, and perhaps it will be to my sorrow also. In spite of this treatment from her hands, the treatment of a dog, than which I surely deserved better by reason of the service I have done her, if nothing else—in spite of the humiliation she has brought upon me, torturing my soul—in spite of everything, that has occurred, oh, my God, pity me, for I love her yet—I love her yet.

Something seemed to force this confession from his lips, a power which he could neither control nor analyze, and as the words I love her yet burst from him he covered his face with his hands, while his whole frame shook with the intensity of his emotion.

The love of this man was something for the common herd to emulate. In his heart the great powers, pride and love, battled with a force sufficient to wreck a common nature, but with him the battle was long and almost without any definite result, although pride to a certain degree

had trampled on an throttled love.

After a time he became calm, so calm, in fact, that it was easy to see he had worn himself out, and that this new state of affairs was but the natural reaction of the tempest that had well nigh overwhelmed him but a short time before.

It was while he was in this mood that he suddenly started, and then became as immovable as the tree against which he had been leaning, his eyes glued upon the figure of a man.

This was Captain Grant.

He was coming from the direction of the spot where Roger had left Carol—coming with a plain look of triumph upon his face that made a cold chill run through the other's frame to look upon. What did it mean?

Had he been more successful with his wooing this time? Roger gritted his teeth with anger, and yet remained motionless. Much cause as he had to hate Captain Grant, if he was to be Carol's accepted lover he would not lay a hand on him for the world.

So he stood there like a rock.

Had the soldier but turned his head, he could not have failed to see him standing there, with that look of pain upon his face, but he was evidently too much engrossed in his thoughts, and gave no heed to surrounding objects.

When Captain Grant was in front of him, and not over twenty feet away, Roger gave a sudden start, as though an arrow had pierced his heart, a strange look flashed over his face, and his eyes were glued upon the soldier with a new interest.

He had noticed a striking peculiarity in the walk of the other, a strange little limp which might not attract the attention of one in a hundred, and which on most occasions the Captain managed to conceal.

At the present time, however, his thoughts being far from the subject in hand, he unconsciously allowed himself to fall into the old habit, and this betrayed him.

Roger had only come face to face with the Captain on one or two occasions, and then he had been heated by anger and indignation, so that he failed to recognize anything familiar in the cool gleam of the soldier's eyes, or the malicious look that shot from them.

Had he been in his right mind, he would have had his suspicions excited at the start, which would have resulted in unmasking the scheming villain, but Providence, which had allowed things to go on from bad to worse, had now decided to draw in the net, let who would be caught in the meshes.

That little halt in his walk betrayed the Captain, just as trifles have many a time betrayed the most profound secrets.

Like a bolt of lightning there flashed through the mind of the young man who this impostor, this plotter, this arch-fiend was, and, at the bare thought of Carol marrying him, he shuddered.

Then anger came into his heart, the anger of an upright man who has been shamefully imposed upon himself, and has also seen one whom he loves deceived.

All this while Captain Grant had been walking slowly along, and had now reached a point almost directly in front of where Roger stood; still he did not see the motionless form that leaned against the tree.

He was wrapped up in his own thoughts and believing himself to be alone, he uttered his varying ideas aloud, chuckling the while in a manner that would have well become the arch villain in a drama.

There is no other way of looking at it; you are in luck my boy. The fates favor you bless them. She has quarreled with Roger and sent him from her, believing that he is a villain of the deepest dye, with half a dozen wives in the mad-house, and one in every country where he has traveled, while I innocent duck that I am, come in for the spoils. Oh, it is most glorious, most glorious, and, coming to a halt, the Captain gave vent to his suppressed emotions by kicking thoughtfully at some object on the ground.

Yes, he resumed, immediately, my plans are all working splendidly, and ere long I shall reap the harvest, which will consist of old Richmond's shekels. I have a twofold object in winning Carol—money and love. She is a sweet little girl, and my heart throbs painfully within its prison walls whenever I behold her; but I have made a fool of myself often enough before now among the fair sex, and on this occasion I intend to make sure that the nest is well lined.

I came very near the goal once, but for the infernal impudence of that fellow in carrying off my bride from under my nose; but I reckon he put his foot in it when he did that, for he has gained her hate, shouldering my iniquities, while I become a lamb in whom there is no guile. ha ha!

Well, let me see. What was I thinking about before? The first thing to do is to get Carol back to her father, which I think will be an easy matter now that she has quarreled with that meddler. Once there I do not fear the result, as my power over the old man will always keep him my abject slave. The fates are with me, and come what will, I have sworn that Carol Richmond shall be my bride, and all the powers of earth shall not prevent this.

Liar! Grant turned as if shot—turned with a startled face—turned to see Roger Darrel standing there, his eyes blazing, his face white with the fury that

that made his whole frame tremble.

Ah! it is you? Well what do you intend to do about it? he asked coolly.

Do! thundered the other, advancing and facing him; I mean to expose you, villain. Where have my eyes been that I knew you not? The game is up. Cast off your disguise, scoundrel, and face the man you have wronged. You would put your iniquities upon me, but I denounce them. You are my cousin Roger Darrel!

CHAPTER XXX.

HUNTED AND HAUNTED.

You are my cousin, Roger Darrel!

As those words fell from the lips of the young man, the one who had so long been known as Captain Grant started back, both amazed and alarmed.

Feeling safe in the disguise he had assumed, he had been ready to defy Roger in his teeth but the very fact that his identity had in some marvelous manner been discovered was a bad omen, and presaged disaster.

It was indeed a dramatic sight to see the positions of those two men, Roger with his body advanced, one hand raised threateningly, and his face full of the fires of indignation and anger, while the Captain started back, holding out his hands as though involuntarily warding off the other's attack, and his face full of consternation, not at the immediate prospect of exposure, but what might be in the near future.

Not for long did their position remain thus; both were too much worked up for that. The Captain found his tongue first. Well, said he, grating the words out between his teeth, you have said enough.

It would be foolish to deny the truth to you, for your eyes have read well. I am your cousin Roger Darrel, the man you hate with heart and soul. Come what will you do about it?

Just as I said before—expose, denounce you for the villain that you are. A light has been dawning upon me of late, and I see the clear sky once more. To you I owe all the suffering of my life. Not content with the past whereby you separated me so long from my father, you must needs come back and finish the work; but thank God! I have found you out.

Oh, would that I had the means of punishing you mentally here as I might bodily if I choose. Would I not wring tears of blood from you devil?—not for your action in the past but because of your persecution of the woman I love. Foul wretch! you who have ruined many an innocent life, than whom hell itself does not contain an embodiment of more wickedness, the vengeance of an outraged Heaven shall soon fall upon and crush you. Oh that I could open Heaven's flood-gates of wrath, and pour upon your sinful head at once all the judgments laid up in store for you. They would sink you deeper than if a millstone were hanged about your neck. Villain, you are unmasked; henceforward you are powerless to harm any one, and, sooner than you suspect, the iron hands of the law will close upon your throat with a death grip, and choke your accursed life out, even as I could do now.

In his excitement Roger took a step forward, as though about to carry his words into execution, his eyes blazing, his hands extended; and the other started back with a cry, his face almost growing black.

Back! back! or your death be upon your own head. I am always prepared for such madmen as you. A pistol flashed in the sunlight, and Roger, deeming discretion the better part of valor, and besides, having no real intention of doing the other bodily injury, came to a pause.

I see you are always ready for foes, and I cannot blame you, seeing the number of enemies you have made. Go your way, but remember we shall meet again, and when that time comes I shall be ready to expose your true character. Your downfall is near at hand, wretch, and all the powers of Satan, whom you serve, cannot save you. Angels will rejoice in your fall, and the spirits of your poor victims exult, while the fiends of Tophet will welcome you with open arms.

Cease or you will goad me to desperation, cried the other, his hand trembling, and his face changing to a marble whiteness as the intensity of his emotions drove the blood back to his heart. I hate you as man never hated man before. You have stood in my way all my life in everything I desired. What is to keep my finger from pressing the trigger now, and sending you to your long account? By all the powers of hades, the impulse to do this thing is strong within me. Are you prepared to die Roger Darrel?

He meant every word he uttered, but the other only laughed carelessly.

Put up your pistol man; you would not dare to use it. Shall I tell you why? Because your hand trembles, and you would fail to accomplish your end. Then I would spring upon you and with these hands rend you in pieces. You realize that I speak the truth; your arm falls at your side! Ha! you have met your master. Now fire if you dare, sir.

To be continued.

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