

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

have his gold! March 10th, 1893.

arm.

He comes! he comes!

hausted into a chair.

I-I have been watching you, sir.

That which I would fain believe untrue,

replied the girl, hautily; but, alas, I can-

heard!

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE Co., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

the lightest food caused me intense agony. of old Bullion's lips, his clenched teeth reaped the benefit of my selfishness; and, safe? to regain health. I thought that I would buy principal part in the terrible tragedy. it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred lowing results;

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child. I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concorning the above, for I firmly believe your remeiv will cure other sufferers as it has cured me. I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

She's your child! A Cavendish a trader this time I have indulged you-hay, is a disgrace ! He is in there, in the bank spoiled you; but from this time forward safe, on his knees by the box! Now, be- you must learn to obey me, as your falsefore he discovers the robbery! Ha that hearted mother did. Ay, that makes scream! No one could have heard it but you start-does it? False-hearted! What myself! Dead-murdered! but-but I if I did shoot a man when abroad? He provoked me to it, and your mother was Horrified at what she had heard. Caro- the cause. Ha, ha, ha! Your pride has

line withdrew her hand from the banker's gone now! But listen, We will come to terms. I never liked-in fact have always

Could this be merely the ravings of hated you! Each time I looked upon your some terrible dreams which imagination face, the terrible past has been dragged I am 72 years of age and have had had conjured up to terrify the old man? from its grave, and placed before me. Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed Or was there behind a dark history-was Still, my duty has made me keep you. numerous physicians and taken many patent the dream a fearful stage upon which the and I have been kind. That I have done medicines, but all were of no use in my case. ghost of the past once more played over this partly from necessity, and partly I began to grow worse. There was severe dis- some terrible drama which had once from a wish to stand well with the tress in my stomach; everything I ate, even been a reality? The convulsive working world, I do not deny. Still, you have it allow now. What about the bank

My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. and clasped hands, left little doubt that therefore, out of gratitude, and for your I was almost without hope when I saw a testi- the dream was caused by some bygone own sake, must keep my secret. I have monial in the newspaper stating what Groder's action of which the rich banker was at made up my mind that you shall wed Syrup had done for others. As a last effort least cognizant, if he had not played a Cyril Cavendish, and I will not be thwarted. One breath of mine, and I could Yes, he continued, after a pause; she blight your good name-one stroke of my went to St. John and brought me home a shall marry Cyril. She will then be pen, and I could make you penniloss, and bottle of your remedy. I used with the fol- righted and so will he. I have wealth in I am not the man to hesitate. I have set my safes, and-ah! he is there kneeling. my heart on your marrying Cyril Cav-

endish, and I will have my own way. With a yell of agony the old man, You have a firm will, sir, replied Carosprang from the couch and with out-line, but mine is equally so. Do you stretched hand and averted head seemed think that I will become a partner in waving off some terrible phantom. The your villainy?-a walking lie, to be ad-

perspiration burst out in large beads upon mitted by the world when my own heart his brow, his trembling limbs trembled tells me the truth? You best know, sir, if here?

with agitation, and at last he sank ex- such a life can bring happiness; but for my part, were it to bring the greatest

For some moments the old banker sat bliss, I would not live it. I emorrow I regazing fixedly before him, not noticing ject Cyril Cavendish.

his daughter who stood by the couch With a yell of fiend-liked rage Josiah petrified with horror at the sight she had Bullion sprang at Caroline, and the next witnessed. She could no longer doubt moment struck her to the ground, that her father had committed some fear-In an instant a strong hand was laid ful crime, for his agitation was too strong upon his shoulder, and Cyril Cavendish to be caused by mere imagination; be- hurled him to the other side of the room. Mr. Bullion, what is the meaning of sides this crime, committed years ago, might explain in some measure her this? exclaimed Cyril trembling with father's coldness toward her. passion. By Heavens, if you move one At last Josiah Bullion raised his head foot toward your daughter I will kill and beheid his daughter. His pale comvou! plexion changed to a sickly green, and it

CHAPTER III. When Josiah Bullion came to himself he found that he had been carried to a hospital, where he had been carefully at-

ed at the door. By the bedside stood the doctor and the nurse attentively watching him.

tended to; but, he saw a policeman seat-

What is the meaning of this? asked Bullion. Why have I been brought here? Take me to my own home.

Do not excite vourseif, Mr. Bullion, said the doctor. Have you forgotten the accident at the bank?

Bullion remained silent for a moment, and then, turning his heavy eyes to wards the doctor, said, Yes. I remember | quickly.

The skeleton that was found within it is firmly believed to be that of Cuthbert Cavendish.

Where is my daughter? She is now down-stairs. She has never eft here since you have been ill.

And Cyril?

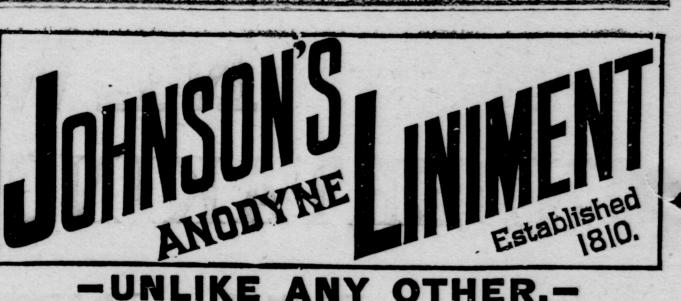
Remains with her.

The old man's eyes closed for a few seconds, and he breathed heavily, as if condition.

But, quickly recovering himself, he looked up, and, pointing to the policeman, asked, what is that man doing

Oh, never mind him, Mr. Bullion. Don't speak of that now. You are weak, and must be careful of your health.

Don't answer me in that way, sir, said the old banker, flushing up. I know I am dying, and now that man has charge of me. Look here, doctor, you and have known each other for many years now, and therefore I don't want to be deceived. Tell me instantly what chance of life I have and what has happened since I have been here.



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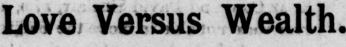
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BY ARTHUR PENRHYN.

(Continued.)

Great God! Gordon, what are you say. ing?

truth! I am telling you the truth. You cannot marry this girl, Cavendish; so take my advice-don't see her again. You have been too long in this place already. Go abroad. The change of scene will do you good, and you will soon forget Miss Bullion. I know very well that money has no effect on you, and therefore, can see how sad this parting must be to you. But it must be done, Cavendish; and so I ad vise you to do it at once.

cannot answer tonight Gordon. must see her again.

Nonsense! You will only embitter the parting.

Leave me, Gordon, for tonight. Tomorrow I shall have thought over what you say, and will decide. I know you have spoken out of kindness, but your words have only shown me how hopelessly I am in love. Heaven preserve me, for Heaven alone can!

Wrapping his cloak around him, Cyril Cavendish hurried down the road leaving his friend without even shaking his hand.

Poor fellow! said Gordon, he must be deeply in love with her; but the love must be cured. It would never do for a man of Cyril's family to marry with girl like Caroline Bullion, who has nothing but money. Well, we shall see what tomorrow brings forth.

Touch him not Cyril-touch him not! was with difficulty he could stagger to cried Caroline. He is not worthy that you should touch him. Oh Cyril, Cyril,

my heart! Do not stop here! Leave Caroline, what are you doing there? he me! The breath of this house is con-

tamnation. Ask me not questions. Watching me! screamed the old man, cannot-dare not-answer you. It is enough that you should know that I cansuddenly recovering from his fright. Has not be yours-must never see you more. it come to this, then, that I am to have and-

What is the meaning of this? cried spies in my own house? Speak, girl! who made you do this? No faltering, or, by Cyril. It is you Mr. Bullion who has caused this change. You think that I Father, exclaimed the young girl, in am unworthy of your daughter because I am poor. But I have enough to live on surprise, what is the meaning of this? No trifling, screamed the old man, but and Caroline shall be mine. I have not

tell me at once what you have seen or much to give her, and I bear a name as old and pure as any in England.

> Rash boy ! said Josiah. It is not I that USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, refuse you. but yonder self-willed girl,

not! Your dreams while sleeping might unto whom I had just administered a be false, but this behavior proves their lesson as you came it. I give you my

consent to take her away directly. I hate So, hussy, you have dared to listen to her. Not a farthing of my gold shall she

me! exclaimed the old man, pacing up have. I disown her. Take her-marry and down the room. And what did I her, if you will-but trust me, no good say? Did I tell you that I had made my will come of it. Now go-both of you ! Have you no fear of heaven's retribumoney by fraud?

No, exclaimed Caroline, her dark eyes tion, old man? said Cyril, sternly, as he drew the weeping Caroline to his breast, flashing; not by fraud, but by murder! at the same time folding her in his arms, 'Tis false ! cried the old man, passion-

ately-false, you ungrateful child. But to show that he would protect her. None, exclaimed Bullion with a fiendmark me, this behavior shall not go unish laugh-none! I have now lived punished. Cyril Cavendish leves you, and it is for me to decide whether you sixty years and more, but have failed to find that much talked of retribuion. shall wed him or no.

Even now I return to this house to tell Your pardon, it is for me to decide you of a great calamity that has befallen that question, and I have done so, ex-

claimed Caroline, proudly. Do you think you. The bank is on fire ! With a scream of horror, old Bullion that I would taint the name of the man I love? No; Cyril Cavendish can never be rushed from the room into the hall where more to me than a friend. I have no a crowd of servants were assembled to pride in family, and care not for long de- see how the master would take the news scent; but where they are reckoned they that Mr. Cyril brought.

Dashing through the crowd, Josiah flew must be respected. Cyril is proud of his family, and loves his good name more down the path that led to town, quickly than he does me-nay, I should love him followed by Cyril, who, having seen that less if it were not so. Think you that I the fainting Caroline was attended to, would cast one slur upon that which is so determined to follow and see the result of dear to him? No, Caroline Bullion, the the fire.

daughter of an honest trader, would have married a duke had she loved him, and hair blown about by the wind, and the married a duke had she loved him, and hair blown about by the wind, and the held her name as good as his proudest lurid glare of the fire shining on his face. ancestor; but Caroline Bullion, the dau-Here and there they came across ghter of Josiah Bullion, a-Oh, Heaven. crowds of people, who were, hurrying on I cannot say it! to the town to see Bullion & Co's bank on Overcome with her pent-up feelings, fire; but these people drew aside to let Caroline covered her face with her hands the old banker pass; and, though there and wept bitterly. was no sign or word of pity for the nard Ha, ha, ha, shouted old Bullion, in a grinding business man. yet the good fiendish manner. She won't sully his hearts of the people prevented them from insulting him in his misfortune. name-she is proud and haughty. Oh. if she but knew the truth. I could crush They reached the street, and at once your heart in a moment. I warn you to the banker rushed towards the fire. have a care, for I am a man who never Stand back, sir ! said one of the fireforgives. Hark ye, mistress, you are a men. You must not pass! beggar. You have not a sixpence in the I tell you I must! I am Mr. Bullion, world but what I choose to give you. the owner of the bank! I must go in ! Perhaps you think that because you are If you were the Emperor of Russia, I my daughter you have large claims upon couldn't let you, sir. the fortune that I have made by careful But I wish to save some things! industry? But supposing I should All's saved that can be saved, replied say you are not my child, that the fireman. Your cashier was on the found you in the gutter, and brought spot a few moments after the fire broke you up out of charity, what would you do out, so we saved most of the things, and then? now the rest must go. I would thank Heaven for having re-But there was a safe of which I alone lieved me from the fearful shadow that kept the key, cried the old man, a gleam Old Bullion was proud of his daughter. now hangs over me. I have not your love of exultation in his eyes. He delighted to see her richly dressed: of gold. To me honest poverty is no dis-And that safe has been broken open, and scarcely a month passed without his grace; whilst wealth gained by crime is said Fred Gordon, and inside was found but luxurious misery and gilded remorse. the skeleton of a man kneeling beside a If, as you hint, I am not your child, I will deed-box. leave you, and go forth from this house Great God! who could it be? said Bulmanner grew harder and his usually poor and penniless as you found me, lion trembling. piercing eyes were turned toward the thanking you for the kindness you have We found some letters in the coat, ground; and when Caroline kissed him done me, and praying Heaven may forwhich proved it to be the remains of she noticed that his lips were cold and give the crime you have committed. Cuthbert Cavendish. Crime? What crime? shouted Josiah With a wild cry of despair, Josiah Bul-Bullion. I tell you, girl, to have a care. lion fell forward, his head striking Your money-mine, must be mine! He You are my child and I have authority against the fire-engine, and he sank upon loves her-he whom I have robbed! over you. Do_not interrupt me. Up to the ground, covered with blood.

In the first place, as regards your health, must freely confess to you that I do not think you will last the night-certainly

you will not much longer. Now, with regard to the policeman, I see you know as much as I do. The body found in the

safe has proven to be that of Cuthbert Cavendish; and from the position in which the body was found, as well as the papers which were discovered in the

chest, has made suspicion point to you,

I see it all. I am arrested on the charge of murder. Rightfully so, for I did cause the death of Cuthbert Cavendish. Send instantly for Caroline, Mr. Cyril Cavendish, and a magistrate, as I wish to make

my confession. To be continued.

99 out of 100

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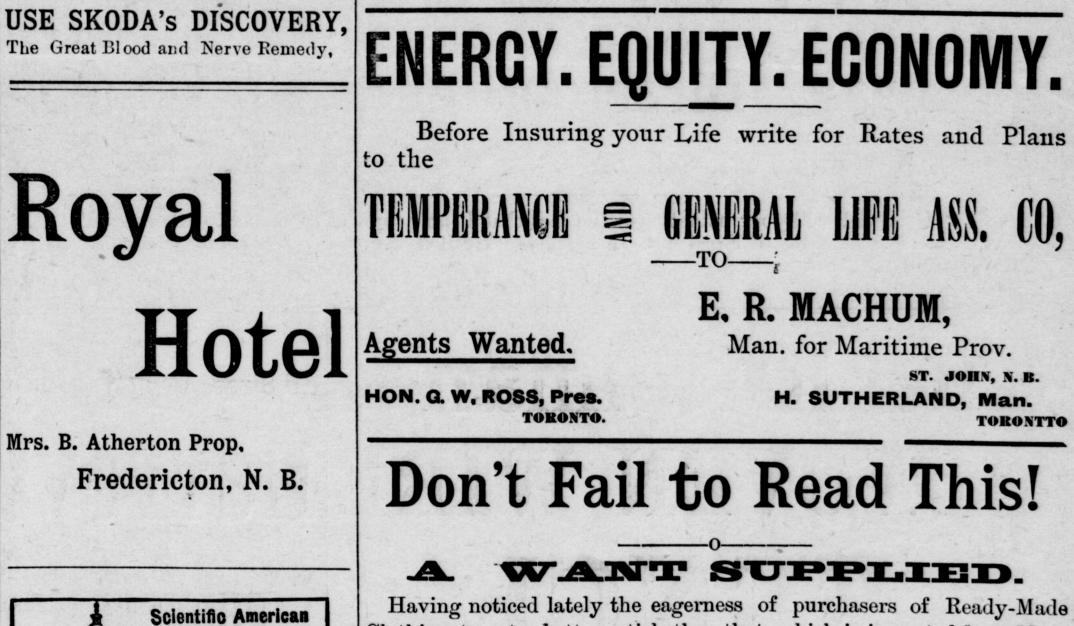
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CHAPTER II.

When the guests had departed from Bullion Lodge, Mr. Bullion threw himself wearily on a couch, and closing his eyes fell into an uneasy slumber. Clasping his hands he rolled restlessly from side to side, now and then muttering disconnected sentences now sighing as in pain, and now clinching his teeth, as though engaged in some deadly struggle.

Drawing an ottoman close to the couch Caroline seated herself by her father's side, and watched in wonder his uneasy slumber.

No great love existed between Caroline and her father. He had always treated her kindly, and had lavished his wealth upon her in a most gorgeous way; but all this was done in such a cold manner that the beauty of the presents had gone, and father and daughter remained still more like polite acquaintances than near relations.

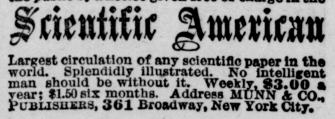
adding some expensive jewel to her already queen-like collection.

But even as he made the present his that his hands trembled.

'Tis false! groaned the sleeping man.



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