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**THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.**  
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**Carol Richmond**  
— OR —  
**THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.**  
—:—  
Continued.

The shadow of a terrible crime hung over the old mill, and most people in the neighborhood avoided it especially after nightfall. All the money in the vaults of the Treasury could hardly have tempted one of the negroes on Richmond Terrace or Darrel Chase to have willingly gone to the haunted mill when darkness had descended upon the land.

What this crime was does not enter into our story, so far as particulars are concerned, but let it suffice to say that the mad miller murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy, and also the man who was working for him, whom he suspected—whether rightly or not was never fully proven—of being his wife's lover, ending the terrible tragedy in a fitting manner by taking his own life.

The children of this unhappy couple had been taken in charge by relatives, who tried to rent out the mill, but the effort was in vain, for all united in declaring it was haunted, and that in the middle of the night they would be aroused by a terrible din, which invariably resolved itself into one set conclusion.

They declared they heard the mad miller chasing his wife and hired man from room to room, cursing and reviling, while they prayed and pleaded their innocence with him. Then would come the sound of heavy blows with a knife, one for each person, heavy falls, terrible groans, and silence would ensue.

There were some who shook their heads wisely, and made sage remarks about vivid imaginations, wind blowing through strange knot-holes, and the like, but it might have been noticed, singularly enough, that these self-same wisecracks were the very last ones to ever volunteer to spend a night in the old mill.

For some years back it had been inhabited by a woman who called herself Mrs. Randall, and it was assumed that she was a widow. She was quiet and troubled no one, and always seemed to have enough money to keep herself in existence and aid those poorer than herself.

Sometimes she did a little sewing, and very often nursed the sick, but for this latter service she would take no pay.

The negro doctor of the neighborhood, a black upon Richmond's plantation, tried to make out that she was a witch, because her simple decoctions of common herbs proved efficacious when his weird incantations proved of no avail, but he was not believed. The blacks looked upon her with reverence, while the gentry at least bore her no ill-will, though they knew from their vagaries—knew that she was a woman with a history.

Carol was warmly received.

She sank wearily into a chair, and then gazed about her with a trifling show of interest, while the woman went to prepare a room.

Somewhat the young girl had thought Mrs. Randall's eyes had rested upon her in a most singular manner, and yet to her knowledge she had never seen the lady before.

That she was a lady despite her poor surroundings was plain to be seen. Her hair had once been black, but was now a silver gray, and brushed smoothly away from a forehead that was white as snow, though furrowed by the cares of years.

The room in which Roger and Carol were left was scantily furnished, and what articles there were showed signs of age, having no doubt once been the property of the mad miller.

Upon one wall was a picture in a small frame, with its face turned away. Several other pictures there were, but none had been treated in this way.

She saw Roger standing near her, his eyes glued upon her form as though he was drinking in all her comparison in her wedding dress of white silk, but somehow her mind wandered back again to the picture on the wall, and with one bright smile at her lover, she again let her eyes fall upon it.

Curiosity in itself is strong enough in

any one but it was some greater power than that that urged Carol to walk over to the picture that hung with its face to the wall. It seemed as though some invisible power had hold of her hand and was leading her on.

She turned the little picture, gave one glance, and then, with a cry of dismay and astonishment, let it fall back in its old position.

She had gazed upon the face of her father!

**CHAPTER XIII.**  
"THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE GOES OUT WITH HIM."

What did it mean?

This was the question that kept ringing its changes through her brain as she stood there before that mysterious picture.

The face was that of a man in the prime of life, evidently between thirty-five and forty, and so different was it from the Lawrence Richmond of the present that she might not have recognized it had not she seen a copy of the same picture upon the wall at home.

What mystery was this?

By what right did this lone woman, who came from no one knew where, have her father's picture upon the wall?

Was the fact of its face being turned in to be considered an insult, or what? Her blood began to leap through her veins like molten lava, but she was suddenly aroused from this state of stupefaction that had come over her, spite of the manner in which her blood was boiling, by the voice of Roger.

Carol!

A simple pronunciation of her name, but there was that in the tone that caused her heart to seemingly stand still.

She slowly turned.

Roger had only obtained a glimpse of the face that was inclosed in the gold frame and turned to the wall, and he had not recognized it, of course. His mind, too, was upon other things, and he paid little heed to the emotion of the young girl save as it referred to him.

Carol read much in the manner of his pronouncing her name. It had always sounded like music from his lips, for love made him speak it as no other could; but now, besides reverence, she could read passion but half suppressed, wild en- treaty, and fadless, deathless love in his voice.

Gone were all other thoughts.

She knew that perhaps the greatest trial of her life was before her, and she took a long, deep breath, as if she could draw in with it inspiration and courage to do that which reason told her was right, even while her heart cried out against its bitterness.

He came a step closer to her.

His arms were held out, his pleading eyes fixed upon her own with a glance that was almost fascination.

How she longed to throw herself into those arms and be forever at rest; but she knew full well guilt would never let her rest, and, with a heroic worth of the olden martyrs, she stilled her throbbing heart as best she could, and held back.

The temptation had just then been almost beyond her endurance, but she had triumphed, and from this time on the victory was in her hands.

What did she believe of him, standing there and looking him in the eyes?

The story of Nora Warner, as told by that unfortunate girl herself, must have flashed into her mind like lightning, but, with her eyes upon Roger Darrel's handsome, honest face, she was as sure that he could do no wrong to any one will- fully as that she drew breath.

That Nora Warner was his wretched wife she understood too well, for he had not himself acknowledged the stain upon his name? But that he had acted the part of a villain toward her Carol could never believe.

Ever since hearing what Barbara Mer- riles had said, she had deemed him innocent of any wrong, such was her love and trust, and this it was that made her believe in him through all.

They had called Nora Warner mad. Why should she not, therefore, imagine even more wonderful and more terrible things than those she had told to Carol?

She had seen demented people before, and knew their vagaries—knew that oft- times they cursed the hand that cared for them, and reviled the one who loved and cherished them since childhood, as if she had been a devil on earth instead of an angel.

Wonderful, is it not, what things dart through the mind in a few seconds of time?

Roger could bear the silence no longer.

When he spoke his voice vibrated with emotion, which he tried in vain to suppress.

Carol, my own love, for the last time I come to you, a suppliant. Pride has given way before the love that floods my soul, and, unable to restrain the words that rush to my lips, I speak on, it may be, to my doom. You may hate me for thus tempting you, but God knows I do not look at it in the same light you do. The shame of the past is buried in the mad-house. Why should this woman come between us?

Listen to me, dear Carol, I told you once you were my first love, and I tell you the same now. No matter what happens in the future; believe that, and also, that I shall be faithful to you until death takes me hence. Oh, my poor darling, why were you cursed with a love like mine, that seems to blight where it falls; and yet God is my witness that if I could serve you by having my poor body tor- tured, willingly would I undergo the in- diction. You believe me, do you not believe?

You know I do, Roger. You know that my heart is wholly yours, and ever will be, but once again I tell you what you ask can never be. There rests between us a barrier as deep and unfathomable as the abyss through which the river passes on its way to the sea—a barrier as high as the noblest peaks of the Blue Ridge, and over which even love as powerful as ours cannot reach. My heart is breaking, Roger, but better that it should do so with love than shame and disgrace.

Shame and disgrace, he muttered, re- peating her words almost unconsciously, and with a vague look upon his face.

Forgive me for saying it, dear, but I cannot ever be your wife while Nora Warner lives. Her death can wipe out the shame, nothing else. Until then we can be nothing to each other.

A light leaped into his face that was most wonderful to see. It seemed trans- figured, and the sadness of woe unutter- able gave way to the brightness of hope and joy.

Carol, he said, huskily, would you be my wife if Nora Warner were dead, so that her name would be all that was left of her? Would that, indeed, wipe out the disgrace that has fallen upon the name in your eyes?

To both of your questions I have but one answer—yea! Heaven knows how willingly I would join my lot with yours, to be with you always, in sickness or in health; but while Nora Warner lives it is impossible. Give up all thoughts of such happiness, dear Roger, for it is beyond reach.

She pitied him the more since she had seen that glad light leap into his eyes, for she felt sure that he was building up false hopes.

Not so far as you imagine my darling. Even now it seems to me the skies are growing brighter, he said, drawing forth a letter.

What do you mean, Roger?

Nora Warner is dead! he replied slowly.

The girl gave a start and an exclamation fell from her lips.

Impossible! she cried.

Not so, dearest. Read that letter, and will see that what I have told you was the truth. Nora Warner poor girl, has found rest. The letter was delayed in finding its destination, and some kind fate directed it into my hands. Read.

This was what she read in the great, coarse scrawl of a man who had been a scholar once, perhaps, but never a good penman:

**MR. ROGER DARREL:**  
Sir—The young woman whom you committed to my care, Nora Warner, made her escape from the asylum a week since and drowned herself in the river. We have this day succeeded in finding the body, which, though badly mutilated by the fishes, has been identified by articles of clothing as that of your un- fortunate wife. It shall wait for you two days, and at the termination of that period, should you not come, I will have the body interred. With deepest sym- pathy for your great loss, I subscribe my- self, your humble servant,

**TIMOTHY GRIM, M. D.**  
Elysium House on the Potomac.

She read this through and then handed it back to him with a look of pain on her face.

This Timothy Grim, M. D., may on ordinary occasions be a keen man, but fate has made a football with him, or else this letter has been purposely de- layed so that any deception he may have intended could be carried out. One thing is sure: Nora Warner was in the flesh for days after this letter was written. I have seen and conversed with her, face to face.

Alive and here! What can she want poor girl; but why need I ask? If that be so, then all is gloom again where I had caught a glimpse of dawn, and the dark- ness will be all the darker and the pain bitter because of it. Oh Carol, am I to go from you forever? Something seems to tell me that if we part now it will be never to meet again.

Have you ever sounded the depth of that terrible word? Think of the days weeks, months, years that must pass, and yet I will remain but a sad memory in your mind. I am brave, and have faced the cannon's mouth without flinch- ing, but there are times when it seems to me I dare not face the great future, stretching out before me without you beside me. I have led a lonely life in the past and yet never have I willingly wronged man or woman. My heart has often ached for its mate and in you it found rest. One word from you will decide all, and may God give you wisdom to decide and me strength to bear. Tell me, be- lieved, is it life or death; shall I stay—or go?

He had caught her in his arms now, and she could not have resisted even had such been her desire.

His eyes were glued on her face, full of the passionate fire of the absorbing love that possessed his soul, and she trem- bled under the look, knowing her weak- ness now that love had such a power over her heart; but she summoned up her courage and resolutely shut out the al- turing scene that came before her.

That was a period, brief in regard to the seconds composing it, but seemingly hours in duration when there was taken into calculation the intense anguish that wrung their hearts and minds.

Roger, there is but one answer. Love commands my life, but it can never cause me to forget that I am a Richmond. As the dearest friend I have on earth, I look to you, but more than that you cannot, must not be, while she lives. My answer is—Heaven help us both—go!

He nerved himself to meet it like a man, but it was a terrible blow.

Carol, it may be you are right, though I am too blinded by love and sorrow to comprehend it. In the future I shall be to you a friend in time of need. I shall come and see you here, but never again as your lover. Then, if there is any re- lative to whom you would like to go, I will take you there. I hear Mrs. Randall coming. Trust in her for she is a true friend. And now farewell my love, my life. Farewell, farewell.

Panting, she struggled from his fierce embrace. He stood there looking at her while he grew calm and ice cold. Then turning, he took his hat and left the old mill.

She sank back with clasped hands and tearful eyes.

Give me strength, oh Father in Heaven for the light of my life goes out with him!

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
"HE IS MY FATHER!"

When Mrs. Randall entered the room, the mind of the young girl leaped again to the mystery that had engrossed if before Roger Darrel made his appeal for life and love—her father's picture turned with its face to the wall.

What was there in the hidden past of this still handsome woman that connected her with Lawrence Richmond?

The widow had not even heard Carol's name from Roger, he having only stated the bare facts, and she had consented at once to aid him, her soul recognizing the injustice of such a forced marriage.

Carol possessed a part of her father's determined character, and she did not long beat about the bush. Though her question apparently startled the widow there crept a shadow of pain into her face and her voice trembled as she said:

People often turn to the wall the pic- tures of those dead. He is dead to me.

Was he a great friend then? asked Carol breathlessly, her eyes glued upon Mrs. Randall's face.

He was more than that child. Ah! It is a sad thing to have the one you love best upon earth turn upon you and revile you—to wrongfully accuse you of that at which your heart recoils in horror; to send you from him as he would a leper, and at one fell sweep wipe out the happy past. Pray Heaven you and Roger may never reach that point where you must part and forget.

Ah! little did the widow suspect that he had already passed that Rubicon—that their young hearts had been wrung with a pain such as seldom falls to the lot of few upon earth to experience.

I love him, continued the widow, in a low, sad tone, as man was never loved. I have loved him so truly that I have forgiven the great wrong he did me, through my pride would never allow me to seek his presence again. Upon the dear graves in the sunny South I have shed bitter tears, but when I think how I shall meet them above, where the truth will be made known, and my heart shown to be as spotless as the marble shaft that marks their grave, I take hope again.

It was at this point that the first gleam of light that was soon to overwhelm Carol, came into her mind. She could only sit there with all her senses strained, drinking in the sweet voice of the widow and await the coming shock.

Trouble and sorrow have been my lot. Ah! I never thought I should survive that dreadful night, and many a time since I have looked back to shudder and feel my heart grow cold with the horror that took possession of it. The proof seemed dam- nable in his eyes, and he turned a deaf ear to my pleadings—my wows—and cursed me; but for that I have forgiven him, for I was innocent.

His curse went home. God punished him, oh, how terribly, and yet the same time I had to suffer with him, for were they not my darlings? Not one was left; he alone remained to curse the blight that had fallen upon his home—the desolation that had robbed him even as he had robbed me.

Why do I tell you this, child? I hardly know, for I have never spoken of it to a single soul, but there is something in your face—your eyes—that makes me talk of the old happiness, the old pain, and I feel better for relieving my weary, over-burdened, pain-racked heart. I told you I loved him so well in spite of all that I forgave him, but once my heart came very near rebelling, and I could have cursed when I heard how my dear ones died, but peace from Heaven came into my heart, and I forgave him even that. I have lived here for months, and yet not once have I set eyes on him, or even heard his name mentioned by those whom I am occasionally brought into contact with. I know not whether peace will ever join us again, but I am willing to wait and leave it all in His hands.

All this while Carol had been utterly unable to speak a word, but now she re- covered her breath.

In Heaven's name, who are you, and what relation do you bear to Lawrence Richmond? she gasped, her lapis lazuli eyes all aflame with eager expectancy.

I was told afterwards that the courts had made us strangers, but for eight years he called me by that dearest name on earth—wife. I am nothing to him now save the wretched woman from whom he was divorced, and who loves him still in spite of her wrongs; but why do you ask? Hal your face is white, and your hands tremble. You advance toward me—you hold out your arms. No; it must be a dream. For they all sleep under the magnolias. Girl with the eyes and face of my dear Carol, what relation does this man bear to you? and she tore down the hidden picture, holding in front of Carol's face.

He is—my—father!

In all her life Carol Richmond had never seen such an expression of wild, ungovernable joy as swept over the fea- tures of Mrs. Randall when she uttered those four words, so simple, and yet con- taining a wonderful amount of knowledge to the poor lady:

He is my father!

First of all she could trace amazement and incredulity on the face of the widow, but this quickly gave way to other feel- ings as her mind began to comprehend the true state of affairs.

Then a cry broke from her lips—a cry so full of delirious joy that it pierced Carol's heart—and she realized then what was the relationship between them.

My child! my child! Oh how could they be so cruel as to tell me all had died. I see it now! He would not let me have even one little grain of comfort and hope, but must doom me to complete despair. But the Comforter came—he could not keep Him away—and I found peace. You have looked on your mother as dead, and few there are who know different, but she stands before you now, Carol, seeking your pity—you love. Will you come to me, or have you learned to hate the mother that bore you? Speak to me, my child; my heart trembles in anticipation. Heaven help me.

To be continued.

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