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Carol
Richmond

— OR —
THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.

Continued.

This harsh feeling quickly passed away
however, and his heart bled for his love.
How he yearned to take her in his arms,
kissing away the tears, cheer her spirits.
What a terrible fate it was that fettered
them so, and kept apart two souls that
lived but for each other.

He also learned, with great surprise
and anger, of the plans that were being
perfected for the speedy marriage of Carol.

Both the Captain and Lawrence Rich-
mond would have been amazed could
they have learned how much of their
mutual understanding was known. Roger
was quite well aware of the fact that the
soldier duelist possessed a secret which
he held over the head of Carol's father,
and that this same secret was to be the
"open sesame" to the old gentleman's
treasures.

He knew that Carol hated this Captain
Grant, whoever he might be, and he
became firmly resolved that, if it must
be the last act of his life, he would pre-
vent the unholy marriage. Since words
would be of no avail, he was ready to
proceed to still stronger measures.

He remembered the story of young
Lochinvar, who carried off his bride just
when she was about to be married to
another, and yet the cases were far from
being parallel, for in this instance there
was a barrier between them, and, even
though he saved Carol from such a fate,
it would not bring them any closer to-
gether.

Meanwhile preparations were going on
at the Terrace for the wedding of Captain
Grant and Carol. The young girl was
not spirit enough just then to resist.
Her faith in Roger was not gone, but it
had received a terrible shock, and this
rendered her quiescent with the numb
pain that filled her heart.

Although unable herself to alter the
plans of the two men a particle, there
rested deep down in her heart a hope,
the composite quality of which she her-
self could neither analyze nor even un-
derstand, and yet it seemed that she looked
for help from some quarter.

The preparations for the wedding were
not of a most magnificent nature, for it
was the Captain's wish that the ceremony
should be quiet, and witnessed by only a
few personal friends of the family.

What was his object in this, he, the
man so full of display and love of ostenta-
tion, they could not comprehend; but
Lawrence Richmond suspected that he
was afraid some one who had known him
in the past, and whom he was afraid to
see, might learn of his whereabouts.

Filled with this idea the Virginian
made haste to have an announcement of
the coming marriage in several different
papers of Washington and Richmond.

With rare cunning he also contrived to
have a little item go the rounds of the
press in reference to a vow the soldier
had made years before, to always wear
his left hand covered by a black kid
glove.

If that doesn't bring the Philistines
down upon him, then all is lost.

So said the master of the Terrace to
himself, as he read some of the notices
that were in the papers, and then care-
fully hid the sheets away for fear lest the
Captain should alight upon them.

The trap was laid.

Would it work?

At last came the eventful day, and
Dame Nature could never have made a
more glorious one, for the sun shone from
a cloudless sky, cool, delicious breezes
blew, and everything looked bright and
beautiful.

The Captain regarded it all as a favor-
able augury, little suspecting how the
clouds were hanging low in his horizon,
only waiting for the proper time to ad-
vance, with thunder and lightning, and
engulf him in their shady darkness.

Between Roger and the servant, And-
rew, a conspiracy had been formed, and
the plot was no insignificant one either.

When Carol assumed her bridal robes,
she looked too sweet and sad for mortal
eyes, and even the heart of the fierce old
man throbbled with a half-pity, when she
directed a look at him, as if in mute en-
treedy.

He had hoped against hope, and now
only anger and despair reigned in his
heart. There was no chance of rescue
left now, it seemed to him, and the sacri-
fice must go on though it cut him to the
heart to see his darling child wedded to
such a desperate villain as he knew the
Captain to be.

The minister who was to perform the
ceremony was a particular friend of
Captain Grant's and having been already
primed by several glasses of hot punch,
he would not have hesitated about uniting
a man in the holy bonds of wedlock to
his mother-in-law or own aunt.

Being in the condition now that seemed
necessary for his business, no scruples
would ever prevent him from accomplish-
ing the desired end and it could be set
down as a fact that he would do his part
of the work at any rate.

From the open window, a pair of keen
eyes watched all that was transpiring.

Though many years indeed had passed
away since he had set eyes on the interior
of the terrace. Roger did not seem to
forget certain things about the mansion
with which he had been familiar at that
time, and, from among the vines outside
the little balcony, he could observe with-
out being himself seen.

Not twenty yards away, the swiftest
horse in all the surrounding country was
in waiting, hidden by the trees.

Roger Darrel's was not the only form
that crouched at a window and looked on,
for a man, dressed in black, and with a
certain foreign air about him, was at
one of these opening upon the piazza, and
his eyes were glued upon Captain Grant
with a cold gleam in them, while from
his mistletoe lips fell the words:

At last I have run him down!

The ceremony commenced.
It was destined never to go through,
and yet not through the mysterious
foreigner, who appeared to have such an
attachment for the soldier-duelist, came
any interruption.

From the easy attitude he had assumed,
it was easy to see that he intended
watching it through.

One wife more cannot hurt the rogue,
for he has already had at least ten, so far
as his knowledge of him goes. As for
the girl, she loves him not, and it will
only please her to learn that she is not
his wife. The Count plays his cards well,
but that branded hand and black glove
have betrayed him.

In the midst of the ceremony, however,
quite an unlooked-for event occurred.

Both at Richmond Terrace and Darrel
Chace there were machines for manufac-
turing gas, such as is the general custom
among the wealthy planters of the South-
ern states, and the whole supply was
furnished by a single pipe.

While the minister was just propound-
ing to Carol the solemn question as to
whether she would "take this man to be
your lawfully wedded husband," the
answer to which would not have been
regarded with much anxiety, even if it
had been a flat refusal, sudden and com-
plete darkness came upon the whole
house, every gas-jet being extinguished
on the instant.

The effect can be imagined.
Consternation filled the minds of almost
every one, and the few guests present
were alarmed, not knowing what was
about to happen.

Captain Grant did not realize whether
this was an accident or part of a deep-
laid plan to rob him of his intended
bride; so, in order to be ready for emer-
gencies, he threw one arm around her.

At almost the same instant, however,
Carol was jerked from his encircling arm,
and he received a blow on the head that
staggered him.

He made a clutch, but his arm only
clapped the empty air. Whether the
young girl had gone he could not guess.

A light was struck, and, upon being
applied to the gas, the rooms were once
more illuminated. Then the truth be-
came apparent.

Carol was missing!

Whether she had gone, or who had
carried her away, not a soul in that room
could say. Perhaps Lawrence Richmond
could give a shrewd guess, and, as some-
thing like the truth came through his
mind, he could not help the faint, grim
smile that crept over his countenance.

It caught the eye of Captain Grant, and
in another instant he was at the man's
side, his hand clutching his arm.

You have sealed your doom by this
act, Lawrence Richmond, he hissed,
savagely.

CAPTAIN XI.

WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.

The Captain's face was as black as a
thunder cloud, when he gazed out those
words between his teeth, and well might
he be enraged, believing as he did, that
this was some of the treacherous work
of the man whom he held in his power, and
who, up to this time, he had deemed so
alarmed for his own safety that he was
even afraid to call his soul his own.

He would as soon have looked to see a
worm turn under the heel that mangled
it, and attempt to retort, as to have Law-
rence Richmond try to thwart his plans;
not that he looked upon the old man as
harmless, but because he believed he had
him in his power so completely.

The man whom he addressed so fiercely
was for the time being incapable of re-
plying, for it flashed over him that this
might not be quite so pleasant after all
for it might prove a two-edged sword
slaying on both sides.

If he could not convince the fighting
Captain that he had no hand in this
singular drama that had just taken place,
then exposure must come, for in his rage
the soldier would not be very apt to
spare the scourging process.

These things darted through the mind
of the master of the Terrace very speed-
ily, and he was soon in possession of his
senses again.

When, however, he attempted a denial
of being implicated in the affair, Captain
Grant would not listen to him,

You have played me false, Richmond,
deny it if you dare. Hark! even now I
can hear your accomplice riding off, and
doubtless carrying your daughter with
him—a second Lochinvar. Highly ro-
mantic, no doubt, but you shall suffer for
it, even if it should be the last act of my
life. A brave foe I can honor, but a
traitor I despise, and would risk life to
give him the punishment he deserves.

Listen to me! cried the old man, now
fully alarmed for his safety, as he saw
that the mad soldier-adventurer was in a
fit state to do any rash act; although I
would have saved my daughter if it had
not been the remotest suspicion of such a thing
occurring; but now I see through it all
plainly. Do you know who has carried
away your bride, Captain Grant? The
young master of Darrel Chace has been
here!

The Captain uttered an oath.

There was something plausible in this
statement that made him hold his arm,
for he had raised it as though to strike
the old man to his own floor.

Roger Darrel here! he snarled.

His coolness, which had always seem-
ed a part of his nature, had apparently
deserted him at this juncture, leaving
him the embodiment of savage rage. The
idea advanced by the old man might
have gained more headway, but that in
again searching the face of Lawrence
Richmond with his keen eyes he detected
a gleam in the other's orb which it
seemed to him was induced by triumph.

That settled it.

All he might say would go for naught,
and Lawrence Richmond saw from the
flash upon the other's face that he was
doomed.

Again the soldier clutched him, and his
face, purple with passion, looked more
like the possession of a fiend than a
human being.

You have played me false and now I
shall bring ruin upon you. I told you it
was a dangerous game playing with fire
and it seems you would not heed it. The
consequences be upon you own head.
Do you hear me, traitor?

His hand had caught the old man's
throat, and in his fury of madness he
would in all probability have choked
Lawrence Richmond, for the few guests
present were so filled with horror that
they could move neither hand nor limb;
but at this juncture the form of the
mysterious foreigner darted across the
floor.

One hand fell upon the shoulder of the
crazed soldier.

Just in time to prevent the charge of
murder from being added to the list of
crimes of which you stand accused, my
dear Count.

The Captain did not relax his grip upon
the old man, but, as the voice of the
stranger reached his ears, it was observed
that he not simply shivered, but shud-
dered like a man with the ague.

He slowly turned his head, his face
still scarlet, and there was a look in his
eyes that was most wonderful to behold,
but whether of fear or defiance, or both,
it would have been hard to say.

For half a minute he looked at the man
in black over his shoulder. The light
deserted his eyes and sullen fury alone
remained there.

What do you seek? he finally demand-
ed.

I seek you, Count. Be careful how you
carry yourself if you would not have all
made known here, returned the new-
comer.

Cunning crept into the eyes of the
Captain, and he proved himself the son
of the Evil One by his actions. Some-
men would have been foolish enough to
have flown at the stranger, and have
been defeated, but he was too wise for
such a false course.

Gentlemen, you will excuse me for a
few minutes while I retire with this
person and explain to him the mistake
under which he labors, said the Captain.
Of course those present murmured an
audible assent, at which the mysterious
stranger smiled, and came very near
laughing.

He accompanied the Captain, however,
and there were some who saw that he
held in his hand a little revolver, which
was kept half-concealed. Evidently the
foreign gentleman had no intention of
being overpowered by treachery.

Captain Grant went away with a
strange look upon his face, as if of ming-
led hate and shrewd cunning—a look
that would perhaps have alarmed the
foreigner had he noticed it, and been
more cautious; but he was not willing to
give the Count, as he called Grant, credit
for the sagacity he really possessed.

There were those present who really
expected they would never see him again.
They knew not who the mysterious man
was, but he was evidently on the Cap-
tain's trial, and up in the face of the
latter they had read guilt plainly.

Lawrence Richmond was among the
number. He felt sure that the Nemesis
for whom he had longed had come, and
that the Captain had fallen into his
grasp. That it was due to the judicious
item in the newspapers, he also had no
doubt.

If exposure of his own trouble could
only be avoided, none would feel more
glad than he that this doom had fallen
upon the soldier-duelist, for he had come
to hate Captain Grant most heartily.

Now that the skies seemed brightening
in this direction, his thoughts turned up-
on the abduction of his child. There had
been no change in his ideas thus far, and
when he declared to the Captain that it
was his opinion Roger Darrel was the
one they had to thank for this mad-cap
act, he spoke his convictions truly.

He was just about to give some orders
in reference to pursuit, which would have
been quite useless, as the bold
abductor must be miles away by
this time, when one of the windows of
the room was darkened and a man, entered
in whom they recognized Captain Grant.
He was alone.

CHAPTER XII.
THE HAUNTED MILL.

Although, as has been said before,
Carol Richmond had hoped for something
to occur in her favour when hope seemed

even a delusion and a hollow mockery
she had never expected it to come in the
way it did.

When the gas was so suddenly extin-
guished, through the agency of the
shrewd Andrew, who had arranged all
these matters with the young man before
hand, she too was somewhat alarmed by
the total darkness that came upon the
scene.

Before she had time, however, to col-
lect her senses, which had been rather
confused owing to the critical position in
which she had been found when the gas
was put out, she felt the Captain's arm
encircle her waist and draw her close to
him.

That it was the man to whom she was
being wedded when the interruption oc-
curred, she readily knew, for he muttered
words as he held her fast—words that
told the young girl he feared she herself
was the object for which this scheme of
sudden darkness had been brought about
and that he was determined it should not
succeed if he had anything to say about
it.

Hardly had these words escaped his
lips, when Carol was taken suddenly from
his arms.

Into whose possession she had now
come, Carol could not even guess, and,
taken even at the very worst, it could not
be more bitter than finding herself in the
arms of the man she hated and despised
—Captain Grant.

Somehow, a delicious sense of repose
seemed to pervade her whole being, and
she gave way to the multitude of fancies
that flooded her brain, by fainting dead
away.

She was dimly conscious of a jolting
motion, as if on the back of a horse and
moving rapidly, but it was a long time
before consciousness returned in full.
She was still clasped in the arms of her
abductor, and looking up could see his
face in the mystic star-light.

It was the countenance of Roger Dar-
rel!

He seemed to be aware of the fact that
she had once more come back to life, for
presently he looked down and softly
spoke her name.

Oh Roger, you have saved me from that
dreadful man. I am so glad, so glad.

It was all she could say; simple enough
in itself truly, and yet the relieved cry of
an overburdened heart.

Roger looked down upon her tenderly
and even drew her closer to him, an
action she could do nothing to prevent,
even had she so desired.

And it was impossible to withdraw
herself from his grasp; she could only re-
main passive, and forgetting what terrible
rocks rose up in front, gave herself up to
the enjoyment of the present. She knew,
poor girl, that the dream would soon be
rudely broken, that there lay before her
a path of duty which she must and
would tread, no matter what pain it
might cost her; and who could blame her
if she allowed conscience to sink into a
lethargy for the time being, seeing that
she could not help herself, only that she
might gain strength of mind to resist the
temptation that must soon come in her
way?

How long they had been riding Carol
could not even guess; but it must have
been quite a time. Where was Roger
taking her? The thought came to her
suddenly, and she instantly made up her
mind to ask.

I will take you anywhere you wish,
Carol. I was heading for the old ruined
mill, where as you know, the widow Mrs.
Randall lives alone. If you can think of
any better place, tell me, and I shall
carry you there. My only object in carry-
ing you off was to save you from a de-
signing villain, a man whom I have met
before, and about whom there is a
mysterious familiarity that puzzles me at
times.

I believe you Roger, and sooner would
I have died than have become his wife,
but it seemed as if my senses were
bound, and all that I did was in a me-
chanical way. Thank Heaven you saved
me from such a fate. I shall never for-
get it Roger, never.

There was sincerity in her voice, but
Roger made no reply. His heart was too
full for utterance, knowing, as he did
that all was over between them, and that
of her free will she had yielded to the
dictates of fate, and renounced all hap-
piness and peace.

Once or twice a wild thrill seemed to
take possession of his heart as the
thought flashed into his mind that per-
haps it might make some difference now
that he had saved her. Surely even with
such a taint upon his family name, an
alliance with him could not be any worse
than with such a scoundrel as Captain
Grant, as the adventurer was pleased to
call himself.

As quickly as this hope came it was
banned, for he realized that Carol had
done this act from principle, and would
not very likely let her judgment be in-
fluenced by the new state of affairs, even
though her heart was.

A short time later, and he drew up in
front of the old mill.

It was as picturesque a spot as one
could well imagine, for the great trees
overhanging the ruined mill, and the noisy
fall of the water over the dam could be
plainly heard.

As seen in daylight, there was some-
thing sad and lonely in the spectacle of
the ruined mill. Where were its former
occupants? Once busy life had dwelt
there; the song of the miller was heard
from morning until night. Gone now
were the prattling tongues that had made
the rafters ring with their cheerful child-
ish noise.

The poor wheel that had been wont to
turn all day long still remained but a
mere skeleton of its former self, most of
the wood work having rotted away.
Rank weeds clung to the iron bands
where they had caught during a fresher,
and waved to and fro with every pass-
ing breeze.

If the old mill looked strangely sad in
the daytime, how weird and ghastly its
appearance by starlight.

Roger had evidently been here before
and made all arrangements, for, even as
he leaped to the ground and was in the
act of lifting Carol down, the door opened
and a woman appeared in view, holding
a sputtering candle.

To be continued.

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