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THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Carol
Richmond
— OR —
THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.
— OR —
Continued.

The reaction came at last.
Carol inherited some of the determined
will of her father, and although the gypsy
girl's words had stunned her at first,
she recovered by degrees. It began to
dawn upon her mind that there might be
some mistake; her faith in her lover was
great, and she could not believe that he
would be guilty of such a terrible thing
as this of which the black-eyed girl
accused him.

It is false! she cried; how dare you tell
me such a thing? You are either insane,
or else malicious. What reason have
you to hate Roger Darrel, that you should
traduce him to me thus? How dare you,
I say?

Her slender figure was drawn up with
queenly grace, and there was a majesty
in her manner, but the gypsy did not
seem to be very deeply impressed by it.
She laughed, and there was a some-
thing in the cachinnation that grated
upon the nerves, and produced an un-
pleasant feeling.

Dare! You are not acquainted with
the gypsy character, I see, or you would
not ask such a question. There is noth-
ing that Barbara Merrilles would not
undertake. Hate Roger Darrel? Yes, I
have cause to, but hate could never man-
ufacture such a story. Do you want
proof strong as holy writ? You can
have it from your lover's lips. He
will not dare deny the truth. Look him
in the eyes and tell him you have heard
the story of Nora Warner. Then mark
well the pallor of his face, his sinking
eyes, his trembling form. He will stand
before you condemned. Will you love
him still, the man who would have wed-
ded you with his lawful wife still living,
and in a mad-house, you whose face pro-
claims your pride, or will you spurn the
coward, and send him from you with
words of loathing?

What can I do, if what you tell me is
true? Oh, my God, I cannot believe it!
He is too noble, too just, too good. There
is some mistake—there must be some
mistake.
Girl, do you know that your words have
gone to my heart like hot iron, searing
and scorching my very soul, and that,
though I would give worlds to weep, I
cannot shed a tear? Surely this is some
horrid nightmare, from which I shall
awaken and thank Heaven it was but a
dream.

Her apparent agony of mind was so
intense that it seemed to have some ef-
fect even on the gypsy girl, who had
hated her so bitterly, for when she spoke
there was a vein of pity in her voice,
whether real or assumed it would be hard
indeed to say.

If the latter, then it accomplished well
its work, for Carol was more willing to
believe one who was in with her, than
one who seemed to gloat over her mis-
fortune.

Poor child of the house-dweller, the
gypsy said, her voice both low and soft,
like the purring of a cat, and her man-
ner possessed of no little magnetism;
after all you are not to blame. Why
should I feel hard toward you? We are
both victims. Strange that the fair
child of the house-dweller and the poor
Romany girl should meet as equals, but
it is so. I have seemed to cut you to the
heart, but some day you will thank me
for my work, when you realize from
what a terrible fate I have saved you
Adios, Carol Richmond.

What are you going?
Yes, my duty is done. Should you
wish to see me again, you will find me
here at noon. I love to sit and look at
the waters of you river, down below. I
do not ask you to believe my words;
prove them by confronting the villain,
and ask him if he knows Nora Warner.
I am here for vengeance. I have come
from a sunny land over the great water,
following him wherever he went, and my
first blow shall fall through you, though
I do not bear you malice. You may hate
me, but it will be as one would hate the
burn of the iron searing the flesh after

the poison of a mad dog had been sent
into it.
Turning the strange creature was gone.
The night was one long to be remem-
bered.
In the eastern sky the round moon,
walking in glory, lent her silvery light to
the world below, and myriads of twink-
ling stars, mysterious lanterns of the
night, were hung about to assist, in a
feeble way her brave effort.

Through openings in the branches
above, the moon peeped down, casting
long silver spears to the ground that
seemed to vibrate as the night air rustled
the leaves overhead.

The air was melodious with the sum-
mer chorus of the night, as heard on the
Potomac.
There were mosquitoes, crickets, katy-
dids, tree-frogs, and innumerable insects
that lent their noise to swell the clamor
that seemed to rise and fall like the
billows of the great deep, now advancing,
now retreating, but never silent.

Roger was walking slowly up and down
with his arms behind. Where his
thoughts were could be easily guessed,
and therefore, what must have been his
astonishment to see a slender, white-
robed figure standing in front of him.

What, Carol, my darling, is it really
you? Why are you here? he asked,
tenderly.

I am here to learn the truth, Roger;
where is Nora Warner? she said, almost
fiercely.

CHAPTER III.

"THE GIPSEY-HAG'S CURSE HAS DOOMED ME!"

Roger Darrel never came nearer to
uttering an oath than when those words
broke so abruptly from the lips of Carol
Richmond.

He was undoubtedly taken by surprise
and off his guard, else he would have at
least shown more self-possession.
The moon fell full upon his face, and he
moved aside into the shadow, as if his
light annoyed him, but not before Carol
had seen the blood leap to his brow and
cheeks, and a look of alarm, nay, of pos-
itive horror, came into his eyes, the eyes
she had loved to watch, and which to
her had seemed so honest, and manly,
and true.

She was watching him anxiously,
eagerly, and well she had cause to, for
her whole future depended, whether for
good or evil, upon what his answer should
be, and she had summoned all the reso-
lution of her nature to her aid in this
trying moment. She caught her breath
with a gasp when she saw what a terrible
change was produced in him already by
that question.

She had sprung the gypsy's mine upon
him unawares, and to all appearances
was working in a way that would speedily
bring out the truth, though to her it
might be a death-warrant.

Roger, she cried, despairingly, for the
love of mercy, speak! Do you not see that
I am almost dying, darling? Oh, say that
it is not so; tell me it was a base calumny,
and I will believe you; yes, believe you,
against all the world. Speak, my Roger,
tell me it is true.

The struggle in his mind was terrible,
for he knew that if he denied all knowl-
edge of Nora Warner, she would believe
him as she would an angel from Heaven.

Think, then, what a temptation it was
to the man. Would it not be for the best
in the end if he denied it? She would
believe him then—but what of the future?

When happiness had come to them,
might she not in some way learn the
truth, and then, denouncing his perfidy,
scorn, upbraid and loathe the man who
had deceived her?

There was, indeed, a stain upon his
name, and to link her to it would be a
most foul act. Better a wrenching pain
in the start than the slow, consuming
agony of years.

Roger Darrel was but a man, with
many faults common to the best of us,
but his soul was above such ignominy
then and there. With a stern hand he
put the temptation behind him, and he
faced the pain that almost overwhelmed him.

Carol, my love, he groaned, piteously
would to Heaven I could deny it. I
would give ten years of my life to wipe
out the blot upon the Darrel name. I
have bowed my head beneath the shame
that came with Nora Warner for years,
and had come to look upon myself as a
misanthrope when I met you, and loved
you.

Then it is true? she asked, her soul
apparently in her eyes.
God help me, yes, it is true!

She uttered a low, piteous moan at this,
for never did the death-sentence passed
by judge upon culprit in the prisoner's
box sound with more terrible force than
his words to her.

Roger thought she was about to fall,
and, regardless of all else, he sprang for-
ward and caught her in his arms—those
arms which Carol had so fondly believed
should, while she lived, hold her against
the whole world.

She sank upon his shoulder, weak and
trembling, and it was evident that her
senses had well-nigh deserted her, for
she knew not what she did. He rained
hot, passionate kisses down upon her
and his eyes were misty with unshed
tears as he gazed upon the white face of
her he loved so well.

He would have come to her again, but
she motioned him away imperiously.
Do not touch me Roger; I will not allow
it. Remember that hereafter we can be
nothing to each other. Nora Warner
stands between us. Lost to us are all
dreams of happiness. We must face the
future bravely and fight the battle of life.
You must never even see me again.

Great heavens, Carol, you do not, can
not mean it. You love me even as I love
you. Nay I will say it in spite of you.
Why then, should this terrible specter of
the past haunt us? Let the dead past
bury its dead; we live for the present and
the future. Once more, Carol, my one
and only love, will you come to me? For
heaven's sake, do not turn away so cold-
ly; you will kill me!

Roger, she was calm now, appar-
ently, though Heaven only knew the state her
poor lacerated heart was in, Roger, you
are wild when you insult me in that way,
but I forgive you, for I do not think you
realize what you are saying. You were
unwise to remain here, to seek my love
when you saw that I was beginning to
care for you, but I cannot blame you for
that. Here we must!

Part? he cried, with anguish in his
voice. Is it, then so absolute? Oh, Carol
my love, my life, are you to be lost to me
forever? Am I to live on in the future—
not even the aimless life of the past, but
one full of regrets, of pain so intense that
death itself would be a mercy? Do you
doom me to this living grave, beloved?

You know not what you say, Roger.
In the time to come you will see that my
course was the right one. I bear with
you because of my love, and for the reason
that you are mad now. I could hardly
wait to see you. The very seconds
seemed hours, and I thought I should
lose my senses.

Where and from whom did you hear
about—Nora Warner? he asked.
From a gypsy girl who seemed to
know you—Barbara Merrilles.

Barbara Merrilles!
He repeated the name after her, and
she knew not whether it was fear or
hatred that made his voice vibrate like a
cord tensely strung.

You do know her, then? she asked.
I have good reason to. Why, you shall
know some day, but it has nothing to do
with our present trouble, though she
seems to have a hand in all the pain that
comes to me, and there have been times
when I actually believed the old gypsy's
malediction was coming true. Carol, is
there no chance for me? Must I suffer
still for that old stain? God knows I
have had enough of the shame—far too
much for a man who bears none of the
blame. Speak, and with a word decide
my future. Shall it be go, or stay?

She turned upon him then, her face
pale and firm.
There is but one way, Roger. Do not
try to tempt me. Let me remember you
as an honorable man. I am going now.
No, do not try to kiss me; it can never be
again. Think of me sometimes my love,
and I—I shall pray for you.

Almost before he knew it she was
gone. His limbs seemed weighted with
lead, for he could not follow, even though
his spirit willed it.

He watched her out of sight, his whole
frame stained to the utmost tension. Oh!
what agony was in his heart, what long-
ing in his eyes.

The curse of Cain must be upon me, he
muttered, almost groaned. I thought to
live down that disgrace, but it has sprung
upon me unawares, and ruined my life.
The gypsy-hag's curse has doomed me!

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.

How Carol reached the Terrace she
never knew, for it seemed to her she had
just parted with Roger at the foot of the
steps, where she entered the broad hall
to be confronted by her father, who caught
her wrist most fiercely.

Come into the library, Carol, he said,
with intense passion in his voice.

At another time this would have
alarmed her, and perhaps aroused her
dormant spirit, but she now seemed hope-
lessly crushed, and with a listless air
followed him.

Once the library door was closed, Law-
rence Richmond turned on her almost
savagely.

Did you meet Captain Grant? he asked.
I saw nothing of him, she replied.
The Captain was a gentleman who had
been visiting them for a few days past, a
fierce war-dog—in his own estimation—and
the most celebrated duelist outside
of Paris. He had been showing Carol
some attentions, but she detected him;
and, consequently, when the Captain
learned from her father of her love for
Roger Darrel, the soldier duelist was not
in the most pleasant of humors toward
the young Virginian, whom he savagely
threatened to "call out" in the presence of
the old gentleman, who had applauded
his action, though thus far it had come to
naught.

Child, he said, and his heavy eyebrows
contracted into a frown, you have been
disobeying my wishes. This very night
you have been in the company of the
man I hate, the man against whom I
warned you, and who will yet bring
sorrow into your young life. Have you
not been with Roger Darrel?

You speak truly, father.
And you have dared disobey me. Girl,
you know not what you do when you so
recklessly brave my anger. My temper
has been a curse all my life, and but for
my great love for you I would not be able
to control it. Hear me, child; you shall
never be Roger Darrel's wife! This I
have sworn and in it I will not be thwart-
ed.

Spare your words, father. If I was of
the same mind as yesterday you would
find that I possessed just as resolute de-
termination as you, and nothing you
could have said or done would have in-
fluenced me in my resolve; but a higher
power has seen fit to accomplish the
work. This night Roger Darrel looked
his last on my face. Never again will we

meet father, unless by accident, and then
it will be as strangers. The hand of fate
has turned our lives apart, and through
Nora Warner he is lost to me.

Nora Warner! That girl still alive?
Then she has done me one good turn at
last.

Carol could but start when she heard
these words for they told her that her
father had known this mad woman in
the years gone by, although it was evi-
dent that he was not acquainted with her
history from the time she had come to
know Roger Darrel.

This Captain Grant, who has made his
appearance upon the stage of our story,
was also connected with this strange and
dramatic past, in what manner the reader
will soon see.

That he was a bold and bad man, the
young girl had been already warned by
her keen sense of perception, yet the
soldier had a dashing aspect, and it was
only the gleam of his eye and the sneer
of his voice that had warned Carol
against him. What influence he had
over her father she could not even guess,
but without a doubt the master of Rich-
mond Terrace feared him.

Captain Grant knew his power well,
and it had been his intention in coming
to the Terrace to use it to the best ad-
vantage. Perhaps this had something to do
with the manner in which Lawrence
Richmond cherished the spark of hatred
for the Darrels in his breast, in order that
he might have a just cause for separating
the lovers.

Varied though the emotions of Carol
Richmond must have been, they could not
of course, equal those that filled the mind
and heart of Roger Darrel, as he stood
there looking after his lost love, and
realizing that fate had again taken a
hand in the game, surrendering the hearts
that it had so strangely brought together.

Why did we ever meet? Was it be-
cause Heaven wished to punish a Carol
for that sin! If that be so, then the
blight has indeed fallen upon me; but I
pray that all the bitter pain and anguish
may come to me also; let not a single
shadowy regret touch her bright heart.

While he still stood there, his thoughts
busy, there came the sound of footfalls,
not light and full of grace like Carol's,
but heavy and firm—the tread of a man.

Ere he could turn, some one tapped
him on the shoulder.

A word with you sir.
Wheeling, he found himself face to face
with a dashing-looking man. The moon's
rays fell upon his figure, but the broad-
brimmed hat shaded his face, so that
only a general view could be obtained.

You are at perfect liberty to say as
many as you choose sir, replied Roger.
He had no idea who this man was or
what he wanted, and in his present con-
dition it was a matter of small importance
to him. Captain Grant did not realize
what a volcano he was arousing—per-
haps he did not care, being such a fire-
eater himself.

My words shall be brief and to the
point. That lady you were speaking to
was Miss Richmond?
The words were in the form of a ques-
tion, and though the Virginian had started
at first, he drew his form up proudly.

Taking it for granted that your con-
jecture is the truth, what business is it
of yours, may I enquire? he said with
some show of warmth, for there was a
subtle something in the voice of the gal-
lant Captain that had given Roger a start
he knew not why, for it seemed to him
they two had met before but under what
circumstances he could not say.

You are impudent, Roger Darrel. It
is my business in so far that Miss Rich-
mond is my promised wife, and it be-
hooves a man to see that her honor is
not tarnished by clandestine meetings such
as the one I have just witnessed, said
the Captain in pompous tones.

What you say I brand as an infamous
falsehood sir, whoever you may be; and
the Virginian could hardly restrain him-
self from doing the man before him per-
sonal injury, such was the heat to which
his anger had arisen.

For that I will call you to account,
Roger Darrel. In the meantime I wish
to ask you a question in regard to this
meeting. Was it a voluntary one on the
part of Miss Richmond, or did you force
her into making the assignation?

Roger hesitated.
He readily comprehended what the
object of the Captain was, and was most
willing to shoulder all the blame.

I am the cause of the meeting. Does
that satisfy you, sir? Whatever blame
there may be, put it upon me, he replied,
calmly.

I accept the apology returned the
Captain quickly, and with remarkable
cold frown that Roger was taken com-
pletely by surprise.

That it was not meant for an apology,
you coward, is well known to you and I
prove it thus.

There was an agile spring, and with
his open palm he slapped the captain in
the face.

After that it was war to the death.
You will hear from me sir, and this
hour will be the bitterest of your life, re-
turned the Captain, taking out his pocket-
handkerchief and rubbing his cheek as
if it had been contaminated.

Roger uttered an exclamation.

The Man with the Black Glove, he
muttered.
Some years before, while traveling in
Europe, he had met in the company with
which he was making the tour, a strange,
mysterious man, of whose antecedents no
one knew.

The individual was full of boasting
stories of his adventures and duels, and
was looked on with profound respect by
all who knew him.

One most peculiar circumstance attach-
ed to his presence was the fact that no
matter where seen he invariably wore
upon his left hand a black kid glove.
To be continued.

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The Bills of Fare will