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

**Carol
Richmond**

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK
GLOVE.

Continued.

Every day that passed served to in-
crease the feeling of mingled dread and
hatred which the one bore toward the
other, and Lawrence Richmond was fast
becoming desperate.

This last demand on the part of the
soldier for his daughter served to cap the
climax. In spite of his terrible temper
and strange actions at times which would
seem to belie the fact, this man sincerely
loved his child.

She was the only link that bound him
to a past that had been full of happiness
and sunshine until that dreadful blow
came which deprived him of his loved
ones except Carol, and left him behind to
mourn when he could not be comforted.

The Captain held his secret, and it
must needs be a terrible one to cause a
man of Lawrence Richmond's iron will to
bow the knee to one whom he looked
upon as his inferior. Could it be, then,
that this frightful devastation in his
household was the visitation of Providence,
as a just reward for the crime of the past?

Alone in his library the master of the
Terrace paced to and fro like a caged
tiger.

His hands were behind him, his head
low upon his breast, and his every step
quick and agile, showing his irritable,
nervous temperament. That he was
wrestling with some fearful question
could be plainly seen and there was only
one thought that had power enough to
chain his mind at present.

So earnestly he was engaged in this
strange species of amusement that he did
not notice the presence in the room of the
Captain, until the latter gave utterance to
a low, metallic laugh.

It was a strange thing for him to be
hunting down this old man while at the
same time he had an avenger on his
trail in the shape of his antagonist in the
duel—Nora Warner, the wronged wife of
Roger Darrel, who had escaped from the
mad-house, and was on the trail of ven-
geance! But it is ever thus with human
nature—diamond cut diamond—the
world over, and it would be indeed hard
to find any object in the shape of man-
kind so low and insignificant but what
there may be some to do him homage
and fear the nod of his head.

The old man looked up quickly, and the
keen-eyed soldier noticed a wild,
half-eager look upon his face that he had
never seen there before.

He has settled upon something; I can
see it by the glitter of his eyes and the
way he shuts his teeth. Have a care, my
old gentleman, or you will find your claws
nipped still closer, for no man ever plays
with fire unless he gets his fingers burnt,
and to you I and the secret I hold con-
stitute that fire.

Thus he muttered, as he waited for Mr.
Richmond to speak.

You here? said the other, at last; what
a wonder I knew it not, for generally I
feel the evil influence of your presence
like a deadly vapor falling from the hor-
rid upas-tree.

You are disposed to be both sarcastic
and complimentary, Mr. Richmond, but
under the peculiar circumstances I can
forgive you. I am come to ask a little
temporary loan of you, which I am sure
you will not refuse—a matter of a mere
thousand or two.

Curses on you and your loans; you will
drive me to distraction yet. What if I
should go mad? Why man, I would
tear you limb from limb, I hate you so.
Do you not ever think of the risk you are
running in persecuting me thus?

The old man certainly looked wild
enough when he spoke, but the Captain
only laughed. He would have laughed
had he been standing over a powder-
magazine, to which the fuse was lighted,
and, indeed, to tell the truth he was ac-
tually doing that now, and he knew it.

I have done nothing so terrible, my
dear old gentleman. The case lies in a
nut-shell. You had your choice between

providing for me with a small portion of
your immense worldly goods, or else
losing the whole of them, your liberty
and, perhaps, your life. That you have
chosen the former only proves your wis-
dom.

You hate me, you say. What cause
have you to do so? Had it been another
man, duty would have led him taking the
other course, and you would have lost all.
No; on the contrary, you should thank
me. There was always a chance of
finding it out, and lightning seldom strikes
the same tree twice. I hold your secret,
and while you act like a rational being
there is no chance of its being discovered
by any one else. Defy me, and—well,
what is the use of threats? You know
me enough to be sure of what I would
do.

There was conscious power in the
voice of the Captain that was peculiarly
aggravating to the old man, but he
calmed himself as well as he was able,
though his eyes still glittered with that
strange, metallic gleam that boded no
good to the object of his anger.

I hate you, not so much for what you
are doing, man, but because you know I
am perfectly innocent of that crime, and
yet knowing this you still blackmail me.
That is why my brain seems bursting at
times, and I could cut your very soul
from you body to send to Hades, where it
properly belongs.

That is a very nice statement for you to
make, dear sir, but how are you going to
prove it in any way?

Had devil, schemer, there more of your
cunning crops out. The papers that would
exonerate me you have stolen and hold
over my head. To save them from being
destroyed and myself from future trouble,
I have been buying your silence and con-
sideration in the past, but now your de-
mands are growing too preposterous. For
the last time I ask for your mercy, your
forbearance. I would not have your blood
upon my hands for a great deal, but I
feel like a man hunted by a human blood-
hound and who must, unless the dog gives
up the chase, either fall himself or destroy
the hound. Plainly, Captain Grant, is it
your life, or mine?

Then hear me, old man; I utterly refuse
all compromise. I have no other means
of living at present except on you, and as,
for reasons of my own, I expect to make
America my home in the future, I may
as well provide against a rainy day. You
have too much, I too little. It is but fair,
then, and there should be an equitable
division; so make up your mind to that.
Lawrence Richmond knew, then, that
this man possessed a heart of adamant,
and that words would not leave the faint
impression upon it.

His own face whitened, and the skin
seemed drawn like parchment over his
bones. His teeth were clenched as if set
in agony, and the wild gleam deepened in
his eyes.

He reached out his hand and it fell
upon a peculiar nail in the wainscoting,
a brass-headed nail which would not
have been attracted passing notice. As
his finger pressed against this, a portion
of the oiled floor of the library suddenly
yawned open, leaving an aperture of
perhaps a width of four feet, down which
the Captain would have been hurled like
a cannon-ball, but for the fact that he
gave an agile spring just as the trap fell,
that landed him beyond the danger line.

The trap was an old relic of revolu-
tionary days, and possessed quite a thrill-
ing history, but it had nothing to do with
our story.

Quickly the Captain whipped out a
little, silver-mounted revolver.

Foiled again, old man: You see it is
useless to fight against fate, for your
limbs are tied. I am ready for any such
emergency. Better luck next time; and
turning, he left the room.

Curses on him! muttered the old man.
Deeply moved, he bears a charmed life.
Satan protects his own; but I will yet
burst asunder the bonds of fate, and then
let him beware!

CHAPTER VII.
LIKE A WOMAN, SHE WEPT.

Carol Richmond knew not the deadly
warfare existing between her father and
the man who wore the mysterious black
glove, but she was well aware of the fact
that the captain held some power over
her parent, else he would have never
acted toward her in the way he did.

She was wretched as any girl could be.
The days went by without any light
coming to her, and yet to her there was
little or no difference in them, for when
hope and anticipation have utterly died
out of the heart, it makes no difference
whether the sun rises or sets, for the same
dreary future lies beyond, which cannot
be lightened by any earthly means.

In spite of all that had come to her, she
loved Roger still.

To her, he had come as a knight in
the olden days of chivalry, and he had
wood and won her so gently, that when
he had gained her love it was forever.

She believed in him so thoroughly that,
although he was now apparently lost to
her forever, she would hold him in rever-
ence until the day of her death.

Such a love as that was beyond all price,
and there are few men in this world to
whom is granted the privilege of possess-
ing a heart that nothing can alienate.

That deeper sorrow and distress were
in store for her, Carol had never imagined,
and yet such was indeed the case.

Although she believed that Roger had
a mad wife confined in a lunatic asylum,
it had never entered her head that he
meant her wrong when he won her love.

She knew that he had fought against
it, and was sure that he would have told
her of Nora Warner at some day before
the end came. In his soul, she had
recognized true nobility, and it could not
be that this man would ever commit a
crime.

When she thought it all over in the
lonely days that came and went, without
bringing light to her soul, she compre-
hended that Roger must look upon it all
in a different light, and that his ideas had
become strange and misanthropical was
little wonder when his lonely life was
taken into consideration.

Perhaps he did not look upon this wo-
man as his only wife, knowing that at

any time he could get a divorce from her
and had been hoping that all would yet
turn out well, while he allowed himself
to be carried along by the resistless cur-
rent of fate until the climax had come.

Carol looked at the matter in a differ-
ent light.

To her, divorce was something that she
thought of with horror, and yet she knew
that the act was sanctioned in the olden
times by God, but all her life she had
believed that it was not right for either
party to marry again during the lifetime
of the other.

With such a bleak future stretching out
before her, it is not to be wondered at
that Carol paid but little heed to affairs
passing around her.

She saw that the Captain came home
wounded, and it instantly entered her
mind that he had been engaged in a duel
with her lover. The thought filled her
with alarm, and she could not rest until
she had seen Roger riding on his horse,
and evidently unhurt.

This was witnessed from the shelter of
the trees, for she would not have let him
see her for the world, after what had
passed between them.

When he had gone from her sight, she
wandered on, almost unconscious of the
direction she had taken, and finally came
to a pause at the old trysting spot by the
brook, where clustered memories that
were now sweetly sad to her.

While she stood there, she became
conscious of the fact that she was no
longer alone, and turning found herself
face to face with a stranger. She would
have moved away, but there was some
strange fascination in his eyes that seem-
ed to bind her there.

A strange shudder passed over her
frame, as if her soul recognized in this
person one who was destined to be con-
nected with her future.

I did not intend to alarm you, Miss
Richmond, but seeing you here, the im-
pulse came to me, and I am here. I
would like to speak a few words to you.
That I have no wrong intentions in doing
so, I will prove by saying that I am talk-
ing to you for your own interest. I come
to speak to you of your lover.

Carol realized then that she had not
been mistaken when, in her heart, she
suspected the presence of this man was
connected in some way with her whole
future.

She summoned up her resolution and
stood there bravely.

Whatever you have to say to me, say
it at once, and without fear as to the re-
sult, for I am prepared to hear anything.

You speak bravely, and believe me, I
do not wish to inflict needless pain upon
you. What I say now may seem cruel to
you but it will save you from much suf-
fering in the future. You believe in your
lover—must believe in him, else you
could never love him. To you he is, no
doubt, the soul of honor, and a model of
manly chivalry. Poor girl, it cuts me to
the heart to hear the veil from your eyes
but it must be done. Besides, you will
not be the first who has nursed a heart
that was broken, and wept tears of blood
over the ruin caused by that man.

His voice was low and full of passion,
which flashed from his eyes too. How
could Roger have wronged him? Carol
waited in dread suspense for what was to
follow.

There was one whom I knew; a fair
girl, whom every one loved because she
was gentle and kind. She lived with her
old father, and very happy they were
until a serpent entered their Eden. One
day a man was thrown from his horse
near the house and carried in almost in-
sensible. He had received some injuries
that would keep him quiet for weeks, and
during that time he was taken care of as
if he had been a relative. He was
handsome, talented, and with such a
gentlemanly air about him that he won
the hearts of both father and daughter.

Time passed on, and what seemed in-
evitable came to pass. He had given his
name to them in the beginning—it was
Roger Darrel.

Although she had suspected this, Carol
felt a chill pass over her frame, but she
shut her teeth hard and uttered not a
word. Evidently, terrible as the story of
the gipsy girl had been, she was about to
hear something that would shock her
still more cruelly.

He was so handsome and devoted, and
she so innocent and artless, that he soon
won her heart, and so well did she love
him that there was nothing under Heaven,
it seemed, that she would not have done
for him. I can see, by the way your
cheeks turn white, that your love for him
has also been of that nature; and that
while you hurl his image away from your
heart, it is like death. What fatal power
does that man possess, that the hearts of
women should bow to him? May the
curse of Heaven rest upon him, and his
future be full of darkness.

"Hush," said Carol, almost with a gasp;
do not say such dreadful things, but go on
with your story. It absorbs me so that I
can scarcely breathe.

I will be brief, for it pains me to dwell
upon the story. He made love to her and
won her heart. She vowed to be his
through good and evil report, for hers
was a love that was worship. Her father
took a sudden dislike to him, for news
had come to him that this man had done
something in Russia that made him a
branded criminal, and while he could not
order the adventurer from the house, he
gave his child to understand that of all
things upon earth, that which she must
not do was to think of Roger Darrel in
the light of a lover. It was too late.

Already was she his in body and soul, so
completely wrapped up in his existence,
that the words of the father, who had
hitherto been all in all to her, fell upon
deaf ears. In later times, looking back,
how often did she bemoan the evil influ-
ences that had prevented her from regard-
ing the words of warning uttered by this
beloved parent; but as she made her bed,
so must she lie. It was but just that she
should suffer for her wicked disobedience,
but all the sorrow did not fall on her
alone. Listening to the beguiling words
of the tempter, she fled with him. They
were married in the city, but her happi-
ness was brief, indeed. Her husband
soon tired of her and tried to break her

heart. Something arose whereby it was
necessary for him to be free of her, and,
in this dilemma, he proved himself cap-
able of anything. Too cowardly to take
her life, even when she begged him to do
so—to kill her at his feet, and let her in
dying serve him—too cowardly to do even
this, I say, the infamous wretch had her
seized and borne away to a mad-house,
where for weeks and months she was kept
a prisoner, subject to all the horrors of
such an institution, gotten up to make
people mad first, and then keep them in
that condition.

You are speaking of Nora Warner?
cried the girl, excitedly.

Yes, I am speaking of Nora Warner,
though how you came to know of her I
cannot conceive, since he would never
dare to whisper her name. She remained
an inmate of that mad-house, God alone
knows how long. It may have been but
months, though to her it seemed years.
Then she effected her escape. Mad rage
filled her heart instead of the idolatrous
love she had entertained for him; yet she
would torture him before she dealt him
his death-blow. At last she has found
him, after a long chase through Europe,
and it may be that in this quiet place
the tragedy will be made complete. Look
at me, fair girl. I am but a wreck of my
former self, but, such as I am, you gaze
upon Nora Warner!

Carol shrank back as she saw the hat
removed and the shower of curls descend,
for was she not gazing upon Roger's wife,
the woman who had held the position
she had hoped to occupy, and who had
even suffered the torments of the
mad-house for love of that handsome
devil, who had been her evil genius.

She felt no loathing for her.

On the contrary, it seemed as though
some kindred spirit drew them together.
Both were victims of man's inhumanity,
and the fact knit the bonds of sympathy
more firmly.

I have told you all that is necessary
now. Understanding that you were
about to marry him, I thought it my duty
to warn you. Have I done well, or do
you blame me, Carol Richmond?

I thank you. Though you have added
to the load on my heart, and almost
crushed me, yet the fault is not with you.
Leave me now please; I would be alone.
We will perhaps meet again.

With rare tact the disguised girl saw
that poor heartbroken Carol wished to be
alone, that she might find solace in tears,
and with low, muttered words on her lips
against the arch-fiend, Nora Warner
withdrew.

What amazement and tremulous joy
would have filled Carol's heart could she
have known that Nora Warner's words
were meant for another than the one she
loved; but this was not to be. Like a
reed she bowed to the storm; like a
woman she wept.

CHAPTER VIII.
"YOU ARE THE MAN."

When the gipsy girl, Barbara Merriles,
rushed away from the spot where stood
the young master of Darrel Chase, she
had no idea whether she went, so that for
the time being lost herself to that man.
He had done much for her in the past,
and yet it seemed as though she was fated
to be the curse of his life. Unintention-
ally she had had up to this time been the
cause of much trouble to him, and now
through her hand had come this last
terrible blow.

Her mother, the old gipsy queen, be-
lieving him to be the Roger Darrel who
had robbed her of her child, had cursed
him and his forever, and it was to this
legacy of hate that the young man re-
ferred when he spoke about Barbara
Merriles and the past, at the time Carol
told him what she had discovered.

For quite a time the black-eyed gipsy
girl ran like a deer through the woods,
and at length, finding herself far away
from the spot where she had left the
other, she came to a pause.

In her excitement, however, she seem-
ed to forget that she had ruined the
happiness of Carol Richmond and the
man she loved, by the story she had
poured into the girl's ear, believing, as
she did at that time, that the master of
Darrel Chase was the man whom she had
known to her cost in the past.

If she did think of it, the idea was push-
ed aside, for it was so easy to believe
that those two would come together again
as lovers generally do, by mutual at-
traction.

Thoughts rushed into her brain, and
she saw things she had not dreamed of
before, but which were now becoming
very plain.

The evidence against Roger Darrel was
very damaging, and yet there were
strange things that would have to be ex-
plained before he could be either proven
guilty or innocent.

While she stood there, calming her
heart which beat like a trip hammer un-
der the intense excitement that filled it,
she heard approaching voices, and, with
no definite purpose in view, save to hide
herself from observation, she crouched
down at the base of a monster oak.

Nearer came the speaker.
The voice of one was unfamiliar, and
evidently that of an old man, as her
keen ears told her, but the other—some-
thing about it sent a shiver over her.

She looked up.
What she expected to see she could not
have told herself, and hence she was not
terribly disappointed when she saw that
the owner of the voice was evidently a
stranger to her.

Let us start here, Captain Grant, said
the old man, and before doing so, I wish
to fully understand your plans.

They are simple enough Mr. Richmond.
Knowing what I do, and possessing a
paper that is worth to you even more
than all your wealth, you do not dare to
refuse me. You thought to be rid of me
by means of that trap in the floor, but I
was too cunning for you. Now we will
square accounts. One week from to-day
I will be on hand with a minister, who
will come prepared to unite me to your
daughter, no matter whether you are will-
ing or not. Do you understand old man?

To be continued.

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