

# Old Man's Darling.

BY MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER,  
AUTHOR OF "QUEENIE'S TERRIBLE SECRET," "JACQUELINE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIV—Continued.

A long and elegant saloon in a beautiful palace in Italy. The rich curtains of silk and lace are looped back from the windows, and the view outside is the beautiful Bay of Naples with the clear, blue, sunny sky reflected in its blue and sparkling waves. A garden lies below the windows, rich, in this tropical clime, with beautiful flowers, vines and shrubbery, while groves of oranges, lemons, figs and dates abound in lavish luxuriance. Within the room that was furnished with princely magnificence and taste, were a man and a woman, the man old, and bowed, and broken, the woman young and more beautiful than it often falls to the lot of women to be. Her delicate features, chiseled with the rare perfection of a head carved in cameo, were flushed with passion, and the glow of anger shone through the pure, transparent skin, tinting it with an unusual bloom. As she walked restlessly up and down the room, in her trailing robe of soft azure hue, her sea-blue eyes blazed under their drooping lashes until they looked black with excitement.

"I tell you," she said, pausing a moment, as no answer came to her passionate outburst, and facing the man before her with a slim, uplifted finger, as if in menace, "I tell you, Colonel Carlyle, that the vengeance of Heaven will fall upon you for this cruel, unmanly deed! Oh, how can you forget your sense of honor as a soldier and a gentleman, and descend to an act so ignoble and unworthy? To imprison a weak and helpless woman, who has no friend or defender save Heaven! Oh, for shame, for shame!"

His eyes fell before the unbearable scorn in hers, and he turned as if to leave the room. But half way to the door he paused and came back to her.

"Bonnibel," he said, sternly, "cease this wild raving, and calm yourself. My troubles are hard enough to bear without the additional weight of unmerited reproaches from you. I am of all men the most miserable."

She shook off the hand with which he attempted to lead her to a seat, as if there had been contagion in the mere contact of his white, aristocratic fingers.

"No, do not touch me!" she exclaimed, wildly. "At least spare me that indignity. All other relations that have existed between us are altered now, and merged simply into this—I am your prisoner, and you are my jailer. The eagle spurs the hand of its captor. Remember, there is proud, untaught blood in my veins that will not be subdued. I am Harry Vere's daughter."

Bonnibel saw him wince as the name of her beloved father passed her lips.

"Ah, you are not lost to all sense of shame," she cried. "You can tremble at the name of the hero you have wronged through his helpless daughter! Oh, Colonel Carlyle, by the memory of my father whom you pretended to love and honor I beg you to let me go free from this place."

Her angry recklessness had broken down suddenly into pathetic pleading. Her slender hands were locked together, her eyes were lifted to his with great, raining tears shining in them. He turned half away, trembling in spite of his iron will at sight of those tearful eyes, and parted, quivering lips.

"Bonnibel," he answered, in a voice of repressed emotion, "my suffering at the course I have found myself compelled to pursue with you is greater than your own. I love you with all the strength of a man's heart, and yet I am almost compelled to believe you the falsest of women. And yet, through all the distrust and suspicion which your recent conduct has forced me to harbor, the instinct that bids me have faith in the honor of Harry Vere's daughter is so much beyond the mere power of my reason that at one little promise from your lips you might this moment go free!"

"And that promise?" she asked, dashing the blinding tears away from her eyes and looking into his face.

"Bonnibel, on the night when I presumed to lock you into your chamber you were about to fly from me—to what fate I know not, but—I feared the worst. Think of the shame, the disgrace, the agony I must have endured from your desertion! Can you wonder that I took stringent measures to prevent you from carrying your wild project into execution? I would have laid you dead at my feet before you should have broken my heart and made me a target for the scorn of the world."

She did not flinch as he uttered the emphatic words and looked keenly into her face. She thought of herself vaguely as of one lying dead at the feet of that stern, old, white-haired man, yet the passing thought came to her indifferently as to one who was bearing the burden of a "life more pathetic than death." She felt no anger rising within her at the threat. Only a faint, stifled yearning awoke within

her for a moment as his stern voice evoked a vision of the rest and peace of the grave.

"You see how strongly I feel on this subject, my wife," he continued, after a long pause, "yet even now you shall be free if you will give me your sacred word of honor, by the memory of your father, that you will not desert me—that you will not leave me!"

Silence fell—a long, painful silence. He stood quite still, looking down at her pale face, and waiting for her answer with quickened heart-beats. For her, she seemed transformed to a statue of marble only for the quick throbs that stirred the filmy lace folded over her breast. She stood quite still, her eyes drooping from his, a look of pitiful despair frozen on the deathly pallor of her face. Outside they could hear a soft wind sighing among the flowers and kissing the blue waves of the bay. Within, the fragrance of an orange tree, blooming in a niche, came to them with almost sickening oppressiveness. Still she made no sign of answer.

"Bonnibel," he said, and his hoarse, strained voice fell so unnaturally on the stillness that he started at its strange sound, "Bonnibel, my darling little wife, you will give me that promise?"

She shivered through all her frame as if those pleading words had broken her trance of silence.

"Do not ask me," she said, faintly, "I cannot!"

"You will not give me that little promise, Bonnibel?"

"I cannot," she moaned, sinking into a chair and hiding her face in her hands.

"You are determined to leave me then, if you can?" he exclaimed in a voice of blended horror and reproach.

"I must," she reiterated.

"Then tell me why you must go away, Bonnibel. What is this fatal secret that is driving you forth into exile? This mystery will drive me mad!"

She removed her hands a moment, and looked up at him with sad, wistful eyes, and a face crimson with painful blushes.

"Colonel Carlyle, I will tell you this much," she said, "for I see that you suspect me of that which I would rather die than be guilty of. I am not going because a guilty passion for a former lover is driving me from your arms to his. If I go into exile I shall go alone, and I shall pray for death every hour until my weary days upon earth are ended forever. Death is the only happiness I look for, the future holds nothing for me but the blackness of darkness. I can tell you nothing more!"

She ceased, and dropped her anguished face into the friendly shelter of her hands again. He remained rooted to the spot as if he could never move again.

"Bonnibel," he said, at last, "surely some subtle madness possesses you. You do not know what you would do. I must save you from yourself until you become rational again."

With these words he went out of the room, locking the door behind him.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

Colonel Carlyle had not quitted the room an hour before Bonnibel's maid, Dolores, came into her presence, bearing a sealed letter upon a salver.

"Une lettre from monsieur le colonel, for Madam Carlyle," she said, in her curious *melange* of French and English. Bonnibel took the letter, and Dolores retreated to a little distance and stood awaiting her pleasure.

"What can he have to write to me off?" she thought, in some surprise, as she opened the envelope.

She read these words in a rather tremulous hand-writing:

"Bonnibel, my dear wife," and she shuddered slightly at the words—"I sought you a little while ago to inform you of my immediate departure for Paris, but our interview was of so harrowing a nature that I was forced to leave you without communicating my intention. I could not endure your reproaches longer. I am compelled to leave you here—circumstances force my immediate return to Paris. It is possible, nay, probable, that I may have to make a trip to the United States before I return to Naples. Believe me, it is distressing to me beyond measure to leave you now under existing circumstances, but the business that takes me away is most imperative and admits of no delay.

I have made every possible provision for your comfort and pleasure during my absence. The housekeeper, the domestics and your own especial maid will care for you faithfully. In an hour I leave here. If you have any commands for me; if you are willing to see me again, and speak even one word of kind farewell, send me a single line by Dolores, and I will be at your side in an instant.

"CLIFFORD CARLYLE."

She finished reading and dropped the letter, forgetful of the lynx-eyed French

woman who regarded her curiously. Her eyes wandered to the window, and she fell into deep thought.

"Madam," the maid said, hesitatingly, "Monsieur le colonel awaits *une* reply. He hastens to be gone."

Bonnibel looked up at her.

"Go, Dolores," she answered, coldly; "tell him there is *no* reply."

Dolores courtesied and went away. Bonnibel relapsed into thought again. She was glad that Colonel Carlyle was going away, yet she felt a faint curiosity as to the imperative business which necessitated his return to his native land. She had never heard him allude to business before. He had been known to her only as a gentleman of elegant leisure.

"Some of the banks in which his wealth is invested have failed, perhaps," she thought, vaguely, and dismissed the subject from her mind without a single suspicion of the fatal truth—that the jealous old man was going to America to be present at the trial of Leslie Dane, and to prosecute him to the death. Ah! but too truly it is declared in Holy Writ that "jealousy is strong as death, and as cruel as the grave."

Colonel Carlyle was filled with a raging hatred against the man who had loved Bonnibel Vere before he had ever looked upon her alluring beauty.

He had received an anonymous letter filled with exaggerated descriptions of Bonnibel's love for the artist, and his wild passion for her. The writer insinuated that the lovely girl had sold herself for the old man's gold, believing that he would soon die, and leave her free to wed the poor artist, and endow him with the wealth thus obtained. Now, said the unknown writer, since the lovers had met again their passion would fain overleap every barrier, and they had determined to fly with each other to liberty and love.

Colonel Carlyle was reading the letter for the hundredth time when Dolores returned from delivering his letter to Bonnibel with the cold message that there was "no reply."

That bitter refusal to the yearning cry of his heart for one kind farewell word only inflamed him the more against the man whom he believed held his wife's heart. It seemed to him that that in itself was a crime for which Leslie Dane merited nothing less than death.

"She read my letter?" he said to the maid who stood waiting before him.

"Oui, Monsieur," answered Dolores, with her unfailing courtesy.

"That is well," he said, briefly; "now, go."

Dolores went away and left him wrestling with the bitterest emotions the heart of man can feel. He was old, and the conflicting passions of the last few years had aged him in appearance more than a score of years could have done. He looked haggard, and worn, and weary. But his heart had not kept pace with his years. It was still capable of feeling the bitter pangs that a younger man might have felt in his place. Felise Herbert had done a fearful work in making this man the victim of her malevolent revenge. Left to himself he had the nobility of a good and true manhood within him. But the hand of a demon had played upon the strings of the viler passions that lay dormant within him, and transformed him into a fiend.

"Not one word!" he exclaimed, to himself, in a passion of bitter resentment. "Not one word will she vouchsafe for me in her pride and scorn. Ah, well, Leslie Dane, you shall pay for this! I will bound you to your death if wealth and influence can push the prosecution forward! Not until you are in your grave can I ever breathe freely again!"

"The slow, sad days that bring us all things ill" merged into weary weeks, but brought no release to the restless young creature who pined and chafed in her confinement like a bird that vainly beats its wings against the gilded bars of its cage. Dolores Dupont guarded her respectfully but rigorously. Weary days and nights went by while she watched the sun shining by day on the blue Bay of Naples, and the moonlight by night silvering its limpid waves with brightness. Her sick heart wearies of the chargeless beauty, the tropical sweetness and fragrance about her. A cold, northern sky, with darkening clouds and sunless days, would have suited her mood better than the tropical sweetness of Southern Italy. As it was she would sometimes murmur to herself as she wearily paced the length of her gilded prison:

"Night, even in the zenith of her dark domain, is sunshine to the color of my fate."

But "the darkest hour is just before day," it is said. It was as true for our sweet Bonnibel as it has proved for many another weary soul vainly beating its weary wings against the bars of life in the struggle to be free. Just now, when her heart and hope had failed utterly and her only chance of escape seemed to lie in a frank confession of the truth to Colonel Carlyle, the path of freedom lay just before her feet, and destiny was busy shaping an undreamed-of future for that weary, restless young heart.

"I can bear it no longer," she murmured, as she paced the floor late one night, thinking over her troubles until her brain seemed on fire. "I will write to Colonel Carlyle and tell him the truth—tell him that dreadful secret—that I am not his

## "Every Well Man Hath His Ill-Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. *It never disappoints.*

**Rheumatism**—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." Mrs. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

**Bad Cough**—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MINNIE JAGUES Oshano, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

wife, that I belong to another! Surely he must let me go free then. He will hate me that I have brought such shame upon him; but he will keep the secret for his own sake, and let me go away and hide myself somewhere in the great dark world until I die."

She dropped upon her knees and lifted her clasped hands to heaven, while bitter tears rained over her pallid cheeks.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned; "it is hard, hard! If I only had not married Colonel Carlyle all might have gone well. Oh, Leslie, Leslie, I loved you so! God help me, I love you still! Yet I shall never see you again, although I am your wife! Ah, never, never, for a gulf lies between us—a gulf of sin, though Heaven is my witness I am innocent of all intentional wrong-doing. I would have died first!"

Her words died away in a moan of pain; but presently the anguished young voice rose again:

"The sibyl's fateful prophecy has all been fulfilled. Yet how little I dreamed that it could come true! Oh, God, how is it that I, the proud daughter of the Veres and the Arnolds, can live with the shadow of disgrace upon my head?"

She dropped her face in her hands, and the "silence of life, more pathetic than death," filled the room. All was strangely still; nothing was heard but the murmurous waves of the beautiful Bay of Naples softly lapping the shore. Suddenly a slight, strange sound echoed through the room. Bonnibel sprang to her feet, a little startled, and listened in alarm. Again the sound was repeated. It seemed to Bonnibel as if someone had thrown a few pebbles against the window. Yes, it must be that, she was sure.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

Full of vague alarm, blent with a little trembling hope of she knew not what, Bonnibel ran to the window, which was fortunately not fastened down, pushed up the sash and peered down into the night. The moon had not fully risen yet, and there was but a faint light in the clear sky, but down in the dark shrubbery below she fancied she could see a human form and a white face upturned to the window.

Yes, she was right. In a moment a low and cautious, but perfectly audible voice, floated up to her ears.

"Oh! my dear Miss Bonnibel," was what it said, "is that you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Catarrhzone Cannot Be Beaten

Mr. Rodie McDougall, of Vanleek Hill, Ont., says: "Catarrhzone has done me more good than any other medicine I ever used. It has cured me of my Catarrh. Others may praise their preparations but Catarrhzone cannot be beaten as a cure for Catarrh." Catarrh-zone is a new method of treatment guaranteed to cure the most chronic cases of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Sure, safe and pleasant to use. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c. in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

There were 4,942 arrests of men and 1,031 of women by the police in Montreal last year.

"Seeing is believing." You can see what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, and must believe it will do the same for you.

The Montreal Cotton Mills are closed on account of a dispute with the spoolers and between 2,000 and 3,000 hands are idle.

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND  
**Pain-Killer**  
THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.  
LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,  
**PERRY DAVIS & SON.**

## RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS

44 & 46 DOCK STREET ST. JOHN N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 2

# Fall and Winter Goods.

## DRESS GOODS.

Men's Overcoats,  
Men's and Boy's Ulsters,  
" " " Hats and Caps,  
Shirts and Drawers,  
Top Shirts,  
Men's and Boy's Sweaters,  
Wool Blankets,  
Flannelette Blankets,  
Horse Rugs,  
Buffalo Lining,  
Homespuns,  
Men's Suitings,  
Overalls and Jumpers,

Ladies' Jackets,  
Ladies' Underwear,  
Sacque and Coat Cloth,  
Flannelette,  
Flannels—all colors,  
Eiderdown Flannel,  
Chenille Portiers,  
Lumbermen Table Covers,  
Horse Socks,  
Lumbermen's Socks,  
Etoffe Jumpers and Pants,  
Trimmings of all kinds,  
Cotton Flannel,  
Ladies' Wrappers,

Ladies' Fur Trimmed Capes, Men's Fur Lined Coats, Men's Fur Caps, Men's Fur Coats, Ladies' Fur Collars, Ladies' Fur Muffs, Goat Robes, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes.

A full stock of Groceries, Hardware, Iron and Steel, Herring, Shad, Codfish and Ling, Flour, Cornmeal and Oatmeal.

J. & W. BRAIT KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

# The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

All Kinds of Printing.

Good Work---Low Rates.

Address Labels, Books, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blanks all kinds, Bonds, Blotters, Bills of Fare, Business Cards, Ball Invitations, Ball Programmes, Catalogues, Circulars, Calendars, Checks, Certificates, Counter Bills, Charters for Societies, Dodgers, Drafts, Druggist's Printing, Folders, Gang Saw Bills, Hangers, Hotel Registers, Invoices, Insurance Printing, Letter Heads, Labels, Magistrate's Blanks, Memorandums, Menu Cards, Note Heads, Notes of Hand, Orders, Posters, Programmes, Pamphlets, Price Lists, Receipts, Reports, Statements, Show Cards, Shipping Tags, Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.