

POOR DOCUMENT



JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Neuralgia
of the Heart.
Chronic Dyspepsia
Awful Constipation
and Rheumatism
cured by Groder's Syrup.

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

In stature he was rather tall, and his dress proclaimed him a ruffian, while there was something about his language that spoke of a previous acquaintance with the "cold dart," namely, the Green Isle.

His face was dirty and red, the latter probably the result of debauchery, and there was half-comical, half-devilish leer in one of his eyes that would have made some people laugh, and others shudder, according to their disposition.

Nora could not understand the trembling that seized upon her as she gazed upon this terrible-looking creature.

What did it mean?

Was intuition telling her that she was to meet her death at the hands of this villain?

He advanced toward her, and she shrank back appalled. What new system of torture was about to be applied to her?

She watched him with startled eyes as he held up his hand, pressed his finger to his lips, uttered the one word "hush!" and then, gliding to the door, bent his head in a listening attitude. Did he mean to murder her, and was listening to make sure that no one approached?

Again he turned and advanced. Was that a grin of devilish triumph on his face, or did her horror-stricken eyes deceive her? She tried to cry out, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her limbs seemed paralyzed. He stood before her now; his arms moved. Oh, God! what sentence was he about to pronounce upon her?

Nora!

CHAPTER XXI.
HER CHAMPION.

When that one word fell from the lips of the keeper, Nora Warner uttered a low cry, in which was blended amazement and joy.

She had expected something terrible to happen, but in the place of it something wonderful had occurred. Never would she have penetrated the disguise assumed by the other; but when he spoke a light dawned upon her soul, for only one man in the world could speak her name like that.

It was Jack.

When he left the widow and Carol, the man had immediately turned his steps toward the mad-house on the Potomac, but this was not so easy to find as he had imagined, for, like many great things, the people in his vicinity knew the least about it.

After being sent off on a false scent several times, Jack finally ran the game down, and then he realized that his work had only begun.

When he gazed upon those grim walls and saw how almost impossible it would be for an inmate to escape from them without outside influence, he began to despair but, remembering what he was working for, he began his labor at once.

In the end he succeeded in being hired by the doctor in the place of a man who had been recently discharged.

Evidently it was the ferocious look of the new keeper that had been his best recommendation in the eyes of the mad-house doctor, and knowing this, the disguised Jack gave him to understand that he was by nature quite a bloody-minded

rascal, ready to obey all orders without question.

He had already been in the institution two days, and his soul was sickened by what he had seen.

The doctor had hired him for a special purpose, and as yet he had not been required to indulge in any work though he accompanied the other keepers so as to familiarize himself with the inside arrangements of the asylum.

One of the men complaining of feeling sick on this evening—the result of a powder which Jack had cunningly mixed with his supper—the latter had volunteered to visit the pa in his stead, and leave them the frugal repast that was intended to be their supper.

This it was he entered the cell in which was confined the young girl.

When Nora realized who it was that stood before her in disguise, and that love for her had been the subject to lead him on, she felt her heart fill with rapture.

Oh, Jack, you have come to save me, to take me away from this terrible place, she cried.

She had been brave before when she had to depend upon herself, but no sooner did she understand that her lover had come than this courage forsook her, and she clung to him as if in the greatest terror.

He soon soothed her, however, and a few hasty words were exchanged.

They could not stay much, for the time was limited, and there might be danger of some one overhearing them, but Jack told her to be ready and expecting him at any minute. When he stood in the doorway before leaving, he called back the one encouraging word.

Remember!

He did not see the dark form that had come to a sudden halt down the passage and stepped into an alcove. It was Dr. Grim.

Remember what? That worthy muttered to himself as he watched the new keeper go on down the corridor; he came out of her cell too. Besides, it seemed to her that she had missed his usual accent in that word. Yes, I shall remember to keep a watch on your movements, Lanty O'Shane and if you trip up, so much the worse for you.

The doctor was shadowed.

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CHAPTER XXII.
"MY SIN HAS FOUND ME OUT."

Strange things often come to pass in this queer world of ours, but never could anything happen more singular in its nature than the meeting, face to face, of Lawrence Richmond, the man of strong impulses and fierce passions, with the woman who had been his wife, and yet upon whom his eyes had never once fallen during the past fifteen years.

Between those two, though they seemed separated by but a step, lay a chasm so deep that it would have been almost impossible to have crossed it. This was the pit that had dug and over which even love had not built a bridge.

She knew him at once.

His hair, when last she looked upon the lover of her youth, had been black as the raven's wing, while now it was white as the snow, but there was that upon his face—a look that never changed. That look of deadly anger that had been the last she had seen upon his face and it had all these years haunted her, so that when she looked upon the same expression now, the knowledge of who stood before her flashed like a meteor over her mind, causing her to reel at first, although she soon regained her self-possession.

As for him, he had not the remotest suspicion of the truth as she stood there. That this kind-looking, elderly lady from whose life his hand had driven all happiness except what she drew from within, was his wife of the past—the one whom he had once loved with all the fire of his nature—was something that did not enter his mind just then, so that he had not a glimmer of the truth, and was all unprepared for what was to come.

He was hot with anger.

Having followed Roger Darrel in the direction of the haunted mill, he knew just where his child had been hidden away, and had hurried on as fast as possible.

In common with others, Lawrence Richmond had heard of the widow who occupied the old mill, but he had never paid any attention to the gossip that was

circulated concerning her, and the fact that she never seemed to want for anything so long as money would buy it.

He was enraged at the idea of his child being carried off in the audacious manner she had been, and then kept so close to home. In his anger, he forgot that Carol was of age, and that the law could not help him in the matter.

When he found himself face to face with the mysterious widow, he saw with some satisfaction that she evidently seemed disturbed by his presence, and the fact gave him pleasure.

He also saw her lips from his name, although the sound, if any issued from between them, was not audible to him.

Yes, it is Lawrence Richmond, madame. At last I have found you out. By tracking that young imp of Satan I have struck the blow to which he carried her. Do not attempt to deny it, my child is here! he thundered.

At first she had suspected that he had recognized her, but was immediately reassured on this point by his words.

I shall not attempt to deceive you; Carol has been here. She is out for a walk now, but will be back soon when you can see her if you wish. We have nothing to fear from you, Lawrence Richmond, for the girl is of age, and no longer subject to your authority. Go your way, or remain and see her if you will.

He started at sound of her voice, as though memory had given him a stab, and yet just then he could not comprehend why he should act thus.

His keen eyes seemed to search the face of the woman, but she was so utterly changed from the one he had loved, yet sent from him, that not the faintest glimmer of the truth penetrated his brain.

To be continued.

1893. 1893.
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