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Carol Richmond... THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE.

Too well, alas! You are a fend incarnate, Captain Grant, and I would that I could see your...

I have searched far and wide for him—the man who ruined my life and killed my brother...

I tell you it is useless to fight against your fate, old man. When I first came here to see you on business...

Then you must hate this man terribly!—the soldier questioning.

Yes, my work is nearly done. The monster who wrecked my life still lives and I have found him. Heaven be praised for this moment...

CHAPTER IX. THE CLOVEN FOOT. The scene was dramatic.

Such a striking tableau, if it only could be transferred to canvas, would surely bring both fame and fortune to the artist.

Everything was propitious for the scene even to the romantic surroundings—the great precipice leading down a hundred feet or so, the beautiful river below glistening in the rays of the sun...

The grey girl, with her wondrous face and peculiar rich garments, stood with her form drawn up like a tragedy queen.

Her intensely black eyes were bent upon the form of the man before her, as though she would scorch him with the fire that was contained in them...

Go, you venerable villain, granted the Captain, at length; you have found your match at last, and in me. Would it not have done your heart good to have given me a push and sent me over the edge here? I can imagine your fiendish smile of satisfaction as you viewed my body...

As it went whirling down through space to eternity, perhaps to alight in the trees below, or it might be to float away to the ocean on the Potomac.

I could see all that in his mad orb, but he had dared not attempt the deed that would be his in its execution...

There stood before him one upon whom his eyes became gloved, and as he looked upon her features it could be plainly seen that she gave quite a start, though immediately after he was himself again, cool and collected.

Who are you, girl, and what do you seek here? he asked, somewhat haughtily.

I am Barbara Merris, the grey girl; I have not made many discoveries since you bawled me when I had made one...

Among the peaks of the Pyrenees I made my terrible vow to hunt you down to the death even if it took years to accomplish it...

You have spoken truly; but it need not trouble you, for I have neither the disposition nor the power to harm you or interfere with your plans...

Al, indeed. And may I inquire what success has attended your search thus far? he asked.

He might disguise his features, alter his voice beyond recognition and even pass his brother without recognition...

It would have been hard to have found one keener than this grey girl.

Through the knowledge had come to her like a thunder-clap, she did not betray herself. Not a muscle of her features gave evidence of the amazing discovery she had made.

He was in the mood to fight against your fate, old man. When I first came here to see you on business...

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He was dressed in black, and standing thus, there was, indeed, something suggestive of Mevilleport about him...

The tableau remained unbroken for perhaps a full minute, and then it was Barbara Merris herself who distorted the spell that seemed to have fallen upon them.

Yes, you are the man, the fiend, the demon who destroyed my peace, and made me the lost one I am.

I have no choice left me, only to pre-ent against the ending of my life, as I apply to my poor self.

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looking up at him in a pleading way, but he even smiled sardonically, and uttering one word, Farewell, walked a few paces away to where he could only see the small brown hands clutching the root in a death grasp.

The story of Nora Warner had almost killed her. So long as she simply believed that there had been a great mistake in his part-life...

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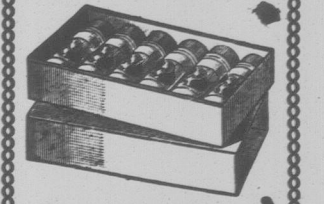
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