

POOR DOCUMENT

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1898.

THE GRODOR DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Grodor's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now. I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Grodor's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me. I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

CAROLINE'S LOVER,

Love Versus Wealth.

BY ARTHUR PENRHYN.

(Continued.)

Great God! Gordon, what are you saying?

I am telling you the truth. You cannot marry this girl, Cavendish; so take my advice—don't see her again. You have been too long in this place already. Go abroad! The change of scene will do you good, and you will soon forget Miss Bullion. I know very well that money has no effect on you, and therefore, can see how sad this parting must be to you. But it must be done, Cavendish; and so I advise you to do it at once.

I cannot answer tonight Gordon. I must see her again.

No, no! You will only embitter the parting. Leave me, Gordon, for tonight. Tomorrow I shall have thought over what you say, and will decide. I know you have spoken out of kindness, but your words have only shown me how hopelessly I am in love. Heaven preserve me, for Heaven alone can help me!

Wrapping his cloak around him, Cyril Cavendish hurried down the road leaving his friend without even shaking his hand.

Poor fellow! said Gordon, he must be deeply in love with her, but the love must be cured. It would never do for a man of Cyril's family to marry with a girl like Caroline Bullion, who has nothing but money. Well, we shall see what tomorrow brings forth.

CHAPTER II.

When the guests had departed from Bullion Lodge, Mr. Bullion threw himself wearily on a couch, and closing his eyes fell into an uneasy slumber. Claspings his hands he rolled restlessly from side to side, now and then muttering disconnected sentences now sighing as in pain, and now clenching his teeth, as though engaged in some deadly struggle.

Drawing an ottoman close to the couch Caroline seated herself by her father's side, and watched in wonder his uneasy slumber.

No great love existed between Caroline and her father. He had always treated her kindly, and had lavished his wealth upon her in a most gorgeous way; but all this was done in such a cold manner that the beauty of the presents had gone, and father and daughter remained still more like polite acquaintances than near relations.

Old Bullion was proud of his daughter. He delighted to see her richly dressed; and scarcely a month passed without his adding some expensive jewel to her already queen-like collection.

But even as he made the present his manner grew harder and his usually pleading eyes were turned toward the ground; and when Caroline kissed him she noticed that his lips were cold and that his hands trembled.

'Tis false! groaned the sleeping man. Your money—mine, must be mine! He loves her—he whom I have robbed!

She's your child! A Cavendish a trader is a disgrace! He is in there, in the bank safe, on his knees by the box! Now, before he discovers the robbery! Ha that scream! No one could have heard it but myself! Dead—murdered! but—but I have his gold!

Horried at what she had heard, Caroline withdrew her hand from the banker's arm.

Could this be merely the ravings of some terrible dream which imagination had conjured up to terrify the old man? Or was there behind a dark history—as the dream a fearful stage upon which the ghost of the past once more played over some terrible drama which had once been a reality? The convulsive working of old Bullion's lips, his clenched teeth and clasped hands, left little doubt that the dream was caused by some hygone action of which the rich banker was at least cognizant, if he had not played a principal part in the terrible tragedy.

Yes, he continued, after a pause; she shall marry Cyril. She will then be righted and so will he. I have wealth in my safes, and—ah! he is there kneeling. He comes! he comes!

With a yell of agony the old man sprang from the couch and with outstretched hand and averted head seemed wringing off some terrible phantom. The perspiration burst out in large beads upon his brow, his trembling limbs trembled with agitation, and at last he sank exhausted into a chair.

For some moments the old banker sat gazing fixedly before him, not noticing his daughter who stood by the couch petrified with horror at the sight she had witnessed. She could no longer doubt that her father had committed some fearful crime, for his agitation was too strong to be caused by mere imagination; besides this crime, committed years ago, might explain in some measure her father's coldness toward her.

At last Josiah Bullion raised his head and beheld his daughter. His pale complexion changed to a sickly green, and it was with difficulty he could stagger to his feet.

Caroline, what are you doing there? he demanded.

I—I have been watching you, sir. Watching me! screamed the old man, suddenly recovering from his fright. Has it come to this, then, that I am to have spies in my own house? Speak, girl! who made you do this? No faltering, or by Heaven, I'll have your life.

Father, exclaimed the young girl, in surprise, what is the meaning of this? No trifling, screamed the old man, but tell me at once what you have seen or heard!

That which I would fain believe untrue, replied the girl, haughtily; but, alas, I cannot! Your dreams while sleeping might be false, but this behavior proves their truth!

So, hussy, you have dared to listen to me! exclaimed the old man, pacing up and down the room. And what did I say? Did I tell you that I had made my money by fraud?

No, exclaimed Caroline, her dark eyes flashing; not by fraud, but by murder!

'Tis false! cried the old man, passionately—false, you ungrateful child. But mark me, this behavior shall not go unpunished. Cyril Cavendish loves you, and it is for me to decide whether you shall wed him or no.

Your pardon, it is for me to decide that question, and I have done so, exclaimed Caroline, proudly. Do you think that I would taint the name of the man I love? No; Cyril Cavendish can never be more to me than a friend. I have no pride in family, and care not for long descent; but where they are reckoned they must be respected, Cyril is proud of his family, and loves his good name more than he does me—nay, I should love him less if it were not so. Think you that I would cast one slur upon that which is so dear to him? No, Caroline Bullion, the daughter of an honest trader, would have married a duke had she loved him, and held her name as good as his proudest ancestor; but Caroline Bullion, the daughter of Josiah Bullion,—Oh, Heaven, I cannot say it!

Overcome with her pent-up feelings, Caroline covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

Ha, ha, ha, shouted old Bullion, in a fiendish manner. She won't snily his name—she is proud and haughty! Oh, if she but knew the truth. I could crush your heart in a moment. I warn you to have a care, for I am a man who never forgives. Hark ye, mistress, you are a beggar. You have not a sixpence in the world but what I choose to give you. Perhaps you think that because you are my daughter you have large claims upon the fortune that I have made by careful industry? But supposing I should say you are not my child, that I found you in the gutter, and brought you up out of charity, what would you do then?

I would thank Heaven for having relieved me from the fearful shadow that now hangs over me. I have not your love of gold. To me honest poverty is no disgrace; whilst wealth gained by crime is but luxurious misery and gilded remorse. If, as you hint, I am not your child, I will leave you, and go forth from this house poor and penniless as you found me, thanking you for the kindness you have done me, and praying Heaven may forgive the crime you have committed.

Crime? What crime? shouted Josiah Bullion. I tell you, girl, to have a care! You are my child and I have authority over you. Do not interrupt me. Up to

this time I have indulged you—nay, spoiled you; but from this time forward you must learn to obey me, as your false-hearted mother did. Ay, that makes you start—does it? False-hearted! What if I did shoot a man when abroad? He provoked me to it, and your mother was the cause. Ha, ha, ha! Your pride has gone now! But listen. We will come to terms. I never liked—in fact, have always hated you! Each time I looked upon your face, the terrible past has been dragged from its grave, and placed before me. Still, my duty has made me keep you, and I have been kind. That I have done this partly from necessity, and partly from a wish to stand well with the world, I do not deny. Still, you have reaped the benefit of my selfishness; and, therefore, out of gratitude, and for your own sake, must keep my secret. I have made up my mind that you shall wed Cyril Cavendish, and I will not be thwarted. One breath of mine, and I could blight your good name—one stroke of my pen, and I could make you penniless, and I am not the man to hesitate. I have set my heart on your marrying Cyril Cavendish, and I will have my own way.

You have a firm will, sir, replied Caroline, but mine is equally so. Do you think that I will become a partner in your villainy—a walking lie, to be admitted by the world when my own heart tells me the truth? You best know, sir, if such a life can bring happiness; but for my part, were it to bring the greatest bliss, I would not live it. Tomorrow I reject Cyril Cavendish.

With a yell of fiend-like rage Josiah Bullion sprang at Caroline, and the next moment struck her to the ground. I have made up my mind that you shall wed Cyril Cavendish, and I will not be thwarted. One breath of mine, and I could blight your good name—one stroke of my pen, and I could make you penniless, and I am not the man to hesitate. I have set my heart on your marrying Cyril Cavendish, and I will have my own way.

Touch him not Cyril—touch him not! cried Caroline. He is not worthy that you should touch him. Cyril, Cyril, my heart! Do not stop here! Leave me! The breath of this house is contamination. Ask me no questions. I cannot—dare not—answer you. It is enough that you should know that I cannot be yours—must never see you more.

'What is the meaning of this? cried Cyril. It is you Mr. Bullion who has caused this change. You think that I am unworthy of your daughter because I am poor. But I have enough to live on, and Caroline shall be mine. I have not much to give her, and I bear a name as old and pure as any in England.

Rash boy! said Josiah. It is not I that refuse you, but yonder self-willed girl, unto whom I had just administered a lesson as you came in. I give you my consent to take her away directly. I hate her. Not a farthing of my gold shall she have. I disown her. Take her—marry her, if you will—but trust me, no good will come of it. Now go—both of you!

Have you no fear of heaven's retribution, old man? said Cyril, sternly, as he drew the weeping Caroline to his breast, at the same time folding her in his arms, to show that he would protect her.

None, exclaimed Bullion with a fiendish laugh—none! I have now lived sixty years and more, but have failed to find that much talk of retribution.

Even now I return to this house to tell you of a great calamity that has befallen you. The bank is on fire!

With a scream of horror, old Bullion rushed from the room into the hall where a crowd of servants were assembled to see how the master would take the news that Mr. Cyril brought.

Dashing through the crowd, Josiah flew down the path that led to town, quickly followed by Cyril, who, having seen that the fainting Caroline was attended to, determined to follow and see the result of the fire.

Onward dashed the old man, his white hair blown about by the wind, and the lurid glare of the fire shining on his face. Here and there they came across crowds of people, who were hurrying to the town to see Bullion & Co's bank on fire; but these people drew aside to let the old banker pass; and, though there was no sign or word of pity for the hard grinding business man, yet the good hearts of the people prevented them from insulting him in his misfortune.

They reached the street, and at once the banker rushed towards the fire. Stand back, sir! said one of the firemen. You must not pass!

I tell you I must! I am Mr. Bullion, the owner of the bank! I must go in!

If you were the Emperor of Russia, I couldn't let you, sir.

But I wish to save some things! All's saved that can be saved, replied the fireman. Your cashier was on the spot a few moments after the fire broke out, so we saved most of the things, and now the rest must go.

But there was a safe of which I alone kept the key, cried the old man, a gleam of exultation in his eyes.

And that safe has been broken open, said Fred Gordon, and inside was found the skeleton of a man kneeling beside a dead—

Great God! who could it be? said Bullion trembling.

We found some letters in the coat, which proved it to be the remains of Cuthbert Cavendish.

With a wild cry of despair, Josiah Bullion fell forward, his head striking against the fire-engine, and he sank upon the ground, covered with blood.

CHAPTER III.

When Josiah Bullion came to himself he found that he had been carried to a hospital, where he had been carefully attended to; but, he saw a policeman seated at the door.

By the bedside stood the doctor and the nurse attentively watching him. What is the meaning of this? asked Bullion. Why have I been brought here? Take me to my own home.

Do not excite yourself, Mr. Bullion, said the doctor. Have you forgotten the accident at the bank?

Bullion remained silent for a moment, and then, turning his heavy eyes towards the doctor said, Yes, I remember it allow now. What about the bank safe?

The skeleton that was found within it is firmly believed to be that of Cuthbert Cavendish.

Where is my daughter? She is now down-stairs. She has never left here since you have been ill.

And Cyril? Remains with her. The old man's eyes closed for a few seconds, and he breathed heavily, as if he had again fallen into an insensible condition.

But, quickly recovering himself, he looked up, and, pointing to the policeman, asked, what is that man doing here?

Oh, never mind him, Mr. Bullion. Don't speak of that now. You are weak, and must be careful of your health. But, quickly recovering himself, he looked up, and, pointing to the policeman, asked, what is that man doing here?

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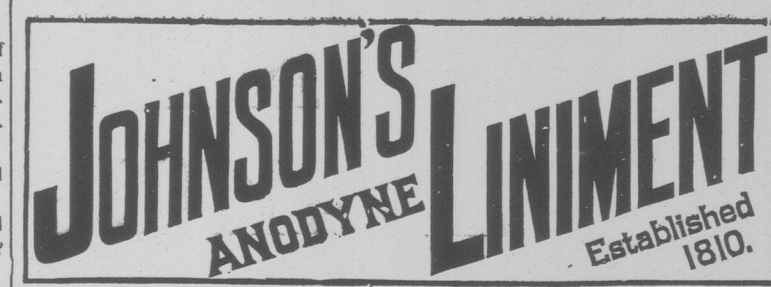
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