

POOR DOCUMENT

Gröder's Syrup

IS A PERMANENT CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

Carol Richmond

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FLESH OR SPIRIT.

Captain Grant—as we may still call the man of many names, in order to distinguish him from his cousin, Roger Darrel—had proved his boldness by remaining in the vicinity, when everything seemed to indicate that hasty flight would be most beneficial to his interests.

He seemed completely environed by foes, and no matter which way he turned it did seem as though he was bound to meet some enemy; but he only shut his teeth the harder and determined to beat them all yet.

There were several important things that menaced him about which he knew nothing.

The first of these was the escape of New Water for the second time from the mill-house; and the fact that she and brave Jack who loved her so well that he was ready to die in her service, were even then sleeping in upon the man upon whom both had sworn a mighty oath to be avenged.

Then, again, there was another little fact of which the Captain was ignorant—the restoration of the Russian detective to life.

He had not the least idea in the wide world but that fellow had been dead in the chimney for days; and not knowing that the old mill was occupied, and haunted by a fear lest his secret should become known, should anyone by accident discover the body of the man-tracker, who might really be recognized as the person with whom he had left Richmond Terrace on the night when his marriage had been so abruptly broken off by the flight of Carol, assisted by Valiant Roger, he was even now on his way to the old mill with the full intention of forever hiding the body of the slain detective—for he was absolutely positive the man was dead—from the view of mankind.

He had started out with a trowel and some lime, intending to make some mortar and brick up the hole in the chimney in which he had dropped the body, but when he came to think it all over, there were several objections to this plan.

In the first place, any parties visiting the mill through idle curiosity—as they were liable to do any day, and this it was that had urged him on to the step he was about to take—could not but notice the difference in the mortar; the patch would be plainly seen, and their curiosity so excited that nothing would do but an examination; when the truth would be speedily disclosed.

This had so disgusted him that he had hurled the trowel and little sack of lime into the bushes, and with a curse was about to turn back, when he suddenly became seized with a brilliant idea.

So stuporous was this new thought, coming after his late defeat, that he became excited, and, being no time, at once recommenced his walk toward the mill.

It was far into the night, and the bright stars looked down from above as though rebuking the dark thoughts that had been engendered in his brain.

His new scheme, which had appeared to him as one well calculated to bring success, with it was to tear down the chimney, remove the body to some other part of the mill, where it would get the full benefit of his further actions, and then gathering combustibles about the dead man, set fire to the old mill.

The great structure would burn like tinder, and his secret would be well kept, if only his idea, he hurried along the path, he had taken on that other night, when, with much heroic strength he had borne the body of the detective from the spot where he had struck him down to the denser forest where he had afterward brought his home to bear the body to the mill.

If he could dispose of the detective's body, one's great object would be accomplished. He felt that when he struck the man-tracker down to death he had accomplished much, for in spite of his nonchalance in his presence he had

fared this man like poison.

When this work was accomplished he could turn upon his other foe one by one and demolish them.

Filled with these thoughts he hurried on through the gloomy forest.

The mill was quite a distance away, and yet he took no note of the passage of time, and was so engrossed in his various schemes that almost before he was aware of the fact the old building loomed up before him.

To the surprise of the Captain, he saw lights in two different parts of the mill, one on the lower floor, remote from the place where the body had been concealed, the other higher, up in a sort of loft, formerly used by the miller for some purpose.

The first he could comprehend, for he remembered hearing that an old woman had been known to inhabit the wing of the mill for some years past, but what the other meant he had not the remotest idea.

Then a sudden fear assailed his heart—what if the evidence of his crime had already been discovered?

Whatever lay in his past, this man was not a coward, so far as brute courage was concerned, as has been already proven on different occasions, but this was the first time his soul had been stained with actual murder, and he quivered with horror at the thought of the doom awaiting him should his crime be detected and brought home to him.

Soon the reaction came, and with it a determination to climb up and see who it was occupied the strong rooms of the dead miller.

This was easily done, for a tree grew beside the building, and all that was necessary for him to do was to draw himself up among the branches of this until he came on a line with the little window from whence the light proceeded.

No sooner had this idea entered his head than he hastened to put it into execution.

To climb the tree was an easy task, and in a very few minutes his head was on a level with the window. When his eyes fell upon the occupant of the little chamber his form seemed to turn into ice, such was the cold wave that shot through his frame, and from his lips, trembling with a sudden fear, fell the words:

My God, it is his spirit!

He was gazing upon his last victim, the Russian detective, whose head his murderous knife had sought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

Perhaps the man in the tree may have, in his sudden alarm, uttered the words that indicated his surprise a little too loud; at any rate the detective turned and looked toward the window, and would have discovered the spy but that he had dropped behind a limb and was hidden.

He knew not at first whether it was the detective in the flesh, or his spirit returned to drag him down to Hades, and in either case it was bad enough to make him shiver.

Fancy his feelings—so close to this Russian blood-bond who was on his track, doubtless armed with all the papers necessary to take him across the water to the most terrible doom that could befall a man, and beside which, death at the gibbet or guillotine lost its terrors—a life in the salt mines of Siberia for tremendous political offenses against the Czar.

Satisfied, apparently, that he had been mistaken in thinking that he had heard a noise, the man resumed his work of writing, and Captain Grant gradually raised his head again.

For ten minutes those tiger eyes were gazed upon the detective.

Then the soldier began to descend the tree with the agility and noiselessness of a cat. Once upon the ground he stood and shook his fist upward muttering low words which contained terrible threats. Turning he vanished from view among the trees beyond the mill, and in about the same place where the two women had seen him disappear on the other evening, when they could not tell whether it was Roger Darrel or some one else, the two men being of the same build and the atmosphere deceptive.

A couple of hours later Captain Grant once more appeared upon the scene. In his hand he carried a large can of coal oil, stolen from some neighboring farmhouse. His object was apparent—he intended to destroy the mill after all, and, if the thing were possible, to get rid of the detective at the same time.

For some time he gazed about in the lower part of the mill. Not a light was to be seen, for Carol had returned to her room in the dwelling, and her mother had closed the blinds in the lower story, so that she might be undisturbed in her occupation of reading old letters from her husband.

The Captain used a dark lantern, and in a short time had everything arranged. A slow match was ignited that would take a certain length of time to burn, and during this time he meant to secure the detective in his room. Escape by means of the window was out of the question for it was only a small bull's-eye opening and even a much more slender man than the Russian detective would have trouble in passing through it.

Up the stairs, creep, the would-be-murderer with the stealth of a burglar. His ears were on the alert for any sound, but nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the sleeper in the little room.

All this while the slow-match he had ignited down below was slowly creeping toward the oil saturated rags and chips, which once blazing, nothing could extinguish. Captain Grant knew what danger he was incurring, and the terrible trap he was about to enter.

Reaching the room in which the Russian detective lay, sleeping, having shown himself upon the cot, without undressing, the man-devil looked in. The candle still burned, but dimly from want of snuffing, and as the door was open he saw that the key was on the inside.

To remove this to the outside was his first care. This he accomplished without awakening the sleeper, and then all was in readiness for the consummation of his plan, but he could not resist the temptation to creep across the little room and glare over his enemy once more before the fire cremated him.

Now his eyes gleamed as he glared down upon the man who hunted him so long, and whom his knife had failed to kill. His breath came hard, as though excitement reigned within and his hand unconsciously sought the weapon in his belt.

At this instant, however, the right hand of the detective suddenly shot upward and clutched the throat of the soldier, and at the same time threw himself upward.

The two of them went over with a crash, locked in a deadly embrace, and upon the floor there ensued a terrible struggle. Each man put forth his best efforts, and had the detective been fully well, he would have had but little difficulty in mastering the other, for he was a man of wonderful physique; but the recent upward blow received from this selfsame man had weakened his frame considerably, so that he had all he could do to equal the fierce endeavors made by Captain Grant to overcome him.

They managed in some unaccountable manner to gain their feet, and like a couple of giants awaited to and fro, as if they were two weeds bonding in the breeze.

All at once they went to the floor with a great crash, and such was the force of their fall that they were separated, each being hurled in an opposite direction.

When Captain Grant managed to gain his knees, it was only to hear a sharp snap.

The door had, moved by the violence of their actions, slammed shut.

Remembering that it was a spring lock, the man uttered a cry of horror, and, springing forward, attempted to open it, but the door remained fast. The spring lock had caught, and he himself had removed the key to the outside, thus sealing his own doom as it appeared.

When the full consciousness of their position broke upon him, Captain Grant uttered a low cry of horror, for his soul was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the doom he had thus cunningly brought upon himself.

Hearing an exclamation of triumph from his enemy, and recent adversary, he turned.

The angle still bared, feebly close at his hand, and he could see the detective half crouching on the floor, while a pistol was in his hand.

Captain Grant was equal to the occasion, however, for with one blow of his hand he hurled the candle to the further end of the little compartment, causing darkness to ensue of such denseness that neither could see the other.

Hold, man! cried the Captain, hoarsely, of what use are hostilities now? We are bound to die together here like rats in a hole.

What's that you say? cried the detective, who was panting heavily.

I mean that we are locked in here, and the old mill is on fire. See, under the door even now you can see an increasing light. Listen, and you will hear the voices of the fire-brands. We are doomed.

My God! This is your work, devil! ejaculated the detective, jumping up and vainly rattling at the door.

I acknowledge it, but I have been caught in my own trap, answered the miserable Captain.

To their ears now came a low, muttering sound, like increasing thunder. It was the savage flames eating their way upward, roaring, dancing, and shooting wildly, this way and that, as they rapidly enveloped the whole of the doomed building.

CHAPTER XXXV.

UNITED BY THE FLAMES.

Roger Darrel, walking through the

forest and drawn by the hand of fate, stopped several times, as though to turn back, but on each separate occasion he found himself impelled forward.

At least I will not enter when I reach there. Let me look upon the old mill once again, and perhaps this mad fancy on my part will be satisfied. What it is I know not, but I cannot resist it. Ha!

He finished his words with a startled cry, for his eyes had suddenly caught a glow of light through the forest trees.

It cannot be the moon rising, for, unless I have lost my bearings, I am heading toward the west. My soul, see that flame dart upward. It is the old mill on fire! God help me, what if she should be lost!

He started on a wild run, leaping over holes and logs as though they were almost nothing, and rapidly nearing the blazing mill, which with every passing minute seemed to become more and more the victim of the flames.

Now he seemed to understand the subtle power that had drawn him on, and in his heart he prayed, oh, so earnestly that he might yet be in time to save his darling.

All thought of bitterness toward her had been swept from his heart as if by magic. He had the proofs of his innocence, but his words about throwing her love from him were forgotten.

On he dashed. It seemed as though he would never get there, and the old mill was now a perfect pyramid of flames, roaring and leaping upwards as though in derision over the destruction of the haunted building.

The woods were now lighted up, and he could see his way better, so that he made better time, but his heart was full of a terrible fear lest he should arrive too late.

Finally, like a mad deer, he sprang from among the trees and rushed into the open space. A terrible scene, full of awful grandeur, was before him but he heeded not its sublime splendor. The one thought before his mind was the harrowing uncertainty in regard to Carol. Was she safe, or Heaven, what if she were in that abyss of flame!

Almost mad at the bare thought, he rushed frantically forward.

A scream reached his ears—the scream of a woman—and for the first time he noticed a female figure close to the burning mill. The glare and smoke kept him from recognizing her, and with his heart leaping for joy, he bounded toward the woman, who was wringing her hands wildly.

When he reached her side he saw that it was Mrs. Richmond, not Carol.

Several other forms had darted from the woods, and were hurrying toward the woman, and the lady stood. The leading one he recognized as Lawrence Richmond, but beyond that he did not spare the time to look.

Carol—where is she? he cried.

There was not a second to lose. The poor lady could not speak, but raising her hand she pointed to the blazing building it was enough.

God help me! fell from his shut teeth. Then bracing himself like a giant preparing for a mighty battle, he rushed forward, hurling himself through the barrier of fierce flames that crossed their angry tongues before the doorway.

He found the stairs more from instinct than sight, as the place was full of smoke. Up he went with great leaps. At the top he could see nothing, but groping his way along he cried aloud:

Carol, oh Carol my darling, where are you?

Oh, the bitterness in his voice! It spoke of heart-breaking, racking pain, but there came no answer save the roaring and crackling of the flames as they fed upon the dry timbers of the old mill.

He groped his way along a passage until he came to a door. It refused to give way at his touch, and rendered desperate by the situation, he raised his foot and sent it down with a crash.

Entering, he found the interior full of smoke, and yet it was more bearable than out in the hall, because of the closed door.

A slender figure arose and staggered toward him. With a cry he held out his arms for her.

Carol, my love, my life, thank God you are alive! he cried as he folded her in his arms and crushed her to his heart.

You—forgive me—Roger—I loved you—I believe in you now as I do in Heaven! the poor girl gasped her first thought at this time, when death seemed so near, being of the abyss that had separated them.

Hush, darling Heaven will forgive us both. I have forgotten all—everything but that I love you better than the whole world. As proof of it, witness me here to save or die with you.

To be continued.

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD, General and Nervous Debility,

Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Excessive Rheumatism in Old or Young, Robust, Noble Manhood fully restored. How to get rid of the following: Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body, Absoluteness of Falling Home Treatments—Beneficial in a day, taken readily from the bottle, and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book explanation and proof mailed (sealed) free.

THE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others, they fill the bowels. Children take them easily. The most delicate women can take them. They are sold in every drug store. Do not buy cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper. Do not buy cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper. Do not buy cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper.

Make New Rich Blood!

MCNALLY AGAIN

Read Extraordinary Prices Below.

Three more Car Loads of Chairs, Bedsteads, Bedroom Suits and Fancy Furniture Just Received. New Upholstered Goods are being turned out of our Upholstering department daily.

PRICES: Walnut Parlor Suites in Tapestry with Plush Trimmings \$25.50. Solid Oak Chamber Suits, \$25.00. French Pannelled Antique Oak Bedsteads with engraved headboard and varnished Side Rails, \$1.85. Woven Wire Mattresses, \$2.65. Dominion Coppered Wire Beds reduced to \$4.50. Oak Chairs 38c. Cane Seated Chairs 65c. Oak Bent Back Rockers, 85c. Platform Carpet Rockers, \$3.50. Bamboo Easels, 90c. Bamboo Fancy Tables, \$1.35. Good Strong Lounges with Steel Springs, Tapestry Covering, \$4.50. Soft Stuffed Easy Chairs, \$4.00. 10 Piece Ivory Toilet Sets, \$2.25. Five Bottle Polished Castors, 95c. Silver Plated Castors, 16 inches high, 5 engraved Bottles, stamped Quadruple Plate, only \$2.75.

New Cheval Chamber Suites 18x36 beveled plate, 7 pieces, best value ever offered. New lines in Polished Oak and Walnut Chamber Suits, Book Cases, Secretaries, Hall Racks, Desks, Pictures, Fancy Goods, China, Glass and Silverware.

Children's Carriages, came in late, at \$7.50 to close out.

We employ no peddlers but make our PRICES sell the Goods. DON'T BE DECEIVED.

Orders by mail promptly attended to and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JAMES G MCNALLY

FULL LINES of the following Department are in stock which intending purchasers do well to examine.

- Silks, Tweeds, Flannels, Cotton Flannels, White Cottons, Unbleached do, Gingham, Shirtings, Prints, Ducks, Harberdashery, Men's Shirts and Drawers, Oilcloths
- Velvets, Plushes, Ribbons, Dress Goods, Cloths, Hoisery, House Furnishing Goods, Cotton Wares,
- Velveteens, Plushes, Ribbons, Dress Goods, Cloths, Hoisery, House Furnishing Goods, Cotton Wares,

JOHN HASLIN.

A. L. F. VANWART, Undertaker and Embalmer, Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N B

Coffins AND Caskets, FUNERAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

First-Class Hearse in Connection. Special Prices for Orders from the Country. All Orders Promptly Attended to with Neatness and Dispatch.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, AT KITCHEN & SHEA'S.

ESTABLISHED 1855

Taylor's Gafes

145 & 147 FRONT STREET TORONTO

B. B. BLIZARD Agent for Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.