

# POOR DOCUMENT

**Groder's**  
Syrup

Will Cure  
SOUR  
STOMACH  
AND  
HEART-  
BURN.

## Carol Richmond

### THE MAN WITH THE BLACK GLOVE

Continued.

You talk boldly, madame. Perhaps you forget the difference in our station. You are poor and friendless, I the rich and powerful Lawrence Richmond, of Richmond Terrace. Which do you think would have the most influence in court?

The question was cruel, but the widow only smiled, as though ready to meet it. Think not your secrets are unknown to me, Lawrence Richmond. The Terrace is mortgaged to its full value, and any day the real owner may foreclose. Indeed it has been a source of wonder to you for a year past why he has not done so. This was one reason why you wished your daughter to marry Captain Grant. You believed him to be wealthy, the heir to vast estates. Had you let him know the truth on your side, he would never have troubled you about your daughter's hand, for he believed her to be an heiress.

Woman, gasped the old man, how know you this? I supposed there was not a soul in the world acquainted with the facts save my lawyer and Lionel Marsden, to whom the mortgage belongs. What witchery is this? Am I to be ruined by a babbling tongue? Surely Heaven punishes me terribly for that mad act of the past.

He almost groaned these last words, and she knew to what he referred, for a low exclamation fell from her lips.

When you believed that, you were right. Not a soul in the world does know of the fact but your lawyer and Lionel Marsden. See, Lawrence Richmond, do you recognize that document? and from her bosom she drew her scroll; it is the paper that takes from you Richmond Terrace, the home of your ancestors. I am the one whom you have pleased to call herself Lionel Marsden.

He stood there mute, his eyes glued upon the precious document. Ah, if it were but destroyed, Richmond Terrace might yet be his, and yet little good it would be for him to do the deed, for beyond a doubt her lawyer had made it secure.

Mysterious woman, who are you? What cause for enmity have you against me that you hunt me down? God has seen fit to punish me for my great sin, but even she, if she lived could not look, save with pity upon the wreck of the once proud Lawrence Richmond. I keep up a show of pride still, but it is a hollow mockery, for my heart is crushed within, and I am fit only for the grim reaper. Death. The past haunts me, and yet I do not regret it, for I was right. I loved her, oh, my God, how dearly, but she was also as Hades, and I sent her from me.

The old man seemed overcome with these recollections, and apparently forgot that there was any one present. His head had fallen upon his chest, and his whole attitude was one of despair.

Fancy the feelings of his lost wife, standing there in front of him and hearing such a tirade from his lips.

It was very evident that Time, healer of many wounds, both of body and heart, and failed to entirely alleviate the pain that had lain in the breast of this man who supposed himself to be an outraged husband.

Love! what wondrous power lies in the word—power to overturn nations and to build them up again. Though he had strong proof of his wife's unfaithfulness and was willing to swear that he hated even the mention of her name, yet there were times when the mask was rudely swept aside, and he beheld himself as he really was.

One little, lingering hope had remained, and by this slender thread he was saved from utter darkness.

He loved the memory of what his wife had once been to him; even while he hated and cursed that fatal day when they had separated to meet no more. Thus it was the recollection rushing upon him seemed to bewilder his brain, and he even forgot for the time where he was.

There that woman stood with folded hands and eyes full of unshed tears, waiting in an agony of suspense. Something of the truth must have entered her mind for she did not betray herself. The wrongs of the past, endured at the hands of this man, arose before her mental visions, and the sight must have given her both courage and strength, for she gradually drew her form back until from a wailing, pleading position, she had assumed the attitude of a queen.

It was strange that Lawrence Richmond should stand there, so close to her, and not realize aught that was passing in

her brain—strange that he should gaze upon her face, even with its changes, and not have the cobwebs of time brushed aside by the magic hand of memory, and yet his mind was full of a thousand thoughts just then, that seemed to mingle in fantastic fashion.

Chief of all arose the mission that had brought him there, and his anger soon assumed full sway again.

Madame, are you more than you seem; you held a power over my head, and can send Lawrence Richmond out into the world almost a beggar, but he never asked a favor of man or woman in his life, and it is too late to begin now. I see you are allied with my enemies, but I defy you; do your worst!

There was something really heroic in the old man's manner as he folded his arms over his chest and threw back his head. The breeze blew his long white hair fitfully, and added new strength to the picture.

Heaven forbid that I should wish to harm you. No, no; I have forgiven all. Do you see this document? It is worth a king's ransom. There it is lost, lost forever!

As she spoke she turned into the house and buried the mortgage upon the flames of a small fire burning upon the hearth, an operation Lawrence Richmond witnessed with amazement.

Woman, are you mad? There is a fortune in that way. It shall never be said a Richmond accepted such a sacrifice from a stranger, and he would have leaped forward to save the document but that she barred the way.

No, a thousand times no! See it shrivel up. There, Richmond Terrace is yours again.

Woman, who are you? he gasped, hoarsely.

Seek not to know, she replied; but he caught her wrist and turned her to the right.

Proudly she met the blaze of his mad eyes.

My God! it is my wife! This is my distribution. My sin has found me out! and he fell back dazed.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
THE DEAD ALIVE.

Bitter tears of anguish wept Carol Richmond on that afternoon when Roger Darrel, the man she had loved and mistrusted, had left her with such scathing words upon his lips.

Her heart was very sore indeed.

Never had she even suspected the wealth of love for this man that dwelt within her heart until she saw him standing there alone before her, indignantly defending himself against the charges brought by her, and while avowing himself as innocent as the unborn babe, repudiating the love she had once given him.

Oh, God! and had it come to this, that she who had loved him in the past, who had promised to love on through good and evil, should be the first to doubt and doubt, to accuse him of such heinous crimes?

No wonder she shuddered, sitting there upon the old log, no wonder her whole frame seemed shaken with emotion. She wept bitterly, and it seemed to her they were tears of blood that fell from her eyes, coming straight from her heart.

Would he ever come back?

Yes, she had his word to that effect but he had said he would only return to prove how utterly false were all those charges against him, and then, having done that, he never wished to look upon her face again.

Oh, God! she cried out in her agony, as she wrung her white hands, have I not enough to bear already? I am born to woe. Lost to me are father, home, and lover; yet thank Heaven that in my destitution I have found a mother.

In her agonized self-abasement she had sunk upon the ground and let her head fall upon her arms as they rested upon the log. Then she gave full way to her emotions, and sobbed convulsively for some time.

Tears! what magic! in their falling. They ease the wearied brain, and oftentimes bring rest and peace in their train. After a while her emotion spent itself, and she gradually became calm, but it was the calmness that indicated stony despair.

Now that Roger Darrel was lost to her forever, and that between them, dug by the hand of fate, guided by herself, lay an unfathomable pit, she realized that her love for him was as boundless as the heavens and as deep as the ocean. She firmly believed him innocent of all that had been charged against him, simply by the power of his own word.

That was true love, a love that nothing could break or bend, that would be strong in the face of opposition as the flinty face of a cliff.

It had been with her all along, but she had only needed some shock like this to bring it out. Was it not too late? Alas! she feared so.

She had fallen into a sad, dreamy re-

verie, when her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps.

Startled, she looked up, the blood darting into her face as the thought flashed into her mind that perhaps this was Roger come back again for a reconciliation.

Her eyes were hot and inflamed from the scolding tears she had shed, but no sooner had they rested upon the figure of the man before her than she uttered a low cry, partly of surprise, partly of fear. It was Captain Grant.

He stood there gazing upon her. The merest accident had helped him to the spot in time to hear her sobs, and for some little time he had observed her from the bushes, finally approaching, unable to further keep his peace.

He saw the horror in her face, but it did not turn him. His was a nature cold and cruel, and the more resistance he met with the more determined he became to accomplish his ultimate end.

This girl seemed to defy him, and he was most firmly resolved that she should be his through fair means or foul, believing, as he did, that she was a great heiress. Perhaps he might have been just as obstinate had he learned of her father's poverty, for Carol was a girl worth winning, and he had not been brought into close companionship with her all these weeks for nothing.

Carol, he said, subduing his voice, I have found you at last.

She slowly arose to her feet.

As she stood there before him, her lapis lazuli eyes seemed to be taking upon themselves a new light, and deep in their depths burned a fire which he little understood.

Well, sir, now that you have found me, what then?

You must return home with me home to the father you left so heartlessly, he replied.

It was he who was heartless, he who drove me from what has been my home. Think you I would ever have gone but for his cruelty? I promised him I would never marry without his consent, but I did not tell him he could choose my husband for me. I know all, sir—how you held a power over my head and forced him to do this cruel deed, but that does not entirely exonerate him. Why do you ask me, Captain Grant?

Because I would take you home again; because I would have you for my wife. In spite of all I am ready to forgive you and take you back again. You see how I love you girl? You ran away with a man of the world, a man your father had no confidence in, and had refused admission to his house, but I am disposed to be magnanimous and forget it all.

Indeed! well, no one asked you to be so magnanimous, Captain Grant. I have found a protector against whom even my father could not prevail give me to up.

The Captain uttered a cry.

My soul! you are not married? he cried.

Married! I married? No, I did not mean to imply that. Roger Darrel took me to my mother when he carried me away from the Terrace.

Your mother! Why, girl, your mother died many years ago, when all the rest of your family went, said the Captain.

So every one was made to believe, but it was not so. My mother was believed unfaithful by her husband, who sent her from him with curses that soon came back to him, for there fell the terrible blow that left him almost childless as well as wifeless. My mother is living, and on her hearth I have found the peace that was denied me elsewhere.

Come, come this will never do; you must go home with me. Girl, I have sworn to make you my wife by fair means or foul, and Captain Grant was never known to make a vow without being able to carry it out. Mine you shall be, must be. Do you give in to the working of fate?

I hardly know what you mean, Captain Grant. My poor brain has received so many blows of fate that I seem to be in a species of case the while; but if it is your intention to pass the dastardly act in which you were engaged on that night when I was saved at the last minute from your wolfish power by the bravery of the only true friend I had left, then I will tell you it can never be.

She spoke calmly, and in a manner that carried the conviction of her firmness, but the only result was to cause the usually cool Captain to grow excited.

He could not hear to be balked in anything, and the idea of this puny girl eluding the trap he had so neatly set for her was enough to completely demoralize him.

Say not so Carol. Do you not know that your father's wishes are bound up in this affair? I hold a dreadful secret over his head, and should I let it fall, he is a ruined man, not financially, I do not mean that, but in the eyes of the law he becomes a felon.

A felon!

Yes, a felon; a murderer!

Oh, my God! what is this you are telling me. It cannot be; it cannot be. Captain Grant, if you had the heart of a man you would never persecute a poor girl in this way. You will drive me to despair, she wailed.

On the contrary, it is you who will drive me to despair. You have bewitched me by your beauty until I would risk the torments of hell itself to win you. Why not yield to fate? Surely you can struggle but little longer. Come, give me a fair answer Carol.

Can you not be merciful, sir? My father has never wronged you; why bring him into the matter? Why did you not

woo me as other men might, and, if Heaven decreed that it should not be, accept the decree with fortitude.

Because, he replied, with a sneer, I saw the game was too well decided when I came, and that only by some superhuman agency could you be saved from throwing yourself away on that villain of a Roger Darrel.

Hush, sir; do not bring him into the present matter.

I would that he had never been in it and then all might have been plain sailing for me. Come, girl, your answer.

It is easily given. Once before I came near yielding to your wishes, because of a false idea of duty toward my father. Thank Heaven I was saved from the pit by one who knew far better than I the wrong that was being put upon me. Since then I have found my mother and learned her story. I still love my father, and would do much for him, but I cannot, will not, make the sacrifice of my life, my honor, my happiness, for the sake of the man who sent his innocent wife from him, and has since braved Heaven himself.

To be continued.

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