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troubling ?

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Commercial Courses. And Shorthand and Typewriting.

Stirling had stood for a second after The New Man at Rossmere. uttering these words aloud with folded arms and his head dropped upon his CHAPTER XXIII. breast. In that short period of physi-cal inaction his mind had swept with A WORD IN SEASON. swift retrospection over the When Manton Craycraft came to his

of the brother who, in some shape or another, had been a source of anxiety to all connected with him from tragic and most causeless death, Jim had been at a remote shanty in the end f the village furthest from the courthis earliest boyhood. house, refreshing the inner-man on a "But his death was grand ! It was

cold sweet-potato pie, washed down with generous libations of butter-milk, an expiation !" he said, with a ring of triumph in his voice, as he raised his head and looked into the troubled faces lelicacies in which a lady of saffron hue and ample proportions drove a flourishing business during court term. of the men grouped about him in silent sympathy for his one outburst of soror whenever any abnormal condition of affairs swelled the population of the "Such a death covereth a multirow. tude of sins." He was unconsciously village from its permanent tens to defending his dead, whom no man transient hundreds.

accused. He never ceased to reproach himself You knew him well? He was an for his absence from the squire's side at the moment when the old man so inold friend, was he not ?" some one

asked. sanely precipated the catastrophe Then Stirling bethought himself of "I mout er pacified de ole man, an the uselessness of now making known 'a' saved de young' un, " Jim was wont to say for a long time after. "' Twarn't the deception that Manton had con-sidered necessary in life. It need be, no use foolin' wid a passel er halt he would let them all know how near drunk, half-crazy niggers, nohow; and he heaped upon himself useles this blow had struck himself, but not

on hand as a pacificator.

an ignorant aimless fashion.

causelessly. "Yes, I knew him well. I have and unmerited reproaches for not being known him always." Then he turned, and, taking his hat from the rack, stared into the crown of it, mechani-The news had flown to him with the proverbial swiftness and sureness of ill-tidings, and by the time he reached cally for a full second, put it on, and the court-house the crowd had swelled started slowly in the direction of the into a densely packed mass of men and women, dark-hued, sullen-browed,

gate. Mr. Southmead followed him, and restless and vindictive, uttering wild and senseless threats of revenge for laid a detaining hand on his arm as he asked :

fancied insults from imaginary foes in "Where are you going, Denny?" "Up yonder. I think Perhaps I shall be needed. I must look after-One de sire in common possessed the mob. That was for "one good look" at the it !" He shuddered. Poor Manton cold still form, which, laid upon a All that physical exuberance, that mental brightness, that redundancy of life, resolved into a ghastly It ! stretcher and the stretcher raised upon trestles, made a mournfully conspicu-

ous nucleus for the crowd. It was by Mr. Southmead noted the blazing Stirling Denny's orders that the body eves and the scarcely suppressed ex had thus been disposed of. He desired it should not be removed indoors. citement of the young man with grave uneasiness

Major Denny's simplest desire carried 'Surely Thorn will have the de with it the weight of a command to the cency-" But the major interrupted him ignorant blacks, who, regarding him

as the visible exponent of those prinsharply: "It is my sole charge. He wasciples that had rescued them from

bondage, worshipped him accordingly. When the horrible story of his my guest. I must see that his assassin is arrested, if he has not already brother's assassination had reached the You," he added, embracing escaped. office where Stirling Denny sat discuss the entire group with a wave of his hand, "had best hasten to your homes. ing the probable moral effect of Fayth-liss's election, he had listened to it in a There are lonely and anxious women sort of stunned surprise. He had pictured to himself a variety of catasin every one of them, except in mine. I am in no danger," he said, letting trophes that might accrue from any his eyes rest for a moment on the man imprudence on the part of the hotwho had taunted him some little while back

headed old man who had involved them "Denny !" Mr. Southmead tight-ened his hold upon the arm of his all in this trouble ; but that Manton, his rollicking, reckless, laughing brother, should have been the victim friend. "take my advice for once. I selected to appease the insensate wrath know it's not worth much to you from a practical point of view, but I am betof a brutalized mob seemed so illogical a conclusion that at first he could not er acquainted with these people than a conclusion that at heality. embrace the horrible reality. Tell it all you possibly can be. Any attempt to bring the murderer of your friend to

over again slowly," he had demanded of the bearer of the evil tidings. justice by arresting him to-day will be o jeopardize the life of every man in "You are excited. Speak slowly. We want to know exactly all that you this community. These creatures are not vindicative. They do not bear malice. They have been incited to this can tell us." His own voice was low

hellish deed by those who have used them as tools for their own revengeful alm and stern. The bearer repeated his story, no slowly nor calmly. He was a white man, a father and a husband, who was ends. But, once aroused, these people are as devoid of reason as any wild beast of the jungle. A blind, brutal beast of the jungle. A blind, brutal impulse drove that knife into Manton in mad haste to urge the foam-flecked horse he bestrode over six miles of rough country roads to take him where he could protect his family from what-Craycraft's breast. At this momen hey are intoxicated with the triumph

he could protect his faining from what soever was yet to come. Stunned sil-ence succeeded his second telling. "Assassinated. Poor Manton ! Is this the finale? Is it so you cease from

REBUS.

A PRIZE PORTRAIT

couple of brilliant bonfires, lighted to celebrate Mr. Faythliss's election, illu-mined the court-yard. Elbowing his sheriff can officiate, he takes the most berger socklassic terms and the section and selection. way recklessly toward the centre, he oon stood within hearing of Stirling Denny's voice as it rang out over the career heads of the gathered multitude. The young man stood upon the court house steps, not a pace removed from his sheeted dead. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who say

> The blackness of the heavens was in tensified by the lurid glare of the bon-fires alight on both sides the walk. The red brick of the building, brought lives. terests. into bright relief by the same fierce light, served as a strong background to Stirling Denny's erect form and noble head as he stood with it bared to the night air and called upon these men, who outnumbered him a thou sand to one, to pause and reflect upon the monstrous cruelty of Manton Cray

craft's taking off. "To-day," he said, in a clear, strong, fearless voice, "there has been accorded you the high privilege of electing from your own ranks a conervator of the laws. To-day you have trampled under foot, in the most brutal and causeless frenzy, the majesty of those laws. To-day your hearts have swelled at the first public recognition of your rights as citizens. To-day you

have proved yourselves no more fit for the exercise of those rights than the beasts that brought you here to deposit your votes. You aspire to be considered our brothers and our equals. You conspire together to do a deed that would damn a demon, and consign him to the low est pits of hell. See your work! Think of it ! Ponder upon it when you go to your homes ! Ponder upon it when you lie down to sleep ! Think of it with every breath you draw! Think of the dastardly blow you struck, and deprived an innocent man of the life and strength you prize so dearly, send ing him to the grave in the flush of his young manhood ! What had he done You who call yourselves men. What had he done but tried to shield a tottering old man from the savage wrath of a thousand brutes? Brutes I repeat the word. Yes, I hear your isses, I hear your groans, I stand here alone among you. I do not see but one white face in all this surging throng. Yes-I was wrong - I do Another white face, a cold white face

o vou ?

Stony in its stillness. It is the face of your victim. But he is powerless now to reproach you, or to succor me, should the demon within you demand more blood. You have called me your friend. You have pretended a devo tion for me that I would spurn as would a reptile, if I did not believe you would repent most bitterly of this night's work. Do not think this mat

ter ends here. You have killed a man who never owned a slave, never trafficked in human flesh, never harmed you nor one of your race by word, thought or deed. You have killed a man who offered his life for your liberty, and fought the war of the rebellion out from end to end. Slain him brutally, savagely, senselessly But the end is not yet come. You may slay me, too, for with every reproach l hurl at you I give you ten thousand times more provocation to murder me than he did in his whole life. But the end would not come then. You may silence every voice that shall be raised in righteous wrath at this day's foul

of Sam's election. Liberty means license with them. Power means privwork, but the end will not be yet! Behind the offender is the offense. ilege. In their ignorance they image that in electing one of their own colo Behind the offense is the law. Behind his knees by the bier he mourned as the law are the men who have sworn David of old mourned over Absalom. to be sheriff they have secured immun ity from punishment. To night is not the time to teach them differently. to Almighty God to uphold it in all its majesty and dignity. Behind their when their task was done, "please. Give their volatile passion time to suboath is that God whose name is invoked sir, I'd like to shake your hand. You side, Denny. We could not spar to give them weight, and so surely as saved our wite folks from de wrath that God is the God of justice, as surely of heaven oncet, w'en de floods was a you ! as that God lives, you shall suffer for this day's work. I hear your groans. "Thank you, Southmead, for that last threatenin' uv us, an you've saved 'em ag'in from worse. I'd like to tech yo'hand." And the two men clasped They are wrung from terror, not 'riends' hands across Manton's bier.

JULY 2, 1892.

ber, until he should be in a position to receive the full force of her batteries. He instantly resolved to reserve his ill tidings for the morning. The could be better borne by daylight. binding oath to maintain law and order. Do you imagine he can protect you in your lawlessness? I pity your ignorance. And while I abbor you for the deed you have done, I pity you enough to advise you as a friend. Go this disturbance among the freedmen showed any signs of increase to-mor-row, he should promptly remove his family from the county; if not, if things should have quieted down, his back to your homes—go back to your every-day labors. Forget the bad adwife would have been spared a period of unnecessary discomfort. Having thus determined, he began his preparvice you have swallowed only too eagerly; make yourselves worthy of ations for bed, in moody silence. the confidence and respect of the mer unusual reticence was the last feather among whom you have lived all your lives. Their interests are your inon an overloaded camel. This was not the first time since there had been Do not try to crowd into a day the work of years. It is the work a Mrs. Southmead that Mr. Southof years to educate yourselves into fitness for the positions that now make you ridiculous. Sam Faythliss, as an upright, capable lessee of Mr. Harris's land, was an object of respect and liking to every one, myself included; Sam Faythliss, as a helpess, ignorant, incapable sheriff i Sleep, dearie ? an object of scorn and derision to every one, myself included. He will have to be helped in the routine of his Southmead to enter a wordy protest office, and he will have to go to a white man for that help-not to the white men who have been whispering

poisonous lies into your ears for months past-"Dey done leff a'ready !" said an excited voice in the crowd. "Who has left?"

"Boss Upps en boss Gays !" shouted a dozen voices. "Why did they leave?"

"Skeerd, I reckin."

finally by Stirling's concluding words. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth. I charge you disperse, and return to your homes quietly and soberly. I shall not leave this spot soberly. until you have shown whether you are sorry for what you have done. If you remain massed here, I shall summon the officers of the law to arrest every man found within this courtyard time of Manton Craycraft's der." He deliberately took out the murder." his watch and held it in his hands.

'Five minutes to choose between dispersion or arrest They did not doubt for a moment his perfect ability to carry his threat of wholesale arrest into execution. He had aroused their benumbed consciences to a spasm of remorse for their brutality. Their leaders and counsel ors were already beyond reach of harm. Conscience did not lash them with over-severity, but the instinct of self-preservation dictated compliance and conciliation. A rest less movement agitated the close-packed mass of humanity. It increased, and the ranks opened on

magic the crowd stirred, thinned, Before half an hour expired, Stirling Denny, the stricken squire, and Jim Doakes alone remained by Manton's bier. Jim and the major lifted it and bore it into the office behind them. The old man followed with a feeble, tottering step. In vain they urged upon him that he ought to go back to Thorndale, back to his wife. looked at them stupidly, and said : He

"She don't need me, she can't help me. She warn't kind to him," point-ing to the shrouded form. "I might say something hard to her if I saw her He cared enough for me to give now. him, and now I don't believe in him at his life for me. I wasn't worth it, but he done it all the same." And on all. George, you are nursing a viper in your boson !" After which tragic peroration Mrs. Southmead threw herself back upon her pillow in unrecon-structed wrath.

mead had turned the door-handle of his own bed-room with discreet gentleness, in the small hours, to find a smoky lamp upon the hearth and an irate wife lying in bed ! the formula on like occasions in the past had generally been a tentativeasked with a brave show of cheerful indifference to consequences. It then rested with Mrs against such scandalous goings to maintain a dignified display of voiceless indignation at discret To-night she heard her husband come in and sniff the kerosened atmosphere disgustedly, then the lamp flamed higher and she could see his shadow on the plastered wall towards which her outraged eyes were turned. could hear him wind up his watch and hang it in the perforated paper slipper, with the blue ribbon quilled around it

that she had made for his watch when Fred was a boy. She heard one shoe after the other dropped heavily on the floor. And not a word-yet. A sudden upheaval of the bed-clothes, and Mrs. Southmead's wide-open eyes were where the black of her night-cap had been a second before. "Well, Mr. Southmead ?"

"Are you awake, my dear?" "Am I awake ! Do I look or sound

as if I was asleep? "Not the least in the world. You'd

better try it now, though. This was not according to precedent. It was evident intimidation would not

suit the requirements of the present occasion. Mrs. Southmead was a woman of infinite variety. "Haven't you a single thing to tell

me, George, now that you have come home? I would like you to be the one to stay, and I the one to come home as dumb as an oyster, and see how you'd like it

"I haven't very much to tell," he answered, unresentfully, "and what little I have will keep. I will satisfy you at the breakfast table. One tell-ing must do for the family. We've had a hard day of it, and been beaten.

Mrs. Southmead sat " Beaten !" oolt upright in bed. "George, you don't mean to tell me that Sam Faythliss has been elected sheriff ! "Beyond a doubt.

"Then it is all that Major Denny's doings !" she cried, in passionate in-justice. "He is the only man in the ounty that has a particle of influence with the negroes, and every body says he has them completely under his control. If he is such a friend of every body's as the easily gullible ones are so anxious to believe-thank goodness, I'm not one of them-why didn't he make the election go to suit us? never did more than half believe in

will never make pro narrow road. He m but his place is a only when you wor sleeves and shoulder

Having

Cor Cordium. (A Night in June (A right in June.) Rich is the scent of clover in the a and from the woodbine moonlight Draw mornurs and an incense eve Who spoke ? Ah : surely in the g A subtle soand came from the pur That mount wistaria masts, and th Of some strange meaning in th rare i.

JULY 2, 1892.

rare: silence itself has voice in these J Who spoke? Why, all the air is of God's own choir, all singing v Be quiet and listen : hear-the ver In yonder town, the waving of th The maples' shades—ery of the He

The maples' shades—cry of the H. On such a night spoke raptured J. From out the baleon ; and young Wandered in Arden, like the Apr And Jessftca the bold Lorenzo me And Perdia her silvered likes set In some quant vase, to scent the With thoughts of her; and the Sad tales, and from them bitter s To all of these the silence sang th To all of these it gave their thoug Soprano git the liky, roses' lone And passionate contraito, oak be All sing the thought we bring With the sad love of lovers, or Ge

This sweetness and this silence i With longing and dull pain, that Some chord within my heart, an Life out of life; and then there of wheels upon the road, the did of bells within the town; the nake to life; and all the lown, the high wake to life; and all the lo Their airy wings -swift fly the Again the silence, and the mute Begin their speaking; I alone a What are you singing; O you st Upon the jasmine?--- Void and And you. clematis?--- Void the The heart of love until His Hear

O choir of silence, without nois A human voice would break the Of wavering shades and sounds Here at my feet sings meiodles And clearer than the voice of a Yes, even than that lark which Hid in the hedges, all the work In trill and triple notes that M "O Love complete!" soft sin ette:

ette; "O Heart of All !" deep sighs t "O Heart of Christ!" the lily v In fugue on fugue; and from

wet, Lush borders of the Lake, the The tenor of the reeds—"Love, —Maurice Francis Egan

CATHOLIC PE

Ave Maria. A prominent Philadel posed an anti-treating shows the absurdity of to offer liquid refresh acquaintance within s one feels personally this as the offer is frequentl of mere compliment.

man can trace the ruin of acter to this false notion of courtesy. Even in this day of e

is not common to fin poet, in a Protestant m R. Campbell, in the Y

ion), o'erleap the boun so far as this in praise of

Mother of God, what is thy t As His dear, patient face loo Moist with the dews of ungu Hast thou the propher's cest To scan afar the world's noo Art thou rejoleting in the Joy Perchance, but oh that trem The mother's heart still "Give me my Child, if all t

right-"Give me my Child, if all t And through the shadows o Streams morning sunshin years. Upon thy breast the smilin And all the happy days in Break on thee through tears.

Were it not that a 1 can not realize the Compassion of Our B pretty sonnet might pa into a collection of Ca

Pittsburgh ( The mope in his re Providence will give the mope this seems practice makes easy sure. Oratory in the pu

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Baltimor

very side. With the suddenness of

A profound silence followed, broken

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sentence. But you mistake my inten-tion if you imagine for a moment that I am likely to add fuel to this fire. contrition. I see you slinking away into the darkness that lies beyond the You ought to know me better," he said, fires you kindled to celebrate your with a smile of intense sadness, holdtriumph as citizens. Can you slink away from the darkness that is in your ing his friend's hand in a firm, clos "I blame myself bitterly for having held aloof. We have all erred souls this night? Can you find a spot in all this green earth where the in leaving these local matters so enmemory of this deed will not haunt you? Only one of you did this thing, tirely in the hands of these miserabl adventurers. And this is the result." He turned from them and walked with you are wanting to say to me. one hand held the knife that spilled quick decision in the direction of the the blood now staining the grass under court-house. 'We can do no good by following

him." Mr., Harris said, breaking the solemn stillness that had fallen upon the little group. "His advice is good. We are all forgetting the women, who will be in agonies of suspense if a rumor of this thing reaches them before we do. It is probable that we will all have to leave the neighborhood."

"May God protect our mortal foe !" said George Southmead, raising his hat reverently from his head. And a solemn "Amen" fell from

<text><text><text> every lip. By the time Jim Doakes-unlettered but chivalric Jim - neared the village again, after having placed his mistress in safety, it was past ten o'clock. The night was one of extreme darkness and oppressive stillness. He could hardly see a boat's length from his own skiff in any direction, but he could hear the dip of oars on every side, commingling with the soft splash of the single-paddled canoe and the bumping of the flatbottomed scows. Every description of craft that could be found was convey ing through the blackness of the night fresh material to swell the surging, restless, tumultuous throng about the Excited voices called court-house. across the dark waters from boat to boat, demanding tidings, exchanging you of the hardships and injustice that fell to your lot when slaves. The man you have killed to day was born where prophecies, foretelling woes, singing I was. He helped to give you your snatches of triumphant songs, reveling freedom ; you have given him-death ! I warn you against arraying your-

n unbridled discussion and a large sense of personal liberty. The landing reached, Jim moored

selves as black men against white men his boat to a stake among a multitude You have purposely been misled into the night, with meek gratitude, instead of other crafts of every shape and size, thinking you can better your lot by and went with the crowd to where a violent means. What do you purpose studiously to the wall, feigning slum-

CHAPTER XXIV THE MAJOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

#### Following at one and the same time

the major's advice and the desire of their own hearts, the men whom Stirl ing had left behind him promptly took their departure by diverging road

for their own homes. A sense of pain-ful uncertainty filled every breast. This matter might possibly flame inte your feet. But every man that joined in the mad uproar that nerved that a riot of alarming proportions, or it hand was as much a murderer as he. might end with that one victim to an Yes, murderers. A thousand cowardly outburst of senseless wrath. There murderers to silence one brave voice was no telling. It was impossible to predicate the probabilities of to-morrow pleading for an old man's life. Men, this is but a poor beginning of your career as citizens. You have forfeited from the act of to-day, where a people so totally devoid of stability or the the title to be called men. There is but power of concentrated thought was conone extenuating circumstance to the cerned.

The white men were afraid to trust horror of your guilt-that is, your pro found ignorance. You have had evil themselves to any sort of action in the counsellors-men who knew better, Their indignation and fierce matter. wrath were so largely in the ascend-ant, and the habit of unbridled expresbut who used you for their own wicked purposes. I hope they may be within sound of my words. That dead man was my-friend. I cared for him in sion still so strong upon them, that no good could possibly come of their preslife, I shall care for him in death. His ence among the enraged negroes, and slayer shall not go unpunished. I do more harm might accrue.

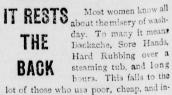
It was nearly midnight by the time not know the name of the man who struck that fatal blow; I do not ask Mr. Southmead turned the door handle you to give it to me. I do not ask you of his own bedroom, where the lamp to give the names of those who have was burning low on the hearth, where tried to make you see in your old Mrs. Southmead had placed it before going to bed, having "freed her mind" several times during the even masters enemies, rather than your friends. The men whose lands you till, whose ready sympathy you call for in the time of sickness and trouble, ing on the subject of men not being able to go to the village for what ough and get. I demand of you the names of the evil counselors who have tried to to keep them an hour, without making a day of it, and night too, it would inflame you to hatred by reminding

The profound stillness that reigned in the dimly-lighted room reassured Mr. Southmead. Mrs. Southmead had evidently heard nothing. If she had been frightened, he argued from pas experience, she would have greeted his appearance, even at that hour of

What a Friend Can Do. What a Friend Can Do. "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend sent me a part of a bothe of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my house-hold duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." MRS, J. RINGLAND, Kinezid St., Brockville, Ont.



TO BE CONTINUED.





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