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The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER IX. A COMMON DANGER.

Nothing better emphasizes the firmness of most social barriers than the fact that in times of grave apprehension they are quickly thrown down or eschewed.

Mr. Southmead assisting, they separated to prepare for the undertaking of a call. When, finally, Mrs. Southmead, rustling in the black silk which, like herself, had seen better days, reappeared to take their place in the blue-bodied wagon.

Mr. Southmead glanced back over his shoulder at the limited space in which his wife and niece were swaying like two poor-regulated pendulums, to say with a grin of malice: "Hope you're not crowded!"

"It is positively disgraceful. I consider it much more respectable to stay at home forever!" Mrs. Southmead declared between lurches in irrelevant response.

"Remember this is a duty visit, auntie," Sula responds, in jolting accents, which failed of their soothing intentions by reason of excessive jerkiness.

"I hope your sublime appreciation of duty will soothe the ache in your bones to-morrow. As for me, I expect to be reduced to pulp long before we get there."

"Everybody ought to know how to ride on horse-back in this country," Mr. Southmead says, with masculine superiority. "Our grandmothers did it. But the women of to-day are not the creatures to dare and do, that they were."

"Your grandmothers," says Mrs. Southmead, with jerky asperity, liberally bestowing all the grandmothers on her husband, "did just as we are doing. I presume: they did the best they could under the circumstances."

"It is astonishing how much credit people that lived a hundred years ago set for every thing they did. I suppose my reward will come a hundred years hence, when Carl's great-grandchildren will recall the legends of the war and this ride, with the moral effect of a rebuke to the degeneracy of those times. Mercy, Ursula! if you don't let me hold on to some part of you, you will have nothing but a parcel of broken bones to introduce to your Mrs. Thorn."

"Cleave to each other my dears! In union is strength!" says Mr. Southmead, urging his mules to greater speed in the direction of Thorndale.

"I will make your agony as brief as possible, wife."

In the meantime, Mrs. Thorn comfortably ignorant of the amount of discomfort she was innocently occasioning her neighbors, was delivering the major's message to her husband, verbatim.

The squire had come home late. She had eaten her dinner alone, and gone back to the big splint-bottomed chair on the gallery, when she saw him come shuffling up the walk. He was tired and his temper was in no way improved by the news he had heard at the landing touching the river prospect.

After five hours of loneliness, Mrs. Thorn was ready to be thankful for any human intercourse. To that, or some reason, more deep-seated, the squire was indebted for an almost cordial reception home.

The usual still, cold, imperturbable courtesy of his wife was a greater trial to him than the most virulent displays of temper would have been. He did not know how to cope with this order of woman-kind. She rose to meet him, and held out her hand to relieve him of his hat and red cowhide whip. He shambled past her, with that heavy tread, dragging his heels in the fashion that was such a trial to her nerves, and deposited them himself on the pegs in the hall. Agnes watched him in calm indifference. She wondered if he had ever done a spontaneously graceful or gracious thing in his life. He came back to the gallery immediately, mopping his face and neck and wrists with his pocket handkerchief. That was the

Never permit the system to become run down, as then it is impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price—50 cents—by addressing The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

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antiquated grudge," Mr. Southmead says, energetically.

"Ursula and I were talking about a visit to Mrs. Thorn just before you came home. We supposed, as it was Sunday, we could get a wagon and a pair of mules. Suppose you drive us to Thorndale after dinner. I'm sure I'll never be any more in the notion for it than I am to-day."

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squire's way of getting rid of the dust he had accumulated in his ride. His wife indicated, by a motion, the best of the two splint-bottomed chairs for his acceptance. He chose the worst, and, dragging it close to the gallery railing, seated himself, elevated his feet to the banister rail, and carefully located in his right cheek a solacing quid of tobacco.

Seeing him finally settled, Mrs. Thorn conscientiously delivered Major Denny's urgent message concerning the water.

A grunt, altogether untranslatable into written language, escaped through the squire's grim lips. Then, after quite a pause, he says, ungraciously: "I suppose the major doesn't think any body's a-watching the river but him."

"He did not impress me as wishing to be officious. You do not like him, I perceive," Agnes says, in that straightforward way of hers that is so disconcerting to her husband.

"Oh, he'll do well enough for a Yankee! They're bound to show their own importance, or bust. I wonder how they suppose we ever did manage to take care of this country without 'em."

Poorly enough, if one may judge from present appearances," Mrs. Thorn answered, with light contempt, as she turned her gaze away from the morose old man in the chair to the orchard side of the house. The plum blossoms and the wisterias were prettier to look at, and less disappointing. Presently she said, in a surprised voice: "There comes a wagon, and, if I am not mistaken, there are white people in it. Ladies, two of them look to be!"

Squire Thorn turned his better-trained eyes in the same direction. A wagon, with white people in it, who might probably be ladies, was well deserving of close scrutiny.

"The Tievina team and by George! the Tievina people," he said, promptly, with an approach to pleasure in his voice, bringing his feet down on the floor.

"Who are the Tievina people? Oh, yes! the Southmeads! Major Denny spoke of them."

"They are the high flyers of the county, that's who—the best people, Mrs. Thorn."

"I thought you did not like them."

"I've got nothing against the Tievina women-folks, but the men are a good-for-nothin', triflin', snipe shootin' lot. You mark my words, now I come to think of it, George Southmead's put himself to the trouble of this visit just to tell me that the Mississippi River is on the rise! Deuce take 'em all, do they think I'm in my dotage?"

The squire's short-lived pleasure expired at the thought and his harsh face became once more overcast. With such preparatory remarks Mrs. Thorn naturally regarded the prospect of receiving the "best people" of the county, in company with her intractable husband, as something of an ordeal. Perhaps it might have proven so if "Cozzie" had not been on hand and manipulated the squire skillfully, as she did everybody with whom she came into contact, slurring his asperities over until he made a really decent show of cordiality, and was put into good humor with himself.

The men talked about the coming of the water; the women, about the great deal of Memphis the night previously; what means should be taken to strengthen and to guard the lake levee, upon which their salvation depended. The women discussed servants and poultry and spring gardens, and wandered what on earth would become of them in the event of another overflow. And Mrs. Southmead contributed a dramatic touch to the talk by describing, for Mrs. Thorn's benefit, the overflows that she had lived through. She stopped in the middle of a sentence to listen to the squire's harsh reproaches, as it was raised in condemnation of Stirling Denny. Mr. Southmead had made himself rather obnoxious by quoting the major and his opinions somewhat liberally. The squire luxuriated in opposition and antagonism.

"Blamed if I can see what there is in that fellow to make everybody knuckle down to him so! I ain't forgotten yet that I'm a Southerner and he's a Yankee, and that he's the mortal foe of all the institutions that's been our neck and bread in the past. It strikes me as sorter impudent for any of them fellows to settle down here amongst us, and go to givin' us lessons 'bout the Mississippi River. It's a kind of crown' over us that they do whenever they get half a chance. Yes, sir, they do." Mrs. Thorn looked uncomfortable.

Mrs. Southmead felt for once in sympathy with the squire. Her own bosom was being perpetually torn with conflicting emotions touching the new man at Rossmere. Admiration for the man as she saw him, and repulsion for him as the representative of a race of foomen, held alternate sway in her amiable bosom. Mr. Southmead laughed good-naturedly into the old man's cross face.

"You are evidently unconstructed, squire. Come now, acknowledge in company with Denny do you not find him frank, gentlemanly, unassuming, and entertaining?"

"Grant that I do; does that alter the fact that he is—"

"A Yankee! I know how you're going to finish your sentence. The

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truth is, my friend, we are all too deeply dyed in the wool of senseless prejudices. My wife yonder, amiable as she looks, Mrs. Thorn, is about the worst of the lot. When Denny is with us, she forgets everything but the man, and he is a magnetic sort of fellow, who'd make the devil himself urbane if he chose to work on him. You have not met the major yet?"

"Yes, he was here for a short while this morning. I was very much pleased with him. I am afraid I am deficient in loyalty," said Agnes, with that slow, rare smile of hers.

"Or in prejudices. But even the squire here should not fall back from Denny's leadership in the present emergency. The major was educated as a civil engineer, squire, though he did dabble in the law, too. Intelligent and concerted action is all that is going to save us. I, for one, am perfectly willing to act as subordinate to such a leader. It was agreed among a lot of us at Shadyridge this morning to meet at Denny's to-morrow and let him assign us our tasks. Will you be one of us? I will wait for you in the morning if you say so."

"I suppose, then, if Denny never had bought the old Rossmere place there'd be no salvation for us in the present crisis," says the squire, growing sibilant in his wrath.

"Not quite that; but we would scramble through the emergency at a much greater expenditure of time and labor than we are likely to do under him. I am afraid, squire, you don't appreciate the advantage of skilled labor over brute force."

"We done well enough before the war, and if they'd let us alone we'd 'a' continued doin' well enough. Hang 'em!"

"Might as well argue with one of his worser notions," Mrs. Southmead decided mentally, then aloud, as he rose in obedience to his wife's signal of departure: "Notwithstanding which, squire, I expect to see you at Rossmere to-morrow. I think our mortal foe will prove an invaluable friend if we've wisdom enough to avail ourselves of his ability."

"Praps I'll be along," the squire conceded, "and, if it's all the same to your ladies, I'll fetch her along and leave her at Tievina, while we go on to Denny's. It ain't none to lively for her when I'm at home, and maybe it's a trifle worse when I am not." At the word "her," he indicated Agnes by a backward jerk of his thumb. It was a clumsy effort of kindness on his part, but it went all astray. Mrs. Thorn crimsoned with mortification at being thus disposed of.

"I am not at all averse to being left alone," she cried quickly. "I keep busy and—oblivious," she added, recklessly, looking straight into Sula's sympathetic eyes.

Sula took and retained her hostess's hand while she said, quietly: "It is kind of Squire Thorn to think of our pleasure. You will soon learn, my dear Mrs. Thorn, that the rules and regulations of fashionable society do not hold here. Etiquette does not jolt across country in a farm wagon," she added, laughingly describing Mr. Southmead's awkward effort to back up skillfully for their accommodation.

"We try to preserve the unities by being plain and sensible, and in keeping with our mules rather than with our memories. Don't waste visiting cards on us; we know the meaning of them, but the use of them is fast becoming legendary. And, please, dear Mrs. Thorn—that is, if you hope to render life at all endurable under the existing state of affairs—try to bear in mind that people living as far apart as we all do can not afford to fritter away their opportunities in meaningless formalities. We want you to feel that you have friends, and not simply acquaintances, at Tievina—don't we, auntie?"

Mrs. Southmead indorsed Ursula's friendly overtures with a great deal of politeness, it is not quite so much sweetness, and Agnes's lonely heart went out to them both as she pressed their hands in warm adieu.

"What do you suppose it means?" Mrs. Southmead asks this, only waiting for a safe distance between the wagon and the house to be reached.

"She is a decidedly handsome woman, and no fool either," is Mr. Southmead's contribution to the one topic of their thoughts.

"She must have had some very powerful reason for taking such a strange step," Sula says. "She is not only handsome, but she is intelligent and well bred. There is something repugnant to me in this union."

"There is," Mrs. Southmead responds, as placidly as her vibratory condition will admit of. "I was pleased with one thing."

"What is that?"

"He is afraid of her. Some men can be controlled by fear alone," she answers, in an experienced manner.

"I foretell a tragedy at Thorndale," But as Mrs. Southmead's prophecies were always ominous, and never fulfilled, this one naturally did not disturb her hearers materially.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Myrtle Navy plug correctly represents the whole plan upon which its manufacture is conducted. There is not a fractional part of a cent expended upon it for mere appearance. It is neither wrapped in tin foil nor worked into fancy shapes, nor put in fancy cases, nor subject to any kind of expense merely to please the eye or captivate the fancy. The manufacturers rightly believed that tobacco was not purchased for ornament, but for smoking, and therefore all extraneous expense was avoided and added to the quality of the tobacco. The public have testified in its case that they prefer paying their money for a high quality of article than for ornament out of place.

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FATHER LAMBERT AGAIN CAS-TIGATES INGERSOLL.

The Infidel Put Through a Severe Course of Logic.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

Ingersoll—By the examination even of these absurdities, contradictions and impossibilities.

POWER OF THE CHURCH. Lambert—What absurdities, contradictions and impossibilities? You seem to have forgotten a nominative case somewhere. The great French historian, M. Guizot, does not make concessions so gingerly as you do. He says: "Had not the Christian Church existed the whole world would have been swayed by physical force. She alone exercised moral power. It was the Church which powerfully assisted in forming the character and furthering the development of modern civilization," whose monasteries were, even in the most gloomy period, the schools of Christian philosophy, whose clergy "were active and potent at once in the domain of intellect and in that of reality," and that "the human mind, beaten down by storm, took refuge in the asylum of churches and monasteries." Maitland, another of these Christian institutions of learning, says they were "the repositories of learning which then was, and the well springs of the learning which was to be, as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise and every hand that could execute."

Ingersoll—That we are indebted to Christianity for the advance of science seems absurd. What science? Lambert—And yet it is a fact. Christianity supplied the foundation of all true science, art and philosophy when it taught men the existence of a Supreme Being, the origin of thought and of things; that this Being designed the universe and willed it to be, and to continue in its acts to conform to that will of His which we call the natural law and Divine Providence. This doctrine of Christianity supplies the human mind with the idea of design, with the fact of the unity and uniformity of the universe, and with the idea of law and order as distinguished from fate and caprice. Now these ideas of design, unity, uniformity, law and order are at the bottom of all the sciences, arts and philosophies, and no science, art or true philosophy can be constructed or worked out without them as a starting point. I do not say that Christianity originated these ideas, for they exist in a manner more or less obscure in the minds of all men; but it sanctioned with divine authority, illuminated, illustrated and inculcated them until the intellectual activity of the Christian world grew accustomed to them as the data of reasoning, whether in the physical, moral or intellectual world. I call your attention to the fact that for a thousand years no progress has been made on the face of the earth in science, art or philosophy, except where Christian thought prevails.

Reflect on this fact and see if you can discover any cause for it other than the inspirations of Christianity, which has spurred the human mind to an activity in all directions unknown to the world outside the circle of its influence.

The Christian Church did not confine herself to this. When she arose to influence in the Roman Empire she began to send out missionaries to all the peoples of what is now known as Europe, to the northern barbaric Pagan tribes, to Spain, France, Germany, England and Ireland, and wherever they went cathedrals, schools and religious houses arose and communities formed about them. These became the centres of peaceful enlightenment, education and civilization. They were the asylums of learning at times when all Europe was a battle field, when, owing to the dissolution of the Roman Empire, nation contended with nation, and the Northern invaders swarmed down over Central and Southern Europe at different times under Alaric, Genseric and Attila, and threatened to sweep away what then existed of civilization. It is to these times that M. Guizot alluded when he wrote:—"Had not the Christian Church existed the whole world would have been swayed by physical force. The Church converted and civilized those barbaric conquerors. In these schools, established all over Europe by the missionaries, was preserved the literature of the past. The members of the religious orders spent their lives in translating into the newly forming languages the Scriptures, the classics, the histories and scientific works of Greece and Rome. Were it not for their labors all these would be as unknown to us as the literature of the Pelagic Greeks and of Egypt prior to the Shepherd Kings."

To these Christian teachers we owe the works of Homer, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Euclid, in fact all the Greek and Latin authors extant, for had they not devoted their lives to the preservation of them, the revolutions and invasions that swept, wave after wave, over Europe would have left no vestige of them.

In this great work these men were inspired by the genius of Christianity. The unbiased historian of learning and civilization in Europe will recognize what learning in all its branches owes to Christianity. In

What a Friend can do. I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend sent me a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for my aching toothache. I would not be without it." Mrs. J. BINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont.

Ingersoll—What science? Lambert—All of them mention astronomy, let us strike that out. The subject was bas-tem. And, strange plained all the phenomena to the time of Nicolaus Copernicus, as he is running our finger down the father of English literature and a saint. A man of English statesman, Erasmus from the loftiness of his "The father of English end of whom Mr. Thorn "He collected and natural truths than any display an advance, n sion, in science. T that the true shape of global, and a tribu nights. He explained flow of the tides by power of the moon, and error of supposing that of the ocean rise at the He showed that the sun the intervention of the moon by that of the damned judicial astrology pernicions.

It seems to me, Colom monk's head was some it no strange that he and quartered, or that his eyes led into his iron boots. He died at which I will speak of when we come total of about which you have Agnostic blunders. Bode's disciples, says declare with truth, t with my eyes, or hea of any man so indofat thanks to God. After applied himself to pro come to speak of lite you what Bode did for what puzzled here to case was of science holiness plus science strong on minus and might help me out.

BISHOP AND AS Run your finger a the line of time and monk, an Irishman Feargill, or O'Farrell you know, is Virgill's Virgil. Wonder if had not a drop of Irish monk taught the Antipodes. He got it, of course. The C up, as usual, and m him, they—not havi boots handy—made burg. A little fur we came across Alcuin man. He taught in half of the eighth c of Charlemagne, wh him on astronomical year 708 the King ciaus felt great enxi of the erratic movee Mrs. who disappet you puzzled them asked an explanat his reply he said happened to Mars served of all the horizon than is sta the ancients. This of the stars va ations of those who and eastern parts c

If your cough be restless at night, I Pectoral and obtai This remedy always the pulmonary orga and restores health begin the better.