

"The Man Between"

By AMELIA E. BARR.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"All her own share—that was right. All of your share, also—that was as wrong as it could be."

"Clifton is yachting, Royal and I had a little misunderstanding, and Dick Potter is too effusive."

"But Dick's effusiveness would have been a good thing for Fred's effusiveness. Two men can't go on a complimentary run-tan at the same table. They freeze one another out. That goes without saying. But Dora's indiscretions are none of your business while she is under her father's roof; and I don't know if she hadn't a friend in the world, if they would be your business. I have always been against people trying to do the work of them that are above us. We are told they seek and they save, and it's likely they will look after Dora in spite of her being so unkind of herself as to marry a priest in a surplice, when a fool in motley would have been more like the thing."

"I don't want to quarrel with Dora. After all, I like her. We have been friends a long time."

"Well, then, don't make an enemy of her. One hundred friends are too few against one enemy. One hundred friends will wish you well, and one enemy will do you ill. God love you, child! Take the world as you find it. Only God can make it any better. When is this blessed wedding to come off?"

"In two weeks. You got cards, did you not?"

"I believe I did. They don't matter. Let Dora and her flirtations alone, unless you set your own against them. Like cures like. If the priest sees nothing wrong—"

"He thinks all she does is perfect." "I dare say. Priests are a soft lot, they'll believe anything. He's love-blind at present. Some day, like the prophet of Pethor, he will get his eyes opened. As for Fred Mostyn, I shall have a good deal to say about him by and by, so I'll say nothing now."

"You promised, grandmother, not to talk to me any more about Fred."

"It was a very inconsiderate promise, a very irrational promise! I am sorry I made it—and I don't intend to keep it."

"Well it takes two to hold a conversation, grandmother."

"To be sure it does. But if I talk to you, I hope to goodness you will have the decency to answer me. I wouldn't believe anything different." And she looked into Ethel's face with such a smiling confidence in her good will and obedience, that Ethel could only laugh and give her twenty kisses as she stood up to put on her hat and coat.

"You always get your way, Granny," she said; and the old lady, as she walked with her to the door, answered, "I have had my way for nearly eighty years, dearie. I've found it a very good way. I'm not likely to change it now."

"And none of us want you to change it, dear. Granny's way is always a wise way." And she kissed her again ere she ran down the steps to her carriage. Yet as the old lady stepped slowly back to the parlor, she muttered, "Fred Mostyn is a fool! If he had any sense when he left England, he has lost it since he came here."

Of course nothing good came of this irritable interference. Meddling with the conscience of another person is a delicate and difficult affair, and Ruth had always warned Ethel of its certain futility. But the days were rapidly wearing away to the great day, for which so many other days have been wasted in fatiguing worry, and incred-

One of the Hebrew prophets.



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ible extravagance of health and temper and money—and after it? There would certainly be a break in associations. Temptation would be removed, and Basil Stanhope, relieved for a time from all the duties of his office, would have continual opportunities for making eternally secure the affection of the woman he had chosen.

It was to be a white wedding, and for twenty hours previous to its celebration it seemed as if all the florists in New York were at work in the Denon. The sacred place was radiant with white lilies. White lilies everywhere; and the perfume would have been overpowering, had not the weather been so exquisite that open windows were possible and even pleasant. To the soft strains of music Dora entered leaning on her father's arm, and her beauty and splendor evoked from the crowd present an involuntary, simultaneous stir of wonder and delight. She had hesitated many days between the simplicity of white chiton and the magnificence of brocade satin in which a glittering thread of silver was interwoven. The satin had won the day, and the sunshine fell upon its beauty, as she knelt at the altar like sunshine falling upon snow. It shone and gleamed and glistened as if it were an angel's robe; and this scintillating effect was much increased by the sparkling of the diamonds in her hair, and at her throat and waist and hands and feet. Nor was her brilliant youth affected by the overshadowing tale usually so unbecoming. It veiled her from head to foot, and was held in place by a diamond coronal. All her eight maids, though lovely girls, looked wan and of the earth beside her. For her sake they had been content with the simplicity of chiton and white lace hats, and she stood among them lustrous as some angelic being. Stanhope was entranced by her beauty, and no one on this day wondered at his intonation or thought remarkable the ecstasy of reverent rapture with which he received the hand of his bride. His sense of gift was ravishing. She was now his love, his wife forever, and when Ethel slipped forward to part and throw backward the concealing veil, he very gently restrained her, and with his own hands uncovered the blushing beauty, and kissed her there at the altar. Then amid a murmur and stir of delighted sympathy he took his wife upon his arm, and turned with her to the life they were to face together.

Two hours later all was a past dream. Bride and bridegroom had slipped quietly away, and the wedding guests had arrived at that rather noisy indifference which presages the end of an entertainment. Then flushed and tired with hurrying congratulations and good wishes that stumbled over each other, carriage after carriage departed, and Ethel and her companions went to Dora's parlor to rest awhile and discuss the event of the day. But Dora's parlor was in a state of confusion. It had, too, an air of loss, and felt like a gilded cage from which the bird had flown. They looked dully at its discomfort and went downstairs. Men were removing the faded flowers or sitting at the abandoned table eating and drinking. Everywhere there was disorder and waste, and from the servants' quarters came a noisy sense of riotous feasting.

"Where is Mrs. Denning?" Ethel asked a footman who was gathering together the silver with the easy concern of a man whose ideas were rosy with champagne. He looked up with a provoking familiarity at the question, and sputtered out, "She's lying down crying and making a fuss. Miss Day is with her, soothing of her."

"Let us go home," said Ethel.

And so, weary with pleasure, and hearty with feelings that had no longer any reason to exist, pale with fatigue, untidy with crush, their pretty white gowns sullied and passe, each went her way; in every heart a wonder whether the few hilarious hours of strange emotions were worth all they claimed as their right and due.

Ruth had gone home earlier, and Ethel found her resting in her room. "I am worn out, Ruth," was her first remark. "I am going to bed for three of four days. It was a dreadful ordeal."

"One to which you may have to submit."

"Certainly not. My marriage will be a religious ceremony, with half a dozen of my nearest relatives as witnesses."

"I noticed Fred slip away before Dora went. He looked ill."

"I dare say he is ill—and no wonder. Good night, Ruth. I am going to sleep. Tell father all about the wedding. I don't want to hear it named again—not as long as I live."

CHAPTER VI.

Three days passed and Ethel had regained her health and spirits, but Fred Mostyn had not called since the wedding. Ruth thought some inquiry ought to be made, and Judge Rawdon called at the Holland House. There he was told that Mr. Mostyn had not been well, and the young man's countenance painfully confessed the same thing.

"My dear Fred, why did you not send us word you were ill?" asked the Judge.

"I had fever, sir, and I feared it might be typhoid. Nothing of the kind, however. I shall be all right in a day or two."

The truth was far from typhoid, and Fred knew it. He had left the wedding breakfast because he had reached the limit of his endurance. Words, stings as whips, burned like hot coals in his mouth, and he felt that he could not restrain them much longer. Hastening to his hotel, he locked himself in his rooms, and passed the night in a frenzy of passion. The very remembrance of the bridegroom's confident transport put murder in his heart—murder which he could only practice by his wishes, impotent to compass their desires.

"I wish the fellow shot! I wish him hanged! I would kill him twenty times in twenty different ways! And Dora! Dora! Dora! What did she see in him? What could she see? Love her? He knows nothing of love—such love as tortures me." Backwards and forwards he paced the floor to such imprecations and ejaculations as welled up from the whirlpool of rage in his heart, hour following hour, till in the blackness of his misery he could no longer speak. His brain had become stupefied by the iteration of inevitable and so repeated, and he no longer to voice a word beyond remedy. Then he stood still and called will and reason to council him. "This way madness lies," he thought. "I must be quiet—I must sleep—I must forget."

But it was not until the third day that a dismal, sullen stillness succeeded the storm of rage and grief, and he awoke from a sleep of exhaustion feeling as if he were withered at the heart. He knew that life and all its far-etched pleasures must play his part. At first the thought of Mostyn Hall presented itself as an asylum. It stood amid thick woods, and there were miles of wind-blown woods and hills around it. He was lord and master there no one could intrude upon his sorrow; he could nurse it in those lonely rooms to his heart's content. Every day, however, this gloomy resolution grew fainter, and one morning he awoke and laughed it to scorn.

"Frederick, himself again," he quoted, "and he must have been very far off himself when he thought of giving up or of running away. No, Fred Mostyn, you will stay here. 'Tis a country where the impossible does not exist, and the unlikely is sure to happen—a country where marriages is not for life or death, and where the roads to divorce are manifold and easy. There are a score of ways and means. I will stay and think them over; I will be odd if I cannot force Fate to change her mind."

A week after Dora's marriage he found himself able to walk up the avenue to the Rawdon house; but he arrived there weary and wan enough to instantly win the sympathy of Ruth and Ethel, and he was immensely strengthened by the sense of home and kindred, and of genuine kindness to which he felt a sort of right. He asked Ruth if he might eat dinner with them. He said he was hungry, and the hotel fare did not tempt him. And when Judge Rawdon returned he welcomed him in the same generous spirit, and the evening passed delightfully away. At its close, however, as Mostyn stood gloved and hatted, and the carriage waited for him, he said a few words to Judge Rawdon which changed the mental and social atmosphere. "I wish to have a little talk with you, sir, on a business matter of some importance. At what hour can I see you tomorrow?"

"I am engaged all day until three in the afternoon, Fred. Suppose I call on you about four of half-past."

"Very well, sir."

But both Ethel and Ruth wondered if it was "very well." A shadow, fleeting as thought, had passed over Judge Rawdon's face when he heard the request for a business interview, and after the young man's departure he lost himself in a reverie which was evidently not a happy one. But he said nothing to the girls, and they were not accustomed to question him.

The next morning, instead of going direct to his office, he stopped at Madam, his mother's house in Gramercy Park. A visit at such an early hour was unusual, and the old lady looked at him in alarm.

"We are all well, mother," he said as she rose. "I called to talk to you about a little business." Whereupon Madam sat down, and became suddenly about twenty years younger, for "business" was a word like a watch-cry; she called all her senses together when it was uttered in her presence.

"Business!" she ejaculated sharply. "Whose business?"

"I think I may say the business of the whole family."

"Nay, I am not in it, and I am not going to talk about it—one way or the other."

"Is not Rawdon Court of some interest to you? It has been the home and seat of the family for many centuries. A good many Mostyn women have been its mistress."

"I never heard of any Mostyn woman who would not have been far happier away from Rawdon Court. It was a Calvary to them all. There was little Nannie Mostyn, who died with her first baby because Squire Anthony struck her in a drunken passion; and the proud Aletha Mostyn, who suffered twenty years' martyrdom from Squire John; and Sara, who took thirty thousand pounds to Squire Hubert, to fling away at the green table; and Harriet, who was made by her husband, Squire Humphrey, to jump a fence when out hunting wild, and was brought home crippled and scared for life—a lovely girl of twenty years without aught of love and help, and died alone while he was following a fox; and there was pretty Barbara Mostyn—"

Continued Tomorrow.

OUTWITS THE SURGEON.

A complication of female troubles, with catarrh of the stomach and bowels, had reduced Mrs. Thomas S. Austin, of Leavenworth, Ind., to such a deplorable condition that her doctor advised an operation, but her husband fearing fatal results, postponed this to try Electric Bitters, and to the amazement of all who knew her, this medicine completely cured her. Guaranteed cure for torpid liver, kidney disease, biliousness, jaundice, chills and fever, general debility, nervousness and blood-poisoning. Best tonic made. Price 50c at Woodall & Sheppard's drug store. Try it.

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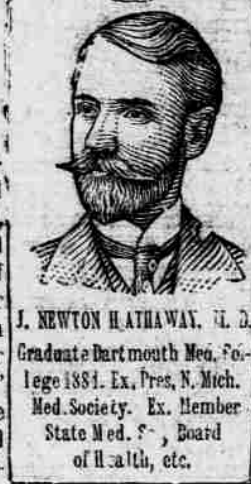
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THE PRESIDENT SHOULD KNOW.

That Mr. Lynch, 74 Years old, is the Father of 47 Children, the Youngest Two Months.—The Shelby Post office Fight.

Special to The News.

Shelby, June 11.—We are informed with regard to a Mr. Lynch, who lives near Kings Mountain. Mr. Lynch is now 74 years old, and is living with his fourth wife; he is the father of 47 children, most of whom are living, the youngest is an infant two months old. About ten years ago a remarkable thing happened, he cut a tooth: The old man is still hale and hearty, is able to work and bids fair to live a long time yet.

We think President Roosevelt should be informed.

F. D. Hamrick, Esq., left Thursday for Virginia on business.

Mrs. F. Bryce, of Avon, S. C., is visiting Mrs. W. F. Mitchell.

At the recent commencement of Putherford College Miss Cora Beam of Lawndale won the essayists medal, and Mr. C. L. Eaker, also of this county, won the debaters medal.

Mrs. Baker and daughter, Miss Blanche, of Texas, are visiting Mrs. Loyd Williams.

Mrs. Head and Mrs. Carley, who have been the guests of Mr. W. G. Head, the manager of the British Insurance Company, have returned to their home.

The postoffice fight which is on here is between the present incumbent, G. W. DePriest, B. A. Baber and J. H. Quinn, who is chairman of the Republican County Executive Committee and also editor of the Shelby Aurora. So far as the public is concerned the fight is remarkably quiet, but we would imagine there is some excitement among the candidates themselves.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lackey, of Beams Mill died May 30th, and was buried in Pleasant Grove Churchyard.

Mrs. L. P. Hennessy, Miss Myra Hermann, and Mrs. R. E. Ware, are attending the Missions conference in Charlotte.

Mr. Lee Weathers has accepted a position as stenographer with Messrs. Tillett and Guthrie, of Charlotte, for the summer months.

Work is progressing on the Graded School building, and it will be completed by fall. It is to be an up to date structure, and is to cost \$25,000.

Mr. Robt. C. Miller one of the teachers in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Morganton is home for vacation.

Mrs. Ortel L. McFarland has returned from Charlotte where she has been in the Hospital for treatment.

More than half a million officials, business, professional men, bankers, farmers and stockmen have been cured by using Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or tablets. R. H. Jordan & Co.

CALL IT NATION'S CALAMITY.

San Francisco Draws President's Attention to Precedents for Government Aid.

San Francisco, June 12.—A telegram has been sent to President Roosevelt setting forth the conditions existing in San Francisco and offering suggestions as to means by which aid may be obtained from the national Government through action by Congress.

It is pointed out that the disaster which has befallen the city is not purely local, as it involves a great national port, closely related to interstate and foreign commerce, the regulation of which, as well as all measures affecting the general welfare, is intrusted by the Constitution to Congress.

Therefore it is asked that the precedents established in the case of the Pacific railroads, Cuba, national expositions and other instances be followed.

It is suggested that Congress authorize, first, a loan to the National Red Cross of \$10,000,000 to aid in the re-establishment of the homeless in houses before next winter; second, that the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to accept \$12,000,000 of bonds now unsold in the city treasury as security for the deposit of national money with the banks, and third that such other measures be adopted as may be deemed appropriate.

The President is informed that a committee has been formed to confer with him and the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject, with a view of expediting action.

The telegram is signed by Gov. Pardee, Mayor Schmitz and William F. Herren, acting chairman of the citizens' finance committee.

Messages were also sent by Secretary Rufus P. Jennings of the reconstruction committee to Secretary Shaw, Senate and Congressmen. Messrs. Hayes, calling their attention and that of the entire California delegation to the matter and asking their earnest cooperation.

Have you betrayed by promises of quacks, swafloved pills and bottled medicine without results except a damaged stomach? To those we offer Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. R. H. Jordan & Co.

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Notice

So many people took advantage of my offer to fit them with the best \$7.50 gold-filled spectacles or eye glasses during the month of May for \$1.25 that it was impossible to wait on all who called. To them I wish to say that they may return any time during the month of June and I will give them the same high-grade glasses at the advertised price.

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Mosquito Canopies... \$2.00 to \$3.00 each
Crest Porch Rugs... \$1.00 to \$1.10 each
Folding Porch Tables and Bench combined, special lot to close out, worth \$3.50... \$2.00 each
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