

"The Man Between"

By AMELIA E. BARR.

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Thank you for the advice given me. I will take it as far as I can. This afternoon the Judge has promised to talk over the business with me."

"The Judge never saw Rawdon Court, and he cares nothing about it, but he can give you counsel about the 'good things' Bryce Denning offers you. And you may safely listen to it, for, right or wrong, I see plainly it is your own advice you will take in the long run."

Mostyn laughed pleasantly and went back to his hotel to think over the facts gleaned from his conversation with Madam. In the first place, he understood that any overt act against Squire Rawdon would be deeply resented by his American relatives. But then he reminded himself that his own relationship with them was merely sentimental. He had now nothing to hope for in the way of money. Madam's apparently spontaneous and truthful assertion, that the Judge cared nothing for Rawdon Court, was, however, very satisfactory to him. He had been foolish enough to think that the thing he desired so passionately was of equal value in the estimation of others. He saw now that he was wrong, and he then remembered that he had never found Judge Rawdon to evince either interest or curiosity about the family home.

If he had been a keen observer, the Judge's face when he called might have given his comfortable feelings some pause. It was contracted, subtle, intricate, but he came forward with a congratulation on Mostyn's improved appearance. "A few weeks at the seaside would do you good," he added, and Mostyn answered, "I think of going to Newport for a month."

"And then?"

"I want your opinion about that. McLean advises me to see the country—to go to Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, cross the Rockies, and on to California. It seems as if that would be a grand summer programme. But my lawyer writes me that the man in charge at Mostyn is cutting too much timber and is generally too extravagant. Then there is the question of Rawdon Court. My finances will not let me carry the mortgage on it longer, unless I buy the place."

"And you think of that as probable?"

"Yes. It will have to be sold. And Mostyn seems to be the natural owner after Rawdon. The Mostyns have married Rawdons so frequently that we are almost like one family, and Rawdon Court lies, as it were, at Mostyn's gate. The Squire is now old, and too easily persuaded for his own welfare, and I hear the Tyrrel-Rawdons have been visiting him. Such a thing would have been incredible a few years ago."

"Who are the Tyrrel-Rawdons? I have no acquaintance with them."

"They are the descendant of that Tyrrel-Rawdon who a century ago married a handsome girl who was only an innkeeper's daughter. He was of course disowned and disinherited, and his children sank to the lowest social grade. Then when power-loom weaving was introduced they went to the mills, and one of them was clever and saved money and built a little mill of his own, and his son built a much larger one, and made a great deal of money, and became Mayor of Leeds. The next generation saw the Tyrrel-Rawdons the largest loom-lords in Yorkshire. One of the youngest generation was my opponent in the last election and very proud of it. How low beats the Conservative candidate always where weavers and spinners hold the vote—but I thought it my duty to uphold the Mostyn banner. You know the Mostyns have always been Tories and Conservatives."

"Excuse me, but I am afraid I am ignorant concerning Mostyn politics. I take little interest in the English parties."

"Naturally. Well, I hope you will take an interest in my affairs and give me your advice about the sale of Rawdon Court."

"I think my advice would be useless. In the first place, I never saw the Court. My father had an old picture of it, which has somehow disappeared since his death, but I cannot say even even this picture interested me at all. You know I am an American, born on the soil, and very proud of it. Then as you are acquainted with the ins and outs of the different embarrasments, and I know nothing at all about them, you would hardly be foolish enough to take my opinion against your own. I suppose the Squire is in favor of your buying the Court?"

"I never named the subject to him. I thought perhaps he might have written to you on the matter. You are the last male of the house in that line."

"He has never written to me about the Court. Then, I am not the last male. From what you say, I think the Tyrrel-Rawdons could easily supply an heir to Rawdon."

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While the damp, cold, changing weather of Winter intensifies the pains and other disagreeable symptoms of Rheumatism, it is by no means a winter disease exclusively. Through the long months of Summer its wandering pains and twitching nerves are felt by those in whose blood the uric acid, which produces the disease, has accumulated.



Last Summer I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism in the knees, from which I was unable to leave my room for several months. I was treated by two doctors and also tried different kinds of liniments and medicines which seemed to relieve me from pain for awhile, but at the same time I was not nearer getting well. One day while reading a paper I saw an advertisement of S. S. S. for Rheumatism. I decided to give it a trial, which I did at once. After I had taken three bottles I felt a great deal better, and I continued to take it regularly until I was entirely cured. I now feel better than I have for years.

CHEAS. E. GILDERSLEEVE.
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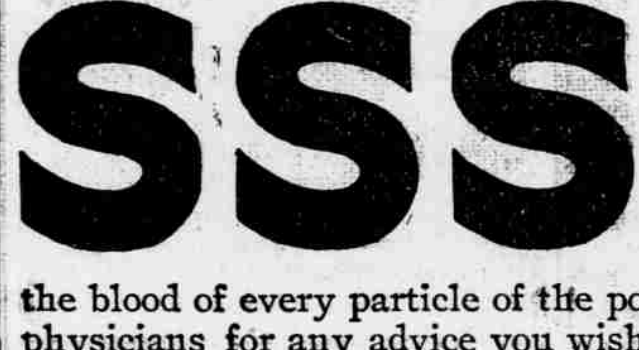
Rheumatism is a disease that involves the entire system. Its primary cause results from the failure of the eliminative organs, the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, to carry out of the system the uric acid, or natural refuse matter. This coming in contact with the different acids of the body forms uric acid which is taken up and absorbed by the blood. This acid causes fermentation of the blood, making it sour and unfit for properly nourishing the body, and as this vital stream goes to every nook and corner of the body, the poison is distributed to all parts. The nervous system weakens from lack of rich, pure blood, the skin becomes feverish and swollen, the stomach and digestion are affected, the appetite fails and a general diseased condition of the entire system is the result.

Not only is Rheumatism the most painful of all diseases, with its swollen, stiff joints, throbbing muscles and stinging nerves, but it is a formidable and dangerous trouble. If the uric acid is allowed to remain in the blood, and the disease becomes chronic, chalky deposits form at the joints, and they are rendered immovable and stiff, and the patient left a helpless cripple for life. Every day the poison remains in the system the disease gets a firmer hold. The best time to get rid of Rheumatism is in warm weather; because then the blood takes on new life and the skin is more active and can better assist in the elimination of the poisons. With the proper remedy to force the acid out of the blood, and at the same time build up and strengthen the Liver, Kidneys and other organs of the body, Rheumatism can be permanently cured. External applications relieve the pain and temporarily reduce the inflammation, and for this reason are desirable, but they cannot have any effect on the disease. The blood is poisoned and the blood must be treated before a cure can be effected.

S. S. S., a remedy made from roots, herbs and barks, is the best treatment for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing the acid and driving it out, and building up the sour blood so it can supply nourishment and strength to every part of the body, it cures Rheumatism permanently. S. S. S. is the only safe cure for the disease; being purely vegetable, it will not injure the system in the least, as do those medicines which contain Potash or some other mineral ingredient. S. S. S. tones up every part of the body by its fine tonic properties.

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hands with him—it is Ethel, I suppose. Naturally he is disappointed. Wanted her at Rawdon. Well, it is a pity, but I really cannot! Oh, Dora! Dora! My heart, my hungry and thirsty heart calls you! Burning with love, dying with longing, I am waiting for you!"

The dinner passed pleasantly enough but both Ethel and Ruth noticed the Judge was under strong, but well-controlled feeling. While servants were present it passed for high spirits, but as soon as the three were alone in the library, the excitement took at once a serious aspect.

"My dears," he said, standing up and facing them, "I have had a very painful interview with Fred Mostyn. He holds a mortgage over Rawdon Court, and is going to press it in September—that is, he proposes to sell the place in order to obtain his money—and the poor Squire!" He ceased speaking, walked across the room and back again, and appeared greatly disturbed.

"What of the Squire?" asked Ruth.

"God knows, Ruth. He has no other home."

"Why is this thing to be done? Is there no way to prevent it?"

"Mostyn wants the money, he says, to invest in American securities. He does not. He wants to force a sale, so that he may buy the place for the mortgage, and then either keep it for his pride, or more likely resell it to the Tyrrel-Rawdons for double the money." Then with gradually increasing passion he repeated in a low, intense voice the remarks which Mostyn had made, and which had so infuriated the Judge. Before he had finished speaking the two women had caught his temper and spirit. Ethel's face was white with anger, her eyes flashing, her whole attitude full of fight. Ruth was troubled and sorrowful, and she looked anxiously at the Judge for some solution of the condition. It was Ethel who voiced the anxiety. "Father," she asked, "What is to be done? What can you do?"

"Nothing, I am sorry to say, Ethel. My money is absolutely tied up—for this year, at any rate. I cannot touch it without wronging others as well as myself, nor yet without the most ruinous sacrifice."

"If I could do anything, I would not care at what sacrifice."

"You can do all that is necessary, Ethel, and you are the only person who can. You have at least eight hundred thousand dollars in cash and negotiable securities. Your mother's fortune is all yours, with its legitimate accretions, and it was left at your own disposal after your twenty-first birthday. It has been at your own disposal with my consent since your nineteenth birthday."

"Then, father, we need not trouble about the Squire. I wish with all my heart to make his home sure to him as long as he lives. You are a lawyer, you know what ought to be done."

"Good girl! I knew what you would say and do, or I should not have told you the trouble there was at Rawdon. Now, I propose we all make a visit to Rawdon Court, see the Squire and the property, and while there perfect such arrangements as seem kindest and wisest. Ruth, how soon can we be ready to sail?"

"Father, do you really mean that we are to go to England?"

"It is the only thing to do, I must see that all is as Mostyn says. I must not let you throw your money away."

"That is only prudent," said Ruth, "and we can be ready for the first steamer if you wish it."

"I am delighted, father. I long to see England; more than all, I long to see Rawdon. I did not know until this moment how much I loved it."

"Well, then, I will have all ready for us to sail next Saturday. Say nothing about it to Mostyn. He will call tomorrow morning to bid you good-by before leaving for Newport with McLean. Try and be out."

"I shall certainly be out," said Ethel. "I do not wish ever to see his face again, and I must see grandmother and tell her what we are going to do."

"I dare say she guesses already. She advised me to ask you about the mortgage. She knew what you would say."

"Father, who are the Tyrrel-Rawdons?"

Then the Judge told the story of the young Tyrrel-Rawdon, who a century ago had lost his world for Love, and Ethel said "she liked him better than any Rawdon she had ever heard of."

"Except your father, Ethel."

"Except my father; my dear, good father. And I am glad that Love did not always make them poor. They must now be rich, if they want to buy the Court."

Continued Tomorrow.

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Philadelphia Record.

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