PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.



(CONTINUED.) CHAPFER V.

On the night Neville Lynne bought Sylvia Bond, the House of Commons in London was unusually full. An important debate was in progress, and that evening Mr. Gladstone had spoken with even more than his wonted eloquence; and all about the House, in the galleries, in the lobbies, and even outside, where a big crowd burg about and waited, there was the peculiar atmosphere of excitement which only political events can produce.

Not only had the great orator spoken, but speeches had been made by several of the other stars in the political firmament, and perhaps not one of the men had attracted more attention than that of Sir Jordan Lynne.

Two gentlemen had witnessed the proceedings from the front of the Stranger's Gallery, and one of them, who had scarcely removed his eyes from Sir Jordan's tall, thin figure while he had been speaking, looked up at his companion with a thought. tul emile.

'That man's going to make his mark,' he said to his triend.

"Who, Jordan Lynne? Yes, I suppose so. Clever speech, wasn't it ? Do you know bim at all ?

'Well, I was at Rugby with him,' said the first speaker,' but I can't say I know him. I doubt very much whether anyone knows him."

The second man nodded.

'I know what you mean. No, Jordan Lynne's a dark horse.'

'How long has he been Sir Jordan ?' asked the other. 'I've been away such a duece of a time that I've lost touch of events, you know."

'How long ? Oh, about eighteen months more or less. Yes. his father, old Sir Greville, died about seventeen or eighteen months ago, and this Jordan, the eldest son came into the baronetcy and the money. Srange history, old Greville's !' 'Tell me,' said his friend, as arm in arm

have left his money-it was an enormous pile - where he chose; to the second boy, Neville, for instance. But after the old man was dead it was found that Jordan had got the whole of it-estate, money, all-and that Neville was left without a penny. I should think Jordan is one of our richest men, and, as you say, a man who will make his mark. May be Prime Minister some day."

"Hush! here he is," warned the other; and the two men drew aside into the shadow as Sir Jordan Lynn passed.

He was walking by himself, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bowed slightly. He was not a bit like Neville. He was thin and narrow-chested, with a long face and a pointed chin. His mouth -he was clean shaven-was straight and

hard, with the lips shut close, as if their owner was always on guard. Very few persons knew the color of his eyes, for Sir Jordan had an unpleasant trick of keeping them veiled under unusually thick and white lids. It was not a prepossessing face by any means, and yet no one could glance at it without recognizing that it was the face of a clever and intellectual man-a man with a lirge quantity of brain power

and a strong will to use it.

A word must be said about his hands. They we e large and bony, but singularly white, so that when he raised them while he was speaking you felt attracted by them and watched them instead of the face, which was, perhaps, to the speaker's advantage.

He was in evening-dress that night-for he was going to a reception when the House rose-but he always wore dark clothes. A man's voice is supposed to be the index of his character. Sir Jordan's was soft and slow, excepting when he was addressing a large audience, and even then it was never hard or vehment, but always beautifully under his control. Since his father's death Sir Jordan had come very much to the front in other than political ways. He was extremely liberal. Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart, M. P.,' figured prominently in all charity lists. He was always ready to address a missionary meeting, and was one of the most respectable and religious men in the House, a stanch defender of Church and State, and a stern moralist. He neither drank nor smoked. Such a man is sure to come to the front, and Sir Jordan, as he paced up and down the terrace, ought to have been a very happy individual. The cheers which had been called forth by his eloquent speech were still ringing in his ears. He knew that he was being talked about, that as he paced up and down men were looking at him with interest and curiosity, and yet no man came up and linked an arm in his or smote him on the back and called to him

She stood just inside the drawing-room, as he bent over her hand. 'I did not ex-Jordan her hand and a smile, as she hai | be too busy." given them to a hundred other persons that even looking tired, though her feet ached, | trip ?" her head ached-she ached all over. A great deal of pity is expended, and deservedly, on the hard worked poor-the servants, and cabmen, but no one has as tashionable society.

Come to think of it, Lady Marlow had answer her letters, notwithstanding that than at his face, she had not gone to bed until three o'clock that morning. She had spent the torenoon at the opening of a fancy bazaer, had made dinner party, and now, just at the time breast. when the majority of people are in bed and knew, and did not care if she never saw | chance ' again.

And yet there were girls-sweet, innocent, ignorant girls-just launched on the Marlow, and whose ambition was to marry and sang-froid. a viscount and do likewise.

Lady Marlow nodded and smiled at Sir Jordan, and fixed him for a moment with her bright, sharp eyes

·Very good of you to come !' she said, as she made ready to receive her next guest. 'You have had an exciting night, I hear, and your fame is going the rounds of the room."

Sir Jordan bowed and smiled with polite gratitude for the pleasant little speech, and made his way into the crowd.

His entrance was noticed, the men nodded and beautiful women smiled at him as he passed them, and many a girl's heart gave a little bound of ambitious longing, for Sir Jordan was a millionaire, the coming man of the day, and his wife would be a great lady and a power in the land.

Stopping now and again to exchange a word with one and another, Sir Jordan made the circuit of the crowded room, and was returning to the door to take his departure, when a young girl entered. He stopped, drew back a little, and waited.

She was a very pretty girl-tall, fair, with dark-brown eyes, bright and brim- Sir Jordan. We used to play together but I won't listen to you, Lord Lorrimore. Audrey Hope. She was eighteen, just out, an heiress, and, as the irreverent said, Lady Marlow's 'last and best lot;' for she was an orphan, and under the care of Lord and Lady Marlow, who were her guardians. Before she had got many yards she was surrounded, not only by men, but by wemen; for Audrey was popular with both sexes, and there were some who would have loved her just as dearly if she had been penniless instead of the owner of money in the Funds, a plantation in Jamaica, and a good estate in Loamshire. She was beautifully dressed, and yet with a simplicity which spoke of anything but wealth, and her eyes were bright with the pleasure of seeing so many friends around her; for she had been staying on the Continent for some months, and this was her first party since her return. She was chatting away about Mont Blanc, Homburg, and the rest of it to her admiring court, when Sir Jordan came up with his bland smile and serenely composed face, and she stopped suddenly, and the brightness fled from her eyes, and she became for the moment suddenly grave, and, one would have been inclined to say, almost sad. But it was only for a moment; the next she seemed to have recovered from the temporary restraint, and held out her hand to him with a nod.

receiving her guests, and she gave Sir pect to see you here; I thought you would

'The House rose earlier than we exevening; and she did it without yawning or pected,' he said. 'Have you enjoyed your

The others fell back to allow the two to talk, for Sir Jordan and beautiful Audrey Hope were old friends-or ought to have | Christmas.' dock laborers, the factory hands, railway been, for the estate which Audrey had in yet thought of getting up a strike among the Lynnes and the Hopes had teen neigh-the terribly hard worked members of bors and friends for generations.

'Ob, yes!' she said, and she began to tell him of her travels; but somehow some | ticle of warmth, or more than the expresworked as hard as any woman in London of the lightness had gone out of her voice, sion of pleasure which ordinary politeness that day. She had got up early to read and and she looked down at the ground rather demanded, and Sir Jordan's lips tightened.

minute or two, and she accepted it and his scoundrel of a half-brother, Neville, allowed him to lead her out of the crowd but now she seemed as if she had lost all six calls in the afternoon, had sat at the to a seat in a recess, thereby causing much interest in their conversation. head of the table during a wearisome discontent and envy in many a manly

'That fellow Jordan seems to have it all asleep, she was standing between the hot his own way,' muttered a young grands. rooms and the draughty stairs, shaking man to a chum 'Richest jgger in the hands and smiling like a mandarin with a room, and all that. He might leave the lot of people, most of whom she scarcely | Hope alone and give us poor devils a

But Sir Jordan was perfectly indifferent to the murmurs and complaints of the envious, and sat beside the rich and lovely arm, nodding rather coldly to Sir Jordan. tide of society, who actually envied Lady Miss Hope with his usual self possession

> He talked about the weather and the persons who passed them, a great deal about her trip on the Continent, and a little-a very little-about himself. Sir Jordan was one of those clever fellows who do not talk much about themselves. But all the while Audrey seemed to be

listening absent-mindedly, and quite suddenly she said : 'Have you heard anything of-of Neville,

Sir Jordan ?'

And as she put the question her eyes dropped and the rich color came into her face, making it look lovelier than ever.

Sir Jordan shook his head and sighed. 'I am sorry to say that I have not re- give you a direct and truthful answer.' cently,' he replied in a sad and regretful tone-just the tone an affectionate, longsuffering man who had been sorely tried by a scrapgrace brother should use.

The color died slowly away from Audrey genuine one.

"When did you hear last?" she said, 'and what? You know we whom I talk with "' she said pouting.

'Yes, yes,' murmured Sir Jordan, sympathetically; 'and directly I hear I will send you word."

'Do, please !' she exclaimed.

'I suppose you will be going down to the Grange ?' he said, changing the subject. 'Yes,' she replied. 'Lord and Lady Marlow are coming down with me to spend

'I shall be at Lynne, too. I shall go herited adjoined the Lynne property, and down directly the House rises,' he said. 'So that we shall be near neighbors, shall we not?' glancing sideways at her.

'Yes,' she assented, but without a par-

She had been warm and sympathetic Sir Jordan offered her his arm after a | enough while they had been talking about

'I must go to poor Lady Marlow,' she said. 'She is tired out, I know, and-'

At that moment a gentleman approached them-a tall, dark-baired young man, with a handsome face and rather grave and serious eyes.

'Oh, Lord Lorrimore!' she exclaimed. Have you seen Lady Marlow lately?'

'I have just been sent in search of you by her,' he replied; and he held out his Audey Hope took the proffered arm and the two walked away.

'What had that man got to talk to you about ?' asked Lord Lorrimore, looking down at ber with his dark, serious eyes.

'Oh, only-But what right have you to ask such a question ?' she retorted, with an affectation of resentment.

'The right that the fact of my loving you gives me, Miss Hope.'

She made a motion as if to draw her arm away, but he held it firmly.

'I thought you promised you would not talk to me in that way again ?' she said reproachfully.

'I did,' he assented ; 'but when you ask me a direct question I am compelled to

'That's nothing to do with it-that's no reason at all,' she retorted, with true feminine logic. 'But how you do hate poor Sir Jordon !'

'I do hate 'poor' Sir Jordan very much,' Hope's cheeks and she stifled a sigh-a he said, grimly; 'but I hate still more to see you talking to him.'

'And pray, what business is it of yours were such old friends-your brother and I, | 'There, I've given you another opportunity 'I beg your pardon,' he said, still unruffled; 'I haven't pestered Her eyes grew meditative and wistful, you. Telling you that I love you isn't as if she were seeing with her mind's eye a pestering you. It isn't even news to you. 'No, indeed; or very stale news,'retorted the beauty.

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they went down the stair and sauntered on the terrace in front of the House. 'I've heard something about him, but forget exactly what.'

'Well it's soon told. Old Greville Lynne was an eccentric-a man with a mania, you know. Seems that when he was a young man he fell in love with a girl. She was below him in position, but Greville was mad about her, and notwith. standing that she was engaged to another young fellow, Greville brought pressure to bear-monetary pressure I expect-in-duced or compelled her to break off with her lover and promise to marry him-Greville.

'Nice man !'

'Yes; but it didn't come off after all, for the day before the marriage the girl bolted with her own true love, and left Greville in the hole."

'That's distinctly good,' said the listener. 'Not so bad. Greville Lynne was awfully cut up-most men are under such circ's-but most men get over it in time, and if they don't forget the girl who jilted them, forgive her. Old Greville didn't. He set himself deliberately to work to bunt down his successful rival; swore a big oath that he'd ruin him, and-did it.' 'How do you mean? inquired the triend.

'Well, I don't know all the details, but I've heard people who were in the know say that Greville stuck to the other fellow's trail like a blood hound, and while protessing to be his friend, plotted and schemed to effect his ruin. It took years to accomplish, of course, but it was accomplised at last, and Sir Greville had the satisfaction of seeing his rival a broken man and an outcast."

'And this in the nineteenth century I believe ?

Exactly,' assented the speaker, 'and it's only in the nineteenth century that you can do that sort of thing. In the old days you went out after dark and struck your enemy under the fitth rib. Now you bet with him on the Stock Exchange, run horses against him on the turf, slander him, rob him of his reputation, and ultimately get a good deal more revenge out of him than it you left him with a hole in him, as in the good old days. The man Sir Greville had sworn to ruin, and did, disappeared. The wife, I believe, had died of grief and anxiety years before.'

'Any children ?'

'Don't know. I fancy there was one, but I'm not sure.'

'Poor woman ! What a fiend Sir Jordan's father must have been !'

'Yes, I think he was. According to poetical justice he ought to have been punished in some way, but he wasn'tat least in this world. He flourished like the bay tree. Everything he touched .turned to gold.'

beautiful brown eyes of hers grew soft and 'And so here's Lady Marlow, and you Jordan is the son of the first wife, and with a soft and pleasant smile about his its action and truly beneficial in its tender. may go,' interrupted Audrey, half saucily, there's another boy called-called Neville, | thin lips, ascended the staircase. effects, prepared only from the most 'That is very, very good and generous | half sadly, for she was touched by her lov-Lady Marlow's evenings were a healthy and agreeable substances, its the son of the second. of you, Sir Jordan,' she said in a low voice. er's persistent, dog-like devotion. crowded, for she was a very 'What's become of him ?' 'But it is only what one might expect you 'All right,' he said, not a whit offended. many excellent qualities commend it popular little personage. She was the wife to do, after all. You could not-no one 'Good-night. Good-night. Lady Marlow.' The speaker shook his head. to all and have made it the most of a viscount, rich, almost young, and ex-'Can't say. It's rumored that he's could be-at ease and content while his Lady Marlow laughed as she gave him popular remedy known. tremely good-natured. Young girls just out abroad somewhere. He was at one time brother was penniless.' her hand. adored her, and their mammas courted Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 'No, no, of course not,' assented Sir Jordan, promptly, but with Sir Greville's favorite son, but our friend 'She's a tiresome, wicked girl, isn't she, her, for it was said that for the last three cent bottles by all leading drug-Jordan soon altered that. I'm told that Lord Lorrimore?' she said ; she knew the seasons the best matches had been made he hates his half brother like poison, and that he never rested until he had brought gists. Any reliable druggist who his eyes hidden behind the thick white lids. whole state of the case between the two. under Lady Marlow's auspices, and that 'I have advertised-am advertising con-He smiled for about the first time, held may not have it on hand will prothe best chance a girl had was to have a quarrel about between Neville and his stantly for him, and am in hopes that I Audrey's hand for a moment, and then took cure it promptly for any one who Lady Marlow for a triend. father and got the youngster turned out.' shall hear tidings of him soon.' himself off. wishes to try it. Do not accept any 'A worthy son of a worthy father.' She was a little woman with a pleasant 'Oh, I hope so! said Audrey, fervently. 'It is dreadful to think that a person one— 'Poor Lord Lorrimore !' said Lady Mar-"Yes, Jordan played his cards very well. countenance, a pair of bright eyes which substitute. low. The estate was a small one-not nearly saw a long way through a brick wall, and a one liked so much is wandering about the 'Oh. don't pity him. Pity me ! CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. large enough to support the baronetcy tongue sometimes appallingly frank and world, perhaps in poverty and-' exclaimed Audrey, witho a pout. 'How SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. properly-and of course old Greville could candid. LOUISVILLE, KY. She stopped again. NEW YORK, N.Y. (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

'old tellow.' 'A strange face,' said one of the two men who had been watching him. 'Keen and intellectual and all that, and yet there's something about it I don't like. The man looks—yes'—as Jordan, with his bent head, passed them again—'looks as if he wasn't at ease-as if he'd got something unpleasant in his mind.'

'Daresay. Perhaps he's thinking of that unfortunate young beggar of a brother of his.'

'Romorse ?' said the other. 'H'm-' At that moment Big Ben struck the hour, and Sir Jordan started and raised his head.

"Remorse? No, by George! it looks like-yes, fear !" concluded the observer. "That's strange."

They went on their way. and Sir Jordan returned to the House. He sat in his seat with his arms folded, his head bent, and apparently listening intently, until the House rose. Then he went out, and, calling a cab, drove to Lady Marlow's reception.

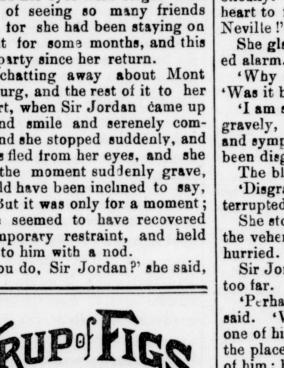
As the cab rattled through the gates one of those small groups which collect outside the House on important occasions saw and recognized him, and raised a cheer for "Sir Jordan," and he leaned forward, lifted his bat, and smiled with his thin lips, then he sank back again and closed his eves.

It was past midnight. The sitting had been an exciting one, and he was fully justified in feeling tired, and in snatching a short nap; but it seemed as if he could not rest, for presently he sighed, and, leaning with arms on the front of the cab, looked from side to side from under his drooping lids-looked, not with the aimless interest of an ordinary observer, but with the sharp intentness of a man who is watching for something or some one.

And yet for whom could the wealthy and powertul Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., be looking in the London streets after midnight ?

The cab pulled up at Lady Marlow's 'Did he ever marry-Ob, of course !] I have found him. nothing will persuade me that you are anyduced, pleasing to the taste and acand Sir Jordan, Lynne, smoothing the beg your pardon.' Audrey Hope's lips quivered, and those thing else, and so-' ceptable to the stomach, prompt in watchful, anxious lines from his face, and 'Yes, he married twice. This man

'How do you do, Sir Jordan?' she said,



ming over with merriment one moment. when we were little children, and even If I were a man I should be ashamed to soft and melting the next. Her name was after he came home from Eton : and-I can go on-on pestering a poor helpless girl, never think of the Grange'-this was the after she had told me that she didn't care name of the great country house which be- for me.' longed to this lucky young woman- 'without thinking of Neville."

> vision of the old orchard behind the house, in which she and young Dare-devil Neville Lynne used to play. Even then he was always getting into scrapes, and it was she who not infrequently got him out of thembegged him off punishment, or, out of her own pocket-money, paid on the sly for damage he had done.

'It is very natural that you should remember him,' murmured Jordan, sympathetically. 'It would not be like your kind heart to forget an old playmate. Poor Neville !' and he sighed again.

She glanced at him with barely concealed alarm.

'Why do you say that?' she asked. Was it had news you heard last?'

'I am sorry to say that it was,' he replied gravely, and with such a regretfully sad and sympathetic voice. 'Poor Neville has been disgracing himself, as usual.'

The blood flew to her face sgain.

'Disgracing himself-Neville !' she inerrupted. 'I don't believe it. I mean-' She stopped and bit her lip, ashamed of foolish as to marry Sir Jordan.' the vehemence into which she had been

Sir Jordan saw that he had gone rather

'Perhaps the term was too strong, he said. 'We will say that he had got into one of his usnal scrapes, and he had left the place suddenly just before I got tidings of him; but for that I should have found him.

Where was that ?' asked Audrey.

'In America,' replied Sir Jordan, without a moment's hesitation.

She sighed as she thought that America was rather a vague address. 'I suppose he doesn't know of his

father's death ?' she said, after a moment or two.

'No, I think not,' said Jordan. 'Or-or that-

She hesitated.

'Or that my father did not mention him in his will? said Jordan.

'No; and I particularly wish that he should not know of it, excepting through me, because-'

He paused.

Audey looked at him quickly.

'Because— Oh, do you mean that you are going to-to-

'How well you understand me !' he

'Exactly; therefore it can't very much affect you. As to your not loving me, l'an quite aware you don't; but that is not to say that you never will.'

'And you mean to-to-'

'Just so; I mean to go on trying to win your love till I'm dead, or you are engaged or married,' he said, quite coolly.

She looked up into his handsome, serious face and laughed.

Then the best thing, in fact the only thing I can do is to get married.

'If you marry the right man-yes,' he assented. But, you see, I-I consider myself the right man.'

'And-and perhaps Sir Jordan considers himselt the right man,-or any one else,' he said mischievously.

He looked down at her.

'No,' he said, as if he were considering the question impartially and judiciallyno, I don't think you could be so

'Oh, indeed ! And why not? He is young, rich and will be famous-is so already, isn't he ?'

'He is young-rich and famous,' said Lord Lorrimore; 'but I don't think you would marry a man for being that, or those.'

. That's pretty grammar !' she remarked. 'I dare say; but it's good sense. You won't marry a man you don't love. You promised me that-

'Oh, if you are going to rake up all the things I promised,' she retorted with a laugh. 'But there, don't you think we've quarreled enough for one night, Lord Lorrimore ^p

not quarreled,' he 'We have said, gravely. 'You couldn't quarrel with me if you tried.'

'And I do try, goodness knows !' she exclaimed. 'But that's the worst of it, if you would only consent to be offended, I should get rid of you; but you won't will you? Couldn't you try, just to please me ?' and she looked up into his face coaxingly. 'If you'd only believe what is true-that I am the most disagreeable and miserable of girls, that I am not worth thinking about, then-ah, then we should be such good friends ! Won't you try, Lord Lorrimore P

'I think not,' he said. 'It would be a murmured, modestly and gratefully. 'Yes | waste of time, and it's wicked to waste time, I want to find poor Neville and let him so the parsons say. You're just the best, know that half I have is his. I shall not and sweetest, and most beautiful woman in

Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-

know a moment's peace or happiness until my eyes that ever lived or will live, and only remedy of its kind ever pro-

tem effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syzup of Figs is the CHAPTER VI.

