

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Lorrimore did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He went up to London that night and set about arranging his affairs at once. He might be absent from England for two years-might | his task. possibly never return. But he did not regret the mission he had undertaken, or shrink from it, for he felt that if he should return, bringing with him this Neville Lynne, the old playmate of Audrey, she could scarcely retuse to reward Lim with her hand.

And Lord Lorrimore was so much in love that he would have gone round the world half a dozen times, and waited half a dozen years, too.

He went to his lawyer next morning and settled his affairs. First he made arrangements for the management of his estates | their names were not lieville or Lynne, during his absence; then he executed a but something like it; others came in will, leaving a large sum to Audrey, which answer to the advertisement because they was scarcely necessary, seeing that she was had once known a Neville Lynne, and ridiculously rich already; then he consultsulted the lawyer on the task that he, Lord | to the inquirer for the missing man. Lorrimore, had undertaken. The lawyer started, as well he might.

'You don't know this Mr. Neville Lynne, my lord ?'

'No,' said Lord Lorrimore. 'And-and- Pray pardon me, but it seems such an extraordinary proposal.'

'It is.' assented Lorrimore in his curt way. 'But I want a change, and one may as well travel with an object.'

'Why not advertise?' suggested the lawsearch of a man he did not even know.

'I've thought of that, of course,' said | tralia. Lord Lorrimore; 'but I don't think it's of much use. Besides, I don's want the man or other persons to know that I'm on the search for him; an I don't fancy, if I were in his place, I should like being advertised for. Should you?'

The lawyer admitted that he should not. 'Have you any clew to his whereabouts?' Lorrimore shook his head.

'No, excepting that I've heard that he is in America.'

'From a reliable source ?'

Lorrimore, remembering that the information had come from Sir Jordan, looked doubtful.

'I shall try America first,' he said. 'I may get some one to help me there. But if I don't find him in America, I shall go

'A great many young men go to Australia,' said the lawyer, getting 'warm' as they say in the children's game of hideand-seek, without knowing it.

'Yes, so they do to Africa, Asia, and everywhere else,' said Lord Lorrimore. 'Perhaps when I get over to America and the other p'aces, I shall advertise; but I over here.' don't think it's much use in doing so in the English papers. Who reads the 'Times' in America or Australia? You can't suggest anything, I suppose ?"

The lawyer shook his head grumpily. 'Excepting that you should place the matter in the hands of a private detective or search agent, who will do the business tar better and quicker than you can, my lord, and stay at home comfortably.'

'But that's just what I can't do,' said Lorrimore. 'I've undertaken to find him myselt, and 1'm going to do it. Please don't forget that I'm particularly desirous no one excepting yourself should know of this business.

'Not Sir Jordan Lynn', who is the young man's half-brother ?' 'Certainly not !' rep'ied Lord Lorrimore,

The lawyer got a glimmering idea of

the case and nodded grimly. 'Well, my lord, I hope you wil be successful. I'll see that your affairs are properly conducted during your

absence, and meanwhile I shall be glad of your address from time to time; and as Lord Lorrimore left the office, the man of law, who had been the legal adviser and friend of the Lorrimore tamily for nearly thirty years, was almost guilty of bad language.

'Well, of all the mad freaks the Lorrimores have committed-and they've been capable of a few-this is the maddest. Of course there's a woman in the case. But surely he can't be such a fool as to go hunting for another man at the bidding of Miss Hope. I suppose, seeing he has left her his money, it is she he is still in love ed !- and the party reached Wildfall in

But that was just what his noble client was doing. Lorrimore started for New York two days afterward. People think interested him. nothing of running over to America nowadays. The Atlantic is irrevently called 'the ferry,' and a great many persons take | did not receive very much attention, for the journey with as little thought and | Wildfall was in a state of excitement just trouble as if it were merely a trip to Brigh- at the time. ton or Broadstairs.

Lord Lorrimore would have enjoyed himself immensely on board the magnifi- a row here. It seems that a gang of bushcent liner, for there were some nice people | rangers and blacklegs, the scouring of the smong his fellow-passengers, and, as various camps, has collected outside in the everybody knows, the Atlantic liners are bush, and that they've been making things floating palaces replete with every conven- lively for our friends in the camp here. A ly in love for enjoyment, and his fellow- risk of his life-or, at least, all the pro-

much to their amusement. sitting in the state-room to be very sociable Ballarat. Quite like England in the good but he was quite content, and spent the old times, my lord, when you couldn't time in true lover fashion thinking of his travel from London to York without being

He reached New York and commenced rather a large village, and he found himself | grimly. confronted at the outset by difficulties that | "Not without an escort," was the reply. seemed incurmountable. But he stuck to "It's a wonder that we reached here with

it, and though a number of people, some of whom knew him by name, and others by acquaintance, were desirous of showing, and in leed eager to show him, the hospitality for which Americans are so justly famous, Lord Lorrimore resisted all manner of flattering invitations and stuck to

Searching in New York for a young man of whom all you know is his name is rather more difficult than looking for a needle in the proverbial bottle of hay, and at las', though reluctantly, Lorrimore inserted some guarded advertisements in the newspapers.

He had plenty of answers. There ap. peared to be, at a rough calculation, about a hundred and fitty Neville Lynnes in New York, and some of these besieged Lorrimore in his hotel. A great many of them were old men; a few of them admitted that thought perhaps they might be of service

Lord Lorrimore stood the ordeal very well and did not lose his temper until a hoary old reprobate, who was as unlike the description in the advertisement as one man can be like another, presented himself tor Lord Lorrimore's inspection in an advanced state of intoxication.

This individual Lorrimore gently kicked out of the room, and leaving New York next day, started South.

The same pleasing game was played in yer, who did not at all relish the idea of his client scamparing over the earth in last discouraged, but as resolute as when he had left England, he started for Aus-

Here he tried a different set of tactics. At the imminent risk of his health portable property, he dived into the slums and mixed with the denizens thereof. There he got into a street fight and obtained some small amusement out of it as well as a black eye. But he did not succeed in finding Neville

The winter had rattled by, spring had come and gone, and one evening in midsummer he sat over a glass of admirable Austra'ian wine and wondered what he should do next. It was just on the cards that Neville Lynne had gone to England by this time, and Lorr more who was rather homesick, was asking himself whether he hadn's better return and 'try' the British Isles, when a man who had been helping him in the search came in.

'No news, my lord?' he said. Lorrimore shook his head.

'No, none. I was just wondering whether I shouldn't find my man nearer home; and yet I've got an impression-

'Well, its the fashion to laugh at presentments, I know,' said the man, 'but for my part I believe in them, and if you've got that idea I should stick to it for a little while longer. This young gentleman was a strong healthy young fellow, I suppose?" 'Yes; an Oxford man and a good athlete,' replied Lord Lorrimore.

'Just so. Don't you think he might have gone on to the gold fields?"

Lord Lorrimore smiled rather grimly. 'l've had so many fancies as to his whereabouts that I'm beginning to distrust myselt,' he said. 'But it's not unlikely. On the other hand, it's not unlikely that he may have gone tea planting in Ceylon, or diamond-digging in Africa.'

'Well, you aren't in Ceylon or Africa, said his friend, cheerfully, 'and as you are near the gold fields, why not try them? It would be a change.'

Lord Lorrimore smiled. He had had 'change' for nearly ten

months. 'A small party of us are going out to Wildfall next week; it's about the centre of the gold range on that line, and you might find your man in one of the numer-

ous camps.' 'Or I might not,' said Lorrimore. 'But I'm very much obliged to you, and I'll join you it you'll allow me.'

'All right. You'll want a revolver and a gun; there have been some lively times out there lately; and if you don't find your man, you'll have a pleasant trip anyway.' Lorrimore started with the hope that always sprung up at each new departurehow often had that hope been disappoint-

It was Lorrimore's first experience of a diggers' camp, and the scene amused and

Wildfall was a big camp, and he set about his inquiries immediately; but they

'We've come at a bad time for your purpose,' said his friend. 'There is no end of ience and luxury; but he was too complete- man can only go outside the camp at the voyagers did not find that he contributed perty he carries about him-and the rangers have stopped the goods wagons He was too fond of pacing the deck or and other conveyances going to and from called on to stand and deliver."

"Do you mean that we can't leave this his search at once. But New York is place " asked Lord Lorrimore, rather

engaged elsewhere.

This conversation took place in the principal store of the camp. Lord Lorrimore looked round him impatiently. The place was crowded, and the men were drinking and talking excitedly and examining their weapons.

"What is the next place, and where?" he asked.

"Lorn Hope Camp," said a digger, who was lounging near the table at which Lord Lorrimore was sitting, "and we've got to thank Lorn Hope for most of this business. They turned out their blacklegs a short time ago, and this is the consequence. But we've made up our minds to put it down. We're forming a corps of vigiliants." He glanced at Lord Lorrimore's well set up figure and added! "You'd better join, stranger."

"Thank you. I should have no objection, but I have business at Lorn Hope. What do you mean to do?"

"We mean to go for these rangers and give 'em Lynch Law. You see, we've got no police nor jury nor judges, and i.'s every man for himselt. There'll be some fun, I can tell you, if we catch them." "How far is Lorn Hope Camp?" asked

Lord Lorrimore. "Nigh upon a day's ride," replied the digger; "and most like we shall go

in that direction." Lorrimore hesitated. He had come to look for Neville Lynne, not to scour the country with a band of ameuteur police in search of bushrangers; but every Englishman is tempted by an undertaking that looks dangerous, and after a moment's con-

sideration, he said: 'Yes, I'll make one of you; but I should

like to reach the Lorn Hope Camp.' They formed a band of vigilants by casting lots. An enormous amount of whisky was drunk, and Lord Lorrimore and his companions were furnished with horses and accepted as members of the

'I suppose that is quite likely we may be caught and lynched instead of catching and lynching?' he said to his companion as they turned in for the night.

'Quite, I should say,' was the cool reply. These men we are going after are a desperate set, and, knowing what is in store for them if they are caught, will fight hard. I'm afraid I've let you in for a mess, my lord.'

'Oh, it's all right,' responded Lord Lorrimore, with an Englishman's phlegm. 'We take our chance with the rest.'

But before he rolled himself up in his blanket he wrote a short letter to Audrey giving an account of his expedition, and releasing her from the semblance of a plight which she had given him

In the morning, however, he thought better of it, and carefully tore up the 1stter, which was a pity, as it would have made the future easier for both of them, and Neville included. The party started in the high

est of spirits-in two senses of the word -and galloped over the p'ain, laughing and joking and asserting their determination to return with every one of the blacklegs tied to their saddles. But as they proceeded they grew quieter

and more cautious, and Lord Lorrimore noticed that an alert and watchful expression sat upon each man's countenance.

Every now and then a coup'e of men would ride forward and examine the ground. These were the scouts-men who had trained their peculiar intelligence until it had almost reached that of the North American Indian. Toward nightfall the scouts rode back to the main body at a pace which showed they had discovered

"We've hit it." said one of them. 'They're not far off;" and he held up part of a broken bridle which he had found on the narrow path through the wood.

A halt was called and a council of war was held, and ultimately it was decided to camp for the night.

"If they're in the woods, they'll make



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whole skins! I suppose the ruffians were an ambush of these trees, wait until we naturally jumped to the conclusion that one, 'said the captain of the party. "We'd better wait for daylight."

They chose a hollow in the ravine and lay down beside their tired horses, holding their bridles in their hands; and here, as on the steamer, Lord Lorrimore gave himself up to dreaming of Audrey.

It had seemed so easy that afternoon on Lynne Burrows to say that he would find Neville Lynne, and yet here he was scampering about with a party of vigilants, and apparently as far off the object of his quest as ever.

And yet it he had only known it he had but to ride for twenty miles in a straight line to come upon Lorn Hope Camp and the man he was looking for.

CHAPTER.

Neville worked the Golden Valley, as he and Sylvia called it, very cautiously. as if a His plan was to steal off there at one or two them. days' intervals, always starting early and coming back at dark, and on off days to make a great show of work at his old claim. And every night he returned her.' from the valley he brought back a quantity

Tois was secreted in a hole he had dug in the hut, covering it with the heavy shining heap which meant so much to them. And yet, though they were growing rich Sylvia was not so happy as she had been when they were poor; for though she which would have been the last to admit it and them. was scarcely conscious of it, Sylvia was jealous.

They had gone to "church," as Neville had promised, and, as he had declared, Sylvia, in her graceful dress and pretty bonnet, had created a sensation. This was all very well and would have been very nice if Jack had not stopped behind to talk to Mr. Brown and Mary.

Mary had insisted upon their going into the cottage and had made much of them, or at least of Jack, for Sylvia obstinately declinpersistent though timid advances, and was | be. evidently very anxious to be friendly with 'Mr. Youngton's sister,' as she still considered Sylvia.

'It must be nice to have a brother,' she said in her soft, shy voice: 'and one who is | Brown had gone to visit a sick man at a strong and able to protect you.'

And Sylvia, instead of responding warmly, had only mumbled something and opportunity to make love, but Neville was straightened her dark brows.

tea, and was kindness itself; but Sylvia | the treasure buried under the chest, and refused to thaw. The cottage was scrup-ulously neat and adorned with various little feminine devices; but she declined to admire it, and Neville wondered what was | England, Miss Mary ?' he said. the matter with her. He had enjoyed himself immensely, and expected that she would have done the same.

'The fact of it is, Syl,' he said, as they walked home, 'the kind of life you have just now. But, after all—well. one counts been living, shut up with old Meth and me, the days of one's exile; for it is exile you has spoiled you. It only shows how necessary it is that you should get away from it.'

'And we shall soon, Jack, sha'n't we?' she said, walking up into sudden eager- course, I shall be sorry to leave friends, ness. 'Why can't we go at once? We've | and all that-sorry to leave you and Mr. got enough money, haven't we?' and she Brown; but that's always the way of it put her band on his arm and looked up at | isn't it ?"

him imploringly.

at her. 'Not nearly enough,' he replied. 'Why, you've no idea how much money a man wants in England. Besides, it would be a-a sin to cut and run and leave all that gold in the valley. I mean to have a buckettul before I've got done with it.'

She let her hand drop from his arm, and of him. said no more; but she lay awake that night, thinking of Mary Brown, and recalling the soft, shy glances which that young lady had shot at Jack.

On the next 'off' day Neville, after working, or pretending to work, his claim for an hour or two, came in, washed himsel, put on his best pea-jacket, and strolled down to the camp.

Sylvia watched him with a face red and white by turns. She knew where he had

And indeed Neville did not get and further than the cottage, for Mary Brown 'happened' to be standing at the door, and at once ran down to the gate to greet him. See had got a small bunch of wild flowers in her hand, and most of the time she was talking to him kept her eye fixed left. 'Indeed it is nothing. Perhaps on it, her small white white hands busy twisted it. I'll-I'll go back now, I ar anging and disarranging the flowers. 'You seem fond of flowers, Miss Mary,' said Neville.

He had to call her Miss Mary, as being

less formal than Miss Brown. 'Oh, yes,' she said litting her blue eyes to his. 'Every woman is fond of flowers arm. isn'c she? I am sure your sister must be.' Now, Neville had several times been on the point of explaining his relationship, or rather lack of relationship, to Sylvia but he always hesitated, and he hesitated

'Oh, I suppose so,' he said. 'But she hasn't much time for that sort of thing. By the way, if you are so fond of flowers, I can get you some prettier ones than these. Miss Mary looked up again shyly, and blushed.

'Oh. I couldn't trouble you-indeed I couldn's, she faltered; but the pleasure his offer had caused her shone in her eyes. | most faint, and her pretty head fell upon 'Oh, it's no trouble,' said Neville. I his shoulder. Alas, alas!

place where I was a little while ago. I'll he understood. The blood mounted to his get you some

procure her a handful of rubies, and Neville after lounging over the gate and talking for half an hour, took his leave. The next day was one of his valley

She thanked him, as if he had offered to

ones, and he snatched balf an hour from his work to gather some of the hardy wild flowers which grew in the protected crevices of the rocks.

When he made his appearance in the hut with them in his hand, Sylvia not un-

ride through, and just pick us off one by they were intended for her, and smil d up at him with a smile that was a thousand times more radiant and beautiful than any Miss Mary could turn on.

'Oh, Jack, how pretty ! and how kind of you to think of them! Give them to me! They sha'n's be hidden under the chest,

though they are better than gold!' Neville colored and looked embarrassed,

but only for half a moment. 'I didn't know you cared for that sort of thing, Syl,' he said.

'Not care for flowers!' she exclaimed, with a laugh, as she took them from him and touched them with caressing fingers. 'Why, I love them !'

'All right, I'll get you some; but thesewell, you see, I promised them to Mary Brown. But you shall have them; I can get her some others.'

She let the flowers drop from her hand as if an adder had been concealed among

'No,' she said; 'I-I don't really care much about them, and I wouldn't rob M:ss Brown-or, Miss Mary, as you call

Neville made his usual mental comment: Girls are rum things!' and he had quite forgotten Sylvia's little display of temper when, the following atternoon, he walked wooden chest; and at night, when Meth down to the cottage with the flowers in his was out or asleep, he and Sylvia used to hand. Miss Mary took them from him scrape the earth away and look at the with hands that actually trembled, and if Neville had not been blind, he must have seen how it was with her. But he was a modest youth, and not one of the sort which thinks every woman is in love with

'They are so beautiful!' she murmured; and-somehow they remind of England !' -dear, dear England!' but she didn't sigh as she would have done a few weeks sgo, before she knew this young gentleman. Lorn Hope had become a very different place in her eyes since then.

They talked some time-or, rather, she talked, and Neville listened. She insisted as useal, upon his smoking his pipe, and gave him a cup of tea. Then, when Neville said he must be going, she remembered ed to be made much of, though Mary made her father, and wondered where he could

'I think I'll go and meet him,' she said. Of course Neville asked permission to accompany her, and the two sauntered out and went away from the camp. Mr. a sheep farm, and they were alone.

Most young men would have seized the not in love with Miss Mary. Indeed, as Mr. Brown insisted on them staying to he walked beside her, he was thinking of making a calculation as to bow long it would be before be could leave Lorn Hope. 'I suppose you'll be glad to get back to

> She started a little. 'I-I don't know. It is very pleasant

out here. 'So it is assented Neville; 'especially just now. But, after all-well, one counts

'Ye-es,' she admitted, hesitatingly. Then, I suppose, you'll be glad to go? 'Oh, yes,' he replied, promptly. 'Of

'Yes,' she murmured, faintly, and her But Neville shook his head and laughed | head drooped. 'Are-are you thinking of

Neville lowered his voice. 'Well, yes,' he said. 'It's a secret at present, but Syl and I will be off presently. The color fled from her face and left her white-deathly white; but Neville did not notice it; he was staring straight in front

'I-I did not know,' she managed to falter, trying to speak carelessly. 'But of course you will be glad to go.'

Her voice broke, and the tears welled into her eyes, so that she could not see where she was walking, and her feet caught in the under-growth and she stumbled. Neville put out his hand and caught her,

and in doing so saw her face. 'What's the matter?' he asked stupidly. Have you burt yourself?'

She was trembling from head to foot, but she made a brave fight of it. 'It's-it's nothing. My foot-' she faltered.

'You've sprained it, I expect,' he said, anxiously. 'No, no;' and she looked from right to

think. 'Wait a moment,' said Neville. 'Won't you sit down and rest? Do!' But she moved away, shaking her head.

"Anyhow, you must take my arm," he insisted; and he drew her hand over his

shrink from him and yet cling to him at one and the same time. "You have hurt yourself," said Neville. "You must have twisted your foot when you stumbled. Why, you are quite pale.

It trembled like a leaf, and seemed to

I'm so sorry!" Now, this is the worst possible tone to take with a woman in Miss Mary's plight. She trembled still more, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and a sob rose from her

heaving bosom. Neville thought she was going to faint, and put his arm round her. She did al-

lot of beauties in the val-in a | Then suddenly, in the flash of a moment, tace, then left it pale atd remorseful-re-

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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