

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'Where did he go then?' asked Audrey.

'Well, Miss, it's hard to say. He was seen inside the Court grounds—'

'Lynne Court?' exclaimed Audrey, interested for the first time.

'Yes, Miss; a farm laborer saw him just for a moment like, and was too scared to give the alarm till he'd gone home and had his tea. By that time the man had clean disappeared, and from that day to this we've heard no more of him.'

'Perhaps it was not the man,' said Audrey.

'Oh, there's no doubt about it, Miss. The man who saw him knew him well. It was Jim Banks, right enough.'

'And he disappeared at Lynne Court?' said Audrey.

'When was that?'

'She had no reason for asking the question, and when the inspector hesitated and rubbed his chin in the effort to remember, she said:

'Oh, it does not matter; don't trouble.'

'But he went up to the bill and ran his fingers down it.'

'Hem! I've forgotten the date, and it's torn away, I see. Why, miss, now I recollect. It was the night Sir Greville died.'

Audrey winced slightly. It seemed as if she were to be, on that day, reminded of Sir Greville's death.

'That was the night miss. Here's his lordship. Hope I see you well, my lord? Lord Marlow would have pulled up to have a chat with the man but Audrey touched her horse with her whip.

'Come along!' she exclaimed, with mock impatience. 'The next time you catch me waiting for a few minutes, while you do shopping, uncle— Well, really, if you had the least sense of shame, you ought to blush all over.'

'Not at all, my dear. I'm too well aware that you had been only too delighted to gossip with Trale. What has he been talking about?'

Audrey opened her lips to tell him the story of Jim Banks, but stopped after the first word.

'I won't tell you a word,' she said. 'And now I am going to race you for that set of sables you saw me looking at in Regent Street the other day.'

'And what am I to get if I win?'

'Oh, well, if you win, I'll give you a nice—a really nice—kiss,' was the bland response; and laughing, they galloped homeward.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Jordan arrived at Stoneleigh Station by the evening train, and the station master came forward and touched his hat, and the porters and the Court footmen hurried to the van to get the baggage; but though there was plenty of respect, no man greeted him with the cordial smile which had welcomed Lady Marlow and Audrey.

Sir Jordan got into the court carriage with its immense pair of blacks—black was Jordan's favorite color—and they ambled off in stately fashion. Sir Jordan sunk back among the capacious cushions, and did not look out until the carriage passed through the gates and neared the house; then he leaned forward and looked at it. If he was proud of it, there was very little of pride in the expression of his face as his eyes wandered along its front.

There were lights in most of the windows, and the place looked much more cheerful than it had done to Audrey and Lord Marlow in the morning; and yet Sir Jordan fell back with something very like a shudder of distaste.

The servants threw the great hall door open, and the butler, a tall, thin man, who was reported to be a testator, bowed to his master, receiving him very much as the undertaker receives the chief mourners at a funeral.

Sir Jordan passed through the hall, which half a dozen branch lights failed to illuminate, and his valet, who had come down by an earlier train, relieved his master of his fur-lined coat; for though the weather was anything but cold, Sir Jordan was a chilly mortal, and dreaded the night air of the country.

The butler came forward with Lord Marlow's card on a salver, and Sir Jordan's face warmed slightly as he read the brief invitation. Then he stood for a moment as if hesitating, but a glance at the mirror over the mantel decided him. He was tired, and looked it; and when a man is tired he looks all his age. Sir Jordan was far too clever to present himself at his worst to Audrey, the girl he meant to win, so he sat down and wrote a short note, thanking Lord Marlow for the invitation, and regretting that some work he had brought down from London, and must do that night, would prevent him accepting it.

'Send this over to the Grange at once,' he said. 'I shall be dressed in half an hour.'

'Dinner will be served by then, Sir Jordan,' said the butler, solemnly; and Sir Jordan went up to his own rooms. They were in the front of the house, and the most cheerful in it; but though they had been recently redecorated and furnished the air of subdued melancholy which prevailed over the rest of the place seemed to pervade them also.

A fire had been lighted, and there was plenty of light from the shaded wax candles; but the room looked cheerless. Perhaps it was because the few persons in the large place were as grave and noiseless as their master.

Sir Jordan got dressed with his usual scrupulous care, and went down to the dining room, carrying a small despatch-box and a couple of Blue Books.

The dining-room was large—far too large for one man—and the centre lamp

lighted up the table and a few yards around it only, and left the paneled walls and dark oak furniture in dense shadow.

There were some portraits in the room. One of Sir Greville, as a young man hung over the heavily carved mantel. On the opposite wall of the room was a portrait of a fair-haired boy with blue eyes that seemed to dance with childish happiness. This was Neville.

Sir Jordan glanced at the two; at his father with a frown; at the boy, his half-brother, with a scowl; but both expressions were faint and guarded, for the butler and the footman were hovering about like silent ghosts.

The dinner was a very good one; the soup as clear as crystal, the fish well cooked a plump partridge, and a saddle of mutton, both done to a turn.

Sir Jordan, however, sat in an absent minded, unappreciative fashion, and glanced at his letters between the courses. He drank nothing but water, into which a lemon had been squeezed, a beverage which though doubtless wholesome enough, is decidedly not cheerful or inspiring.

'Is there any news, Frome?' he asked the butler.

'No, sir,' replied the man, gravely, and speaking with slow precision, as if, like Hamlet, he must speak by the card, lest prevarication should undo him. 'No, Sir Jordan. Everything is as usual. The steward has left his books in the library.'

'Very good; I will look at them to-night.'

'And Giles called to-day to see about the new buildings he wants.'

Sir Jordan looked up with cold displeasure.

'I will not see Mr. Giles, if you please,' he said. 'I have already told him that I am not prepared to spend any money on his farm.'

The butler bowed.

'There—there has been no one else?' asked Sir Jordan, after a pause, and speaking as indifferently as he could with the vision of Rachel before his eyes.

'No, Sir Jordan, no one else, excepting Lord Marlow and Miss Audrey.'

Sir Jordan bowed.

'I have come down for a little rest and quiet, Frome, and do not wish to be disturbed—I mean by strangers. If any person should call whom you don't know, take care that they are not permitted to see me until I know who they are.'

'Certainly, Sir Jordan.'

A handsome dessert was placed upon the table, of which Sir Jordan ate three grapes then the butler and his satellites noiselessly withdrew and left their master alone.

Sir Jordan removed to an arm-chair and drew a small table with his books toward him and fell to reading.

But presently his eyes wandered from the books to the two portraits, and he sat and gazed from one to the other with an inscrutable look. Then, as if made restless by the pictured eyes which returned his gaze so unflinchingly and persistently, he rose and began to pace the room, his head bent, his large white hands clasped behind his back in his favorite attitude.

At times he was in the dark part of the room, at others he came within the light of the lamp, and at the latter times his face was not a pleasant one to look upon. It was, for one thing, anything but the face which one would imagine a successful man would wear.

The cheerful evening passed; the, at all times, faint noises in the house grew faint. Sir Jordan took out his watch and looked at the time; then he rang the bell.

'Tell Greene—Greene was the valet—that I shall not require him again to-night; he may go to bed,' he said to the footman.

The man went down to the servants' hall and delivered his master's message.

'Lively place, this,' he said. He was a new footman. 'Hanged if it ain't enough to give a man the horrors just to walk about the place. Don't think it will suit my constitution long.'

Sir Jordan went back to his Blue Book, but he sat for an hour without turning a page, and at the end of that time got up, as if he had been waiting, and going quietly to the door, opened it and listened.

The vast place was silent save for the solemn ticking of a tall clock on the stairs, and Sir Jordan, as if satisfied, went slowly up to his room.

He exchanged his dress-coat for a dressing-gown, and his shoes for felt slippers, and taking an unlighted candle in his hand, went out on to the corridor.

It was wide and handsome, running round the whole extent of the hall, and Sir Jordan stood and looked down and listened intently. Then he passed into a narrow passage leading to the back of the house and away from the principal bedrooms, and, stopping before a heavy door, took out a bunch of keys and unlocked it.

It creaked somewhat on its thick hinges, and Sir Jordan paused and waited and listened again. His cautious manner of going about his own house was very much like that of a burglar, and the resemblance, perhaps, struck him, for he went back to his room and got a book, so that if he should be seen by any one of the servants he might be supposed to have gone to this disused part of the house for the book he held in his hand.

He pushed the door open, closed and locked it behind him, and groping his way through a small anteroom, unlocked another door and closed that before he ventured to strike a match and light the candle.

Then he held it above his head and looked round.

He was in Sir Greville's bedroom, the room in which he had died.

It was a gloomy room—the furniture was of mahogany, and dark and heavy; a huge four-post bed, hung with thick maroon curtains, stood at one end. Beside it was a small table with a medicine-bottle and glass and an overturned candlestick. A thick crutch-handled stick leaned against a chair on the other side of the bed. An old hunting-watch that had not ticked since the night its owner died stood on the top of a bureau, together with a basin and some books. The bed was made, but otherwise

the room was just as it had been on the death of Sir Greville. Sir Jordan set the candle down on the table and looked around him.

Sometimes affection impels a man to visit such a room, but there was not much affection written on Sir Jordan's face. It was dark and gloomy, and he looked troubled and annoyed into the bargain.

He went to the bed and looked down at it; then from it to the bureau and other articles of furniture, as if he were measuring the distance and trying to solve a problem set by some circumstance connected with the room and the objects of it.

After a while he lighted the other candle, and placing it on the top of the bureau, unlocked the brass-mounted drawers and examined their contents. He did this carefully and patiently and yet as if he had done it before, and, apparently not finding what he was seeking, with vast trouble dragged the cumbersome piece of furniture a few inches from the wall and peered and felt behind it. Then he shoved it back again and searched every corner of the gloomy room.

The silence, the gloomy air of the place, would have daunted most men long before this; and at last it seemed to effect Sir Jordan.

He got up from a box at which he had been kneeling, and was brushing the dust from his clothes—there was thick dust everywhere—when something struck against the outside of the shutters.

He started, the big drops of sweat started out on his white forehead as he stood staring at the window, which reflected his pallid face and shrinking figure like a looking-glass. Then he shrugged his shoulders and twisted his thin lips into a ghastly smile.

'A bat or an owl,' he muttered.

He had, however, had enough for that night, and hurriedly replacing the various articles he had moved, left the room. But his face was as anxious and troubled and dissatisfied as when he entered, for he had not found that for which he had been searching.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Kipling Anecdote Wrecked.

Kipling has described the travels of a plausible lie that has been properly launched and the difficulty of overtaking it with a denial. Now a bit of fiction that has been going the rounds for several years as a Kipling anecdote has just been vigorously denied by his father.

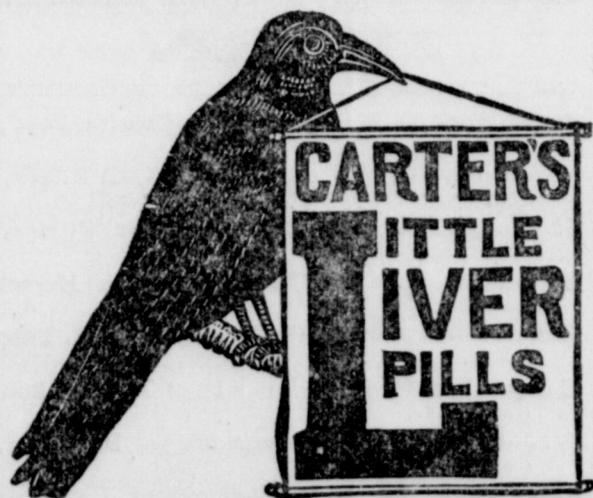
According to this story, Mr. Kipling, senior, and his son went on a sailing voyage together when Rudyard Kipling was a boy. The father was lying sick in his cabin when an officer appeared and said:

'Mr. Kipling, your son has climbed out on the foreyard, and if he lets go he will be drowned, and we cannot save him.'

'Oh, is that all?' said Mr. Kipling. 'Don't worry. He won't let go.'

Mr. Kipling, senior, is now quoted by an English paper as saying:

'The only time that I made a voyage with Rudyard was when he was 12 years old, and that was between Dover and Calais, going to the Paris Exhibition. I



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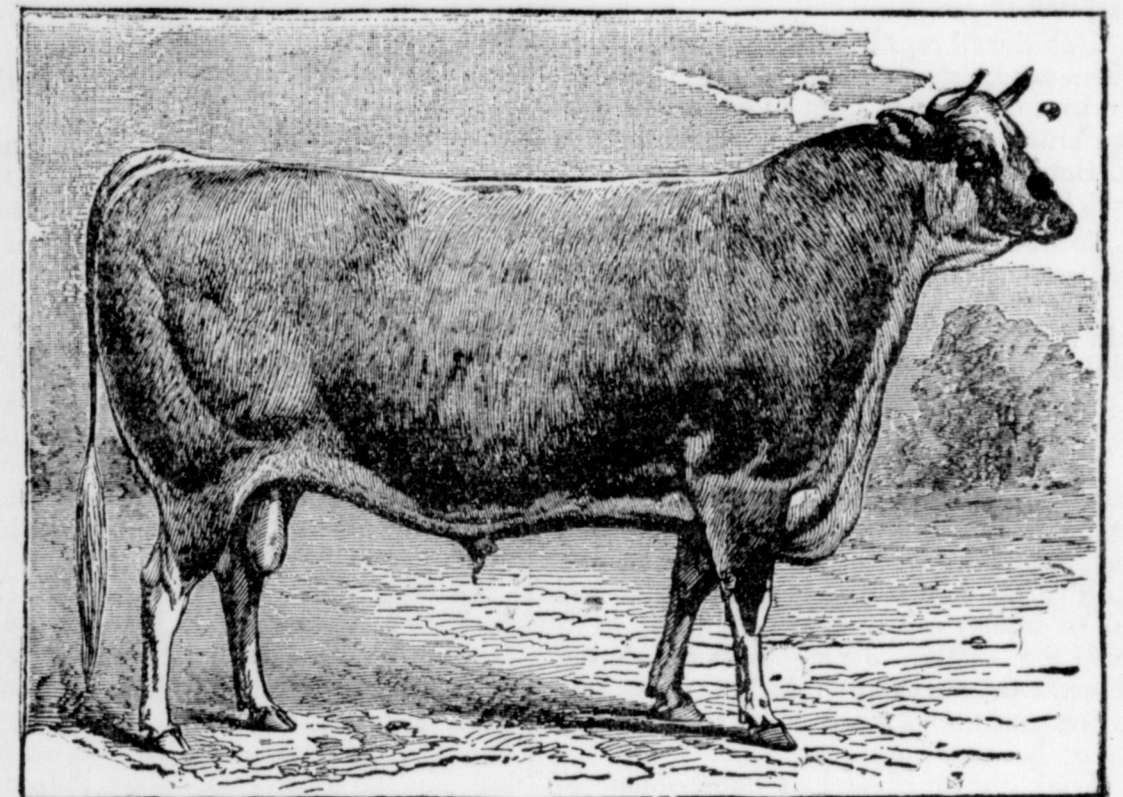
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am never sick at sea, and on our steamship I don't think that there was a foreyard or bowsprit or whatever you call it. I am sorry to spoil this little story, but the incident never occurred.'

Wished She Was a Boy.

A pathetic little story comes from the 'Recollections' of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She says that when her brother died, she climbed upon her father's knee, wondering what could be said or done to fill the empty place in his heart.

'Oh my daughter,' he sighed, 'I wish you were a boy!'

I threw my arms about his neck, and said, 'I will try to be all my brother was.'

All that day and far into the night I pondered the problem of boyhood. I thought the chief thing to be done to equal boys was to be learned and courageous, so I decided to study Greek and learn to manage a horse. As soon as I was dressed I hurried to our good pastor, the Rev. Simon Hosack, who was always early at work in his garden.

'Doctor,' said I, 'which do you like best, boys or girls?'

'Why, girls, to be sure! I wouldn't give you for all the boys in Christendom.'

'My father,' said I, 'prefers boys. He wishes I were one, and I intend to be as like one as possible. I am going to ride horseback and study Greek. Will you give me a Greek lesson now, doctor? I want to begin at once.'

'Yes, child,' he said, throwing down his hoe. 'Come into my library and we will begin without delay.'

I kept up my lessons at the parsonage, and made rapid progress. I surprised even my teacher, who thought me capable of doing anything. I learned to drive, and to leap a fence and ditch on horseback. I taxed every power, hoping some day to hear my father say:

'Well, a girl is as good as a boy, after all.'

But he never said it.

I began to study Latin, Greek and mathematics with a class of boys in the academy, many of whom were much older than I. Two prizes were offered in Greek. I strove for one and took the second.

'Now,' said I, 'my father will be satisfied with me.'

I rushed breathless into his office, laid my prize, a new Greek Testament, on the table, and exclaimed:

'There! I got it!'

He took up the book and asked me some questions. Then he kissed me on the forehead and exclaimed with a sigh:

'Ah, you should have been a boy!'

"Primpin' Up."

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Pete—Not quite. Gatter git er little more aige on de razah.—New York Journal.



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