

THE USURPER

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 the next guest. "You have had an exciting night, I hear, and your fame is going the round 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 and 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.

Stopping now and again to exchange a nod 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 brimming with mercurial merriment, soft and melting the next. Her name was Audrey Hope; she was eighteen, just out of 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 women, 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 Devonshire.

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 round 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 Homberg, Mont Blanc and Rome and the rest of it to the admiring court when Sir Jordan came up with his bland smile and his serenely composed face, and she stopped suddenly, 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.

"How do you do, Sir Jordan?" she said, as he bent over her hand. "I did not expect to see you here! I thought you would be too busy."

"The House rose earlier than we expected," he said. "Have you enjoyed your trip?"

The others fell back to allow the two to talk, for Sir Jordan and Audrey Hope were old friends—or ought to have been, for the estate which Audrey had inherited adjoined the Lynne property, and the Lynnes and the Hopes had been neighbors for generations.

"Oh, yes," she said, and she began to tell him of her travels, but somehow some of the brightness had gone out of her voice, and she looked down at the ground rather than at his face.

Sir Jordan offered her his arm after a minute or two, and she accepted it and allowed him to lead her out of the crowd to a seat in a recess, thereby causing vast discontent and envy in many a manly breast.

"That fellow Jordan seems to have it all his own way," muttered a young guard to a chum. "Richest beggar in the room and all that, he might leave the Hope alone and give us poor devils a chance."

But Sir Jordan was perfectly indifferent to the murmur and complaint of the envious and sat beside the rich and lovely Miss Hope with his usual self-possession and sang-froid.

He talked about the weather and the persons who passed them, a great deal about her life on the continent, and a little, a very little, about himself, and Sir Jordan was one of those clever persons who do not talk 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'm sorry to say that I have not," he replied, in a sad and regretful tone, just the tone an affectionate, long-suffering man who had been sorely tried by a scapegrace brother would use.

"The color died slowly away from Audrey Hope's cheeks, and she stifled a sigh—a genuine one."

"When did you hear last?" she said, "and what? You know we were such old friends, your brother and I, Sir Jordan. We used to play together when we were little children, and even after he came home from Eton, and said—I can never think of the Grange—this was the name of the great country house which belonged to this lucky young woman—'without thinking of Neville.'"

Her eyes grew meditative and wistful, as if she were seeing, in her mind's eye, a vision of the old orchard, around the house in which she and young David Neville Lynne used to play. Even then he was always getting into scrapes, and it was she who not infrequently got him out of them, begged him off, and

ishment, or out of her own pocket-money paid, on the sly, for some damage he had done.

"It is very natural that you should remember him," murmured Sir 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 bad news you heard last?"

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

The blood flew to her face again.

"Disgracing himself—Neville?" she interrupted. "I don't believe it—I mean

She stopped and bit her lips as if ashamed of the vehemence she had been hurried into.

Sir Jordan saw that he had gone rather too far.

"Perhaps the term was too strong," he said. "We will say that he had got into one of his usual 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 hear of it excepting through me," because—

He paused.

Audrey looked at him quickly.

"Because—oh, do you mean that you are going to—"

"How well you understand me!" he murmured, modestly. "Yes, I want to find poor Neville, and let him know that half I have is his. I shall not know a moment's peace or happiness until I have found him."

Audrey Hope's lips quivered and those beautiful brown eyes of hers grew soft and tender.

"That is very, very good and generous of you, Sir Jordan," she said, in a low voice. "But it is only what one might expect you to do, after all. You could not—no one could—be at ease and contented while his brother was penniless."

"No, no, of course not," assented Sir Jordan, promptly, but with his eyes hidden behind the thick, white lids.

He had advertised, and advertising constantly for him, and in his hopes that I shall hear tidings of him soon."

"Oh, I hope so," said Audrey fervently. "It is dreadful to think that a person one—like so much, is wandering about the world perhaps in poverty and—"

She stopped again.

"And directly I hear I—"

"Yes, yes," murmured Sir Jordan, "I will send you word."

"Do, please!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose you will be going down to the Grange presently?" he said, changing the subject.

"Yes," she replied. "Lord and Lady Marlow are coming down with me to spend Christmas."

"I shall be at Lynne, too; I shall go 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 particle of warmth, or more than the expression of pleasure which ordinary politeness demanded, and Sir Jordan's lips tightened. She had been warm and sympathetic enough while they had been talking about his scoundrel of a half-brother, Neville, but now she seemed as if she had lost all interest in their conversation. "I must go to poor Lady Marlow," she said. "She is tired, I know, and—"

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

"Oh, Lord Lorrimer!" she exclaimed. "Have you seen Lady Marlow lately?"

"I have just been sent in search of you by her," he replied.

and he laid out his arm, nodding rather coldly to Sir Jordan.

Audrey Hope took the proffered arm, and the two walked away.

"about?" asked Lord Lorrimer, looking down at her with his dark, serious eyes.

"Oh, only—but what right have you to ask such a question?" she asked, with an affectation of resentment.

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

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

"I thought you promised that 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 give you a direct and truthful answer."

"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 Jordan!"

"I do hate 'poor' Sir Jordan very much," he said grimly; "but I hate still more to see you talking to him."

"And pray what business is it of yours whom I talk with?" she said, pointing. "There—I've given you another opportunity; but I won't listen to you! Lord Lorrimer, if I were a man I should be ashamed to go on—on—posturing a poor, helpless girl after she had told me that she didn't care for me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, still unruffled. "I haven't pestered you. Telling you that I love you isn't pestering you, it isn't even news to you—"

"No, indeed! Or very stale news," she retorted.

"Exactly. Therefore it can't very much affect you. As to your loving me, I'm quite aware you don't, but that is not to say that you never will."

"And you mean to go 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 consider myself the right man—"

"And—perhaps Sir Jordan considers himself the right man, or—or any one else," she said mischievously.

He looked down at her.

"No," he said as if he were considering the man quite impartially and judicially. "No, I don't think you would be so foolish as to marry Sir Jordan."

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

"He is young, yes, and rich, and famous," said Lord Lorrimer; "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 old things I promised," she retorted with a laugh. "But there, don't! We've quarrelled enough for one night, Lord Lorrimer!"

"We have not quarrelled," he 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? Wouldn'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'm the most disgraced and undesirable of girls; that I'm really not worth thinking about, then, oh, then we should be such good friends. Won't you try, Lord Lorrimer?"

"I think not," he said. "It would be a waste of time, and it's wicked to waste time, so the parson says. You're just the best and sweetest and most beautiful woman in my eyes that ever lived or will live, and nothing will persuade me that you are anything else, and so—"

"And so here's Lady Marlow, and you may go," interrupted Audrey, half saucily, half sadly, for she was touched by her lover's persistent dog-like devotion.

"All right," he said, not a whit offended. "Good-night. Good-night, Lady Marlow."

Lady Marlow laughed as she gave him her hand.

"She's a tiresome, wicked girl, isn't she, Lord Lorrimer?" she said.

He smiled for about the first time, held Audrey's hand for a moment, and then took himself off.

"Poor Lord Lorrimer!" said Lady Marlow.

"Oh, don't pity him. Pity me!" exclaimed Audrey, with a pout. "How would you like to be bothered by a man who won't take 'no'?"

"If I were in your place, my dear, I should like it very much," replied that frank lady. "Especially if the man were Lord Lorrimer."

CHAPTER VII.

Sir Jordan remained for some few minutes where Lord Lorrimer and Audrey had left him, apparently regarding the crowd with a pleasant and amiably interested attention, but in reality scarcely conscious of their presence, so intent was he on his thoughts.

When asked whether he thought he should win a certain battle Napoleon replied:

"Yes, because I intend doing so."

Jordan Lynne intended marrying Audrey Hope. Not because he loved her, for though he admired her—and he would have been as sensible as a block of wood if he had not—he certainly did not love her.

There was only one individual in the world Sir Jordan loved, and that was Jordan Lynne, and the loved him with such an intense and absorbing love as to leave no room for caring for any one else.

Audrey was not only the most beautiful girl he knew, but one of the richest, and it was because she was rich, and the Grange estate ran parallel with Lynne, that he had decided to marry her.

The fact that he was over thirty and Audrey only nineteen did not frighten him in the least. Nor did the other undeniable fact that Audrey repelled his skilful advances discourage him. Years ago, when a tall, gawky youth, he had looked at Audrey and Neville playing together he had made up his mind that she should be his, Jordan's wife, and not Neville's, and it was that determination which, joined with other reasons, had prompted him to raise a quarrel between Neville and his father and cause the latter's disinheritation.

Neville had disappeared as completely as if he were dead, but Jordan did not seem to make much progress with Audrey. Whenever he got into conversation with her, it was of Neville she wanted to

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Mrs. David J. Tapley, Fredericton, N. B., was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after suffering from nervous breakdown, which resulted in partial paralysis of the face. She says: "The trouble came on quite gradually, and at the outset I did not pay much attention to it. Then it grew more serious, and there was a general breakdown of the nerves, which was followed by partial paralysis of the face, one side being completely drawn out of shape. I was under a doctor's care for a couple of months, and one treatment after another was tried without benefit. By this time I was confined to my room, and the doctor told me he could not cure me. Almost in despair I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The improvement was slow, but the building up of a run-down nervous system naturally is slow. Slowly but surely this medicine did its work, and after a time I was able to again come down stairs. From that on the improvement was much more rapid, and now I am as well as ever I was in my life. My friends look upon my cure as most miraculous. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me what the best medical treatment failed to do—they brought me back good health."

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LOCOMOTIVES OLD AND NEW.

Dandy Engines Once the Pets of Their Engineers.

The electric motors on the New Haven Railroad, which now pull passenger trains between the Grand Central Station and the present terminus of the electric division at Port Chester, cost \$35,000 each. Not so very long ago a first class passenger locomotive would have cost every bit as much, although the price is only about \$12,000 now.

The railroad companies in former days spared no expense when it came to the construction or ornamentation of their locomotives, which were not only the pets of the engineers and the pride of the whole road, but also daily moving advertisements of the service. In these twentieth century days of black, pooled locomotives whose masters change every trip, it seems a far cry back to the romantic days of railroading, when every road tried to outdo its rivals in the way of dandy engines, of which the engineers were the absolute masters.

No one but a certain specified engineer was allowed to run one of these engines under any circumstances, and when it became necessary to place the engine in the shop for a thorough overhauling the engineer quit work until the machinists had got through. Perhaps the best examples of all dandy engines were two bought by the New Haven road in the '60s.

These engines, which were monsters for those days, had driving wheels 3 feet 9 inches in diameter and cost about \$35,000 each. The cab was made of solid walnut. Inside the roof of the cab was composed of narrow alternate strips of mahogany and walnut. The side windows were made of stained glass.

Just as much expense was incurred to make the outside of the engine attractive. First, the frame was made of plane steel, highly polished. The drivers were all painted red, with a "tiny black stripe."

From the cab to the sand box everything was covered with brass, even the jacket of the boiler, while from the sand box to the stack the boiler was covered with Russian iron. Around the dome and the sand box was a covering of brass at the cylinders and steam chests were enclosed with the same metal. Strips of brass were laid along the edge of the running boards and the hand rails were of brass piping, with large bells of

brass, eagles or something made with solid leaf.

On the side of the headlight of No. 28, whose engineer was Edward Chatterton, was painted the United States coat of arms, while the tender of No. 34 had the same device on the side. The tender was painted black and enameled, while all the striping was made with gold leaf.

The engineer of No. 34, Maynard Smith, always wore white duck, as indeed did many of the other old time engineers, and he was very exacting. When he climbed into the cab of his engine just before starting on a trip he would take out his white handkerchief and wipe the different brass fittings in the cab to see if all had been properly cleaned.

Many of the engines in use in the early days were named instead of being numbered. On the New Haven and Hartford road, which connected the two cities before the consolidation, the engines bore such names as Andromeda, Venus, Orient and Adonis. Some engines had landscapes painted on the sides of the cab.

In those days the engineer was the aristocrat among railroad men. As soon as he reached the end of his run he would take off his overalls, turn over the engine to a hostler, wash his hands at the tender coals and step off right at the station, his work done until the return trip.

If any repairs were needed he did not consider that his duty had been fulfilled when a report had been turned in. He made it his particular business personally to see that the repairs were properly executed. Often an engineer would spend hours of his own time to get his machine into the very best condition. Under the present system the engineer gets away as soon as possible and doesn't show up again until ready to take out his run once more.

When an engine went into the shops for repair the machine was still under the control of the engineer. No addition, improvement or alteration could be made unless he desired it.

For instance, before the injector was invented water was forced into the boiler by means of a pump. When the injector made its appearance many engineers had little faith in it and refused to have the new fangled thing put on their engines. Now the same engine wonder how they ever got along without the injector.

Numerous devices have been added to the locomotive until now an engineer of the old regime would be at a loss for a time if he were put, in charge of an engine of to-day. The throttle and the reverse bar are the same, but there are many little things that go toward making the duties of the engineer lighter.

An automatic bell ringer is one of these. Nowadays compressed air rings the bell. Whenever the engineer desires to ring the bell he simply turns on the air.

There is also an automatic sander. Instead of the laborious and slow method of drawing the sand lever back and forth to bring a new set of sand in front of the slipping drivers, the engineer has to turn a little wheel which controls an automatic feed and then can forget all about the sand.

Reverse bars have been arranged to work boxes for steam, but somehow or other they have never worked with favor, although reversing on some of the old engines was a most laborious task. Bracing the feet against a support in the cab, the old time engineer many times had to tug away for dear life to get the engine in the back motion.

And the fireman has not been forgotten in this march of improvements. The automatic stoker has been invented for his benefit, but not many of these are in operation.

His greatest boon has been the automatic door opener. Opening the furnace door is done very many times in the course of a long trip, and so a good Samaritan by the use of compressed air has evolved a scheme by which a fireman can open the door with little or no effort.

Standing in his usual position, when firing, with one foot toward the foot-board of the tender, the other near the furnace door, he presses his left foot upon a pedal as he brings the shovel of coal forward and the compressed air opens the door. As soon as the shovel has been sent into the fire the fireman raises his foot and the door closes again.

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