

THE USURPER

"Give my compliments to Mr. Lavarick," he said, "and tell him I decline his offer. I bought the girl, and she's mine, and—wait a minute, Lockit," for with a shrug of the shoulders the man was departing, "you can add that I'm practicing revolver shooting, just for amusement, and to pass the time, and that I consider it would be dangerous for any one to be loitering about the hut, especially after dark. Laverick will understand."

"He'd be no end of a fool if he didn't," young 'un' retorted Lockit, with a grin. "I'll take him. And I'll give the bank agent your share of your own nugget. Here's luck to you, young 'un!" and he sauntered away.

As he did so Neville glanced to glance toward the hut. Sylvia was standing in the doorway and must have heard every word.

When he came in to dinner he found her alone, Mrs. Meth having gone to the camp, ostensibly for supplies, but really to hear full particulars of last night's proceedings.

The girl sat with her head resting on her small hands. They were clean, though brown as berries, and she sat thus and watched him while he ate in silence for a time. Then she said suddenly, and in the clear, musical voice which had startled Neville the night before:

"Why didn't you give me up to that man?"

Neville looked up, but his eyes fell before her intent, gray ones, and he colored.

"Why? Do you think I'm such a changeable person, Sylvia? You don't want to go, do you?"

He was sorry that he had asked the question, and he had uttered it, for her face grew pale to whiteness and the gray eyes distended.

"There, there," he said, soothingly; "don't be afraid. I've got you, and I mean to keep you. Aren't you going to eat some dinner?"

She shook her head.

"Not yet," she said, gravely. "I can't eat yet. I will presently, in a little while." She was silent for a moment or two, still looking at him from between her arms, then she said: "Was that true that you said last night? Was it all the money you had—the money you bought me with?"

"Look here, little one," he replied; "don't let us say any more about it, and don't you think any more about it. Why?—cheerfully, and as if he had hit upon a bright idea—"you had given as much for me, wouldn't you?" and he laughed.

She regarded him in silence for a moment, then she drew a long breath.

"Yes," she said, and got up as she spoke and went to the fire, standing with her back to him.

Neville said nothing more, but went back to his pit, filled up the rest of the dinner hour with his pipe, and then fell to work again.

At tea time Sylvia came to the pit with a can of tea and some cakes.

She set them down and stood beside them, looking down at him.

He nodded cheerfully, wiped his face and took up the can.

She sat down presently and watched him in profound silence for a time, then she said:

"What is your name?"

Now, Neville had not uttered his name since he had entered the camp, and he hesitated now.

"What would you say to Jack?" he asked with a smile.

"Jack? Yes, I like it," she replied, after consideration.

"All right," he said; "call me Jack. What's in a name?"

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" she finished gravely.

Neville looked up.

"Hallo! That's Shakespeare, little one!"

She nodded.

"My word!" he said; "you're going to spout Shakespeare! Who taught you?"

He stopped, but too late.

He lips quivered and her eyes filled, but she kept back the tears bravely as she answered:

"My father. He taught me a great deal. He—She dashed the tears from her eyes. "Shall I get you some more tea?"

"No, no," he said, hastily.

In her courage and self-restraint the child seemed years beyond her age, and man-like, boy-like, he felt shy and awkward. It was as if he had captured—nay, bought—a beautiful bird, and did not know what to make of it, or how to treat it, lest he should ruffle its feathers, or frighten or hurt it.

"No, no," he said. "If I want any more I'll get it. It's too hot for you to run about. Look here, Sylvia, you're not to trouble yourself, you know. Old Mother Meth will see to all that's wanted."

She shook her head.

"And when you have given so much for me! You bought me. I belong to you; I must do all I can."

Neville tilted his cap on to the back of his head and hoisted himself on to the edge of the pit beside her.

"Put all that nonsense out of your head, little one," he said. "If you want anything to do, why—another brilliant idea visited him—why, be my sister! I've never had a sister, and always long-

ed for one, and—why, there you are, you know, and he nodded at her.

"Your sister! She thought it over for a moment, her solemn eyes resting on his handsome face. "Very well."

"That's all right," he said, with immense satisfaction. "I'm brother Jack, eh? And you're sister Sylvia! Do you object to Sylvia?"

"You can call me what you like. You bought—I mean, yes, Sylvia will do. I'd like you to call me that. Father always called me—"

"Sylvia," she stopped again and turned her head away, and he saw the muscles of her delicate neck working as she battled with her tears. "Yes, call me Sylvia, and—Jack—with a momentary hesitation—"do you work all day like this?"

"I do, indeed, and darned monotonous I find it. That is, I did find it; but it won't seem so bad now I've got a sister to bring me my tea and talk to me."

"And haven't you any brothers?" she asked, after a pause, during which she had not for a second removed her eyes from his face.

Neville's face darkened.

"Sylvia," he said, he replied.

"And is he a digger?" she asked.

Neville kicked the heap of stone at the bottom of the pit.

"No, Syl. He's a gentleman in London."

She turned this over in her mind for a moment or two, then she asked:

"And why aren't you a gentleman in London, Jack?"

He colored and laughed.

"Oh, why—well, because I'm the second son. I'm afraid you won't understand, Syl. You see, first son has all the tin and the other poor devils have to turn out and earn their grub. That's my case."

"Then you're here at the diggings because you were poor?"

"For that and several other reasons—"

"And yet you gave—how much was it?—nine hundred pounds for me last night?" she said, in a low, far-away voice, but with her gray eyes fixed on his face.

"Yes, I've agreed we'd cut that topic, you know, Syl," he said. "Well, forget it, eh? Suppose you and I pretend that we've been brother and sister all along, but that we've only just come across one another. How's that? Do you think I shall answer as a brother?"

She took up the strong brown hand in her small pair and turned it over, then nodded at him, and without a word laid it down on the edge of the pit again, and getting up, walked back to the hut.

CHAPTER 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 hung 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 delivered by several of the other stars in the political firmament, and perhaps no one of them had attracted more attention than that of Sir Jordan Lynne.

Two gentlemen had witnessed the proceedings from the front of the strangers' galleries, and one of them, who had scarcely removed his eyes from Sir Jordan's tall, thin figure while he had been speaking, looked at his companion with a thoughtful smile.

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

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

"Well, I was at Rugby with him," said the last speaker. "But I can't say I knew him. I doubt very much whether any one knows him."

"Well, it's soon said. Old Greville said, 'I know what you mean. No, Lynne's a dark horse.'"

"How long has he been Sir Jordan?" asked the other. "I've been away such a deuce 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. Strange history, old Greville's."

"Tell me," said his friend, as arm in arm they went down the stairs and sauntered on the terrace in front of the House. "I've heard something about him but forgot exactly what."

"Well, it's soon said. Old Greville 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, notwithstanding that she was engaged to another young fellow, Greville brought pressure to bear—monetary pressure, I expect—induced or ordered her to break off with her lover and promise to marry him, Lynne."

"Nice man!"

"Yes, but it didn't come off after all, 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.

"Rumor?" said the other. "Hem—"

At that moment Big Ben struck the hour and Sir Jordan started and raised his head—"Rumor? No, by George! It looks like—yes, fear," concluded the observer.

They returned on their way and Sir Jordan returned to the House. He sat on his seat with his arms folded, his head bent down, 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 persons who loiter outside the House on important occasions saw and recognized him, and raised a cheer for "Sir Jordan," and he leaned forward and lifted his hat and smiled with his thin lips, the setting back again and closed his eyes.

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

And yet for whom could the wealthy and powerful Sir Jordan Lynne, baronet, be looking in the London streets after midnight?

"Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills"

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman—The Sufferer Brought Back From Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse,

Cardigan, P. E. I., Jan., 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merioneth, N. S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. 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 if 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, died of grief and anxiety.

"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't—at least, in this world. He flourished like the bay tree. Everything he touched turned to gold."

"Did he ever marry? Oh, of course. I beg your pardon."

"Yes, he married twice. This man Jordan is the son of the first wife, and there's another boy called—called Neville, the son of the second."

"What's become of him?"

The speaker shook his head.

"Can't say. It's rumored that he's abroad somewhere. He was at one time Sir Greville's favorite son, but our friend Jordan soon altered that. I am told that he hates the half-brother like poison, and that he never rested until he had brought a quarrel about between Neville and his father, and got the youngster turned out."

"A worthy son of a worthy father!"

"Yes, Jordan played his cards very well. The estate was a small one, but nearly large enough to support the baronetcy properly, and of course old Greville could have left his money—it was an enormous pile—where he chose; to his second boy, Neville, for instance. But when the will was read it was found that Jordan had got the whole of the 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 Lynne passed.

"He was walking by himself, his hands clasped behind his back, and 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; the lips stuck close as if their owner were 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 large quantity of brain power and a strong will to use it.

A word must be said about his hands. They were large and bony, but singularly white, so that when he raised them while he was speaking you felt as if you were watching a pair of white gloves, 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 on to a reception when the house rose, but he always wore dark-colored 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 loud or vehement, and 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." was prominently in all the 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 staunch defender of church and State, a stern moralist and neither a drinker nor a gambler. Such a man was 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 cheer which had been called forth by his clever, fluent 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 him "Old fellow."

"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 Sir Jordan with his head bent passed them the night before, 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 persons who loiter outside the House on important occasions saw and recognized him, and raised a cheer for "Sir Jordan," and he leaned forward and lifted his hat and smiled with his thin lips, the setting back again and closed his eyes.

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

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had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health. Now, though the burden of well nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M. A.

Mr. Olding himself writes: "I am glad Rev. Mr. Smith has written about my wonderful cure, for I confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the Pills. No one thought I could get better. I scarcely dared hope myself that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would bring me through, but they did and I have ever since enjoyed good health. Though I am seventy-nine years old, people are always remarking on how young I look—and I feel young. I can do a fair day's work and I am better in every way than I had been for years. I feel that I owe much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing."

Alfalfa Grown in Combination With Grasses and Clovers

Five distinct tests have been made at the College in comparing twenty-one different mixtures in grass and clovers for hay production. One test was started in 1897, one in 1898, two in 1900, and one in 1906. Each of these tests have been completed with the exception of the last one mentioned, which will be finished in 1908. Crops of green fodder and of hay were obtained from the four tests in each of two years. Alfalfa was included in seven of the mixtures. Of the twenty-one different combinations the six highest yields of hay contained alfalfa—the greatest yield being produced by the mixture of alfalfa and tall oat grass. The details of the entire experiment will not be presented until after the results of 1908 have been secured. The following table, however, gives the average annual yield in tons of green fodder and of hay per acre of four of the mixtures in the four tests already completed:

Mixtures.	Green Fodder.	Hay.
Alfalfa and tall oat grass	15.17	4.41
Alfalfa and timothy	13.90	4.00
Common red clover and tall oat grass	10.77	3.39
Common red clover and timothy	10.99	3.20

Although alfalfa and tall oat grass gave an average yield of 14 tons of hay per acre more than common red clover and timothy, it is doubtful if even this mixture will equal alfalfa alone for hay production.

Permanent pastures have never occupied as prominent a place in the agriculture of Ontario as they have in that of Great Britain. The scarcity of labor and the great development of our live stock industry are factors which are causing some of our most thoughtful farmers to consider the advisability of securing a first-class permanent pasture instead of relying so much on timothy for pasture purposes. Fields which are located long distances from the farm buildings or which are difficult to work on account of the presence of steep hill-side, crooked rivulets, low spots, etc., might be converted into permanent pastures and thus prove of great economic value. This arrangement would not interfere materially with the regular crop rotation of the farm. From more than twenty years' work in testing different varieties of grasses and clovers, both singly and in combination, I would suggest the following mixture for permanent pasture on an average soil in Ontario: Alfalfa, 5 lbs.; alsike clover, 2 lbs.; white clover, 2 lbs.; meadow fescue, 4 lbs.; orchard grass, 4 lbs.; tall oat grass, 3 lbs.; meadow foxtail, 2 lbs.; and timothy, 2 lbs.; thus making a total of 24 pounds of seed per acre. These varieties are all very hardy. Some of those used in Great Britain are not permanent in this country. None of the smaller growing varieties, such as the blue grasses and the bent grasses, are mentioned, as there is scarcely a farm in Ontario in which the Canadian blue grass, the Kentucky blue grass or the red top will not grow naturally. The varieties here recommended are strong, vigorous growers. Some of them produce pasture very early in the spring and others later in the season. Most of the varieties are superior to timothy in producing a growth during the hot, dry weather which occasionally occurs in the months of July and August. This seed can be sown in the early spring either alone or with a light seeding of spring wheat or barley. Such a mixture as this when well established on suitable land should furnish a pasture, abundant in growth, excellent in quality, and permanent in character.

Alfalfa should be very carefully tested on many farms throughout Ontario. Its large yields of nutritious feed for farm stock, its perennial character of growth, and its beneficial influence on it very highly for those farms on which it can be grown successfully.

There are different ways of laying

down a plot or a field to alfalfa, and we would suggest the following method as one which is likely to give very excellent results. Select land having a clean, shallow, fertile surface soil overlying a deep, well-drained subsoil having no acidity. Use large, plump seed, free from impurities and strong in germinating power. Inoculate the seed with the proper kind of bacteria, providing alfalfa has not been grown successfully on the land in recent years. As early in the spring as the land is dry enough and warm enough to be worked to good advantage, make a suitable seed-bed and immediately sow about twenty pounds of alfalfa seed per acre from the grass seed box placed in front of the grain drill, and about one bushel of spring wheat or barley per acre from the tubes of the drill. Smooth the land with a light harrow or with a weeder, and if it is very loose and rather dry, also roll it and again go over it with the harrow or the weeder. As soon as ripe, cut the grain, and avoid leaving it on the land longer than necessary. Give the alfalfa plants every opportunity to get a good start in the autumn in preparation for the winter. If for hay, cut each crop of alfalfa in the following year as soon as it starts to bloom. In curing, try and retain as many of the leaves on the stems as possible, and to protect the crop from rain. Never cure or pasture alfalfa sufficiently close to the ground to remove the crowns of the roots, and thus injure or possibly kill the plants. If these directions are followed, the alfalfa may be expected to produce large and valuable crops for a number of years, without re-seeding.

From Ontario Government Bulletin on Alfalfa or Lucerne.

CLEARING THE MESS ROOM.

Some of the Unwritten Laws of the British Navy.

In the gunroom mess itself the midshipmen are ruled with an iron hand, as probably they need to be, says a writer in the Grand Magazine, in telling the customs or pranks played by the junior officers on those who have the misfortune to be junior to them in point of standing in the British navy.

Those over eighteen—the senior—however, are allowed more privileges than the juniors, among them being, strange to say, the right to smoke. The juniors do as they are told without question or remonstrance.

An instance of this is afforded in one of the most curious of all the old customs. At any time that pleases his fancy it is the cherished prerogative of the president of the mess to jab an ordinary tablefork into one of the beams above his head. Instantly every junior midshipman or cadet in the room rushes for the door as fast as his legs can carry him, while the progress of the lagard is assisted by vigorous whacks from the seniors. Those on the wrong side of the table climb over it in their haste to take their obnoxious presence elsewhere.

Even the wardroom has its peculiar ways. Refreshments all around are exacted from a man who