

THE USURPER

"It's what I thought, Mr. Neville! It's your father's, Sir Greville's, will!" Neville stopped short and had face flushed.

"Yes, sir, it's his will, and the last, you may depend upon it; and—" he paused and read eagerly for a minute, then slapped his hand upon the table and cried out delightedly, "Mr. Neville, Mr. Neville! It's all right."

"All right!" repeated Neville. "What do you mean?" "I mean that the old gentleman has done the proper and just thing," said Mr. Neville, excitedly. "Don't you remember, Mr. Neville, what I said the other night, outside the Court? I said that everybody was surprised that Sir Greville had not mentioned you, his favorite son, but had left you without a penny."

"I remember," hurried on Trale, "we did the old gentleman an injustice! He hadn't forgotten you; and he did what was right. I congratulate you with all my heart! This," he waved the will above his head, "this makes you a rich man, Mr. Neville."

Neville started. "Yes," said Trale, breathlessly, and evidently as much delighted as if he himself had come into a fortune. "Yes, a third of the money is left to you."

"A third!" said Neville, incredulously, for he knew how large a sum that third must represent. "And—Sir Jordan?"

"Oh, he's all right," replied Trale, dryly and grudgingly; "there's a third for him, he whistled softly, "and the rest, with all the jewels, goes to the young lady, the daughter of Sir Greville's first sweetheart; the lady Sir Greville bore such a grudge against, begging your pardon, sir."

Neville took the will and read it, but it is doubtful if, in his confused state, he would have understood it without Trale's explanation.

"It's all plain now, Mr. Neville," said Trale, gravely; "we can see now why Sir Jordan was willing to give that pot of money for the will. It just deprives him of two-thirds of his wealth!"

CHAPTER XXVIII. Jordan fled from the wood and sped across the plain at a rate which would have astonished his fellow members of the cabinet.

The demon of fear had taken complete possession of him, and his only desire was to put as great a space as possible between him and the ruffian who, he knew, thirsted for his blood.

He ran without stopping until he had left Burrows behind him, and reached the lane leading to the Court; then he stopped for sheer lack of breath and strength, and only then became conscious of a stinging, burning pain in his left arm.

marriage with Audrey must take place at once. There must be no delay; he must become the master of the Grange and Audrey's wealth as soon as possible.

With that at his back, he thought he could even venture to defy Jim Banks when next he turned up.

Notwithstanding that he had arrived at this most cheerful and hopeful state of mind, he did not venture to go to bed, in case the ruffian should follow him to the Court, and he sat up in his chair listening for any sound that might alarm Jim Banks' presence.

But the night passed silently, and at 8 o'clock Sir Jordan, whose acute brain had been hard at work scheming a mode of defense against all contingencies, got up, disarranged the bed to give it the appearance of having been slept in, took his revolver, and deliberately fired it out of the window.

In a few minutes he heard hurried footsteps in the corridor, and a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," said Jordan, in an agitated voice, and the valet, with a pale face and alarmed manner, entered.

"I—I beg your pardon, Sir Jordan," he said, with suppressed excitement, "but we heard a pistol shot just now, and—"

Jordan was standing at the dressing table, holding the bandage round his arm.

"It's all right, don't be alarmed," he said, turning with quite a pleasant smile, though he seemed to wince as if in pain, "it was I who fired."

"Oh, Sir Jordan," said the man, advancing with astonishment, and staring at Jordan's bandaged arm.

"If he should come, let him come up. I rather expect him with some important papers from London."

When the valet had left the room Jordan turned over his pile of letters impatiently, and then flung them aside. There was none from Audrey; she had not written him a line.

"Curse her," he muttered; "she treats me as if I were dirt. She can't write a short note of a few words to the man she is going to marry, can she? By Heavens! my lady, I'll break that proud spirit of yours presently! I will teach you to estimate Jordan Lynne a little more highly than you appear to do. Wait awhile, my lady; wait!"

He was so disappointed and mortified by her silence that he half resolved that he would go up to London at once; but he knew that he dared not go where there was a chance of Jim Banks turning up again.

"I'll give him one day," he thought. "If he does not come to-day I shall know that he is off with the notes. It's a large sum to lose," and he groaned, "but I'll wait until I see the money, that's one comfort, and perhaps Providence will dispose of him once and for all. Such vermin are sure to come to a sudden end; some drunken quarrel will finish him."

The valet entered.

"Mr. Trale, Sir Jordan," he said. "I told him that you were unwell; but he said it was important business, and that if you could see him—"

Jordan kept his countenance, though his heart leaped with the news which lurks ready to spring within your villain's heart. Trale, the inspector, wanting to see him! What could it mean? Could it be possible that Jim Banks had been captured?

"Certainly," he said, blandly. "Let Mr. Trale come up."

"Up here, Sir Jordan?" said the valet, surprised.

Trale regarded him in silence for a moment.

"Perhaps you'll give it another thought, Sir Jordan," he said, in a low voice.

Jordan raised his lids and shot a keen glance at the grave face.

"I don't understand you, Trale," he said. "Why do you not tell me what this property is?"

"I'd rather it came from you, Sir Jordan," said Trale. "You see, it's a question for you—if you'll prosecute or not. Sometimes gentlemen would rather get their property back, and let the thief go free. It isn't for me—"

Jordan had declined to avail himself of his offer, and he was now to be wiser to be wiser to be wiser.

"No," he said. "I have—er—had him searched for."

"Yes, sir. Perhaps if you were to put an advertisement in the papers, saying that something to his advantage had turned up he might think Sir Greville had left him a fortune."

He paused and eyed Jordan attentively.

Jordan's hand, under the bedclothes, closed spasmodically.

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Insurance against Black Hand outrages and losses resulting from the possible election of William Jennings Bryan are not the only queer policies written by Lloyds, the English association of underwriters, which will insure against almost anything, providing an adequate premium is paid.

Lloyds was a famous coffee house in London frequented by business men of substance, who, like many of their kind to-day, were willing to take a gambler's chance to make good profits on their money.

Lloyds had been in the insuring business ever since 1602, and there is no record of it ever having defaulted on a just claim.

Lloyds was a famous coffee house in London frequented by business men of substance, who, like many of their kind to-day, were willing to take a gambler's chance to make good profits on their money.

leg in the last furlong of a race and had to be destroyed. Highball was insured for a large amount.

Race horses and valuable polo ponies are still insured, but the policies usually only cover possible losses while the animals are in transit. The dangers of the race track and the polo field were found to be too many for the insurers.

Lloyds makes a lot of money out of the vagaries of the weather. It bets huge sums right along that it is not going to rain on a certain day. Every once in a while it does rain and it pays out a pretty sum. Proprietors of race tracks frequently insure against a rainstorm on big stake days. Rainy weather will cut the attendance in half, but the money offered for the big stake must be paid whether 10,000 or 20,000 persons witness the race. Recently a suburban real estate concern, which spent \$15,000 advertising an auction sale of lots, took day fixed for the sale.

FRUIT CROP REPORT. Weather conditions in Canada have been favorable during the month of July for the fruit industry.

Apples are estimated somewhat lower for July than for June. Early and fall apples are estimated as slightly above medium. Winter apples at less than a medium crop. Quality good.

Pears are reported a light crop, except in British Columbia and southern Ontario, where a medium crop is expected.

Early peaches are reported a full crop. Late peaches are reported light to medium.

Cherries have proved a medium crop, and have sold at fair prices.

Plums are reported light generally. In British Columbia certain sections report a medium crop. In the Georgian Bay district three or four varieties promise well.

Grapes are reported a full crop. Strawberries and raspberries have been reduced by dry weather, but average has been very good.

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