

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"Come to the light and let me see you Jack," she said; and her voice startled him almost as much as her altered appearance had done. It was fuller, softer, and yet, ah! as sweet as ever. "Come to the light and let me see you plainly Jack—let me see if I have forgotten what you were like. Oh! oh!" and she began to laugh and cry—that strange commingling by which a woman relieves a heart too full of joy.

"How came you to be so cruel? No, no; not a word of reproach. Jack—not now nor ever! But if you could know what I have suffered!" and she shuddered.

"I did it all for the best," he faltered.

"Yes, yes; you thought that I was in better hands. See how I read your thoughts, Jack! But how could I have been better cared for than you cared for me? Oh, how happy we were! Have you forgotten it? No—ah, no, you have not! I remember everything—everything, Jack—the lightest, sweetest talk we ever had in that wild, silent place. Let me look at you. How brown you are! And—yes, I think you are bigger—or is it that men here are smaller? Oh, Jack! to have you with me once more—once more!" and she covered her face with her hands. "Now, tell me everything that has happened. Did you stay long at the camp, and—she laughed—"did you find a lot of gold, Jack?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"No; my luck left with you Syl," he said.

"Syl," she murmured. "No one has called me that but you, Jack, my dear, dear brother!"

Neville's face flushed; the title jarred upon him. He forgot that it was he who had first invented it.

"My luck left me, Syl," he said, "and I left Lorn Hope as poor as I entered it."

"Oh," she said, with sweetest, most loving sympathy. "Tell me—go on, Jack!" and she drew him on to a sofa beside her.

He gave an account of his adventures since their parting, excepting those connected with the finding of the will, and Sylvia listened with eager interest.

"Poor Jack!" she murmured, smoothing his hand. "But who cares? You are here—here, actually sitting beside me! Oh! do you think I shall wake up presently and find it all a dream?" and she looked up at him piteously.

"I was just asking myself the same question," responded Neville. "It's—it's difficult enough to believe that this gorgeous and queenly lady is—Syl!"

She got up and dropped him a courtesy.

"Wasn't I a wild cat—a tom-boy, Jack?" and she laughed.

"You were the dearest—" He stopped.

"But is it true that you are—"

"The famous Signora Stella, sir," she said, laughing. "Do you remember how I used to sing to you sitting by the claim, Jack, and how you used to praise my voice? I've made some use of it since. You shall hear me sing some day, if you are very good, sir, and promise never to leave me, but always be a stay-at-home brother."

Again Neville's face fell.

"I'd promise anything to-night!" he said.

"But how did you happen to come down here?" she asked, after a moment. "Did you know that I was here? How did you discover me?"

As she asked the question the viscount came in, followed by a footman with some wine.

"Here you are, Lorri—Hullo! what the deuce—Who—No—yes! It is Neville Lynne!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

Neville rose. Sylvia looked round. She could only see Jack—the Young "Un"—her brother.

"Why, my dear boy," ejaculated the viscount, "this is a surprise. Where on earth did you spring from? By Jove, how you've changed! I shouldn't have known you but for your eyes. Tut, tut! Where's Audrey? Have you seen her yet? She will be glad enough to see you! I'll warrant! Well, I never! My dear fellow, we all thought you were—ahem!—dead! Neville Lynne back!" and he kept clapping Neville's broad back and laughing.

"Gad! I wish her ladyship were here. You were a favorite of hers, Neville, I was going to say 'my boy,' but you have grown into a giant and—Hullo!" he broke off suddenly, remembering that he had come upon Neville and the signora sitting close together on the sofa. "Do you know the Signora Stella, Neville? Do you know him, Signora? I suppose you do, though," and he looked from one to the other, perplexed and puzzled.

Sylvia rose. She was pale now—very pale.

"I thought I did—yes," she said in a low voice. "But you called him—what was it you called him—Neville Lynne?"

"I did. It's his name, my dear," said the viscount, staring.

"What else should I call him?"

Sylvia looked from him to Neville, her breath coming quickly. Jack—her Jack—Neville Lynne? How could it be?

Lorrimore and Audrey, entering the room, found them thus, and Audrey, going up to the viscount, quickly put her arm round his shoulders.

"Neville is an old friend of Sylvia's, dear, don't you see?"

"No, hang me if I do!" he retorted, plumply. "She didn't know his name."

"A fellow doesn't always call himself by his right name out in the gold fields," remarked Neville.

"Eh? And you met out there? Well, bless my soul! You must tell me all about it, Neville. But the first thing to do is to drink your health, eh? Where's the wine?"

Andrey, my dear, there's more in this than I can fathom," he grunted.

Andrey laughed.

"We'll explain it directly, dear," she said. "At present we are all so happy in Sylvia's happiness that we aren't able to say anything connectedly."

She went to Sylvia and kissed her.

"Yes, dear," she murmured. "I am happy in your happiness. I think I know

how you feel. To have lost him, to think him dead, and to have him come back to you. Ah!" and she drew a long breath.

Sylvia allowed herself to be kissed, but seemed dazed, and gazed at Neville, who, though he was talking to the viscount and Lord Lorrimore, kept glancing her way as if he could not keep his eyes from her face.

"It's the strangest story," he said, "and I don't quite know whether I am awake or asleep and dreaming. To think that Lord Lorrimore here should have been hunting for me all these years, and that he once should have been within a few miles—"

"A few yards," said Lorrimore.

"Yes—yards, and not know it."

"I'll write her ladyship," said the viscount. "I won't tell her that you have come back. We'll surprise her, eh? And—ah, by Jove! I was forgetting some one else—Jordan. Have you seen him yet?"

Neville's face clouded; Lorrimore's darkened.

"No," said Neville, grimly, "not yet."

"Not yet? By gad! he'll be surprised. He's been advertising—looking for you everywhere."

A footman opened the door.

"Sir Jordan Lynne," he announced.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Men and Women Repaired.

A machine that is constantly and incessantly working needs repairs at certain intervals.

The human frame, worn by mental and physical toil, is subjected to the worries and cares of our modern life, has need of repairs and building up. In the hot summer weather nervous energy is at a low ebb, and as a consequence, nervous debility, terrible headaches, dyspepsia and a run-down condition make life a burden for thousands.

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The hour—midnight. Place—kitchen in millionaire's house. The weather—cloudy, probably rain.

"Tick! tick! tick!" This noise came from a 3s. 6d. alarm clock which the servant, as usual, had not taken to her room, for fear of getting alarmed.

"Saw! saw! saw!" This noise could never be laid to a 3s. 6d. clock; only robbers would break the silence thusly with saws.

"Drop! drop! drop!" This noise is the lock dropping to the floor. The door softly opens and two desperate villains peer through the darkness, and, after striking a match and lighting the gas, one of them softly hisses:—

"The job is did! Now for the gold!"

The other is evidently of the same mind, for he takes from beneath his coat a large bag and a murderous-looking stick, and beckoning to his pal, they steal softly up the back stairs to break the millionaire's head or his safe.

As it takes some time to creep up the millionaire's back stairs, we will leave the

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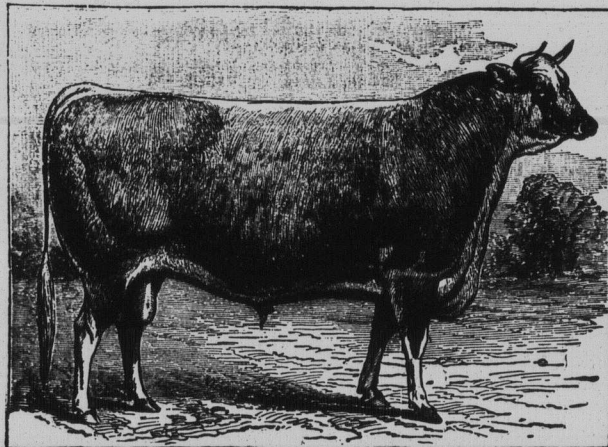
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villains creeping and see what is happening in the rich man's sleeping apartment, and why he doesn't awaken to toll the robbers at their game. Could you see into this room you would certainly bet a sovereign to a bad apple that the man was asleep, but his wife's eyes are wide open as she turns over, thumps him on the funny-bone, and says:—

"And so, Charles, you refuse to buy me a diamond necklace like Mrs. Jewel has?"

"For the millionth time, I do! Go to sleep!" answered the rich man, opening his eyes for a second to glare at a downtrodden woman.

"You wretch!" she gasped.

"You squanderer!" he growled.

"I'll get a divorce!"

"The quicker the better!"

In the meantime the robbers had finished their creeping business, had advanced to the door of the room, and as they paused on the threshold they overheard the words given above. Their faces blanched, their hands trembled, and with a bound they fled—fled from that house as if shot from a cannon, and never stopped a stop until a mile of streets lay between them and that unrobbed residence.

These men could stab, shoot, rob, murder, but when it came to getting mixed up in a family quarrel—excuse them!

Not Good Enough for Her.

"Did you hear about Samuels?" asked Mrs. Graymore's husband.

"No; I didn't hear about Samuels," the lady answered. "When you have anything to tell, why don't you tell it?"

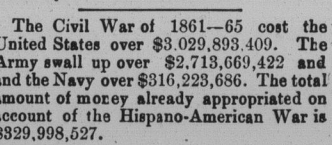
"Yes, dear. Well, Samuels was going home the other night, when a footpad shot at him, and the ball hit a latch-key in Samuel's vest pocket, and his life was saved. So you see what good a latchkey is."

"Indeed! If Samuel had been going home at a reasonable hour he wouldn't have met any footpad. Secondly, he carries £2,000 insurance, payable to his wife, and if it had not been for that key she would be a rich

widow now. So, if you are hunting around for a latch-key, you will have to bring home some better story than that one. That's all. I'm going to bed now, and out goes the gas in two ticks. Latch-key, indeed!"

Signallers, transport men, pioneers, tailors, bootmakers, servants, waiters etc are known in the Army under title of "regimental loafers." These men are, as a rule, among the busiest men in the regiment, and therefore, the appellation is, to say the least, unmerited.

The Civil War of 1861—65 cost the United States over \$3,029,893,409. The Army swall up over \$2,718,669,422 and the Navy over \$16,223,686. The total amount of money already appropriated on account of the Hispano-American War is \$329,998,527.



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