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THE USURPER

"Jack! my brother! my brother!"

That word was the cause of the terrible confusion which brought so much trouble in the near aftertime.

Holding up his hand for silence, Lorrmore raised his head.

"Your brother?" he said. "Where is he?"

She motioned faintly toward the wood.

"You mean that you left him there?" said Lord Lorrmore.

"Yes," she breathed with painful eagerness and anxiety. "Take me to him! Bring him to me!"

Lorrmore beckoned two of the men, who stood looking on in respectful silence.

"Go back and search," he said. "We will wait here." A pressure of the weak little hand thanked him, as she dropped back exhausted by the few words she had spoken.

The two men went back and commenced their search. They had no difficulty in tracking their way through the bent and crushed undergrowth to the spot where Sylvia and Neville had been surprised and attacked, and there, lying dead, they found the man Neville had shot. He was a young fellow of about Neville's age, and not unlike him. In fact, all diggers, given similarity of age, are somewhat alike in appearance. While he had been examining the bag, he had put on Neville's pea-jacket. It was stained by lust and clay, and the two vigilants at once recognized it as a genuine digger's jacket. They looked no farther, though poor Neville at that very moment lay hidden in the thick bush but a few yards from them.

"This is his brother," said one of the men; "this is her brother."

"And dead as a herring, poor devil," said the other. "I'm sorry for that poor girl! Let's take the coat; she'll know if it's his or not, and that'll settle the matter."

They hurried back to where Lorrmore and the litter were waiting.

Thinking Sylvia still unconscious, one of the men held up the coat.

"We've found him, sir," he said. "Dead! Here's his coat."

Lorrmore put up his hand to stop him, but it was too late. Sylvia had heard several words, and recognized the coat.

A shudder shook her, and a faint cry arose from her white lips, then the hand became still as death in Lorrmore's.

"By heaven!" he said. "You've killed her!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Sylvia was not dead, but the hand of death hovered so near the Lord Lorrmore could scarcely tell whether she lived or not.

They placed her gently in the cart the captain had sent to meet them, and Lorrmore rode with her, supporting her head upon his knee.

In the excitement caused by the news of the encounter with the rangers her arrival at the camp was scarcely noticed.

Fortunately the doctor was a married man, and his wife, who sat beside him in the tent, where she received every attention.

"It's a state of collapse," he said. "Prolonged terror, followed by the shock caused by her husband's death, has simply stunned her. Poor girl! Oh, yes, she'll recover; but she will want careful nursing, and she shall have it."

He was as good as his word, and his wife, a warm-hearted, devoted woman, devoted herself to the stricken girl as if she had been her daughter.

Lorrmore haunted the tent. In his anxiety for Sylvia he almost forgot his mission, and when it did flash across him, he was in distress was hardly searching for Neville Lynne, he consoled himself with the reflection that when Sylvia recovered he could ask her for such a man as he was looking for in Lorn Hope Camp.

On the second day he learned from the doctor that Sylvia's condition had improved. She was not yet, however, fully conscious; her mind was only clear at intervals, and she could not come back to real life.

"She thinks of nothing but her brother," said Mrs. Langley, the doctor's wife, "it's pitiable to hear the poor girl call upon his name, and in a voice that brings the tears to your eyes. They must have been fond of each other."

Lord Lorrmore wandered about the camp, watching the diggers, who went on with their work as if the shooting of nine men was a most ordinary occurrence, and occasionally taking his gun and getting a bird or two; but three or four times a day he was at the doctor's tent making inquiries.

A week passed in this way, and one morning the doctor's wife informed him that she thought Sylvia was well enough to see him.

Lorrmore entered the tent and found Sylvia lying in an extemporized bed, his chair made out of empty boxes, and his slender hand was touched by her altered appearance.

Neville himself would scarcely have recognized in the thin, wan face, with its black-ringed, mournful eyes, the bright

and happy girl who had walked so happily through the woods with him but seven days ago.

She held out her hand—it was white now, alas! instead of brown; and looked woefully thin and long—and he took it and sat down beside her.

"I am glad to see you are better," he said, scarcely knowing what tone to adopt, for though she looked so young, her sorrow had given her an expression which was almost that of a mature woman. "You have been very ill, I am afraid."

"Yes," she said, emphatically, "I suppose I have."

"But you are better now, and will soon get strong," he said, with the awkwardness a man always displays on such occasions.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose I will."

"You are a very good girl," he said, "and I am glad to see you are better."

Sylvia had learned of the part played by Lorrmore in her rescue, and she gratefully thanked him for his inestimable service on her behalf. She then patriotically told her own story in a way that deeply affected the young nobleman, and her constant reference to "dear Jack" brought a mist of moisture to his eyes. He asked her if she wished to return to Lorn Hope Camp, but she promptly declined, saying that she could not endure existence in a place which would constantly remind her of her faithful Jack.

Lorrmore never for a moment dreamed that she was lamenting the death of the very man of whom he was in quest.

It was agreed, after a conversation with Dr. Langley, that as the young nobleman was determined to aid Sylvia in every way in his power, it would be best to remove her from the scenes where she had experienced so much misfortune.

The doctor's family was a respectable young woman, pale, sad and reserved, whom he had brought with him from England as companion and attendant to Mrs. Langley. This young woman, Mrs. Fairfax, was a nurse by profession, and no one could have been more kind and attentive to the invalid. Consequently she had won the highest esteem of Sylvia.

The subject of Sylvia's removal to other quarters was suggested to the latter, and she was in no way averse to the prospect.

Lorrmore, too, was eager to get away and pursue his search in other quarters, for he had been informed by Sylvia that her beloved Jack was the only refined gentleman in Lorn Hope Camp, all the others, in her estimation, being rude, and therefore undesirable acquaintances.

If this were true, Lord Lorrmore, and he had no reason to doubt her statement, it would be useless for him to visit Lorn Hope, with the expectation of finding Neville Lynne. Therefore, it would be a waste of time for Lorrmore to wish their work as if nothing more.

The matter of an early fitting was lengthily discussed by the nobleman and the bereaved girl, and the former eloquently pointed out the advantages of a change of scene.

When the two were thus engaged the doctor and his wife came in, and Lorrmore turned to greet them.

"Miss Sylvia and I have just been coming to a decision as to our future. How soon do you think we can start, doctor?"

Mrs. Langley stooped and kissed Sylvia.

"My dear, I shall miss you very much," she whispered. "But it is better for you to go."

"In a day or two," replied the doctor. "I shall want some one, some woman, to accompany her," said Lorrmore, walking toward the door of the tent with the doctor.

"I've thought of that, and will find some one. What you want is a steady, sober person—neither too old or too young—who will not only be a watchdog but a companion for her."

"Exactly," said Lorrmore. "But I'm afraid you'll discover it rather difficult to find such a person in a digger's camp."

"Yes," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "How can she glance off her shoulder the figure of Mercy Fairfax, standing outside the tent with some needlework in her hand. He put his hand upon Lord Lorrmore's arm.

"By Jove!" he said, "there's the very woman, if she will go!"

Lorrmore looked at the pale, sad face curiously.

"Who is she?" he asked. "I noticed her when I entered the tent just now."

"She came out as a companion to my wife," replied the doctor. "As to who she is—well, I'm afraid I can't give you anything like full information. I met her first at one of the London hospitals. She was a nurse and a remarkably good one, too. She attracted my attention by the peculiar—what shall I call it?—quietude of her manner. Look at her now."

Lorrmore did look, and understood what it was the doctor found so difficult to explain.

"A woman with a history," he said, in a low voice.

"Just so. But what that history is no one knows, and I have never asked. Beyond hearing that she is a widow, I have learned nothing about her. But this I can say: that I believe few better women exist. She was patience and kindness and devotion themselves in the hospital, and since she has increased daily. My wife will give her the best of characters. If you are content to let her past history remain a blank, and will take her on our credentials, our experience will tell you I'll answer for it you will get just the woman you want!"

While he had been speaking Mercy had withdrawn to a little distance.

"I'll take her," said Lorrmore. "Her face and manner impress me favorably. Speak to her, doctor."

She turned and came toward them as the doctor called her, and stood with downcast eyes and placidly said face.

"Mercy," said the doctor, "Lord Lorrmore and I have been talking about you."

"I know it, sir. I heard nearly all you said, until I moved away."

"But you are better now, and will soon get strong," he said, with the awkwardness a man always displays on such occasions.

Her lips twitched for a moment, then she looked from one to the other.

"Yes, I will go," she said, in her subdued voice.

And so another link in the chain of coincidence was forged and clasped!

Two days after the fight with the rangers Lockit and the Scuffler, happening to be strolling in the direction of the woods, came upon a man lying full length under a big tree.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Lockit. "One of our fellows has been on a tear. Why, dash my wig! if it ain't the young un, Fancy the young un going on a spree! I thought he had got rather upset and bowled over when he came upon us in the valley and found we'd tapped his secret. And he's been on a drunk."

He added, looking down at the prone figure with an expression half admiring and half envious.

But the Scuffler, whose experience in such cases was both varied and extensive, looked grave and shook his head. "Years to me," he said, "as he but poor poor Neville and turned him face upward; 'pears to me that this ain't no spree at all. By Jove, if the young un ain't dead, he's pretty near it!"

INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeed After Other Remedies Fail.

There are twenty drugs to help your digestion for a time, but there is only one medicine that can permanently cure your indigestion for good. To buy one with indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the purgatives and mixtures in the country. After all these things have failed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of indigestion by going straight to the root of the trouble in the blood.

You can take a purgative to tear through your bowels and make a clean sweep of your food, whether it is digested or not. You can take stomach bitters to create a false appetite—if you don't care what happens after you swallow your meal. You can drug your stomach with tablets and syrups to digest your food for you—if you don't care how soon you ruin your system altogether. You can do all these things—but don't call it "curing your indigestion." There is only one way to cure indigestion, and that is to give your system so much good, pure, red blood that your stomach and liver will have strength enough to do their natural work in a healthy and vigorous way.

That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion—they actually make new blood. Here is the proof. Mr. R. McCorkell, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "About a year ago my system became generally wrecked. My stomach was always in a state of nausea. The sight of any kind of food often turned my stomach, and I would arise from the table without eating. Doctors advised different medicines which I took without benefit. Finally I became so run down that I had to build myself up with the aid of doctors, but as time went on and my condition did not improve I became much discouraged. Then a friend told me he thought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would help me, and I began their use. In three weeks time I was so improved that I went back to my work, but I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, and now my stomach is strong, and I am ready for a good meal three times a day, and life now really seems worth living."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new red blood that they cure such common ailments as anaemia, with all its headaches and lacerations, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret ailments from which women and young girls suffer so much. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHOPPING IN HALIFAX.

All the Stores There Give You 10 Per Cent. Off on Everything You Buy.

The shopper in New York takes it for granted that she will not buy at even figures; she pays 98 cents, or 81.43 or 83.57, whatever it may be, and is content so long as she is certain she has made a bargain. So it is a shock to her when she goes to some place where a different system of pricing goods and of offering bargains obtains.

"I got my greatest shock in Halifax, N. S.," said a New York woman. "They're the queerest people up there. It's a queer old city anyway. It looks as if it were built in very ancient times; reminded me of an old English garrison town. At every step you took you met a soldier."

Heep hillside old place, though, built on a steep hillside that looks harbor. But I was telling about the shops.

"You see, I'd been told that it was a good place to buy things much cheaper than in New York, so when my husband and I landed there for a three days' stay for so long as I'm in, I made up my mind I'd do some shopping."

"Well, the shops were lovely—lots of room, attentive salespersons and all that. The first thing I got was marked down 10 per cent. I counted my change and found I'd got \$2.30 back for my \$5 bill."

"Guess you've made a mistake," I said to the young woman who waited on me. "You've given me thirty cents too much, and I handed back the 30 cents."

"Oh, no, that's all right," she told me. "Ten per cent. off, you know."

"I supposed it was some special discount on the class of goods I'd bought and went on to another shop."

The same thing happened again. I began to wonder, then, thinking it odd that I'd struck two 10 per cent. discounts in one morning's shopping.

"At the third shop, I mean, I nearly forgot myself and said store—you mustn't do that in an English town—I picked out something I wanted for \$10. I hesitated a moment over the price and the young woman said: 'Of course, with the discount off it's only \$9.'"

"Mercy me! I said. 'What do you mean by your discount? If you only want \$9, why don't you mark it that?'"

"You're a stranger here," she said. "Why, we always give 10 per cent. discount on everything."

"All the shops?" I asked.

"All of them," she said.

"But what good does that do?" I burst out. "Why not mark all goods right in the first place?"

"The people expect 10 per cent. off."

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