

g to F. S. W. ...

...the Advent... of ...

BOARD

...to Draw Plans for ...

...at this afternoon ...

SEIZED LIONS

...Know What to Do ...

CRUSHED

...Whipped to Terrible ...

CAPTURED

...Chasing fighting ...

...armen Catch Six ...

THE USURPER

"It's what I thought, Mr. Neville: It's your father's, Sir Greville's, will!"

"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 Trale, 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 I told you without a penny."

"Well, sir," 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, and he waved the will above his head, 'this makes you a rich man, Mr. 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—' said 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.'"

"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, at the moment the candle went out, he had seen staring at him and wounded him."

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 and not next be 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 announce 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 beg your pardon, Sir Jordan," he said, with suppressed excitement, "but we heard a pistol shot just now, and—"

"What's happened?" he asked, "I told him that we 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 fear which lurks ready to spring within your villain's breast. '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."

"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 to a few words to the man she is going to marry, can she? Oh! Heavens! my lady, I'll break that proud spirit of yours presently! I will teach you to estimate Jordan Lyne a little more highly than you appear to do."

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 do so 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 it's well spent if it rids me of the scoundrel. He'll leave me countess soon, that's one comfort, and perhaps Providence will dispose of him one 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 we 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 fear which lurks ready to spring within your villain's breast. '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.

"Yes, certainly. It may be important business. We must not neglect our public duties while we are able to perform them."

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—" he stopped, then went on with extreme gravity.

"Sir Jordan, I'll advise you, if I may venture to do so without a liberty, to keep this matter quiet. I'm sure, Mr. Neville."

He stopped again, and watched the effect of the name.

"Neville!" said Jordan. "My—my brother Neville! What were you going to say about him—what has he to do with it?"

"I was only thinking of what he'd wish done in the matter," said Trale, lowering his voice. "He'll never hear of him, Sir Jordan."

Jordan knit his brows. That Trale had some object in wandering off in this peculiar way in hinting and insinuating, he suspected.

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Peerless Dried Beef

Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk—Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the moment it is sliced into those delicious thin wafers.

None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained.

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Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

LOYD'S GAMBLER

The Famous Insurance Concern Has Been Taking Charge

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

Lloyd's has been in the insuring business since 1602, and there is no record of it ever having defaulted on a just claim.

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

The first policy written was on the ship Maria, on her voyage from Stockholm to London, says the St. Paul Dispatch. The amount involved was 2700 sterling, or about \$3,500. This policy was dated June 29, 1822. Having no thought for their society, the founders made no attempt to perpetuate their own names in connection with it, but more as a joke than anything else decided to designate it by simply using the name of the popular proprietor of the coffee house, which served them such good cheer.

That was the beginning of Lloyd's. Designated originally as a society for marine insurance, and that is still its principal business—it has issued policies against all conceivable risks.

WIT AND HUMOR

WET WEATHER BE HANGED.

"Are you putting by something for a rainy day?" asked a mission-woman of an elderly man.

"No, me!" was the rejoinder. "I'm saving up for a holiday hat."

NOT THAT KIND OF A BEAT. First Hobo—"I told that woman I had beat my way around the world."

Second Hobo—"Was the interesting?" First Hobo—"Yes; she got out a rag and told me I could beat my way to de dinner table."—Bryn Mawr.

EFFECTIVE AT ALL HOURS. "I've got the finest garden in this part of the country," boasted the newly-made millionaire.

"I'm smiling the cork now," answered the keeper of the goods.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

USED TO IT. "Yes," said Rivette, "I went to a school with my own eyes."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Chaubley, "didn't it smother a listener?"

"Mine sm't," retorted the millionaire proudly. "I've got mine surrounded with electric lights."—From the Bohemian.

AT THE FESTIVAL. "Let joy be unconfined," said the master of ceremonies.

"I'm smiling the cork now," answered the keeper of the goods.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

STUNG. "I dream I dwell in marble halls," shrieked the contractor as he crashed down the stairs.

"I'd like to get at the idiot who woke you up," growled the scanty-haired man in the front row.—Columbus Dispatch.

SIOCKED. Mistress (to new servant)—I must impress upon you, when you go to the dining room, not to try to get the dirt off the "old burglar" with a wet rag, but use a dry, soft cloth only.

Servant—Mercy on us, marm; be I to wash the master?—Chicago Journal.

RESENTED THE IMPLICATION. Judge Pennel—Heard that your brother was sent upon strange waters.

Colonel Hilsenrath—all waters are strange to him.—Judge.

Her Father. "What did father say when you asked him for me?"

"He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."—Chicago Record-Herald.

These High Buildings. "Express elevator to the roof?" yelled the starter.

"We drop the dining car at the 160th floor!"—Washington Herald.

Like Most Campaigns. "What was the feature of the Cuban campaign?"

"The cigars," replied the absent-minded veteran, who was deeply interested in politics.—Cleveland Press.

Policy. "What are you forever kicking for a raise in salary for?" asked the first clerk.

"I'm getting a good salary, ain't you?" "Yes," replied the other.

"Well, ain't you satisfied?" "Sure! but I don't want the boss to include me in the next territory."

Two Hairs. "I begin to realize," said young Mr. Kallow, "that I am no longer a mere youth now that I've got a little hair on my chin."

"Yes," said Miss Knox, "and I suppose in a month or so you'll have another one."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Putting Her Wise. "I was surprised to note," said the mischief-maker, "that Tom Galley isn't your steady company any longer."

"Oh, but he is," replied the engaged girl.

"You're mistaken. I saw him coming out of Jenkins' cafe to-day, and he was very unsteady."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Dernier Resort. "The English suffragettes are threatening to use bombs."

"And if they have no effect?" "Then, I suppose they'll resort to hatching."—Kansas City Journal.

Possibly True. "Well, what is your opinion of prosperity?"

"I answered the improvident man," says the opinion of prosperity is that it is something for which I am expected to give three cheers because some other fellow has it."—Washington Star.

Result of His Observation. "Conductor," said the haughty passenger, "you ought to know by this time that I always get off at the brightly present."

"I suppose I ought, madam," responded the street car conductor, touching his cap; "but that's where most people fall down."

A Few Suggestions. "The steamship company complain that they have exhausted all the names ending in 'ie.'"

"Nonsense. There's the Gastric, the Dyspeptic and they might launch a nice family vessel and call it the Paregoric."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

He Knew. "Why is it," asked the teacher of the class in chemistry, "that there is more nutriment in beans, for example, than there is in pork?"

"Because," answered the boy with the bad eye, "when you 'em 'em at a lunch counter you get a plateful of beans and only half a bite of pork."

His Mother Knew. I dried my hair and washed the dirt out of my hair and my shirt;

I let my feet get dusty brown Before I came back home to town;

I washed my hands and face with soap, I washed my hair and face with soap;

That wivered up like loek; I tost My hat in air and tried to be;

As innocent as I could be— But don't you know, by my mother knew I'd been in swimmin'—certain true.

—Baltimore Sun.

SHREDDED

Here's a Real Summer Delight—SHREDDED WHEAT

with milk or cream and fresh fruits. Discard heavy foods and try this natural diet for a time and you will find your energies will increase and your spirits revive.

NOURISHING WITHOUT BEING HEATING SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES

Staying Up Late.

(Alden Arthur Knipe in August St. Nicholas.) One evening when my bedtime came I didn't want to go. So mother said I might stay up. For just this once, you know.

And so I stayed and stayed and stayed. Through all the night, I think, And never went to bed at all, Nor slept a little wink.

