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**WINDY'S LINDSAY  
 BURNS GARMENT IN GOWN.**

**A Great Intrigue,  
 OR, THE  
 Mistress of Darracourt.**

CHAPTER XXXI.

For two days Harry lay supine and almost speechless. The blow Marie had dealt him seemed to have stunned him, and as she sat and watched beside him, sometimes she wondered if she had not been precipitate, and whether it would not have been better to have waited until he was stronger. But on the third day after she had told him that Lucille was married, he raised himself on his elbow and looked at her steadily.

"Why are you here?" he asked, his musical voice grave and deep; "why have you devoted yourself to me all this time, Miss Verner? It must be a very poor amusement for an accomplished young lady—nursing a sick man!"

Marie turned her head away.

"Do not ask me yet," she said; "wait until you are better."

Harry smiled grimly.

"I have waited long enough," he said. "For these last forty-eight hours I have laid here and asked myself the question, 'Why should Miss Verner sacrifice herself and her health for me—Harry Herne—a man she knows little or nothing about, for whom she can care less?' Don't think me hard-hearted, Miss Verner; but I have not all faith in your sex, and—and your conduct surprises me; it is a problem."

"There is a solution to it," she said, gently, as her long lashes drooped over her eyes.

"Is there?" he said, with a bitter, cynical smile. "Are you training for a hospital nurse? Better go back to the Court, Miss Verner," and he laughed shortly.

"I cannot go back there," she said. "I have left it forever!"

"Left it forever!" he said, eyeing her. "Why?"

"Must I tell you?" she said, with a sigh. "I have quarreled with Lu— with the Marchioness of Merle!"

At the name Harry winced and sank back.

"Why did you quarrel with her?" he said, after a pause, during which he recalled the morning Lucille and he had seen Marie watching from the terrace. A feverish desire to hear of Lucille possessed him, though the mention of her name sent a thrill through him, and the remembrance that she was the Marchioness of Merle tortured him. "Why did you quarrel with her?" he repeated, his dark eyes, rendered unnaturally bright and piercing by his illness, fixed upon her.

Marie put her hand to her eyes.

"Must I tell you all?"

"Yes, tell me all, he said. "I am not weak now—I can bear it. It is all a mystery to me—why you are here, why you have spent all these weary hours by my bedside, why—tell me all."

"I have left the Court and Lucille because of the Marquis of Merle," she said.



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said, with a sigh. "The marquis is no friend of mine, and he knows it. I was opposed to Lucille's marrying him and he knew that. Mr. Herne, I distrusted the Marquis of Merle, and I did my best to dissuade Lucille from marrying him, although," and she sighed, and her head drooped, "it was to my interest that she should do so."

"Your interest?" said Harry. "Why was it to your interest that they should marry?"

"I—I cannot tell you that now; perhaps I shall never find courage! Ah, don't press me."

Harry looked at her.

"Why did she marry him?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Did she—love him?" and his hand clenched.

Marie shook her head.

"I don't know! Sometimes I think she did; sometimes I doubt it, and am inclined to believe that it was for the sake of the title!"

Harry covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, Heaven! that she should be so false! Sink so low! For the title!"

"For the title; yes!" said Marie, watching him closely under her lids. "It is an old title, and there is scarcely a woman in the world who would not—"

He laughed wildly, bitterly.

"Is that so?" he said. "Is there no truth in woman—in any of you? And she, Lucille! I would not have believed it! Oh, there was some other reason! Why, Lucille—"

He broke off with a cry, and covered his face again.

"Hush, hush!" she murmured, softly. "You must not excite yourself, or you will ill gain. I know all, and my heart bleeds at the sight of your suffering."

"You—you know all?" he said, looking at her. "You know that I—"

"Yes," she replied, in a low, sad voice. "I know that you loved her! I know that you went away because you thought that you would not tempt her to marry beneath her! I know it all, Mr. Herne! Ah, I pity you!"

He glared at her.

"Don't pity me," he said roughly. "And you knew all this? I thought, forgive me, that you were not friendly toward me."

"I!" she exclaimed, with a look of angelic reproach. "I not friendly to you! Ah! this is cruel!"

He watched her, puzzled, amazed, heart sore.

"You thought I was unfriendly because I did not warn you that you were pouring out your true love like water upon one who were unworthy of you—"

"Do you mean Lucille?" he almost shouted. "Do you dare to say that?"

She looked at him, pityingly, tenderly.

"Has she not married the Marquis of Merle, and forgotten you and the truest, noblest love that ever woman won?"

"Yes—she forgot me," he assented, sinking back. "So soon! So soon! If it had been any other man; but this

man I warned her against; this man who was my foe—the man who had struck me in her presence. Oh, Heaven! it is hard!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Try to forget her; to sleep—"

He laughed harshly.

"Sleep! Not till I have heard it all. And you tried to persuade her not to marry this—this man? And she would not! Her heart was so set upon it that your warnings on the top of mine went for nothing. Oh, woman, woman! How false, how fickle! Such a little while ago!" and he lay and trembled with the anguish which possessed him.

"And then you left her?" he said, presently.

"Yes, I left her," she assented. "I could not remain and witness their happiness while the thought of your misery remained with me. It would have been more than I could have borne."

"And you came here?" he said.

"I met them as they were bringing you here, and I prayed them to let me come. Will you—forgive me?" and her eyes seemed to fill with tears.

He groaned.

"Forgive you!" he said. "But for you, I should have lost all faith in womanhood. But, still, it is a mystery, why you stayed. Why did you not send for a nurse?"

She got up and turned her head away.

"I will go away for a little while now," she said, in so low and tremulous a voice that it was almost inaudible. "Perhaps you will sleep; while I stay you will make me talk."

She bent over him, and arranged the pillows before she went, and then left him with the "problem" still unsolved.

He fell asleep at last from sheer determination. He told himself that he had suffered enough for a woman who had never loved him, and who had married almost before his back was turned—that it was unmanly and womanish to lie there, and that he would do so not a day longer.

When he awoke the burly figure of Mr. Doyle stood beside the bed.

Harry held out his hand, and the big Yorkshireman grasped it in his great paw.

"Bravo, old chap!" he said; "you're looking better already. Gracious, what a fright you've given us all! You do feel better, don't you?"

"Yes," said Harry; "much better. I shall be up and about again directly. I'm afraid I've made a terrible nuisance of myself lying here. And the horses?—tell me all about them."

"No, no; not now," said Mr. Doyle, hastily; "I only got permission to come in by promising Miss Verner that I wouldn't excite you. Phew! What water upon one who was unworthy a creature that is, now! Never saw

Harry, if it hadn't been for her, you would have been under the turf, lad!" and his eyes grew moist as he shook his head, solemnly. "Regularly laid herself out to save you, my boy! Day and night, never tired—never sleepy! Why, even the blessed doctor said that she was a marvel. But I say—I can guess all about it, old chap!" and he winked knowingly.

Harry stared at him.

"You can guess—"

"Mr. Doyle nodded.

"Rather! Come, you needn't blush. After all, you're the sort of man that wins their hearts, bless them! Why, darn it, you won mine, and I'm only a man!"

Harry's face crimsoned, then went pale again.

"You think—"

"Think, man?—I know! Why, I've crept in and seen her sitting here, with her eyes full of tears as she watched you. I knew it the first day she came. I said to myself, 'If ever a girl was clean, out and out gone upon a man, this poor girl is; and if things go wrong with Master Harry, I guess we'll have her following him pretty sharp.' But, there, now! I've put my foot in it, I expect; said too much—haven't I?"

Harry shook his head, and turned away, and Mr. Doyle, pressing his hand again, stole out.

This, then, was the secret of her devotion and self-sacrifice! It was because she loved him that she had sat beside his bed through the weary days of his illness and prostration!

He sighed, and smiled bitterly. This girl he had mistrusted and suspected had proved a ministering angel, while Lucille had forgotten him while his kisses were still warm upon her lips, and married the Marquis of Merle!

He lay and pondered on this for an hour or two. At the end of that time the door opened softly, and Marie stole gently to his side.

He turned, and saw that she had outdoor things on, and that she was very pale and downcast—the light was not good enough for him to observe how much violet powder had to do with her pallor.

"Do you still feel better?" she asked, gently.

He nodded.

(To be Continued.)

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**W**  
**Mess**

GERMANS  
 Special to Eve

The official issued the following: On Oct. 3, 1914, the British army in Belgium, after pushing forward against the garrison of the garrison.

OFFICIAL

The following  
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 Oct. 3. Despite  
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ST. PETERSBURG  
 PARIS

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