



## A Great Intrigue,

—OR, THE—  
Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Harry!" she cried. "Oh, no! no!—you were not innocent?"

It almost seemed as if she dreaded—now that it was too late—to hear that he was not guilty.

"I innocent!—of what?" he demanded, fiercely. "From your own lips I will hear it! What is it I am charged with?"

Unheard by either of them, a man had come down the path, and now stood beside them.

It was the marquis. White to the lips, he stood leaning upon his stick, his hands clasped tightly, his eyes glancing from one to the other with a fateful gaze.

"Soh, my lady!" he said at last. Lucille shrieked and staggered, and Harry, dropping her hands, turned and confronted him, speechless, choking.

"Soh!" said the marquis, between his set teeth, and a thousand words could not have conveyed an insult more emphatic, more brutal than was compressed in this one. "This is the object of your solitary walks. May I ask how often you have met this scoundrel?"

Lucille stood speechless, overwhelmed, and Harry could find no words, he could only stare at the white, mocking face.

"You leave me to find out, my lady! Good! It shall be my business to do so. Permit me, meanwhile, to compliment you upon your choice of a lover."

Lucille uttered a low cry. "It is not every one who is fortunate enough to cherish a penchant for a common thief, an unconvicted felon!"

Harry swayed forward, but held back almost as his hands were at the man's throat.

"At last!" he panted. "Face to

face, at last! You called me, marquis, a thief!—the words left his lips one by one like icicles—"and you"—turning a swift, reproachful, burning glance upon Lucille—"you think me one! What you refused to tell me the marquis will, and shall!"

The words rang out low and clear, and his heart burned with an indignant fire.

The marquis' lips curled with a sneer.

"Remarkably well done!" he said. "You think it will impose upon her ladyship, no doubt, but it does not impose upon me, and I doubt whether it will succeed with the jury that tries you!"

Lucille wrung her hands.

"Mercy!" she gasped.

"Not a word," said Harry, sternly.

"Silence!" hissed the marquis. "Mercy! Do you think I will spare him—after this! Had he kept out of my sight and yours, he might have gone free and unpunished, but he has dared to cross my path, and he pays the penalty. Before many days have passed, my lady, I shall have the satisfaction of seeing your lover in the felon's dock!"

Lucille covered her eyes with her hands and moaned; but Harry, setting his teeth, stood motionless, and with a terrible calmness said:

"In a felon's dock! On what charge, my lord?"

His composure seemed to madden the marquis.

"Charged with breaking into my house, ruffian, and stealing my plate." Harry kept his eyes fixed upon the hard, vindictive face.

"Stealing—your plate?" he said.

"Yes! The evidence is complete. I can put my hand upon the girl—your accomplice, the girl who conveyed to you the word which unlocked my plate closet, the girl Susie, who disappeared with you! What! You stand there and dare me! Ask her, and be pointed to Lucille, 'who found my property in your cottage, whether there is a chance of escape for you!'"

Harry turned to Lucille, his eyes full of pity now.

"Lucille!" he cried. "You thought me guilty? You, and he caught at her hand."

The marquis uttered an oath, and raised the heavy stick to strike him; but Harry turned and caught it, poised it for a moment with an awful light in his eyes; then, flinging it from him, seized the marquis by the throat.

The marquis struggled, but Harry held him as if in a vise, and forcing him against a tree, plinched him there.

"Now," he said, between his teeth, "attempt to escape, and I will kill you! Lucille, and he looked at her with pity and an honest man's indignation mingled in his eyes, 'you have heard what this man says—now listen to me! I am innocent! Until yesterday I did not even know of this lying charge against me! He says that I disappeared—took flight; that is true! But not because I was a thief, not because I had stolen his property, but because I loved you; loved you too well to link your life with my darkened and ignoble one! He says that Susie fled with me! That she was my accomplice! It is a lie! Until yesterday, a few hours ago, I did not know that she had left Darracourt, for until yesterday I had not seen her since the night before I left!"

Lucille uttered a cry: was it of joy or despair?

Harry set his teeth.

"He says that the plate of which he speaks was found in my hut. It was not put there by me, nor by Susie! Whose hands conveyed it there, and why? Look at his face while I answer!" and he raised his hand and pointed to the marquis.

"Whose hand but his! And why? Because he had plotted to blast my good name in your eyes, and to remove me from his path, me who stood between his marriage with you, between him and the Darracourt estates and money!"

Lucille uttered a low cry of despair and hung her head.

"Look at him!" said Harry, with awful calmness—the calmness of a judge passing sentence upon the convicted criminal. "Look at his craven face and see for yourself which of us lies. Here I stand ready to answer one and all! Let justice decide!"

He paused to regain breath, and

still holding the marquis, went on again.

"The moment I heard from Susie's own lips what this man had done I came down here to confront him face to face! I slept at the hut last night, and with sleep came the thought of all this meant to you. It was of you I thought, of the misery and shame that would fall upon your innocent head when I tore the mask from his face. And I resolved, for your sake, to spare him—to go abroad and carry the load of undeserved shame—with me! For your sake! For your sake I should have done this, just as I do your sake I fled when happiness was within my grasp!"

His chest heaved and his lips trembled.

"I have been hardly treated!" he cried, tremulously. "I loved you Lucille—loved you as I think never man loved before! But you—he looked at her—"forgot me so soon, forgot all that I had warned you of so quickly, that I had scarcely left you when you married—him!"

With a low cry of anguish she threw herself at his feet.

"Harry! Harry!" broke from her white lips, "have pity on me! Forgive me! I did it to save you!"

"To—save me!"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Harry, do not look at me so, it is killing me. Yes, to save you! He threatened to pursue you, to send you to penal servitude! It was to save you that I married him!"

Harry stood trembling and speechless for a moment, then he turned to the marquis.

"You hound!" he panted, his eyes blazing, "what can I say to you, what

can I do? Oh, gracious Heaven! I see it all."

"Harry!" said Lucille, "spare him! He—he is my husband; let him go. I—I will go, too, I will never see him again!"—she shuddered—"never!"

The marquis looked from one to the other, fear and hate battling for mastery in his face.

"You shall both suffer for this!" he ground out.

Harry thrust him back against the tree, then flung his hands to his head.

"What shall I do?" he groaned.

"Leave him; go now!" pleaded Lucille. "Say one word; tell me that you can—forgive me, Harry, and—go!"

"And leave you here with him?" he panted.

She shook her head.

"No! I will go, too. We three must part here—forever! Oh, my heart, my heart!" and she leaned her head upon her hands and sobbed.

Harry seized the marquis by the arm.

"Look at your work!" he said, sternly. "Are you satisfied?"

The marquis forced a smile.

"I am satisfied," he said, with a fiendish malice. "Say what you will, do what you like, Harry, Herne, the fact remains—she is my wife."

"Cur!" he cried. "But for her—! Get from my sight, or I cannot answer for myself. Stop!"

The marquis looked back.

"We have not done yet," said Harry. "You shall not have the power to threaten her again. Go to the house; I follow you!"

"And why?" demanded the marquis. Harry motioned to Lucille, and she crept away, her face in her hands.

Harry pointed to the Court, sternly, and the marquis, shrugging his shoulders and trembling inwardly, strode on.

In solemn silence the two men reached the Hall and passed into the library.

Harry, pale and wan, but with an ominous light burning in his eyes, pointed to a chair beside the table.

"Sit down," he said. "Now write as I dictate: 'I confess that I have wrongfully accused Harry Herne of committing a robbery upon my premises, and I hereby assert my knowledge of his innocence.'"

The marquis hesitated, but after a glance at the stern face above him, wrote the words.

Harry placed a second sheet of paper upon the desk.

"Again," he said, in a low voice, "I consent to a separation between Lucille, Marchioness of Merle, and myself, and I promise to refrain from molesting her."

The marquis flicked the paper from him.

"Bah!" he said, with a sneer. "Why should I write this? Why? Why? What can you do, my friend, if I refuse? Nothing! And he leaned back and smiled.

Harry stood over him.

"Refuse," he said, calmly, "and I hold you up to the execration of society. Refuse to liberate her and I tell the whole story of your villainy."

The marquis laughed.

(To be continued.)

## Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy is Home-Made

—Easily Prepared in a Few Minutes. Cheap but Unusually Effective.

Some people are constantly annoyed from one year's end to the other with a persistent bronchial cough, which is wholly unnecessary. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make you wonder what became of it.

Get 2½ ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour into a 10-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflammation in a painful cough with remarkable rapidity. Ordinary coughs are conquered by it in a few hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, winter coughs and bronchial asthma.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup mixture makes 10 ounces—enough to last a family a long time—at a cost of only 54 cents. Keep perfectly and tastes pleasant. Easily prepared. Full directions with Pinex. Pinex is a special agent highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in pinic acid, and is famous for the world over for its case, certainty and promptness in overcoming bad coughs, chest and throat colds.

Get the genuine. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1039.—A POPULAR STYLISH WRAP.

Brown broad cloth was used for this model. It is cut with full cape sleeve sections, joined to the back and front in "raglan" style. The coat is provided with a lining. A rolling collar finishes the neck edge. The coat closes at the centre front. This model is one of the latest wraps in vogue. It is especially designed for comfort, its lines are graceful, and it made of heavy woolen fabric it will make a fine serviceable winter wrap. In silk, velvet, and evening materials, it is serviceable also for dressy wear. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1078.—A PRETTY STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

Brown serge, combined with plaid woolen is here shown. The model would be equally effective in blue velvet, with cashmere for blouse and tunic. The style is smart and becoming. The skirt is a three piece model, and is joined to an underwaist, over which the blouse is worn. The tunic is attached to the waist under the belt, but it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4-5 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeves and Tunic Blouse.

Brown serge, combined with plaid woolen is here shown. The model would be equally effective in blue velvet, with cashmere for blouse and tunic. The style is smart and becoming. The skirt is a three piece model, and is joined to an underwaist, over which the blouse is worn. The tunic is attached to the waist under the belt, but it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4-5 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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