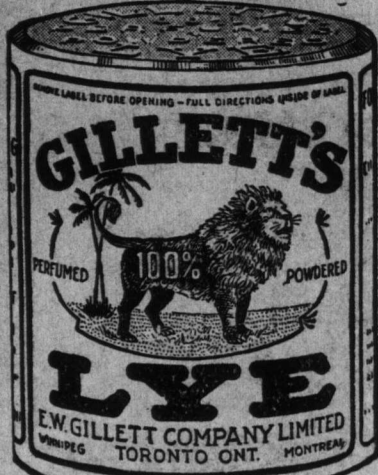


**GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT**



**A Great Intrigue,**

**—OR, THE—  
Mistress of Darracourt.**

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Half an hour later Harry stood upon the terrace and looked out over the lawn to the park, and the wide-stretching woods beyond.

Mr. Head had gone back to London with the detective; but he had remained long enough to talk over the position of affairs with Harry, and to prove to him that there could be little or no doubt that he was in reality the marquis, and that the man who had borne the title so long had gone out nameless and penniless.

"You are the marquis, Harry," he said, "and his fate, and—forgive me!—hers, Lady Lucille's, are in your hands. It is for you to say what shall be done."

Harry stood leaning his brow upon his hand, listening to the grave and prudent lawyer.

"I cannot decide what to do," he said. "It is all so sudden, so unexpected, and, above all, so mysterious."

"And yet it is so plain when you think it over," said Mr. Head. "The detective told me that the moment he heard the marquis speak and look at you he guessed what would happen, and that he knew you were the rightful lord of Darracourt, and that the forged check had been paid for a bribe. And now I will go to London," he concluded. "I will verify the cer-

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**I SAID 'NO'**

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**ZAM-BUK SAVED MY FINGERS**

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ificates, and hunt up evidence, and—what else can I do for you?"

"Two things," said Harry. "Find the—the marquis, and let him understand that while he lives he shall be cared for. I will allow him a liberal income, always providing—and his face darkened—"that he remains away from his wife, unless she sends for him. The next thing is to go to this address. You will find Susie there, waiting for a message. Simply tell her that Lady Lucille has need of her, and send her at once."

Then, when Mr. Head had gone, he returned to the terrace, and looked out upon the vast estate that was now his—his, the Marquis of Merle!

But his eye grew no brighter, nor his face less dark and gloomy. What did it all amount to—title, lands, houses, gold—seeing that he had lost that which he valued more than all the world beside: Lucille!

The false marquis had known how to sting when he turned and, as a parting taunt, reminded Harry that Lucille was still separated from him by a gulf which only death could bridge.

He had lost Lucille. So bitter was the thought, so great was the pain which the realization of the fact caused him, that his sudden acquisition of title and wealth only increased his sorrow.

Better to have been a nameless peasant, with the woman he loved by his side, than to be the Lord of Merle, knowing that Lucille was the wife of another—the man he had dethroned! Suddenly there came a step behind him, and Marie Verner glided to his elbow.

"Well, my lord," she said, with a mocking smile; "gloating over your possessions, your lands and oxen, your menservants and maidservants! What a sudden transformation it is, isn't it? Lo! a stroke of the Marquis's wand, and down sinks the Marquis of Merle to the deepest dungeons of everlasting despair, and up rises the humble Harry Herne! Funny, isn't it? And such is life!"

Harry regarded the smiling, mocking face with mingled amazement and repugnance. Could this girl, with the daring eyes and reckless laugh, be the same who only a few weeks ago had knelt at his bedside and swore that she loved him, who had almost actually tricked him into making her his wife?

"You are as grave as a judge, my lord," she went on. "What is the matter? You ought to be throwing up your hat and shouting—'Io triumph!'—instead of that you look as grim as if you had lost a marquisate instead of winning it. Look at me how cheerful I am, and I should think I have cause to be down in the mouth. But there, I have had some amusement, it's true. Do you know what I have been doing, my lord? I have been making a clean breast of it to Lucille, and if you had seen Mrs. Dalton and Lady Farnley's faces, and heard their exclamations of horror, you wouldn't wonder at my amusement. Yes, Harry—I beg your pardon, my lord—I've explained the whole thing. Really, when one comes to look back upon it calmly, it was too good a plot to be spoiled by the foolishness of the marquis—the late marquis, I mean. What should we call him?—Mr. Merle?"

She laughed and leaned her elbows on the balustrade quite close to him, utterly regardless of his grave, condemning face.

"Yes, it was neat, and I invented it all. I did it all, really, for I don't think the marquis would have had pluck enough to hide the vase in your room, and I'm sure he would have broken down in the management of Susie. Poor Susie! Tell her I forgive her for spitting to you; it was just what she would do, of course."

"And you did all this—and would have—?" he stopped; he could not frame the words.

"Married you! Certes! Mind, I had no idea of it until I overheard the old man tell Sinclair that you were the marquis. I merely plotted beforehand to get you out of the way and marry Lucille to the marquis."

"Why?" he demanded, sternly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

(To be Continued.)



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**Only a Beggar;  
—BUT—  
A Queen Among Women**

CHAPTER I.

Diana stood erect on the small platform on which her desk was placed and, looking down upon the eager faces upturned to her, raised her clear, sweet voice on the first notes of the evening hymn; and the children took it up with swift and glad promptitude, and, wonderful to say, sang it in tune; for Diana had taught them to sing as conscientiously as she had taught them to read and write; and they had been apt scholars, as is always the case when the teacher's labor is a labor of love.

When the last notes had died away, Diana said: "We will now sing the first verse of 'God Save the King,' children," and the girls attacked the national anthem as if they had expected the command; for this was the break-up for the Easter holidays, when, for a week, the little schoolroom would be silent and deserted, and Diana would be left in solitude.

"Thank you, dears," she said. "And now you are going to have a week's holiday. I hope you will all be good girls; indeed, I am sure you will. Good-by—and don't forget me!" she added, under her breath.

"Good-by, teacher!" came the chorus, and the children began to tramp out; but some of the elder ones came up to the tall, slim schoolmistress, who looked very little older than themselves, shyly offering their hands.

Diana shook hands with them, saying a kindly word or two—which would be proudly carried home by the children.

"Don't Merely 'Stop' a Cough  
Stop the Thing that Causes It and the Cough will Stop Itself

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recipients—and, bending down, she caught up a tiny tot of a child who had become entangled in the group, raised her in her arms, and kissed her.

"Take Susie home carefully, Annie," she said to one of the girls. "Good-by!"

When the last of the children had passed through the door into the sunlight, Diana leaned against the desk with loosely folded hands and looked round wistfully; and, as she stood thinking of her children whom she loved, all unconscious of her beauty and grace, she made a picture which would have stirred an artist to the depths.

She was tall and slim, as has been said, with the lithe grace and ease that belong, or should belong, to youth; her face was almost a perfect oval, the dark hair, ruffled on her forehead by the hand that had swept it aside in the ardor of teaching, was soft and silky; the eyes were gray, the illusive gray which at times becomes violet and well-nigh black under the shadow of the long lashes; and the mouth small, and yet as expressive as the eyes. It was a charming face, and possessed some quality beyond that of mere beauty, which instantly impressed all who looked upon it. Perhaps it was the slight droop or curve of the mobile lips which hinted at a strain of melancholy in the girl's nature; or it might have been a touch of wistfulness, a reserve in the eyes when she was silent or lost in thought. At other times both eyes and lips could smile, as the children who eagerly watched for that smile well knew. However the effect was caused, it was there, and it lifted Diana from the ranks of the ordinary and commonplace women of the village in which she lived and taught.

Presently she awoke from her reverie, and, after tidying the schoolroom, picking up a book here and a slate there, which the children, in their haste to be gone, had not put away, she closed the outer door behind her and passed into the small garden which divided the schoolhouse from the teacher's cottage, and surrounded the latter.

Here she lingered, looking dreamily at the flowers; for Easter was early this year; the too often procrastinating spring had come along briskly, and the beds were glowing modestly with forget-me-nots and narcissi, wallflowers and tulips; all of which had been planted and tended by Diana herself.

After a time a middle-aged woman came to the door of the cottage, and, shading her eyes with her hands, looked for a moment or two in silence at the graceful figure of the girl as she bent over the flowers; then she said in a low, subdued voice: "Tea is ready, Diana;" and Diana followed Aunt Burton into the sitting room, where she had laid the tea. The room was tiny, of course, and it was plainly furnished; but the taste which displayed itself in Diana's plain dress and white collar and cuffs, made itself obvious in her surroundings; it was the room of a lady.

"The flowers are early this year, Aunt Mary," said Diana, as she arranged some narcissi and tulips in the vases. "I don't think they have been so fine since we came here. Let me see, how many years is it?"

"Three next June," replied Mrs. Burton, in a toneless voice. "Is it so long! Ah, yes. I got my certificate in May, didn't I? What a day that was!" She smiled and looked thoughtfully at the fire. "We thought that I should be too young, do you remember? But I wasn't. I suppose I passed because I was so eager, so anxious. It meant so much to me, didn't it?"

The elder woman nodded and looked at the beautiful face with a curious wistfulness and a hint of pity.

"Yes, Diana. It's a hard life; hard work, I mean."

Diana shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I suppose it is. Oh, yes, I am often very tired, but it is no worse than other women's work; it is better than that of most. I am my own mistress to a great extent and there are the long holidays; and—the children!"

Her pale, weary-looking face lit up, and she smiled to herself.

"So one may say that you are quite content, Diana?" asked her aunt.

(To be Continued.)

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