



**A Great Intrigue,**

**Mistress of Darracourt.**

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

"No, a thousand times no!" exclaimed Marie, sharply. "That is, if you do not want to bring him to ruin. Why, you silly girl, wouldn't he want to come back here and face the thing? And if he did, wouldn't they find him guilty and send him to penal servitude?"

"Ah, yes; I see, miss!" moaned Susie. "Oh, dear, dear! Poor Master Harry!"

"You see! Not a word to him. Tell him anything you like—tell him that you have left service for a change—anything that will keep him from coming back and falling into the trap. Stop!"—her face lit up—"I will tell you what to tell him. Say that the marquis is engaged to be married to Miss Lucille!"

"Oh, Miss Marie!"

"Yes; or better still, that she is married to him. He must not come back, mind; nor must you. If either of you do you are lost. There—put the money away safely. I will send you some more to London. You had better take a different name when you get there. And you must be careful to say nothing to any one. Now, do you think you can do all this?"

"Yes," said poor Susie, exhausted and utterly crushed, but quite strong in her resolve to save Harry; "I can do it!"

"Then I'll go and get the clothes. Go into the room there and wait. I will lock the door, so that no one can come in. If they should, you can creep through the window. There, dry your eyes and get cool. Pluck up all your spirit, Susie. Remember, it is to save Master Harry from penal servitude!"

And with these encouraging words

she glided out, locking the door behind her.

CHAPTER XIX.

Leaving Susie locked up in the hut, Marie Verner, keeping under the shelter of the wood, and then of the shrubbery, sped to the Court.

It was still early, and though some of the servants were up and about, Mrs. Dalton and Lucille were in their rooms. The latter, indeed, lay locked in that sleep which follows a period of excitement.

Marie watched until she saw that the hall was clear, then darted noiselessly up the back stairs, and went cautiously into Mrs. Dalton's dressing room. That lady being a pattern of neatness, Marie had no difficulty in finding a bonnet and dress and cloak to suit her purpose, and, concealing them as well as she could under her own shawl, she started again for the hut.

It was a dangerous game she was playing; one false step, her discovery by one of the servants, would ruin all; but though her face was paler than usual, and her heart beat fast, she did not hesitate. To tell the truth, she felt a strange sense of enjoyment in the work.

"I was born to be a conspirator," she murmured, screwing her thin lips into a smile. "In Russia I should head a Nihilist gang, and be the first to plot against the powers that be. Poor Susie! If I had had my choice of a dupe, I could not have been better suited."

She found the door locked as she had left it, and Susie crouching in the inner room, half dead with fear and misery.

"Oh, Miss Marie!" she moaned. "I thought you were never coming!"

"I have been as quick as I could, Susie," said Marie Verner. "I have had to get the things, you know. Put them on as quickly as you can—here let me help you."

Susie shrank back when she recognized Mrs. Dalton's clothes.

"Oh, Miss Marie, I cannot put them on! It's—it's like stealing!" she cried, trembling; but Marie seized her by the arm and shook her slightly.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "What does it matter? I tell you, you have no time to lose! You will have to hurry as it is, if you want to get to the station before Lord Merle and the police set to work. Remember, if you are caught, Harry Herne is lost! And Susie, thus adjured, permitted her to exchange the plain cotton frock for the other clothes.

When she had finished Marie held her at arm's length and surveyed her critically.

"You will do," she declared, with a smile of satisfaction. "Keep the veil down and your wits about you, and all will go off well. Don't tremble so! I tell you there is nothing to be afraid of, and that you are quite safe while you do as I bid you. Here, drink some water. You have no breakfast yet."—She broke off, and, going into the next room, found a jug of milk and a crust of bread. She forced Susie to drink the milk and put the bread in her pocket. "Get something to eat at the station, where you stop for five minutes; here is some small change. Have you the rest of the money safe?"

"Yes, miss," replied Susie, a little more firmly.

"Come on, then, I will go with you as far as the break of the wood. When you are on the high road you are all right. Don't speak to any one and keep your veil down; and remember, Susie, that it depends upon you whether Harry Herne gets off or is sent to prison for life."

Poor Susie braced herself up for the effort, and the two emerged from the hut and made their way toward the road.

The disguise was so good a one that there was not the slightest possibility of any one recognizing the slim, girlish figure and fresh, pretty face of Susie in the full, dark dress and veiled bonnet of Mrs. Dalton.

At the gate by the road, Marie Verner drew back cautiously and pressed Susie's arm by way of farewell.

"I will write to-night," she whispered. "Do nothing until you hear from me. Good-by, and be careful. You know how much depends upon you!"

Susie nodded. She was crying no longer, but stared before her with dull, heavy eyes in which, through their

heaviness, shone a glimmer of determination.

"No, miss; I understand. I'll do it for the sake of Master Harry! Good-by!" And with a parting glance of farewell toward the village, Susie lowered her head and walked on.

Marie Verner watched her until the carefully disguised figure passed out of sight, then she stealthily made her way back to the Court, and going up to her own room, quickly changed her frock for her dressing-gown, and threw herself into a chair.

Half an hour passed, and then she heard Lucille's bell.

Rising, and bathing her face, she went to Lucille's door and opened it.

"May I come in, dear?" she asked.

"Yes—is that you, Marie? I thought it was Susie," said Lucille.

She was standing in the centre of the room, in her morning robe, her hair falling over her shoulders in a golden flood, a dazed, happy light glowing in her eyes. Marie came up to her and kissed her.

"How well you look this morning, dear," she said, lovingly; "and so happy, too!"

"I am happy," assented Lucille, softly. "Where is Susie?"

"I don't think she is well," said Marie. "She was up early this morning getting some flowers; but she complained of her head, and left me to come and lie down."

"Poor Susie!" said Lucille, gently. "Don't disturb her, Marie."

"No, I won't. I listened at her door just now, and I fancy that she must be asleep. She will be all right directly. I dare say. Meanwhile you must let me be your maid, dear."

"I have not had a lady's maid so long that I can dress without her," said Lucille, with a smile; "but you shall stay if you like, Marie. What a lovely morning! I am late, am I not?"

"Good-by, Miss Marie," she muttered, huskily. "I shall never see the dear young mistress again. Tell her"—her voice broke—"tell her what you can to save her from thinking too badly of me, miss. I think it's the thought of leaving her as much as the place, and—my father, that makes me feel as if my heart will break!"

"All right, Susie," returned Marie Verner; "I will say all I can for you, and perhaps it will all come right at last. But mind, you must not dream of coming back until I give you permission."

"Rather; but you were late last night. Did you have a pleasant evening at the Grange?"

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Murfreesboro, Tenn. — "I have wanted to write to you for a long time to tell you what your wonderful remedies have done for me. I was a sufferer from female weakness and displacement and I would have such tired, worn out feelings, sick headaches and dizzy spells. Doctors did me no good so I tried the Lydia E. Pinkham Remedies—Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. I am now well and strong and can do all my own work. I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and want other suffering women to know about it."—Mrs. H. E. Maben, 211 S. Spring, St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultants) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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**Marvelous Balsamic Essences Cure Catarrh**  
**No Drugs To Take—A Direct Breathing Cure!**

Statistics Prove Ninety-Seven Per Cent of Canada's Population is Infested With the Germs of Catarrh.

This disease is most dangerous owing to its tendency to extend to the Bronchial tubes and lungs, where it causes Consumption. Unfortunately the people have had faith in sprays, ointments and snuffs, which can't possibly cure, and in consequence catarrhal disease has become a national cure. Science is advancing every day, and fortunately a remedy has been discovered that not only cures but prevents Catarrh. This new treatment "Catarrhose" has sufficient power to kill the germs of Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. It contains pure pine essences and healing balsams that go to the remotest part of

the nose, throat and lungs, carrying health-giving medication to every spot that is tainted or weak. You don't take Catarrhose like cough mixture—you inhale its healing vapor at the mouth and it spreads all through the breathing organs, soothing and curing wherever Catarrh exists. This is nature's way of supplying the richest balsams, the purest antiseptics known to science.

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"Rather; but you were late last night. Did you have a pleasant evening at the Grange?"

"Very," replied Lucille, a faint flush rising to her face. She was thinking what Marie would say if she told her how much later than the party she, Lucille, had been in the woods with Harry Herne.

Marie Verner, watching her keenly, noticed the blush.

"I suppose you were the belle, as usual?"

"My dear Marie!"

"Well, so you always are! What will you do to-day, dear? What do you say to a cool drive through the woods and luncheon out of doors under the trees?"

Lucille colored.

"I can't go out this morning, Marie," she said, quietly. "I—I expect some one."

"Really! Who is it? Mr. Head?"

"No, not Mr. Head, Marie. Don't ask me, dear. You shall know very soon."

"How mysterious you are this morning, dear! What's very soon mean?—A day, a week, a month?"

"A few hours only," answered Lucille, softly. "You shall all know, and I think I hope you will be as happy as I am."

Marie Verner clasped her hands and uttered a little exclamation of delight.

"Oh, I know! I can guess!" she exclaimed. "Lucille, I am so glad!"

Lucille crimsoned, and looked up at her shyly.

"You know—what do you know?"

"Oh, I can guess! The marquis has proposed and you have accepted him!"

Lucille's face paled and her brows came together.

"Lord Merle has not proposed to me."

"Oh, I am so sorry, dear! What an impulsive idiot I am," murmured Marie, penitently.

"And if he were to propose to me I should not accept him," continued Lucille, coldly, finishing the sentence.

"Oh, forgive me, dear! I am always getting into trouble with this runaway tongue of mine. But I really thought—I mean everybody knows—how devoted the marquis is to you, and I thought—"

"You should not think about such things!" said Lucille, gently but firmly. "There, don't say any more! I don't want to think of the marquis this morning."

(To be Continued.)

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"Yes—is that you, Marie? I thought it was Susie," said Lucille.

She was standing in the centre of the room, in her morning robe, her hair falling over her shoulders in a golden flood, a dazed, happy light glowing in her eyes. Marie came up to her and kissed her.

"How well you look this morning, dear," she said, lovingly; "and so happy, too!"

"I am happy," assented Lucille, softly. "Where is Susie?"

"I don't think she is well," said Marie. "She was up early this morning getting some flowers; but she complained of her head, and left me to come and lie down."

"Poor Susie!" said Lucille, gently. "Don't disturb her, Marie."

"No, I won't. I listened at her door just now, and I fancy that she must be asleep. She will be all right directly. I dare say. Meanwhile you must let me be your maid, dear."

"I have not had a lady's maid so long that I can dress without her," said Lucille, with a smile; "but you shall stay if you like, Marie. What a lovely morning! I am late, am I not?"

"Good-by, Miss Marie," she muttered, huskily. "I shall never see the dear young mistress again. Tell her"—her voice broke—"tell her what you can to save her from thinking too badly of me, miss. I think it's the thought of leaving her as much as the place, and—my father, that makes me feel as if my heart will break!"

"All right, Susie," returned Marie Verner; "I will say all I can for you, and perhaps it will all come right at last. But mind, you must not dream of coming back until I give you permission."

"Rather; but you were late last night. Did you have a pleasant evening at the Grange?"

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A sneezing cold is cured in ten minutes. A harsh cough is eased in an hour, the most offensive catarrh is thoroughly drawn from the system.

For Asthma and Bronchial Irritation nothing can equal Catarrhose—every physician and druggist says so, and we advise our readers to try this treatment if suffering with a winter ill. The complete outfit costs \$1.00, medium size, 50c., at all dealers that go to the remotest part of

heaviness, shone a glimmer of determination.

"No, miss; I understand. I'll do it for the sake of Master Harry! Good-by!" And with a parting glance of farewell toward the village, Susie lowered her head and walked on.

Marie Verner watched her until the carefully disguised figure passed out of sight, then she stealthily made her way back to the Court, and going up to her own room, quickly changed her frock for her dressing-gown, and threw herself into a chair.

Half an hour passed, and then she heard Lucille's bell.

Rising, and bathing her face, she went to Lucille's door and opened it.

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