



A Great Intrigue,

—OR, THE—
Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XV.

"Of Susie!" exclaimed Marie Verner, with admirably feigned bewilderment.

"Yes, of Susie!" said Lucille. "She is a good girl, an innocent, good-principled girl, but let her be as good as she may, have you any right to allow her the possession of so important a secret?"

"My dear Lucille, I am so sorry! But I am sure she will not repeat it. She is such a good girl, now isn't she?"

"Good; yes, but simple!" said Lucille. "It is just the romantic kind of subject which she would talk about; she might mention it to her father; in the servants' hall—"

"Yes, yes, to her sweetheart!" murmured Marie Verner, remorsefully. "I see; you are quite right, dear! I am a simpleton, as usual!"

At this moment Susie returned to the room.

"Do you want me any more, miss?" she asked, standing before Lucille with crossed hands and downcast eyes. Marie Verner's speech about Harry Herne was still in her mind, and made her shy and uncomfortable.

"No, thank you, Susie," said Lucille, and Susie turned to leave the room.

"Stop a moment," said Marie Verner, and Susie stopped and moved round toward her.

"Susie, you are a good girl, I know," said Marie Verner.

"Marie!" uttered Lucille, warningly.

"I am only going to speak a word to her, dear Susie, you never repeat what you hear at the Court, in your mistress's room, do you?"

"Oh, no, miss, certainly not!" replied Susie, shocked at the idea.

"That's right!" exclaimed Marie, with a triumphant glance at Lucille. "You make that a rule, of course? But, Susie, I want you to be particular not to mention what I have said to-night about Lord Merle's plate-closet and the word that unlocks it. You won't tell any of the young men—you needn't blush, Susie! and especially you won't tell Harry Herne!"

Susie blushed worse than ever.

"Oh, no, miss!" she stammered; "I shouldn't think of mentioning anything I'd heard you or Miss Darracourt say."

"That's a good girl!" exclaimed Marie Verner. "Good-night!" and Susie made her escape.

"It's all right, dear!" said Marie Verner, lightly, as she rose and twisted the golden locks she had spoken so slightly of into a thick coil. "Susie's a good girl; you may depend upon her! But you were wise in scolding me! I am a giddy, thoughtless girl, and ought not to be in possession of such a valuable secret. But I won't sin in this way again; indeed, I won't go in for secrets of any description, seeing how incapable I am of keeping them; and now I have kept you up! Good-night, dear!"

Lucille stood beside her, her brows drawn straight across her forehead.

"Marie," she said, slowly and gravely, "you mentioned the name of—"

Lucille grew pale and stern.

"Marie, you have made a mistake," she said, haughtily; "Harry Herne thinks no more of Susie than he does of—of any one else."

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION No. 1 CURES DISCHARGE, BURNING, ITCHING, INFLAMMATION, THERAPION No. 2 CURES GONORRHOEA, URETHRITIS, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, ACUTE AND CHRONIC, PAIN IN THE BACK, HEADACHE, MIGRAINE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT. THERAPION No. 3 CURES GONORRHOEA, URETHRITIS, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, ACUTE AND CHRONIC, PAIN IN THE BACK, HEADACHE, MIGRAINE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT. THERAPION No. 4 CURES GONORRHOEA, URETHRITIS, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, ACUTE AND CHRONIC, PAIN IN THE BACK, HEADACHE, MIGRAINE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

during which Marie Verner appeared lost in contemplation of her own reflection in the glass—"of Harry Herne. What reason had you to connect him with Susie?"

Marie Verner did not turn her eyes; there was no occasion to do so, as she could see Lucille's face in the glass.

"Did I, dear? Well, it was only to make myself pleasant to Susie, who is a good girl, and always ready to do anything for me. It is a well-known fact that she and Harry Herne are very good friends, as they call it."

Lucille's breath came thick and fast.

"That is nonsense! It is a libel!" she said, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Really?" responded Marie Verner, lightly. "I dare say; but it's the general opinion that Susie and he are going to make a match of it. Didn't you notice how Susie colored to-night when I mentioned his name?"

"No? Well, I'm sorry that I put it into Susie's head, dear. I only repeated what I had heard. I hear more than you do, of course. I am almost one of themselves, and things reach my ears which your imperial ones are too high for. Never mind—it doesn't matter. But it would be a good match, wouldn't it? Oh, dear, how tired I am! Good-night, dear!" and she threw her arms about Lucille's neck and kissed her—just as Judas, if he had been a woman, might have kissed—and then she went back to her own room, and threw herself on a couch and laughed—a laugh of malicious enjoyment and exultation.

The mine was prepared and the train had been laid. It only required the match to fire it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Harry Herne went home to his hut, the happiest and the most wretched of men! At one moment the conviction that Lucille loved him filled him with an exultation that was ecstatic, the next, the thought of what he had done filled him with an agony of remorse!

He, Harry Herne, upon whose life rested a shadow which even time could not lessen; he, her servant, had dared to love her, and to tell her of his love!

What right had he to commit such an act of madness? He could not help loving her any more than the flowers can help worshipping the sun or the brook running down to the ocean; but to tell her! and to force her to admit that she returned his love! It was worse than mad, it was criminal!

"There is only one course open to me," he muttered, as he paced up and down the small room; "if there is one spark of honor left alight in me, I must go. Oh, my goddess! my beautiful angel! Could I drag you down to my level? Could I let you be the wife of Harry Herne—become the target at which the world would point the finger of scorn, whispering, 'That is the lady who married her groom—her servant—a young man who is not even respectable?' For that is what they would say. No! I must go. It will break my heart; it will crush all the youth and hope out of me; it will make me an outcast, without an aim or an object in life; but I must go! If she were the daughter of one of her laborers, instead of being the Lady of Darracourt, I should not be worthy of her. I to think of love, I who am set apart from the rest of my fellows! Oh, shame, shame upon me! And, yet, I could not help it; it was too much for man to endure—the sight of her loveliness, her beauty, which carried me beyond the power of restraint. I forgot everything, and now I must pay the penalty. And she? Ah, she will soon forget me! What am I, that Lucille should remember me? There are other men more worthy of her than I am, and one will come who will teach her to forget. Yes, I must go!"

In the ardor of his resolve he actually began to pack up a few of his most precious books; then he paused and sighed. How could he leave her so suddenly, without a word of farewell? Besides, during the last few weeks he had interested himself about the farms and stables, had become almost a steward in some respects; he could not leave it all in confusion at a moment's notice! One or two days would be required to set matters

Stomach Always Balked, Had Constant Indigestion.

Smell of Cooking Made Him Sick—Bilious Two Days a Week.

Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Mr. Clemmons' experience is not unusual. Nowadays poor stomachs are more the rule than the exception. But the proper treatment is sure to make a quick cure. You can always depend on Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they reach the trouble at once, go right to business, work while you sleep and have you feeling better if not cured next morning.

"My food seemed to decompose in my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clemmons, of Newbridge P. O. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow, nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would do great stunts. At times I would vomit a mucous mass, and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend who had been cured of a similar condition, advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result in my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strengthened the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were released of excessive work. Health soon grew within me. I can now eat, sleep and live like a live man."

Be advised—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they are sure to do you good. 25c. per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers or by mail from The Catarrozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

straight, to see to the horses he had bought, and other similar duties. He would leave everything in order, just as if nothing had happened and his departure were the result of a mere whim.

Having so resolved, he did pack up some books and a few articles of clothing; then took his gun and wandered out into the woods to recall every word she had said to him, to go over every slight gesture she had made, to dwell upon the vision of her face, and indulge in the sunshine of happiness and misery which his love had brought him.

As he was striding along, communing with the bitterness of his sorrow, he saw a dog run across the path in chase of a hare. He knew every dog in the place, and recognized this one instantly; it was a lurcher belonging to the most notorious poacher in Darracourt, and clever even for a lurcher. Harry had often warned its master that the animal would be shot if it were found hunting in the preserves, and he raised his gun to cover it, but the dog was too quick for him, and got out of sight in the undergrowth. To hunt something, if it were only a dog, would afford him some relief, and mechanically he set off after it. By a knack which only your born woodsman can acquire he managed to deaden his own footsteps while he listened to the dog's. The animal had evidently dropped the hare, and was making for the ring fence, no doubt to rejoin his expectant master. If Harry Herne could catch both the human and the canine poacher, it would afford him, even in his miserable condition of mind, some little satisfaction; so he set to work to track the animal down. The lurcher, evidently possessed by the idea that Harry had given up the pursuit, was trotting comfortably along, pausing

now and then to investigate a rabbit burrow, and Harry steadfastly followed him. The dog ran through the fence that divided the Hall grounds from the Darracourt, and Harry, unthinkingly, and quite absorbed in the chase, climbed the fence and followed him. Almost without knowing it, he crossed the Hall lawn, and found himself standing beside the orchid house. He came to himself with a start, and pulled up, and the dog, as if he had seized the opportunity, slid out of sight.

Harry stopped and wiped the perspiration from his face, and leaning against the conservatory, waited to see if his prey would come in sight again. As he did so, he looked through the glass, absently. The door of the plate-room was open, and the silver tankards and salvers upon the sideboard glistened in the early moonlight.

"If Jim is anywhere about, it is something more substantial than a hare he is after," he mused. "Why should a rich man set such a temptation before the eyes of his poorer brethren?" he thought, bitterly. "Some poor fellow may chance to see all the silver, and drop, in an instant, from an honest man to a thief, and then, away with him to penal servitude!"

He turned to go, when some one put a hand upon his shoulder. Harry stopped and looked back. It was the marquis' butler, Mr. Forbes.

"Oh, it is you, Master Harry!" he said, letting his hand drop from Harry's shoulder. "I declare I didn't know you in the darkness! Thought it was some loafer sniffing at the plate! Beg your pardon! Fine night, isn't it, after the rain?"

"Yes, it is!" said Harry, gravely. "I came here after that lurcher of Jim Walte's; he was in the woods and crossed the lawn. I expect you will find him about the pantry!"

"Did he, now?" said Mr. Forbes. "A lurcher, eh? Funny I didn't see him, for I was walking round enjoying the evening air."

"He came this way," said Harry, wearily. "I lost him hereabouts. Good-night, Forbes."

"Good-night, Master Harry. Won't you step in and have a glass of wine?" Harry shook his head.

"No, thanks, Forbes. Oh, by the way, don't you think it is rather unwise to keep that plate there?"

Mr. Forbes nodded once or twice gravely.

"Well, you're quite right, Master Harry," he assented; "it oughtn't to be kept there! It ought to be with the rest in the safe. But the marquis likes it out, and there is an end of it. I have mentioned it once or twice. I must admit; but you know the marquis! He's like a woman in one respect—if he says he will, he will, you may depend on 't, and if he won't he won't, and there's an end of it."

"Yes, I know him," said Harry. "Well, I hope you will not lose it, Forbes. Good-night!" and he strode off.

All that night he lay tossing to and fro restlessly, and with the dawn was up and about the stables. The men remarked his pale face and weary, listless manner, so entirely different to his usual blithe, light-heartedness, but no one said a word to him, though the head groom observed to the second in command that Master Harry seemed to be in a hurry to settle everything, as if he were going to leave all of a sudden.

(To be Continued.)

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.

1007.—A VERY ATTRACTIVE AND PRETTY STYLE.



Costume for Misses and Small Women, consisting of a Surplice Waist with or Without Tunic, and a Two Piece Skirt. The Waist with Short or Wrist-length Sleeve.

Figured crepe in a new shade of green is here depicted with frillings of old gold messaline on the edges of cuffs and collar. The waist is made with a chemisette at the low neck outline. The surplice closing is becoming and youthful. The tunic shows graceful plaits in panel style. The short sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17, and 18 years. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 17 year size.

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

1007-9920.—A COMFORTABLE SUIT FOR FALL MATERIALS.



This combination portrays Ladies' Cape Coat Pattern 1007, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9920. As here shown woolen mixture in brown tones was used, with trimming of tan serge and brown velvet on the cape coat. The designs are good for broad cloth, velvet, corduroy, taffeta, castanets, or crepe. The cape is cut with raglan sleeve portions. It is stylish and shows the latest features of fashionable wraps. The Cape Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3-3 yards of 54 inch material for a Medium size. The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, and requires 4-1/2 yards of 24 inch material for a 24 inch size.

The Skirt measures 1 1/4 yard at its lower edge.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

Address in full:—
Name:—
No.:—
Street:—
City:—
State:—
Country:—

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustrations and send with the coupon carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note or stamps. Address: Telegram Fashion Department.

Autumn and Winter STYLES.

FIRST SHOW at
HENRY BLAIR'S.

LADIES' NEW AUTUMN and WINTER COATS.
MAIDS' NEW WINTER COATS.
MISSES' NEW WINTER COATS.
LADIES' SHOWERPROOF COATS.
Latest styles, from \$3.00 up.
LADIES' COSTUMES, MAIDS' COSTUMES.
LADIES' FELT HATS, latest shapes, in Black and new colorings.
NEW WINGS and FEATHERS.
CHILDREN'S PELISSES and TUNICS.
25 doz. LADIES' IVORY WHITE NEWEST STYLES LACE COLLARS, cannot be repeated, from 15c. to 50c. each.
FAMED FOR GOOD VALUE IN LADIES' COATS and SHOWERPROOFS.

HENRY BLAIR

The Elite Tonsorial Parlour,

Prescott Street, near Rawlins' Cross,
F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

Has just installed the very latest appliance in Electric Massage Machine for face and hair. Also we carry a full line of Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos, etc.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL 11 P.M.

OUR CLOTHES

represent a conscientious effort on our part, to give you maximum value for your money.

EACH SEASON we carefully choose the best quality-fabric in the most attractive patterns and colors and manufacture into Suits, combining the latest Fashion and Fit. Ask your dealer for our popular Brands, AMERICUS, TRUEFIT FITREX, JRM, STIL-ENFIT, PROGRESS.

Made only by
Newfoundland Clothing Co., Limited.

GIANT JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR

THE WONDER OF ALL SHAVERS.
50 cents with 4 Blades.

Extra Blades 3 for 10c.

This Razor does perfect work, is a marvel of cheapness combined with quality, and has an immense sale throughout the United States.

Special terms wholesale. Outport orders mailed—cash only.

CHESLEY WOODS,

Sole Agent for Newfoundland.
Office and Sample Rooms: 140 WATER STREET.

Advertise in the Telegram.

Luzell's MASSATA

A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to the "Luzell's" we carry a complete line of Luzell's Famous Solutions, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, soap Creams, and Powders of unsurpassable excellence.

At all Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY.

(Published Annually)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS

In each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply;

STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate Sailing;

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc. in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for \$5.

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their Trade Cards for \$5 or large advertisements from \$15.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO., LTD., 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.