ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

A Great Intrigue,

—OR, THE—

Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XIV.

Five minutes after Lucille and Harry Herne had ridden away from the glade, and when the sound of the horses' steps had died out on the grass, a tall figure rose from the bracken. It was that most honorable nobleman, the Marquis of Merle!

For a moment or two he stood looking in the direction they had taken, his face white to the lips, his eyes gleaming rage and malice; then he sat down, and clasping his hot, burning forehead in his hands, murmured, "Let me think! Let me think!"

Now, chance, which is dreadfully impartial, and, like the sun, favors the just and the unjust, had befriended the marquis that morning. He had not followed Lucille and Harry Herne but he had happened to be walking in the glade, and, on their approach, had, in the most gentle manner, slipped down amid the high ferns, close to the spot where they stood, and—listened!

He had heard every word, and every word had added fuel to the fire of hate which burned in his heart against Harry Herne.

Once or twice, as Harry's impassionate language had fallen upon his ear, his rage had been so great that he had hard work to keep himself from springing out upon him; and when Lucille had murmured, "Harry, Harry!" the marquis had been forced to clutch the grass, and gnash his teeth, to keep himself quiet.

What he had feared had come, and quickly. Harry Herne not only loved Lucille, the Lady of Darracourt, but she returned his love, and in the teeth of all that he had said of the barrier between them, would marry him if he asked her.

Ruin—black and utter ruin—stared the marquis in the face as he sat in the twilight and thought of his position. The six months Mr. Slake had given him would rapidly draw to an end; creditors innumerable would join that wily gentleman in swooping down upon him. The Hall would be sold over his head, and he would be cast upon the world penniless, dishonored, and a beggar.

After a time the marquis grew cooler, and his brain settled down to business. By fair means or foul means, Harry Herne and Lucille must be separated, and at once.

That Harry Herne would go of his own accord, as he had said he would, the marquis, who judged other men by himself, never for a moment believed. He must be made to go! Some plan must be divised to carry him out of Darracourt, out of the county, out of England; if it could be out of life as well, so much the better.

He sat until the shadows grew thickly among the trees, then got up, and, smoothing the lines out of his face, went down the hill toward the Court. He had an accomplice whose brain was more acute and subtle than his own, and he must see her at once!

Chance was evidently on his side for that day at least, for, as he walked by a path which led through the Court grounds to those of the Hall, he caught sight of a woman's dress through the trees, and saw that it was Marie Verner.

He approached her and raised his hat as if about to pass by, but said, in an undertone:

"If you are alone, join me at the end of the path."

She inclined her head, and in a few minutes she came up to him where he sat waiting for her.

"It is fortunate I have met you," he said, quickly. "I have something to tell you, something of importance—why do you smile?" he broke off with a sudden gleam of cold displeasure.

Marie Verner looked at him and shrugged her shoulders.

"No matter; pray go on. What is this that has happened?"

He scowled, but he sank down on the seat beside her, and told her as much as he could bring himself to tell.

"He said—the hound!—that he would go; but that was only to lead her on—I know the fellow! He will hold her fast and secure; he will marry her and become master of Darracourt if something is not done, and at once!"

Marie Verner was slent for a moment, her head drooping thoughtfully, her keen, sharp, gray eyes hidden under their white lids; then she said, slowly:

"Yes. I am not taken by surprise, my lord. I have my little plan ready cut and dried. It is rather a desperate one, and there are risks——"

"They will not alarm me!" he said, eagerly. "I am prepared for any course, to run any risk to get rid of him."

"First, will you keep your promise and tell me the mysterious word which your key must spell before one can open your secret plate closet?"

The request was put in a most matter of fact tone and manner, and the mraquis turned and shot a suspicious glance at her.

She met it with a scornful smile first, then laughed.

"How alarmed you look! You must be—pardon me—very dull yourself, my lord, or must think me so! So you imagine that I expect you to tell me the true word. I do not expect anything so unnatural. Pray don't hesitate! Tell me the lie you were going to!"

He flushed and looked angrily at her.

"What has this child's play to do with this—this matter?" he demanded, impatiently.

"Everything, as you will see, presently!" she retorted, coolly. "Now, my lord, the word! Any word **but the right one** will do!"

"I cannot see—well, say 'Safety' then!"

"If that is not the right word, it will do very well!" she said. "And now, if you are asked, you can state that you told me the word——"

"I can do so truthfully," he said, impatiently. "I can make it any word on the key by forming the letters into the word I choose when I lock the safe. The word that locks it, opens it."

"I understand," she assented. "Then 'Safety!' is the word. You will remember that you told me so, this evening, just before dinner time, when you met me as I was strolling through the grounds!"

"Yes, yes! And what then?"

"Listen!" she said, and she lowered her voice.

He drew nearer, his eyes fixed on the ground, and she whispered some few words.

The effect upon him was startling; he raised his eyes with a sudden gleam in them that was like the hungry glare in the eyes of a wolf who draws near its prey, and he half rose from the seat.

"It is admirable," he said—"admirable, and it must not, it cannot, fail to succeed! Ah! only a woman could have concocted such a plot with all its details, and of all women only one—you! By Heaven, I have no words to express my admiration!" and he wiped his brow.

"I am glad you approve if it; as for me, I must confess that I am rather proud of it. I don't think your young friend will be able to stand against it, and if he should——"

"He cannot!" he broke in. "It is complete in every detail; but the time?"

"That we must leave to circumstances," said Marie Verner. "By the way, I must have some means of communicating with you, my lord. It was important that we should see each other to-night, and yet, if accident had not favored us——"

"You are right, as usual." He thought a moment. "Put any letter you have for me in the hollow of that tree," and he pointed to one, "and if you wish me quickly, place a vase of flowers in your window; I can see it from just inside the lodge gates."

"Very well," she said. "And now I must go. Remember, my lord, that this evening you told me the word which would open your plate closet!" and, with a significant smile, she left him in a very different mood to that in which she had found him. Exultation, a serenity that was almost fiendish, sat upon his white face as he turned toward the Hall.

CHAPTER XV.

In love! Only two words, and yet what a world of meaning in them! The words rang in Lucille's ears, knocked at the door of her heart, as, having shut herself in her room, she threw herself face downward on the bed, and gave herself up to the traversing of every word, and look, and incident of the last few hours.

The heart which the world of Darracourt had stigmatized as cold and immovable had melted and throbbed with love at last.

With flushed cheeks and trembling lips she recalled the handsome face, the musical voice, of this strange love of hers; this man with the features of a Saxon prince, the look and bearing of a patrician, but who was only her servant, and, worse still, who confessed to a stain upon his life which rendered him unworthy of her.

She did not think of this at first. Woman-like—girl-like—all she could think of for some time was the love which this strange man cherished for her. What gentle, passionate looks had beamed from his eyes! How his voice had thrilled when he spoke her name; with what manly dignity and sorrow he had told his story—hers and his—and with that despair he had told her that a gulf yawned between them, and had declared that rather than drag her down to his depths he would never see her face again, the face he loved so well.

All this is what a woman thinks of; and Lucille—in whose nature passion had lain dormant up to now, to rise with the all-masterful intensity of sudden, upspringing fire—Lucille could only think of him. He loved her! She would not doubt it. Every look, every gesture, every touch of his hand had cried it aloud. Every touch of his hands—they seemed to touch her now. She could feel his fingers clinging lovingly, imploringly, to her arm—her habit.

And she! Oh, it was not needful to ask the question. She knew that she loved him; and not to-day for the first time. She tried to discover when first her heart had been drawn toward him. Could it be possible that love had been borne within her the first time she saw him, looking down upon him as he lay beneath the tower on the terrace? Had it sprung up when she found that he had treasured the glove she had worn, the leaf she had carried? When had this sweet, delicious passion crept into her heart, and from there made its way into all her veins, and taken absolute possession of her?

Yes, she loved him! She had been fast clasped in his embrace, his lips had touched hers—hers which never until now had felt the touch of a man's kiss.

A sweet, delicious shame took hold of her as she recalled that embrace—she could feel his lips still clinging to hers; and, blushing and trembling, she hid her face on the bed and whispered:

"Oh, Harry! Harry!—I love you. Yes, I love you!"

Then, and not till then, came the remembrance of the words he had uttered, the awful assertion that between them reared a barrier which no time or endeavor on his part could overthrow. A gulf, he had said!

What had he meant? Could it be that he was thinking of their different positions—she the Lady of Darracourt, mistress of the Court, and almost unlimited wealth—and he a son of the soil? No! He would not have let that alone separate them. He was too full of spirit to permit that to come between them. He had spoken of a shadow, a stain on his life. What had he meant her to understand? Had he committed some crime? She immediately laughed the suggestion to scorn. Harry—the man she loved, the man whose innate nobility was patent to all—commit a mean, vulgar crime! That was more than impossible—it was ridiculous! Perhaps his parents—his father, his mother—had sinned against the laws of the land. Well, it might be so; but should that separate them?

(To be continued.)

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Aug. 31st, 1914.

A
Adams, James, Pennywell Road
Adams, Joseph, Pennywell Road
Adams, Jas. P.
Appleby, Fred A.
Anderson, R.
Anderson, Miss R., P. O. Box 476
Aylward, Hanna, Rennie's Mill Rd.
Adams, George, card, Queen's Rd.
Auckinleck, Jas., Pennywell Road
Adey, Miss Cora J.
Allen, Mr., King's Road
Alcock, Gladys, Springdale St.
Abbott, Amelia, Bond Street

B
Bragg, Miss Annie, Gower Street
Barrett, Cyrus, George's Street
Barrett, Harvey, George St.
Bartlett, Malcolm, Gower Street
Bryant, Wm., St. John's
Barry, P. J.
Barnes, Miss Ada, Allandale Rd.
Bell, Jas., Nagle's Hill
Benoit, Elliott, care Gen'l Delivery
Berry, Miss Edith, Hotel Royal
Berkley, Mondon, Field St.
Brien, Miss Annie, Duckworth St.
Boone, Andrew, cards, P. O. Box 59
Buchanan, Mrs. Richard
Baxton. G. A. J.
Brushett, Hiss Minnie, New Gower St.
Butts, Miss M., card
Butts, Madge
Butcher, Miss, Gower St.
Burry, Miss Maud, Freshwater Raod
Butler, Philip C., Duckworth St.
Berry, Patrick.

C
Carter, Ralph H., card, late Truro
Chafe, Beatrice, Queen Street
Canning, Wm.
Clark. J., card
Clancey, Mrs. M. A., Hayward's Ave.
Chisholm, Alexander, New Gower St.
Corgett, Mrs., Allandale Road
Cook, Mrs. Piercey, Maxse St.
Colgrove, Richard
Cooney, Mrs., Field St.
Colridge, Archibald, Bannerman St.
Candow, David, slip, New Gower St.
Corbett, Miss Alice
Cole, Miss S., card. Pennywell Road
Cowey, Mrs. James, Bond Street
Connors, Martin
Cowan, Walter, late Toronto

D
Dawe, Roland, care of R. N. Co.
Day, Master Wm., St. John's West
Dawe, Miss Emily, Gower Street
Daniels, Peter, card, Water St. West
Davis, Miss Lizzie M., Monkstown Road
Derrick, Harry. card, New Gower St.
Dwyer, Miss Mabel, Pennywell Rd.
Driscoll, T., Cornwall Avenue
Driscoll, Mrs. Herbert, Cornwall Ave
Dicks, Mrs. Minnie, New Gower St.
Donovan, Mrs. Jas., Pilot's Hill
Donnelly, James, Hospital
Doran, John W., care P. Office
Dunne, Emily, Gower Street
Duffett, Thomas
Duke, Miss Annie, Alexander St.
Dahall, Mrs. B., Hamilton St.

E
Ellis, J. Ernest, care Gen'l Delivery

F
Fewer, Peter, care of G. P. O.
Flemming, Mrs. Thomas, card, Hayward's Avenue
Fitzgerald, Wm., Carter's Hill
Field, Wm. F.
Field, Miss Flossie
Fox, Frs. Fred, Mullock St.
Flood, Mrs.
Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Quidi Vidi
Frost, Sydney, card
Fowler, Capt.
Furlong, Miss Rose. Freshwater Rd.
Fitzgerald, card, Cochrane St.

G
Griley, Wm.
Griffiths, Miss Amey, New Gower St.
Greening, Miss Muriel, Box 75
Gillis, Joseph R., care G. Delivery
Goss, Miss Lizzies, Waterford Hotel
Grouchy, Horatio, care R. N. Co.
Groves, John
Goodwin, Miss Amelia, care Hon. J. Baird, Church Hill
Guest, W. T.

H
Hartigan, B. A.
Harris, Miss Lizzie, retd.
Hansford, Geo., Pilot's Hill
Hennebury, Wm., Freshwater Road
Hennessey, John, Angel Place
Healey, George J., Water St. West
Hickey, Wm. J.
Hippselly, Mrs., Cabot St.
Holmes, A. H., Pleasant St.
Hollahan, Jos., care Ed. Hollahan, care General Delivery
Hopkins. Carrie, Musgrave Terrace
Howard, Daniel
Hobbs, Wm., care Gen'l Delivery
House, Mr., Military Road
Holmes, Miss Susie, Waterford Bridge
Hunt, Bennett
Hubley, R. A.

J
Janes, Wm. P., care G. S. Campbell
Johnson, Miss Lilian, card
Johnston, J. H.
Johnstone, J. R., care Gen'l P. Office
Johnson, Miss Bessie M.
Jones, Ambrose, Quidi Vidi Road
Jeanes. Fannie, Circular Road
Johnson, Mrs. H. M.
Johnson, Mrs. Sarah

K
Kelly, Wm. M.
Keneally, Miss Bride
Kearsey, Wm., Pennywell Road
Kelley, Patrick, Hutchings' Street
Kearsey, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
King, John

L
Lawlor, Mrs. Walter, Pleasant St.
LeRue, Walter E.
Lewis, Mr., care Gen. Post Office
Lewis, Mrs. Kellip, Georgestown
Lee, Miss Susie. Water Street
Leahey, Mrs. Mary, Casey's St.
Lionard, Miss Lillian, Simms' St.
Lynch, Andrew
Lynch, James F.
Little, Miss May
Lyons, Michael, Victoria Street
Lousack, Miss Lizzie care of Wm. Noseworthy
Long, Miss G., Brazil's Square
Lodge, Fred C., care Job's Office
Louis, Willis, care Reid Co.
Longworth, Marian, "Avalon"
Louis, Caleb, Mullock Street
Long, Gertie, Brazil's Square
Long, John, Prescott Street
Long, Mrs. S. A., Gower Street
Learning, Miss Maria, Circular Rd.

M
Mahon, M.
Maynard, F.
Martin, Mrs. Thos., care G. P. O.
Martin, Blanche, care Thos. Martin
Martin, Mrs. Wm.
Martin, Miss Jessie, late Gen'l Hospital
Mahon, Richard
Marshall, Mrs. A. M., care G. P. O.
Meyers, John, Spencer Street
Maynard, D.
Miller, John
Miller, John S.
Moss, Bernard, McDougall Street
Moffett, J. A., care Gen. Delivery
Moulton, Miss M.
Molloy, J. J.
Morgan, M., care G. P. O.
Murphy, Mrs. Anastatia, Hayward Avenue
Murphy, Miss Jane, care Gen. Delivery
Murphy, Peter, Brine Street
Mallard, Mrs. Hugh
Martin, Miss Mary, Duckworth St.
Morris, A., Bond Street

N
Nielson, Miss T., Central St.
Nicholl, Richard
Norris, Charles
Noseworthy, E., Johnson's Lane
Noftall, Mrs. John. Williams' St.
Noseworthy, Miss Bessie, Gower St.
Noel, Mrs. Ellen, Pleasant Street
Norman, J.
Noonan, E., Barnes' Road
Nugent, Miss Nellie, Cabot Street

O
O'Grady, Miss Theresa, Hoylestown
Oldeford, Bert, care Harvey & Co.
O'Neill, Miss Aggie, care Mrs. J. Curtin, St. John's West
Oldford, Miss Hannah, Barnes' Road.
Oldford, Miss Ella. Maxse Street.
O'Neill, George, (card).
O'Neill, James
O'Neill, Edward.
O'Neill, Miss Annie, Central Street.
O'Brien, Miss M., Fairville.
O'Rielly, Michael.
Oliver, T. J.
O'Neil, Miss Margaret, Barnes' Road.
O'Donnell, Mrs. Han.
Osmond, Mrs. A. Gower Street.
O'Connell, Mrs. P. J.

P.
Parrell, Miss Katie.
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., 5——— Street.
Pack, Mrs. Edwin.
Parsons, M., New Gower Street.
Parsons, Eric, Barnes' Road.
Payne, T. V.
Parsons, F., (card), Duckworth St.
Parsons, Miss M., care of G.P.O.
Parsons, D. J.
Penny, Mrs. Thos., Spencer Street.
Pelly, Walter, care of Gen'l Delivery.
Pretty, Miss Jemima, Haryard's Ave.
Penny, B., George's St. East.
Penny, J. J.
Penney, Miss Grace, Gower Street.
Pretty, Joseph, (Reid's Station).
Penney, Miss E. L., Gower Street.
Penney, Miss E., Hoylestown.
Penney, B., George's Street.
Pike, Mrs. Wm., Allandale Road.
Powers, Miss Vioet (card) Water St.
Percey, Allan, Notre Dame Street.
Percey, Sam.
Prince, Miss Mina, care Wood and Kelly.
Pittman, Mrs. Ann, Duckworth St.
Pittman, Miss Bessie, LeMarchant Rd.
Penney, Mrs., Spencer Street.

R.
Ryall, James A., care G.P.O.
Ralph, Reuben, Convent Lane.
Ryan, Miss Rose, Bond Street.
Rankin, Mrs. Phoebie, Waterford Bridge Road.
Ryan, Miss, (card), Military Road.
Reeves, P., Duckworth Street.
Reid, Mrs. Wm., Convent Lane.
Reid, Mrs. E., Brine Street.
Reader, Miss Winnie, Rocky Lane.
Reid, Flossie, Circular Road.
Reid, Eleazer.
Reader, Mrs. Arthur, Theatre Hill.
Reid, Mrs. H., (slip), Circular Road
Rideout, Alfred, late s.s. Stella Maris.
Roberts, Geo., Burton's Pond.
Ross, A. M., Gower Street.
Rodgers, Mrs. R., Barter's Hill.
Robert, F. J.
Rolf, John.
Rourke, Jas., care R. N. Co.
Rousell, George.
Rogers, Stephen, Brazil's Sq., and Springdale Street.
Rousell, Edward.
Rose, Miss Bessie, Lime Street.
Russell, George.
Ratner, Mrs. Barbara.

S.
Sharpe, Miss Alice.
Sparks, David, Barnes' Road.
Stafford, Miss, Maxse Street.
Swann, Wm.
Saunders, E. W., Hayward's Avenue.
Spracklin, G. G.
Stalling, E. L.
Samuelson, F., Freshwater Road.
Seymour, Miss (card), Duckworth St.
Sheehan, Miss Annie.
Sheppard, Ernest, Water Street.
Sheppard, R. W.
Spencer, J.
Smith, Sarah A.
Stickling, Wm.
Stickling, Benjamin.
Skiffington, E. D.
Smith, J., care G.P.O.
Smith, James B.
Snow, Gertie, care James Wiseman, Collins' Lane.
Snow, Patrick.
Stoyles, Gorton, Quidi Vidi Road.
Strong, Miss E., (card), Carleton St.
Snow, C., E., (retd.)
Scott, John, (Exchange Building.)
Slocum, Mrs. Wm.
Short, Miss L.
Sorries, Miss G., care I. Jeans, Cochrane Street.
Snow, Eleazor, George's Street.
Strong, E. A.

T.
Timmins, David (cards).
Taylor, Benjamin, Springdale Street.
Telfer, J. A.
Trainor, Edward, Hamilton Street.
Thistle, Mrs. A.
Tilley, Miss Bella, Spencer Street.
Thompson, L. M., s.s. 'Glencoe.'
Thompson, Wm.
Tobin, P. F.
Thomas, Moses.
Thomas, Geo., Freshwater Road.
Thomson, C. K.
Thomas, Walter, Adelaide Street.
Tuma, S. E.

V.
Vavasour, S., Parade Street.
Vickers, Miss Nora, Plymouth Road.
Vickers, Miss Lucy.

W.
Waterman, Mrs. J. C., Monkstown Rd.
Walsh, C. N., Crosbie Hotel.
Wallis, A. L., Gower Street.
Walsh, Miss Emma.
Walsh, Gertie, Prescott Street.
Watson, James H., (late Halifax.)
Wackham, Mrs. Thomas, Flower Hill.
Wadden, Jos., (card), Theatre Hill.
Wall, Miss M., Convent Square.
Wall, Miss M., Circular Road.
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road.
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road.
Warren, K.
Walsh, James P.
Watson, Miss Effie, (card.)
Weir, E. T., Newtown Road.
Walker, Mrs. Jessie, Middle Road.
West, St. Clair, care Post Office.
Wheeler, Miss Barbara.
West, E.
West, Mrs., Convent Lane.
Williams, Miss Barbara, late Greenspond.
Wickford, Miss Mary, Young Street.
Wills, James.
White, Bell, Bond Street.
Williams, John, Pennywell Road.
White, John, care Capt. Wm. Davis, Freshwater Road.
White, Miss Fannie, Gower Street.
Winsor, Miss Mary Jane (card), Chahrlton Street.
Williams, Allan.
Winsor, Susan (card), Williams St.
Winner, Jack.
White, Wm.
Winsborrow, Miss Bessie, William St.
Woodford, Mrs. Mary, Young Street.
Wolf, J., Forest Road.
Wood, Mrs. Wm. M., King's St.
Waterman, Mrs. J. S., Monkstown Rd.

Y.
Young, John G., Duckworth Street.
Youden, Thomas Mrs., Sebastine St.
Young, Lizzie, (card).
Yetman, Mrs. John, Quidi Vidi Road.
Young, Elsie, Jobs Street.
Youden, Thomas, Casey St.

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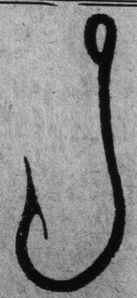

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