

# A Great Intrigue,

## Mistress of Darracourt.

### CHAPTER XXI.

She covered her face, and he saw that her fingers shook as if with pain.

"Remember, I can track him down at any time."

"I know! I know!" she moaned.

"That I can send him, a convicted felon, to penal servitude—"

She put out her hand to silence him.

"That if I spare him it is for your sake, and yours alone. And if I do so, you will not refuse me my reward?"

"Spare him, only spare him!" she wailed, "and I will do anything—anything."

He seized her hand and raised it to his lips.

"His fate rests with you," he murmured. "It rests with you whether he goes scot-free or is brought to justice."

Then, as she staggered and fell back against the window, not fainting, but worn out mentally and bodily, he left her and went out.

Marie Verner was waiting for him on the terrace, and looked up with a sneering smile at his white face.

"Go in to her," he said; "I have nearly won!"

### CHAPTER XXII.

Nature is patient and long-suffering, but if you lay too heavy a burden upon her she will rebel, and exact her penalty. The strain Lucille had undergone was more than Nature could endure, and she rebelled.

Marie found Lucille prostrate on the thick Turkey carpet, and she and Mrs. Dalton carried her to her room, and sent for a doctor. The great house was hushed; a sense of mystery and trouble hung over it like a pall. All throughout Darracourt it was felt that "something" had happened, but no one knew exactly what the something was. That Harry Herne had gone, Susie disappeared, was known, and it was rumored that a robbery had taken place at the Hall.

The doctor, an old man who had brought two generations of Darracourts into the world, and seen a great portion of one out of it, was puzzled. He got a great man down from London, and the great man stood beside the bed and looked at the beautiful girl, the heiress of so much wealth, with a grave face and tightly pursed lips. But it did not seem that he could do anything beyond

look at her and wipe his eyes. He said that Dr. Grant was doing all that could be done, that he thoroughly approved of his treatment, and then, still wiping his eyes, went back to town. But as he entered his carriage he did add a word to the old doctor's ears.

"The fever is bad," he said, "but it will be worse for her when she comes out of it, as no doubt she will under your admirably careful treatment. She will be completely prostrated. I don't like the look of her eyes; you will have to rouse her, doctor—take her away somewhere. There must have been some severe shock to cause this brain trouble. Watch her well when the fever leaves her."

"There was some trouble, Sir John," said Dr. Grant.

"Just so, just so. The trouble, whatever it was, is dulled now, but it will return when the system gets stronger and more able to realize it; and then your difficulties will commence. Ah, my dear doctor, if you and I could invent some panacea for minds diseased, what fortunes we should make, eh?"

And, nodding and smiling, the great Sir John departed.

The days passed, and in due course the fever subsided, and then Dr. Grant found that Sir John had prophesied truly. Pale and wan, Lucille rose from her bed, and sat like a ghost in the sunshine by the window, and taking as little interest in life as a ghost itself might do. All through her illness Marie and Mrs. Dalton had nursed her with a devotion not to be surpassed. Marie Verner had scarcely left her, but sat beside the bed watching and listening to any word that might come from the parched lips, day and night; but no word came. It seemed as if Lucille had set a lock and key upon her heart and had crushed down everything connected with Harry Herne and the robbery. His name never passed her lips, even when the fever was at its height; but Marie Verner, sitting watching her, knew that the over-turmed mind was but numbed for a time, and that the past would all come back to her.

Day by day Lucille sat beside the window, her thin hands folded in the lap of her dressing gown, her eyes fixed upon the park, listless, almost motionless. They brought her flowers and books, they tried to talk to her, as Sir John had said, but nothing seemed to interest her. To sit silent and thoughtful, watching the sun steal over the hills and sink into the sea, appeared to be all she desired. The doctor hinted at a change of air, and Marie made the suggestion in a light, airy fashion, but Lucille shook her head listlessly.

"I do not care to go away," she said, quietly. "Why should I? I am

**NO ALLUM MAGIC READ LABEL BAKING POWDER**

quite well—only tired, tired!"

One day among the books which lay upon a table beside her, Lucille saw a copy of the Times, which Mrs. Dalton had been reading. She took it up mechanically, and let her eyes rest upon it. Suddenly her face blanched and she let the paper fall. Her glance had rested upon the trial of a man for burglary, and upon the sentence—"Seven years' penal servitude!"

With a low cry she thrust the paper from her with her foot and dropped back among the cushions covering it.

"Come in; of course I may come in!" exclaimed her ladyship, as she entered; then she stopped short, and her voice fell. "Oh, my child, why didn't you let me know? What has been the matter?" and she took her in her arms.

Lucille leaned her head on the old lady's shoulder for a moment, then looked up and smiled.

"Oh, I've been ill; I caught cold, I think—yes, that was it—chill; but I am all right now. I was just going out for the first time. How glad I am you have come back!"

Lady Farnley looked at her anxiously and curiously as she rattled on, and kept patting her thin hand.

"My dear, my dear, you have been very ill."

"Have I? Yes, I suppose I have. But I am quite well now—quite," and she laughed.

Lady Farnley sat down, still eyeing her with tender pity.

"I'm glad I'm back," she muttered; "you want some one to take care of you."

"Oh, everybody has been more than good to me," said Lucille; "but you shall pet and caress me as much as you like, dear Lady Farnley."

"I will," said her ladyship, as if she meant it. And what's all this about Harry Herne, dear? That's another surprise—Harry Herne and Susie?"

"They were alone in the room at this moment, but Marie Verner stood listening outside the door.

Lucille winced, but she turned and looked the old lady steadily in the face.

"Harry Herne and Susie?" she said, lightly. "Oh, he has gone, and so has she. He is gone to—Australia, I think; I forget—I've been very ill, you know; and Susie has gone to London, to 'better herself,' as they call it. How well you look. Will you come for a drive with me? I am longing to get out and about. I mean to be quite gay now that I have recovered—quite gay," and she turned and stretched out her hands with a laugh, her face flushed, her eyes flashing.

riage drove up and her ladyship got out.

"Where is she?" she demanded, the instant she caught sight of Marie. "I've only just got home and heard of her illness. Let me see her. Why didn't some of you write—"

"Miss Darracourt has been very ill, Lady Farnley; any excitement—"

began Marie Verner, in a smooth, sweet voice.

"Pooh! do you think I haven't seen a sick person before, young lady? Tell your mistress I am here," she added, sternly to a footman, and she followed him upstairs.

Lucille was seated before the glass, with Mrs. Dalton and the new maid about her, and she winced as she heard Lady Farnley's voice outside. The moment had come to test her newly-found courage.

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But somehow Lady Farnley did not laugh in harmony.

(To be Continued.)

### Household Notes

Freshen leather by polishing with linseed oil.

If cauliflowers is good, it is heavy and compact in appearance.

A bath sponge should be sunned frequently to keep it sweet.

The finest cider vinegar should be chosen for all sorts of pickles.

Ceilings must be white, as they are to reflect and diffuse the light.

Clean white enamel furniture with turpentine and it will keep the gloss.

Let beds stand in cold water after boiling and they will skin easily.

Rub alcohol stains off wood immediately with a cloth dipped in vaseline.

Borax will take off the leather stains made by shoes on light-colored stockings.

Corduroy suits for the small boys will stand school wear and wear better than anything else.

When packing butter for a picnic, wrap it in a cabbage leaf. This will keep it cool and fresh.

White mosquito netting, several thicknesses bound together, is said to make good wash rags.

A bit of horseradish placed on top of sour pickle will keep mold away from the vinegar.

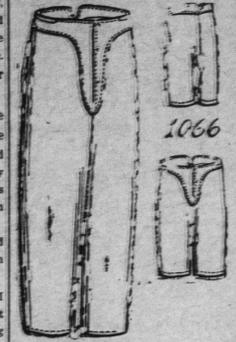
Every good dining table should have an asbestos mat and a silence cloth under its tablecloth.

A beautiful old bit of fillet lace, mounted upon glass and framed, makes a charming picture for a bureau.

## 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.

### 1066—A PRACTICAL DESIGN.



Men's and Boys' Drawers. In Knee or Ankle Length and with Strap or Laced Back Closing. Plain, drill, muslin, tricoot, linen, cambric or flannel may be used for this design. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 22, 24 and 26 years for Boys—and in 7 Sizes for Men—36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for a 36 inch size, and 2 5/8 yards of 27 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

### 1065—A NEW AND PRACTICAL STYLE—LADIES ENVELOPE DRAWERS.



This model is good for lawn, halite, nainsook, dimity, crepe, cross-bar muslin, or silk. The back is cut with an extension at its lower edge that is tapped over the fronts. The drawers are dart fitted. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 2 yards of 36 inch material for a 24 inch size.

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An inspection of the installation is invited.

### The Eastern Trust Company, HERBERT KNIGHT, Manager.

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