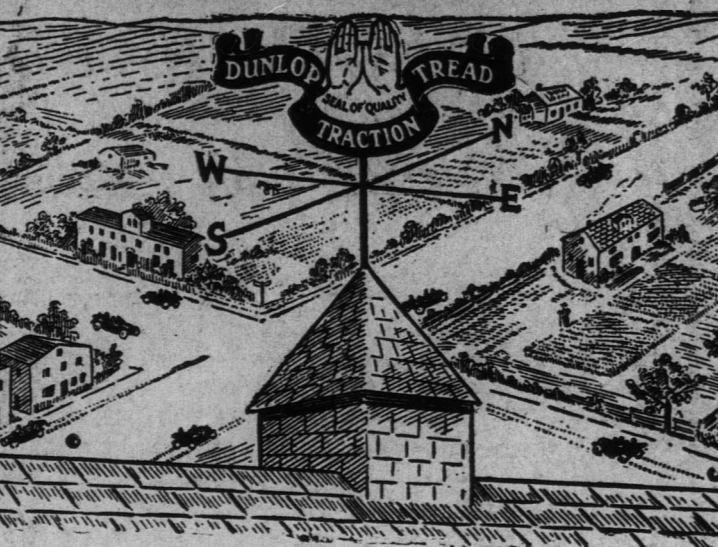


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The "buttoned" tires having failed to deliver, the big corrugation tire is selected. The series of "V's" grip the road like a traction engine, each "V" clearing the road for the next "V" to work upon.

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The "buttoned" tires having failed to prevent punctures, the big corrugation tire is selected. The inch high anti-skid tread keeps nails, etc., away from the "puncturable" tread proper of a tire.

MILEAGE PLUS SAFETY
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T. 97

FRED. V. CHESMAN, St. John's, Agent.

A Great Intrigue, —OR, THE— Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER I.

"That's the Marquis of Merle's place," said Miss Verner, eagerly. "Your nearest neighbor, Lucille! Next to yourself, the most important person in Darracourt. What a beautiful place!"

Lucille Darracourt turned her head and glanced at it with faint interest. "Your nearest neighbor, Lucille. I wonder whether he will be here to welcome you. He is very poor, and ought, therefore, to be very polite." Lucille smiled.

"How do you know all this?" she asked.

Marie Verner tossed her head, and laughed, her keen eyes looking to left and right, and taking in everything, as she answered:

"Mr. Head, the lawyer, told me," she said. "He might have told you, but you were too absent-minded, too absorbed by your new greatness to pay any attention. Details are my forte; I revel in them!"

"I don't think we ought to talk so much," remarked Mrs. Dalton, gravely; "we distract Miss Darracourt from her duties!"

"Duties!" echoed Marie Verner; "what duties? All she has to do is to bow acknowledgments to the homage of her adherents and retainers."

"And the proper demeanor to be observed in acknowledging the respectful greetings of a crowd is no light matter," said Mrs. Dalton, solemnly. "I have heard my father, who was aide-de-camp to the great Duke of

Wellington, declare that the reception of the homage of a crowd required grace and genius combined."

"Then, Lucille has them to perfection!" replied Marie Verner promptly. "An empress couldn't smile and bow more graciously and gracefully! I do wonder whether the marquis will be there to meet us! You don't know I suppose, that Darracourt itself belonged to the late marquis, and that it was only by a fluke that your uncle got it?"

Lucille shook her head.

"I am afraid I know very little about anything!" she said, quietly. "You shall tell me when we get"—she paused a second—"home."

Marie Verner laughed.

"Oh, Mr. Head will be there" she answered; "he'll tell you. He likes to hear himself talk. It's a strange story! Oh, what a crowd! Look, Lucille; what magnificent gates! Behold we are nearing our palace!"

The carriage, with its four grays and postillions, had reached the lodge gates, and passed under the arch. The Darracourt brass band brayed out at its loudest, the people shouted, the men waved their hats, and one or two children, made bold by the beauty of their new mistress, ran up to the carriage and tossed some wild flowers into Lucille's lap.

The gates flew open with a clang, but the carriage still remained standing, and an old man in a smock frock hobbled forward.

"The oldest inhabitant," whispered Marie Verner. "Now, Lucille, present arms and prepare to receive—a speech."

The old man came forward, bare-headed, and peered up at the ladies.

"Which be the young mistress?" he quavered.

Lucille flushed, as she felt every eye upon her.

"I am Miss Darracourt," she said, gently.

The old man touched his forehead. "And I be Siman Taller, miss; the oldest man on the estate. I be come to wish you welcome to the Court, miss. And welcome you be; God bless your pretty face!"

This abrupt conclusion of what was evidently a great speech gone wrong, so exactly hit the sentiment of the crowd that they cheered and cheered, until the terrible arch shook again.

The flush deepened on the face of the beautiful girl; then faded away, and left her rather pale, as she bent forward.

(To be Continued.)

The Earl's Son; —OR— TWO HEARTS UNITED

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As he turned away to hide the tears that did not shame his manhood but proved it, his hand sought Ralph's and held it.

When Ralph and Veronica came back from their honeymoon—they had been married three months after the day of his acquittal—there were, of course, great doings at Lynne Court. It shall be left to the local newspapers to describe those doings, and extremely well the local newspapers accomplished their pleasant task; but it may be added by him who has set down this much of the history of Veronica and Ralph Denby to recount one little scene which occurred on the night—the culminating night of the prolonged festivities.

The people, gentle and simple—and they mixed as one class on this occasion—had gone and Veronica had thrown herself upon the settle before the blazing fire in the hall—it was winter when they returned from their honeymoon—Ada, who was almost a permanent visitor at the Court, was lying on the bear-skin on the hearth. She and Martha had joined in everything that day, and the child, had quite exhausted herself and was fast asleep with her head resting on Ralph.

—Lord Big Man she called him now—and for the first time for several days quiet reigned in the huge house.

Veronica leant forward, her hands clasped round her knees, her eyes gazing dreamily at the huge log whose rays lit up her lovely face with a rosy hue.

"Tired, dearest?" said Ralph, in a low voice so that he should not wake the sleeping Ada.

"No, only a wee bit. I was thinking."

"Of what?" he asked. "Not sad thoughts, Veronica?"

She raised her lovely eyes and look-

ed at him with the look that never failed to thrill him, then her expression grew a little piteous.

"Must I tell you, Ralph?" she pleaded.

"Of course!" he responded, mercifully. "You belong to me, thoughts and all, dearest!"

"Yes," she assented and she stretched out her hand. He took it and kissed it and still held it as she said, slowly, almost reluctantly, and in a low voice that is and always will be the sweetest music he can hear:

"If I must—Ralph, I was thinking that perhaps, after all, I should have liked it better—Ah, no, I won't say it! It seems ungrateful, childish!"

"Speak! I command you!" he murmured, with mock solemnity.

"I was thinking how—how it would have been if—if you—You will laugh at me Ralph! You always do, you know, when I want to be very serious!" she broke off, with the air of a martyr.

He shook his head, but he laughed softly.

But the laugh, instead of discouraging, impelled her.

"If you had remained just 'Ralph Farrington,' if you had gone to Australia, and I had followed you—I should have followed you, Ralph! Nothing, nothing would have prevented me, you know!"

He nodded.

"I can well believe it; there was never half so stubborn a person as Miss Veronica Gresham when she had made up her mind."

"Not always, Ralph!" she murmured, remorsefully. "You forget: I yielded once. I let you go—that day in the arbour."

"The one exception that proves the rule," he said. "But you soon repented, dearest!"

"Yes," she admitted, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I soon repented. I did follow you, Ralph!" piteously.

"But suppose"—she rose and stole to his side and hid her face against his breast—"suppose we had been married—we should have been married, Ralph?"

"Without a doubt, I should say," he returned, with a smile that only showed his love and pride. "You are the sort of young person who will have her way at all costs."

"And we had been very poor, and had had a struggle, you and I, just 'Mr. and Mrs. Farrington,' do you think you would have—have cared more for me? Oh, wait! Sometimes I think Heaven has been too good to me, made it too—too easy for me. I gave up nothing for you—I am back here"—she looked round the hall almost regretfully—"I shall reign—not for a long, long time, I hope!—where once I served. I have gained everything by my love for you; and—sometimes—to-night, for instance, now that they have all gone—I think that I should have liked—that it would have been very precious to have sacrificed something for you, to have worked with you for our daily bread, to have starved for you—ah, Ralph, that would have been sweet to me! But Providence laughed at me and all my dreams of sacrifice and—and self-denial. You have given me so much—everything!—and I, Ralph, have, after all, given you nothing!"

He set the child's head gently down on the soft bear-skin, and rising, took Veronica's hand and led her up to the antique mirror-gleaming in one of the oaken panels.

"Look dearest!" he whispered, and he made her look at the lovely, blushing face reflected there. "That is what you have given me. Do you count it nothing? To me it is the greatest prize, the most precious treasure—"

A step sounded in the hall behind them, and the earl, leaning on his stick, came forward slowly.

"They have all gone? Ralph! Veronica! where are you?"

She turned from Ralph and, putting her arms round the old man's neck, kissed him.

He looked down at her tenderly, fondly, then he said, in the voice that had grown so soft and gentle:

"Tired, my dear? Why—why—you are crying, Ralph—What are you crying for, Veronica?"

She forced a smile as her violet eyes looked from one to the other.

"For sheer happiness," she assented.

THE END.

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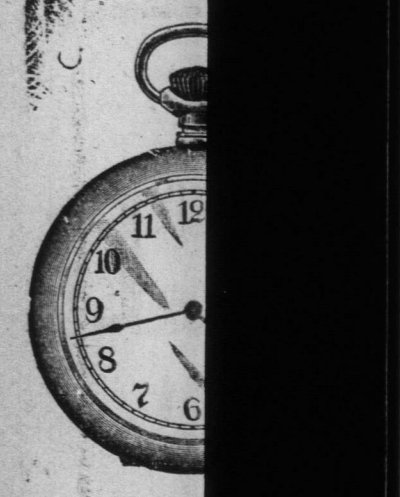
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