

ton: days in. days out, wet or fine, graves must be dug!" "Ah!" said Mr. Sinclair; "but you dig graves 'that's dug already, eh?" and he laughed.

man.

ASTCA

"Dig graves, that are dug already," he repeated. "Yes. Nobody knows what secrets are hidden, what stories are buried, what treasures are con cealed, what sins and shame are put away and covered up, as the hiders think, from all mortal eyes. But I know."

"Yes, young man," resumed Mr Pollard, fixing him with a glassy; colorless eye. "To me the noblest of them all is speckled and flawed by some shame which they think secret. but which 'I know.'

"Ah," said Mr. Sinclair again; "not very pleasant for the 'igh and lofty at him. ones, Mr. Pollard. And all these papers there, littering up that old bookcase of yours, contain those secrets, I suppose."

"Yes, all there-all there!" he murmured. "Lords and ladies, dukes and earls; even the mere barons, their secrets lie there, covered with the dust, as they think them, covered from memory and knowledge. But look, young man"-he stretched down and drew his hand over the top of a roll choly reveries. of parchment-"even as I wipe the

dust from that roll, I could, with a

word, wipe off the dust of ages and

reveal the truth. But, no-they will

die with me, They will die, and be

"Very proper, too," said Mr. Sin-

clair. "And very much more comfort-

able for the 'igh and lofty gentry that

they tell about. Bless me, I ought to

tell you that I've been down in the

"Country!" repeated the old man.

"Ay, the green country. It's years

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair. "Down a

"Darracourt?" repeated the old

man. "Darracourt? - I don't know-

I was there; the Hall, they call it."

This astonishing exclamation was

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

HERAPION

ah. Merle: Merle, vou mean."

buried with me."

country to-day."

Darracourt-"

ber?"

since I was there."

rie Verner, with an arch nod. that was the Marquis of Merle, who He looked at her almost piteously, wanted her most, and who had sworn and the glance was not lost upon Lu- to the Hall.

to marry her within six months, who cille, as he had intended it should not must marry her unless he meant to drift to ruin and disgrace. "I-I-" he stammered, with a the most charming of companions. He She met him nearly everywhere she

splendid affectation of embarrass- talked most to Mrs. Dalton; but he went-at dinners, and afternoon teas ment, "I thought that you would have took care that Lucille should be drawn at musicales and dances, but beyond had a surfeit of visitors this last fortwithin the circle of the conversa shaking hands with her, and once, in night. Miss Darracourt; and, indeed, tion, and gradually the distrust which the evening, perhaps, exchanging a I should not have ventured upon com- she had felt for him began to lessen word or two with her, he did nothing ing this afternoon, but that my garto mark his special attention. But dener requested me-commanded me, the large gates of the park and were when he spoke to her it was in

is the word-to bring you some or- emerging in the road, they saw Harry lowered voice a voice which was childs which he flatters himself are Herne on horseback. unusually saddened and subdued, and unique. he stood and looked at her from a

He had a bunch or rare exotics in distance, with a humble, pleading his hand, and extended them to Lugaze, which, though he concealed it cille with a bow such as a knight of from others, he took care should old might have made when he offered meet her eves whenever she glanced

the prize for which he had risked his life and limbs to the lady of his love. It was flattery of the most artful Lucille took the flowers and exam-in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to Lonand effective kind, and it was backed ined them. up by Marie Verner, who never lost

"They are very beautiful," she said, tains lists of an opportunity of pleading his cause pleasantly. in a light and careless sort of way. "I am glad you admire them," he "I really do pity that unfortunate said: "they are curious." marquis. Lucille." she said, as they "They are delightful!" exclaimed were being driven home from a din ner, during which the marquis had

like them here; have we, Lucille? only said two or three words to her and had appeared as if lost in melan specimens, and you shall see how far you excel us," and she ran from the "Pity him! Why should you pity

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EUROPEAN

The four set out for the short walk

The marquis seemed as if a load had

been lifted from his heart, and became

Suddenly, as they passed through

(To be continued.)

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don and its suburbs the Directory con-

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room as innocently as possible.

The marguis took a chair near the "Well, I cannot help it. The poor man is so palpably and genuinely

"I cannot tell you how gratified miserable. He knows that he has ofam, Miss Darracourt," he said, in fended you, and he thinks you will never take him back into favor. If I "Gratified?" repeated Lucille, raiswere in his place I should take my

ing her brows. forgiveness as a matter of course, and be as bold as the rest, but he holds "That you should receive me," he went on, hurriedly. "I had expected you in too much respect and awe for that. He has simply lost his temthat wou would have declined to se

per, owing to his anxiety on your

"Or his own," said Lucille. "We had this discussion before. Marie. If I have been offended with the marquis I have-forgiven him, and now let it rest. dear."

Marie Verner sank back amongs "There is a place called Merle, and the soft cushions, and laughed care a marquis," said Mr. Sinclair. "Yes. lessly enough, but the next morning the marquis received a short note "The Hall? No, the Court. Fool! unsigned, and contained in three Idiot! Do you think I do not rememwords, "I should call."

> That afternoon the Marquis o Merle was announced.

Marie Verner, who was sitting a the piano, while Lucille was reclining on a couch by the window, not reading, but with a book in her hand, ers, Ask for Mustad's Key Brand as looked up and smiled, as she shrug- exclusively used in Norway. ged her shoulders. -

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