



"NATIONAL HERO SERIES" NO. 6

## William Wallace—Scotland's Great Patriot

FOR nearly seven hundred years the sons and daughters of Scotland have revered the memory of Wallace. It is not too much to say that this will continue for seventy times seven hundred years. When but a youth the love of Personal and National Liberty burned so fiercely in the breast of Wallace that he revolted against England's tyrannous rule. At the head of his gallant band of riders he won skirmish after skirmish, and finally, at the opportune time, quickly organized an army and routed the English at Stirling Bridge. William Wallace admired a good Barley-Malt brew just as do the Scotchmen of to-day. Prohibition has ever been a detestable word to the Scotch people. They will not have it enter into their private lives, and the Scotch vote is always registered by a large majority against such sumptuary legislation. In America they have done much to build up the country. Thousands of our solid Scotch citizens are patrons of the honest brews of Anheuser-Busch and have been constant users of BUDWEISER. They have helped to make the annual sales of this world-famed brand exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles.

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## A Great Intrigue,

### OR, THE Mistress of Darracourt.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

"Because I am here to-night. They told me that you had gone, and I came to see the place you had left, the place you had lived in and loved. Listen, Harry; I must speak. Ah, you ought not to make me; but if you will not, I must! I—I—" Her voice broke, and her face crimsoned, and drooped, but she lifted it proudly, almost haughtily. "I want to tell you what you were too proud to hear."  
"I proud, proud!" he murmured, inarticulately.  
"Yes, Harry. Proud! See—you are so proud that you draw away from me—"  
It was more than mortal man could withstand. With a low cry he caught her in his arms and held her, looking down into her eyes until she hid them against his breast.  
"Yes, you are prouder than I am," she murmured, with a little sob, "for I have dared to come and tell you what I have thought."  
"What have you thought?" he asked hoarsely.  
"I have thought of all you said, and—and—Harry—must I say it?—I do not care!"  
"You do not care?"

"No! I do not care! What does anything matter—what does all the world matter to me, if—if you love me? And you do love me, Harry!"  
"Yes, I love you," he said, and the words rang solemnly in her ears.  
A thrill of delight ran through her. "You love me! Yes, I know it! It was of yourself you were speaking when you told me—ah, Harry! what cruel words you spoke! You would leave me, leave me all alone, and loving you!"  
"My angel, my queen!" was all that he could say.  
"You will not go now?" she whispered, raising her eyes to his, half proudly, half piteously—"not now?"  
"No!" he breathed. "I cannot! I cannot!"  
There was silence for a moment, as he kissed her hair reverently, passionately.  
"Have you counted the cost?" he whispered gravely.  
"The cost?"  
"Yes," he said, hoarsely. "Do you know what the world will say—your friends—"  
She put up her hand and laid it on his lips.  
"The world! What do I care for it? What do I know of it? And I have no friends, can have no friend one-half, one hundredth part so dear as you!"  
"Oh, merciful Heaven! what can I say—do?" he murmured. "They will say, dearest, that you stooped to marry your servant; you, the lady of Darracourt—"  
She smiled up at him.

"My servant! My master in everything, Harry! Yes, everything, for you have taught me to—love you!"  
As he held her closely to him he caught sight of the clematis spray.  
"You wore this?" he whispered, holding it.  
She took it from her dress and kissed it.  
"I would have worn it if it had been of thorns!" she murmured.  
He took it reverently and pressed it to his lips, and silence reigned supreme for a moment. Then he seemed to awake from the spell of happiness which had fallen upon him.  
"Lucille! my darling! you must go!" he murmured hoarsely.  
"Yes," she said, with a sigh, "I will go. But you will not?"  
"No," he murmured. "Ah, my queen! do you know what it is that you are making me do?"  
She shook her head, looking up at him trustfully.  
"You are making me sacrifice honor—fidelity—conscience! Lucille, you will never regret it? You will never reproach me? In the future, when you come to know what it is that stands between us, this gulf which our love has bridged over, you will never cast it in my teeth—"  
She drew away from him as far as his arms would permit.  
"I reproach you!" she murmured. "Not! Not while I love you!"  
"Then let it be as the gods have willed it!" he cried, with a glance round him. "Dearest, I will stay. You shall be—my wife!"  
"Harry!"  
"Yes. I will dare all, even your scorn in the future when the truth is known to you! I will dare all. You are my honor and my conscience! and the bent and kissed her, letting his eyes rest upon her lovely, tear-stained face, and the jewels gleaming in her hair. And she shrank from the embrace of his strong arms no longer, but gave him kiss for kiss. Then suddenly she took alarm.  
"I must go, Harry, at once. I—I have forgotten everything, the hour—everything. Come to me to-morrow. Ah, to think that you are here still—and not gone! Harry, when I told you, it nearly killed me, for I did not believe it when you said that you would go. I did not think that you would be so hard and cruel, knowing that I loved you!"  
"Not not!" he said. "Come, now,

darling, you must not be seen here by prying eyes."  
"Who should see me, Harry?" she said, with a tremulous laugh, as he gathered the shawl round her, kissing her hands as he did so.  
"No, no one," he said. "Hope is at home with his sick wife, and I am on watch for him. There is no one. But come now, my queen!"  
"No," she said, half meekly, half imperiously. "You shall not come. I will go alone. But you will come to-morrow."  
"Yes, to-morrow."  
"And then all the world may know!"  
"All the world," he said.  
She put up her face and kissed him once, then, breaking from his arms, with crimson face and throbbing heart, darted down the path.  
He stood like a man bewildered, rooted to the spot, looking round him with a dazed, incredulous air, such as a starving man might wear who had heard that he had suddenly come into a large fortune. With uncertain steps he moved towards the door of the hut, but he had no sooner reached it than he seemed to awake. With a low cry of remorse he dropped upon the stone step, crying:  
"What have I done? What have I done? Oh, my queen, my queen! I, who ought to have warned you against yourself, to drag you down

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to my death! No, never, never! Rather death itself than that! Death! Flight will be death; but I must fly! Yes, I must go while there is time! What, drag that peerless creature to your level? No, no, Harry! You are not so vile and base as that! No, I will go!"  
Then he held out his arms towards the spot where she had stood.  
"Farewell, my queen! It is for your sake—yours!" and with heavy steps and leaden feet, he dragged himself into the hut.  
A minute afterwards Marie Verner crept up to the window and looked in. He had lit a candle, and was hastily packing a small handbag. She waited and watched with keen, merciless eyes until he had finished, then she drew back into the shadow.  
Five minutes afterwards he came out, and locking the door after him,

threw the key with a wild gesture on to the doorstep. He stood while one could count twenty, and looked at the hut and round about him; then, with a heavy sigh, he slung the bag over his shoulder by a stick, and went slowly, heavily, from the spot.

Marie Verner stood perfectly motionless for full five minutes. She knew that a movement would discover her to his quick ears, then carefully she glided out of the glade. She proceeded slowly and noiselessly until she had reached the skirt of the wood, and then ran swiftly to the park fence and gained the Hall grounds. There was a light burning in the window of the small dining room and she went towards it.

A dog barked in the stable, and she stood still, listening to the beating of her own heart, for a minute or two.  
Then she went carefully up to the window, and gathering a handful of the gravel from the path, threw it at the window. A minute that seemed an hour passed. Then she heard a step within. Some one carefully let the bar drop from the shutter, and opened the window.

It was the marquis. He was still in evening dress, and he held a revolver in his hand.  
"Now then, please," he said, in his most impassive voice; "what is it?"  
Marie Verner glided into the patch of light that streamed from the room, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Quiet!" she whispered.  
He started slightly and dropped the revolver in his pocket.  
"You!" he exclaimed. "What has happened?"  
"Happened! What do you think has happened?" she retorted scornfully.  
"Come inside," he said.  
She followed him in, and threw the hood from her face. It was white to the lips, which seemed bloodless, but her eyes burned with the lurid fire of malignant triumph.

"Give me—some wine first!" she said, panting a little.  
(To be Continued.)

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