



ROYAL YEAST
 MOST PERFECT MADE
 MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.
 REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

MADE IN CANADA

A Great Intrigue,

Mistress of Darracourt.

OR, THE

CHAPTER VII.

"Why do you hate him?" she asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "That is neither here nor there," he said. "To no one but yourself would I admit that I did so; but, as I said, I am always candid when it suits my purpose. And now I don't think you ought to stay any longer on the grass."

He held out his hand and helped her to rise, and still held it as he regarded her with a smile, murmuring: "Ah, yes, if I were not so poor—"

Then he bent and touched her hand with his lips, and left her.

The immediate result of the adventure and accident in the park, so far as Lucille was concerned, was, of course, a violent headache!

She went straight to her room, and sent down word by Susie to Mrs. Dalton that they were not to expect her at luncheon. Then she threw herself into a chair, and tried to sleep and rest, but it was impossible; every incident of the morning rose vividly before her—Harry Herne's voice seemed to ring in her ears, and she went over every little act of devotion which he had performed—with what thoughtfulness he had sent for the sunshade to shield her; how patiently he had borne with her coldness and hauteur; how gently, and again, how patiently, he had tried to teach her to drive—and last, but, ah! by no means least, how nobly he had borne the insult and outrage inflicted upon him by the marquis!

That evening the headache still hung about Lucille, and with the headache an uneasy feeling that she had not done her duty by the man who had saved her from a broken limb or perhaps death itself. Mrs. Dalton's prosing and Marie Verner's light laughter jarred upon her, and just as she had used to do, at the school, she wandered away from the drawing room and into the conservatories.

Lucille walked round the stands in a reverie of admiration and delight for some time, then a thought struck her. A gardener had left his pruning knife on one of the magnificent blossoms.

Then, when she had encircled the masses of azalea and geraniums and roses in a ring of feathery maiden-hair, she stopped a footman and told him to send her maid to her with her hat and jacket.

In a few minutes Susie appeared, and Lucille said:

"I am going for a stroll, Susie, and

I want you to go with me."

Susie walked in silence and curiosity by her side, and presently Lucille stopped.

"I have lost my way," she said. "Where is the cottage?"

"It's the next turning, miss," said Susie, wonderingly; then her face cleared. "Oh, miss, I know what you are going to do—you are going to take the flowers to Master Harry! Oh, how pleased he will be! And how good of you, miss."

"Yes; I am going to take them to Harry Herne, Susie," said Lucille, almost severely; "and I am not good at all—I am only just. Harry Herne did me a great service this morning, and I did not even thank him."

"Yes, miss," said Susie, with meek delight; "I understand! Ah, if all the gentlefolk were like you! Not that Master Harry wants any thanks, miss for serving you. Why, there isn't a man about the place who wouldn't jump into the river if you wished it."

"Especially if he could swim!" said Lucille, smiling. "Don't be silly, Susie. Oh, here we are!" she broke off as they came suddenly upon the cottage.

"Yes, miss," said Susie, and she went up to the door to knock. A minute afterward she came running after Lucille.

"He's not there, miss," she panted.

"It does not matter," said Lucille. "Stay, go and put the flowers on the table."

Susie went back and Lucille sauntered after her.

Susie disappeared inside the cottage, but reappeared at the door the next minute, her eyes the shape of saucers, and her lips wide open.

"Oh, miss! You never saw!" she exclaimed, in a hushed whisper. "Such a lovely little room! Do come and look!"

Lucille put her foot on the step, and Susie, thus encouraged, threw open the door.

"There, miss! Isn't it pretty?"

Lucille looked into the room. It was small and evidently used as a sitting-room. Outside, the cottage looked like an ordinary game-keeper's hut, pretty because of the jasmine and honeysuckle that had climbed over and nearly covered it; but this room was anything but like the ordinary gamekeeper's living room. The walls were papered in sea green, the furniture was of oak and carved.

"Master Harry carved it all, miss! I've seen him doing something with a knife and bits of wood of an evening," whispered Susie.

Two or three good engravings, inclosed in frames, also carved, hung upon the walls. A writing table stood by the open window, and upon the table some open books and a high-class literary journal. The floor was

covered with beaver skins; guns hung upon a rack over the mantelshelf, and in the corner stood a salmon rod. But the object that attracted Lucille's attention more than anything else was a carved bookcase, on the shelves of which the books stood closely packed shoulder to shoulder.

She turned to the writing table. The book that lay open upon it was a volume of Tennyson's poems! There was a sheet of paper half written upon, but she would not be tempted, and drew her eyes away. At that moment, Susie whose manners were not so fine, came up, and with her finger-tips turned over the papers and magazines.

"This is the only place in a litter, miss," she said. "That's his pipe, and that—why, what's that? Why, it's a fern leaf and an old glove with the fingers cut off. Now, whatever does he want to hoard them up for, as if they were treasures?"

Lucille looked round, and saw that these treasures which Harry Herne was hoarding were the fern leaf which she had held as a fan and the old glove which she had worn.

"Come away, Susie," she said. "We—why no right to come here. Quick!" and she stamped her little foot.

Susie closed the door and followed her, then she stopped suddenly and held up the flowers.

"Oh, miss, I've brought the flowers away with me! I'll run back and put them on the table!"

"No, no!" said Lucille, hurriedly, her face growing from red to white.

"Give them to me. I will not leave them. I have changed my mind!"

Her fern leaf and the glove! Why had he kept these so carefully?

CHAPTER VIII.

Harry Herne had left the cottage only a few minutes before Lucille and Susie's visit. Beyond being bruised and shaken, he had not received any injuries in stopping the ponies; but if he had had every bone in his body broken, the mental agony he endured would have obliterated all mere physical pain.

For hours he sat staring at the wall, his hands clasped, his whole frame writhing as the tempest of a strong man's passion raged within his heart.

"Blow for blow! Go to him and whip the life out of him!" shrieked the angry spirit within him; but he would not listen to it, and at last he conquered it into silence. For her sake, he would bear even this, the greatest indignity man could put upon man, in patience.

With a sigh that was not one of unhappiness, he took the glove and the fern from his bosom and gazed at them.

"I ought to throw them away," he murmured. "They do not belong to me; they are hers. What right have I to keep them, and gloat over them? And yet keep them I must. I'll keep them for this purpose: whenever I look at them they will remind me of the difference between us, the gulf that stretches between us—wide as the ocean, deep as perdition. Yes, and they shall remind me of more than that! That in her service I can take even a blow in patience."

He sat for some time, going over the scene again and again, then he took a stout stick and limped into the woods.

"Fresh air is the best medicine for my complaint," he murmured, with a sad smile. "One can forget man's insults here—here alone with nature," and he opened his mouth and drew a long breath, as if a burden had fallen from his shoulders.

Harry Herne limped through the woods, lost in thought and apparently seeing nothing, but all the same his keen eyes were on the alert and watchful as usual, and they caught sight of a spot of crimson gleaming through the undergrowth.

Harry Herne did not stop nor turn his head, but limped on for a few yards as if he had seen nothing, then he turned and with one leap had Mr. Sinclair, the owner of the crimson necktie, in his grasp.

White with fear and passion the man struggled, swearing and blustering, but he might as well have endeavored to evade the clutch of a grizzly bear as the grasp of the herculean arms that held him as in a vice, and presently he realized this and relapsed into quietude, glaring from his

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black eyes at the cool, handsome face close to him.

"What the devil do you mean, fellow?" he exclaimed. "Let me go, will you?"

"Presently," said Harry, quietly. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" and he held Mr. Sinclair at arm's length, and scanned him over, taking in the glaring tie, the over-fashionable clothes, and the huge brass chain, and pin, and rings.

"What's that to you?" retorted the man. "Can't a gentleman walk through the public woods without being assaulted by a low gamekeeper?"

"These are not public woods," said Harry, as coolly, "and not even a gentleman has any right to walk through them."

"What right have you to stop a gentleman like this, even if it is private property? You don't know what you're doing, I can tell you. I'll have the law on you for this, if my name's Sinclair."

"Thanks," said Harry. "So that's your name, is it? And now what are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I came to see some one at the house," he said, sullenly.

Harry's hands dropped from him instantly, but his keen eyes still remained fixed on Mr. Sinclair's shifting countenance.

"Why did you not say so at first?" he asked, grimly.

"Because—because—" Mr. Sinclair looked round out of the corners of his eyes, and Harry smiled.

"Don't attempt to run," he said; "my stick is four feet long, and I should be obliged to knock you down. Go on!"

"Curse you!" snarled the man, stamping his feet, his eyes blazing with impotent rage. "I came to see one of the servants. Now are you satisfied?"

"Quite," said Harry; "and you thought it was necessary to hide like a thief, my friend! Let me advise you, next time you pay her a visit, to come in an open manner. Go round to the servants' entrance and ask for her; you will be allowed to see her, and you will be well treated—if you are an honest and respectable man."

Mr. Sinclair dashed his hat on his head and, with a parting malediction, disappeared.

A contemptible kind of creature was Mr. Sinclair, but the lowest of human creatures can work an injury to the highest sometimes, and Harry Herne had made an enemy of Mr. Sinclair for life.

(To be Continued.)

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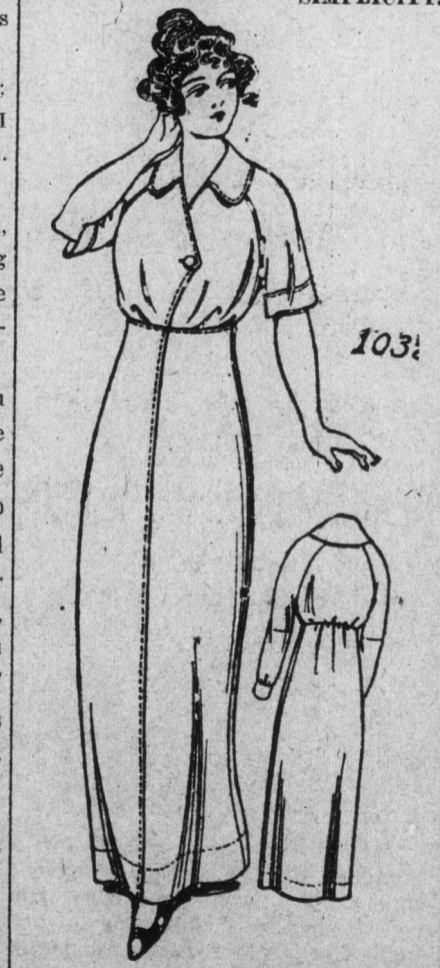
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