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A Great Intrigue,

Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"You will tell the whole story of my villainy," he said with a sneer. "And whom will you get to believe it? Bah, I have given you rope enough, my friend. You forget the difference between us. I am the Marquis of Merle, without a stain upon my character; you—he shrugged his shoulders—"are under suspicion of a crime of which you say you are innocent, but of which there is enough evidence to send you to the hulks! Pshaw!" and he waved his hands. "Take your confession and be satisfied. Leave madam to me!" and he smiled significantly.

Harry took the paper the marquis had written and tore it in pieces. "Give me the other, free her, and do what you like with me," he said, simply.

The marquis stared, and then burst into a laugh of triumphant malice.

"I will!" he said, and as he spoke he rang the bell. "Do you know what I am going to do? I am going to give you into custody! You have played with too high a hand, Harry Herne, I have been in the dust under your, and her, feet to-day; you shall be under mine before I have done with you."

Harry stood and looked at him steadily; the suppressed passion was swelling itself visible in the marquis's swollen eyes and in his thin, writhing lips. Of himself Harry Herne thought nothing. If he could have got Lucille clear away from the man who had her in the claws of wedded bondage; if he could have seen her freed from the marquis, he would have been satisfied to have foregone any vengeance that might be due to him on his own account, and he would have gone away feeling that he had done the best he could.

But the marquis's passion had got the upper hand of him, and must run its course.

A servant entered, amazed at the furious ringing of the bell.

"Send for a constable," said the marquis, sharply.

The footman stared at Harry sideways and went out, and the marquis paced up and down like a tiger, occasionally staring at Harry, who stood in the centre of the room, with folded arms and motionless.

"Penal servitude!" hissed the marquis, "I will prosecute you to the last touch of the law! Penal servitude!"

And you may tell your story of my wife's passion for you in open court, if you like; if you do not, I will! Penal servitude for you, shame for her! And then I'll divorce her! How many times have you and she met there in the woods—my woods? You ruffian! You have been the bane of my life! I sweep you from my path!" and he threw his hand out with a passionate gesture.

Harry said not a word. He was trying hard to keep his self-possession, to remember that this man was after all her husband.

The door opened and the marquis turned to it.

"Send the constable this way," he said.

"Beg pardon, my lord, a gentleman wishes to see you," said the footman. The marquis snarled.

"I can see no one. I am engaged." The footman closed the door precipitately, but was back again in a moment.

"The gentleman says it is a matter of great importance, my lord—"

"Tell him I will not see him!" said the marquis. "I will see no one—"

"A thousand pardons, my lord," said a smooth, quiet voice, and a gentleman gently pushed the footman aside and stepped into the room.

The marquis grew crimson and stared at him passionately.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he demanded.

"Once more I entreat your lordship's pardon," said the man, bowing and glancing from the marquis to the tall, stalwart figure in the centre of the room. "My business is of great importance—and I must return by the next train."

The marquis uttered an oath. "Leave the house, sir!" he snarled, and he strode to the bell.

"One moment—one moment, I pray," said the man. "My name is Rawson, and I am a detective!"

"Why couldn't you say so at first?" said the marquis, angrily. "I sent for a constable, but you will do. This man—and he pointed to Harry—give him into your custody—"

He stopped, seeing the look of surprise on the detective's face.

"There is some mistake, my lord," he said; "this is not the business I came upon."

The marquis glanced furiously. "I care nothing for the business you came on, sir. Do your duty!"

"In one moment, my lord. Just let me explain myself."

There was the sound of a man's voice in the hall as he spoke, and the marquis started and drew back a step.

The detective closed the door and advanced to the table.

"I am a detective, my lord, as I said. My card, my lord. Better to be formal in these matters. Early this morning I was called in by the manager of Coutt's bank—"

The marquis dropped one hand on the table, then took it off again, and put it underneath; it trembled like a leaf.

"Coutt's bank, my lord. By the way, perhaps your lordship would wish to see me in private," and he glanced at Harry significantly.

The marquis half rose, then dropped back.

"Leave the house," he said to Harry, faintly.

Harry smiled, and his eyes glittered.

"I am in custody!" he said, calmly. The marquis rose.

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"Follow me to another room," he said to the detective.

At that moment the voice broke out again in the hall. It was Harry's turn to start. In a moment he recognized it as the voice of Mr. Sinclair, the man he had caught hiding in the park. The marquis shrank back.

"Speak here," he said, "and be quick."

"I was called in by the manager," said the detective. "It seems that a man had presented a check for a large amount, signed by her ladyship, the marchioness. The sum was so large that the manager asked the man a few questions."

"Stop!" exclaimed the marquis. "Leave the room," he said, turning to Harry.

Harry walked toward the door. "I will fetch the marchioness," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the marquis, whose face blanched.

"Go on," he said. "Let him remain, he—he is an old friend of mine."

The detective stared at the rather incoherent statement, but went on coolly; it takes a great deal to surprise a detective.

"The man who presented the check, my lord, said that he was a stockbroker, and had been doing business for her ladyship, and the manager would have cashed the check, but it happened that Mr. Head, who it seems is her ladyship's lawyer and agent, was in the office, and, hearing the name and a part of the conversation, requested that the check might be shown to him. The manager complied—"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the marquis, impatiently.

"And Mr. Head declared the signature to be a forgery."

Harry kept his eyes fixed on the pale face and saw great drops of sweat gathering on the marquis's forehead.

"The manager was giving the man into custody, my lord, but he insisted so strongly that the signature was genuine, and demanded so earnestly that he should be confronted with her ladyship that—well, fearing we might be making a mistake, and so cause her ladyship some trouble and inconvenience, we brought him down here."

The marquis passed his hand across his brow, with assumed carelessness.

"Quite right!" he said. "You acted very prudently. What—what is the man's name?"

"Sinclair! at least that is the name he gave," said the detective.

"Sinclair! Sinclair! Oh, yes, it is all right, no doubt!" said the marquis, nodding. "The man has been staying here for some time, and her ladyship may have employed him; it is very likely."

"He said he had been staying here," said the detective. "I am glad that our conduct in the matter meets with your approbation. It only remains for her ladyship to see the check and pronounce it genuine, and—"

"There is no occasion to trouble

her ladyship," said the marquis; "I will see the check—"

The detective went to the door and beckoned to some one, and Mr. Head entered.

As he did so, a loud voice was heard behind him, and Mr. Sinclair thrust himself into the room. Judging by appearances, he had evidently had a bad time of it. His coat was torn, and his hat crushed; he was hot, covered in dust, and his face white, saving for the spots of crimson which always appeared when he was excited—and he was very much excited at the present moment.

"Look here, marquis!" he demanded, furiously, "what's the meaning of this? I say, what's the meaning—"

He stopped short, for his eye had caught sight of Harry Herne, and the sight had paralyzed him.

The marquis smiled and nodded. "Don't be excited, my good Sinclair," he said, softly and slyly; "there has been a little mistake."

"Mistake," stammered Sinclair, who seemed unable to keep his eyes from Harry's, which met his sternly; "I should think so! I've been humiliated! Look here—look at my hat and coat! I've been took for a forger, marquis. Just tell them it's all right, will you?"

"It is all right," said the marquis, soothingly.

"There," yapped Mr. Sinclair, turning on Mr. Head, who stood gravely looking from one to the other; "there, what did I tell you? Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Didn't I tell you the marquis was a friend of mine, and the check was all right? But I'll punish you! I'll make you wish you hadn't been born! I'll sue you for false imprisonment, and it—"

"I'll teach you to charge a gentleman with forgery!"

"Hush, hush!" said the marquis. "It is all right, Mr. Head. Pray take no notice of my—my friend! he is apt to get excited—"

"Excited!—I should think so!" exclaimed Mr. Sinclair. "Here have I been dragged about like a common thief, and treated worse than a dog, and all for nothing! But I'll have the law on them! I'll teach them!"

"Yes, yes," said the marquis, soothingly. "Pray withdraw, gentlemen."

The detective, looking rather puzzled, bowed and was leaving the room, when Mr. Head said, gravely: "What we did was in pursuance of our duty, my lord. Will you not look at the check, and see if we had not reason for suspicion?" and he placed the check on the table.

The marquis took it up, and carrying it to the window, appeared to examine it.

(To be Continued.)

1078—A PRETTY STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve, and Tunic Blouse.

Brown serge, combined with plaid woolen is here shown. The model would be equally effective in blue velvet, with cashmere for blouse and tunic. The style is smart and becoming. The skirt is a three piece model, and is joined to an underwaist, over which the blouse is worn. The tunic is attached to the waist under the belt, but it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4-1/8 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size.

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

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In silk, velvet, and evening materials, it is serviceable also for dressy wear. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size.

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sep15,14

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Messa

FRENCH

The following ment was issued: our left wing the red left bank the Lys and the situation shows right of Lens and Albert. Our proceed between the There has been no tre between the We have advanced Cromie to the no way from Berry and of the north reaction of Belgium trenches have been the Meuse and Me repulsed during the 13th certain attack of Verdun our troops 14th to the south of Verdun to Metz. a partial offensive taken by the German Sept to the north definitely checked fighting continues beginning in the west stretching along the San as far as Prussia in a southerly direction. There has been in East Prussia.

REVERSES

The Ostend correspondent Central News reports fighting east of morning the Allies. They had been driven after another by the German independent says, and one brigade lost its guide. It was amid heavy losses. However, was continued towards Thierhout, continued on Monday. This force finally France, and there firing in the night kirk. The same of Belgian army has remained point to

RUSHING

German arriving Copenhagen correspondent Times, state that of the Russians against the German have decided to make considerable masses

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