



A Great Intrigue,

Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Harry Herne had formed no plan whatever. His one overwhelming desire was to get down to Darracourt, to confront his accusers, and meet any charge which they might bring against him.

When he thought that he had been remaining quietly in hiding while Lucille considered him guilty of so vile and base a crime, he felt as if he could scarcely retain his reason. That the whole affair had been schemed by the marquis he had not the slightest doubt; but as to how he should clear himself and unmask the plotter he had not the least idea.

It was dark when he arrived at the station, and there was scarcely any necessity for him to turn the collar of his ulster up to avoid recognition, but he did so, and giving his ticket to a porter, got off the platform by way of the bank and made for the village, intending to put up at the Inn. But as he neared the Court woods the idea struck him that he would go to the hut. It was just possible that it had remained empty, but if not empty, no doubt Hope or Loyday would have been put into it, and he could trust them; whereas his sudden appearance at the inn would create some excitement and perhaps lead to the utter failure of his object.

With his head burning and his heart aching with the memory of the past, he made his way along the familiar paths, and at last reached the hut.

He had met no one, and with a sense of satisfaction he saw that the little clearing showed no signs of a new tenant. The hut was empty.

He did not scruple to force the lock and entering, looked round with a dull, aching pain; the room was exactly as he had left it, the books still lying open upon the table, the chairs littered as he had left them on the night of his flight.

For a few minutes he stood looking round with a sense of unreality. Could it be possible that he had gone through so much—that he was to marry Marie Verner the day after tomorrow—or was it not all rather a dream! The night was sharp and cold, and he lit a fire and tidied the room a little. He had bought some food at one of the stations and a flask of wine, and he forced himself to make an apology for a supper; then he threw himself down in front of the fire, and drawing his travelling rug round him, tried to think collectively and form some definite plan; but exhausted nature claimed her tribute, and he fell asleep. When he



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awoke in the morning the wintry sun was forcing its way through the curtains, and he rose refreshed and calmed. Sleep had brought him a full realization of the situation.

What was this that he had rushed down to Darracourt to do? To clear himself in Lucille's eyes of the suspicion that hung over him. To do that he must accuse and prove the Marquis of Merle guilty of the diabolical plot—the marquis, her husband! Could he, Harry, who loved her so deeply, degrade her husband in her eyes? What satisfaction would it be to him to prove to her his innocence, if in doing so he compelled her to acknowledge that the man she had married was a scoundrel. It was too late now. By his own folly he had lost her—lost her forever!—and he must abide by the consequences. The least he could do was to refrain from bringing misery upon her wedded life; she

would discover her husband's true character in time, doubtless; but it was not for him, her lover, to tear the mask from the marquis' face and reveal him to his wife in all his villainess.

No! He would go back to London, marry Marie Verner, who loved him, and take her right away out of England, to which he would never return.

Perhaps it was better that she should think him base and unworthy of a single thought; it was better that he should never recall to her that past which had been so sweet that the remembrance of it, as he sat there in the silence of the hut, made his heart ache with an indescribable longing and regret.

"Let it rest!" he muttered, as he thrust his things into his bag, and beat out the embers in the grate. "Let her think me the criminal the marquis has made me out to be rather than she should spend the rest of her life knowing him to be what he is!"

But though he had resolved to go back, he still lingered. It was hard to tear himself away from the spot he loved so well, knowing that he should never see it again; and, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he opened the door and wandered into one of the paths. He would take just a last glance at the house which represented to him the shrine of his lost love, and then—!

The wintry sun had vanished behind a bank of clouds, the air was so still that the path of the rabbit as it scudded across the path smote on his ear as distinctly as the short beat of a drum. All the woods seemed listening, waiting. He stood for a moment or two looking round him, bidding the familiar trees farewell, when suddenly other footsteps were audible. Some one was coming up the glade. He drew back behind the thick trunk of a tree; it was not worth while being seen and setting tongues to work.

The footsteps came nearer, and in a moment or two he saw a female figure approaching. His heart beat fast, and he put one hand upon the tree to steady himself. Before she came close up to him he saw that it was Lucille.

She was dressed in colors that seemed to indicate half mourning, but round her neck she had thrown a soft scarf of ruby, which lit up the pale face that had never, even in its moments of happiness, seemed to him more lovely.

With her hands holding her shawl close to her bosom and her eyes fixed sadly, wistfully before her, she came on slowly, dreamily. It was like the ghost of herself revisiting her former haunts in search of her lost happiness. But for all her sadness and pallor it was Lucille, and Harry's heart leaped and throbbed at sight of her.

Should he let her pass, let her go on her way ignorant of his presence. As he asked himself the question Lucille stopped to draw the shawl more closely round her, and drew a long sigh. It was so full of sadness, so eloquent of her void, empty life, that his heart seemed to cry out to her, and coming forward, he whispered her name.

"Lucille!"

She started, looked at him as if she thought it was a vision, then, with a low cry, shrank back, his name upon her lips.

"Harry!"

He cursed himself for his stupidity.

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and abruptness as he saw her pale face, white as snow, and the lids droop over her glorious eyes, and fearing she was going to faint, he took a step toward her with arms outstretched.

But she shrank still further away from him, and held up her hand as if to keep him back.

"Lucille!" he breathed, gently, "Do not be frightened—"

"You here?" she panted, turning her eyes upon him eagerly, and yet fearfully. "Don't speak to me for a moment! Not for a moment! Ah!" and she drew a long breath.

He stood watching her with all his soul in his eyes. It seemed not months, but a day, a few hours only, since they had stood side by side—ay, heart to heart!

"Why—why did you come?" she asked at last, and the words dropped from her tremulous lips almost audibly. "Ah! why did you come?"

"I came—" he said, then he stopped. How could he tell her without going into the whole story, and revealing her husband's—her husband's—villainy! "I came for one last look at my old home, marchioness," he said.

She shuddered at the title, and turned her eyes upon him with piteous entreaty, reproach, accusation, all in one.

"How—how dared you?" she panted.

The blood rushed to his face and his eyes flashed, hot words came to his lips, but he choked them back.

"Dared!" he breathed. "Well, it was for the last time."

"The last time!" she echoed—"I thought you were abroad."

He shook his head.

She tried to keep her eyes from him, but his eyes seemed to draw her as a magnet does the needle.

"You have not been out of England? Why not? Why did you run such risk? For her sake you should have put the ocean between this place and you."

"For her sake!—for whose?" he said.

The color rose to her white face and died away again, as she shuddered.

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October 13th, 1914.

Grand Opening of

New Lyric Troupe at the Nickel Theatre.

Arthur C. Huskins, the new lyric troupe at the Nickel Theatre, made a most successful appearance last evening. It is safe to say that no entertainer of recent years made such a favourable impression or received such enthusiastic applause as did the young vocalist who sang to St. John's for the first time last evening. Mr. Huskins who has a charming personality and an attractive appearance has made more friends than the ordinary entertainer in so short a time, and his work was of such a perfect and finished character that he at once found his way to the hearts of all. His success was unique and Mr. Huskins must feel highly delighted. His opening ballad was the sweet Scotch song "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" and in it the singer excelled himself. He is the possessor of a beautiful voice, and this attractive love song afforded him every opportunity to display his ability. Every one present was delighted and at the end the applause was thunderous. Several times Mr. Huskins had curtain calls but his hearers were so charmed that they would not cease their applause until he consented to sing again. His second number was a dainty little song which also proved very popular. We are positive that no artist of recent years has been received in such an open hearted manner, and that his engagement here will be successful and goes without saying. All the old and classical songs are included in his repertoire and lovers of high class music can look forward to some good things.

The programme will be repeated this evening and all who have not heard him should make an effort to attend. The pictures are splendid.

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Messrs. Harvey and Co. have received word from Montreal saying the S. S. Cape Breton left there for this port on Monday last, bringing a full general cargo, including a large shipment of flour, hay and oats. The ship is coming to our port.

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AUSTRALIA'S (From Secretary of GOVERNMENT LON

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TROUBLE IN SOUTH (Official Mess LON

To Governor, St. John's, Nfld. The following from reau embodies a telegram by the Secretary of State onies from the Government the Union of South Africa

"Since the resignation Beyers as Commandant the Citizen force, there indications that something with the forces in the Cape Provinces, who ed under the command Maritz. The Government send Colonel Conrad B over the command. On inst., Colonel Brits sent Maritz to come in and To this message Maritz insolently that he was report to anybody; all his discharge and Colonel come himself and take command. Colonel Brits the Ben Bowler to take over. On arrival at Major Bowler was tak with his companions. He was subsequently released back with an ultimatum to the Union Government the Government guarantee to'clock on Sunday more eleven, that they should al Hertzog, De Wet, Be and Muller to meet him in order that he might strictions from them, he with make an attack on forces and proceed further the Union. Major Ben reported that Maritz was of some guns belonging to that he held the rank of manding the German troops a force of Germans under ditton to his own command arrested all those of his men who were unwilling Germans, and had sent the as prisoners to German Africa. Major Bowler's ment between Maritz and ment of German Southw guaranteeing the independe Union as a Republic, and fish Bay and certain oth of the Union to the Germa detaching that the Germa only invade the Union on Maritz. Major Bowler v numerous telegrams and ges dating back to the September. Maritz boast had ample guns, rifles, and money from the Ge that he would over-run the South Africa. In view of the affairs the Government is vigorous steps to stamp rebellion and inflict condit ment on all rebels and proclamation declaring m throughout the Union, will a Gazette Extraordinary to day, 12th October, 1914."

MARITZ'S RECORD CAPE TOWN It is officially announced the command under Col.