

ossession of a well-balanced mind." said Mrs. Dalton with solemn appro-"To a well-balanced mind the vicissitudes of fortune are immaterial!'

"Then I must have a mind without any balance at all!" retorted Marie Verner. "For the vicissitudes of fortune-if that's what you call being left such a place as this-would send me stark, staring mad!" Lucille went and laid her hand up-

on her shoulder. "You will send Mrs. Dalton stark,

staring mad if you go on in this fashion. Marie." she said. gently "Play by all means and give your feelings vent!"

"And how are you going to give vours vent-always supposing you have any?" demanded Marie. Lucille went to the window opened it. "In the fresh air," she said. "I can hear you on the terrace here." Marie Verner plunged into an operatic overture, and the music rang through the room and floated out to the fresh evening air. Lucille stood for a few minutes listening, but after a time the music seemed too oppressive, and she walked along the terrace until she reached a small, cirlaughed. cular space which overlooked the park. In this nook there was a seat, and welcoming the quietude. Lucille "The authority of a friend and walked to the edge of the parapet and looked over. As she did so it was with a sudden of an idle vagabond." start of surprise that she saw a young man sitting against the trunk of a nost imploringly, while the veins or tree almost immediately beneath her his forehead twitched and swelled un For a moment she thought that it was a gardener, but as she looked at "Don't! him she saw that his dress was leave me scarcely consistent with that of a and you know it. ' You are a coward servant. It was hardly that of a genmarquis, to taunt a man whose hands tleman either. Lucille decided that it are bound. must be a gamekeeper: there was a The marquis smiled, and his eyes dog lying beside him. glittered. All unconsciously he had assumed an attitude of easy, almost patrician grace, his long legs outstretched, his moneyhead resting upon his hand, and there The other man raised his handseemed something in the pose that as Lucille saw it tremble and shake like little suited a servant as his dress. a leaf-and pointed toward the wood. Scarcely knowing that she was "For Heaven's sake, go!" he said. scrutinizing him, Lucille looked down I can give myself another moment. at him, the thought crossing her and that is all.' mind, "Even this man belongs to me!" The marquis turned with a cold when suddenly he raised his head. If augh, and moved toward the park. Lucille had felt surprise and doubt before, both were redoubled now as and looked back. the upraised face seemed to flash up-

of a dominant masterfulness, tem- Gained in Weight, pered by a nameless something Digestion Restored, which might be that of a great grief a great, unsatisfied desire. Health Renewed Lucille's breath came fast and her

them.

All Folks That are Weak, Ailing,

Nervous.

More Praise for Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For a period last summer the

thought of food excited feelings of

Bloomsbury, "The heat had made

to a condition of semi

nervous collapse. Tonics to restore an active de-

th

me listless and the distaste for food

sire for food. The doctors told me liver and kidneys were both at

fault, but the medicines they gave me

were too severe and reduced m

strength so that I had to abandon

skin trouble, I began the use of Dr

Hamilton's Pills. The difference

first noticed was, that while they

cleansed the system, instead of feel

ing weaker I felt better after taking

mild it was easy to forget I had taken

them. Indeed their activity was s

At the suggestion of a friend

had been cured of blood and

heart beat quickly, why, she knew not. She would have turned and Here is More Proof of Quick Cure for he were trying to speak calmly and

walked away, for it seemed unfair to be standing there looking down at m while he was all unconscious of presence, but a strange kind of ascination held her; and while she stood wrestling with the feeling. which annoved her, a third figure nausea." writes Mrs. C. A. Dodge, of

ame upon the scene. The dog, which had been as fast sleep as a dog can be, suddenly raisits head, and pricking up its ears the tall in figure of the marquis step slowly m among the trees and standing

> oking up at the house The fading light in the sky fell full upon his pale face as he stood leanng one white hand on his stick the other thrust in the breast of his light overcoat, and his dark eyes shone like black marble as they ranged

along the house. Lucille had scarcely time to won-

them at all; they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief tim der why he should be there, and why not only did all source of nausea dishe should stand looking at the house appear, but I began to crave food and with so strange an expression, when I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until withthe dog uttered another growl, and in three months I was brought to a the marquis, with the faintest possicondition of good health. I urge Dr. ble start, turned and saw the man Hamilton's Pills for all who are in lying at the bottom of the tree. noor health. Instantly the pale, cold face lit up Get the best of all medicines to as if a lurid light had fallen upon it. day and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and and the thin lips parted and showed

Butternut. Sold by all druggists and the white teeth. Then the face restorekeepers, 25c. per box or five for sumed its ordinary impassiveness. \$1.00. Sent postpaid by The Catarrhand, standing motionless, he looked ozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingsdown upon the other man ton, Canada.

"So you are here still!" he said slowly, as if he were measuring each

"I am here still," assented the his face in other, and at the sound of his voice then he dashed them away with Lucille felt a thrill of satisfaction. wild, impetuous grace.

"For you, do you mean?" said Lu-Evening cille, trying to speak coldly. "Yes, for me!" he said. "What is it you want?" she asked. "I want her permission to remain here-at Darracourt!" he said, as

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHNE, MEWFOUNDLAND, AUGUST 19, 1914-2

found it hard to succeed. "I will be

And they tell me that-that I must g

her servant-I will do anything.

have been here since-since I

born." His voice grew hoarse

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The man who had been left flun himself down upon the grass and hid his hands for a moment

she said.

eyes drooped.

v to his lips

the tree

crv.

the man's handsome ace, touched Lucille to the heart; and went in her "Tell me vour name?" she murmur-He raised his eyes to hers. "Harry Herne," he said in a low voice

no claim upon this la

no claim:

so wild and

servant. Fo

me miss! For

in this-I might

"I will remember it," said Lucille. 'And I can answer for Miss Darraourt; you shall stay."

her eyes and looked at him.

His face lit up and his dark eyes flashed upon her with a strong man's

"How can I thank you?" he said, with a catch in his breath. "It may seem a light matter this, but to me-

He stopped abruptly. "Thank you! Thank you! Will you tell me your name?" he added, his voice dropping has front and back waist portions cut to a grave respect that was as full of wide over the shoulders, and caught in deep tuck darts below the bust, terdignity as his suppressed passion. minating in deep plaits at the panel edges. The design is cut with square Lucille crimsoned, then she raised neck edge. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes—Small, Medium and Large. It How to R

"My name is Lucille Darracourt,'

He did not start or utter a word.



## The two regarded each other for the on her. It was the face of a Greek

eyes and delicately cut lips. From the full of cold, calculating hate, the steadily; and when he answered, his marquis walked away. sun-tanned forehead the closely-cut hair broke into ripples of light ery instant she had expected the in-

It was the handsomest face Lucille sulted man would spring upon his had ever seen, but something beyond tormentor. In the grasp of those Miss Darracourt-you can its manly grace smote upon her. The strong arms she felt that the mareyes were beautiful, but the expres- quis would have been as powerless to-night. You look kind and gentle, sion, full of an innate nobility and as a bundle of straw, and her heart he drew a short breath, and Lucille's Dr. A. F. PERKINS power, far exceeded their beauty. It leaped with a sense of relief as the face flushed, "will you speak a word was the face of a Saxon prince, full tall, thin figure disappeared.

TO H.I.M. THE KING

'The marquis was right after all the marquis this other man's voice Gip," he said to the dog. "I am a rang musical and sweet. pauper and a vagabond, and I'd bet "And why?" demanded the ter cut it! But"-and he raised his quis. "This is no place for you-now

eyes and looked round with a sudden Things are altered. Miss Darracourt wistful tenderness-"but it is hard! can dispense with the attendance of a To leave it all! Heigho! Yes, Gip, oafing nauper-" we'll go!" The other man leaped to his feet. He strode off in the direction of his handsome face all ablaze, then he the lawn, and Lucille, waiting until stretched out his strong arms and

he had disappeared, descended the steps from the terrace, and, obeving "You speak for Miss Darracourt, an impulse of the moment, went and marquis! With what authority?" stood where he had stood as he con The marquis smiled coldly. fronted the marquis

She had scarcely reached the tree neighbor, who conceives it to be his when she heard a step behind her duty to protect her from the burden and, turning, found herself face to face with him The other man held up his hand al-He was as much startled as he

> Lucille and was making overtures of alone I cannot strike you friendship, was strolling away, when suddenly he stopped, and, with a flush upon his sunburned face, said, in a voice that trembled slightly:

"I beg your pardon, miss! Are you one of the ladies who came down "I've done!" he said. "Take my adwith Miss Darracourt to-day?" vice and leave the place. If you want Something prompted Lucille to an-

The Popular London Dry Gin is

swer "Yes," instead of "I am Miss Darracourt!" "I thought so," he said, his hat grasped in his hand. "I-I-no, will not say it. Forgive me for speaking to you! Good-night!" Lucille raised her beautiful eyes

with grave regard. "What is it you wished to say to Having reached the trees, he paused me?" she said, "and why are you afraid?"

He bit his lip, and his hands tight-THERAPION N god, beautifully molded, with dark space of a moment, then, with a smile ened on his hat, but his eyes met here THERAPION NO.

> voice had lost its tremor and rang THERAPION NO Lucille stood white as death. Ev- clear and musical. "I was going to ask you a favor.

> > miss." he said. "You are a friend of when you please-you will see her

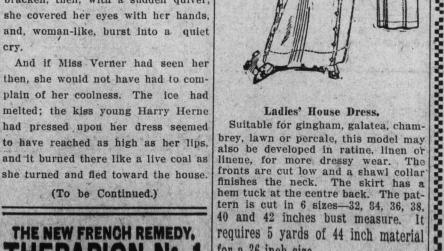
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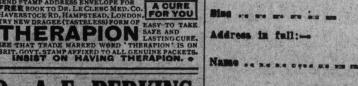
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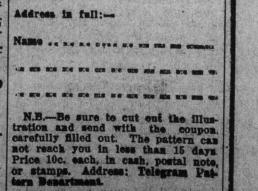




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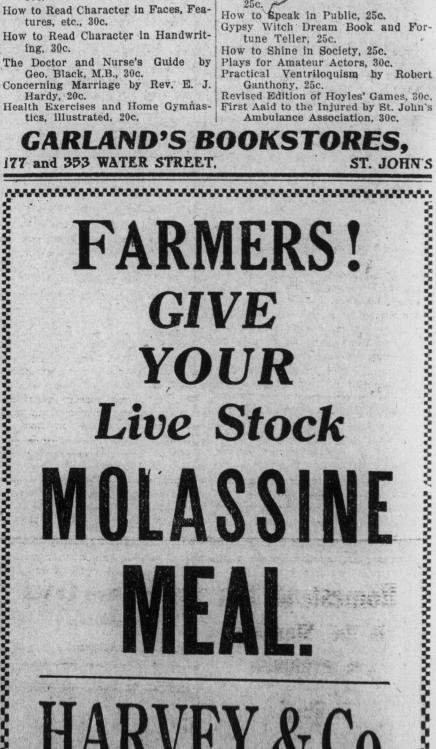
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