

ROYAL YEAST

MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHTS

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

A Great Intrigue,

Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

His head sank upon his breast. She uttered no word.

"Will you do that?" "I will do all you ask me, my lord," she whispered. "There is no task so hard."

"And this is hard," he said, with a sigh. "I know it. But do it! I shall feel when I am away that you are still here—here, where, if Fate had been kinder, I might have been by your side. Yes, stay here, Lucille!"

"My lord," she said, with a catch in her voice, "I obey!" He turned to leave her, then, overmastered, caught her in his arms and, smoothing the red-gold hair from her white forehead, and looking down into the depths of her lovely eyes, kissed her on the lips.

"Good-by, my love, my angel," he murmured, brokenly. "Heaven pity us both!"

The marquis—what other name has he that we should call him by?—made his way through the shrubbery to the park. His step, always stealthy and noiseless, was like that of a cat. In every rustle of the leaves he fancied that he heard the pursuing steps of the detective. With snake-like speed he gained the wood, and there paused to take breath and look round. With baleful glance he looked at the house, stretching white and majestic in the wintry light. All gone!—his no longer! He was no longer Marquis of Merle, but a nameless fugitive flying from justice. He raised his hands above his head to curse the house and all within it, but no words would come through his parched lips, and with burning eyes and aching brow, he hurried on.

Half unconsciously he made for the station, with the fugitive's usual solitary idea of reaching the great city and burying himself in its ever-increasing crowds. He passed several of the Darracourt people, but the large ulster, the collar of which he had turned up, disguised him sufficiently, and he reached the station. But here he turned and drew back. The station-master and porters knew him and would recognize him, and if

inquiries were made, would give information to the detective. A bright idea struck him. He would go up the line a little way, cross over, and, retracing his steps, enter the train by the off side and just as it was starting. Even in his mazed and bewildered state the idea pleased him, and he chuckled. Once in London he would sit down and think until he had hit upon some plan which should baffle Harry yet. If all else failed, he could work upon Lucille, he could wring money out of her in sums large enough to keep him in affluence. Perhaps he could induce her, by cajolery or threats, to come to him. And if so—a fiendish smile lit up his face as he thought of the revenge he would exact.

He made his way along the lower part of the bank for the distance of a quarter of a mile, and was looking round cautiously before descending to the metal way when a disheveled, dust-stained figure started up from the earth, as it seemed, by his side, and clutched him.

The marquis's nerves were strung to their utmost tension, and he uttered a cry of terror.

The sound of his voice seemed to lend additional strength to the assailant, and he flung his arm round the marquis's neck and forced him to the ground.

The marquis looked up and saw, glowering above him, the face of a madman. The gaudy scarf, with its false diamond pin, was hanging in rags, into which the bushes had torn it; the brass chain glittered like the eye of a fiend from the stained and tattered waistcoat. It was Sinclair, but Sinclair transformed by a madman's frenzy into a demon.

The marquis tried to call out, but his voice died away in a feeble scream.

"That's right!" hissed Sinclair, with a demoniacal laugh. "Call out! Call for help! Go on! Yell! Shout! Roar! Who's to hear you now? What, I'm a forger, am I? You've cheated and tricked me, have you?"

"Let me go! Mercy!" gasped the marquis.

"Let you go! Yes, I'll let you go! Not me! I've got you and I'll keep you! You'll send me to penal servitude, will you? You, I saved from beggary! Where's my money? Do you hear? Where's the money you promised me? Give it to me, or I'll kill you! I'm waiting for it! I want to give it to her—Marie! I'll make a lady of her with it! Give it me! No forged checks, mind, but the money! All in golden sovereigns! Let you go? Not me! I've got you and I'll hold you, marquis!"

His grasp—the grasp of a madman—grew tighter. The wretched man beneath him felt choking; the light died out of the sky, the trees spun round, he felt his breath falling. With a gigantic effort he seized his assailant round the body and, dragging himself up, struck out with one hand.

The blows fell thick and fast upon Sinclair's white face, but he only laughed the louder and tightened his grasp.

"You'll go and leave me to bear the brunt of it, will you?" he yelled, close to his victim's ear. "You'll let me go to quod for that cheek, will you? No! I've got you, marquis, and I'll hold you!"

The marquis nerved himself for one last effort, and the two men stood erect, clasping each other like demons mad with rage.

Suddenly, above Sinclair's yells, there came the shriek of an approaching train. It was the London express.

Only a Beggar;

A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER I.

The man of whom they had been speaking was Lord Dalesford, the only son of the Earl of Wrayborough, one of whose family seats stood embowered amid the trees on a knoll a couple of miles from the village. The earl and his son were very seldom there, and Diana had not seen either of them; but she had heard some of the stories of the father's eccentricity and the son's wildness, which had now and again trickled through the various social strata to the simple folk of Wedbury, who regarded the Wrayborough folk and all pertaining to them with a mixture of awe and reprobation, which had a spice of pleasurable excitement in it; indeed, the district generally was proud of the questionable distinction of possessing the maddest and wildest and most charming of noblemen as their landlord and chief, and "lord-lord."

Diana forgot the incident before she had got through the remainder of her work; and gathering up the books and extinguishing her lamp, was going up to bed, whether her aunt had gone long since—when she remembered that she had left the garden gate open. Treading on tiptoe that she might not wake Mrs. Burton, she went out and closed the gate. The night was so beautiful that she lingered, resting her arms on the top rail and looking up at the clouds as they sailed across the moon. Suddenly she heard the sound of an approaching horse, and turned quickly to beat a retreat, when the rhythmic beat of the hoofs ceased abruptly, so abruptly that she stopped short and listened. For a moment all was silent, then she heard a sound as if the horse were plunging, and a man's voice crying out with surprise and anger.

Convinced that something unusual had happened, Diana, obeying the impulse of the moment, tore open the gate and ran down the road. The moon emerged from behind a cloud, and, as she reached the bend of the road, she saw a strange, an appalling sight.

CHAPTER II.

A horse was rearing and plunging, its bridle held by a man who was striking with a heavy stick at the rider. The blows fell fast and thick, but the man on the horse sat tight, though he swayed to and fro in the saddle, and, with his hunting-crop, endeavored to ward off the blows and return them. Neither man spoke, and

could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work. —Mrs. A. F. KRAMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

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Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Medford, Sa. (Opp. Central) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

MINARD'S LIMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

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A Queen Among Women

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only the sound of the sticks, as they met in the furious onslaught and defense, and the pawing of the plunging horse, broke the silence.

Diana's heart leaped in her bosom and the blood rushed fiercely through every vein. She was only a girl, but the spirit of a woman thrilled through her and nerved her; and with a cry she ran toward the combatants and fairly flung herself upon the assailant.

Startled and amazed, for he had not heard her approach, the man uttered an oath and swung round upon her. She saw his face for a moment, a moment only; saw the bludgeon, for it was more of a bludgeon than a stick, raised to strike her; then she felt, rather than saw, the rider fling himself from his horse, and between her and the impending blow. The stick fell with a heavy crash—but not upon her; there was a momentary struggle; then, all bewildered and confused, she saw the assailant dart across the road, leap the rough fence, and disappear; then she felt a strong arm round her waist, a man's hot breath on her cheek.

"Are you hurt? Don't faint—if you can help it! Are you hurt? Did he hit you? Still, Jess, still!" This was to the horse, who, quieted by her master's voice, ceased to tug at her bridle and stood still, but trembling.

"No, I am not hurt," said Diana. "I am only frightened."

"Frightened!" he said, with a smile of pleasant irony. "That seems scarcely possible, after your plucky conduct. If you had not come to the rescue—and it was indeed a rescue!—I don't know what would have happened. You must be a very brave woman—girl!" he added, as he looked in the light of the moon at the slight figure.

"What was it, who was it?" asked Diana, as she drew away from his arms, and, woman-like, put her hand to her hair, which had been disordered by the struggle.

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"A tramp turned into highwayman by tempting circumstances," he said carelessly. "It's of no consequence, as far as I am concerned; he got nothing. But you! You must be very much frightened, upset, even if you are not hurt."

"I am not hurt," said Diana. "But you—he was striking at you—"

She broke off with an exclamation of dismay; for she had raised her eyes and saw a thin streak of blood running down his face.

He met her horrified gaze with a reassuring smile, and drew his hand across his face.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said. "But for you I should have fared much worse. It was a heavy stick—" He stopped, and his face grew dark with suppressed anger; but the next moment it was overspread by the pallor of pain and weakness, and he staggered slightly and stretched out his hand to the rail of the fence beside them, as if for support.

"You are hurt," said Diana, very quietly. "Is it your head—"

He drew himself upright and smiled down at her grimly, but she saw that he did not see her; that he was by sheer force of will keeping himself from fainting.

"What shall I do?" she asked of herself more than him. "If I had some water, brandy! Will you come?—Do you think you can walk as far as the cottage?"

He forced a laugh. "I could walk a dozen miles," he said huskily. "I assure you that there is nothing the matter."

The blood was streaming down his face now, and Diana, interrupting his obviously untruthful assertions, put her hand on his arm pleadingly.

"Please come with me; it is not far."

He shrugged his broad shoulders and walked beside her. When they got to the door she took his hand, in her anxiety, and led him into the dark room.

"One moment, I will light the lamp."

She did so. He had removed his hat and was standing, vainly trying to staunch the blood from the wound; but he was still smiling the pleasant, half-cynical smile.

(To be Continued.)

MINARD'S LIMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

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