



## Leif Ericsson—The Discoverer of America

THE FIRST WHITE MEN to tread American soil were Leif Ericsson and his sea-dashed Viking crew. This was nearly a thousand years ago, when the Scandinavian peoples ruled the seas and held the secrets of navigation. The history of the fair-haired, liberty-loving sons and daughters of Sweden, Norway and Denmark is rich in song and story. We have millions of these splendid folk in our own land, and wherever the standard of Liberty and Human Progress has been raised they are found in the front rank, bravely fighting for the Right. Better citizens or greater lovers of Personal Liberty are unknown. For centuries our full-blooded Scandinavian brothers have been moderate users of Barley-Malt brews. Who can truthfully say it has injured them in any way? It is the ancient heritage of these peoples to revolt at Prohibitory Laws, and their vote is registered almost to a man against such legislation. For 57 years Scandinavians have been drinkers of the honestly-brewed beers of Anheuser-Busch. They have helped to make their great brand **BUDWEISER** exceed the sales of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred men, all in all, are daily required to keep pace with the natural public demand for Budweiser. ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

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# Budweiser

Means Moderation



## A Great Intrigue,

### OR, THE Mistress of Darracourt.

#### CHAPTER IX.

He turned and came toward them, and Lucille saw the old lady's fierce expression soften into a strange kindness.

"So you are here still, are you, sir?" she said, and the tone was gentler than her words.

"Yes, my lady," he replied.

"Humph!" she said, thoughtfully. "They told me you were going to leave the country. What are you doing here?"

"I am Miss Darracourt's servant, my lady," he replied, gravely, just raising his hat towards Lucille.

"Miss Darracourt's servant!" repeated Lady Farnley, as if she was pondering over it. "Humph! she might have a better!"

"And she might have a worse," he said, with perfect respect, and with a grave smile.

"I'm not sure of that," she snapped, but she smiled as she spoke, and her eyes dwelt upon his face indulgently.

"I suppose I ought to tell her that you are an idle, ne'er-do-well, Harry Herne, eh?"

"It would be quite superfluous, my

lady; there are so many to tell her that."

"And you still keep him, my dear?" she asked, turning to Lucille.

By this time Lucille had regained her usual composure, and met the sharp eye steadily.

"I am accustomed to judge for myself, Lady Farnley," she said, coldly, almost haughtily.

"Well, well, my dear, you are your own mistress. I dare say he'll be useful."

"Have you any commands for me, my lady?" he said, almost interrupting her.

"Eh? Oh, no; you can go, sir; I see you are anxious to be gone," but as she turned she called to him again.

"What's the matter, Harry? What are you limping for?" He turned back with a slight flush on his tanned cheek, and his color showed the faint trace of the whip weal, which had not entirely disappeared. "And what's that on your face?" she added, with something like concern. "Come here, Harry!"

He came closer, his eyes downcast.

"Yes; there's a mark right across your face, and a cut on your temples. You have been fighting, sir!" and she held up her finger and shook it at him.

"No, I have not," he said. "I met with an accident on driving. A mere nothing. Good-morning, my lady," and he raised his hat and limped quietly away; but as he went his

eyes sought Lucille's imploringly and earnestly.

Lady Farnley turned to her sharply.

"He's been fighting! That was a story, of course!"

"Indeed, it was not!" exclaimed Lucille. "It was an accident. The ponies ran away with me, and—and we should have been killed, but he—Harry Herne—threw himself upon them and stopped them. He saved our lives! It was splendid! If he had not been there, one or both of us must have been dashed to pieces, I think!"

"One of us! There were two of you, then? That girl with you! I could have spared her!"

"Oh, Lady Farnley! It was not Miss Verner—it was the Marquis de Merle!"

Lady Farnley turned towards her with a sudden start.

"The Marquis de Merle with you! and—and Harry Herne saved him!" she said, with a strange infection.

"And—and what did he say? Did he—did he thank him?"

"Yes," said Lucille, her eyes flashing; "in a way peculiar to marquises, perhaps. He struck him across the face with his whip, and the mark you saw was the result."

The old lady stopped, and with her face white as death, save for the rouge spots, grasped Lucille's arms.

"What!" she gasped. "Struck him—with a whip—the marquis struck Harry Herne!"

"Yes," said Lucille, compressing her lips; "he struck him—for no cause, unless for saving his life!"

"The—coward!" she trembled like a leaf, and Lucille took her arm and drew it within her own. "Thank you, my dear; thank you. I am an old woman and easily upset. Struck him! Oh, Heaven; there will be blood spilt! I know it—I know it! To strike him! Well, well—what happened? Quick, my dear!"

"Nothing," said Lucille, with strange quietude. "Harry Herne—he might easily have killed him with a single blow!—bore it like a man!"

"A man! A gentleman!" exclaimed the old lady. "I see it all. You were there, and he wouldn't quarrel before you. Oh!" and she drew a long breath.

Then she turned swiftly, imploringly, to Lucille.

"My dear, mischief will come of

this. It will; I know it. But you must prevent it. Do you hear?" she insisted anxiously. "You must send him away—"

Lucille's brows came down.

"Why should I send him away?" she said, her eyes glowing with hauteur, as it seemed. "He has been here all his life—long before I came. He loves this place, with better cause than I have. He prayed to me to let him remain. He saved my life, bore insult for my sake, and, to reward him, I must—send him away!"

The old lady looked up at her, with mingled admiration and distress.

"Well, well, well!" she muttered. "You won't, I see. Oh, you have all the Darracourt spirit, my dear! Well, I can't help it. Harm will come of it. You don't know—"

She stopped abruptly, and Lucille broke in quietly.

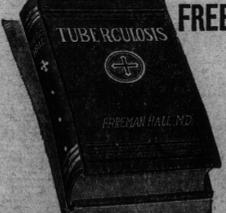
"What is it I do not know? Why are these two men such enemies? And what is this Harry Herne? Will you tell me?"

Lady Farnley looked from side to side, then she rose.

"No, I cannot tell you," she said. "It is not for me. It is not for you to know, either. Let it rest my dear. I—I made too much of it, I daresay. There! Here's the carriage!" and she got up with an air of relief. "Help me in, my dear; I'm shaken all to bits, and I thought nothing would

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move me any more, but I didn't calculate on this."

"You will not tell me?" said Lucille.

The old lady seemed to shrink from her.

"No, no! Don't ask me," she muttered; "and"—catching Lucille's arm as she stood back—"and don't ask any one else to tell you. Do you hear? Be a good girl now, and humor an old woman who likes you already, and will be fond of you, if you will let her," she was almost whimpering. "Let the thing rest. Oh, dear! Tell them to drive on. Wait!

Promise me, my dear—it's for your own good—promise me you won't inquire; now there's a good girl. Don't scowl at me like that."

Lucille forced a smile.

"I did not mean to scowl," she said quietly. "Very well, I will promise—for the present. But I may ask you to release me from that promise, Lady Farnley."

"That I never will," said the old lady, swiftly; and with these words the carriage moved away.

CHAPTER X.

You might live in a worse place than Wandsworth—and you might live in a better.

It is not poverty stricken, like some of the neighborhoods in London, the greatest and finest and richest city of the world; it is not exactly squalid, but it is emphatically and decidedly depressing.

It is here that the honest, hard-working artisan seeks his well-earned repose—it is here that the small tradesman makes an equally hard-earned livelihood, and it is here Mr. Sinclair, or, as he was styled on the posters, Mr. St. Clair, had a local habitation and a name.

Amusement was provided in Wandsworth by the Oriental Music Hall.

It is not an imposing edifice by any means, but, though it is attached to a saloon and adds considerably to the revenue of that establishment, it is quite respectable.

It was the evening of the day Mr. Sinclair had paid his visit to Darracourt, and he had just finished exploring the Wandsworthians in the Oriental to "Come into the Garden, Maud," and assuring them that he was "The Pilgrim of Love."

He was in anything but an amiable and peaceful mood as he climbed the narrow staircase of No. 21 Eden Row to the almost as narrow room in which he lived.

Mr. Sinclair lived in what is termed "the first floor back." It was a small room, meagerly furnished, the most conspicuous article being, next to the bed, a large lithograph portrait of "Senior St. Clair, the world-famed tenor," the next an enlarged photograph of a girl with yellow hair, great gray eyes, and thin lips—the portrait of Miss Marie Verner.

"I've never felt so fearful as to-night," he muttered. "It's seeing her, I suppose, and the thought that she's left that school, and gone to live among the swells. Oh, if I'd only married her! I was a fool to leave her free. A fool! and now I shan't sleep all night, and—there's nothing to drink," he added, thirstily.

At that moment there came three or four peculiarly dismal groans, as if seemed from behind the box, but in reality from the next room.

Mr. Sinclair glanced at the wall with a scowl.

"And now he's going it, to make things worse. And he'll keep it up all night, I suppose."

Another groan seemed to indicate that the supposition was not unfounded, and Mr. Sinclair, muttering, "Well, I suppose I may as well go and talk to him as sit and listen to him groaning," put out his candle for economy's sake, and groping his way to a door on the landing, knocked not over gently.

A voice, which seemed to come from a distance, answered, "Come in!" and Mr. Sinclair entered.

(To be Continued.)

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- 50 dozen Ladies' Plain Colored Cashmere Hose, in Self Tans, Greens, Light Navy, Grey, Purple, Amethyst and Vertical Stripes. Regular value 55c. Now . . . . .39c. per pair
- 30 dozen Men's Plain Cashmere Half Hose, in Self Colors and Fancy Embroidered Fronts and Stripes. Regular value 45c. Now . . . . .29c. per pair.
- 50 dozen Men's Plain Lisle Half Hose, in Black and Light Tan. Regular value 15c. Now . . . . .11c. per pair

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