

A Great Intrigue,

Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Harry looking down at her face, slowly put her hands from his arm.

"What is this?" he said, sternly. "Does this man speak the truth? Have you promised to marry him?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" wailed Mr. Sinclair. "Years ago, and a month ago!

I've got her letters, here, here, here, and here—"

"Answer him, Marie! Tell him that you love me, that you'll marry me!"

Marie Verner was no ordinary woman. A woman of the usual type would have lied, or prevaricated, and most certainly have fainted.

She did none of these things. Quietly, calmly, she fixed her eyes on the wretched man, and smiled—a smile full of contempt and loathing.

"Marry you!" she said; "I would sooner die! This—and she touched Harry's arm—"is my husband."

At the words there rose a sob, and Lucille staggered out into the hall.

Marie Verner started and drew back, and Harry darted forward; but Lucille, with a gesture, swept past him, and with lowered head passed up the stairs.

The group stood amazed, thunderstruck at this fresh complication.

Marie was the first to recover her self-possession.

"Yes," she said, looking round calmly; "this gentleman, Mr. Herne, is my future husband. Our marriage is fixed for to-morrow; that, gentlemen—meekly—must be my excuse for following him here."

Mr. Sinclair scarcely waited until she had finished. With something between a moan and a shriek, he threw himself at her feet.

"Marie!—Marie! Have mercy on me! Don't drive me mad! I did it all for you! I'm a rich man now! Twenty-five thousand pounds! Do you hear?—five and twenty thousand pounds!—all yours! They can't keep me out of it! See, Marie, here is the check—where is it?—show it to her! Don't desert me; don't disown me, Marie! All these years I've waited and loved you—"

Marie Verner turned from him with a beautiful expression of pain and astonishment.

"This is extraordinary!" she said. "I know this person—I have known him for some time; but there is nothing in our acquaintance to warrant—"

He broke in with a wild laugh. "You hear her! Listen to her! Nothing in our acquaintance! Marquis, gentlemen, if she has promised to be my wife once she has promised to be a thousand times! I've lived for nothing but that! Nothing! Worked and waited! And now I'm rich—do you hear, Marie, rich!"

She turned to Harry and whispered: "Take me away!"

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leave him with me; but go, gentlemen, pray go—"

"Mad! I'm not so mad but I can balk you, marquis, and you too; my lady," and he shook his fist in Marie's face. "You've got the secret, have you; and you meant to make a fine haul with it! You threw me over to be the Marchioness of Merle, did you? And you thought I'd stand by and see it and say nothing except 'Thank you!' But you're mistaken. Gentlemen all, look at that man there!" and he pointed to the marquis, as we must still call him. "Look at him! He gave me that check; he forged it! He must have done, for I didn't! Why did he give me that? Why?"

"Silence!" cried the marquis, and he sprang upon the wretched man; but Harry seized him in his herculean grasp and held him off.

"Why?" cried Mr. Sinclair. "To shut my mouth? Oh, you may look as black as you like; I'm going to make a clean breast of it! Why shouldn't I? The money is no use to me now!" and he glared at Marie Verner. "That check was a bribe to me to keep my mouth shut, to keep the secret I got from old Pollard. Gentlemen all, that man's not the rightful marquis! There stands the real lord—there!" and he pointed to Harry.

"It is a madman's ravings!" said the marquis, wetting his parched lips.

"Raving, is it? It's the truth! His mother was married at St. Angelo, Paris! There is the copy of the certificate! There in Paris is the entry. The witnesses can be found. The real marquis is Harry Herne!" and, gasping, he sank into a chair, glaring at Marie Verner.

Mr. Head took the certificate from his nervous fingers and read it swiftly.

"This is true!" he said, in a grave voice to the marquis. "I have long suspected some mystery—"

"True!" and the marquis laughed. "Does it sound true? Take him to the lunatic asylum!"

Marie Verner glided forward. Her face was white as death, but there was a smile upon her lips.

"It is true!" she said, and her voice fell upon the storm like the clear note of a bell. "It is true, and he knows it! I learned the secret and—she shrugged her shoulders—"should have taken the whole world into my confidence to-morrow after twelve o'clock. I should have been the Marchioness of Merle then!" and she laughed. "But your folly has spoiled both our pretty plots, marquis—Mr. Merle, I should say. Take my advice and accept the situation—as I do!" and she smiled. "My lord," and she turned to Harry. "You have had a narrow escape; and yet, I don't know, I think I should have made you as good a wife as most. But it is of no use crying over spilt milk! You had better remember that. You can take the man's title away from him; it is yours; but you can't take his wife!" and she smiled sardonically.

Harry sank into a chair, great drops standing upon his brow.

"Are you a fiend?" he gasped. "This is all your work!"

She smiled.

"No, not a fiend; only a woman full of ambition, my lord. My work?"

you mean Lucille's marriage? Yes! You see, I wanted her out of the way!"

"Wait until you are asked, my lord," she said. "And yet, I don't know why you shouldn't forgive me when you know what I am going to do!" and she moved to the door.

Harry sprang up. "Where are you going?—and what are you going to do?"

She put his hand from her. "I am going to see Lucille," she said. "Not to make reparation—I leave that for fools; but I am going to put you straight in her eyes—to show her that you couldn't have done anything else but marry me under the circumstances. I was making you—wasn't I?"

She laughed.

"Good-day, gentlemen. Mr. Merle, you have spotted both our fortunes, and I can't forgive you! A forged check!—it was the work of an idiot!" and, with the first touch of passion, she shot a furious glance at him and went out.

They heard her ascending the stairs with a light, careless step. Bad to the core, she had one redeeming quality which most villains, male and female, lack—courage!

Mr. Head went up to Harry and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"This is strange and sudden news, my lord," he said, solemnly. "I have long had my doubts that there was some mystery in the life of the late marquis; but you will admit that it was not my place—"

Harry shook his head wearily. "What is to be done?" he said, hoarsely.

Mr. Head looked at the marquis. "I do not imagine that the claim will be contested," he said, significantly. "I would suggest a compromise."

The marquis laughed sardonically, and threw himself back in his chair.

"Compromise!" he said, with a sneer. "I shall contest this claim to the last farthing! I will never give up, never!"

Mr. Head approached the table and bent over him.

"For your own sake remain quiet," he said. "Do not anger him; he has been cruelly used. Look back, sir, upon the years he has borne the shadow of disgrace and obloquy. As to the claim, if you know it is—can easily be proved—you are lost!"

The detective, who had been perfectly silent, watching the scene and taking in every detail, stepped forward.

"I have to do my duty," he said. "I arrest you, sir, on a charge of forging a check on Messrs. Coult's Bank!"

The marquis started and clutched the table.

"You—you cannot!" he said, hoarsely.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Oct. 14th, 1914.

- Doyle, Mrs. Alice, retd. Doan, James, card, Barron Street. Doyle, Miss Mary, card. Dwyer, J. A., care C. L. March & Co. Donovan, Mrs. Martin, Newtown Road. Duffie, Miss Sarah, Wood & Gower Sts. Dunn, M., card, King's Road. Dunn, Mrs. Bart's Hill. Duke, Miss Maggie, card. Evans, Mrs. George, P. O. Box. Evans, Mrs. George, P. O. Box. Davis, Miss Jennie, Water Street. Baker, Mary T., care Gen'l Post Office. Barnes, E., retd. Badcock, Wm. H., Water Street. Barrett, Mrs. James, Flower Hill. Barlow, Norman, care Cochrane House. Barnes, T., card, Newtown Road. Ball, W. W. Babcock, T. S. Bryan, Wm., care Gen'l Post Office. Barnes, A. J., Forest Road. Badcock, Geo. H., Victoria Street. Blackmore, P. Blandford, L. Penningwell Road. Bakes, Wm., care Gen'l Delivery. Badcock, Miss M., Penningwell Road. Barrett, Cyrus. Blandford, L. Penningwell Road. Barter, Charles, Hamilton Street. Bembrery, Miss Catherine, Monkstown Road. Bentum, Mrs. Harry Bell, James, Nagle's Hill. Barnes, E., retd. Bennett, Mrs. David, York St. Brett, S., James' Cabot. Bellman, Mrs. Jacob, Cabot Street. Billar, Miss A., York Street. Bishop, Christopher, Monroe Street. Bond, Robert, Water St. East. Brown, Mrs. T., York Street. Brown, Dr. A. S. Brown, Miss Ellie, Gower Street. Broomfield, Mrs. Isaac, Gower St. Broderick, Mrs. M. E., card. Bolland, Stephen, Clifford Street. Butt, Margaret, care Masonic Terrace. Blundell, H. A., Monkstown Road. Russell, Miss Jessie, Gower Street. Burton, J. J. Burke, John, late Port Blandford. Butt, Miss Sadie, Flower Hill. Butler, John, card, Newtown Road. Butt, Bros. Blundell, H., Goodview Street. Butler, E. J., Nagle's Hill. Butler, James G. Brennan, Mrs. Ellie, Water St. West. Brewer, Mrs. A., Penningwell Road. Barter, A., Water Street. Bragg, Miss Annie, Cocharne St. Bogan, J. Barrow, Miss Susie, care Mrs. Coffin. Hayward's Avenue. Brand, David. Baggis, J. H. Campbell, J., Engineer. Campbell, Patrick, Flower Hill. Cassell, Miss Bridget, Queen's St. Campbell, Alex., card. Clarke, Reuben, J., Moore Street. Chafe, Augustus. Chaffey, Isaac J., Pleasant Street. Candow, L., retd. Canney, W. A. Clarke, Henry. Callahan, L. Carew, Miss Norah, Monkstown Road. Charley, Wm., Adelaide Street. Clemens, Mrs. Wm., York Street. Christian, Cordelia E. Clifford, T. J. Chatham, Miss A., Central Street. Crocker, Joseph. Collins, Miss Minnie. Cowan, Miss H., card, retd. Colley, Miss, Prince's Street. Connors, Miss Kattie. care J. Robertson, Water Street. Connell, Mrs. John, Circular Road. Cotter, Denis, Nagle's Hill. Cole, Bride, retd. Connolly, John. Cook, George, New Gower Street. Coleman, Mrs. Ann, Gower Street. Crocker, Mrs. Nellie, care F. B. Wood. Collon, Master Max, Water Street. Connolly, Miss M., William Street. Cole, Mrs. John. Collier, Miss Marian, Queen Street. Collins, Miss A., card, Prescott St. Olin. Connors, Thos. Coleman, Mrs. Francis. Coleman, Geo. Knowling. Hibbs, Miss Rose. Coyell, Miss Elsie, Gower Street. Churchill, Fred. Churchhill, Fred. Hickey, Quiddi Vidi. Curtin, Miss Lizzie. Curran, Miss Carrie, King's Bridge Rd. Cummings, Thos., card. Campbell, Capt. Jas. Christopher, Mrs. M., card. Monksdown Road. Clemons, Wm., York Street. Dalton, Wm., retd. Daymond, Mrs., Gower St. Davenport, Mrs. Jannet, Military Rd. Davis, Mrs. Fred, Winsor Terrace. Dawe, Gertrude, Water Street. Dwyer, Michael, Mundy Pond Road. Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill. Dyer, Michael, York Street. Driscoll, Mrs., card, Monroe Street. Doherty, E., Gower Street. Donnelly, John, Codner's Street. Doyle, Miss Annie, Cuddihy St. Drover, James, care Wm. Anthony, Signal Hill Road.

- Osmond, D. McN., care G. P. O. Osbourne, Miss Janet, retd. Oloford, Miss Maria. Parsons, Miss Jack, care Gen'l Delivery. Parsons, Master Jack, card, Duckworth Street. Parry, Gies. Parry, Gies. Parsons, Miss L., Barnes' Road. Pederson, K. Pederson, Johann. Penny, Arthur. Penny, Noah, Signal Hill Road. Peels, Joseph, George St. Penny, Miss Susana, Leslie St. Percy, D. Pretty, Marlam, late Dildo. Penney, Miss E., Alexander St. Penney, Miss Minnie, Water St. Pike, Miss Mary, Allan's Square. Picco, Mrs. Martin, Notre Dame St. Pike, Edward, Buchanan St. Pike, Miss Bertha, Forest Road. Picher, Eugene. Price, Fred, retd. Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill. Power, Edward, Lewis Place. Power, Patrick J., care Chas. Power. Pinsett, Miss, slip, Pleasant St. Quigley, James, Carter's Hill. Ryan, Mrs. John, Burke Square. Ryan, Miss Mary, Burke Square. Rux, Miss Violet, Water St. West. Reid, Miss Mary, retd. Reid, George, Lime St. Reid, Bell, retd. Reddy, Wm. Ridout, Miss Beatrice, Military Road. Ridley, Arthur. Rolis, Miss Mary, Signal Hill. Rowe, Miss Lena, Stephen's St. Rodgers, Miss Helen. Roberts, Mrs., retd. Rodgers, Wm. J., Cuddihy St. Rowell, Sydney, card. Rowe, Miss B., card. Rowell, Miss Nellie, Stewart's Ave. Rogers, G. W. Roberts, George. Ryan, Miss May, Burke's Square. Roberts, Albert, Field St. Sparks, Joseph, Cabot St. Sampson, Michael. Skanes, Lily L., care Mrs. Ellis, late Topsail. Sparks, E. C., Water St. West. Slaney, Miss Bride, card. Saunders, Miss Alice, Theatre Hill. Starks, Mrs. Hedley, Duckworth St. Sweeney, Edward, care P. O. Office. Sheppard, John C., Harvey Road. Sterling, Mrs. George, Casey St. Sevier, Miss A. Simzatt, N. J., George's St. Smith, Miss Winnie, care Gen'l Post Office. Smith, A. J. Smith, Mrs. Fred. Simmons, Mrs. Isabella, Henry St. Smith, W. J. Soper, Mrs. E. C., Gower St. Snow, A., Casey St. Sorenson, E., Boggan St. Simpson, Louis, care Gen'l Delivery. Squires, Miss Lizzie, Temperance St. Sullivan, Mrs. T., James' St. Summers, Master E., Gower St. Squires, Lizzie, Water St. West. Squires, Miss Madege, retd. Shortall, T. J., late s.s. Argyle. Skanes, Mrs. E., Boat House Lane. Tavernor, M. B. Taylor, W. J. Thistle, Mrs. Allan, Casey St. Thorne, Miss Ethel. Thomas, Nelson, Freshwater Rd. Tuck, Harry. Tucker, Mrs. John C., Penningwell Rd. Vardy, Miss Jessie, King's Road. Vatcher, Andrew. Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill. Whelan, Miss Ellie, Military Road. Wall, Frederick, Springdale St. Walsh, Miss M., Bond St. Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Rd. Walters, Miss Anna. Waddleton, John, George's St. Warren, Miss R., care Gen'l P. Office. Walsh, J. C., care Gen'l Delivery. Wall, Michael, Bannerman St. Weir, James, Newtown Road. Weir, Edward, Newtown Road. Weathers, Miss Teresa, Gower St. Whelan, M. J., George's St. White, Miss M., care Miss Smith. Whitcomb, Wm., Mundy Pond Road. Witcox, Josiah, Monroe St. White, Hubert, late Port au Port. Witcox, J. T., Bart's Hill. White, E. V. Williams, Miss Bertha M. Worthman, Miss Annie, Queen's Rd. Woodford, Miss Elsie, Gower St. Whitely, Mrs. E., William St. Winsor, Mrs. Wm., Brasill's Square. Younge, Miss Cressey. Youden, Mrs. Ellen, care Gen'l Delivery. Young, Miss Lena, care Gen'l Delivery. Young, Robert, care Gen'l Delivery. York, Henry.

H. J. B. WOODS, P. M. G.

Hidden Flavors Brought out by Windsor Table Salt

money, everything, but her freedom of yourself. I will not trust her to your mercy. Refuse to sign and nothing can save you from the fate you plotted for me! Quick! I hear them outside."

The marquis clutched it and started to his feet, staring at him.

With a bound he seized the coat and put it on, then, with his hand upon the window, he looked back.

He could not repress one last taunt. "She is my wife still!" he said. "I know it!" he said. "I will remember it! Now go!"

The window closed noiselessly, and Harry waited in the centre of the room. The ten minutes expired, and there came a knock at the door. He opened it and admitted the detective and Mr. Head. The former looked round the room quickly.

"Come!" he said. Harry inclined his head gravely. The detective bit his lip irresolutely. "Well, you know best, my lord," he said; "but it was a splendid case!" (To be continued.)

very... in her... latest... paper... way... the... falling... Or... brother... of... at... going... she... taken... ed... their... when... at... grace... her... fishes... she... But... more... of... on... ing... A... Mirard... Dear... day... any... of... We... fine... market... have... had... ped... to get... IR... SW... W... C... H... It... pr... th... me... H...