



FIRST MATE'S STORY

H. M. Ryall, First Mate, S.S. "Boston," Yarmouth, N.S., writes: "Zam-Buk has been a boon to me. I had the misfortune to fall and badly cut my shins. The wounds did not give me much trouble for about a week, and then my legs began to swell and pain me very badly. The doctor told me that my clothing had poisoned the wounds. He gave me some salve and an antiseptic wash. I used these for a short time, but instead of getting better the blood-poisoning and the pain got worse. I suffered so much pain and was so reduced in consequence that I had to leave the ship and go home. My legs were at that time swollen to almost three times their usual size, and the pain was so intense I could not sleep. Indeed my legs were in such a condition that I was afraid the doctor would

advise amputation. Just at that time a friend recommended Zam-Buk. My wife obtained a box and began applying it to the wounds. Almost from the first application I felt a change taking place. The throbbing, burning pain ceased, and gradually the swelling began to go down. I continued the Zam-Buk treatment, and after a few boxes had been used the wounds were completely cured and I was able to go back to work again. I certainly believe that Zam-Buk saved my legs, if not my life."

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A Great Intrigue,

OR, THE Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Yes; join me. Look here, I'll tell you all about myself in a jiffy. My name is Doyle. I'm a horse dealer—as you've guessed, no doubt. But, mind you, there are dealers and dealers, and I'll tell you at once, sir, that I'm an honest one. Perhaps that's why I haven't made my fortune years ago. I've got a good connection—I buy horses all over the place—England, Ireland—wherever I can get good 'uns. Those you saw came from Ireland, and there ain't better anywhere—but that's neither here nor there. Join me. I don't want a partner—don't believe in 'em; but if you'll work with me, I'll treat you like a gentleman—as I see you are—and give you"—he laughed—"two pounds a week," and he held out his huge hand.

Harry grasped it gratefully; then his face clouded.

"You are very good," he said, "and I am more grateful to you than I can say, but—"

"Well, say three pounds, then!" broke in Mr. Doyle, hastily; "I don't want to be mean, you know!"

"It is not the money; I think you have offered me quite enough," said poor Harry, hesitating; "but you know nothing of me—" He stopped.

Mr. Doyle looked rather grave.

"Do you mean to say that you have been in trouble?" he demanded rather blankly.

"In sore trouble," said Harry, grimly; then he smiled, as he caught the man's meaning. "No, not the trouble you think, Mr. Doyle! I, too, am an honest man!"

"Right you are!" exclaimed the other, striking him on the back, heartily. "There, I'll take your word for it! I shall soon find out whether it's true or not! I'm a bit of a judge of faces—a dealer has got to be, you know—and I flatter myself I can tell an honest man as soon as I can a wind-broken horse. Right you are!

Trouble, eh? Lost your wife, perhaps? No? Well, don't tell me, if you don't like! I know what trouble is—it's like a bruise, you don't want people feeling and pawing it about. You've no call to tell me anything about it. You don't mind telling me your name, I suppose?"

"Not the least," said Harry, and he told him.

"Hem! Good name! Well, sir, I think we'd better be toddling! Where are you stopping?"

Harry told him. He called a cab, and they were driven through one of the parks to a quiet street, in which stood a tall gateway; at the side of the gateway was a pleasant little house, with flowers in the window boxes, and a creeper climbing about, which gave it quite a rustic appearance.

"My cottage in the wood," said Mr. Doyle. "Stables at the back. I live here when I'm in London. Only keep an old woman, who'll be delighted to have some one else to do for."

What could Harry say? He went down to the stables. There were a great many stalls, and nearly all filled.

Mr. Doyle strode into the middle of the yard, and called several men by their names.

"Here, look here," he said; "this gentleman—Mr. Herne—gives orders here when I'm out of the way. Understand? Right," and strode on.

Before half an hour had passed Mr. Doyle had plumbed Harry's knowledge, and was more than satisfied.

Harry walked back to the hotel that night in a state of confusion and wonderment. Providence had taken up the thread of his life and spun it on a fresh wheel, as it were, in a moment.

His new life began the next day. Mr. Doyle proved as good as his word, and trusted him up to the hilt. A natural consequence ensued; Harry Herne was, as Mr. Doyle had been sharp enough to see, a gentleman; he understood a horse; he never made a mistake. The consequence was that Mr. Doyle rapidly recognized his superior, and bowed to Harry's decision without question. The new life would have made Harry happy enough, but, alas! there was a rift in his heart which made the music of existence mute. He used to go whistling and singing about Darracourt.

with a word—and such a pleasant word—for every soul he met. Now he rarely, if ever, smiled, and was as sparing of his speech as a Brahmin.

The men in the yard regarded him with a mixture of admiration and awe—admiration for his handsome face and splendid form, and awe for the grave, quiet manner and that nameless something which proclaims the man of gentle birth. Mr. Doyle swore sometimes, Harry never. Mr. Doyle was often disobeyed, Harry met with instant and cheerful obedience.

It was hard work. Long journeys had to be made, often to no purpose. Strings of horses had to be conveyed to and from London. There were letters to write, people to see. Harry had no time to dwell upon the past excepting at night, and then, ah! then, in the quietude of the little room, with the flowers outside the window to remind him of the country, how plainly the vision of Lucille came floating into the room!

There he would sit, his head drooping, his heart aching and aching for just a sight of her, just to hear her sweet voice once more.

At times, too, in the day, the black fit would seize him, and he would stride up and down the flagged courtyard, his face pale and set. At such times the men did not care to approach him, and even Mr. Doyle kept out of his sight.

Now, whenever very particular "swells," as Mr. Doyle called them, came to the yard, he used to hand them over to Harry.

"You see, my boy," he would say, "you are one of their sort, and they take all you say as gospel truth, while they eye me askew sometimes, though I may be just as straight. You can sell them a horse in half the time, and get more money—especially if there is a woman in the case. By George, some of these days one of 'em will walk off with you, as well as a nag, see if they don't!"

And Harry would shrug his shoulders, and the bitter look would come into his face.

One morning there drove into the yard a quiet-looking brougham. Mr. Doyle called Harry at once.

"Here's one of your customers!" he said.

Harry was going out; but there stepped from the brougham, a tall, thin gentleman, with a pale face and gray, steely eyes.

Harry stopped short as if he had been pulled back by a string, and turned into the little office again.

"Go and see him for me," he said to Mr. Doyle.

He had recognized the marquis. Now the sight of him had torn open the wound in his breast, and sickened him, and when Mr. Doyle came back he found him sitting with his head in his hands, his face almost as pale as the marquis' own.

"Hello!" he said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing!" said Harry, impatiently. "Well? Did you do any business?"

Mr. Doyle swore.

"Business? No! About as hard a customer as you could find, and as suspicious as a load! I'd like to get the better of that man, hang me if I

wouldn't! It's the Marquis of Merle!"

"I know!" said Harry, absently.

"You know?"

"I've seen him. Well, well?"

"Oh, he didn't buy! A nice fellow he is! About as warm as they make them! Spends most of his time at the Hazard. They tell me he's going to Old Nick as fast as he can gallop! Get home and lie down, lad; you look knocked up. The fact is you do more than your share of the work; you go and rest!"

"Rest!" said Harry. "No, it is not rest I want, I want rousing!" and he laughed a laugh not pleasant to hear. "I think I'll go for a ride," and he thrust his hat on his head and walked into the stable.

A young horse had arrived the day before, a handsome animal in everything but temper. Harry had had a brush with him in the early morning, and had almost found him too much even for his accustomed hands. He went up to the quadruped and put the saddle on him; the animal laying its ears back and letting out with the ferocity of a tiger.

"Here!" said Mr. Doyle. "Don't ride that beast, take my cob."

But Harry shook his head.

"I want something to do," he said, grimly.

"Well, he'll give it to you, sure enough," said Mr. Doyle. "But don't take him, there's a good lad."

And she had not looked up! He drew a long breath, his eyes flashed, his heart leaped.

It was no use to struggle any longer; he must, he would claim her! His own, his very own!

With a cry that really was no more than a whisper, though he thought it was a shout, he turned the horse's head to dash after the carriage. He would speak to her, call her name, say "Lucille, my darling! my love! have pity on me—I cannot live any longer without you!"

In his mad haste he plunged the spurs into the horse, and struck it with the whip.

The devil in the animal not having been cast out, but only tired out, roused itself. With a snort and a plunge he flung himself sideways and fell!

(To be Continued.)

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Harry's will was notorious in the yard, and even as he made this remonstrance, Mr. Doyle knew that it was useless.

He watched the pair, both so willful, go out of the yard with a mind full of misgiving.

Harry, utterly indifferent to where he was going, made for the park instinctively. If he could only get a clear place for a fight and a gallop with this four-legged demon he felt that he might cast off the black fit which the sight of the marquis had aroused.

The fight soon commenced; fortunately the park was nearly empty, and Harry got the clear place he desired. For a quarter of an hour the animal tried every trick he knew to get rid of the burden which sat and nipped him like grim death. He kicked, reared, plunged, tried to bolt, but in vain; the hands that held him were like steel; the rider seemed to know and anticipate every vicious trick.

At last the horse gave it up as a bad job and consented to go along like a rational animal. The foam flecked its breast, its eyes were starting, its mouth sore. Harry's hands were tired, but there was something like peace in his heart, and for a time at least he had mastered the demon which kept continually whispering: "Throw honor and conscience to the dogs; go and make her your wife, you fool! Why lose all your life? Go and take advantage of her love and marry her!"

He was riding along, his head drooping, his touch upon the reins slack but commanding, on the best of terms with the horse, when suddenly a carriage came to-ward them. Harry did not look up until it was quite near; then something seemed to compel him to do so, some strange influence which he felt as strongly as if he had heard his name called.

He raised his head, and the next moment his heart leaped into his mouth.

There, seated in the landau, was Lucille!

She was alone, and leaning back, with a pale face and half-closed eyes. She was changed, wonderfully changed; he saw it at once. As beautiful as ever, with the same loveliness, and yet—what was the difference? Her name rang in his ears, he thought

he had called her; but it was fancy only. The carriage came along slowly; she did not raise her eyes; it passed—passed so closely that he could have touched her by leaning forward.

And she had not looked up! He drew a long breath, his eyes flashed, his heart leaped.

It was no use to struggle any longer; he must, he would claim her! His own, his very own!

With a cry that really was no more than a whisper, though he thought it was a shout, he turned the horse's head to dash after the carriage. He would speak to her, call her name, say "Lucille, my darling! my love! have pity on me—I cannot live any longer without you!"

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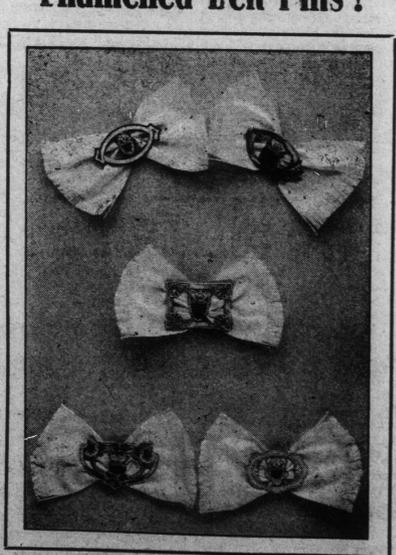
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