



## A Great Intrigue,

### Mistress of Darracourt.

#### CHAPTER II.

Lucille paused for a moment outside the drawing room window, to regain her composure, and to wipe away the traces of the tears which had sprung to her eyes so suddenly. She knew that Marie Verner's sharp eyes would detect the signs of her emotion, and would instantly question her, and for some unexplained reason, Lucille shrank from a recital of the extraordinary scene which she had witnessed, and her interview with the young man which had followed it. She felt half ashamed of her desire to conceal it. It seemed almost well, romantic and sentimental, and Lucille had a horror of the sentimental. What did it amount to, after all? She had by chance been a witness in a quarrel between the Marquis of Merle and a kindly gamekeeper, and afterwards the gamekeeper had begged her to take him into her employ. There wasn't much in that!

"I am over-tired and excited!" she said, looking over the lawn, and laughing faintly. "What fools women are! If the man had not been so handsome, I—I shouldn't have made such an idiot of myself!"

As she spoke, there rose before her the vision of the stalwart, graceful form, standing above her, with one upraised hand, invoking a blessing upon her. She felt the beautiful, masterful eyes fixed on her, heard the deep, musical voice, and she tried to laugh again, but failed.

"No, I won't tell Marie," she murmured. "She would never cease to 'chaff' me, as she calls it! Besides, perhaps I have done a foolish thing, after all. The young man may be a bad character—a poacher, or something worse—and the marquis may have good reason for advising him to leave the Court. Well, if I have done a foolish thing, I must abide by it! I've given my word, and I'll keep it!" and the decision brought her a strange sense of relief and satisfaction.

On the way to her room Lucille paused on the great staircase, and looked out through an open pane of the stained window, and her glance fell upon the tower at the end of the terrace, and the tree beneath which she had stood, and Harry Herne had kissed the hem of her dress. Was it fancy, or a trick of the moonlight, or was there really a stalwart figure standing looking up at the house?

With a strange leap of her heart, she turned and went hastily into her room, and almost started guiltily as she saw Susie arranging the toilet table.

Chap boarding schools do not provide a lady's maid for the pupils, and Lucille, who had never had a servant in her life until now, when she had an army of them, paused irresolutely. "Do you want anything, Susie?" she asked, in her sweetly musical voice. Susie's round blue eyes developed into blue saucers.

"Oh, yes, miss. I've to do your hair, and wait on you, please!" she said.

"Very well," said Lucille, resignedly; "I didn't know. I never had a maid before. And have you lived here all your life, Susie? Here, in Darracourt, I mean."

"Yes, miss," said Susie, plying the brush swiftly and carefully; "I was born here. Father is one of your tenants, miss. He's got the Tarn Farm."

"And so your father is one of my tenants? Have I got any other farms?"

Susie stared at the beautiful face reflected in the glass.

"Oh! don't you know, miss?" she exclaimed, with respectful wonder.

"No," replied Lucille, amused at her surprise. "I don't know anything, scarcely. I mean of the estate? You know, Susie, that it is only a week ago that I learned it was mine, and there has been no time to find out all the particulars."

"I see, miss! Oh, Darracourt is a big place. It's the largest place in the country, and then, Merle Hall, where the marquis lives, comes next, but it's not a quarter so large as Darracourt."

"I suppose the marquis is very popular here, Susie?"

"Popular!" repeated Susie, thoughtfully. "People like him, you mean, miss? I—I don't know. You see, miss, he doesn't go about much. People say he's proud, and it's because he's poor. I don't know why that should be," she added, innocently. "And that's why he lives alone and looks so pale and thoughtful. But he's very grand and polite when he does speak. Father says that he can never forget that Darracourt ought to belong to him—oh, I beg your pardon, miss!" she broke off, frightened and aghast.

Lucille colored for a second, then she smiled, reassuringly.

"Never mind, Susie," she said, gently. "You have not offended me. It is natural that the marquis should regret losing so beautiful a place."

"Yes, miss; my tongue does run so."

### "Nerviline" Cures Cramps Ends Misery Instantly

NO REMEDY SO SPEEDY OR EFFICIENT.

A real cramp cure? Yes, a real one—in a twinkling the cramp is a dead one, and the last squirm is over, once you get a stiff dose of Nerviline on the inside. This isn't mere talk—it's a solid truthful fact. No other remedy—not a single one—will cure cramps so quickly and harmlessly as Nerviline. It hits the spot in a jiffy and eases a heap of misery.

"Last Saturday night my stomach felt like an infernal machine," writes T. P. Granger from Hartford. "I was awakened from a sound sleep and found myself suffering the worst kind of torture. I was so doubled up I could hardly cross the room. I had used Nerviline before for the same thing and took a real good dose. Once I felt the warm, soothing sensation of Nerviline in my stomach, I knew I was all right. It finished the cramps—just one single dose."

Sickness at night is rendered a nightmare of the past if Nerviline is handy. It may be earache, toothache or cramps. Nerviline, in every case will cure at once and save calling the doctor. Nerviline is a family physician in itself. The large 50c. family size bottle, of course, is most economical. Small trial size costs a quarter. All dealers sell Nerviline.

will stand in your place, as it were. The welfare of the estate depends "It was my fault," said Lucille. "You can go now. Will you call me quite early—at seven o'clock, please?"

"Yes, miss," said Susie; and with a gentle "good-night!" Lucille dismissed her.

At eight o'clock the great bell rang, and Lucille made her way to the breakfast room. Mr. Head was standing by the window, with a long paper in his hand, and he came forward to greet her, with that deferential friendliness which a lawyer extends to wards a rich client.

"You are an early riser, Miss Darracourt," he said.

"We used to get up at six at St. Malo," said Lucille, simply.

"I am fortunate in finding you here so early. My train goes at half-past nine, and there were some few matters I wished to speak to you about. As you are aware, Miss Darracourt, I, and my father before me, have been the legal advisers of your respected uncle. I think I may say that I was something more than that—I may claim to have been his friend."

"Yes."

"In my position as legal adviser I have become fully acquainted with all the details of this large—I may call it vast—estate. Until now, I have refrained from troubling you, knowing well how unfair it would be to expect you, in the first moments of your accession to the property, to listen to dry particulars. I do not intend to inflict them upon you here now. They are set down as concisely as possible in this paper, which I now hand to you. Therein you will find a list of the securities, and, in fact, of the whole of the property which your uncle bequeathed you. There are other particulars which, perhaps, I had better hand to Mrs. Dalton, who will, I presume, undertake the management of the house?"

"I am not sure," she said. "Would it be right—proper—usual for her to do so?"

The reply rather surprised him.

"I apprehend that you would not care for the trouble of the thing. The house is immense, the number of servants very large—a list of them with their salaries was one of the things I intended placing in Mrs. Dalton's hands."

"Give it to me, please," she said, quietly.

He took a heap of papers from his pocket, and, selecting one, handed it to her.

"There is a still more important matter in connection with the establishment," he added. "Your uncle was a man so full of energy that he did not find even the management of this large estate too much occupation for him. But is it impossible for you, a lady, young, and—and—"

"Inexperienced," said Lucille, with a smile.

"Yes, inexperienced, to attempt to cope with it. It will be necessary that you should have a steward."

"What is that?" she asked.

"A general manager, a person who

upon him. I ought to have engaged a steward, but I have had so much to do that I have not had time."

"You have been very kind, and must have worked very hard," said Lucille. "I must have a steward, then." She looked down the list of servants. "Are they all here?" she asked.

"Yes, all," he said. "Why do you ask, Miss Darracourt?"

A faint blush rose to her cheeks, and she kept her eyes fixed upon the paper; the next moment, ashamed of her slight embarrassment, she raised her eyes and looked at him, calmly, and steadily.

"There is one other I have—heard of, whose name is not here, I think."

"Indeed!" he said; "then, that is the butler's fault. Permit me to add it to the list."

"His name is Harry Herne," she said, quietly.

Mr. Head was almost guilty of a start, and he looked at her strangely, as he said, rather coolly:

"He is not a servant on the establishment, Miss Darracourt."

"I understood that he was always here," she said.

Mr. Head was silent a moment.

"That is partly true," he said, with marked constraint. "The young man was a favorite of your uncle's, and—well, yes, I think he spent most of his time at Darracourt. He was, no doubt, useful to your uncle."

"Then he would probably be useful to me," said Lucille.

"Just so," assented Mr. Head, tamely. "Exactly. Ahem!" He folded and unfolded the list. "I'll put his name down, if you like," he said; "but in what capacity?"

Lucille was silent. There was something mysterious about this Harry Herne.

"Give me the list, please," she said. "I will think the matter over."

Mr. Head handed the list back, feeling rather confused and bewildered.

"There is not much else," he said. "Oh, yes. I have paid into the local bank here a sum which I deemed sufficient for your present wants. Three thousand pounds. Here is the checkbook, Miss Darracourt. If you want any more—I mean ready cash—you have but to write to me—or telegraph. I will present to you shortly a statement giving the total of your income from various sources. It will prove to be a very large one, your uncle having lived well within his means."

"I shall not know what to do with it," said Lucille.

Mr. Head smiled.

"The Court will consume a large portion of it," he said. "You, no doubt, will have a house in town, and—well, there are plenty of ways of getting rid even of so large an income as yours, Miss Darracourt." He glanced at his watch. "We have still a quarter of an hour," he said. "Would you like to walk in the grounds? Shall I show you the stables? They are considered fine. Your uncle spent an enormous sum upon them, and there is a capital stud."

Lucille said she should be glad to go with him, and they passed out.

"I have no doubt you find the Court rather lonely at present," he remarked.

"It is so large," she answered.

(To be Continued.)

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9790—A NEW AND BECOMING STYLE.



Suitable for gingham, percale, cambric, nainsook or lawn. The design has front and back waist portions cut wide over the shoulders, and caught in deep tuck darts below the bust, terminating in deep platts at the panel edges. The design is cut with square neck edge. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes—Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9667—A SIMPLE STYLISH DESIGN.



Suitable for gingham, galatea, chambray, lawn or percale, this model may also be developed in ratine, linen or lincene, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem tuck at the centre back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Size . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . .

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

## Garden Tools!

Griffin's BEST Crown Scythes,  
Griffin's Riveted Back Scythes,  
American Scythes,  
B. Y. Grass Hooks,  
Scythe Stones, of all kinds,  
Digging Forks,  
Potato Hooks,  
Hay Rakes,  
Scythe Snaths,  
etc., etc.

**BOWRING BROS., Ltd.**  
Hardware Dept.

## BOOKS on all subjects or for any occasion you'll be sure to find them at Garland's.

Speeches and Toasts—How to Make and Propose Them, 30c.  
Manners for Men by Mrs. Humphrey, 20c.  
Manners for Women by Mrs. Humphrey, 20c.  
The Mother's Advice Book by Dr. Harry Roberts, 30c.  
The Young Wife's Advice Book by Geo. Black, M.B., 30c.  
Complete Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen, 30c.  
Practical Palmistry by Henry Frith, 30c.  
How to Read Character in Faces, Features, etc., 30c.  
How to Read Character in Handwriting, 30c.  
The Doctor and Nurse's Guide by Geo. Black, M.B., 30c.  
Concerning Marriage by Rev. E. J. Hardy, 20c.  
Billiards for Beginners by John Roberts, 30c.  
Beeton's Complete Gardening, 30c.  
Beeton's Ready Reckoner, 30c.  
Beeton's Bible Dictionary, 30c.  
Practical Home Cookery, 30c.  
Games and Amusements for all Occasions, 30c.  
A Complete Guide to Photography, 30c.  
The Chairman's Guide by Henry Frith, 30c.  
How to Dance by Edward Scott, 20c.  
French Self Taught by Franz Thimm, 25c.  
German Self Taught by Franz Thimm, 25c.  
How to Speak in Public, 25c.  
Gypsy Witch Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 25c.  
How to Shine in Society, 25c.  
Plays for Amateur Actors, 30c.  
Practical Ventriquilism by Robert Ganthony, 25c.  
Revised Edition of Hoyle's Games, 30c.  
First Aid to the Injured by St. John's Ambulance Association, 30c.

## GARLAND'S BOOKSTORES,

177 and 353 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S

# FARMERS!

## GIVE YOUR Live Stock MOLASSINE MEAL.

### HARVEY & Co.

## J. J. ST. JOHN.

Our IRISH BUTTER takes the prize every time. "ECLIPSE" is the name of our 40c. TEA. It has a wonderful sale.

Our ROYAL PALACE BAKING POWDER is getting in every home; 1 lb. tins, 20c.; 1/2 lb. tins, 14c.; 1/4 lb. tins, 7c.

50 gross TOILET SOAP, 5c. bars, at 35c. doz.

## J. J. ST. JOHN.

Duckworth St. and LeMarchant Road.

**\$10.00 CASH FOR THE BEST PHRASE** **\$600.00 IN PRIZES ALTOGETHER**

**NEW DUNLOP PEERLESS HEELS**

Once each month we give twenty-five prizes, totalling \$50.00, for phrases of ten words or less relative to Dunlop Heels. Examine the heels you buy and always ask for the Pink Slip.

Look for this pink slip in every heel box.

**FRED. V. CHESMAN, Agent, St. John's.**

## CEMENT!

Just received 2000 barrels

### White's Portland CEMENT.

The Best Cement in the market.

## H. J. Stabb & Co.

An Intelligent Person may save \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate 51712, Westport, N.Y.