

"My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells"

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes—

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes. It has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone."



DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

A QUEEN UNCROWNED

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER VI.

"She is not crazy," interrupted the harsh, impatient voice of Grizelle; "she is as sane as you, and speaks the truth. Peace!" she said, impetuously, as they would have interrupted her. "I will speak to her, and end this scene. Miss Augusta De Vere, listen to me! Ah! I see you are doing it," she said with her customary sneer as she beheld the wild, dark eyes riveted, with a strange, stony glare, to her face. "Your father wants to imprison me on suspicion of robbery and murder, and if he does, you know the alternative! One word from you will effect my release—and I await that word!"

"Papa! papa! let her go! let her go! she cried, falling from her seat prostrate on the floor at his feet. "Augusta, you do not know what you are saying," said her father, almost sternly, as he raised her up. "This woman is a murderess!"

"And your daughter is worse!" she passionately cried, flinging herself on the sofa, and then starting up again, as if deranged by some inward, gnawing, unutterable pain. "Oh, saints in Heaven! what will become of me? Papa! papa! let her go, if you would not see me dead at your feet!"

"Let her go, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Disbrowe, "before you drive your daughter insane. What is her life, or that of a dozen miserable wretches like her compared to that of my cousin?"

Grizelle turned her eyes on him with her sneering smile, and said: "Yes, let me go. I faithfully promise to keep your daughter's secret and never to molest any one again. Refuse me, and it will be at your peril!"

"Go, then," said Mr. De Vere, trembling with rage and anguish; "and may Heaven's worst curses go with you!"

Grizelle smiled slightly and bowed, and met Jacquetta's flashing eye with a look of exultant triumph. Returning it with one of mingled defiance and disgust, the young girl made her a stern motion to go, and, unlocking the door, held it open for her to pass.

"You wear your chains so gracefully, my pretty little dear," said Grizelle, as she went out, "that I don't know any one better qualified to teach your sister the virtue of resignation. Whoever would imagine you to be—what you are?"

"Begone!" exclaimed Jacquetta, stamping her foot passionately.

With one of her short, scornful laughs, so gallant to listen to the woman passed out; and Jacquetta, turning suddenly around, met the eyes of Disbrowe fixed full upon her as if in wonder at the last words. To his surprise, her bold, bright glance fell, and her face, a moment

and dreamed, undisturbed, of music, and Jacquetta and handsome Spanish boys, and little selfish girls, and old witches twenty feet high, until the first morning sunbeam peeped through the star-curtained oriel window, and fell lovingly and warmly as a mother's kiss on the closed lids of the young Englishman's dark eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

The sun was high in the heavens ere Captain Disbrowe awoke, and, springing up, he leisurely began to dress, ruminating still on the unaccountable incidents of the preceding night. But all his ruminations ended by leaving him more perplexed than ever; and the face on the wall, at which he glanced at intervals, smiled serenely, and suggested nothing to help him out of his difficulty.

Humming the rag end of a tune, he ran downstairs, passed through the hall, and out of the front door which lay open to admit the breezy morning air and bright sunshine. While the young guardsman stood leaning negligently against the vast stuccoed pillars that supported the massive doorway, he heard a footstep behind him, and the next moment Frank appeared, bright and cheery.

"Hello! Up already?" was his salutation. "Nice morning, ain't it?" Captain Disbrowe glanced at the bright sky and brighter sun, and not being able, consistently with truth, to deny the fact, admitted that it was rather a nice morning.

"Beats your English climate slightly—don't it?" said Frank. "Rain, and drizzle, and mud; and then, mud, and drizzle, and rain, by way of a change. Ugh! I wouldn't be paid to live in such a place at any price!"

"Which is England's loss, if she only knew it," said Disbrowe, lazily; "but we have a glimpse of sunshine there occasionally, my young friend—on the king's birthday, and the festival of St. George and the Dragon, and other national feasts; so it's not altogether so overwhelming and knock-down a sight to see the sun as you might suppose. Where are the rest? Everything was so still—I thought none of you were up."

"Up!" said Frank, like an echo. "Doesn't Jack always beat the sun, and be up and doing an hour before he has the faintest idea of rousing himself for his day's labor? I guess so! And now she's off over the hills on horseback, and has most likely cleared some dozen miles before this. As for judging by the stillness, this house always goes considerably ahead of the Palace of Silence, or the Dead Sea, or any other mute and solemn old tomb, I flatter myself, in that article."

"Indeed! By the way," said Disbrowe, carelessly, "is all the building inhabited—I mean, do the family occupy the whole of it?"

"Oh, no—not near. That old north wing over there—let's call it 'dismal looking'—hasn't been occupied for the last twenty years or more. You see, it was built as near like Foutelle Park as possible, but it wasn't convenient in the old style; and though it suited England well enough, it didn't pay in America. The swallows built their nests in the chimneys, and they smoked like fury, and the roof leaked in wet weather, and the windows were small and dark, and the rooms were large and gloomy, with oak wainscoting; and, altogether, it was a dismal old barn as ever was. So Uncle Bob had the southern wing and that, with the right half of this middle part, is all we occupy."

"Ah!" said Disbrowe, thoughtfully, "and you are quite sure—"

"I'm quite sure that's Jack," cut in Frank, suddenly. "There she goes! Ain't she a tiptop rider? Look at that!—now watch her clear that fence!"

A high fence, with a sharp, spiked top, was right in the way of the rider, as she came swooping down, mounted on a splendid black Arabian—a fence that would have made even the finished rider, Captain Disbrowe, mounted on his superb Saladin, pause; but it stopped not the course of the spirited little equestrian, who came dashing along. Backing her horse for the leap over it, she dashed in splendid style; and then, relaxing into a trot, she ambled up, and lifting her eyes, saw the two spectators.

"Good-morning, Captain Disbrowe," she said, touching her plumed riding hat gallantly. "Why didn't you get up and take a gallop with me over the hills this bright morning, for the benefit of your health and appetite, instead of lying lazily in bed?"

(To be continued.)



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Patent Office

MAY AUCTION MODELS OF OLD INVENTIONS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30 (A.P.)—What to do with all the old-time models, now in the custody of the Patent Office, is awaiting solution, and efforts will be made at the coming session of Congress to clarify the situation.

The demand for space in the Patent Office ousted the models from their exhibition cases at the end of the last century, but the government has had to continue paying space rental for them. A proposal now being considered is to have a commission appointed to sort out the models that might prove of historic interest, and perhaps sell the others at public auction.

The general requirement of having the inventor submit a model with his patent application was discontinued about 1880. To-day the law directs that the commissioner of patents in his discretion may require a model furnished.

TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Letter From Mrs. Ayars Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

"I took the Vegetable Compound before my last confinement, when I got to feeling so badly that I could not sleep nights. My back ached so across my hips, and I could hardly do my work during the day. I never had such an easy confinement and this is my sixth baby. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the 'Farmer's Telegram' and wrote you for one of your books. We have no druggist in our town, but I saw your medicine in T. Eaton's catalogue. I am a farmer's wife, so have all kinds of work to do inside and outside the house. My baby is a nice healthy girl, who weighed nine pounds at birth. I am feeling fine after putting in a large garden since baby came. (She is as good as she can be.) Yours is the best medicine for women, and I have told about it and even written to my friends about it."—Mrs. ANNE E. AYARS, Spring Valley, Sask.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system so that it may work in every respect as nature intends. All druggists sell this dependable medicine. Give it a trial.

A Swimming Prodigy

Canada has a swimming prodigy in George Young, a 14-year-old member of the Toronto Swimming Club. He won the 230 yard free-style swimming championship in Montreal, and also won the bridge-to-bridge swim of 1 1/2 miles in 38m. 40s., which is almost a minute faster than the previous record held by such a sterling swimmer as George Vernot. This is the third time swim young Vernot has won in three weeks.

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