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A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XV.

"Oh, coward and traitor! Is this my son's revenge?"

"Ho! Then he knows, too!" cried Mr. De Vere, eagerly. "I did doubt that; but this confirms it! Then you are guilty."

"What has he told you?" she cried, fiercely.

A flush of haughty anger and humiliation tinged the handsome face of Disbrowe, but he said nothing.

"It is false!" she cried, forgetting in her passion all respect for her questioner. "He must have told you. No one else knew."

She checked herself, and again turned scarlet.

"Knew what?" said Mr. De Vere, with a piercing glance.

She made a frenzied gesture, like one goaded to desperation.

"I will not tell! Suspect what you like! You have laid this trap to ensnare me; I can fall no lower in your eyes than I have fallen now. Think me guilty as you please, the whole of you! I am ruined and disgraced, and it matters little what becomes of me, now!"

"Then you do not deny it?" he said, significantly.

"I deny nothing! I acknowledge nothing! You think me lost, body and soul! Think so still, but let me go!"

"What, without your dear friend? Come hither, Sir Spaniard! Is it the custom in your country, when a wounded stranger is received into a man's house, to return his kindness as you have returned mine?"

"What has he done?" demanded Jacquetta, coming over and laying her hand, half caressingly, half protectively, half defiantly, on the boy's shoulder and looking around like a stag at bay.

"Nay, Jacquetta, you would not have me answer that question, I trust? But, Alfred, I must have an explanation from you! What do you know?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing that you choose to tell, you mean, Alfred Disbrowe, I command you to tell! This—this person

is my son's wife, and I have a right to know!"

"I have nothing to tell, sir," said Disbrowe, so stunned by all he had heard, that he scarcely knew whether he was dreaming or waking.

"You have!" said Jacquetta in a ringing voice. "Deny it not! Tell all you know!"

"You have accused me of doing that already!" he said, with a haughty bow.

"Then you have not told?" He only replied by a look. He would not answer such a charge.

"Ah! and I have wronged you! I am sorry! Will you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive." "No; it is scarcely worth while stopping to forgive so lost a wretch as I. Shall I tell you what he saw, Mr. De Vere, since he will not?"

"As you please. It matters little."

"Jacquetta!" said the boy in a trembling voice.

"Hush! fear not! Then through the door of this boy's room he saw me kiss him!"

"Ah!"

"How very indiscreet of you to leave the door open," said Grizzle, with a laugh and a shrug.

Jacinto started up.

"Jacquetta, I will tell! I will!"

"Do, at your peril! Not one word, sir!"

"Not a word! I will never forgive you if you do."

The boy hid his face in his hands with a groan.

"If you have anything to say, young sir, out with it!" said Mr. De Vere, sternly.

Again Jacinto started up.

"Oh, Jacquetta I must! It was my fault, and I will take the consequences. I will tell! I must tell! I cannot bear to think I was the cause of—"

"You are the cause of nothing. In my guilt and degradation I stand alone! From all blame you are free! You can say nothing that can free me from the crime of having such a father,

er, such a mother, and such a child! I am the daughter of an outlaw and a villain, ruined and disgraced!—It has an ugly sound; but it is the truth, though I may never have spoken it before. Good-by my friend; you, at least, believe me innocent of one crime with which I have been charged and that is something. Mr. De Vere, what next? I do not wish to trouble you but as short a time as I can. I await your command to go."

"It will come presently. Jacquetta De Vere, I am sorry for you."

"There is no need, sir. What does it matter?"

"What will become of you when you leave here?"

"I am a small girl, sir; and in the Potter's Field there is room for another vagrant."

Some of the old love he had felt for her came back, as he saw that faint, cold smile.

"Oh! Jacquetta, why have you done this? Why were you so deceitful?"

"We will not speak of it, sir, if you please. I do not think I can quite bear it yet. Forget the past, and think of me as you have learned to do."

"Jacquetta, was it for his home and wealth you married my unfortunate son?"

"I'd rather not answer that question. You have already answered it to your own satisfaction; and nothing a confirmed liar, such as I am, can say, is to be believed."

"You were only a child then—a little child! Was duplicity born with you, Jacquetta?"

"Very likely, sir. You forget my mother."

"Ah true." His brow darkened again. "And so you will go with this man?"

"He is my father, sir."

"Oh! you acknowledge it at last—do you? you unfeeling little mixix!" growled the captain.

"Is the list of my crimes ended, Mr. De Vere? When may I go?"

"As soon as you please. I will ring and give orders to have your things packed up."

"No, sir, you will not! Bare and penniless as I came to Fontelle, I will leave it! Good-by, Mr. De Vere; you were a kind friend to me always, and I shall pray God to forgive you for the wrong you have done me this day. He is more merciful than man, and perhaps He may forgive even so lost a sinner as I am."

Her voice trembled a little as she moved one step away.

"One thing further. Since this is my child, may she not come with me? Neither she nor I will ever trouble you again."

"No!" said Mr. De Vere; "my grandchild stays at Fontelle Hall!"

"I cannot give her up so!" she said, passionately—she is all I have left to love! Orrie I am your mother, will you not come with me?"

That pleading smile; that quivering lip—how pitiful they were to see!

"I am your grandfather, my child. If you will stay with me you shall live here and be a lady. You shall have everything your heart can desire."

Orrie looked from one to the other, and then up at Disbrowe, on whose knees she still sat. His face was averted, but he held her closer in his arm.

"Will he stay, too?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. De Vere.

"Then so will I!" said Orrie. "I won't go!"

Something faded out of the face of Jacquetta—it could not be color, for she was deadly white; it was as if a flickering light had gone out from a lamp. She put one trembling hand up before her face without a word.

"The last unkindest out of all," quoted Captain Tempest, touched in spite of himself.

"Ring the bell, Frank, and tell Reynolds to serve dinner instantly," said Mr. De Vere, coldly.

Jacquetta lifted her white face, and made a step forward the door. Captain Tempest, Grizzle and Jacinto, rose too. No one else moved.

She reached the door; she paused on the threshold, her face worked convulsively, and she turned back with a great cry.

"I cannot go like this! Will no one say good-by to me before I leave?"

"Certainly," said Mr. De Vere, "good-by. And in the future I hope you will learn to be true!"

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Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

AUTUMN.

Red and gold! Red and gold! Where the waves of frost have rolled. Youth has fled each sunny garden And the trees are growing old; Now in splendor stands the maple For the critics to behold.

"It is done! It is done!" Says the elm tree to the sun. Spring and summer have I labored. Have I failed, or have I won? Is the thing which I have fashioned Fit for God to look upon?"

Age is near! Age is near! 'Tis the ending of the year. And a hush lies on the valleys As the mist begins to clear; Now in purple and in scarlet robes The tapers all appear.

When I'm gray! When I'm gray! And I reach my autumn day. And the soul which I have fashioned As it is, must ever stay; Like the trees which pass in splendor May I also pass away.

Using a Nail as a Compass

If you happen to be lost in the woods without a compass you can readily find your direction provided you have an iron nail in your pocket, according to Dr. Kiesel, who tells how to do it in a recent number of Kosmos (Stuttgart). Steel tools are frequently markedly magnetic. Soft iron is not supposed to be so, but his experiments with ordinary nails, which are usually made of soft iron, show that almost without exception these are magnetic, though but feebly. He says:

"If one floats a nail upon water its magnetism is sufficient to make it take a north-south direction like the compass needle. A nail of considerable length should be chosen and thrust through two bits of cork, one at either end, and then laid on water. At first it will be pulled about by the currents in the water, even when these are weak. But as soon as it comes to rest it will gradually take the north-south position, although one must often wait several minutes for the north-south direction to be assumed."

Dr. Kiesel reminds the reader that the direction taken is not the true north-south line, but is parallel to the line drawn between the magnetic poles. He proceeds:

"It has long been known that a steel rod lying in the direction of the terrestrial magnetic lines of force becomes permanently magnetic if while in this position its upper end is beaten with a hammer."

"When this is done the lower end will possess north magnetism while the upper end will exhibit south magnetism. When placed in other positions before being hammered it will become less permanently magnetic, according to its deviation from the lines of force. I found that the same thing was true of ordinary nails, though these are mostly made of soft

iron; and since these while being produced in a nail machine incidentally receive a very violent blow, we have a simple and probable explanation as to why they are magnetic. At the same time we perceive that it is easy to make nails magnetic which happen to be non-magnetic—namely, by a few smart blows with a hammer, while holding them against a solid surface and in a direction parallel to the lines of force of the earth. If one does not happen to know the way these run, one needs only hold the nail perpendicular to the earth. Since its lower end will then acquire north magnetism, it will turn to the north when allowed to float upon water. If the position of the nail be reversed and the hammering repeated, the magnetic poles will change, the north becoming south and the south becoming north."

In conclusion Dr. Kiesel says that not only nails but ordinary sewing-needles and knitting-needles, and even pieces of iron wire, are magnetic and can therefore be used to determine the north-south line; while these things, if they are slender enough, can be floated without the assistance of a cork. He says:

"If such articles (which must be quite dry) are allowed to fall in a horizontal position upon the surface of water, from as short a distance as possible, they will not sink but float upon the surface. They can thus be employed to determine the north-south line, but which end is which can not be found, since they will not stand hammering."

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