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A QUEEN UNCROWNED
— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER VII.
Suddenly, while he watched, a faint trembling ray of light passed one of the windows. A sudden suspicion shot through his mind of burglars and housebreakers, and a sort of conviction that Captain Tempest or old Grizzle was in there, flashed upon him. In a twinkling, he had grasped a stout ivy stalk, and holding on to the projecting sill, held himself up and looked in.

It was a female carrying a lamp but was it Grizzle Howlett? Yes—if she had a small, light, fairy figure; a fleet, noiseless footstep, a small, delicate face, and wavy curling hair; if she ever wore a dainty, white wrapper, and had a small, snowy hand, sparkling with rich rings. For one instant, the light of the lamp flashed full on the face of her who bore it, and never fell mortal eye on a face so white, so rigid, with such wild, glistering eyes, and hurried, terrified look.

She passed on—all was darkness again; but the instant she disappeared, the music ceased. He held on until his hands were tired; and then he sprang down and paced up and down restlessly, waiting for the reappearance of that light, till the stars died, one by one, out of the sky, and the chill gray dawn came blue and cold over the distant hills; and still it appeared not. And then he re-entered the house, returned to his bedroom and threw himself, cold and chilled, in bed—not to sleep, but to wonder what this midnight visit meant. From its place above him, the pictured face smiled upon him still, but with a meaning in its mockery he had never felt before, and with—oh! such a wave of derision in its laughing eyes! Sleeping or waking, would he ever forget the look that white face wore?—that look of mingled horror,



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nition, she darted over the rocks, and in an instant had seized the stirrup, swung herself up before him on his horse, flung her arms around his neck, and gave the astonished and laughing young Englishman a crushing hug.

"Upon my word," said Jacquetta, "an enthusiastic welcome."

Orrie turned around and peered at Jacquetta, and laughed, and nodded, and clung closer to Disbrowe.

"And so you are glad to see me, Orrie?" said Disbrowe, still laughing. "Where in the world did you drop from on these bare rocks? Not from the sky?"

"Lor, no!" said Orrie, in contempt at the idea. "Old Grizzle whipped me, and I ran off—I always do when she whips me, the ugly old thing. I shan't go back, either, till it's dark."

"Well, won't she whip you again, then?" said Disbrowe.

"No—Uncle Till won't let her. He'll be there, and he likes me. I wish you would give me a ride on your horse. Will you?"

"Certainly," said Disbrowe, moving on. "Why, Orrie, I thought you had forgotten all about me ere this."

"I guess I hadn't," said Orrie, soberly, turning around to give him another kiss, and then clapping her hands to make the horse go faster. "I've been thinking about you ever since. Oh! what a nice horse to go this is!"

"And you have no kindly greeting for me, Orrie?" said Jacquetta. "Is he to receive all your attention?"

"Oh," said Orrie, "everybody says you don't care for anybody, and don't want kisses or nothin'."

For nearly half an hour they rode on.

Little Orrie prattled continually, giving Disbrowe occasional embraces to fill up the pauses, until Jacquetta almost coldly suggested their return.

"There now, Orrie, will you be able to find your way back, do you think?" said Disbrowe, as she sprang down in a flying leap.

"Be sure I will," said Orrie. "Good-by, I'll come to see you some day."

"Thank you," said the young gentleman, laughing.

And the next instant she was bounding and hopping like a blackbird from rock to rock.

A look of dark gloom lay on the bright face of Jacquetta, as they turned toward Fontelle; and until half the way was over, she never spoke, save to briefly answer his questions. At last he said:

"You seem strangely out of spirits, my dear cousin. May I ask what is the matter?"

"I am thinking of that child and her words," said Jacquetta. "Somehow, the sight of that little girl always affects me strangely; something in those eerie black eyes of hers almost frightens me. A strange feeling is it not? I wish you could tell me what it means."

(To be continued)

CHAPTER VIII.
All the next day, Jacquetta did not make her appearance; she was in the room with their wounded guest, and had her meals brought up. Mr. De Vere and Augusta had not been told of Disbrowe's adventure with Captain Tempest, and they simply knew that a young stranger had broken his arm, and had been brought to Fontelle by Jacquetta, and that she had constituted herself his nurse. Once, Mr. De Vere had paid a visit to the sickroom and had returned to tell Disbrowe he found him sitting up talking to Jacquetta, and to marvel at his singular and extraordinary beauty, which was the first thing to strike a beholder, always, on seeing Jacquetta.

That night Disbrowe lay awake listening and hoping for a repetition of the mysterious music; but he listened and hoped in vain. The silence was undisturbed and unbroken all night long.

Next day he ordered his horse for a gallop across the country. This time he did not fail to take his pistols and keep his eye about him, and felt, in his present fierce mood, as if it would be rather a relief than otherwise to have a fracas with "Old Nick," to put his stagnating blood in circulation, if for nothing else; and indeed, in his state of mind at that moment, he would have found it rather pleasant than otherwise to shoot somebody.

So he rode on, at an exceedingly leisurely pace, looking around him now and then, and trying to make up his mind to hate, detest and abhor this uncivilized cousin of his, and contrasting her in his own mind with the dignified, languid, high-bred Lady Gertrude and Lady Margarets of his acquaintance, and drawing conclusions anything but flattering to her by the contrast, when the thundering sound of horse's hoofs dashing down the rocks behind him made him turn around, and he beheld the object of his thoughts, mounted on her spirited little black Arabian, sweeping on toward him.

"A race! a race! a steeplechase! Come on, Cousin Alfred!" she shouted; and as she swept thundering past she raised her whip and gave his nettled horse a cut that sent him off like an arrow from a bow.

With the ringing "Tally-ho!" of a foxhunter, she urged both horses on, and away they sped at a dizzy pace. Presently they moderated their speed, and then Jacquetta cried out merrily: "Look there!"—and she pointed with her whip—"there is the very Queen of the Kelpies, taking an airing!"

Disbrowe looked, and saw, to his surprise, the little girl Orrie, of the lone house, bounding, flying, leaping, with the agility of a mountain kid, over the rocks—her long, elsh locks unbound, and streaming around her little elfish face with its supernatural, large, bright, glittering black eyes.

"Hello! little Orrie, by all that's startling. Where did that little Witch of Endor, start from? I say, Orrie, Orrie! Come here."

The little girl heard his shout, and turning around, shaded her eyes with her hand from the sun, and peered at him; then with a glad cry of recog-




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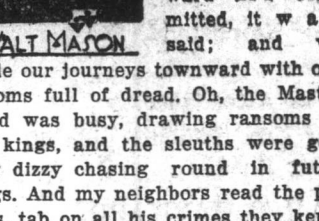
THE INEVITABLE END.



WALT MASON

In this fair and sunny region long a handit held his way, and his vicious crimes were legion—he would rob and get away. All the crimes from murder downward he'd committed, it was said; and we made our journeys toward with our bosoms full of dread. Oh, the Master Mind was busy, drawing ransoms fit for kings, and the sleuths were getting dizzy chasing round in futile treason, and a hundred other pranks. It may seem that men unholy down the path of safety wand, but the Law, which travels slowly, always gets there in the end. And this handit, who had flouted all the laws which should prevail, who by many towns was wanted, now is safely locked in jail. He is facing years of duration, years of suffering and shame; "Total loss, without insurance," has been chalked against his name. Justice seems to limp and falter as she trails from lodge to lodge, but she packs a chain and halter for the crook who tries to dodge.

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Modern "Jean Valjean" Pardoned.

"M. Doumergue, President of the French Republic, has just signed the pardon of M. Jean Hateau, whose career has a close resemblance to that of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean," says the Times Paris correspondent. "Sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude in 1904 for selling stolen bonds, Jean Hateau escaped three years later from the Guiana convict settlement. He went to Metz, where he established a small business, and became a successful merchant and an influential citizen. The bewilderment of his fellow citizens, by whom he was held in high esteem, when he was arrested last November as an escaped convict, was not less than that of the good people of Montreuil in Les Miserables when their good and much-loved mayor was denounced as the escaped forger, Jean Valjean.

"By pardoning M. Hateau, who has been in prison for nine months, the President of the Republic has granted the petition of a large number of business men in Metz."

When should a man retire? "Not until he is more than 100 or is incapable mentally or physically of doing his job," says Dr. E. J. Slade-King, who has refused to resign from the position of Medical Officer of Health at Itracombe, Devon. Dr. Slade-King, who is within a few months of being 100 years old, told a deputation from the Council that he would not retire.

"Younger men want to step into my shoes," he said, to a Daily Mail reporter, "but let them strike out for themselves, as I had to do. I am hale and hearty and do my job every day."

Dr. Slade-King also holds the position of coroner.

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—July 17, 12

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