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

CHAPTER X.

"I will!" said Orrie, decidedly.  
"Will you marry me?" said Disbrow, still laughing.  
"Yes!" said Orrie, soberly; "I shall. I'll ask him about it the next time I see him. Will you live there, too?"  
"No, I am afraid not. I must go home shortly."  
"Where is your home?"  
"Oh, away over the sea—far away." Orrie's countenance fell.  
"I shan't like it, then. I had rather go with you. Couldn't I marry you, and go there too?"  
Disbrow laughed heartily.  
"What are you laughing at?" said Orrie, sharply. "I don't see anything to laugh at! Perhaps you are laughing at me!" she exclaimed, as the thought struck her for the first time.  
"Laughing at you?" said Disbrow, composing his countenance. "I hope I have better manners. No, indeed, Miss Orrie."  
"Well, will you marry me, though?" said Orrie, curiously.  
"It's very likely I shall," said Disbrow, maintaining his gravity by an effort, "though I must refer you to papa! Oh! here comes the old witch of Endor herself. Good-by, Orrie. I'll think of your proposal."  
And kissing the small face, upturned in all gravity for that pleasant operation, he sat her down, sprang on Saladin, and galloped off, just as old Grizzle, in angry astonishment, came to the door.  
It was some time in the afternoon when he reached Fontelle. Wishing to see his uncle for a moment, to discover if he had any message to send to Lord Earncliffe, to whom he was about to write, he inquired after luncheon where he was, and learned from Tribulation that he was in the library, according to his custom, in the afternoon.  
The library was at the end of the south hall; and to reach it he had to pass the rooms of Jacquetta and Jacinto, which were opposite each other. Thinking of her with returning tenderness, he started on his errand, humming a verse of an old song.  
The door of Jacinto's room lay open as he passed, and something caught his eye, and he paused.  
Well he might! Well might he stand transfixed, while the blood flushed in a crimson tide for one instant to his very temples, and then retreated, leaving him white even to his lips.  
On a sofa indolently reclined Jacinto—his head resting on one hand, the other toying with the silken curls of Jacquetta, while he gazed up in her face with eyes full of love and

joy. She bent above him, her arms around him as she knelt beside his couch, talking in softest whispers; and at last, as he stood there, he saw her stoop down and press her lips warmly to his.  
The sight maddened him. What he would have said—what he would have done in his first fierce outburst of rage and jealousy, it would be hard to say; but both had heard him, and both were on their feet in a moment. Face, and neck, and brow of Jacquetta grew crimson for an instant—the next, it vanished; and with a look on her face he had never seen there before, she walked over and confronted him.

CHAPTER XI.  
There was a pause, during which they stood gazing at each other, one in scorn, and the other in defiance. Jacinto stood with his face averted—silent, too. Jacquetta was the first to speak.  
"Well, sir," she said imperiously. He bowed in mock humility.  
"I beg your pardon, Miss Jacquetta. I was on my way to the library to see my uncle, and passing here—"  
"You stopped to look in."  
"Not intentionally. The door being open, I gave a passing glance in, naturally; not expecting the interesting little tableau vivant that met my eye. Excuse me for interrupting it; I would not have done so for the world."  
She grew crimson at the insinuation his tone conveyed.  
"Insolent! What you mean, sir?"  
"Mean? Oh, nothing, my dear cousin! But would you mind my advising you to shut the door, in future, when you indulge in such little entertainments? They are very natural and harmless, no doubt, but some of the servants may chance to see you, and servants will talk, you know!"  
"Our servants will not; our guests appear to be more given to eavesdropping than they are. Be assured, sir, we shall take the precaution of shutting the door, in future. Have you anything else to advise?"  
"Nothing," said Disbrow, pale with passion and jealousy, "but that midnight interviews with old hags and afternoon interviews with young Spaniards, should both be more discreetly managed, lest Miss Jacquetta De Vere find herself in trouble, some day."

"Miss Jacquetta De Vere is very much obliged to you, but is quite capable of taking care of herself. Anything else, my worthy cousin?"  
"Nothing else. Good-afternoon, Miss De Vere."  
"One moment! Did you dream this

pleasant little scene was to happen?" said Jacquetta, with a curious smile.  
"Some faint vision like it may have passed through my mind, of late, but nothing quite so enchanting as the reality. I see now, why I was refused. Allow me to take the present opportunity of congratulating you on your good fortune, lest another should not occur speedily."  
"Where are you going?"  
"To the library, just at present."  
"Is papa there?"  
"My uncle is there—yes," said Disbrow, with emphasis.  
"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, with a sharp flash of her eye.  
"Nothing. Part of my dream merely crossed my mind."  
She looked at him as if she would have pierced him with her sharp, angry eyes; but his face wore no expression, save one of contemptuous sarcasm. It stung her to the quick; and again her pale face flushed, and her eyes blazed with a dangerous light.  
"I presume you are going to tell him what you have seen?"  
He bowed.  
"Miss Jacquetta is at liberty to construe my conduct as she pleases. At the same time, I would humbly insinuate I am neither an eavesdropper nor a talebearer."  
"I confess, it looks like it," she said, with a curling lip. "One thing is certain, your conduct, since you came here, has been very far removed from that of a gentleman."  
"Miss De Vere!" he said, haughtily.  
"How has it been?" she broke out fiercely. "Was it the part of a gentleman, in the first place, after receiving the hospitality of this house, to insult the daughter of your host by an offer of the love long ago pledged to another? Was it the part of a gentleman to follow me into a quarter of this house you knew was forbidden, to see, and hear, and spy on my actions? Was it the part of a gentleman, I say, to stop looking in doors and at scenes you had no business to look at—things never meant for your eye?"  
"I can believe that, Miss Jacquetta," he said, in scornful anger; "and I might retort, by saying: 'Was it the part of a lady to become an actor in such forbidden scenes—a De Vere stooping to love a nameless foreign adventurer? I thought better things of my cousin.'"  
"Who cares what you thought, sir!" she said, with a passionate stamp of her foot. "I will love when I please, do what I please, stoop to what I please, and defy you to your face."  
"Altogether to claim the same privilege, then."  
"You to come here to dictate to me!" continued Jacquetta, completely overcome by passion, and pacing fiercely up and down, after her custom when excited. "You, a complete stranger, who, because your mother chanced to bear our name, forsooth, think yourself privileged to rule lord and master of Fontelle Hall and Jacquetta De Vere. Who are you, sir? What are you, that you should dare to talk like this to me?"  
"Verily, a man of little account," said Disbrow, with a cold, calm smile, that fairly maddened her, "and with no authority either in Fontelle or over Miss Jack De Vere; but, as she bears my family name, and claims kindred with me, I feel friendly interest in her and her reputation."  
If a bullet had struck her, she could not have paused more suddenly in her passionate tread, nor turned of a more livid whiteness. Again, she clasped both hands over her heart as if she had seen her do before, and reel as if she had got a blow.  
(To be continued.)

USELESS GRIEF.  
"Oh, why are you weeping," said to my niece, "my comfort as-salling, disturbing my peace? And why are you wringing your hands and your hair, when you should be singing a jubilant air?"  
"I fear I am jilted," Miranda replied; "my spirit is writhed and broken my pride. With sorrow I'm saddled, my hopes are decayed, my lover skeaddled with some other maid." "With youth in your keeping," I said, feeling sore, "you should not be weeping or walking the floor. New lovers to-morrow will ask for your hand, and all to-day's sorrow will straightway be canted; some guy with a carriage will take you a ride, and talk about marriage with you as the bride. Some jay with a silver will ask you to go, and he will deliver you out of your woe. But always providing you dry up your tears; you'll not be asked riding with brims on your ears. With youth in your keeping, un-lined be your brow; its wickedness weeping or raising a row. You have your to-morrow, the future is yours; youth hasn't a sorrow that hasn't its cures. And I, who am laden with multiplied years, can't stand for a maiden

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MAN AND WIFE ARE CONVICTED AND SENTENCED ON RODENTS' TESTIMONY.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 30.—Thirteen sleek rats, penned in a cage in a chemist's laboratory, were useful to government agents in obtaining conviction of an Omaha man and his wife on a liquor selling charge, with subsequent sentence of a year in jail and a heavy fine for each in Federal Court.

The question of sampling the liquor which the pair sold was brought up in court, and to determine whether it was fit for human consumption, the agents submitted it to a chemist. He fed it to the rats and then watched their reaction.

The rodents displayed many of the characteristics of an intoxicated human, the chemist reported. Not one died, rather they all thrived, he declared on the witness stand.

Although defense counsel questioned the admissibility of the experiment as evidence, it was allowed to stand as indicating the potency and possibility of the liquor for beverage purposes.

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