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A QUEEN UNCROWNED

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Jacquetta; I ought to have told Geor- filling with love and pride, as they ge, I suppose; but really I felt ashamed to tell him I had made such a fool of myself. 'Where ignorance is bliss,' how happy she will be!" you know, "tis folly to be wise." Per-

"Oh, everything is as clear as noonday; but this is so strange I can ed as he spoke, and our party arose

wish it was. But, my lord, don't flat- Orrie somewhere. So they started off ter yourself to much. You know how on foot, while Augusta and Jacquetta intensely romantic I always was, and entered the earl's brougham to be it was quite as much for the sake of driven home. As they drove on. adventure, as for the sake of Captain laughing and chatting gayly, their atmy dyed hair, and walnut-barked like lightning on in the direction of it was-I first met Captain Tempest, terror, and let them dash on to cerand finding he was to sail the next tain destruction-without making any day, took passage with him to Ameri- attempt to stop them. Augusta lay ca. A few days after my arrival, we in a dead swoon, and Jacquetta sat met; Jacquetta discovered my secret; white as marble, perfectly still. I told her my history; and though They were on the bridge; and the she blamed me for my wild freak, yet passengers shrank to either side, in she consented to keep my secret. And dismay, when, suddenly, a man, whose eagle eye caught sight of the faces

He smiled, and looked at her with within, uttered a wild shout, and a strange glance. She met it with one springing forward, heedless of dang-

over my schoolgirl penchant for the grasp of iron for one moment. The you tell me, my lord, were you ever dashing guardsman. I love my hus-next, a cry of horror broke from the engaged to be married to a certain band with my whole heart, and him crowd; he was down, trampled un- Norma Macdonald?" alone. When am I to congratulate der the feet of the furious animals, Lady Earnecliff, my lord?" fast; and, the next moment, Dis-

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-mad

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 24 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tasts good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy that you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how suickly this home-made remedy suquers.

"No; no one knows but you and; "Next week," he answered, his eyes

"Ah, I am glad! Dear Jacquetts

'I hope so-I trust so. If the devohaps, also, you understand the mys- tion of a life can make her so, she

Mr. De Vere had promised to take ed my imagination for years, an es- had gathered around a drunken wom- good terms, and I got reckless, capade like that; and when the op- an in the street. A sudden cheer arose knocking about its sharp corners. It portunity offered, I seized it. Papa as they approached; and the horses, has given me some pretty hard raps, was abroad on the Continent, and only half-tamed things at best, saw my lord, until it has made me what would not return until you did; so fit to take fright, and the instant af- you see me now. But I am not likely it was easy enough feigning a trip to ter, were dashing along like mad. to trouble it much longer. Lelia, you Scotland, and going to American in- Disbrowe strove to check their mad have been an actress since; are you stead. You remember my disguise, career, but in vain; and they flew one yet?"

browe was out of the carriage, forcing

his way through the crowd to where

the wounded man lay. Crushed,

trampled, bleeding, a fearful spec-

tacle, he lay there, with the pitying

"Is he dead?" oried Disbrowe

"No, my lord," said the man he ad-

dressed, touching his cap. "Not dead

yet, but soon will be. Skull fractur-

"He must be removed instantly,"

man's eyes opened, and fixed them-

"Lelia-Lelia! Where is Lelia?" he

That voice! It reached Jacquetta

with a startled cry of grief and horor, she was bending over him.

"Oh, Alfred! Oh, Heaven! it is my

kneeling beside the bleeding form.

crowd bending over him.

ed. I think."

father!"

of you know him?"

selves on Disbrowe.

complexion, and how completely it Westminister Bridge, threatening Disbrowe; "she is Lelia, the actress, in the sound that carries that meanchanged me, when you failed to re- every moment to dash the carriage to no longer. A few days will make her cognize me? At Southampton, I think pieces. People cleared the road in Countess of Earnecliffe!

daughter-old Nick Tempest's daugh-Something ludierous in the notion it was not already familiar to you. Sabrina Fair,

seemed to strike him; and he laugh-"Do you mind that, father-do not

think of it Remember how few are didn't have "maids" then) failed to er, seized the nearest horse by the

the subject. I have completely got plunge and rearing, held him in a do. Tell me, Lelia, or, rather, do in the language. As I write it I find of Milton's, to me, are like that hand-

"Yes." said Disbrowe, surprised at

"Well, why did you not marry her?" refused me, and married another."

"Yes."

"Why, father, do you know her?" "No: but I should like to. Have you ever met her, Lelia?"

Again the captain laughed. Jacsaid Disbrowe, starting up. "Do any quetta turned to Disbrowe, with a

brain was wandering. The captain No; no one did. He was a sailor, they thought, and, very likely, a saw it, and read its meaning. Even as he spoke, the wounded

> "Father!" "It is true. Listen; you know when you were a little child, your mother

"Yes."

said, holding out his hand, with something like a smile.

Jacquetta wrung her hands. "Oh, Alfred, can nothing be done? fust he die here—in this dreadful

"Heaven forbid! Here, my men bring a cab instantly-will you?" As if by magic, one was found, and wounded man was lifted in. Jacquetta, and a surgeon, who providencrowd, entered after him, and drove off, while Disbrowe re-entered the brougham, where Augusta still lay insensible, and followed. And so the two mortal foes had met again.

CHAPTER XXV.

"And there is no hope, doctor?" "None, my lord; he must die. No

human power can save him now!" "I knew it myself, and could have told you so," said the wounded man. "When a man's skull is fractured, he is not likely to go cruising around the world much longer. I say, doctor, how many hours before I'm in port?"

"You may possibly live four or five hours-not longer," said the physician, as he arose to go.

"Humph! short notice to settle one's

"Here, father," she answered for a clergyman?"

"For a clergyman! No What do you suppose Captain Nick Tempest has to do with a clergyman? Come here, my girl, and tell me; for the wrong your old father has done you. can you forgive him now?"

as freely as I hope to be forgiven,"

very good friends hitherto; but will cares that infest the day," I will think you shake hands with the rough old the word "drowsy" over and over to self-conscious.

He held out his hand, and Disbrowe took it between both his.

"Then we are friends, my lord?" "We are, with all my heart,"

"No, Captain Tempest," interrupted could be, both in its meaning and

mother used to use. I do not find it in dull eye lit up. "A countess-my in the unabridged which I have not poetry, but it is my belief that no

the hours you have to live," said Jac-

but a dozen hands now held them the question.

"Is she now in England?"

"I should like to see her. Ser for her. Lelia."

"Often, father. She is like a sis-

look that plainly said she feared his

"No, I am not insane, Lelia, I know what I am saying. Lelia, Norma Macdonald is your half-sister!"

eloped, through the machinations of where she sat; and, the next moment, that accursed hag, Grizzle Howlet?"

"Lelia, it was with Randall Mac donald-her father! You both had the same mother!" "I'm done for, Lelia L. It's all up



SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WORDS AND OPALS.

Don't you love | evitable that it should have been a word much used in the old time New Words that are | England household worth loving, I mean. Beautiful words full of

"Comely" is a word I love, too. It always brings me a nicture of a womusic and color, man, fresh skinned, soft haired, smilor clever words that sound like ing, a very womanly woman, not fat of course, but most emphatically not the thing they of the modern straight line figure just plump and curved in a pleasant derful word to me. It sounds drowsy.

sense of ease and economy of motion, difficulty in cutting loose from "the of feminine efficiency, natural and effortless rather than scientific and

"Serene" is another of my favorite myself. And presently my thoughts words. I believe I have spoken bebegin to have that delightful inchoatness that is the prelude to un- fore of its soothing power. "Serene consciousness. The waves of sleep I fold my hands and wait." Could wash higher and higher on the shores any combination of words be better of consciousness, I can feel them fitted to suggest peace to a restless rising, one lifts me a bit and almost spirit. Try its cadences on yourself sometime, when you are in sore heed takes me off, and then all at once one washes me gently away and I know of a suggestion of peace.

Aren't These Words Beautiful?

Of course it is the poets who best understand words and know how to use the beautiful ones so that we shall feel their sheer beauty as words, as well as the thought they carry. There is one passage that I think of whenever my mind turns toward words as things beautiful in themselves. I wonder if you know it? If you don't, perhaps you will like to have your attention called to it so that you may ing to perfection. It is a word of find, as I do, pure joy in the music

old. New England slang that my and color of these magic words. It is from Milton's "Con "Ah!" said the captain, while his the small dictionary, but perhaps it is does not associate Milton with lyric at hand. The word is "spudge." It more beautiful lines of poetry, from means to bestir yourself, but surely the standpoint of words, were ever you felt that even before I told you, if written than these.

"Spudge round and get something Listen where thou art sitting Under the glassy, cool, translucent

done" . . . that was the way my waves In twisted braids of lilies knitting mother used it sometimes in commenting on what the hirded girl (we The loose train of thy amber drop-

ping hair.
They say that Philip Brooks used do; sometimes in suggestion as to what I might do if I wanted to get out to keep a pocketful of opals which to play before the day was over. I do he liked to take out and let drop from "Long enough for what I have to not know of any more energetic word one hand to another. Those lines,

> No Rest for Generator After Long Journey

Just to say it over suggests sleep.

Sometimes when I am having a little

no more until I awake refreshed.

fully. For instance:

Sometimes I think not just the word

"drowsy" but one of the lines of

poetry in which it occurs so beauti-

"And drowsy thinklings lull the dis-

The Exact Opposite Of Drowsy.

the opposite of drowsy as a word

Another word that I love is as much

LONDON, Oct. 25-(C.P.)-You may was but an eighth of an inch to spare "For many reasons, captain. She drive a generator to the power house, on either side. Workmen chipped but you cannot make him shrink. A away the stone of the gateway, and 65-ton generator was moved from the generator is now warming up to Birmingham to the Marylebone Power its daily duties. Station. The two hills it had to climb were productive of real spectacles, with police to keep the crowd back, goes farthest .- oct13,1me

wagons to spread sand, and cameramen to take moving pictures. With tremendous care and effort it was got right to the door of the power station, when it was found that there

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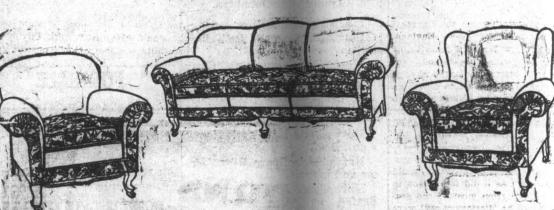
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