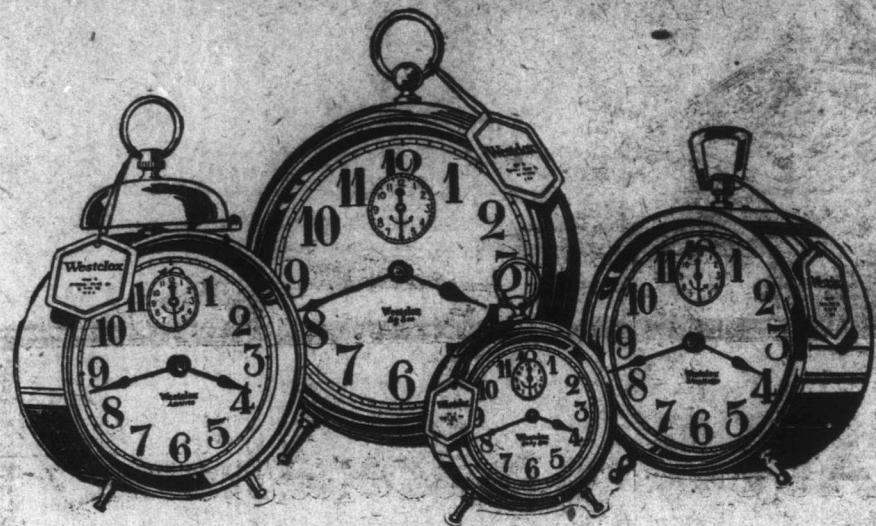


# Westclox



The right start

If getting up in the morning is the hardest job of the day, then you need an alarm clock on which you can depend for your morning call.

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## A QUEEN UNCROWNED

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER VII.

He raised the pistol as he spoke, but dropped it again at a sound that startled both him and the young Englishman, and both turned to behold an unlooked-for apparition.

It was a wild cry—a woman's shrill shriek, that had startled them, but looking around, they saw no woman—only the Spanish boy, Jacinto, who came flying toward them, uttering cry after cry, as no boy ever did before. It was an apparition so unlooked-for, so unexpected, that both forgot, for an instant, what was to follow—the one, his imminent danger; the other, his felonious vengeance; and before either had recovered, the boy was standing beside Disbrowe, holding out his arm before him, as if he would have interposed that frail barrier to shield his life.

"Spare him—spare him!" cried the boy, in piercing accents. "Oh, Captain Tempest! for the love of Heaven, spare his life!"

The young Englishman, taking advantage of the momentary confusion, made an attempt to wrest the pistol from his enemy's grasp; but the hawklike eye of Captain Tempest detected the motion, and quick as lightning he sprang back, took deliberate aim, and fired.

With a mighty shriek of more than mortal anguish, Jacinto had flung his arms around the young guardsman; and with the momentary start the cry gave the ruffian, the ball sped from its aim, and the next instant the right arm of the young Spaniard flopped lifeless by his side, and with a groan he sank senseless on the ground.

"Villain! villain!" shouted the young man, maddened by the sight. "You have killed him!" And in an instant he had sprung off his horse, and grasped Captain Nick by the throat—ere he could draw a second pistol from his belt.

With a fearful oath of mingled rage and disappointment at missing his aim, the captain closed with his adversary, and a deadly struggle ensued. It was a struggle that would not have lasted long, for—though Disbrowe had the advantage of youth and agility—Captain Tempest was a perfect giant in strength, and he had grasped the young man in an iron grasp with one hand, while with the other he tugged at a huge, glistening limb, when he unexpectedly found

himself seized from behind by some huge monster, that held him as if he was in a vise, and obliged him to relax his hold.

"Hold him, Lion, hold him, my boy!" exclaimed a spirited voice, at the same moment. "That's a good dog! Now, then—what's all this about?"

Disbrowe looked up, and saw, to his astonishment, no other than Miss Jacquetta—De Vere sitting on her horse, and looking on the scene as coolly and composedly as though it was a little tableau gotten up for her express amusement. Jacinto lay on his face senseless, his coat-sleeve saturated with blood; and Captain Nick Tempest, foaming at the mouth, was struggling furiously in the grasp of a huge, fierce-looking dog—who, with one eye on his mistress, was evidently grimly resolved to hold him while he had a tooth in his head.

"Well," said Jacquetta, "you've been getting yourself into a scrape, I see, my good cousin. You should not have ridden out, you perceive; until I was ready to go along and take care of you. Gussie, easy, my dear sir!"—to Captain Nick Tempest, who was writhing and cursing at an awful rate—"don't swear so, and don't struggle in that way; for if the broadcloth gives way, perhaps you won't find Lion's teeth very comfortable, and perhaps I shan't be able to keep him from cheating the hangman, and perhaps I won't try, either! What is the matter, Cousin Alfred, and who is this lying on the ground? Why, he's wounded! Good heavens! has he been shot?"

She leaped off her horse as she spoke, and bent over Jacinto, as Disbrowe knelt down and raised him in his arms. The beautiful face was cold and still as marble, and the lips were blanched to a deadly whiteness. The wounded arm hung heavy and lifeless by his side, and his head fell over Disbrowe's arm as though he were in reality dead.

"Oh, cousin! is he dead?" cried Jacquetta, falling on her knees beside him.

"Not dead," said Disbrowe, laying his hand on his heart, which still fluttered faintly; "not dead, but in a swoon; and his arm is shattered, I greatly fear."

Jacquetta, sorrowfully. "Oh, cousin! who had the heart to do this?"

"That monster there! May Heaven's worst curses light on him!" exclaimed Disbrowe, fiercely. "Where can we bring him, Jacquetta? Something must be done immediately."

"Bring him to Fontelle—there is no other place where he can be brought, and it is not more than two miles from this. Lift him before you on your horse, and ride fast. But, tell me how it happened. Did this man intend murdering him?"

"No—no. He intended to murder me; and this poor boy, in his effort to save my life, received the ball meant for me," said Disbrowe, as he raised the almost lifeless and limp form in his arms.

"What a beautiful face!" exclaimed Jacquetta, involuntarily—forgetting, for an instant, everything but the wondrous beauty of the lad.

As she spoke, the boy opened his eyes, and they fell upon the handsome, troubled face bending over him, and, with a faint exclamation, he attempted to arise; but at the motion a spasm of intense pain shot across his pale face, and shuddering through all his frame, his head dropped heavily on Disbrowe's breast.

"My poor boy!" said Disbrowe, compassionately, "do not attempt to arise, your arm is broken, I fear; but I will take you where you will be carefully nursed."

"No. Let me go; put me down—I must go," said the boy, wildly, making another attempt to free himself; but his voice was faint and sharp with agony, and his face twitched convulsively with the almost unendurable pain, and once more he sank back, white and fainting.

Disbrowe's only reply was to place him upon his horse, and then leap into the saddle; while, with a groan that all his efforts could not repress, the poor boy's head dropped heavily on his shoulder.

"What is to be done with this scoundrel who assaulted you?" said Jacquetta. "Shall I order Lion to keep him here till we can return with men to arrest him? Eh?"

Captain Tempest's reply to this proposition was an appalling volley of oaths, as his livid face grew a shade more ghastly, and he shook his clenched fist furiously at Jacquetta in impotent passion.

"No, let him go; let Captain Tempest go," said Jacinto, faintly, lifting his head for an instant, and then dropping it again.

"Let him go, since the lad desires it," said Disbrowe, after a moment's hesitation. "I shall be on my guard for the future, and will not be taken at a disadvantage again."

"Very well," said Jacquetta, as she

fearlessly approached the raving savage; "but first, my dear sir, I will trouble you for that pistol. Before Lion lets you off the limits, you must stand and deliver."

Captain Nick furiously hurled the pistol at her feet.

"Thank you," said Jacquetta, coolly, as she picked up the weapon and examined it. "Loaded, I see—all right! Here, Lion—here, my boy; let him go!"

With a snarl growl like his angry namesake, that showed how much against his better judgment he complied, Lion obeyed, and trotted over to the side of his young mistress, still displaying a formidable array of teeth.

"Now, be off at once," shouted Jacquetta, in a high, ringing tone of command, as she raised the pistol and kept her bright eye fixed on the outwitted captain. "Vanish, before I am tempted to give you a dose of cold lead, which I would just as lief do, only I don't want to rob the gallowes of its due. Be off!"

Grasping his teeth with impotent passion, the captain obeyed.

"The youth has fainted again," said Disbrowe, anxiously, as Jacquetta, whisking to Lion, stuck the pistol in a belt she wore, and vaulted lightly on her horse.

"So much the better," said Jacquetta. "You can ride rapidly now without fear of hurting him—poor fellow! Come, an avant!"

Both spirited horses darted off simultaneously, and in less than fifteen minutes the peaked gables and quaint turrets of Fontelle came in sight.

"Don't alarm the house, but bring him up here," said Jacquetta, as she entered the hall, followed by Disbrowe carrying his insensible burden "into the room next mine—in here."

She led the way down the long hall, up a flight of stairs, and through another hall leading to the south wing of the building; and throwing open a door, ushered Disbrowe into a pleasant little room, elegantly furnished in tasteful, modern style.

Disbrowe laid Jacinto on a low French bed, hung with white, scarcely whiter now than his deathlike face. Again, as he looked at him, that same unaccountable conviction that he had seen him somewhere before, flashed across his mind.

But Jacquetta, with her usual energetic promptitude, left him little time to ruminate, for no sooner had he laid him down, than she said:

"There! go now and hunt up Frank, and send him off to Green Crook for a doctor. Tell him to be quick, for the sooner this arm is set, the better, Go!"

(To be continued.)

Pearline for easy washing. July 17, 1924

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BOYS' STRONG BOX CALF BOOTS—Solid Leather, Blucher style. Our Own Make. Rover, 1 to 5, at \$3.00. Less 10 p. c.

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LITTLE GENTS' BLACK GUN METAL BOOTS—"Skuffer" style, rubber heels; a snap for the money, sizes 6 to 9. . . \$1.80 less 10 p. c.

YOUTHS' BLACK KID BOOTS—Strong and durable, solid leather soles and heels, rubber heels attached; sizes 6 to 10. . . \$2.75 less 10 p. c.

YOUTHS' MAHOGANY BOX CALF BOOTS—Blucher style, rubber heels; specially priced for school children; sizes 10 to 13½. . . \$2.50

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10 p. c. aug 30, 41, s. m. w. f.

### AT SUNSET.



WALT MASON

It's good to look behind us at setting of the sun, while passing hours remind us of useful things we've done; we've been of some assistance to pilgrims here and there, we've packed, we've a little distance, the loads they had to bear. When one is old and laded it's comforting to view the road he once paraded, when he was good as new, to know that you and hither he pulled some useful trick, he made some evil wether, he helped some luckless hick, I have some silver pieces, some chunks of golden ore; they're packed in large valises and piled upon the floor; but riches count for little when one is old and stale; and all his bones are brittle, and he is bent and frail. Far better the recalling of some good action done, when evening shades are falling and rest is nearly won. I gloried in successes in diverse parts of my

but now my soul confesses that all their glories fade. There is but little pleasure, and little use, in soothing in counting up the treasure that one acquired in youth. For where we all are going, where shining angels flit, that

sort of sordid showing will never make a hit. But if we have the figures to show we did our best to ease this old world's rigors, we'll line up with the blest.

To keep fingers tapes and garments in place tack them to the garment half way from each end! When flavoring a mixture that is to be frozen, remember that some of the flavor "freezes out."

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