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

CHAPTER X.

"And you—"  
"Dare to name her!" almost screamed Jacquetta, with a fierce stamp of her foot. "and I will hunt the very dogs of Fontelle on you, to tear you limb from limb!"  
"Come my young madam!" said Grizzle nowise intimidated, "enough of this ranting! I came for my little girl, and I must have her. You refused to give her to me out there, and I followed you here. Refuse to give her to me here, and I will follow you to your room, and take her by force!"  
"Your little girl?" said Jacquetta, scornfully; "as well might a dove call a wolf mother. That child is nothing to you!"

"Isn't she?" said Grizzle, with a peculiar laugh. "Who do you suppose she is, then? I should hope she is as much to me as to you."  
"Do not know who she is; if I did, she would not remain long with you. But I will discover, and free her from your clutches."

"Try, if you dare!" said Grizzle, defiantly. "Try it at your peril! It will be the darkest day that will ever dawn for you, Jacquetta De Vere, the day you discover who that child is!"  
"For me?" said Jacquetta, bitterly.  
"Does a day ever rise for me that is not dark? Don't think I am afraid of you, Grizzle—that day has gone by. You have done your worst!"

"Have I?" said Grizzle. "That remains to be seen. I have not forgiven you for your lies and taunts; yet, now for the scornful contempt with which you treated my son Christopher, when he did you the honor, and made a fool of himself, by loving you. Don't think I either forgive or forget so easily, my little lady. Did I not tell you once, a day would come when your own filthy heart would melt to quivering flesh? Have you ever read, in a certain nameless book, what it is to 'see the kid in its mother's milk'? Well, my fierce little eagle, such a fate is in reserve for you."



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"What a pity you ever left the stage, Grizzle!" said Jacquetta, with a smile of withering contempt. "You would be an honor to the profession yet. A speech like that would make your fortune!"  
"I am on as tragic a stage just now, in real life, as ever I was in mimic one!" said Grizzle; "and as dark a tragedy is enacting. Do you think I am blind, dumb and besotted? Do you suppose I do not know what young girls are? I say, Jacquetta," she said, with a short, harsh laugh, "what a pleasant thing it is to have a handsome, dashing young officer in lousesome old Fontelle!"  
A streak of dark red flashed across the face of Jacquetta, and then faded out, leaving her, even to the lips, of a more ashy paleness than before.

"Oh, the vanity of these puppets who think they can outwit me!" said Grizzle. "I, who can read human hearts like open books, I tell you, Jack De Vere, I thanked God for the first time in a score of years, when I heard who this young officer was, and where he was going. I left you to him from that moment; I left his hand to send the bolt that was to pierce your haughty heart! and that bolt has been sped; and you, in whom it is a crime to love, love him—the man who despises you! For—I tell you again—that proud young Englishman would not marry you to-morrow, if you would consent and he was free—which he is not. You know it; and now let you learn in darkest despair, the lesson you taught my son—that it is to love in vain!"  
"Your son?" said Jacquetta, with passionate scorn. "You do well to mention his name and love in the same breath. A great, stupid hound—a savage, remorseless cutthroat, a fit companion for the pirate, and slaver, and outlaw, Captain Nick Tempest. Oh, yes! wonderful love was him!"  
"Take care how you talk of Captain Tempest, my dear," said Grizzle, with a sneer. "Don't say anything against him until you know who he is. Did you ever hear anyone say you looked like him, my red-haired beauty?"

"We did not come here to talk of Captain Tempest, did we?" said Jacquetta, with a gesture of angry impatience. "What do I care for him or you either?"  
"Well, the day is at hand when you will care for both of us. That is one consolation. The day when this dashing soldier—this haughtiest of haughties De Veres—will learn who it is he has stopped to love—what it is who bears his proud name. His cousin, forsooth!"  
And she laughed mockingly. The white face of Jacquetta grew a shade whiter, and she drew a long, hard, quivering breath.  
"Ah! you can feel—you can suffer! Good! Do you not fear I will tell this scornful lover of yours? For he does love you, Jacquetta, with all his heart and soul, and, what is more, believes in you—this man whom you are night and day deceiving!"  
She did not speak. She clasped both hands over her heart as though it were breaking.  
"Think how he would despise you—think how he would scorn you—think how he would loath you, if he knew all! Oh, this glorious revenge of mine! Did I not do well to wait, Jacquetta? And my waiting will soon be over, and the day will soon be here now."

Jacquetta turned from the window with a hard, mocking laugh.  
"What if I forestall your communication, Grizzle? What if I tell him myself?"  
"You would not dare to!"  
"Would I not wait till to-morrow, and you will see."  
"You would not dare to repeat it!"

Bold as you are, you have not courage for that!"

"Courage! You the the first who ever accused me of a lack of that article. I have courage enough to face a hungry lion just now, or a more ferocious animal still, Grizzle Howlett!"

"Oh! I don't call you a coward! You would not be your father's daughter if you were that. And mind, I am not speaking of Mr. Robert De Vere now. But the courage that would make you face a raging lion is not strong enough to make you debase yourself in the eyes of the man you love!"

"You jump at conclusions to fast, Grizzle. In the first place, you have only your own surmise that I have been idiot enough to fall in love—and with him; and, secondly, it would not debase me in his eyes if he knew all this instant. There is no crime or disgrace connected with—none, at least, for me. The sin rests on your shoulders. I am only the sufferer."  
"Why, then, is it so closely concealed? Why is it so completely hidden from him? Does not that very secrecy betoken guilt? Doubtless he has heard this same music that at present is charming us, and wondered at it. Perhaps he has even inquired what it meant."

"He has."  
"And what did you tell him?"  
"What do you think I told him? What was there for me to tell? I laughed at the notion!"

"And left the secret for me. Thank you, Jacquetta. Oh! for the day when all shall be revealed, and he will know the thing he has been loving!"

"Let it come!" said Jacquetta, striking her clinched hand on the window sill. "What do I care? One thing is, you had better look to yourself if you do, lest Mr. De Vere should suddenly remember he is a magistrate, and you are a murderess!"

"I don't fear him, thanks to his haughty daughter, Augusta. I have her head under my heel, and can crush it when I please!"  
"You hold her by some imaginary power, Augusta De Vere would not stoop to commit a crime to save her life."

"That's as may be. My power over her is strong enough to keep me from all fears on that score; and however imaginary it may be, it is a terrible reality in your case."

"How do you know I will not turn informer? There are cells and chains enough in Greek Creek to bind Grizzle Howlett, and rope enough to silence her poisonous tongue."

"I defy you! Before the rope could silence me, Augusta De Vere would be a corpse. Mind! I make no idle threat; but her secret once breathed, and she would not survive an hour."

"Better a speedy release from your tyranny than this slow eating away of life, you hideous vampire. She is fading away now like the waning moon; and before another year will be in her grave, and you will have a second murder to answer for!"

"That is my own lookout. It is nothing to you! And, in spite of all your vaunting, you have no more intention of doing it, then I have of strangling you this instant where you stand!"

"Better for me you would—oh, better, better for me you would!" cried Jacquetta wringing her hands.  
(To be continued.)

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**A Tribe of Desert Warriors**

**ARABS WHO ARE INVADE TRANSJORDANIA.**  
(By AN EASTERN TRAVELLER).  
Anyone who from the great ridge of hills above Jerusalem looks eastward to where the wide landscape is shut in by the mountains of Moab must feel a certain sense of mystery and manacle in the finality with which that straight, sandy barrier, like a great curtain hanging from half the height of the scene, Those mountains are a barrier between east and west, the watershed of two worlds. They seem to fence off uncomprehended dangers from western civilisation, much as artificial dykes keep the sea out of Holland. One of the perils hidden behind that mountain wall is the unruly and turbulent power, of the Wahabi kingdom, whose warriors have once again during the last few days invaded Transjordania.  
The Wahabis have made the history of Arabia and its adjacent lands for the last 150 years. For more than a century past they have regularly troubled the peace of the Near East.  
They are a race of Arabs inhabiting a tract of country more or less in the centre of Arabia, and their capital, Riyadh, is some eight or nine hundred miles south-east of the Jordan valley. They are a tribe of soldiers and religious fanatics, and perhaps they are the only Moslems left who still seriously regard the "Jihad" or religious war against non-Moslems, as a duty incumbent on all true believers.  
The founder of the sect, from whom its name is derived, was a certain Mohammed Ibn Abdul Wahab, a religious ascetic who flourished in the early years of the eighteenth century. He set out to be a reformer of the Mohammedan religion, and there is much in his Puritanical outlook—his condemnation of indulgence in wine and tobacco and the wearing of fine clothes and jewels, and his hatred of elaborate ritual in religion—which recalls the austere regime of the Puritans in England. At Riyadh the whole population assembles several times a day for public prayers in the great mosque, and severe punishment is inflicted on absentees.  
The wild fanatics who adopted the Puritanical tenets of Abdul Wahab succeeded in conquering large tracts of territory. In 1803 their ruler, Saud, was even able to capture Mecca, the Holy City, where he made a bonfire in the courtyard of the great mosque out of all the tobacco, pipes, jewels, silk, and other aids to luxury, as he conceived it, on which he could lay his hands.  
Between 1810 and 1818 the conquests of the Wahabis were cut short by the campaigns of Mohammed Ali, the Albanian general of the Turkish Sultan, and the first Khedive of Egypt, and his subordinate commanders, and their country reduced to a nominal dependency on Turkey.  
The cruelty and treachery of the Turks in these campaigns left an undying legacy of hatred behind, and the Wahabis were ready enough in the late war to rebel against Turkey. To-day they are a free and independent and—must be added—eminent-ly dangerous people. Together with a similar measure of Puritanism, they have all the fighting qualities of Cromwell's Ironsides.—London Daily Mail.

**Traffic Safety Line**  
**ROAD EXPERIMENT TO GUIDE MOTORISTS ROUND BENDS.**  
An interesting experiment in traffic regulation has been tried on the main roads of Worcestershire during the past two months. All corners and bends have had painted upon them a broad white longitudinal strip to mark the middle of the road, so that motorists may keep within it on their proper side when rounding the bend. The mark is exceptionally plain and lasting, and motorists almost without exception follow the guidance afforded them. More than that, it has been observed that where there is a stream of motor traffic the thick white indicators have the effect of preventing that most dangerous of road practices—overtaking on a bend. Where otherwise the following driver might be tempted to swing out suddenly to pass a slower vehicle on a bend, he automatically slows down and pulls in behind the slower car until both are round the curve and he can see his road clear ahead. Mr. C. F. Gettings, the Worcestershire County surveyor, borrowed the idea from the United States. He used a washable paint, which has proved to be cheap and efficient.

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