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A QUEEN UNCROWNED

OR
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XV.

"And that is all? And this is what I have loved so well? Oh! my heart! this is hardest of all! Augusta, Orrie, Disbrow—silent all! And you, too, Frank," she said, in a voice of sorrowful reproach. "And I trusted to you."

There was a great sob from Frank, and the next moment he was over, holding her in his arms, and flashing defiance at all the rest.

"It's a shame! It's a blamed shame! It's a horrid shame! and I don't believe a word of it! They have no business to treat you so!" said Frank, with something like a howl of mingled grief and rage.

She smiled sadly.

"Then you do love me a little yet, Frank?"

"Yes, I do! and I always will, too! I don't believe a single thing they said about you, and I never will believe it as long as I live—hanged if I do!"

There is something in a boy's grief—it is so honest and hearty, and outspoken, and comes so straight from the heart. It would have brought tears from Jaquetta's eyes of anything could; but she had none to shed—she felt like a stone, yet with such a dreadful pain at her heart.

"Good-by, my dear Frank my brother! and do not quite forget Jaquetta!"

Frank was sobbing away in good earnest. Jacinto had his hand before his eyes, to hide the tears that fell hot and fast. Augusta lay perfectly still—for a deadly sickness had seized her and she had fainted, though they knew it not. Disbrow sat like a figure of marble, with his face hidden in his hand and the long locks of his falling hair. Mr. De Vere was cold and stern as a Spartan father condemning his only son to death.

"Farewell to all!" said Jaquetta, gently, "who loved me once! Farewell to old Pontelle!"

She turned away. The rest went after her. There was a few moments' death-like pause, and then they heard the hall door heavily closed, and something in each heart crashed with it. They knew then that Jaquetta—bright, beautiful Jaquetta—the gay, sunny household fairy, had left Pontelle forever!

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. De Vere had made a gesture, as if casting something from him.

"It is gone—so is she, and peace go with her! Frank, is dinner ready?"

"I don't know; and, what's more, I don't care!" howled Frank, wiping his eyes and nose furiously, in his grief.

"Francis!" exclaimed his uncle, in angry displeasure.

"I don't, then—not one bit! You treated Jack shamefully, and I don't care if you turn me out of doors for

saying it. I'm ashamed if I don't go, anyway! I'll run off and go to sea—I'll enlist! You see if I don't! You had no business to treat Jack so!" said Frank, with another howl.

"Francis!"

"Going and believing that old lying Grizzle Howlet, and ready to swear to everything she said, and snapping up Jack without giving her a chance to say a word for herself! I say it's a shame! a blamed shame! And if I had known that was what you wanted of her, I shouldn't have gone one foot; no not if you were to hang, draw, and quarter me for it!"

"Francis!"

"I don't believe she ever did one single thing that you said she did—only she was too proud to deny it, when she saw you believed that hate-

ful, old, ugly Mother Howlet faster than her? vociferated Frank, ranting furiously up and down the room.

"And that old scoundrel, Nick Tempest, too, going and saying she was his daughter—the old villain! I should like to know what everybody will say when they hear how you've treated her, and turned her out of doors. I should think you would be ashamed ever to show your face again Uncle Rob!"

"Francis!"

"Oh, you may 'Francis' as much as you like; but I don't care! I will say just what I think, if you were a dozen uncles ten times over. I suppose people think boys ought to sit with their fingers in their mouths, and never say a word, just because they are boys, as if they could help that! I tell you, Uncle Rob, if I was you, I would be ashamed ever to show my face again! And you a justice of the peace, too! A pretty justice of the peace you are, aiding and abetting robbers and murderers!"

"Leave the room, sir!"

"I'm going to, and the house, too, if you like; and I will say again and again that it was a shame!"

"Will you be silent and leave the room?"

"I am a-going to; but I say again and again, it was a shame! It was a shame—there! It was a shame—now then!"

Mr. De Vere sprang up in a rage, collared the intrepid Frank and shook him till he was breathless.

"Now, will you say it?" he exclaimed between his teeth.

"It—wa-a-s a sh-a-a-me, there!" said Frank, between his chattering teeth.

Mr. De Vere seized the bell-cord, and rang a peal that brought up Reynolds.

"Here, Reynolds, take this fellow off, and lock him up in his room, and bring me the key."

Mr. Reynolds who would have manifested no surprise, and would probably have obeyed without a word, if his master had told him to behold him, blandly seized Frank, and began dragging him off, while that young gentleman kicked and struggled manfully. But kicks and struggles were of no avail, Reynolds was getting the best of the battle.

"It was a shame—there!" yelled Frank, as Reynolds pulled him through the door.

Orrie, who saw something exquisitely ludicrous in the whole scene, gave vent to a shrill peal of laughter at the youth's discomfiture.



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"Dinner is served, sir," said another servant, throwing open the door.

"Very well! Augusta, will you take my arm?" said her father, rising.

Augusta spoke not—moved not.

"Augusta!" he said, in alarm.

There was no reply.

He went over, lifted her head, and saw the closed eyes, and corpse-like face.

"Good heavens! she has fainted!" he cried in consternation. And once more seizing the bell-rope, he pulled it, as if he would have torn it down.

Two or three servants answered the summons.

"Bring water, salts, hartshorn, something, anything, everything! Miss Augusta has fainted!"

They fled to obey. Restoratives were applied, and in a few moments the large, heavy eyes unclosed, and fell on the father's face.

"Are you better, my darling?" he said, bending over her.

"Her eyes wandered around in a vague, wild way.

"Oh, papa, where is she?"

"Who, my love?"

"Jacquetta! Oh, papa! it was dreadful!"

"Leave the room!" said Mr. De Vere sternly, to the curious servants, who reluctantly obeyed.

"Papa, what have you done to her?" she cried, starting up.

"She is gone, Augusta! She will never come back no more."

"Papa!"

"I regret the necessity as much as you can possibly do, Augusta; but justice must have its way. She has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"And you have turned her out of doors?"

He turned crimson.

"I could no longer keep her here with respect to myself, my daughter!"

"Poor little sister!" said Augusta, bitterly, "this is the return we have made her for all her love! Poor little Jacquetta!"

"Whatever you wish, my dear," he said, calmly. And she passed from the room without a word.

He turned to Disbrow, but he had never moved. Orrie, too, lay very quiet, with her arms around his neck, and her head on his breast.

(To be continued.)

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

CAREER.

Let these mark my success: a friend To share, whatever the fates may send.

A house where love and peace are blest And eyes are bright with merriment;

A garden where the blossoms sway; A tree beneath which the children play;

And just a few long-treasured things To which the memory fondly clings.

A winding path, my feet have worn; Tradesmen who gladly tell that I have at their counters come to buy;

Servants who'll whisper at the end They looked upon me as their friend;

And none I've ever met to say That once I led his feet astray.

Let these mark my success: a home From which there is no wish to roam, Honour—my years of toil to crown—

That brighter jewel than renown— Respect of all men, high or low, If only these be mine to know.

Though fame and fortune fail me here I shall rejoice in my career.

FACE BROKE OUT WITH PIMPLES

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Probe Murder of Major Cronkhitte

UNITED STATES ARMY CRIME TO BE AIRED IN COURT—SHOT ON MARCH—VICTIM WAS KILLED WHILE ON PRACTICE MARCH SIX YEARS AGO.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 30.—(United Press)—Climaxing one of the most sensational scandals that the United States army has ever uncovered, a Federal District Court here began today the trial of Roland Pothier, sergeant major, for the alleged murder of Major Alexander Cronkhitte, while on a practice march at Camp Lewis, October 25, 1918.

October 22, almost six years to a day after the shooting of the young army officer, Captain Robert Rosenbluth, who, with Pothier, was present at the time of the Cronkhitte death, will go on trial, for the alleged murder.

A column of troops went on a practice march October 25, 1918. Stopping to rest, Pothier, Cronkhitte and Rosenbluth stalked off into the woods. Several shots were fired. Pothier and Rosenbluth returned saying Cronkhitte had accidentally shot himself while practicing firing. The verdict of the examining body was sent to the War Department.

Major General Adelbert Cronkhitte, with the American army in France returned and re-opened the investigation into his son's death.

On March 19, 1921, Pothier signed a confession that he was responsible for the death of Major Cronkhitte. He said his pistol was accidentally discharged. The next day he charged Captain Rosenbluth with having ordered him to shoot Cronkhitte. He made several statements, then repudiated them all, claiming he had given false confessions by the third degree.

A grand jury investigation was held in Tacoma in 1922, and both men were indicted for murder by the jury. Both have gathered powerful staffs of attorneys, and witnesses have been subpoenaed from widely scattered points in this and foreign countries.

Federal Judge E. B. Cushman will conduct the trial of Pothier.

A Republican editor expresses the hope that there will be no mud slung in this campaign. It is understood that mud with oil mixed in it will be considered particularly unsportsmanlike—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

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