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At all Drug and Departmental Stores.  
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## A QUEEN UNCROWNED

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

### CHAPTER XV.

"He shall have nothing more to say to my girl, living or dead. To-morrow morning I'll be off to Green Creek for a coffin. I suppose I can get none nearer than Green Creek."

"No; unless you make it yourself." "I had rather be excused. I could make a lady's bonnet as easily. Poor little thing! The other day, she was so full of life and spirit, and now we are talking of burying her."

"There was a touch of something like melancholy in the captain's tone, showed all his affection for his 'little Lejia' had not entirely died out. Grizzle looked at him askance, shrugging her shoulders, and smiled to herself.

There was a pause, and then the captain began in a subdued tone: "Grizzle, I wonder what made her die?"

"There's a sensible question! How do you suppose I know? She might die of fifty things—disease of the heart or congestion of the brain, or a paralytic stroke, or a want of breath, or—"

"A broken heart!"

Grizzle lifted her head, and laughed aloud. "A broken heart! Ye saints and sinners! Captain Nick Tempest, the high-sea rover, talking of broken hearts! Upon my word, Nick, you are getting to be the most amusing person I ever knew—as good as a country justice or the clown of a circus. A broken heart!" And the lady laughed again.

The gentleman's answer was an oath—"not loud, but deep;" and a mysterious hint about making her laugh on the wrong side of her mouth if she did not mind. And then the amiable pair sulkily relapsed into a silence, and remained staring in the fire without a word, for the rest of the afternoon.

Night fell. Grizzle arose, heaped more wood on the fire, and set about preparing supper.

She had fallen into one of her sullen moods; and to the questions her companion now and then asked her, she either returned short and snap-

ish answers, or did not reply at all. When supper was ready, Captain Nick, without waiting to be invited—for which he probably might have waited long enough in this—laid down his pipe, drew up his chair, and fell to with an appetite no way diminished by the loss of his daughter and heiress. Grizzle went over, and without ceremony opened the chamber door where lay the dead girl, watched by her living lover.

He was sitting near the head of the bed, his arm resting on the pillow, his forehead dropped upon it, and his dark hair mingling with her bright, short curls, as still and motionless as the corpse itself. The sight might have touched any other heart; it would have the captain's, but on Grizzle is produced no effect. Men seldom grow so utterly depraved and lost to every good feeling as a hardened and reckless woman will. She went up to him, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

He looked up, and his face was like marble.

"Supper is ready," she said. "Will you come out?"

"No; I do not want any."

"I will bring it in, if you like."

"No. Leave me."

"Shall I fetch you a light?"

"No," he said, with an imperious wave of his hand. "Go!"

His tone was not to be resisted. She left the room and the lovers—the dead and the living were again alone.

After supper, Captain Nick threw himself down before the fire, saying: "Have breakfast ready bright and early to-morrow morning, Grizzle; you know I must be off to Green Creek by day-dawn."

Grizzle nodded a brief assent, and five minutes the captain was sound asleep. Then, having seen to the fire and put the room in order, she sought her own room to sleep the sleep of the guilty until morning and dream of the lonely watcher in the room of death.

Next morning, before the lark had begun to chant his matin carol, Captain Nick was in the saddle in a

swift canter to Green Creek. Grizzle, curious to see the effects of his night's watching on Disbrowe, had softly opened the door once, and saw him in precisely the same attitude as that of last night—as though he had never stirred since.

"I know he would feel it," said Grizzle to herself; "but hardly as much as this, I thought. This is revenge! I wonder where Master Jacquette is by this time!"

The clatter of horses' hoofs at this moment brought her to the window, and she saw Mr. De Vere, Augusta, and their family physician in the act of dismounting.

"I knew it," she said, with one of her hard, grim smiles. "They suspect foul play, and have brought the doctor to make sure. Well, they're wrong for once—that's one comfort! Oh, you had better beat down the door—hadn't you? One would think you were master here, as well as in Fontelle Hall."

Thus apostrophizing, the lady leisurely shuffled to the door; and, opening it, saw Mr. De Vere, pale, and dark, and stern, standing on the threshold. The moment his eye fell on Grizzle, he grasped her fiercely by the wrist, and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Woman—fend! have you murdered her?"

"You have brought a doctor—go and see!" said Grizzle, with a sneer. "If you have, by all the hosts of Heaven, you and your vindictive companion shall hang as high as Haman, in spite of earth and all it contains!"

"You threatened before, Mr. De Vere, and your threats ended in smoke, if you remember."

"You will find to your cost, they will not this time. Where is Jacquette?"

"Not far distant. Ah! you here, too, Miss Augusta? Your first visit, if I remember right. Really, my poor dwelling is honored this morning."

"Here, get along—get along—get along!" interrupted the doctor, impatiently. "We have no time to stand fooling here, old lady. Lead the way—will you? Take my arm, Miss Augusta."

Augusta, worn to a shadow, haggard, and deathlike, and looking more like a galvanized corpse than a living being, took the little doctor's proffered arm, and followed her father and Grizzle into the house. They entered the chamber, and their eyes fell on the bowed and motionless form of Disbrowe, resting beside the dead.

"Poor boy!" said Mr. De Vere, bitterly. "It is a sad blow for him!"

"Oh, Jacquette! Oh, my sister!" exclaimed Augusta, with a great cry, as she sank on her knees beside the bed. "Dead! dead! dead! alone and friendless—deserted by all!"

Her cry aroused Disbrowe. He looked up, and seeing them, arose. "My poor boy! my dear Alfred!" exclaimed his uncle, in a choking voice.

"Look at her, sir," said Disbrowe, sternly, pointing to the lifeless form. "Is Justice satisfied at last? What do you think of your handiwork?"

"I am sorry—I am sorry. Oh, Alfred, the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"I am aware of that, sir. She knew it, too, in her dying hour. Who is to answer for this death?"

"God forgive me if I have wronged her! I meant to act for the best. Have you been here all night?"

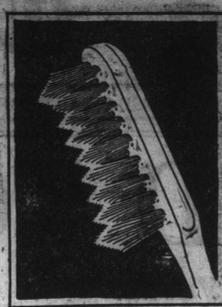
"Yes," he said, coldly and briefly. "Still unforgiving," said Mr. De Vere, turning sadly away; "and I thought I was doing right. Poor child! how serene she looks! A dead saint might look like this. Poor little Jacquette! Poor little Jacquette!"

He said, putting his hand before his eyes to hide the tears that fell hot and fast.

Disbrowe stood like a tall, dark statue, with folded arms, gazing out of the window. Augusta wept convulsively, and even the little doctor's eyes were full of tears.

"Poor little thing! she does look like a dead saint, and she deserves to go to heaven, if ever anybody did; for there never was a better girl. Ah! she has the prayers of the poor and the weak, anyway, let the rich and the great turn against her as they might. I don't think there has been any foul play here. She has died a natural death, evidently, of a broken heart, most likely, poor child! You leave the room—will you?" said the little doctor, wiping his eyes, and blowing his nose furiously, and turning sociably round on Grizzle.

(To be continued.)



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mixture with a wooden spoon. After the mixture has cooled a little spread it over the scorch mark and leave the fabric to become dry. When quite dry brush the paste off and wash the

garment in the ordinary way. Repeat the treatment if the mark has not disappeared after it has been washed.  
For evening colors are decidedly brilliant and gowns are entirely sleeveless.

## For the Housewife's Lunch—BOVRIL

Medical men strongly advise wives and mothers not to forego nourishing midday meals in the absence of their husbands. It is to this foolish habit that many of the diseases so common among women may be attributed. Keep yourself nourished by taking Bovril with the midday meal.

