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

CHAPTER XIII

"He pooh-poohed the notion; said the marriage was null and illegal and carried off his son by force. The girl of fifteen was as proud in her way as the stately old Englishman was in his. She let him go without a word, and never again breathed the subject to me; but oh, the delightful looks she used to favor me with—the little kite-heart!"

"Well?"

"Mr. Robert De Vere soon found he had reckoned without his host, when he thought he could get his son to give up his little bride. He became perfectly unmanageable, raved, foamed, shrieked like a wild beast, and called on Jacquetta night and day. In fact, there was no standing him at all, and nothing remained but to send for Jacquetta."

"And you let her go?"

"Of course, I know my own interests. So proud was she, that she would not have gone a step with him, only out of pity for Aubrey. But go she did at last."

"And that is how she came to live at Fontelle?"

"That is how. Her presence soothed him at once and, strange to say, she and Miss Augusta, then a haughty little lady of ten years, became fast friends. She had, as I told you, winning ways, and cast a spell over every one she met by a sort of wild fascination about her, and very soon she became the idol of the household, and almost as dear to the master of Fontelle as his own daughter."

"So much the better! They will feel the parting with her the more."

"Right! So they will. Mr. De Vere did not care to publish on the house-tops that he had a son a maniac; and as his paroxysms of madness were becoming daily more frequent and violent, one of the rooms in the old deserted north wing was fitted up with barred windows and bolted doors and he was confined there. Old

Tribulation, a woman of iron heart and nerves, became his nurse, and everything that could make him comfortable was given him. Even his fondness for music was thought of, and his organ was placed in his room and remains there to this day; and before his fierce attacks, he still favors them with a little unearthly music with a little unearthly music—most frequently at the dead of night."

"And that accounts for the strange notes," said the captain, musingly.

"Yes. As it would have excited curiosity and inquiry to call Jacquetta Mrs. De Vere, the change to Miss was very easy and convenient; and, as few visitors called at Fontelle, repelled by the pride of the aristocratic De Veres, people believed readily enough she was his younger daughter for she looks several years younger than Augusta—small fair people always do look younger than they are. And so—and so—she has lived there ever since; and that's all."

"And enough, by Jupiter! And so I'm a grandpa—am I. Good gracious! I say, Grizzle, where's the child?"

She laughed and continued stirring the fire.

"How dumb you are! Think a moment."

"Eh? Why—what? It's not little Orrie—is it?"

She nodded.

"Oh, Jehoshaphat! here's a mare's nest! And little black eyes is a granddaughter of mine!"

"She has that honor."

"Whew! What will we hear next? And Jacquetta does not suspect?"

"I don't know, I half think she does, sometimes."

"She would claim her, if she did."

"No. She knows it would be no use. I could keep her in spite of her. She bears a shadowy resemblance to her mother, and has the same fiery temper, and the true De Vere face."

"And so she's a De Vere, too?"

"Yes—and the heiress of Fontelle!"

"Well, this is something new. Do you mean to make this known as well as the rest?"

"Most decidedly."

"But what is the end of all this? It may mortify them to know I am her father; but they will not cast her off on that account."

"Trust me for that. I will see Mr. De Vere; and when I tell him Jacquetta knew everything I have told you all along, and artfully concealed it, you will see what a change it will make. You don't know yet how haughty these De Veres can be. Let him once learn what her mother was, and that Jacquetta herself knew it all along, although she denied it, and he would order her out in five minutes. He might get over the disgraceful stock from which she sprang, but her own deceit, never."

"Bravo! And then Madam Jacquetta will have to march!"

"Precisely! Oh, I'll fix her! Then, as her father, you can claim her, you know."

"But what if she won't be claimed? There's a small spice of the devil in that young lady, and it may tempt her to act ugly and cut up shins."

"What can she do? She can neither work nor starve. And her child will tie her hands. It needs only a word to convince her the child is hers. It will humiliate her to death, and Diabrow's love will go out under the blow, like a candle under an extinguisher."

"Good? And then?"

"You can treat her as you please."

"By jove! I'll treat her well, for she's a little bric," cried the captain, enthusiastically.

"You forget she conquered you."

"I'll forgive her that, once I get her. I've got money enough; and, by the

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Lord Harry, she and Miss Orrie shall live like a couple of ladies."

"You're a fool! She'll never own you."

"Wait till you see. I don't believe little Lelia can have changed so. But, look here, old lady; you told me De Vere had two sons—where's the other?"

"Oh, Heaven know! Dead, I expect! He was carried off by Indians, when a child, and never heard of more."

"Well, it's astonishing how things turn up. And so my precious son-in-law is locked up in the old north tower of Fontelle?"

"Yes, and Tribulation has her hands full to look after him. They can always tell when he is getting violent, by his playing, and then Jacquetta has to go to him. She is the only one he will mind at such times. She locks him up and leaves him by himself, until he sees fit to be reasonable again, then he is released. It mostly happens in the dead of night; and the little lady has an uneasy time of it getting out of bed to see after him. Tribulation always clears on such occasions."

"And when is this delightful story to electrify your friends at Fontelle?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Am I to go with you?"

"Most certainly—to claim your daughter."

"Ha! ha! Won't there be a scene? I shan't sleep a wink to-night for thinking."

"Well, go now! I am done with you."

"A curt dismissal! Look here, Grizzle, I should like to see Orrie before I leave."

"Bah! What do you want to see her for?"

"Well, knowing that she is my grandchild, it strikes me I should like to take a good look at her. Come, old friend, be good-natured, and lead the way."

"Stuff! The child's asleep."

"I won't awake her—I won't stay a moment."

"Nick Tempest, you're a fool!" said the woman, harshly, as she arose and took a candle. "Come, then, willful must have his way."

"En avant, marchers!" said the captain, jocosely. "I follow."

She led the way upstairs, and opened the door of a squalid little room, containing no furniture, but a straw pallet in a little truckle bed. The child lay stretched out—her black hair strewn about her; her small face, in its repose, bearing striking marks of her paternity.

Shading the light with his hand, Captain Nick bent over her, but he started back the next instant, for the great, black, goblin eyes were wide open, and piercing him like needles.

"You nasty old thing! What are you doing here? Get out!" said Orrie, sitting up in bed and brandishing the pillow, as the only defensive weapon at hand.

"Oh, you're awake—are you?" said Captain Nick. "Why, Orrie, don't you know me—Uncle Nick?"

"Uncle Nick!" said the child, contemptuously. "You ain't! I wouldn't have you for an uncle! Will you go away?"

"She's her mother's daughter!" said Grizzle, with a grim smile.

"Clear out," repeated Orrie, clutching the pillow, "or I'll leave this at you!"

"You little angel," said the captain, apostrophising her in a low tone. "What a blessed little seraph she is, Grizzle!"

(To be continued.)

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**Expert Finds Earthquakes Follow Extreme Tides**

TOKIO, Japan, Sept. 1 (A.P.)—Japanese seismologists are engaged in a discussion as to whether there is connection between earthquakes and high tides along the coast.

Naokichi Maeda, chief of the Choshi meteorological observatory, has brought forth observations covering several years to prove that earthquakes can be foretold by excessive rises or falls of the tide. Early on the morning of Aug. 14 Tokio and the districts to the north were shaken by a fairly severe tremor. For several days previous tides along the Choshi coast, northeast of Tokio, where Mr. Maeda makes his observations, had been abnormally high and he had predicted a shock. That a shock came he claims is proof of his theory, that abnormal tides mean the approach of an earthquake.

Mr. Maeda quotes figures for the tides just before the disastrous earthquake of Sept. 1, 1923. At that time, he says, the tides were so high that the fishermen along the coast, who eke out a living by gathering seaweed in the shallows, complained that the water was so deep in their accustomed hunting grounds that their industry was sadly crippled. Then the big quake came. Mr. Maeda also recalls that excessively low tides preceded an earthquake which did considerable damage in Tokio and the surrounding country in April, 1922.

Dr. Meiko Imamura, head of the seismological department of the Imperial University of Tokio, admits that there may be some relation between tides and earthquakes, but declares that Mr. Maeda's theory is borne out in only about one case in five and is not acceptable.

**Progress Levels Famous Buildings Near Charing Cross**

LONDON, Sept. 12 (A.P.)—The changes of time and the steady blows of the pickaxe have sent another London landmark to destruction in a cloud of dust. This was the building at 34 Cockspur Street which for generations housed the establishment of a famous London clockmaker.

Attached to the front of this building was a great white-faced clock surmounted by a time-ball, and very old Londoners recall that riding to the War Office of a morning from his home in Piccadilly, the Duke of Wellington would draw rein to correct his timepiece by the one which hung out high over the street. And now the old clock with its time-ball, which became a landmark to Londoners of a succeeding generation who, on foot or on buses, could view it from the far side of Trafalgar Square, has disappeared with the demolition of the building of which it was so long a part.

The passage of time has brought strange changes to this part of London, which became known as Charing Cross after King Edward I erected a Gothic cross there to mark the spot where his Queen's coffin rested in the thirteenth century, when the royal funeral procession halted on its way to Westminster Abbey.

Why Cockspur Street came to be so named no antiquary appears to be able to say for certain. Conjecture has it that it was because of a fancied con-

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THE SHOE MEN.

nection with the mews adjoining the celebrated "Cock Tavern" where Samuel Pepys, who described it in his diary as "a great ordinary mightily cried up," dined Mrs. Turner, Betty and Tablot Pepys, Sir Dennis Gauden, and Gibson, and they were "merrily merry, the house being famous for its most singularly pease-porridge."

In later days Tobias Smollett was in the habit of frequenting "a small tavern in the corner of Cockspur Street" called the Golden Ball, "where we had a frugal supper and a little punch, as the finances of none of the company were in very good order."

**Millions of Treasures May be Saved From Sea**

Terschelling, Holland, Sept. 11 (A.P.)—A new process for salvaging the gold sand-buried treasure of the gold cargo of the British frigate Lutina, which has baffled a century's efforts, has just been put into operation here with every promise of success.

The Lutina was wrecked on a sand-bank near this island during a

violent gale in the night of Oct. 9, 1799. Her crew of over 400 perished. Her cargo consisted of several million dollars worth of gold bars and specie.

Fifty feet of sand covers the wreck and repeated efforts have resulted only in the recovery of about half a million dollars and the ship's bell, now at Lloyd's in London. At first divers were put to work, but later machinery was used to get at the wreck through the thick layer of sand by means of suction pumps.

Now a new apparatus, invented by a Dutch engineering firm is being tried. It does away with the suction process and substitutes hydraulic pressure. A tube is driven into the sand and steel grapples at the bottom seize any objects beneath it. The machine can work in any weather that is not too rough for the salvage vessel to be out.

During three days that the new apparatus worked recently no gold bars were raised, but indications are certain, according to the inventors, that the right spot has been struck and hopes are entertained that the rest of the Lutina's precious cargo, estimated at between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000, soon will be wrested from Davy Jones' locker.

**Some Canadian Pests**

The chief insect ravages in Canadian forests, resulting in a timber loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in 15 years, are reported by Dr. J. M. Swaine to have been: The spruce budworm in Quebec and New Brunswick, the western pine bark-betles in yellow pine, white pine, and lodgepole in British Columbia; the spruce bark-beetle in white and red spruce of Quebec, Manitoba and Saskatchewan; and the larch sawfly in Eastern Canada.

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