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A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XV.

An hour before daybreak that morning, Jacquetta was in the saddle, and off on her mission of mercy. She, too, had passed a sleepless night, and the bitterest tears perhaps she had shed in her life, had fallen from her eyes.

Jacquetta rarely wept like other women. In trouble—she seldom wept—she wept like a stone, till the pain in her heart wore itself out, and she looked in Disbrowe's eyes, as he left him, had never had more than herself.

That he loved her truly, she could not doubt; and a "still small voice," as it were, in her heart, whispered that he loved her, too. She shrank in horror from that voice—she shrank from herself—she would not hear it; there was guilt in listening to it for a moment. She would not have seen him again for worlds; she would not look in his dark, pleading eyes, lest he should make her traitor heart betray her; and she would have torn it out, and hurled it from her, had it been in her power, first. And yet there was inexpressible pain in the thought of his forgetting her altogether; worse, of believing her in love with another—this small boy! How she despised herself that any one should believe her capable of being bewildered by the first handsome face she met.

It would have been a sweet drink to Disbrowe to know the restless, miserable man she had passed, and how eagerly she had longed for morning when, on Lightning's back, she might fly over the hills, as she longed to fly from herself. And before that morning came, she was off and away, forgetting in her rapid, exciting gal-

lantly. "No; I guess I ain't! I love to go fast!"

"You love a good many things—don't you?" said Jacquetta.

"Yes; I guess I do! There's Red Beck! Whose house are you going to?"

"Briggs!"

"Oh, yes; old Jake Briggs got his legs smashed off! I heard Kit telling Blaise it. Are you going to fix 'em for him?"

"I wish I could," said Jacquetta, as she leaped lightly off, and gave her hand to Orrie to spring. "But I am afraid it is beyond me. Come in."

A boy came out and took her horse, as though it was quite a matter of course to see Miss De Vere there. Jacquetta went in with Orrie to the cottage, where, on a bed, lay the prostrate form of the unfortunate Briggs—life almost extinct.

A woman was bending over him, crying and wringing her hands; four or five children were crouched around a smoky fire, in loud lamentations—some for their father, and some for pieces of bread.

Jacquetta's presence stilled them all for a moment—even the mother. A doctor had been sent for, and was expected every instant; so she turned to the children and quieted them by distributing unlimited slices of bread and butter, an unfailing cure generally for the afflictions of childhood. Orrie declined taking any, and sat with her black, elfish eyes riveted, as if fascinated on the distorted face of the maimed man. Jacquetta strove to console the woman; replenished the smoky fire until it burned brightly, put the disordered room in rights, and made herself generally useful, until the arrival of the doctor. He came in about an hour—pronounced the case hopeless; spoke pleasantly to Jacquetta, and called her a good little girl; hoped she would make her father do something for the family; chucked Orrie under the chin, and laid the latest news from the land of the robbers; and put on his gloves and departed.

Noon approached, and Jacquetta was just trying her hand at getting dinner for the children, when the furious clatter of horse's hoofs brought her to the door and she saw Frank panting, flushed, breathless, standing before her.

"Well, Master Frank, what now?" she demanded.

"Oh, Jack! you're to come right straight home! Uncle says so—he sent me after you! There's the old chickens to pay at Fontelle!"

Jacquetta looked at him in calm astonishment.

"Come right straight home? Why, what's wrong?"

"Don't know, I'm sure—everything is! Old Grizzle Howlet's there, and old Nick Tempest; and uncle's in a regular downright state of mind, if ever you saw him in one!"

"What sort of a state of mind?"

"A blamed angry one! Come, hurry up! I shouldn't wonder if they were all assassinating one another by this time. Uncle told me not to say old Grizzle and Captain Tempest were there; but I couldn't hold in."

"Not to tell me? Really! Is—Is Captain Disbrowe there?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"He was, when I left! Come—make haste!"

"I will be back in a moment," said Jacquetta, hurrying in to get her hat, and take her departure.

Orrie, hearing Frank's voice, came to his great amazement; but a word explained how she got there. And the young gentleman swung her up before him, and announced his intention of carrying her off to Fontelle.

"Will you?" cried Orrie, delighted; "that's you! I want to see that nice captain again."

"It's the last time you'll see him, then, for one while," said Frank, "for he's going away to-day."

"Going where?"

"Oh! ever so far away! To a place called England—a small little island they have over there."

"And when will he come back?"

"Never, I expect," said Frank, sentimentally. "So begin and tear your hair, and send your garments as soon as you like."

Orrie's face grew so black at the news, that Frank had to laugh, but at that moment Jacquetta mounted, and they both dashed off together.

"What on earth can they ever want with me, Frank?" she asked.

"How the mischief do I know? Something awful's up, I've no doubt!"

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD!

— BY —

The Broadway House of Fashion

IN A FEW DAYS

We will announce the re-opening of our remodelled GENTS' FURNISHINGS STORE, where alterations have been going on for the past few weeks—so that we may have greater space to serve our ever-increasing clientele.

But Do Not Mistake this Announcement

We take no pride in growth—for growth itself. We regard growth only in its relation to achievement. And not the kind of achievement that adds up and measures up in dollars and cents alone.

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It is the measure by which we determine our progress and success. We regard our new GENTS' STORE as a symbol of your reward, as an index of your re-pledged confidence in the "BROADWAY."

The Age of Indifference Has Passed

The public is interested in the motives that actuate, the impulses that move, the values they get, the forces that control—an organization—for, after all, an organization lives or dies by Public Support.

It Is But Human Therefore

THAT WE take pride in our constant growth—for that is an expression of PUBLIC approval—of increased Public support. But—we do not make the mistake of permitting growth to be a "brake" instead of a spur to our efforts.

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the establishment of our new GENTS' STORE, as a promise that the "BROADWAY" will continue to deliver the greatest VALUES your money can buy in St. John's.

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