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No. 8

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

CHAPTER XXIII

"To the greenroom. Oh, George! do go after him; you have the entrée—have you not?"

"Yes; but what am I to do when I get there?"

"Oh, anything—nothing—I don't know. I wish you would go, anyway. Do go, George."

"Most decidedly I'll go, my love. I hope I know my duty as a married man too well to refuse you anything. And as this overwhelming mystery is not to be explained, I presume I must trust to my own native genius and ingenuity for finding it out. Au revoir, I'm off."

And opening the door, he disappeared among the crowd, leaving Mrs. Tremain and her daughter completely at their wits' end.

Passing hastily through the crowd, Lord George wended his way to the greenroom by a side door; and, on entering, saw his friend in violent altercation with the manager. Lord Earncliffe was passionately excited, his face deadly pale, his eyes wild and fierce, and his whole appearance so completely changed from the languid, indolent being he had seemed some an hour before, that it is no wonder Lord George stood for a moment undecided whether it was his friend or somebody else.

"I say, Earncliffe, what the foul fiend are you raising such a row for? Mr. Maxwell, what's up?"

"Your friend, my lord, insists on seeing Lella; and it is contrary to her express command to admit any one. I am really very sorry; but I assure you, it is quite impossible," said the manager, bowing deprecatingly.

With a fierce exclamation of angry impatience, Disbrowe turned to Lord Austrey.

"I tell you, sir, I will see her, in spite of all the managers from her to the Antipodes. I must see her, or I shall go mad!"

"Faith, I think you are that, already! What, in the name of all that's absurd, has come to you, Earncliffe? What do you want to see Lella for?"

"I know no Lella! I came to see Jacquetta De Vere; and see her I will, in spite of earth and Hades!"

"Who the demon is she? Oh, the man is mad—that's flat! Maxwell, you know I am a personal friend of Lella's, and privileged to see her at any time. Will you tell her I wish to see her now?"

"Certainly, my lord, I have no doubt she will see you," said the manager, hastening off.

"Now, Earncliffe, what is the matter? What in the world has come over you all of a sudden?"

"I cannot tell you—I cannot tell whether I am sane or mad. Do not ask me, for I cannot talk to you now." A desperate gesture, as he strode up and down, spoke more than words.

Lord George looked at him, and indulged in a long, wailing whistle, that plainly spoke his conviction that his unhappy young friend's brain (if he ever possessed such a thing) was completely turned. At the same moment the manager appeared.

"My lord," he said, turning to Lord George, "Lella has just left the stage, and as she does not appear in the next scene, she will see your lordship now. Will you please to step this way?"

Disbrowe started up to accompany him, but Lord George interposed.

"Not now, my dear fellow! Wait until I return; and if my eloquence has any effect on Lella, she will see you."

He followed the manager as he spoke; and Disbrowe was left pacing up and down, with a burning heart and a whirling brain, still striving to persuade himself this was all the wild delirium of a dream.

"Jacquetta alive and well! Oh, he must certainly be mad!"

The return of Lord Austrey aroused him, and he looked at him with eyes full of devouring impatience.

"Well?"

"Well, I have seen her, and she will see you after the play; so rein in that mad impatience of yours until then. How you are going to apologize for intruding upon her, I don't know."

She smiled when I told her the state of mind her appearance had thrown you into."

Disbrowe still strode up and down, like one possessed. Lord George threw himself into a chair and looked at him.

"My dear fellow, what a treasure you must be to your bootmaker, if you are in the habit of taking such severe turns as this! 'Pon my honor! I would give all the spare change I have about me, to know what has come to you so suddenly. Won't you go back to the theatre and see the play played out?"

"No—it would drive me mad to look at her there again!" exclaimed Disbrowe, vehemently.

Lord George stared and indulged himself in a low, hysterical whistle.

An hour and a half dragged on their endless length before the drama was ended. Disbrowe had wrought himself up to a perfect fever of impatience when the manager approached them and announced the coming of Lella.

And even as he spoke, she stood beside them, looking at Disbrowe with her large, calm eyes. Those eyes! what a spell they cast over him, calming down his mad fever of impatience like ice cast on fire! Those clear, bright, penetrating eyes, with their unfathomable depth of mockery, how well he knew them! Those short, bright, clustering curls—that round, white, boyish brow—those sweet, beautiful lips, that small, graceful form, how well—how well he knew them all! It seemed but yesterday since he had hidden her farewell in the parlor at Pentails Hall—forever, as he thought; and now they stood face to face again!

The heavy rains are slowly washing this sand into the workings of the local coal mine where it is being carried away in the water purged out. The result is that, through the foundation on one side, being removed, the mountain is gradually shifting over into the valley.

Investigation has revealed the fact that the centre and base of the mountain is composed mainly of sand interposed with layers of rock.

The heavy rains are slowly washing this sand into the workings of the local coal mine where it is being carried away in the water purged out. The result is that, through the foundation on one side, being removed, the mountain is gradually shifting over into the valley.

Previous to this summer the mountain was dotted with ruins where a house or shop had given way beneath the strain and had to be abandoned. In one particular instance, a horse and stable slipped down beneath the level ground in a single night.

The water supply is being constantly cut off, as the slightest movement will open the pipes. When a burst does take place, although it can at once be detected, it cannot be easily repaired. The sliding away of the sand underneath causes the pipes to sink, and they are discovered far below their original level.

The railway which is indispensable to the colliery now runs through the valley at this point in a gradual curve, although originally it was perfectly straight.

As the sand is only being washed away from the mountain on either side of the valley, the result is that on the summit enormous cracks are appearing.

A few weeks ago a man was driving his horse, and to his astonishment it disappeared almost at his feet, a large crack having opened.

Sheep, too, have been known to disappear in mysterious ways—later to be found in similar cracks.

To these people living in this busy valley, every heavy fall of rain means that the destruction of their homes and livelihood is drawing rapidly nearer—a fate they are helpless to stop.

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Investigation has revealed the fact that the centre and base of the mountain is composed mainly of sand interposed with layers of rock.

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Heavy, all Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6¾ to 7¾.
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The Same Thing

Sybil: "It's no use denying it, Maud. It was too dark for me to see who it was, but I saw some young man kiss you in the garden. I'm ashamed of you."

Maud: "I don't see why you should be. I've often seen George kiss you."

Sybil (engaged to George): "Yes, but I allow nobody but George to kiss me."

Maud: "Well, nobody but George ever kisses me."

She caught it from the manager's hand, and held it to his lips. He drank it off, and catching both her hands in his, looked up in the bright, beautiful, smiling face, with such a strange, troubled, yearning gaze!

"Well, my lord, you will know me the next time, that is certain. Had you not better let go my hands?"

"Oh, Jacquetta! is this really you?"

"Well, I am rather inclined to think so. Do I not look substantial enough?"

And she laughed as she released her hands.

"Oh, Jacquetta! I thought you were dead!"

A dark shadow passed over her face, a strong shiver passed through her frame, and she turned away with a passionate gesture.

"Oh, that dreadful death-sleep that terrible vault! that awful awakening! God grant I could forget it!"

She put her hands over her face for a moment, and then dropped them—calm once more. He started to his feet, a new light dawning upon him.

"Then you were not dead—only in a trance? Jacquetta! Jacquetta! was it so?"

"Even so, my lord."

"And then—poor heavens! you were buried alive?"

(To be continued.)

REFORMING THINGS.

All around me they are swarming, men of high and noble aims, quite intent upon reforming this old world and all its games. They would have some new law written and another law repealed; thus abuses might be smitten, age-old evils forced to yield, in a hundred things they differ, but in one they're all alike; in their self-esteem they're stiffer than the concrete of the pill.

Each, one's the ancient prophet, and the others all are fakes, and he shoes them off to Tophet with their follies and mistakes. There are things that need reforming, there are ills that should be fired, but the healers, wild-reforming, always make me rather tired. Oh! they all me with amonition that imparts a chastity chill; each one has his private potion, each one has his patent pill; all the other pills are foolish, all the other potions vain, and with stubbornness that's mullah each them off to Tophet with their follies and mistakes. There are things that need reforming, there are ills that should be fired, but the healers, wild-reforming, always make me rather tired. Oh! they all me with amonition that imparts a chastity chill; each one has his private potion, each one has his patent pill; all the other pills are foolish, all the other potions vain, and with stubbornness that's mullah each them off to Tophet with their follies and mistakes. There are things that need reforming, there are ills that should be fired, but the healers, wild-reforming, always make me rather tired. Oh! they all me with amonition that imparts a chastity chill; each one has his private potion, each one has his patent pill; all the other pills are foolish, all the other potions vain, and with stubbornness that's mullah each them off to Tophet with their follies and mistakes.

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