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A QUEEN UNCROWNED

—OR—
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XV.

"How did you know this—this had happened?"

"I didn't know. I thought it most likely I should find her here; and before daybreak this morning I started out, and I found—I found her—"

"Dead!" said Disbrow, drawing a long, hard breath. "When did she die?"

"Last night," said Frank, who was keeping as only a fresh-hearted boy.

"And it all ends here!" said Disbrow, looking steadily at the death-like face. "Her short and sorrowful story! Oh, Jaquette! why were you born for such a fate?"

"There was an unspeakable depth of bitterness and despair in his tone. Frank checked his sobs, and looked at him feebly.

"There was another—the young Spaniard—where is he?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him."

"Will you ask—they will tell you," said, pointing out.

Frank left the room, and after a moment's absence, reappeared.

Disbrow doesn't know, either, she says. He did not come with them after leaving Fontelle, but set off toward Green Creek by himself. Most likely he is there."

"Ah!" said Disbrow, "then he is gone before this. Well, perhaps it is better so; and, after all, he was not much to blame, perhaps—poor boy! Frank, you ought to go to Fontelle and let them know."

Frank started up.

"I will go directly; but you—where shall I find you when I come back?"

NERVES AND FAINTING SPELLS

Sent Woman to Bed. Great Change After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sarnia, Ontario.—"After my girl was born I was a wreck. My nerves were too terrible for words and I simply could not stand or walk without pain. I suffered with fainting spells until I was no longer any good for my household duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have an operation, but I was not in a fit condition at that time. My neighbor said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' I am sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's bills." So I was advised by my husband to try it after I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to take a few boarders for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 17 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these last few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit, as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have to know what it has done for me."

Mrs. Rowena G. MacGowan, R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

It," said her gallant companion. "You are none too pretty the best of times, but you look like an old death's-head-and-crossbones when you laugh. And so he is going to stay here alone all night with you and I, Grizzle! Be hanged if he's not a brave fellow!"

"I fancy he would risk more than that for Captain Nick Tempest's daughter."

"I tell you what, Grizzle, he's a fine young fellow, and would make a splendid high-sea rover—he would fly the powers!" exclaimed the captain, enthusiastically.

"Bah! you forget the way he treated you a while ago!" said Grizzle, contemptuously.

"I don't care for that; there's a strong spice of the devil in him; and I'd give a bag of ducats for a dozen such hearts of oak among my crew."

"Really, now," said Grizzle, with a sneer, "what a pity so much valuable love should be lost! Perhaps you had better ask him to take a cruise in the Fly-by-Night to the coast of Africa. It would be a change for the future Earl of Barmecides and Baron of Gulliford—ah, my bold buccaneer!"

"Tush! speak lower—confound you! Upon my word, Grizzle, I did not think he would venture to stay here alone to-night with you and I—I really didn't."

"You'd be knows there is no danger—that it would be as much as our lives are worth to touch him; and, besides, he is armed. Or, what is more likely still, he never thought anything about it at all. Lovers, you know, generally get into a state of mind when they lose their lady-love, and forget everything else."

"Do they? You ought to know, if any one does—ah, Grizzle!" said the captain, with a grin. "I wonder what his high and mightiness Duke De Vere will say when he finds his quondam daughter dead and gone? Do you suppose he will take on?"

"He will feel it, and most probably will suspect we helped her off."

"Now, by Jove! if he dares to breathe such an infernal suspicion, I will brain him where he stands," exclaimed the captain, fiercely.

"You will do no such thing, my boasting friend. Will it not be a very natural suspicion, Captain Nick? Nether you nor I, you know, are thought too immaculate to be guilty of that or any other crime."

"Does he suppose I would slay my own daughter?"

"Of course he does—why should he not? What a blessed innocent you are, Nick!"

"You might do such a devil's deed, you old Mother Horrible! but I would not. No; had as Nick Tempest is, he would not do that."

"You saintly cherub! Talk of Satan blushing for his renegade child, if you talk like this? They ought to send you as a missionary to the Scalp-and-eat-em Indians. All you want is a bundle of tracts, and the Indians themselves will provide you with a costume, which, I believe consists in a judicious mixture of red and yellow paint, some ornament, tattooing, and a bunch of feathers."

"Don't be a fool—will you?" said the captain, with a frown. "Stop your nonsense, and talk common sense. Where is she to be buried?"

"Mr. De Vere, most likely, will see to that."

"He'll do no such thing. I'll see to it myself."

"Pooh! what difference does it make? The girl's dead, and what odds who has the bother and expense of burying her? It's his duty to do it, too; for he had most of her while she was living."

Captain Nick looked at her in mingled anger and disgust.

"You miserable old anatomy! had you ever a woman's heart? No; I tell you, I shall bury her—I myself, as the spelling-book says; and Mr. Robert De Vere may mind his own affairs."

(To be continued.)

"Certainly! Frank has gone to Fontelle, I expect, and will not be back to-night; and who else is there to share his watch, unless our young Spanish friend comes—ah, Nick?"

"And that's not very likely. My private impression is, that there is no particular love between Don Jacinto and the young and handsome guardsman."

"Do you really think so? And, as if struck by some judicious idea, Grizzle laughed outright.

"What are you grinning at, now, you old baboon?" demanded the captain, angrily.

"Nothing," said Grizzle, smiling grimly at the fire. "Oh, nothing!"

"Then I wouldn't advise you to do

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THE POSTMASTER.



WALT MATON

Postmaster Juggin runs his store along old-fashioned lines; he doesn't decorate his door with large bombastic signs. Conservative in all his ways, he makes no fire sale din, but sells his stamps to busy boys, and throws no coupons in. And if you buy a million stamps he will not cut the price, the threats of men, the smiles of vamps, with him cut little ice. In vain, the blooming reach insists upon rebate: "These stamps will cost you two cents each," replies that heartless-skate. All other dealers in

the town have "Dollar Days" at times, and then they mark the prices down, to save the people dimes. The shirts that sell at eighty cents on bargain piles are thrown; on Dollar Day delighted gents may buy them for a bone. Postmaster Juggin looks with scorn on bargains thus displayed; he beats no drum, he toots no horn to get the transient trade. Impatiently the floor he stamps, and says, in freezing tones: "I cannot sell nine two-cent stamps for fifteen bones, by Jones." And he can bravely face me down, and wear an aspect bold; he has the only Jot in town where two-cent stamps are sold. He plays no favorites; his stamps are priced alike to all, to editors and brides and tramps, to voters great and small.

From the numbers of jade and emerald stones seen worn, one gathers that green is smart in jewelry.



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Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

A LESSON FROM GOLF.

You'd better keep going, my lad; when you're up, take a bit of a warning from me: Don't walk with a swagger or brag of your game when your ball's flying straight from the tee; And don't think the golf match is settled because you have birdied the first hole in three.

Keep driving that golf ball as far as you can, keep straight with your irons and true; Don't act like a fellow who's sure he can win. Don't think that a poor shot will do; And don't think the golf match is tucked in your bag, when you've taken the short hole in two.

When I was a youngster and glib with my tongue once I walked with an arrogant air; For I came to the turn in a tournament-match and was four up on Sandy McNair.

For Sandy was not playing golf as he could and I'd had good fortune to spare.

The tenth hole I lost, but 'twas little I cared for I'd plenty of margin, thought I; But Sandy let go on the next with a shot that was straight and as true as a die.

While I hooked to the woods and was out of the hole when I found an unplayable lie.

My lead dwindled fast in the rush that he made; at the fifteenth the match was all square. At the seventeenth he ran down a putt for a four. I was beaten by Sandy McNair.

And I'd learned that the lead which you get at the start at the finish may never be there.

So don't you get proud when you're out in the lead or good fortune is coming your way; Don't swell with conceit at the shots you have made; for there's many a hard shot to play—

And in life it's the same, it takes years to succeed, but a man can go wrong in a day.

How Francis Joseph Ruled Realm in 1888 Told in Old Letters

VIENNA, Sept. 24 (A.P.)—Intimate details as to the methods of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, in running the dual monarchy 35 years ago have been given by the publication in a local newspaper of a collection of letters and orders from the imperial hand. The autographic ruler was not slow to see what he wanted done, and to give orders to that effect.

In 1888 Francis Joseph learned that Vienna planned to honor the German emperor with a torchlight procession. This did not please him, so from Budapest he telegraphed his prime minister as follows:

"I learn from the papers that an agitation is afoot for a torchlight procession for the German emperor. As such a thing is entirely out of the question, it will be well to set one's face against it decisively at once; moreover to keep one's eyes open.—F. J."

The emperor evidently depended largely upon the newspapers of his realm for information, for in 1889 he read in Budapest of certain projected Slav activities in Vienna in which Slav parliamentarians were to participate. Beginning his telegram "I see in the papers," he said to his minister: "I leave it to you to reflect whether, in view of the diverse provocative occurrences of the last few days, this celebration could not be prohibited, provided it is legally practicable.—F. J."

Polish students in Lemberg in 1889 adopted some resolutions, possibly reflecting hopes for ultimate independence, which the emperor did not like. He must have been reading the newspapers again for his message shows he was waiting confirmation from the governor of the province. In the meantime he telegraphed his premier: "Definite steps appear necessary against the students who in disregard of their rector's prohibition, met and adopted impertinent resolutions. Unless we are prepared to witness like excesses at all our universities, the government must exhibit determination.—F. J."

Francis Joseph made known his royal intentions to Hungary as well as to Austria, for he sent this message to Herr von Bitto, the prime minister at Budapest: "Having learnt that the civil marriage bill has been placed on the order of the day, I once more draw your attention to the fact that I shall not approve a bill which is untimely and so destined to lead to perfectly unnecessary complications.—F. J."

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