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CANADIAN PACIFIC

A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XIX.

He rang the bell as he spoke, and gave the necessary commands, and then arose to divest himself of his dressing gown, and don the coat and pants of outdoor life, while Lord George Austrey went of whistling "Hear Me, Norma," to make a few alterations in his outer robe also (if the expression be allowable). How the sad, plaintive air recalled Fontelle and Jaquetta to Disbrow!

Next morning, at the earliest possible hour that fashion would permit, two young peers of the realm, in saffron morning costume, "got up," as Lord Austrey complacently remarked, "regardless of expense," placed their patent leather boots on the aristocratic doorstep of the Tremain mansion. A porter, quite as aristocratic as the doorstep, admitted them to a sumptuous drawing-room, and left them to themselves.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," hummed Lord Austrey; "silence and solitude this. I wonder how long Miss Norma will keep us waiting."

Scarcely had he spoken when the door opened, and a short, roll-about little woman, all smiles and dimples, came in.

"My dear Lord Earncliffe, welcome home! We were all very sorry indeed, to hear of your loss, but such things must be expected in his life. Good-morning, Lord George, it is quite an age since I have seen you. What have you been doing with yourself lately?"

"Rusticating at Disbrow Park, Mrs. Tremain, admiring the beauties of nature, and all the rest of it, you know," answered that young gentleman.

"And leaving all the young ladies to wear the willow, you naughty boy," said Mrs. Tremain, who was a distant relative of Lord George's, and privileged to talk to him as she pleased. "Positively at Mrs. Desmond's card party the other night, they were every one asking for you, and went feebly about, like so many drooping lilies, when they heard you had left town."

It was heartrending, I assure you!"

"Really now; I wasn't aware I was such a lady-killer. I must endeavor to counteract my many fascinations for the future, I see, in mercy to the tender sex."

"You are hardly looking so well as when I saw you last, my lord," said Mrs. Tremain, turning to Disbrow. "You are quite pale and thin. Do you not think so, George?"

"All the more interesting, Mrs. Tremain. Young ladies admire that sort of thing, I have heard. Let him keep on a low diet for a fortnight or so, and read the 'Sorrowful War' for an hour every day, together with a small dose of 'Paradise Lost,' and I'll bet my diamond ring against a ducat, that by the end of that time he'll be able to play the 'Starved Apothecary,' and have every female woman in Bartley and Grosvenor Squares, not to speak of Piccadilly and the West End, over head and ears in love with him."

"Thank you," said Disbrow. "I had rather be excused. I hope Miss Macdonald is well, Mrs. Tremain?"

"Quite well—she will be here in a moment. How did you enjoy your visit to America, my lord?"

"Very much."

"How is Mr. De Vere? I knew him when we were both younger than we are now, and we were great friends. You visited him, of course?"

"Yes, madam; I spent some weeks with him. He is very well."

"And you really liked America? It is not much like England, I suppose. It must be a strange country, I think, where all classes are on an equality, negro slaves and all. Dreadfully barbarous, I think. I shouldn't like it at all."

Before Disbrow could reply, the door opened, and Norma Macdonald, the object of all their schemes and plottings, entered—the fair fiancée of Lord Earncliffe.

She was tall and slight, and peculiarly graceful in form, with a complexion of snowy whiteness, un-

dered by the faintest trace of color, save in the full, rounded lips. Her hair was of a bright golden hue, and was worn in a pretty silk net, something like the present fashion; but instead of the blue eyes that should have accompanied that pearly face and pale-gold hair, her eyes were large, lustrous, and intensely dark. The fair hair and complexion she had inherited from her Scotch father; the dark eyes and romantic nature, from her tall and giddy French mother. A dress of dark blue silk, set off to the best advantage her peculiar style of beauty; and very lovely and very graceful indeed she looked—so much so, that Lord Austrey wondered inwardly at his friend's insensibility, and felt that a prize like this was well worth even his while to try for.

Death Calls Infrequently in Quiet English Village

PICKWORTH, England, Sept. 26 (A.P.)—This little village in the smallest county of England, with only 150 inhabitants, contains four people of over 70 years of age, five over 80 and two over 90. Their ages total about 900 years.

In one cottage where a couple have lived for 63 years and brought up 13 children, there has not been a death for over 50 years, and in five adjoining cottages only eight people have died in 56 years. The village lies in a sleepy hollow four miles from a railway station.

CHARITY.

I took a bowl of tea to Mrs. Jane O'Chee. The dame was poor and old, her hills were manifold; I said: "She oft complains of fierce rheumatic pains; no loving ones are near to hand her words of cheer; her sons are all in jail, her life is flat and stale; 'twill brighten up the life of this poor lone woman, and ease the load she bears, to know that someone cares, and she will smile once more when I come to her door with my large can of tea, as kindly as can be." I hastened down the track that led me to her shack, and handed her the drink; she stipped, and said: "I think this is the punkiest tea I ever poured in me! It's made of moldy hay; oh, take your can away!" Discouraged, I returned to where the home fires burned. A smile is all one needs to pay for kindly deeds; but when I take a pie to some poor stricken girl, she says the crust is tough, the filling cheap grade stuff. And when I take a hat to one who's busted flat, he says he never did behold so fierce a lid. Discouragement arrives to chill our helpful lives, but we must still endure, and so and so the poor. And so I say, "Take a drink, when bearing home the dish of kindness, squall want in town, and one must go his round, though ingrates may abound; I'll take a crock of soup to poor old Gaffer Goop, a porringer of mush to hungry Hiram Hush, a pannikin of suds, a bundle of old duds, six soft boiled eggs or eight, to some poor luckless skate."

WALT MATSON

Disbrow aroused the old lady by some gay compliment, and Lord George began chatting with Norma—drawing her out, as he afterward informed Disbrow, "to see what she was made of."

"And so you have been rambling all summer, too, Miss Macdonald, like our friend here? While he was doing the savage tribes of North America, you were roving through the land of kilts and porridge, 'o'er the muir among the heather!'"

"Come, my lord, speak respectfully of the land of rivers and mountains. Remember, I am a staunch Scotch lassie."

"Oh, your nationality is not likely to be mistaken, while you are called Miss Macdonald. By the way, is Mr. Macdonald in town?"

"No—papa has gone over to Boulogne on business for a few weeks."

"All right," thought Lord George; "the coast is clear—but faith! I begin to fear the young lady is no such easy prize as I thought her."

"And you have been away, too—have you not?" asked the young lady. "Oh, only out to Disbrow Park! Splendid place for doing the dolce far niente, as Earncliffe calls it. What does that mean, Miss Macdonald? It's a regular Castle of Indolence, where the sun shines from one's eyes and the wind blows from one's ears and the very dogs are too lazy to bark."

"Indeed? I hope you have not caught the infection, my lord!"

Before Lord Austrey could indignantly repudiate any such notion, Mrs. Tremain, who had been earnestly conversing with Disbrow, exclaimed:

"Oh, I am certain Norma knows! Norma is that portfolio of Emily's in your boudoir? As Lord Earncliffe has just come from America, I want to show him that American scene you and Emily were trying to finish yesterday."

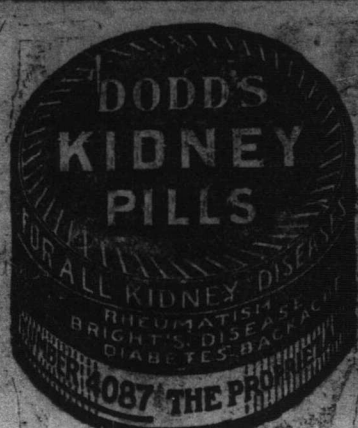
"My dear aunt!" exclaimed the lady, rising in evident alarm.

"Nonsense! nonsense! My dear lord, she is so bashful about such things, you would never know how well she can draw, if I did not show you. I will go and find it."

For one moment Miss Macdonald stood as if about to follow after her; but meeting the strange eye of Disbrow, she relinquished her design, and sank back in evident agitation on the sofa.

(To be continued.)

Long scarf-collar ends may hang down the front of one's frock as a finishing touch.



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