

For **ECONOMY**, no sauce compares with

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

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

CHAPTER XVI
As he started forward to see, the door opened and Frank himself rushed out, like one crazed, bare-headed and frantic, and was in the act of mounting and galloping off, when Disbrow's voice arrested him: "Hello, Frank! Good heavens! what is the matter?"

CHAPTER XVII
Yes, dead—stone-dead! beyond their power at last. More beautiful than she had ever been in life, she lay there before him; her tameless heart, that neither wrong nor sorrow could conquer, quiet enough now; the little restless hands folded gently over the marble breast—so strangely calm, so fair and beautiful in her dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII
"Too late!" said Frank, bitterly. "The world was not large enough for you and her. It is better as it is."

CHAPTER XIX
"They broke her heart," he sobbed. "She could never live disgraced!"

CHAPTER XX
"She left this for you," she said in a subdued tone, as if she, too, was a little softened by the sight of his despair.

CHAPTER XXI
"For all I have made you suffer, forgive me. Oh, Alfred! I loved you with all my heart and soul, and this is my atonement for my sin. May God forgive me for I could not help it. When Jacquetta is dead, and you hear her reviled, try to think tenderly of her; for oh, Alfred! no one in this world will ever love you again as you have been loved by her."

CHAPTER XXII
"Thou shalt not soothe the kid in its mother's milk," said the deep voice of Grizzle; "yet it has been done now."

CHAPTER XXIII
"Were you ten times her father it would make no difference. She abhorred you, and so do I! Never will

my hand touch that of her murderer!"

"Hard words, young man," said Captain Nick, his bronzed face slightly paling. "Every man has a right to his own; and she was my lawful child."

"I will believe that when we can gather grapes of thorns! But, as I said before, were you ten times her father, I would not care; for, here in the presence of God and the dead, I declare you to be as much her murderer as if you had held the knife to her throat! Let her blood cry for vengeance upon you till the day of retribution comes!"

"Take care!" said Captain Nick, growing whiter still. "One word more, and we are deadly foes for life!"

"So be it, Captain Tempest, you are a coward and a liar!"

"Now, by heavens!" furiously began the captain; but the strong hand of Grizzle was laid on his shoulder, and she spoke rapidly and imperiously to him, in Spanish.

"Respect the dead!" said Disbrow pointing to the lifeless form, and speaking in the deep, stern tone he had used throughout. "I quarrel not with you here. Fear not that a day of reckoning will come soon. Leave me now. I wish to be alone."

Even had he not been under the influence of Grizzle, there was something in the eyes and voice of the young man that would have commanded his obedience. Like an angry lion, robbed of its prey, he turned, with a smothered growl, and accompanied by Grizzle, left the room.

There was a long pause in the chamber of death. Like a tall, dark ghost, Disbrow stood, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed on the small, fair face in its calm sleep, his own face like marble. What seemed the world, his coronet and prospective bride in that moment, compared with what he had lost!

Well, has it been said that we know the value of nothing until we forever lose it.

How she arose before him in all her entrancing beauty—bright, radiant, untamed as he had known her first—this matchless girl who had loved him so well! He recalled her in all her wilful moods; the fair sprite who teased and tormented him, yet whose bright smile could dispel his anger as a ray of sunshine dispels gloom.

He thought of her in her heroic daring, risking her own life, freely and fearlessly, for that of others—the tameless mountain fairy transformed to the ministering household angel, hovering beside the sick and suffering. How tame and insignificant all other women appeared beside her—this high-souled fay of the moonlight!

This was the girl who had loved him and them so well; and in return they had hurled back her love with scorn, and cast her off like a dog from their gates. And now she lay there before him, dead!

There was no reproach in those closed eyes—in those sweet, beautiful lips—on that fair, gentle face, or folded hands. She had forgiven them all for the great wrong they had done her; but he would have given worlds at that moment for words of pardon from those pale lips—those lips that never would speak more.

Frank's deep, suppressed sobs alone broke the silence of the room. Once or twice he had looked up to speak but that white, stern face had awed him into silence, and he felt, with a strange thrill of terror and pity, that it was possible for that dark, tearless grief to be deeper than his own.

Disbrow himself was the first to break the silence. And his voice sounded strangely cold and calm:

"Does he—Mr. De Vere he could not call him well then—know of this?"

"No," said Frank, with a sob. "I was just going to Fontelle when I met you that time, and turned back."

(To be continued.)

Historic Places up For Sale in London Real Estate Marts

LONDON, Sept. 26 (A.P.)—The changed social and economic order, which since the war has been yearly more apparent, has brought another historic mansion upon the real estate market.

This is Combe Woodhouse, in Combe Wood, once the home of Katharine Parr, a lady who achieved distinction by becoming the sixth wife of Henry VIII and undying fame when the mutations of fate decreed that she should be the cemetery widow of a monarch among whose spouses mortality was heavy, even for the times of the Tudors.

The interior of Combe Woodhouse is charming, all the features being Tudor. There is a leather room, also a Tudor Hall, long gallery, panelling everywhere, and some old stained glass with Katharine Parr's arms on it.

Thus changes are taking place in England, the country which used to be so hostile to any interruption of the established order. Although it must not be taken as a forerunner of prohibition, it is worth noting that the Old Castle Inn at Smallbury Green, Isleworth, a favourite haunt of Dick Turpin, the highwayman, which has dispensed good cheer since 1597, will shortly become a private residence.

The notorious highwayman, who frequented Hounslow Heath, was not the only caller whose visits are recalled by the villagers who drop into Old Castle Inn of an evening. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson often called there on their way to Windsor and during the Victorian era its walls resounded to the conversation of such well known authors, artists and theatrical people as Dickens, Cruikshank, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Galsworthy, Sims Reeves, Marie Lloyd, and at least once, Matthew Arnold.

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TRIBE IN Philippine Islands HAS CALENDAR ALL ITS OWN.

MANILA, Sept. 20 (A.P.)—The Itugad, an industrious non-Christian tribe in habiting the Mountain Province, have a calendar all their own, according to Dr. H. Odley Beyer, head of the department of anthropology of the University of the Philippines. When an Itugad wants to know what day of the month it is, he does not consult an almanac, but asks the "Tumunoh," the clan astronomer, calendar keeper and model husbandman. There are some 60 Itugad clans and each has its "Tumunoh," who is considered the most important personage in the tribe.

Their calendar has 13 months divided into 28 days each. They know there is one day more in each year and this extra day is called "Tungo," the last day of their year. The "Tumunoh" cultivates certain plants in an isolated spot where the temperature is relatively uniform, and from the budding of these plants he claims to tell the exact date of the month or year. He knows that 365 days a year is not exactly correct when a leap year comes around, but he keeps silent and does not tell his people about the extra day.

The "Tumunoh" advises the people of the date to begin planting and the date to start the harvest.

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