

OMELETS should always be seasoned with **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

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

CHAPTER XXI.

"My Dear Alf: We are off—to-morrow will find us en route for Paris. The battle is won! Norma is mine, as certainly as if she was signed, sealed, and delivered! What a superb beauty it is—a belle reine! Ah, Earncliffe! you don't know what you have lost! But one man's loss is another man's gain; and so benedictio!"

AUSTREY.

Lord Earncliffe read it, as he lay slipped and dressing gowned in his room, annoyed nearly to death, and at expression, half angry, half contemptuous, came over his face. How little she must ever have loved him to forget him so soon!

A life of inaction, of stagnation, was little suited to the gay, volatile nature of Alfred Disbrowe; yet some perverse spirit seemed to possess him now, and hold him in chains at Disbrowe Park. He scarcely ever went to London. He visited but little among the neighboring gentry, and seldom ever saw any one at the hall. He rarely rode, or hunted, or quitted home, and, altogether, became a sort of anchorite, a hermit, a Robinson Crusoe, shut up and fortified in his "castle."

The young ladies of the neighborhood pouted, and were terribly mortified to find the handsome and wealthy young peer so insensible to all their fascinations, while the sentimental ones looked upon him with romantic interest, and fell in love with his dark, melancholy eyes, and wished to comfort him in his solitude.

Having nothing better to do, Disbrowe amused himself with looking after his tenantry and improving his estate; and this, with lying lazily on a sofa, and smoking no end of cigars, constituted his indolent and aimless life.

He felt a little ashamed of himself sometimes, and his useless existence. But a spell—a languor of mind and body—was upon him, and he wanted a motive to make him rise, like another Sampson, and burst his bonds.

So passed the winter; and spring and summer found him still loitering at Disbrowe Park.

At odd times he received short, spasmodic letters from his friend Austrey, to tell him they were doing "gondolas in Venice, or St. Peter's at Rome, or risking their necks up the great St. Bernard, or other cold and uncomfortable places in the Spiguen Alps. According to his account, their travels were something in the style of the "Dodd Family Abroad"—a continued series of mishaps and misadventures, together with jealous Austrian governments, rampaging Italian beggars, savage and unreasonable couriers, or ferocious, brigandish guides, who would persist in not understanding him—Lord George—when he swore at them in English, and screamed out his directions in the same language. He further went on to express the strongest sort of contempt for the whole Continent, vehemently asserted England, with all its fogs, was the only place fit for a rational Christian to live in. As for foreign scenery, he had a poor opinion of it. The Rhine was well enough, but not fit to hold a

candle to the Serpentine, and as for Baden, Ramsgate was worth a dozen of it. All this had very little interest for Disbrowe; but the postscript had, where Lord George wound up by informing him Norma was in excellent health and spirits, and "his affair" was progressing as "well as could be expected." At first, this used to invariably put Disbrowe in a fume; but he got used to it after a time, and almost as indifferent about Norma as the rest. Her father had joined them, evidently quite reconciled to the broken-off match, and, what was better still, great friends with the volatile young lord. It was quite uncertain when they would come back, but probably not until late in the next autumn.

Of his American friends, since his arrival in England he had heard nothing. As time cooled and toned down his feelings, he began to regret the hasty manner in which he had left his uncle's roof, who, harshly as he had treated her whom Disbrowe never named now, even in his own mind, had been always kind to him.

Therefore, in a fit of patience, during the previous winter, he had written him a long and cordial letter, urging him to come to England, and visit him at Disbrowe Park, and bring Augusta and little Orrie with him.

It was strange, how ardently he wished to see the little, wild, elfish girl again; partly for her own sake, and the strange, strong love she bore him, and partly for her mother's sake—that dead mother, his first, his last, his only love.

No answer had come, although the June roses were in blossom, and the letter had been written in December, until, one morning, the mail brought him a brief note, in the well-known writing of Mr. De Vere. It was dated London, and informed him that he, and Augusta, and Orrie had arrived and awaited him there.

Disbrowe took time to digest his surprise and pleasure, and immediately started for London, and went direct to their hotel. And then there was one of those pleasant meetings of old friends, that gleam like bright little flashes of unalloyed sunshine through this tangled life of ours, more than compensating us for the sorrow of parting.

Mr. De Vere looked half a dozen years older than when he had seen him last, and had a dreary, lonely look, the cause of which Disbrowe well understood. But Augusta was still more changed; she had wasted away to a shadow, with white, sunken cheeks, and hollow, lustrous eyes looking unnaturally dark and large in her thin and haggard face. All her old hauteur and lofty pride seemed to have faded away like a dream, and she stood before him dejected, spiritless, ghastly—like a spirit from the grave.

The deep mourning she wore contrasted glaringly with her pallid face and blue-veined, transparent hands, and Disbrowe was inexpressibly shocked and grieved as he beheld her.

And Orrie—he scarcely recognized her in the richly-attired, half timid little miss, who shrank back and eyed him askance with a glance half shy, half laughing, that reminded him with a thrill and a shock of Jacquetta. A year—most of it spent in the artificial atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school—had robbed little Orrie of most of her eldritch boldness and brightness, but still it broke out fitfully at times. She had lost, partly, her wild, elfish, precocious look, too; and with her shining, coal-black hair smoothly braided, and her pretty dress of rich black silk, she was quite another being from the wild little kelpie in boy's clothes who

had once stabled his horse. They all seemed to have changed; and Disbrowe half sighed as he took her in his arms and kissed her, and inwardly wondered if he had changed, too.

"And Frank," he said, "how is he?"  
"Frank is quite well," said Mr. De Vere. "I got him a midshipman's commission, last winter, and he has gone off like a second Jack to seek his fortune. We found Fontelle terribly dull, and your kind invitation came at a most opportune moment. Change of climate may do something for Augusta, whose health is falling rapidly."

"I noticed Miss De Vere was not looking well," said Disbrowe, lowering his voice that she might not hear. "She is greatly changed since I saw her last. What is the matter?"

"That is a question I cannot answer," replied her father, with a sigh. "She has no bodily ailment, the doctors say; but something is evidently preying on her mind, undermining both life and happiness. In fact, she has never been the same since that visit of old Grizzle Howlet's; whatever she told her. Since that time she has pined and faded away; and if I believed in the evil eye, I should say my poor Augusta was under its influence."

"Have you never tried to discover what this strange secret is?"

"Repeatedly; but in vain. Augusta only wrings her hands, and cries for me to leave her, until I have no longer the heart to resist. Oh, Alfred, my boy, it goes to my heart to see her suffering like this," said Mr. De Vere, with filling eyes.

Disbrowe pressed his hand to effent sympathy.

"Do you think she would tell you, Alfred?" She asked you, and she might. Do you really think she would?" he said, eagerly.

"I fear not, sir. When she refused to tell you, it is not likely she would make me her confidant—a comparative stranger?"

"I am sorry! I am sorry! If she would only speak and tell, it might save her life—the poor Augusta—my poor, poor girl!"

"Does Grizzle Howlet still reside at the old inn?" asked Disbrowe, after a pause, to divert his mind from the subject.

"Yes, the old limb of Satan! Oh, Alfred! that a wretched old hag like that should have caused us all so much misery!"

"Her day of retribution will come he assured of that, sir!" said Disbrowe, almost sternly. "And her son frere, Captain Tempest, what has become of him?"

"Gone off in the Fly-by-Night on one of his dark, devil's cruises of crime." He went shortly after you left."

(To be continued.)



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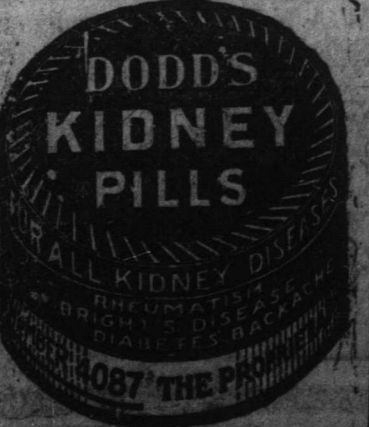
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Mexico Relations with Great Britain  
O'Toole Fined for Moscov Dry Ma  
MEXICO ENDS RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN  
Mexico has severed relations with Great Britain, the department of foreign affairs announced today, after all honorariums were paid out the United Kingdom.  
CHINESE PRESS  
Teao Kuan has been named as the new secretary of the government.

THE SMITHS  
Peter Smith, Treasurer in the Ontario Government, Jarvis, St. Toronto Friday were sentenced to three years in prison and a six-month sentence to be served in the City Hall in Toronto. After a few minutes where they were and coffee they were taken. Later the same car. On Friday, Chief Meredith Court Saturday of Peter Smith charges of cost there are well charges are in the Home Bank raise one of fraud in the

FRANCIS P. HAYES  
The Michigan Commission