



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

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well?"
"He did not succeed—would to God he had! even that would have been better than the fate that awaited him. Wilton, child as he was, when abducted, had a vague remembrance still of the far different life he had led; and though he lived the life of an Indian, he had not an Indian heart. The desire of escape was with him night and day, but he was carefully watched and guarded, and for a long time he opportunistly occurred. In fact, he was ten years old before he was able to make his escape from the tribe."

"He did escape, then?"
"Yes—after perils and hardships unnumberable, he reached the nearest town, ignorant of his name, birthplace, and family; for the Indians had given him a new name, and a child of five soon forgets. His story made him friends, though, and one of them obtained him a situation as cabin-boy on board a man-of-war."

"Of course, none of your family knew all this at the time?"
"No, they knew nothing of him—nor does my father till this day; all this I have learned of late. Well, he grew up a sailor; rose to the rank of lieutenant in one of the United States ships-of-war, under the name of his first friend, which he had adopted—that of Scott."

"Well?" said Disbrowe, as she made a long pause.

"Oh! how shall I go on with the rest—how shall I speak of myself any my deed of madness. Oh, Alfred! I cannot tell you!" she wildly cried.

"Go on, Augusta, and fear not! I think I suspect what is to come."

"You do? what do you suspect?"

"That you somehow met this unknown brother of yours, and—"

"Well?" she whispered, hoarsely.

"And fell in love with him?"

"Oh, worse—worse—worse!"

thousandfold worse! Oh, Cousin Alfred, I—"

"Augusta!"

"Oh, Alfred! I married him!"

With a wild, shivering cry, she sank down, and lay white and shuddering, with her face in her hands. Disbrowe started, and an expression of horror came for a moment to his face; the next, he raised her up, and said, gently and tenderly:

"Augusta, tell me how it was, Augusta, dearest, do not tremble so dreadfully. Look up, and tell me all."

She took her white hands from her pallid tortured face, and spoke in a voice scarce above a whisper.

"I was visiting a friend, and went with her to a ball on board his ship; I met him there—we loved each other, and—oh, my God! you know the rest!"

"You married him secretly?"

"Yes, I knew my father never would consent, on account of his poverty and low birth, and most of all, for his being a rebel against the king. He loved me passionately, and I—I—was mad, delicious, and consented to a private marriage. Oh, Alfred—Alfred! was there ever guilt like to mine?"

"My dear Augusta—my poor Augusta, you are not guilty—you did not know. Go on, let me hear all."

"I thought our marriage was unknown; but it was not; a son of Grizale Howlet—oh! why was all belonging to that wretched woman destined to be our evil destiny through life!—was in the church, and saw us and heard our names. The hour of our marriage we parted, he to return to sea, and I to go to Fontelle. Two months after, you came, and but for that, I might still be ignorant of my dreadful crime."

"But for me!" exclaimed Disbrowe, in amaze, "why, Augusta?"

"Even so, you remember your narrow escape from being murdered,

and how to save herself, it brought Grizale next day to the hall!"

"Yes—yes!"

"To save herself she told me what I have just told you, and I had wedded my own brother; and she threatened to make my guilt public, if I did not save her from the effects of my father's anger. The shock almost killed me. You have not forgotten that dreadful morning, nor how I pleaded for Grizale on my recovery, and obtained her freedom. Oh, Alfred, I would sooner have been burned at the stake than that my father should ever know."

"But, my dear Augusta, you are insane to believe a tale trumped up for the occasion by such a woman as this villainous old Grizale Howlet. It is in all probability false, every word of it."

"No—no! there is no such hope for me; her brother and the chief of the tribe still live to prove its truth, and to make assurance doubly sure, she told me to ask himself, and see if her story was not true."

"And did you?"

"Yes, he came a short time after your arrival, and wrote to appoint a meeting one night, and that night I met him for the last time."

Her voice choked, and she stopped. Disbrowe thought of the dark mulled figure he had seen with her that night at the north wing.

"I told him all; and, oh, Alfred, word for word it was true. He had been stolen in his infancy; he did remember old Tim perfectly, and he had escaped just as Grizale told me. Oh! that last dreadful parting! God grant I might ever forget it!"

"And this, then, is your secret, Augusta?"

"This is my secret—my dark, terrible secret—that is gnawing away my very heart—that in a few brief months will bring me to my grave. May God forgive us both, for we little thought of this!"

"And he—where is he, Augusta?"

"A wanderer over the wide world. We will never meet again."

She sank down once more on her seat, collapsed, prostrate, despairing. A bright gleam of moonlight broke through the quivering laurel leaves, and fell like the wing of some pitying angel on that despair-bowed young head.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Lord Austrey, my lord."

It was Mr. Norton—that respectable gentleman's gentleman—who spoke. Disbrowe, after his usual easy fashion, was lounging in his own room, chatting with Orrie but on hearing his friend's name announced, he sprang to his feet with a suddenness quite startling.

"Lord Austrey—when? how? where?"

"Whither—why—wherefore?" exclaimed the well-known voice of Lord Austrey, himself, as he unceremoniously entered. "I took the liberty of entering sans ceremonie, you see. Earncliffe, then, how goes it?"

"Austrey, my dear old fellow!" exclaimed Disbrowe, "welcome back! When did you come?"

"Two or three days ago. Hello! a young lady in the case! Why, Alf, what have you been about since I left?"

"Oh! this is a little Yankee friend of mine, Orriole De Vere—oh! she's gone! Well, Austrey, how has the world been using you lately?"

"Enchantingly—I'm a made man, Earncliffe, and the happiest fellow in England!"

"Ah, indeed! when am I to offer my congratulations?"

"As soon as you like—the honeymoon's over."

"What!" cried Disbrowe, starting to his feet, "you don't mean to say—"

"My dear fellow, don't get excited! I do say it—nothing shorter. Lady Austrey awaits your congratulations in London."

"And you are really married?"

"Just so! Miss Norma Macdonald no longer exists, and from her grave has risen Lady George Austrey—the handsomest peeress in England! Sharp work, my boy, eh?"

"Puissez-vous être heureux!" said Disbrowe, as he laughingly shook his friend by the hand. "I wish you joy with all my heart. Where were you married?"

"At Rome, at the ambassador's, two months ago."

"And you have come home for good, and all, now?"

(To be continued.)

The Broadway House of Fashion

ANNOUNCING

NEW ARRIVALS

IN

Ladies' COATS

Dresses

Hats

Fur Coats

Blouses

Sweater Wear

Accessories, etc.

THE BROADWAY HOUSE OF FASHION

oct27.21.m.w



You can have the new fashionably smooth arrangement for the fluffiest hair

The newest hair arrangements—whether for long or for bobbed hair—are severely smooth. The hair may be waved, but it must follow closely the outlines of the head. The difficulties of giving this fashionably smooth appearance to unruly hair are easily overcome with Stacomb's.



At all Drug and Department Stores.
GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent