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LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;
—or the—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER VIII.

In town Lady Iris Fayne received many complimentary and congratulatory notes and numerous invitations—amongst them, one to a Royal Ball and one to a State Concert. Lady Clyfharde was one of the first to call; and her congratulations were the more pleasant to Lady Iris, as she knew that every kind word was meant. Sir Fulke accompanied his mother. He was graver than usual. That morning he had read in the leading fashionable paper of Lady Iris' debut, of her grace and beauty, her costly gowns and superb dress and how she had suddenly appeared; and his heart began to fall as it had never done at Chandos. He blamed himself for not having made better use of his time when they were in the country together. Then he saw her every day, often alone; and he could wander through the grounds and the park with her. In London there would be no such opportunities.

The earl gave a series of brilliant parties, and Sir Fulke was a frequent guest at his house; but he never had a chance of talking to Lady Iris alone, for she was always surrounded by a host of admirers. Days passed without his being able to exchange more than a distant salute with her; and the handsome young baronet, who had believed that he had only to "whisper a word and with a wife," found himself quite discomfited.

"I can never get near her," he complained to his mother. "At Lady Scavier's ball I tried time after time to have some conversation with her, but I did not succeed. She had not even one dance for me. Princes and royal dukes engaged her whole attention. I am told that the Prince of Balthaz has sworn to win her. My chance does not look very promising now, does it?"

"Lady Iris will marry for love, Fulke—take my word for it. Neither duke nor earl will have the least chance."

"Unless," he supplemented, "she loves one of them."

"I understand girls, and I understand love," said Lady Clyfharde quietly; "and I tell you, Fulke, that I am certain Lady Iris loves no one yet. When she does love, it will be with all her heart; but the time has not come yet, and you have as good a chance as any one."

"You would smile, mother," remarked Sir Fulke, "if you heard how all the men rave about her. They say she is the most beautiful woman they have seen for years. I feel sure of one thing—if I want her to be my wife I must ask her soon. They said

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yesterday at the club that she was supposed to favor the Duke of Portland more than any one else. I watched her last night, but I did not see it. Did I tell you that the Bishops were in town? I met Lady Blake and Violet yesterday. I saw Lady Caton also, with Marie Bardon. I am told that Miss Bardon is very much admired."

He did not add, as he would once have done in similar circumstances, that when Marie saw him she blushed deeply and looked confused; for Marie Bardon's secret was this—that with all her heart she loved handsome Sir Fulke. She never expected, never dreamed of any return; but she gave him the lease of her life freely. Sir Fulke did not say that a quiver of pain had passed over her face, and that her hand had trembled as he touched it. His great love was teaching him humility.

"Do not be too hurried or anxious, Fulke," said Lady Clyfharde gravely. "Lady Iris will have more time to spare toward the end of the season, and then you must make your opportunity."

"But suppose she is won in the meantime?"

"There is nothing to fear. I watch her closely enough in your interest, Fulke; and I tell you that there is no love in her heart yet. I will warn you in time."

Sir Fulke was not the only one who found it almost impossible to obtain five minutes of Lady Iris' leisure time. John Bardon had been five days in town, and the earl's daughter had kept her promise. He had been invited to Lord Caledon's state dinner, also to the ball costume which Lady Iris, under the able tuition of her friend the duchess, had made a great success. He had attended one or two "at homes" at Fayne House; but he had never had an opportunity of conversing with Lady Iris. He suffered a thousand times more than Sir Fulke; he was desperate, often despairing. He spent his days in following her from place to place, sometimes seeing her at a distance, at other times missing her altogether. If she went to the Opera, he felt that he must go too, content if he was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of her lovely face, longing that he were a prince or a duke—anything so that she would smile upon him. He would wait for hours at a fete or a flower show in the hope of seeing her pass by. He would go from her presence and throw himself with muttered imprecations upon the ground, raving in helpless despair.

"She is so beautiful," he would cry out; "and with all my father's wealth I am but a clod; and yet I love her with a love that might do honor to a king!"

How was this mad passion to end? He could not tell. He resolved however, to do his best to win her.

Lady Iris grew prouder every day. The tendency of her nature to become proud was strengthened by the worship and admiration she received, and her naturally noble mind and character deteriorated somewhat under the excess of homage and flattery bestowed upon her. Her least caprice, her slightest fancy, were laws. On all sides she heard the same story—she was most lovely, most graceful. She had lovers in plenty, and had had more offers of marriage than she cared to remember; but she had no thought yet for love or lovers. At present she was dazzled by the pomp and vanities of the world.

Her favorite motto, "Held with honor," was still her guiding star. But she was beginning in some vague way to misunderstand the word "honor." She began to think that smiles from royalty and constant association with princes meant honor. She was very young, and had no mother's loving hand to train her. There was no one to say a word of warning, to find kindly fault, to advise, caution, or guide. It at times she mistook pride for honor, there were more excuses to be made for her than could have been made for others.

How well in the after-years she remembered one little incident that occurred about this period! Lady Caton gave a water party, and the invitations included some of the most famous London celebrities. Lady Iris Fayne, Sir Fulke and Lady Clyfharde, Miss Bardon and her brother, were also present. The party went some distance up the river, and a few of the members of it landed at a pretty old-fashioned village on the banks of the Thames. Amongst the number was Lady Iris; and Sir Fulke seized the

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opportunity of joining her, while John Bardon gnashed his teeth with rage. A little church, gray with age and embowered in trees, presently attracted Lady Iris' attention.

"I wish I had my sketch-book here," she said. "I should like to make a sketch of this."

The square tower was covered with ivy, while the windows were framed in it; and from many of the mossy grave stones the names had been quite obliterated. It was a quiet, beautiful spot. Lady Iris grew thoughtful; she was young and healthy, and she wondered whether she would one day lie beneath the long green grass and be forgotten, as were some of those lying there. Over the radiant loveliness of her face came a faint shadow; and Sir Fulke, watching her keenly, asked her the cause of it.

"I was thinking," she said, "that under each of these green mounds lies some one who has perhaps been as happy as I am now. So shall I lie sleeping one day, forgotten as they are forgotten."

"Looking at you," he answered, "it seems impossible to realize that you will ever die. It is the greatest of all miseries to me that such youth and beauty can change or fade."

"Yet, if the soul has been held with honor," she said, "it goes into a higher life."

This sudden thought of death in the midst of her brilliant life troubled her. She left Sir Fulke and went round the church-yard. Under the drooping boughs of a small silver-birch she saw a white cross gleaming; she went up to it, parted the long grass, and read these words:—

"In memory of Alice White, aged twenty-one. Third of June, I welcome death. You who read will one day lose youth, beauty, and life to sleep as I sleep."

The words struck her with something like fear. Why had Alice White died at twenty-one, when the world was just opening to her? Why was she tired of life? Why did she welcome death? What mournful mystery was hidden under the grass and the white marble cross? Lady Iris stood there for some time, holding back the long grass that she might better see the name.

It was a turning point in her life. There before her was a warning that one day youth, beauty—and life must leave her, and she must sleep with the dead. Some thought of the toils and emptiness of pride came to her, a sense of its being meaner after all; some of the higher and better feelings of her nature, which had been in some measure deadened by her triumphs in society, awoke in her. Her favorite words came back to her, "Held with honor." What did it mean after all that this life should be so spent as to fit her for the life to come? Did the life she was leading content her—this life of pleasure, gaiety, and—Ah, no; there was something higher than that!

(to be continued.)

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A REPORTER'S EXPERIENCES.
The newspaper reporter in the United States fifty years ago had his days filled with one adventure after the other.

The so-called "yellow" journalism of to-day is babyish compared with that old "scarlet" journalism, as Mr. Julius Chambers tells us in "News Hunting in Three Continents." Mr. Chambers was the editor of two large American newspapers, and also, one at a time, the head of the London office of an American paper.

When he was in London the "farrotting" epidemic broke out, and he himself nearly fell a victim to a "garrotter."

One foggy night he was passing St. Clement Dances' Church, and stopped to look at a tablet on the church wall. A figure came out of the fog and accosted him. He soon discovered from the man's conversation that he was a madman.

After some conversation the man ripped Mr. Chambers' wrist and tried to strangle him; luckily Mr. Chambers was fairly handy with his fists and was able to knock his opponent out. The man was arrested and turned out to be a notorious character, known to the police as "The Ghost of St. Clement Dances."

It was at one time impossible in New York to get anyone placed in a lunatic asylum by bringing a couple of doctors to sign the necessary certificates.

The editor of Chambers' paper wished to expose this devilish practice, so he told Chambers to get himself locked up in an asylum, and to write about it; incidentally he promised to get Chambers out in ten days.

Chambers would not bribe doctors to get the certificates, he preferred to fool the doctors and was duly certified insane, and placed in an asylum.

"My room was on the main floor," he writes, "under me, in the cellar, were padded cells for violent patients. These unfortunates made night hideous with their lamentations for mercy."

He goes on to describe some of the happenings in this awful place. "Quarrels at the table were frequent, and the attendants handled the offenders roughly. A former United States Senator, aged and tottering, was on one occasion dragged from the table and thrown into the corridor."

When Mr. Chambers came out he wrote up all the facts that had come to his knowledge, and there was a great outcry, after which all the asylums were all examined and carefully reorganized.

His most famous story, however, is of a murder he heard committed over the telephone.

One day, while trying to get a telephone number, he found himself listening to a tragedy, owing to crossed wires and a receiver having been left off.

He heard a woman with a lover being surprised by her husband; then curses, blows, and finally a shot. The next day the body of a well known man was found in a park with a shot in his head.

Chambers tried his hardest to find out which line had crossed with his, so that he could trace the house from which he had heard the whole thing. But months went by before he finally traced the murderer.

But even then he could do nothing, as he was told by a lawyer that "evidence heard over the telephone is not admissible in a court of law," Pearson's Weekly.

At the Yarmouth Y.M.C.A. Boys' Camp, held at Tuskat Falls in Alaska, I found Edward's Liniment most beneficial for sunburn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

Alfred Stokes, General Sec'y.

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Saves baby's nice dress and saves mother a lot of washing.
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Ladies' White Flannelette Nightgowns.
Good quality, front neatly trimmed with white silk ribbon. Long sleeves.
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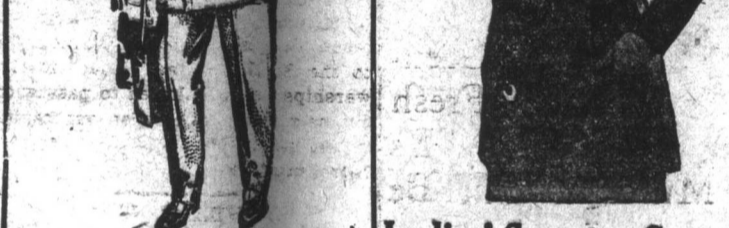
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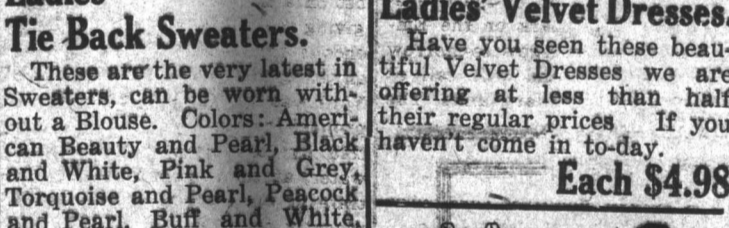


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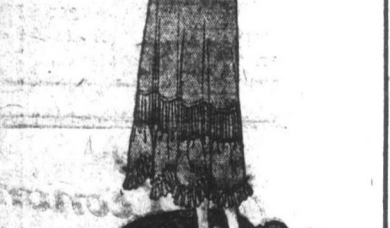
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