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

CHAPTER IX.

"Iris," asked the earl suddenly, "do you believe in no other nobility than that of birth?"

"Yes," she answered slowly; "I believe in the nobility of virtue, genius, and intellect. I do not believe in money."

"Suppose," he said, "that you had two lovers, both humbly born, one a millionaire, the other a genius, and that you were compelled to choose one—which would it be?"

"The genius," she replied quickly. "To me money could never atone for humble birth; but genius might. I need not trouble, however, to discuss the point, papa; for nothing would induce me to marry either. If ever I love and marry any man, it will be one whose race is as ancient and honorable as my own. You ought to be pleased to hear me say so, papa; I do believe you are."

He laughed at her words, although the grave look deepened on his face. "You have mortally wounded one admirer, Iris," he said. "I met Sir Fulke yesterday; he was just leaving town to join a yachting party. He expects to be absent for some time. He told me that he had been rejected by you; and I feel sorry for him. I wish you could like him, for in every respect he is eligible."

"That is, he is well-born, well-bred, handsome, and accomplished. That is not enough, papa. I could love only a hero."

"I hope you will find one, my dear. Every man has, I believe, more or less of the heroic in him; but every man is certainly not a hero. You will be fortunate if you find one."

"I shall try, papa," she answered, smiling.

"I am sorry for Sir Fulke," continued the earl musingly. "I wish you could have liked him, my dear. Henceforward you will not feel quite at ease with Lady Clyffarde, I fear."

"Yes, I shall, papa," and Lady Iris smiled. "We had a long talk yesterday. Sir Fulke has been a little spoiled, you know; and we both agreed that his rejection would do him good. He has always been a great favorite with women; and it was natural for him to think that his wish was law, and that no girl would refuse to marry him. Lady Clyffarde cried, and was grieved at losing him, but she owned to me that it would do him good. Those Blackwell girls quite spoiled him."

"Well, you must please yourself, Iris," said Lord Caledon. "Years ago I resolved that I would never interfere with your choice, and I shall keep my word. You shall marry as you will and whom you will, provided always that you love the man you marry."

She put her arms round his neck and said—

"I do not believe that I shall ever find a man whom I shall love and reverence as I do you, papa."

This conversation took place a few days before Lord Caledon and his daughter left town. There had been some little discussion as to where they should go, but Lady Iris had said that there was no place like home. So it was decided that they should go to Chandos.

"I should like to tell you how much I love home, papa," she said, "but I cannot. I am always a better woman when I see the gray walls 'held with honor' through so many generations."

The earl could not help feeling proud of his daughter, proud of her high spirit and of her intense devotion to her race, and he loved her all the more dearly for it; yet he was doubtful whether she did not carry it too far, whether it was not his duty to repress her excessive pride of birth and lineage. He returned her caress fondly, and then raised her face to his so that he could see it better. His eyes lingered on the lovely features, and something came into his mind which made him sigh deeply.

"Iris," he said gently, "do you know the poet's words?"

"What poet and what words, papa?" she asked.

"Tennyson, and these words," replied Lord Caledon—

"How'er it be, it seems to me
The only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"What do you think of the idea, Iris?"

"It is very beautiful, papa," she replied with a smile. "But I cannot agree. I only know what I think. A cart-horse, were it ever so good, could not take the place of a race-horse, could it?"

"My dearest Iris, what a comparison! There—we will not argue any further!"

"Ah, papa, that is because you are beaten!" she said.

"You shall think so, my dear, if you will. I see that I must leave all to time, Iris. I think, my dear, you err on the side of pride. You seem to think that all excellent qualities are monopolized by people of good birth. You are mistaken. Each rank in life has its virtues. Time will have to be your teacher. Some day you will recognize true nobility wherever we find it, and not believe that greatness and genius and all good gifts are monopolized by the class to which you belong. I am not a Radical, Iris—I am a Tory; but I must say that, if I wanted a true heroine, I should not go into palaces, or even into homes such as Chandos. I should go to some of the cottages of England, where women bear without a murmur hunger, cold, and privation—where life is spent in unceasing toil, and Death almost always fast at her post—where patience and self-sacrifice reign supreme, and are neither recognized nor noticed. I have seen many such toiling, cheerful, suffering women, and before some of them I have felt that I could take off my hat and say, 'Here is one of the world's truest heroines.' Do you understand that, Iris?"

Her face was softened, her manner changed as she answered him, "Not quite yet, papa. As you say, time may teach me. I understand a heroine, like Joan of Arc, for example." And Lord Caledon laughed.

"You will grow older and wiser some day, Iris; and then you will understand true pride and true heroism!"

CHAPTER X.

Once more the earl and his daughter were at Chandos. The mansion was filled with visitors, friends of the earl and of Lady Iris, and in their honor many entertainments and fetes were given. Lady Iris was one of the most charming hostesses; there was a certain high-bred grace and dignity that never left her, yet she had the happy art of putting every one else at ease.

With visitors to amuse continually, and half the county to entertain, it was impossible to avoid inviting the Bardon family to Chandos. Indeed, to Lady Iris's great surprise, she found some of the most distinguished of her guests desirous to make the acquaintance of the Bardon family. The Countess of Selwyn, one of the haughtiest women in England, said to her—

"So, Lady Iris, you have these won-

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dear Lord Bardon near you, I am told. I must see them. You must drive me over, if you will."

"I will do so with pleasure. But why do you call them wonderful, Lady Selwyn?"

"Because they are so rich! I did hear once, what Mr. Bardon's income is; but I have forgotten the amount. It is—something fabulous, I know. The wife, I believe, is an oddity, who goes about wrapped in Indian shawls and wearing priceless jewels. The daughter is a nice girl. I met her several times in London and was much pleased with her. It will give me great pleasure to renew my acquaintance. The son, I hear, is good-looking. What a future is in store for him!"

"What makes you say that?" asked Lady Iris, who had been accustomed to think of him with sympathy and a certain amount of compassion.

"What a question for a young lady to ask who has passed through the perils of a London season!" cried the countess, with a little laugh. "My dear, when his father dies, he will certainly be one of the richest men in England; and he can marry whom he will. With his wealth a great future lies before him."

So Lady Iris saw that every one was not of her opinion. The Countess of Selwyn was essentially a worldly woman, and she spoke very freely to her young hostess.

"Forgive me for saying it," she said, "but you think too much of birth. You are kind to every one, I know; nevertheless you seem to recognize as your equals only those who have a name as ancient as your own."

And Lady Iris at length began to wonder whether she was what people said, proud to excess.

She drove over to Hyne Court, taking the countess with her. Marie was at home, and John Bardon was expected that very day. In her kindest manner Lady Iris invited Miss Bardon to spend a few days at Chandos.

The millionaire and his wife were delighted. Mrs. Bardon laughed and winked in a most knowing way at her husband.

"I see what is going on, though you do not," she said, in a triumphant tone.

"I do not perceive anything unusual," he returned. "Lady Iris is a beautiful girl; and Lady Selwyn shows her sagacity in calling upon us. Money is power, Julia, always think of that. Lady Selwyn would give some

of her blue blood to have a finger of my purse, I know."

He was pleased and flattered when the carriage drove off containing the two ladies and his daughter.

"My dear Julia," he remarked, "Marie is just as much a lady as any of them. After all, I do not believe that what they call nobility of birth matters at all. If a girl is well-educated and has plenty of money, her descent should cause her no concern."

Great was John Bardon's delight, on reaching home, to find that his sister had gone to Chandos, and that there was an invitation for him to dine there that evening.

"You are tired, John," said his mother, "you have had a long journey to-day. Send an excuse, and go another time."

(to be continued.)

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Misunderstood.

Of many good stories told by that great friend and lover of children, the Hon. and Rev. Canon Adderley, the following will, I venture to think, take some beating.

A very small boy had a dog, named Paddy, who was nearer to his heart than anything on earth.

One day Paddy was run over and killed, but to his mother's surprise the boy heard the news very calmly.

Five minutes, however, after he had gone to bed there came a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and pity. "Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But, dear, I told you that at dinner, and you didn't seem to be troubled at all."

"No; but—I didn't know you said Paddy. I—I thought you said daddy."

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Tailor Cut. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 7 1/2 yards of 38 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot, without over lapping portion is 2 1/2 yds. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING APRON STYLE.



4099. This could be of unbleached muslin with bands of red and black gingham, or of black satin with silk bands, and cross-stitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

St. John's, Nfld.

Coral is Home of Tiny Sea Creatures.

Coral is the home built for itself by a tiny sea creature known as the polype, which resembles the sea anemone, but is much smaller. Multitudes of them construct their houses side by side on a rock, and in course of time the colony may grow until it is miles in length. In the warm south seas there are many islands made entirely of coral. They stand for the most part in waters of great depth, where there is no shelving beach. The smallest of these islands, it is estimated, is the work of a colony of these creatures outnumbering many times the human population of the world.

As is known that the polype cannot live in water of a great depth, the manner in which these islands were constructed has perplexed scientists for centuries, for it is obvious they cannot have been built up from the bottom of the vast depths in which they now stand.

It was the view of Darwin that when the polype colony first came, the top of the rock was but a few feet below the surface of the water. As the rock sank, the creatures below died because they could not endure the pressure of deep water. But their homes remained, and succeeding generations built upward, keeping pace with the downward progress of the rock.

OMINOUS.

Last night a dog, in mournful tones, the "ghibbous moon," was baying, and then I felt "through nerves and bones a sort of palpitating playing." For I was young (what tales I used to "swallow") that when a bow-wow thus gave tongue, disaster would follow. "Ah, evil sign," the beldames said, my sweat of terror marking; "and some one will be lying dead when moonlight dogs are barking." Some fifty years have gone away since first these tales were told me; yet when I hear the black dog bay the old time fears enfold me. I know such fears are empty things, that dogs are not prophetic, but knowledge gained in childhood clings—and is it not pathetic? The grown-up's heart in darkness quails, or breaks like something brittle, because of fierce and frightful tales he heard when he was little. I lay in fear a little while, I sweated and shivered, and then I said, with ghastly smile, "Am I so chicken-livered? Shall that cheap bandog make me sick, all sense and logic scorning?" And then I soaked him with a brick, and slept in peace till morning.

When the Sun Looks Red

"White" sunlight is really composed of seven distinct colours, ranging from red to violet. All light travels at the same rate in space, but on striking a medium considerable differences are found in the various colours. Such a medium is the horizon layer of our own atmosphere, which surrounds the earth like a shell. This serves as a sort of curtain through which the sun's light must pass.

The different colours of the light, however, as we have discovered, do not pass with equal ease, the "curtain" absorbing the violet rays easiest, and the red with greatest difficulty.

At mid-day the sun is directly overhead, and its light has only to cut straight down through this curtain. Most of the colours, therefore, get through, and we see them as a composite "white."

With evening, however, the earth has turned and the light comes to us slantwise, and therefore has to pierce through a much greater expanse of atmosphere curtain. The result is that all but the red rays are absorbed, so we see the setting sun as red.

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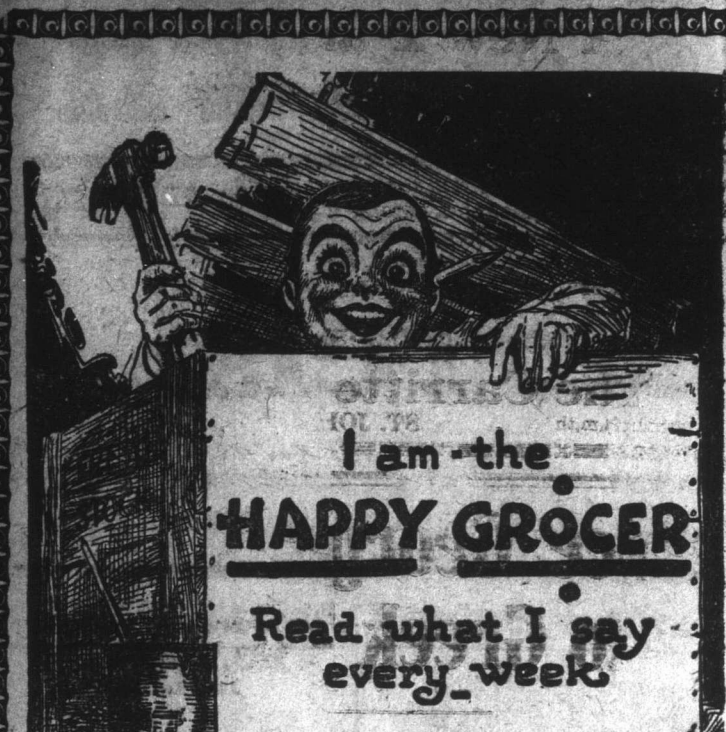
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