

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir Fulke's voice changed the cur

"You look so troubled, Lady Iris, that I cannot keep away from you,' he said. 3 "Will you not tell me the

"I have nothing to tell," she answered gently. "A grave-yard naturally gives rise to serious thoughts." She could not open her heart to Sir Fulke, even though she had known all at once that there was no one to whom she could tell such thoughts as had been passing through her mind.

The water-party ended with a dance, which was all the more delightful besoftened mood, such as comes to the young and happy when they are beginning to realize the higher and holier mysteries of life. Sir Fulke was delighted. It seemed to him that danced with him and chafted with

"I could not bear it another night," he said to himself. "I must know my fate. If I do not win her, my life will be a blank: I shall go abroad and never come home again. She would make home heavenly for me if she were my wife."

He took courage. The pround face certainly softened to him, and the bright eyes had a sweetness they sometimes lacked.

"Lady Iris," he said, when the dance she had given him was over, "will

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ing to make love to her. Like most for it yet; her life was filled at present with her gayeties, the more

So under the stars the proud young beauty stood, and by her side was the man who loved her better than his life. She was calm and silent: the ly breathe, that his courage was fast completely failing him. His vanity gave him little consolation, and for the

He looked at the proud lovely face so severe and calm. What would she and she gave no sign of displeasure. say when he told her that he loved her? She started as he drew nearer termined to know his fate. He could to her; and, looking into his face, she rance of the flowers she wore reached saw nothing there which compelled him and seemed to drive all reason her to listen.

love, his hope, and his longing—and for some moments she stood in perfect silence. At last she spoke.

"I did not know you loved me."

"Do not decide hastily, Lady Iris, he begged. "I am afraid that I am not very eloquent; words almost fail me. Think if there is really no hope for me. You hold my life in your hands."

"No," she replied slowly; "thinking would be vain. I could never marry you. I do not and could not love you." It was terribly hard to hear his

pleading, and yet have no kinder word to give him.

"Will you tell me," he said, "if you love any one else?" "I do not," she answered. "I have

not thought much of love: but I think if ever I love any one it will be a man who has something of the hero in

"I wish I were a hero," he said, with deep sigh. "I cannot reproach you, Lady Iris. That you do not, cannot love me is no fault of yours; but, if you could have loved me, you might have made me a noble man."

"You can always make yourself noble if you will," she replied; and she felt grateful when an interruption took place that ended the scene.

The rooms were no longer so full; many of the guests, tired after the long day upon the water, had gone home. Sir Fulke sought Lady Clyffarde. He was very pale, and his eyes

were shadowed. "Mother,' he said, "I am beatenhave lost. I have asked Lady Iris to be my wife, and she has refused. Norcott leaves for a cruise in his yacht ext week, and I shall go with him,"

"My poor boy, I am so grieved." "I was not good enough for her," he went on in a low, pained voice. "Instead of wondering why she has rected me, I wonder that I had the presumption to ask her. Do not ery. mother; some day I shall forget this mad, beautiful dream of my life, and marry some quiet commonplace girl who will make me a good wife and bring up my children well. She-Heaven bless her! says she will

marry a hero." "I hope she will find one to her taste," said Lady Clyffarde, with a lings of differness in her voice. It was by no means pleasant to find her.

in every respect the opposite of Sir e was so different from him in every

girls, she had had vague delightful Presently he saw Lady Iris; and he when it came. But she was not ready A wild impulse seized him to go to her and say: "You have rejected Sir Fulke, now give me a chance;" but a serious business of love had yet to moment's reflection told him that that would never do.

He drew near to her. She was just taking her departure with Mrs. Belto the carriage. She was gentler than felt in the church-yard was still upon first shadow that love had ever her. She did not know that he was brought there-sorrow for Sir Fulke trembling with agitation, that his and the pain she had given him. Perheart beat so fast that he could hard- haps too those words, "Tired of life, I welcome death," haunted her.

John Bardon was not slow to per than usual. How it happened he never knew: but he found himself placing While drawing the garment lightly round the lovely shoulders, the fragand prudence from him. He grew He told her all—the story of his reckless—he felt that he could raise her in his arms and carry her off against all opposition. She shrunk from his ardent gaze; but-oh, won-"I am very sorry," she said slowly. der of wonders!—when he offered her his arm to take her to the carriage,

It was now daybreak; and anxious to avoid all compliments on anything which could distress her, she said

"How beautiful Chandos must look

at dawn!" "I wish we were there," he returned, with a deep sigh. "As the pleasures of London are as nothing with the beauty of home."

"Those are strange sentiments for a young man of fashion!" laughed Lady

He helped her into the carriage and drew the wraps closely round her. He was so anxious about her comfort and showed such gentle solicitude that sho could not help feeling grateful to him.

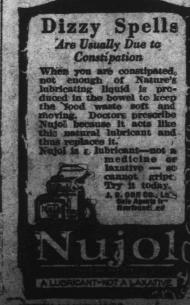
"Are you sure that you are warm enough, Lady Iris?" he asked. "Sometimes the winds of May are very Money in Breaking

treacherous." "No, no, Mr. Bardon; I refuse to be lieve that anything belonging to May can be treacherous! Everything connected with it is sweet, and it is the month of flowers."

"I am sorry my experience does not agree with yours," he answered.

Then he leaned over the carriage door, and Mrs. Bel'ew turned away her head lest she should overhear what he

(to be continued.)





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## up Old Beats.

Where do old ships go? Perhaps the very chair you are sit- and 200 tons of brass. ting in was once affort on the tossing All told, the lucky purchaser clear-sea as part of a ship's timbers. For ed £180,000 out of his £350 outlay! the trade of breaking up old ships is a very extensive one, and often very Deafness Cured by profitable, but it needs a man with a quick eye to pull off big coups

when buying up a ship. The average purchasing figure ranges roughly from £1 to £2 per- A. S. Harris, a former soldier, pro- he would be able to hear perfe tion of the cost of a new ship, but even so, the breaker's profits are sel-

What prefits there are lie in sellng off the copper bolts and sheets, and the iron, as scrap, while, if the oat is well timbered, the wood is on taken off the breaker's hands by furniture makers. The sum of £4,000 was paid by

reakers for an old wooden warship. But her timbers were of the best, ex-cellently seasoned, and realized no ss than £11,000 Some years back the P. and O. boat stralia went ashore near Melrne, and despite all efforts to shift er, she struck there. She had cost

£500,000 to build, but was knocked

m by auction for the comic figur

of \$290, with a further £60 for the t once set divers to work, and in one the holds of the hip was discover-a complete set of hand instrument

Further, there were ten tons of nounced hopelessly deaf by ar Muntz metal, which was sold for and other specialists, regained his £750. Nine hundred tons of iron and hearing. Before the airplane flight he steel were removed from the ship, and was unable to hear the ticking of a realized £10 per ton, and the ship it- watch held to his ear, When he came self yielded 2,000 tons of scrap iron down he had regained about 70 per

Altitude Flight. CHICAGO. (By Canadian Press)- deaf by altitude flights. Phy

Fifteen thousand feet up in the air said if Harris could go up 20,000 feet

cent, of his hearing and was able to converse by telephone with his mother. He also said that when he started up he could not hear the notor, but that at a certain height it was suddenly audible. This flight





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ng the end of the loaf lengthwise, old of jellied meat is attractive garnished with asparagus tips. A variety of herb vinegars is a valuition to the seasoning shelf. Oxtail soup should be cooled and Do not sweep the porch. Use a dust

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