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LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

He said to himself that he must leave London. He was followed wherever he went; he was the "lion" of the day, and ladies were enraptured with him. He longed with his whole heart to go down to Chandos, not with any hope, but to look once more at the place where he had passed the happiest hours of his life.

He read one day in the "Morning Post" that the Earl of Caledon and his daughter Lady Iris were still staying at Penton Woods. And it seemed to him a strange coincidence that the letter she had written to him, which had reached his club after he had sailed for India, and which had been travelling about ever since, was put into his hands on the very same day. He read her story—how she had no foundation for her pride in her ancient lineage, how her mother had been a governess, the daughter of a poor artist. He read words that made his heart beat as it had not beaten when he had dashed into the midst of the Indian hillmen; they were—"If I had known this, I should never have sent you away."

"That letter had been traveling about while he had been seeking death in India and had not found it, and she had received no answer. His silence must have led her to conclude that he no longer cared for her.

Oh, if he could fly! Penton Woods was in the North. How long would it take him to reach it from London? Alas, the quickest train took many hours to perform the journey! He procured a "Bradshaw." Stainer was the nearest station to Penton. An express train left Euston Square for Stainer at a very early hour, and reached its destination in the afternoon. He should be compelled to wait for that.

How the night passed he could not tell. Morning came at last and he had soon made all necessary preparations. He was at Euston Station half an hour before the time, waiting for the train; and, when he was seated in it, he thought steam must have lost its power, the train seemed to go so slowly. How would she look? What would she say to him? Would she be pleased or angry? He asked himself these questions over and over again, and was not able to answer one.

The little incident that had happened at the theater when it was discovered that the hero of Surata, as Major Osburn was called, was present, was told in nearly all the newspapers; and Lord Caledon read it to Lady Iris.

"It delights me, Iris," he said; "it brings the old days of chivalry back again. If I have to travel three hundred miles to shake hands with him, I shall do it. He will not come here—that is certain."

"No, I am sure he will not," she replied in a melancholy tone. "I should like to see him once again, though, papa; but I suppose I never shall. I

have talked a great deal about heroes, but I never thought I should know one. Papa, give me the 'Mail,' and let me read the story for myself."

It was the end of autumn then, a fair and fruitful autumn. The sun shone with warmth and the flowers were still rare. She walked, with the newspaper in her hands, down to a little river that ran through the woods. It was her favorite resort, because it reminded her of the river Rille. The long months of quiet and seclusion, the fresh bracing air, the exercise, the early hours, the freedom from all care, had given new and fresh beauty to her face. The light in her eyes was deeper, her complexion was of the most dainty and delicate hue, her beautiful figure had more of the fullness of womanhood.

She sat down by the river-side. A broad hat shaded her face, and she reclined on the grass as she read and re-read every word of the incident at the theatre. Her tears fell upon the paper. This was the man she had dismissed because his parentage was not equal to her own. What weak vain pride it seemed to her now that she knew that her own mother had had to work hard for her daily bread!

She read on, all unconscious that while the afternoon sun was shining over the woodlands a carriage had driven rapidly up to the Hall. A tall bronzed man had alighted from it and been received with a hearty welcome by the kindly earl.

"I am like the moth, Lord Caledon," he said. "I return to the taper, even though the flame of it consumes me. You will let me see Lady Iris?"

"When you have talked to me for a few minutes and have taken some refreshments, you shall seek her," replied the earl. "She has gone for a stroll by the river. Now let me shake hands with you again and welcome you home."

Half an hour afterward Allan was walking with rapid steps toward the river, to which the earl had shown him the way. As he drew near he saw through the trees a woman's dress, and then Lady Iris' fair face bent over a newspaper. He could not control himself, though he tried hard to do so; he gave one cry, dashed across the long grass, and the next moment was by her side. He fell upon his knees, and, clasping her hands in his, bent over them.

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The Heir of Bayneham

Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER III.

Still, her love never abated, never wearied or grew less; she hoped against hope. But a greater trial was coming. Stephen Hurst seemed all at once to lose his good luck. He never touched a card without losing; he grew moody and irritable, then desperate, and in an evil hour he fell into the lowest depths. He forged the name of a young nobleman who had frequently played at his house. The forgery succeeded, and the sum of money he obtained was a large one;

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but as favorably happens, detection followed the crime closely. He was watched, arrested, and tried. The gay, dashing Stephen Hurst, who had purposely thrown off all principle, and hated all restraint, found himself now a prisoner for one of those crimes which the law punishes most severely. Then, when the world justly fell from him, when good and bad alike looked with abhorrence upon him, he learned the value of a wife's love.

Magdalen Hurst clung to him still. Others might believe him guilty—he might be condemned and punished—it made no difference to her, he was her king, though a fallen one. Woman-like, she loved him even more tenderly and truly in his adversity than she had done in his prosperity. Others blamed him; she knew how he had been tempted, she made a hundred excuses for him, even while she deplored his crime. When the day of his trial came, men gazed with wonder on the beautiful white face, so full of anguish and despair. Her eyes never left him, and her lips quivered with every word that told against him. When the sentence of ten years' transportation was given, one long, cry, never forgotten by those who heard it, rang through the court, and Magdalen Hurst fell as one dead.

Something like a sharp quiver of pain passed over Stephen Hurst's face as he saw this; but even the heavy sentence had not power to quell his light, trifling, thoughtless spirit. He bowed almost gayly to judge and jury, and left the dock utterly unmoved; he could not even understand the light in which Magdalen viewed his crime. To him it was a piece of "unheard-of bad luck"—an "ill turn of the tide"—a "misfortune!" but he never called it a sin or an error. He thought her notions narrow and bigoted. What could such a man, utterly devoid of all honor, understand of a religious, loving, sensitive nature like Magdalen's?

She spent every moment with him. There were whole nights when she never left the prison gates—standing there, content to gaze upon the walls that held him. She was of the nature that makes heroines. Her love, in its grand self-forgetfulness, was simply heroic; but his heroism was all wasted upon him.

Five weeks before Stephen Hurst left England little Hilda was born; he only saw her once. What there was of a better nature in him was touched when his fair young wife laid the little babe in his arms. He half wished he had been a better man; but the good impulse vanished almost before he kissed the little face. He made his wife promise that she would come to him if she could, and she intended at any cost to keep her word.

Magdalen Hurst never knew how the day passed that took her husband away. It was one long dream of unutterable anguish. Awakening from it, she found herself alone in the great city of London—alone, save for her little child. She would not go home, where they would talk continually of the man she loved, where every idle word uttered against him would pierce her loving, faithful heart; so for three years Magdalen remained in the great city, working hard to maintain herself and her child. During that time Donald Burns and his wife died. Miss Erskine, who married Lord Hutton, returned with him from abroad, and went to Brynmar.

Then Magdalen received a letter from her husband, begging her to go out to him; but she had not the means. She tried to save money, but found it impossible out of her small earnings. Another year passed, and then Magdalen put aside her pride and went back to Brynmar. She found her foster sister, Lady Hutton, in the bitterest depths of sorrow; her husband and little child, to whom she was passionately attached, were both drowned by the upsetting of a boat upon the lake. She stood upon the bank and saw them die before her eyes, unable to render them the least assistance. She saw her little daughter's golden head disappear in the dark, cold waters; she saw her husband struggle in vain to save himself and his child.

Many suns rose and set before Lady Hutton saw anything again; and on the very day that her husband and child were brought home to Brynmar to be buried, Magdalen Hurst reached the little cottage where her simple, happy childhood had been spent. She waited there many long weeks until Lady Hutton was able to see her; then taking little Hilda by the hand, she went to the Hall.

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Viceroy of India.

SIMLA, INDIA.—In opening the autumn session of the Indian Legislature here, Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, spoke gratefully of the pacification of the Mohammedan elements and the establishment of cordial relations with border powers. He also emphasized the need for financial retrenchment, and spoke optimistically of the future of the Reforms. Referring to the Mohammedan question of the Khalifat, Lord Reading said: "In the domain of external affairs, the subject uppermost in our minds is the proposed revision of the treaty of Sevres. I can now add little to the statement I made at Peshawar in April last, save to assure you that every stage in the developments is followed by my government with keen and watchful interest, and whatever reasonable aspirations of the Moslems of India regarding these developments we have taken, and shall not fail to take. It is gratifying to observe that the activities of my government have not been without effect upon the Moslem population of India, who have readily acknowledged and appreciated that my government has done its utmost to impress the Indian Mohammedan view upon His Majesty's government. At this moment negotiations are proceeding with the object of arriving at a solution of this difficult and delicate problem, and it is therefore undesirable for me to discuss the situation. I will only remind you that, as already stated by His Majesty's government, the representations will be fully considered and due weight will be attached to them by His Majesty's government in so far as these are compatible with justice, their obligations to their Allies and the adequate safeguarding of minorities. It is most

earnestly to be hoped that these efforts of His Majesty's government and its Allies will shortly result in the complete restoration of peace to the Near East."

The Viceroy's words aroused frequent expressions of approval from various parts of the assembled houses.

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Yours very truly,
 (Signed) ALFRED BLAIN,
 184 Agricola St.,
 Halifax, N.S.

A visit to depths of Rock-Salt Mine.

There's a thrill in being lowered down through a black hole into the earth 600 feet. One becomes used to it, they say, but, believe me, not at once.

One morning recently, the big elevator lowered in the shaft at the salt mines on Avery Island, nine miles southeast of New Iberia, La., having on board a camera man, who was going down on a special assignment to try out a new light.

There are no preliminaries nor ceremony about the descent. The shaft is a very uninviting affair, and has

an appearance of "come down if you wish; I'm not promising you anything." The elevator is not a handsome brass or steel-netted cage, nor is there a boy in attendance. After all got on, it just went down.

It's very quiet. There isn't much laughter, nor talk; the others feel about the same way you do. All the jokes have been left up on the surface of the earth. Then in that black downward drop there comes a rush of cool, salt air. One member aboard exclaimed, when he felt the weird change of temperature come up his legs, "My goodness! I believe my pants came off!" He had the correct sensation, all right.

But, when the bottom is reached, what a change! And what a surprise to find down there that the temperature is pleasant, standing around 72 degrees. The atmosphere is as balmy as early summer. A cleaner spot could hardly be imagined.

A minute or so after we landed at the foot of the shaft, there came a rumbling noise as of distant thunder. It seemed to roll on and on, reverberating down the long corridors, in and out of those tall arches, sometimes increasing in its growl, and then diminishing as it entered one of the lower-roofed cavities. It was not a noise that would fill anyone with dismay, fear, or anxiety, but something that seemed, in a way, to be expected in this strange underground cavern. It was all so new and different that it thrilled one with a pleasing satisfaction of having entered upon an adventure worth while. No questions were asked. The natural supposition was that the summer-like thunder storm had been caused by a blast away back in one of those dark channels.

The camera man wanted to "shoot" a scene showing how the salt was torn from its bed. This led the party down one of those long avenues, with the small lights strung alongside, just as though they were so many tiny street lamps, and the tall arch glittering overhead. A narrow-gauge railroad ran down the centre, reminding of satisfaction of having entered up-laid flat in the hard, dry salt that crushed under the foot—Popular Mechanics.

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Admiral's Flags.

An Admiral of the fleet flies from the fore-mast-head of his ship a Union Jack; but occasions are few and far between when that is seen. A ship carrying an admiral is known by a white flag with a red St. George's Cross flying from the foremast.

A vice-admiral's flag is similar, the only difference being a red ball in the top left-hand corner; whilst a rear-admiral's flag contains two red balls in each left-hand corner. All other naval ships fly a long white pennant with a red cross in its widest part.

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