

TAKE IT FOR CRAMPS COLIC-DIARRHŒA

APPLY IT FOR BRUISES—SPRAINS SORE THROAT

he went white.

The crimson flooded her face, then

"Clarence!" she panted. "Take-

A murmur of excitement and curios-

made his way to the door he came

poleax, and Clarence led Iris to the

As he spoke, he thrust his hand into

his pocket and, taking out a card,

the spectators speechless with amaze-

ence until they had reached the street.

For a few minutes they walked on

"Oh, Lord Montacute!" she murmur-

What-what should I have done but

for you? Is it really you?" and she

"Yes, it's I!" said Clarence, hoarsely.

"From Italy?" she echoed, and her

voice fell. She could guess what his

"And you, Iris? "he said, anxiously.

"How did you come here, at this place

and at this time of night? Great

Heaven, it is all like a hideous dream

still! Tell me everything!" and he

stopped and looked at her with piteous

"It was a trick, a ruse!" she said,

feebly, then stopped. The reaction was

setting in, and she felt faint and ex-

Lord Clarence hailed a cab and help

ed her in, and as he followed asked

"Now," he said, "don't speak until

you have rested!"—he still called it

"wested," but Iris had forgotten to

"I am all right now," she said, with

a long sigh. "Oh, I have so much to

tell you-and yet, can I tell you?" she

"You must tell me everything, Iris,"

he said; then he added, delicately,

"That is not my name," she said,

gravely, and beginning to tremble

again. "My name is Howard. Mabel

Howard, and-and-" she hesitated.

but went on bravely—"I am an actress

Lord Clarence stiffed the exclama-

"An actress at the Lyric!" he said

nmand. "And why?"

"Needs must when Poverty drives,"

"Poverty!" he exclaimed, stifling

groan as he pictured all she must have gone through. "Poverty! Oh, Iris, Iris!

But"—and he put his hand to his brow

"I lost them, Lord Clarence," sh

her for the address.

said, sadly.

Miss Knighton!"

at the Lyric Theatre."

tion that rose to his lips

she said, in a low voice.

smile at his slurred "r's."

purpose had been in going there.

"I only returned from Italy this after

within reach of the signor.

even than they had expected!

vourself responsible!"

comfortable one.

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT A CRITICAL MOMENT. "Will you introduce me, duke?" he honor, Miss Howard," he added, pleasantly and respectfully.

The duke waved his hand: "Lord Railsford, Miss Howard," he said. Iris made a movement toward him. "My lord," she said swiftly, "I-I have been deceived; I did not come

here willingly." The duke broke in with a laugh. "A ruse, a pardonable ruse, Rails-

tion to another friend of Miss Howford, I admit," he said. "But Miss How- ard," and his small eyes, glanced toard has been kind enough to grant us ward the signor, who had got as near her forgiveness, and will be gracious the door as possible, and would have enough to sing one song for us-" got on the other side of it if he could "No!" exclaimed Iris, indignantly. have forced his way through the crowd. forgive me, I must speak—for your Iris shuddered. "Lord Railsford, I appeal to you-

She could get no further, for a lump rose in her throat; she felt so help-

Lord Railsford stared from the duke arm, but his right was free, and as he ingly.

"Is this true, duke?" he said, gravely. "Miss Howard, am I to understand that you came here against your will?" "Yes-yes!" said Iris, when she he spoke he dealt him a heavy blow could speak; "I was told that a friend across the face. was ill-

The duke laughed. "I told you that it was a ruse, Railsford," he said, impatiently, for a small door; but here he paused a moment,

crowd was gathering round them. Just before Iris' entrance. Clarence cited crowd. said: Montacute had got up and strolled into | "I call all present to witness that one of the rooms which jutted from the this lady was induced to come here this smoking-room to get some coffee. He evening by a trick. She is the victim of was tired of the whole affair, and was an infamous plot in which all conwondering how he could escape with- cerned shall be held responsible." out creating a fuss. He was coming back into the larger room with the coffee cup in his hand, when he saw the | flung it at the duke's feet, and, leaving

people crowding round the door. With listless indifference he apment, led Iris out. proached it: then he saw Iris ' face, and stopping short, he let the coffee to him, and clung to his arm in sil- or doubted for a moment!" cup fall to the ground.

For a moment he believed himself His own agitation was little less than the victim of an hallucination! Iris, hers; indeed, he could scarcely perthe center of a crowd at a concert of suade himself that he was awake! the Midnight Club! Oh, it was impossible! Then he caught the sound of in silence, utterly regardless of the her voice, and convinced that he was direction their steps were taking, then not dreaming, he pushed his way her trembling grew less violent, and at through the group, and "Iris!" broke last she found her voice. ed. "Where-where did you come from? Iris heard him, and with a startled

cry turned toward him.

The duke started, and looked from one to the other, and would have got looked up at his pale, agitated face as between them, but Clarence thrust him if she could scarcely yet believe in its

"Iris!" he said again, as she sprang to him and seized his arm. "You here!"



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ferciful Heaven!" he exclaimed under his breath. "You, you, Iris Knighton, in poverty and an actress!"

"Why not ?" she said, steadily but sadly. "Ah! you forget that you have given me a name that does not belong to me! And it is not dishonor, no.' "No, no!" he assented, hastily.

them, even from you, one of the truest

"No, Lord Montacute; better women than I have given lustre to the profession I have joined, and which has succored and saved me!"

e brought to such straits!" She smiled sadly. "Ah! you forget," she murmured.

take me away! They have brought me "In my eyes you are what you have here under false pretense-by a trick

among women, Iris." "Hush!" she whispered with emotion. "Not that name, please." ity rose from the onlookers; here was a sensation, indeed, a greater treat He moved with sorrowful impatience "Go on, tell me all."

Clarnce Montacute drew her arm She sighed. within his, and confronted the duke "There is not much to tell, after all," with a dangerous light in his eyes. "I have the honor to be a friend of this lady, your grace," he said in a low voice, but so distinctly that almost paid, "This is a great pleasure and every one could hear. "Her presence me? Oh, my friend! was it worth bring with a welcome dent belief. Your arxieties and your here is owing to some treachery, for while?"

which, if I mistake not, you admit one's life for you!" he responded, The duke shrugged his shoulders quietly enough. "Yes, I have been lookand smiled, but the smile was an uning for you. I went to Italy—I thought that you would go there! If I had only "I admit nothing, my lord," he restayed here in London"-and he groantorted with strained courtesy. "Pered-"I should have found you long

haps you had better apply for informa- ago." "I am sorry, sorry, sorry," sh

breathed. "If you are,' 'he exclaimed, fervently, "prove it! I have found you at last! -let your troubles end here! Irisown sake-for mine-I implore you "Yes!" she murmured, almost un- to give me the right to protect you, consciously. "It is he who has done it!" | Iris-" He stopped, for she had laid Clarence had got her upon his left her hand upon his arm softly, plead-

"No, no," she murmured; "you must not say any more." "Out of the way, you scoundrel!" he He forced back the hot, eager words said, with suppressed passion, and as "Well, well," he said, with a sigh; " will obey you to-night, for the present but, ah, Iris, if you had but listened to The signor went down beneath it as me, if you had but granted me my the ox goes down at a blow of the prayer, and given me the right to shel-

ter and guard you-"It could not have been," she murand, turning to the astonished and exnured, painfully. "But I am gratefulif you only knew how grateful!"

His hand closed on hers. ject away from him by sheer force. She told him about her meeting with Paul, and all they had been to each other, and Clarence murmured:

"And when they told me that he was She was too agitated to utter a word ill, I went at once-I never hesitated Lord Clarence ground his teeth.

"God bless him!"

grimly; "and that man Ricardo-if I terial. had killed him!—he must have been in the plot!"

"Yes!" said Iris with a shudder: was of his contrivance, no doubt. He has been to me for money-"

"And you gave it him?" he exclaim-

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Prince in India.

MESSAGE FROM THE KING-EM-

which he has received many tokens of "Yes, yes; but that you, you should abating sympathy with the teeming constantly with you. recall with thankfulness and 'pride that, when he was called to the Throne, she said. "I am Mabel Howard, of the it fell to me to follow his illustrious

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millions of India. "On this day," declared His Majesty, "when my son foundations of social order have been lands for the first time upon your tested by war and change. Whenever Who and what am I that you should shores, I send, through him, my greet- citizenship exists it has had to meet ings to you, the Princes and people of the test, and India, like other coun-India. His coming is a token and re- tries, has been called upon to face always been, the noblest, the highest newal of the pledges of our house to new and special problems of her own. eaffirm to you. My father, when Prince For this task her armoury is in the of Wales, counted it his privilege to new powers and new responsibilities see, and, seeing, to understand, the with which she has been equipped. great Empire in the East over which That with the help of these, aided by it was to be his destiny to rule, and I Lord Reading's guidance, my Government and its officers, you will bring these problems to an issue worthy of your historic past and happiness for Lyric; poor no longer, but rich, as the example, but I have the same hope, your future, that add disquietings world goes, and, as they calleit, 'fam- and in this same spirit my son is with will vanish in well-ordered proous.' And you have been looking for you to-day. The thought of his arrival gress, is my earnest wish and conf. vividness to my mind the happy med- rejoicings are my own. In all that "It would be worth while to spend ories I have stored or what I myself may touch your hapiness, in all that gives you hope and promotes your velfare, I feel with you in a spirit of

My son has followed from afar your ortunes. It is now his ambition by his coming among you, to ripen the good will into a yet fuller understanding. I trust and believe that when he leaves your shores your hearts will follow him, and that with his stay with you one link the more will be added to the golden chain of sympathy which those many years has held by throne to India, and it is my warmest prayer that wisdom and contentment, growing hand-in-hand, will lead India to ever-increasing national greatness, within a free Empire-an Empire for which I labour and for which, if it be the Divine will, my son shall labour after me."-News of the



THE COMMON JOYS. When everything is said and done And time, the master of us all, Has fixed us so we cannot run Or race or romp or throw a ball; When high ambition turns away For stronger hearts and hands than

We'll learn in life's declining day How lovely are the common flowers.

When age come on and we have ceased To struggle for some distant goal, When from the battle we're released No more to heed the drums that roll, We'll no doubt smile at those who fight

For fortune and the nod of kings, There is in all the common things. We'll come to know and understand

How vain were all the pomp and The pressure of some little hand Which trusted us long years ago, Will mean far more than gold and

The love of old friends, tried and Will long outlast the world's acclaim And we shall live them over, too.

Oh, when our hot ambition cools And we have fought our noblest We'll learn what isn't taught in

Just what has brought the most de-And we shall find that memory clings Not to the glories we have won, But to the simple common things Which fill the years for every one.

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super-three sedan. I might have bought a car by mail, and got good value for my kale; but we have lived next door for years, and we

snee, I turned the grindstone cheer-And when he wished a noble to advertise his new abode, he came and offered me the chance, and paid five kopecks in advance. We stand together in our town: we do not turn each other down. Now I neighbor down; thus Punktown might go to some big place and have grows, thus she expands, and she'll be a barber mow my face, and get some frills I do not know in Punktown where my whiskers grow. Our bar ber shaves me with a saw, and now then the blood he'll draw; but he's a good and thrifty lad and helps to limbing up the back; at home he ught the joists and rails, and l



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