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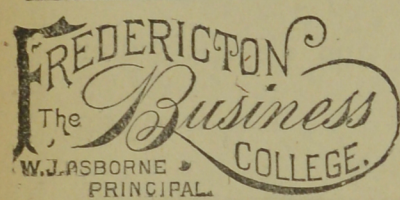
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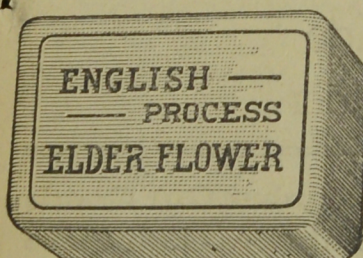
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## The Lash of Circumstance

— BY —  
**Harry Irving Greene**

Author of "Yosonde of the  
Wilderness"

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service,  
Limited.

"Mrs. Dace and Miss Lyddon—Mr. Halliday. Cousin of mine through no fault of his, but nevertheless highly recommended by me. I believe you have met him, Dick, and will confirm me. Sorry I have to go, but he will fill my place and round out your party. Good-night, all," and he was gone.

I took my chair with a quick mental inventory of my new acquaintances. Miss Lyddon was tall, waspy and good looking in an indolent blonde way; Edwards was a prosperous looking man of about thirty-five; Mrs. Dace positively startling. From a purely physical standpoint her beauty was gorgeous. But so wonderfully complex was it that it could no more be analyzed by one glance than can a painted masterpiece. While its general effect was to cause a gasp of delight at first sight, when you looked again you saw that its perfection was the result of exquisite blending of many tints into an incomparable whole. Never had I seen a mouth so bewitching, lips so rich or smile so dazzling. Her hair was changeable as an opal, her brows wonderfully arched, her eyes royal blue and bordered by long lashes that screened them as ferns shade deep forest pools. She was wonderful. Fascinated by her beauty for a moment, I sat silently as she calmly surveyed me, one perfect hand idly toying with a small gold purse that lay upon the table. Then far down in the sea depths of her blue eyes I saw faint amusement gathering, and I drew myself together with a start. Edwards was explaining:

"You see, we had arranged for a theatre party, and there were to be four of us. Then at the last hour Mrs. Dace's escort became slightly indisposed, and she came down alone and met Miss Lyddon and myself. We are now about to have something to eat, and possibly a wee bit to drink. I happened to see your cousin Bruce, and hailed him to join us, but it seems he has an excuse. Then he providentially happened to spy you and impressed you into his place to complete the party. So everybody is happy once more."

While I am no such a gabbler as Bruce, I think I can hold my own in any fairly well regulated conversation. I rose to the occasion. The wine oiled my tongue, and Mrs. Dace's little applauding laughs and nods of approval spurred my wit. Edwards seemed content to remain comparatively quiet; Mrs. Dace was a sympathetic listener, and without effort I held the floor. I had read considerably, and the pigeon holes of my memory were well stocked with the aphorisms of the sages. Through the simple effort of recollection I became philosopher, theologian, poet. To the soft patter of their applause I even soared to original heights. In the parlance of the stage, I made a hit. In fact, when one o'clock came and with it the intimation from Mrs. Dace that she must depart, it was only after a little sigh that reached my ears alone, and a flash from her wonderful eyes that quickly hid themselves behind the screening lashes as I looked deep into them. Of the perpendicular bill I paid my half without a pang, secretly philosophized by the knowledge that the gods won't allow us to be in their debt, and when man wines and dines with woman he must pay for it with the glistening jewels of his brow. We prepared to depart.

Edwards paved the way for me. "Mrs. Dace lives at the Arcadia, which is not more than a mile from your house. You can take her there, step back in your carriage and be home ten minutes later. Miss Lyddon and I go in another direction, and leave you to your pleasant homeward ride. Of course we must all meet again. It will require another evening to talk this one over."

We bade them good-night, and hailing a carriage, I assisted my companion into it. The rather long ride homeward still lingers in my mind as a pleasant dream. The gentle swaying of the carriage as the rubber tires rolled noiselessly over the boulevard lulled us into half confidences. She told me quite a few things about herself. Her husband, an Englishman, had been in some diplomatic service in the Orient, had a died a year before, and she had now come back to her birthplace on matters of business. Unreservedly, she seemed to accept me as a thorough man of the world, and even did me the flattery to repeat some of the witticisms of the evening and laugh over them for a moment the second time. When I say that I was charmed I think I have expressed it.

In front of the formidable entrance to the building where she resided I assisted her to alight, and she thrust out her fingers, which I took eagerly. The physical contact thrilled me from head to toe, and the enchantment of her smile enthralled me. "You have entertained me delightfully. I feel flattered to have met you," she murmured. "And since you are a busy man by day, I hope you will call and see me some evening when you can think of nothing else to do. You can reach me over the phone at almost any time. I hope you will not forget me."

That anyone once seeing her could ever forget her! Nothing could be more ridiculous than the thought. I lightly laughed the idea to scorn as I bent over her hand. "Mrs. Dace, the old Roman general reported to his emperor, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' To you I must report somewhat differently. 'I came, I saw, I am conquered.' I will pay you my tributes very soon. Until then life will be a necessity instead of a pleasure."

She tripped to the entrance steps, and from their top sent me a flutter

of her handkerchief and a smiling smile that made my blood leap as she vanished behind the heavy door. Back into the carriage I climbed, and went home in an exhilaration of spirits that the wine did not account for. The scene had been cast and was being held wide to receive. Unsuspectingly the fish wiggled on.

The next day I happened to see Bruce. In the course of our conversation I casually asked him what he knew of my companion of the night before, and he began digging his fingers into his head as though trying to scratch out an answer. Presently I

(To Be Continued.)

## RED LETTER NIGHT FOR RING FANS

New York, Nov. 8—Seldom has a greater bunch of high class pugilists ever been seen in the ring the same night than the aggregation scheduled to engage in contests in various parts of the country next Monday night. Even with the Ritchie-Cross bout, originally scheduled for that date, deferred until later, there is enough left on the calendar to afford the fistie fans a wonderful feast of fistie cuffs.

Featherweight Champ on Kibbane is slated for a six-round go with Eddie O'Keefe in Philadelphia. Mike Gibbons and Marty Rowan are down for a ten-round fight at the Twyford A. C. in Brooklyn, and Willie Beecher and Jimmy Duffy are signed up to

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go the same distance in Syracuse. Another promising bout is billed for Kenosha, Wis., where Freddie Welsh, the British lightweight champion, is carded to defend his title against Eddie Murphy, the South Boston lightweight.

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