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## Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—

### The Picnic

—in—

### Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Am I intruding?" he sneered. "Is this a mistake of your footman?"

"No, sir," replied the earl, sternly. "I wish to inform you that your plots have failed—that you are powerless to injure a single person whom you have threatened—that you are an impostor and a thief. But for your unfortunate son here, Cecil Collins, I would have you arrested forthwith."

"H'm!" sneered Collins. "What of Edgar Emden?"

"Here?" said Edgar, in a deep voice. He rose and faced the steward, with fierce, accusing glances.

"God!" gasped the baffled schemer. "It is he!"

"And I am Lord Herbert Stanhope," answered the barrister. "It was fortunate that the nurse—who is within a few minutes' call—was fortunate for me. I say, that she cared for me, and spent upon me the hush-money you paid her."

Collins was livid, and foam gathered upon his lips.

"Go!" commanded my lord, "and never let me hear of you, or see you, again! We have traced your birth and career in the most minute manner. You have no claims upon me. But I forgive you!"

He gave his son one savage glance and tottered away. They saw him cross the lawn, and disappear among the trees beyond, and he was never heard of again. He vanished as completely as though he had been utterly effaced from the earth.

It was impossible to keep the whole story a secret, but after all it was but a nine days' wonder. Lord Herbert Stanhope was installed in his proper place without any legal aid. His mother's heart had warmed toward him from the first, and at last she had a son!

It did not surprise anybody that the new Lord Stanhope paid court to Miss Ada Craythorne, but it did surprise people that he made a companion of

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the reposed lordling. Not only that—he had settled a comfortable annuity upon Cecil Collins, and it was rumored that when Lord Stanhope led Ada Craythorne to the altar, Cecil Collins would take the patient and loving Flossie for his wife, and that the Earl of Swinford had settled upon her an income of two thousand pounds per annum! Every word of this was true. And another item concerned Lady Marcia Howard and an old lover. If anything, this created more curiosity than the others, for they had been married quietly in London, and were away on the Continent! The old lovers had quite outstripped the young ones!

"Gladys," said Sir Charles, one bright May morning, "let us walk in the woods; the violets are out, and I love their perfume because it carries me back to the happy day when I first beheld you at the flower bazaar. Do you remember the pansies I gave to you then?"

"Remember them, darling? Can I ever forget?" She looked at him, the light of an eternal love shining in her beautiful eyes. "I have them still, and they are dearer to me than all else."

"Here they are, Gladys. How sweet the old notes seem. It is all joy—joy—joy! Gladys, do you not think that we are the happiest beings in the whole world?"

"I am sure of it, my love, and soon we shall be one in the sight of God and man." She blushed a little and clung to him trustfully. "And Aunt Marcia is hurrying back to be at our wedding. Only another short week. It is not good of her? Everybody seems to wish us joy, everybody pays us homage."

"And where so worthy a queen?" smiled Sir Charles, pressing a fond kiss upon her lips. "Oh, how glad I shall be when it is all over, and I have you to myself forevermore."

They wandered into the sunlight, and the earl put down his morning paper to watch them, a happy smile upon his face, a smile of sweet content. They wandered away into the garden, hand in hand, fearless of the future, which opened before them full of love's golden promise, the light of heaven's smile encircling all their way.

THE END.

## LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

—or the—

## Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER V.

"I do not suppose that Miss Violet takes any interest in me nor do I wish her to do so. One forgets the modest little violets when the queenly rose is near. Ah, if that same queenly rose would but bend her proud, beautiful head to me!"

She turned her head without a word; her proud nature revolted at ways against his flowery compliments. She never answered them, never affected him to hear them; and that was why he considered that he made no progress in his wooing. On account of their childish friendship, and because his mother was her best-loved friend, Lady Iris had a kindly, tolerant affection for him which was quite fatal to love. Still he had been so utterly spoiled that he could never believe it possible that, if he really asked her to be his wife, she would say "no."

"She is just the girl," said his mother to him one day, "to form some romantic attachment. Why should it not be to you?"

"Perhaps I am not romantic enough to please her. She says I talk too much of myself."

"Then talk less of yourself for the future," cried Lady Clyffarde, impatiently. "No girl would tolerate a lover whose conversation began and ended with 'I.'"

"I often think, mother," said Sir Fulke, gravely, "that she will never love an ordinary man. She wants a hero of some kind."

"Be a hero yourself then," replied his mother. "It is easy enough." But even she laughed at the troubled look that came over his handsome face.

"I really do not know how to be a hero. If anybody's child fell into the water, I would try to rescue it; or, if a house were on fire, I would do my best to save the occupants. That is all the heroes in books ever do."

"Be a hero out of a book, Fulke! You have plenty of courage and spirit; do something to distinguish yourself. I am sure I am right about Lady Iris, she will love some one quite out of the common groove. Think how many men have admired her—men who are all alike. The first one who has a marked individuality will be the one she will love—remember my words!"

Sir Fulke bent his handsome head. "I assure you, mother, I am equal to anything in the way of heroism, if you could only suggest to me what to do."

"From my knowledge of her," said Lady Clyffarde, "I feel certain that she will never marry unless she forms some romantic attachment; and I see no one more capable of inspiring one than you, Fulke."

"I quite agree with you, mother," he replied, with such simple earnestness that she laughed in spite of herself. "The worst of it is that nothing heroic ever comes in my way. If her horse ran away with her, I would risk my life to save hers. But then it never does run away; and if it did the groom would be there to share the glory."

"That is nonsense, Fulke; while women live and men love there will always be heroes."

For the remainder of that day Sir Fulke puzzled himself as to what kind of heroism he should cultivate, and how he should show it.

No such peaceful thoughts occupied his rival's mind. John Bardon had been seized by the fever of love in its fiercest form; it drove him beside himself. There were times when he spent the whole day in riding along the high roads and lanes, hoping to meet Lady Iris. At times fate was kind to him; and in the distance he would see the perfect figure and exquisite face. He had not always the courage to go and meet her, when his heart failed him, he would watch her until she was out of sight, hating himself for his cowardice, crying out with feverish lips that he was a coward and a simpleton, loathing himself because he did not ride up boldly to her and force a smile of welcome from her.

When his courage was high, and the desperate fever urged him on, he would gallop at full speed, and then pull up hurriedly, as though he had just seen her. Sometimes, after weary hours of watching, he would win a smile for his pains, or it might be a few careless kindly words; and when that happened, he would ride off like one bewildered. A kind word from her would make him happy for hours. He had a thousand faults; he was of a coarse undisciplined nature; but he loved Lady Iris, Fayne with his whole heart, and her power over him might or might not make a good man of him.

(To be continued.)

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Proverbs With a Punch.

A proverb was defined on one occasion as the wisdom of many and the wit of one. The following wise and witty sayings are common as proverbs in various countries:

Habits are at first cobwebs, at last cables.

Things don't turn up. They must be turned up.

Economy is the easy chair of old age.

The promised land is the land where one is not—English.

Lock your door and keep your neighbours honest.

Please yourself and you'll please somebody.—Scottish.

Live in my heart and pay no rent.

Never scold your lips with another man's porridge.—Irish.

Opportunities, like eggs, come one at a time.

All the world's a camera—look pleasant, please.

There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterwards.

If you can't push, pull; if you can't pull, please get out of the way.—American.

He that stirs poison will taste it.

Ask the opinion of an older one and a younger one than yourself, and return to thine own opinion.—Egyptian.

Money is round and rolls easily.—Rumanian.

It is better for a woman to marry the man who loves her than to mate with the man she loves.

You are master of the unspoken word; the spoken word is the master of you.

He who knows not that he knows not is a fool—shun him. He who knows that he knows not is wise—teach him.

The heart that loves is always young.

Wisdom is made up of ten parts, nine of which are silence, and the tenth is brevity of language.—Arabic and Talmud.

If fate throws a knife at you there are two ways of catching it—by the blade and by the handle.

In buying horses and in taking a wife shut your eyes tight and command yourself to God.

He who offends on marble—Oriental, Russian, and Italian.

Begin in other people's way so as to end by having your own way.

Woman is like your shadow; follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows.—Spanish.

Pinch yourself and know how others feel.—Japanese.

Patience, and the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown.

Never employ a boy if you suspect him, and if you employ him don't suspect him.—Chinese.

If there are worms in the earth, need one dig them up?—Malay.

It is a matter of indifference whether a man marries or does not marry, for in either case he will regret it.—Greek.

Forgive yourself nothing; others much.—German.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.—Danish.

If everyone tells you you are drunk go to bed—even if you are perfectly sober.—Cerelean.

Ask the young people; they know everything.

For a web begun God sends the thread.

Life is an onion which one peels crying.

It is not enough for a man to know how to ride; he must know how to fall.

The store of knowledge has no bargain sales.

There are only two good women in the world; the one is dead, the other not to be found.

God helps me, but don't lie on your back.—French, Mexican and others.

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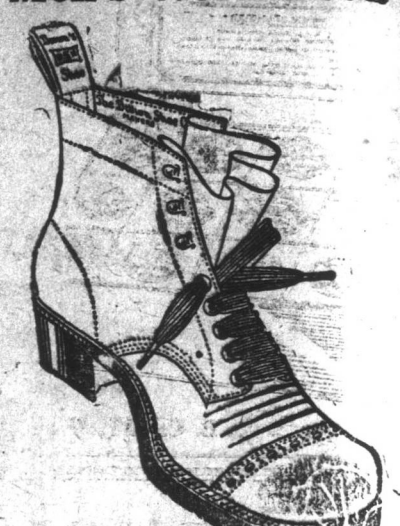
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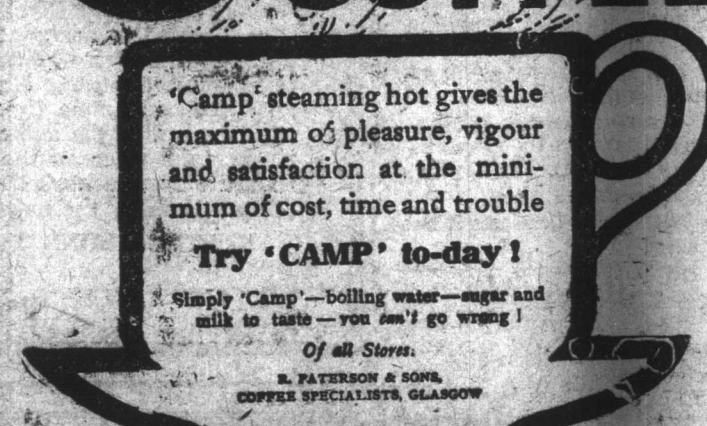
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