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**Lord Cecil's Dilemma**

**The Picnic**

**Woodall Forest**

**CHAPTER XLII.**

"Mr. Gardner and I dine at the abbey to-day," Lord Cecil told Lady Stanhope, at the breakfast-table next morning.

The young barrister almost resented the brusque manner of Lord Cecil, and he noticed that he never called the sweet and gracious lady by the name of mother.

Once or twice he caught Lady Stanhope gazing at him in a strangely wistful way, and he wondered why his heart went out to her. Was it because he pitied her the possession of a son who was so inconsiderate toward her—a son who barely troubled himself to be civil, much less to show filial respect?

He left the room whistling, to speak to a groom who had come to make a report concerning a horse that was sick. There was a sorrowful light in Lady Stanhope's eyes as they followed him.

"I believe that you are my son's friend, Mr. Gardner?" she said, presently.

"I am, indeed," was the earnest reply. To himself he thought: "I will be for your sake."

"I am glad to hear it, and I believe that you have some control over him: I cannot understand the change in him of late, and am half-fearful that he is resenting my objections to people who are not only vulgar but vicious. He has a strange temper, and I do not believe that we have one sympathy in common. He does not resemble his father, either. My husband was a simple and kindly man. These are strange words for a mother to speak to one who is almost a stranger, Mr. Gardner, but you must not think ill of me for it."

"I could never do that, Lady Stanhope. Lord Cecil and I have not been friendly, in the sense of close companionship, but I think he has discovered that the horse people to whom he has been so fond of extending his patronage are little better than human sharks. I even believe that he is bent seriously upon giving up the old life, for he has sent to me, as an old friend, as a legal adviser, to help him out of some trouble, the nature of which he has not yet explained."

Lady Stanhope's fine face lighted up with pleasure.

"I could not trust him in better hands," she said. "I had some hopes of his reformation when I considered that a marriage between him and Lady Gladys Howard was a settled thing, and I cannot understand why

the engagement has been broken. You see, I go very little into society now; I have never cared for gaiety in any form since my dear lord's death, and the few intimate friends who visited me have almost become alienated by my son's conduct. When annoyed with me, he has appeared before my guests partially intoxicated with a crowd of his evil companions."

The young barrister's hands clinched, and he felt his heart burning with pity for Lady Stanhope, with rage and contempt for her son.

"It is cruel—cruel!" he said; "but let us hope that there is soon to be a change in him for the better. I can say that something has deeply moved him, and that he meditates some renunciation—some great self-sacrifice."

"You will not let anything that I have said influence you against him, Mr. Gardner. I do not know why I have told you; but I feel that there is no breach of faith in doing so. I feel that I can trust you. Do you know why? It has only just occurred to me."

"I am interested in all that you say, Lady Stanhope. I am pleased to think that you should be interested in me," the barrister smiled.

She was silent for a few moments, then she regarded him earnestly, saying:

"I like you, Mr. Gardner, because you remind me of my dead husband. Your eyes are darker, but there is the same grave earnestness in them—the general contour of your face is the same. Is it not wonderful how these chance likenesses occur?"

"It is, indeed," replied Herbert Gardner, a painful flush spreading over his face. He wondered what this proud patrician would think of him, if she knew that his origin was a mystery.

At this juncture Lord Cecil came in, and announced that the condition of the Earl of Swinford had much improved. He was quite sensible, and his speech was partially restored.

Since the earl's illness Stanhope had sent a servant daily for news of his progress.

(To be continued.)

**LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;**

**Hero of 'Surata'**

**CHAPTER I.**

After a few days the earl and his daughter found themselves comfortably established in their magnificent home. A beautiful suite of rooms had been prepared for Lady Iris. She loved the sunshine and the flowers, and her rooms overlooked the terrace on the western side of the building. Few lots in life seemed more enviable than hers. Young, healthy, gifted with rarest beauty, heiress to one of the finest estates in the kingdom, clever and witty, loved and adored wherever she went, able to do anything she wished—what brighter life could there be than that of Lady Iris Feyne? She lived in a palatial home, rich in pictures, decorations, and furniture, and she possessed every luxury that her heart desired.

She owned this to herself, on the morning following her return, as she stood on the terrace, a gentle breeze bringing a delicate bloom to her face. Over the great western window ran the proud words, "Held with honor."

The girl's eyes grew dim as she saw them; her heart beat faster, and she drew a deep breath.

"They are beautiful words," she said to herself; "and they shall be the rule of my life."

She seemed to realize the beauty,

the grandeur, and the time-honored magnificence of her home. As far as she could see over the undulating woodland, all was one day to be her own.

"I will make one prayer," she murmured; "and it is that I may go live my life that at its close the truest epitaph that can be placed above me will be, 'Held with honor.'"

A footman came slowly toward her, and she turned away lest he should see the tears in her eyes. It was only a message to say that Lord Caledon was in the breakfast-room awaiting her ladyship's presence.

"I hope I have not detained you, papa!" she cried when she entered the room. "It is so beautiful on the terrace that I could hardly leave it."

"There are few places like Caledon," returned the earl complacently. "There are few people like you, papa," she said, kissing the kind face looking so admiringly at her.

"I hope I have not detained you, papa!" she cried when she entered the room. "It is so beautiful on the terrace that I could hardly leave it."

"There are few places like Caledon," returned the earl complacently. "There are few people like you, papa," she said, kissing the kind face looking so admiringly at her.

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