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Lord Cecil's Dilemma
—OR—
The Picnic
—in—
Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLIII.

She took the missive from the bosom of her dress and placed it in his hands. He was too bewildered to speak. She turned, and tottered half across the floor, but came back again, and whispered:

"I cannot part from you in this way. Say that you forgive—say that you forgive!"

The anguish in her eyes was terrible to see, and he clutched at her hand, saying:

"Ada, you must always remain my friend—my sister. You shall not leave me in this manner. We need never refer to the unhappy trouble again. What is there to forgive? Do I not owe my life to you?"

She stooped over suddenly and pressed a burning, lingering kiss on his brow; then, with one backward, agonising glance.

How she found her way to her room she never knew, and falling across the bed she wept long and bitterly.

Then she remembered her letters, and was astonished to find that the strange handwriting came from Herbert Gardner. He was staying at the Towers, his rightful home, if the gods had not lied to her! When would all these mysteries and complications end? She knew not how to reply to him, but would think during the day. She must tell him everything she knew, and then bid Lady Hastings farewell, and farewell to hope—to life—to all!

CHAPTER XLIV.

The physician in attendance upon Sir Charles began to regard Emden Hall as a house of surprises. The next morning he found his patient so far advanced toward convalescence that he was sitting up, and even talking of going down to the dressing-room.

"I have begun to detect the odors of the sick chamber," he said; "all I want now is to regain strength. I never before had so strong a desire

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to live, and to get well and strong.

"Well, you are an extraordinary patient," the doctor laughed, but he could not help feeling a good deal puzzled; "yesterday I marvelled at your feebleness—to-day I marvel at your strength. Look here, sir! We don't want a relapse, and I withhold my permission until twenty-four hours more have elapsed. Stay here until after I have seen you to-morrow."

With this Sir Charles had to be content, but he was determined to send some kind of reply to Lady Gladys. He was thankful to learn that his misjudged father had been guiltless of the awful crime of murder, and quite believed that the Earl of Swinford had accidentally knocked Edgar Emden into the lake. Why could not the whole miserable business be ended and forgotten? For his part he would have preferred it, though he felt that his poor father's spirit cried out for vindication. He had been killed by popular opinion—his life had been ruined—his wife and child in a measure ostracised. All this—and he was guiltless!

He thought of little else but Gladys, and his heart bounded with joy to know that they were free. He was so selfish in his happiness that he did not ask for poor Ada. He did not wish to see her again yet. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart—he pitied her for her weakness, her folly, but he admired her for her determination to undo the wrong that she had done. He could never forget that she had done it all for love of him!

He sent for his valet and had a small writing desk placed before him, and, by an effort, scrawled the following:

MY DEAR LOVE—I have only just got your sweet letter. I have been ill, but am getting better fast. I could not come to you, my darling, or I would have flown with the swiftness of the wind. The news you tell me is appalling, and I wish that all would end here. Why should we create more amusement for the world? Oh, Gladys, my darling, I am free—free as air! The woman I married had a husband living all the time, and now the union of our hands as well as our souls, is within measurable distance. Surely Providence is with us and guiding our feet to paths of happiness. The doctor says that I may leave my room to-morrow, and I shall write to you every day, my precious love.

He signed this and directed his man to post it with his own hands.

(To be continued.)

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

—or the—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER III.

"What shall I care for a few baronets and aquires after that?"

"How do you know that he will visit you, Richard?" asked his wife timidly.

"How do I know? Because he is a sensible man; he knows that nobility and money must go hand in hand, that any war between them must prove fatal to both. When he was at Chandos last—you were all away—he came to see me, and very pleased I was with him. 'My lord,' I said, 'you are a gentleman, and I am proud to see

you." I thank you, Mr. Barton," he said, with a low bow, just as though I was an earl myself."

The worthy man paused, not for want of words, but for want of breath. Any one, on looking into that gorgeous room, would have guessed at once that it was the abode of a millionaire. Husband and wife were in the breakfast room, in which the profusion of gilding and decoration dazzled me. The priceless china, the array of valuable ornaments, the elegance of the furniture, and the quantities of rare excites all told the same story of boundless wealth.

It was almost indecorous to see the mistress of all this splendor—stout, fuddy-faced woman, who had not the faintest notion of grace or refinement. Her only idea was that she must, as she said, "dress up" to her position. But even the most talented of Parisian ladies' maids could not teach her to do so. She covered her poorly person with a profusion of lace and gems, and looked all the more vulgar for it. On this morning she had attired herself in a dress of purple silk with sapphire ornaments.

Her daughter was of quite another stamp. Simple, sensible, honest and straightforward, comely in face, without any pretensions to beauty, pleasing and intelligent, Marie Barton was liked everywhere by every one. Even her good-natured, fussy father, who held the reins so tightly in his own hands, unconsciously deferred to her.

"Marie," cried the master of Hynes Court, "the part of the news which interests you most is this—that Lady Iris Fayne is with the earl at Chandos; and you must call upon her, you understand; you must brighten up, Marie. I fancy that sometimes you are sleeping your life away; you must make friends with my Lady Iris."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Barton, mentally going through the contents of her jewel-cases, and wondering how Lady Iris Fayne's would compare with them, "listen to what your papa says, Marie, my dear. You know that he is a man of the world, and understands these things."

"I remember," said the millionaire, "when Lady Blakewell's daughter almost insulted you, Marie. Show them that you can be friends with Lady Iris."

There was a quiet smile on the girl's face as she glanced at her father.

"My dear papa," she said, "there is not the least need for you to excite yourself. I will call on Lady Iris with mamma—that is, if mamma will allow me to superintend her toilet; but I hardly think I shall ever be able to say I am a friend of Lady Iris Fayne. I hear that she is very proud, very refined, and naturally very particular in choosing her friends."

"Well," cried Richard Barton, "and so are we particular about our friends! Do we not live at Hynes Court, and is not my income double as much as the earl's? Answer me!"

"The world does not look at things in that way, papa. People do not talk about what they are worth; it is not good breeding to do so, nor is it a good taste. I will do all I can to please you. I will call to-morrow on Lady Iris."

"What is that about Lady Iris Fayne?" asked a young man who suddenly entered the room—a man well dressed and with good features, although slightly heavy, with an air of firmness and determination far too pronounced for much amiability of character.

(to be continued.)

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