



**"Flowers of the Valley,"**

OR  
**MABEL HOWARD,  
OF THE LYRIC.**

CHAPTER XXXI.  
**GOOD NEWS.**

Iris was walking with Lord Clarence Montacute along the Embankment about two weeks before the date set for the closing of the London season of the "Princess," when a handsome which had been driving down the Embankment suddenly pulled up opposite, and a gentleman leaped out and stood in front of them.

It was Heron Coverdale.

Iris uttered a faint cry and turned white, and Clarence, looking round to see the cause, stood like a stone for a moment, then his face grew hot. He raised his hat, and then, as if unable to remain, strode off.

His stood with her hand resting on the stone wall, and Heron regarded her for a moment in silence.

"Thank Heaven!" he said at last. "Iris—Miss Knighton, I have been to the theatre to see you. They would not give me your address. I missed you somehow. It is by the merest chance I have found you."

"They—they never give my address," she said, scarcely knowing what she said, all her being throbbing at the sound of his voice, and he heart going out toward his presence.

"I—I have important news for you," he said, trying to speak calmly, even coldly.

"Ah, it is more trouble," she murmured.

"No," he said, quickly. "Thank Heaven that I can say so: Will you—will you come to Mr. Barrington's with me?"

Heron called a cab, and they drove to Mr. Barrington's offices. Scarcely a word was spoken on the way.

Mr. Barrington was at home, and they were shown up to his private room.

The old man started up from his chair, and held out his hand with something like impetuosity.

"Miss Iris!" he exclaimed. "You have come to me at last, then! Welcome, welcome! Ah, I have been more considerate than you. I have paid you more than one visit," he added, as he

**A Dessert Surprise**

**Rice Mold with Pineapple**

Left-over rice may be used in this dish—if you have any!

½ envelope Knox Gelatine  
½ cup cold water  
½ cup scalded pineapple  
apple juice  
½ cup sugar  
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add pineapple, juice, sugar and salt to rice. Stir into this the gelatine, and mix thoroughly. Cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into mold with slices of canned pineapple. Chill. Will serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple. Note: Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which comes in a blue package, contains an envelope of lemon flavor, which takes the place of lemon juice—saving time, labor and expense.

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have spent for many a long month," said Heron, quietly, but intensely.

"Yes," said Mr. Barrington. "Fortunately, the whole thing is as easy as 'A.B.C.' That surprised Ricardo—"

Iris started and shrank.

"Now, don't be frightened. He is disposed of in the most complete fashion. I assure you. But he—as we ought to have suspected, if we had possessed any nous—hid the will. Here it is," and he took it from his safe, "and here is the scamp's confession of the robbery and concealment. I think that is all I shall tell you this morning—you don't want to know how it was found, do you, beyond this, that Lord Heron was the means of its discovery."

She raised her eyes to his face, then lowered them again.

"Yes," he said, gravely. "I was fortunate enough to find it."

There were several other things discussed in the course of the visit to the lawyer's office, but for some reason Iris did not enlighten Mr. Barrington or Lord Heron as to the true state of affairs between herself and Clarence; neither did they, on their part, think of informing her of the breaking off of the match between Heron and Lady Lillian.

The conference adjourned with the intention of holding another meeting at the same place on the following Monday, when Lord Montacute also should be present.

**Sweet Eva!**

CHAPTER I.

The bedroom door opened and closed again with a slam as Philip Winterdick—an immaculate figure in white flannels—came out on to the landing, passed a moment to light a cigarette, and then went on down the wide staircase two at a time.

It was about three o'clock on a hot summer's afternoon, and the big hall of the old house looked invitingly cool and restful, with its dark oak and polished floor, but young Winterdick passed through it without a glance, and went on eagerly to the open front door and the glare of sunlight outside.

He was a sleek looking young fellow, a typical English gentleman in appearance, tall, long-limbed and square shouldered, with the clean-cut, stalwart look of health about him which he had inherited from his father, the father of whom he suddenly thought he had stepped out into the sunshine, and with a little exclamation he turned and went back into the house, pushing open a closed door on the right and thrusting his head round.

"You there, gov'nor?"

"Yes, Phil."

Philip pushed the door wider and went in.

"Sorry to bother you if you're busy—but I forgot to tell you that I'm coverdrew at the bank—basely null—shole! The manager fellow wrote me quite a nasty letter about it this morning—confounded cheek, I call it! Anyone would think he was afraid he wouldn't get his money."

He walked over to the fireplace and looked at his handsome reflection in the glass which hung above it.

"You might jolly well tell him off when you pay in for me," he said again, intent on the readjustment of his tie.

The man at the table did not answer, and struck by his silence, Philip swung round.

"Anything the matter, gov'nor?"

"No, my boy—no, no!"

The hastiness of the answer might have made a more observant person suspicious, but Philip was not observant. He had never had any need to be in the eight-and-twenty years of his life, which had run so smoothly and happily that he had hardly realized how swiftly they had fled.

He turned on his heel now and sauntered to the door. "Well, you'll see it for me, won't you?"

The eyes of the man at the table followed the tall young figure wistfully.

"Yes, I'll see it—I'll see it, my boy—and, Phil, where are you going?" Philip glanced back over his shoulder.

"To the Dennisons—they've got a rotten tennis party."

Philip adored tennis, but, like a true sportsman, he always spoke disparagingly of things he adored!

The elder man's handsome face broke into a sudden smile.

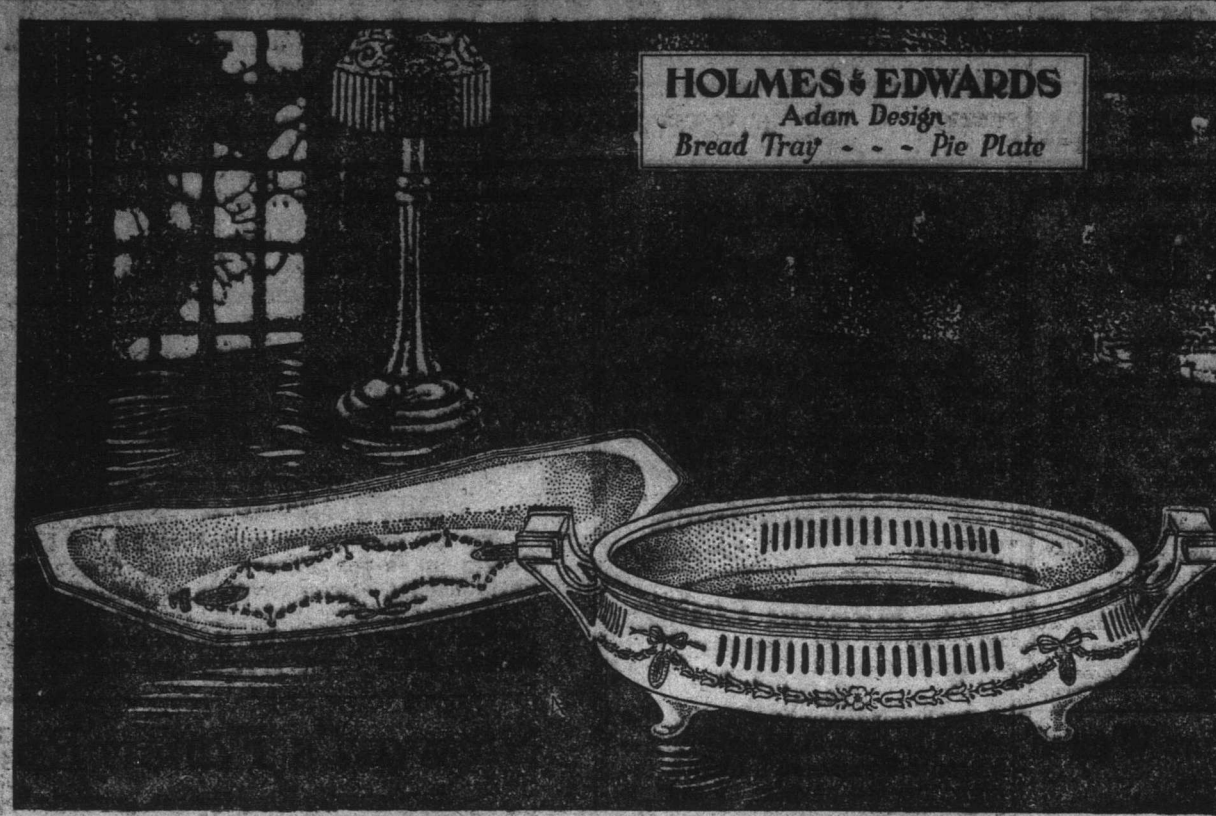
"Good—glad to hear it," he said heartily. "Decent people, the Dennisons; very decent people."

Philip raised his brows.

"Thought you didn't like 'em," he said, amazed. "Thought they weren't blue-blooded enough for you and the matter?"

"Tut, tut . . . your mother says so, but personally I always liked old Dennison—thoroughly decent fellow. Well, well—run along."

There was a little perplexed frown between his son's eyes as he went out; he was quite sure that he had never before heard his father say that he liked old Dennison; as a matter of fact, he did not like him himself, and it was certainly not for the Dennisons' sake that he was going to the house this afternoon, but because Kitty was to be there—and Kitty . . . well, Kitty was stopping!

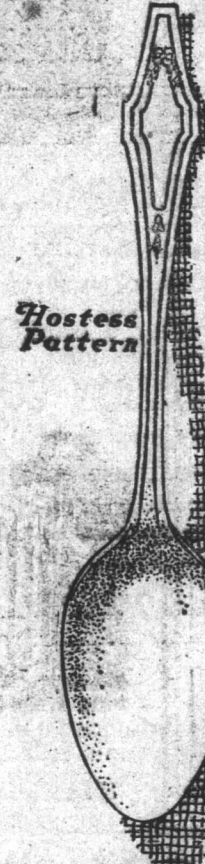
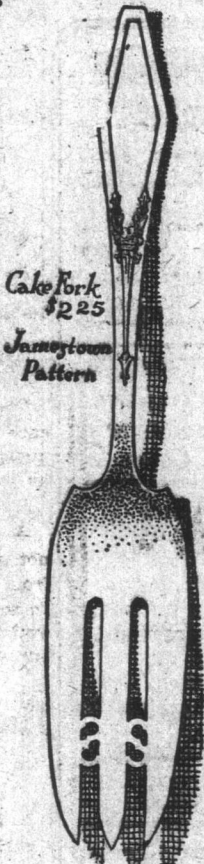


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