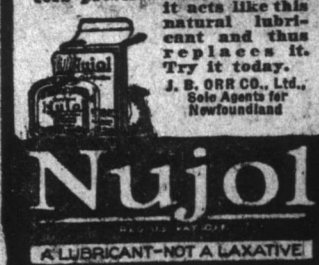


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Nujol
LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

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

CHAPTER XLVII.
Sir Charles had whispered to Gladys who the stranger was, and sent her to tell Lady Marcia, while he introduced Edgar Emden to her father and burst the thralldom of horror and remorse that bound him. While this was being done, Gardner was alone with Lord Cecil, who looked at the barrister with questioning eyes.
"I did not reply," he said. "I was afraid; but it has to come to it now. I did not know that I knew the man I have persecuted. I hope I was kind to him. God knows I never was kind to anybody in the old days."
"He is here!" announced Gardner. "My God! Where? Who is he?"
"I am he!"
Cecil grasped his hand, and sobbed: "I believe it. You are like Lady Stanhope. I am glad it is over!"
He sat down and buried his face in his hands; then he stood up again and smiled brightly.
"I shall be a better man for it."
"I am sure of it, my boy. I am your friend forever."
Cecil told the barrister of the steward's letter, and a mounted messenger was sent for Collins with a note from Cecil.
"Come at once, and we will settle upon favorable terms."
Then the barrister—or Lord Herbert Stanhope—told Cecil all that was going on at the house.
"The earl is saved," he said, "and the steward will simply be told to quit. He has not been idle all this while. He is no connection of my lords—there



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are no ties of blood. His father was a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and the chance resemblance he bore to the earl suggested all sorts of possibilities to his scheming brain. He has always had notions of power and wealth, and hoped to obtain them through you at any cost."
"Then my only disgrace is my father's villainy," asked Cecil.
"It is. You are of good birth, and your mother died a few months after you were born. Since then Mr. Collins has lived the life of a rich prodigal with the earl's money."
The messenger returned with the information that the steward would be at the abbey at two o'clock, and in the meanwhile the whole party planned to meet him in the library. From a house of gloom it was transformed into one of joy, and Lady Marcia disappeared for nearly an hour with her old lover, who had been restored to her after so many weary years of waiting.
While this was going on, Sir Charles and Lady Gladys had vanished elsewhere, and Cecil, with Lord Herbert Stanhope, was unfolding to the earl another kind of story.
At two o'clock the entire party were seated in the library, and when Collins came he was ushered into their midst, surprise and rage distorting his face.
(To be continued.)

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;
—or the—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER V.
"What do you think she is proud of?" he asked.
She was silent for a few moments; and then she answered slowly—
"Of her birth and name, John."
"I suppose," he said bitterly, "that in her eyes we are little better than nobodies. Gold does not gild us. Would to Heaven I had been born noble rather than rich!"
"How you grieve me when you speak so, John," cried Marie earnestly. "Every man may make himself noble by living nobly, and no man has it in his power to lead a higher life than you can."
"All the nobility I could win would not tempt her," he said. "When she marries, she will want a name as distinguished as her own."
"A good name is a grand name, and the patent comes from Heaven," said Marie, but he answered never a word.
"If that be county society, papa, let us hasten to town," said Lady Iris.
"Yet do you know, I have a vague feeling of pity for them all. The millionaire himself is a vulgar, boasting man, but there is something in his good nature that redeems him. His wife is dreadful, but her loyal devoted daughter is such a shield that one cannot laugh at the mother. However vulgar or absurd she might be, I could not laugh at her, because her daughter loves her so."
"I admire Miss Bardon," said Lord Caledon, who has a loyal and truthful nature. "What do you think of the heir of Hyme Court, Iris?"
"I like him the least of all," she replied; "and yet I think I am very sorry for him."
"That is a paradox, Iris."
"Is it, papa? I am not quite sure that I know what a paradox is. He seems to me like a man who is fighting with himself, discontented, and uncertain. He is in a transition state I suppose. Papa, I am beginning to think that it is fate or chance that gives wealth."
"My dear Iris, you must not say anything of that kind!" cried the earl.
"I cannot help it. Riches seem to reach such strange places."
"You must not forget that we see only with human eyes, and can bring only human judgment to bear on matters. It is impossible for any one to tell whether wealth is wisely bestowed or not. I believe that it is for some wise purpose that one man is made rich and another man poor."
"Well, I will believe whatever you believe, papa," she answered, with reverence. "All the same, it does seem strange that people like the Bardons should hold such enormous wealth in their hands."
"They do not make a bad use of it, my dear," said the earl kindly; "and

as I have always told you, money is power."
"Power only when it is held with honor, papa," she rejoined; and he kissed her thoughtful face as he said—
"You are right, Iris—as you often are."
So it came to pass that before the young heiress of Chandos had been long at home two men were ready to die for her, ready to slay each other for love of her, hating each other with fierce mad hatred, yet trying to appear as indifferent about the whole matter as possible.
Sir Fulke Clifford had the best of the situation. He could call almost daily at Chandos; his mother, knowing such errands delighted him, was always finding some excuse of asking him to go thither. His chances of seeing Lady Iris were very frequent—and John Bardon knew it. Time after time he met his rival either riding, or driving or walking to Chandos; and, if looks could have slain, the handsome young baronet would never have seen Lady Iris again.
They met and passed each other with a sullen glare; each had discovered, as though by instinct, the secret of the other, although no words had ever been exchanged between them. Sir Fulke, in spite of his opportunities, did not make much progress in his wooing. His fine speeches and poetical raptures fell rather flat. They never made any lasting impression on Lady Iris. Sometimes she would laugh and say, "You are a little more high-flown than usual to-day, Sir Fulke," or she would, by a graceful and imperious gesture, signify that she was tired. Why, Violet Blakewell had said often and often that she could listen to him, either reading or reciting, forever; and yet after a few minutes Lady Iris would repeatedly declare that she was tired!

"I wish," he said one day very humbly, "that I knew how to interest you. You seem quite fatigued when I have talked to you for a little while."
"Not always, Sir Fulke," she answered gently. "That is only when the conversation is of yourself. Talk to me of something else, and you will find me different!"
That was the first direct attack ever made on his self-love, and it bewildered him.
"Am I then the only subject about which you are indifferent?" he asked.
"Do you not think it possible to have too much even of a good thing?" she said. "I do. Talk to me now about some topic of general interest, and see if I tire."
He looked at her in such amazement that she laughed; and it was the prettiest laugh he had ever heard.
"Other ladies seem to like me best when I speak of myself," he said simply. "Miss Blakewell always says, 'Tell me something of yourself, Sir Fulke; nothing interests me one half so much as your own adventures.'"
"And do you believe I do. Why should I not, Lady Iris?"
"Do you think everything belongs to yourself is really of such great interest that people can enjoy listening hour after hour to you and not grow tired?"
"I should say that those who take an interest in me can," he answered, a little crestfallen.
"Miss Violet Blakewell should be grateful for the inference," said Lady Iris coolly.
"I do not mean that. I did not intend to flatter anything of the kind."
(to be continued.)

RETIRED.
A sad old man sat by the sea, and wept in trumpet tones, and every time he looked at me he heaved some bitter groan. "I was a merchant, prince," quoth he; "my name is Jimson Jones. I had the finest dry goods store that ever eyes beheld, and strangers, when they glanced it over, threw up their hands and yelled; 'I was a happy man of yore, but all my joys are knelled. I will retire from active life.' I said, though trade was flag; I'm of the toll and strife, at ease I would retire; I was encouraged by my wife, and by my daughter's nine. 'In some nice grad beside the sea,' I said 'I shall abide; a chair beneath the banyan tree, and I'll be satisfied; there with my pipe and fiddle three, I'll let life's autumn slide.' And off I heard my wife declare that such a course was best; my daughters went up in the air and said 'I needed rest; and so I sold out every day, and all that I possessed. All day I sit beside the wave and sigh and hear my slats; and people, when they hear me rave, imagine I have bats; oh, I would thank some surly knave to shoot me with his gats. For when a man is used to trade, with all its rush and roar, he feels like something dead, decayed, when he's outside a store; he'd see things measured out and weighed, and rest's an awful bore. I see you with your wooden legs, you swat it once or twice, and while I sit here and peraspire, I hand you this advice: Oh, never from your gifts retire, while you can put up ice."
What one of the Best Known Travellers in Canada Says:—
"Now I am going to give you an unsolicited testimonial as they say in the patent medicine advertisements. Heretofore I have had a profound contempt for patent medicines, particularly so-called liniments. Perhaps this is due to the reason that I have been blessed with a sturdy constitution, and have never been ill a day in my life. One day last fall after a hard day's tramp in the slush of Montreal, I developed a severe pain in my legs and arms, and I was unable to move. I tried to rub them with some liniment I have. "Go ahead," I said, just to humor her. "Well, in she comes with a bottle of Mason's Liniment, and gets busy. Believe me, the pain disappeared a few minutes after, and you can tell the world I said so."
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By EDGAR A. GUEST.
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I fancy when the name is done and all the petty strife is through. The little prizes we have won, the goods we tried so hard to do. Will seem but trivial, after all; and looking back across the way, The best of life that we'll recall will be some happy yesterday.
The goals we've reached will lose their glow, the things we've done will seem to fade. The richest treasures we shall know, will be the friendships we have made; Though now we strive for peace and gain, and find them difficult to win. When once those treasures we obtain, some other struggles we'll begin.
Not long will gold retain its glow, the silver cup is tarnished soon. We weary of the goals we know as children reaching for the moon. We seek the charm that lies afar, from what is done we turn away.
Thinking that most important are the selfish goals we hope to do.
And yet I fancy at the close, when memory turns the pages o'er, The brightest pictures will be those of pleasures right beside our door— The old contentment which we knew, the children and the games we played. And, brightening all life's story through, will be the friends that we have made.
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