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Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—
The Picnic

Woodall Forest

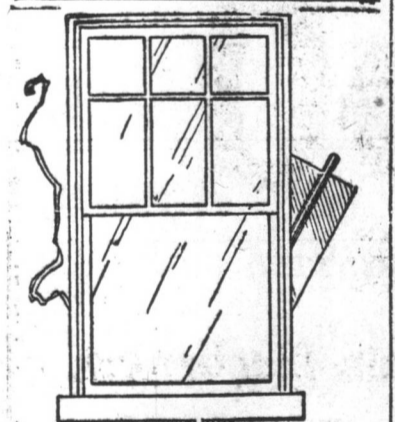
CHAPTER XXXIX.
In an instant Ada had seized the broken limb of a tree that lay a few yards away, and prepared to beat the madman back.

Her breath came short and quick, her bosom heaved, but she never faltered, and as the wretch sprang at her, his horny fingers trembling to encircle her throat, she whirled the heavy branch full at his face.

Again she repeated the blow, and he crawled away, dazed and bleeding, while the courageous and determined girl dropped her weapon and fled. On, on she went, never pausing until the glittering fields lay shining before her, and the gloomy forest was left behind.

Then she stopped to rest a while, not because she was conscious of being weary—exhausted nature would not brook denial. She passed through the village, her hair flying behind her, her skirts torn and disordered; but she knew nothing of this—she did not notice the people who looked after her in wonderment.

Her footsteps were directed to the Hall by way of the narrow lane wherein she had first encountered the man who was now mad in the woods, through a portion of the gar-



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dens, and thence to Lady Hastings' boudoir, where she fell in a dead swoon at my lady's feet. She only rallied to swoon again, and by nightfall she was in a raging fever.

From her disjointed sentences something of the truth was gathered, and the madman Spiers was captured the next day by the police, and placed in an asylum for the insane.

CHAPTER XI.
When Herbert Gardner reached his chambers in Chifford Inn, London, he found a lengthy communication awaiting him in connection with the business he had mentioned to Lady Hastings. But he was disappointed, and frowned a little over the contents.

"I wish I had not consented to touch this matter at all!" he muttered. "And it is like his lordship's impudence to imagine that I am at his beck and call, to the exclusion of all other clients."

He stopped, and his frown changed to a smile, for he remembered that he had not another item of business in hand.

"Why will the fellow be so vague?" he continued, musingly. "I hope that he does not think of approaching me with anything that will not bear the light of day. His character is none of the best, but the liberal payment decides me, and I suppose I must go."

He took up the letter that lay before him, and read:
MY DEAR GARDNER—After making half a dozen attempts, I find it quite impossible to adequately explain in writing my position and the complications surrounding it, therefore, an interview is indispensable. If you can run down here for a few days, I shall forever be your debtor, and will pay you liberally for services which I shall be unable to value too highly. I appeal to you because a number of names well known to you are involved in a whirlpool; and Hastings, your favorite chum at college, is one of them. It would be sheer waste of time for me to come to London, and I really dare not leave the Towers at this critical time. It may be that the publicity which is sure to follow will give your name a high place in the legal world, and you may be one day thankful for the selfish motives which originally prompted me to lay my troubles and the troubles of my friends before you. I inclose a time-table, so that you may choose a train to suit your own convenience, and shall look forward anxiously to a letter saying what time I may expect you.

Very faithfully yours,
STANHOPE.
The barrister was a little puzzled over the reference to Hastings, but supposed it was in connection with Lady Gladys Howard.

An hour later he sent a telegram worded thus:
Meet me at Swinford Railway Station, at noon, Thursday next.

He straightway commenced to make preparations for his journey and an absence of perhaps a week, and early on Thursday morning was speeding back to the Midlands over a portion of the rails by which he had returned to the city a few days before.

He was met at the station by Lord Cecil himself, and was rather shocked to find the young peer looking miserably depressed and haggard. True, he had not seen him for years,

but the Lord Cecil he knew in the old days was a boisterous, boyish fellow, who looked years younger than his real age. The man who now stood before him he would hardly have recognized.

"I am glad to see you, Gardner. It is really good of you to come," said Lord Cecil, heartily shaking the barrister by the hand. "I don't know what I should have thought of you, though, had not Hastings talked about you so much when he was at my place a few months ago. He declared that you were the coming man, and would yet have a seat on the woodcock."

"There was his well-remembered faintness of speech, but Gardner felt that there was something horribly artificial about it.

"I am sorry that you are in trouble, Stanhope," he replied, "and will do my best to get you out of it."

"There is no getting out of it for me," grumbled Lord Cecil. "I shall soon be a back number, but I have grit enough to do my duty. Well, come along. I've brought the dogcart myself, as I've lately taken a dislike to servants; they are always prying about. Pull up the collar of your ulster and tuck the rug about your knees. It's a jolly day for a spin."

Instructions before I came away." Stanhope climbed into the high "But my luggage?"

"The cart will call for that; I left part, and Gardner was soon beside him. He tossed a shilling to the man at the head of the spirited horse, and they were soon bowling along at a speed of sixteen miles an hour.

"You have still your love for fast horses," laughed the barrister, who thoroughly enjoyed the drive. "This is a beautiful creature."

"Yes, I hate to crawl, but suppose I shall have to walk soon!"

He gave the animal a cut with the whip, and it plunged forward with renewed fury, while Lord Cecil sang, recklessly:

"On—on, brave boy,
We'll never crawl or creep;
And if we get a spill—well,
Wooden legs are cheap!"

"But not very becoming to one's dignity," supplemented the barrister, laughing.

He could see that Stanhope was laboring under some strong mental excitement, and could not resist giving vent to it in some way.

"Is that your place?" Gardner presently asked, as a bend in the road revealed a grand old pile lying back among thousands of naked trees.

"No," was the short reply, "that is Swinford Abbey. Stanhope Towers is four miles further on."

For a few minutes there was silence, until they passed a tall man who was standing on the wayside.

"How that fellow stares!" observed Gardner. "Who is he?"

"The Earl of Swinford's steward," laughed Lord Cecil, bitterly. "The man I have cause to hate more than any other on earth!"

The barrister was more mystified than ever by his companion's strange words and stranger behavior, and neither again spoke until Stanhope Towers loomed before them through the haze of the wintry day.

Herbert Gardner could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the grand old mansion. It was not so imposing as Swinford Abbey, but far more picturesque, and looked strangely beautiful under the glittering, icy vesture that covered the roof and flashed with many-changing lights on the dome and minarets.

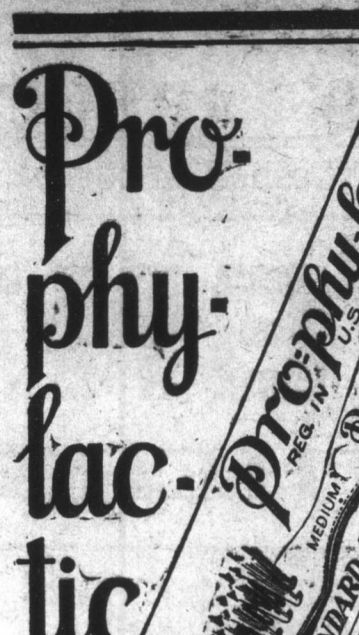
"A castle of which a king might be proud," said Gardner. "You must be fond of your home, Stanhope."

"I don't know that I ever looked at it in that light," Lord Cecil replied. "I never valued it until now. Don't talk about it, please."

To be continued.)

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GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY.
Probably all our readers know more or less of the story of this wonderful little dog. For long years he stayed about the grave of his dead master in the famous Edinburgh cemetery. Few of us, however, have seen anyone who knew him personally. We have before us a letter from a lady in Philadelphia, who writes:

"When quite a child, in 1868, I was taken abroad by my parents, and we spent several weeks in Edinburgh, when I became well acquainted with Greyfriar's Bobby. The story of his devotion is common knowledge in the city where his monument stands. The ordinary pictures of him are not wholly true to life, however, as he was really quite a little fellow, smaller than generally represented."

CANINE THEOLOGY.
That a dog is a most religious animal in his special position, no man can doubt. Religion means the exhibition of loyal reverence and love on the part of the inferior dependent creature toward the superior being on whom he depends; and nowhere amongst human beings, in all the churches, or in all the lives of the saint, can we find a more perfect love to the Supreme Father in Heaven than a dog shows to a kind master or mistress. And observe here, particularly, two immense advantages on the side of the pious dog. In the first place, he sees his God bodily before him, as distinctly as the hare which he hunts. He is not troubled with any misty or vague dreams, or vexed with any perplexing problems of Calvinistic or any other theology; he is perfectly happy in his worship, as pleased with his God as with his dinner; and this is more than can be said of many good worshippers in the human shape. Again, he not only worships untroubled by atheistical doubts, but his devotional practice is as significantly simple as his perceptions are true. In the religious world of unreasonable beings, nothing is more common than nonsense; contradictions of all kinds pass unquestioned by a blind faith, and the most plain sense is translated into absurdity by the magic touch of the bewitching word of an insolent dreamer, with a mitre or a tiara on his head." From the Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie.)

John Stuart Blackie was professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. He was a rare soul, a scholar, a thinker, and, as Carlyle said, "a man without guile."

Why Does A Cup of Tea In the Woods Taste Better?

Some of the "kill joys" will tell you it is imagination. But you mustn't mind them for that is what they lack.

The joys of troutling are not for them. The music of the salmon reel they will never know. The beauty of the berry patch, the red of the partridge berry, the blue of the whort berry and the satisfaction of the well filled basket are not for them.

Even the beauty of our Newfoundland scenery, the glory of the Topsail sunset will leave them cold. But let us forget them and let us make for the old Southside Hill, now carpeted with the green and red of the partridge berry, or out to Topsail, or up to Manuels River, or let us make for the old "Cow Path" leading to beautiful Holyrood (and along the said "Cow Path" the whorts never grew thicker than they do this year) and let us "boil the kettle", and I bet you it will be a good "cup of tea", unless your grocer has done you dirty altogether. For the secret of it is, you steep the tea as soon as the kettle boils, and any old tea will taste pretty good, I'll bet you.

But it is just as well to take the best tea with you, it doesn't cost much more. The last time we were out we had a splendid tea and it only cost us 65c. lb. It had a sort of artistic name—"Mount View". We bought it at Henry Blair's. They had another good tea there at 50c. per pound, but the clerk said "the best is the best", and we believe him.

Freshly boiled water is the secret of the cup of tea you drink out camping, fishing, berry picking or picnicking, but it is just as well to have the best tea.

You can get it for 65c. per lb. at Blair's "Mount View", that is the slogan.

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