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- Pain, Pain

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Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—
The Picnic

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLIII.

"A hundred!"
"I ask but one, and that is that you will not open this envelope until I am gone."

"It shall not be opened at all, if you wish it," Gardner smiled. "I promise what you ask. If you are quite determined to return home, pray allow me to arrange for your comfort."

"Thank you, but my maid and the nurse are quite capable of attending to my wants."

She spoke coldly, but a softer light was shining in her eyes.
"I don't think so." His tones were masterful. "You see, it is a long, cold ride by rail, and it takes a man to secure a private compartment, and a good supply of foot warmers. I will escort you to the railway station, and send a telegram to Lady Craythorne to have a carriage to meet you. Ladies as a rule, make a bundle of these little things. I never saw one yet who knew how to send a telegram, or who did not shudder upon receiving one!"

He smiled pleasantly, and Ada involuntarily held her right hand out to him. He pressed it warmly, and she whispered:
"You are too kind—I do not deserve it. We are to leave here at two o'clock. I do not wish to put you to any trouble."

"At two o'clock," he interrupted, gently. "I shall be ready to see you safely on your journey."

CHAPTER XLV.
Herbert Gardner escorted Ada Craythorne to the railway station, and by a mysterious system of "tipping" secured for her and her servants a first-class compartment all to themselves. He gave the guard something, and the guard at once reserved that part of the carriage to the ladies alone.
It is usual to supply one foot-warmer between two persons, but half-doz-

en found their way into Miss Craythorne's carriage, the heat from which soon permeated the chilly atmosphere, and she could not help feeling grateful to the young barrister for his care and attention.
"Now, nurse, you look after your charge," he said, when the preliminary banging of doors began.
"Yes, sir," mumbled the old woman, staring violently, and eyeing him strangely, almost wistfully.
The guard's whistle sounded, and he leaned forward and whispered to Ada: "I will not open your mysterious letter until I am alone to-night."
"Thank you," she replied, "and, if you ever want me, or the nurse, to explain anything, we are ready. It is for your sake that I am keeping the woman within reach. Good-by."

The train began to move, so that there was no opportunity for further speech, and Herbert Gardner smiled a little in his bewilderment.
He waved his hand to her, and she never forgot the look in his eyes, as he stood on the platform and watched the train glide away.
He returned to the Hall in the waiting carriage, and had to confess that his heart was gone irrevocably. He took the letter that she had given to him from his pocket, and kissed the handwriting that was here; he kissed it reverently. What was inside? Her last words had made him curious; indeed, but he had given his promise, and he put it away again.
Upon reaching the Hall, he went direct to his friend's room, where he was greeted somewhat reproachfully.
"I hear that you arrived a couple of hours since," said the baronet, "and have been all this time getting to my prison."
"You will pardon me when I explain, Charlie. I found Miss Craythorne upon the point of leaving without a male escort. I have merely seen her to the railway station."
(To be continued.)

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

—OR THE—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER III.
Sir Fulke could talk both well and cleverly when he chose. He changed both tone and manner when he spoke to her again. As she stood among the sweet-smelling orchids, he thought that he had never seen so fair a picture; when she touched one of them with her lips, Sir Fulke thought he could give his life to be one of the fair blossoms—yet he dared not say so. Lady Clyffarde expressed her delight at the beauty of the flowers.
"There is something very peculiar," said Sir Fulke, "in the odor of some orchids. It is very beautiful—there is a subtle sweetness in it."
"Perhaps you will think me very foolish if I tell you what effect the odor of an orchid has upon me," said Lady Iris, smiling. "It makes me long at once to go abroad. I cannot account for it, but the moment I enter this house a wild longing seizes

me to quit this cold northern clime and seek a sunnier one. I have read that certain odors have a most peculiar effect on some people!"
"I hope you will stop at the longing," observed Sir Fulke. "I should be sorry if the desire to rush away were accomplished."
"There is little fear; I like home best, Sir Fulke," and she turned to Lady Clyffarde, as though it were with her that she desired to converse. "There is another odor which has a wonderful effect upon me," she said—"that of southernwood. I have heard people call the plant vulgar—as though any such word were applicable. If I take a spray of it and rub it on my hands, beautiful and poetical ideas rise in my mind and transport me almost into another world."
"It is a strange thing," remarked Sir Fulke. "I must own that the odor of the lilac has the same effect upon me. I am not imaginative; but whenever I am near a lilac tree the odor seems, in some unaccountable way, to bring all the days of my boyhood back to me, and my heart softens. There are times too when it makes me melancholy. I am almost ashamed to confess that, man as I am, a spray of lilac has before now brought a choking sensation into my throat."
Lady Iris looked far more kindly at him than she had hitherto done. The words pleased her. She liked sentiment; and in a strong man she thought it doubly commendable.
"I may as well make my confession also," said Lady Clyffarde. "The scent above all other which moves me is that of the jonquil—you know the creamy flower with the yellow heart? Its odor gives me a strange sensation, half-pleasant, half sad."
"Of what?" asked Lady Iris, deeply interested.
Lady Clyffarde was silent for a few minutes; and then in a low voice she answered:—
"Of dead or ungratified desires."

CHAPTER IV.
For a few minutes a feeling of melancholy pervaded the little party. Sir Fulke broke the silence.
"There are many theories that might be started concerning this subtle sense of ours. When one smells a wood-violet, a picture of the spot where it grew often comes to the mind. Smell a rose, and a number of sweet fancies arise, bend over a bed of mignonette, and tender thoughts come into the mind. I believe a man or woman could be largely influenced by being made to breathe certain beautiful odors."
"I think," remarked Lady Clyffarde, "that we are getting over fanciful. Out in the fresh air we may perhaps regain our senses. Evidently the odor of the orchids is to much for us."
"I enjoy discussing such thoughts," said Lady Iris.
"There is so much in the world that we seldom think of hidden mysteries and hidden beauties," observed Sir Fulke—which remark raised him considerably in Lady Iris' estimation.
They walked back to the long drawing-room; and there, while the carriage was ordered, the conversation turned on the Barons.
"You know them, of course, Lady Clyffarde?" said the young heiress.
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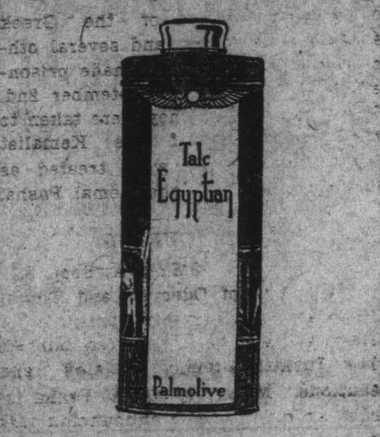
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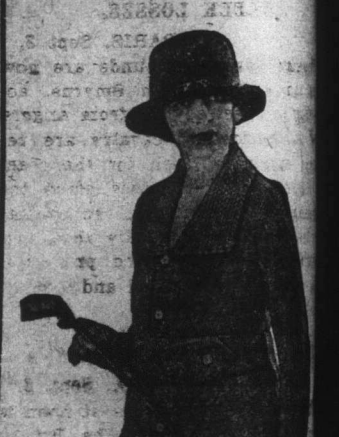
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