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LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER
—OR—
THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER IX.

Dora had no idea of their intrinsic value, but she felt that rather than lose them she would part with her life. The clock on the mantelpiece pointed to the half-hour after eleven, when she heard hurried steps on the stairs, followed by a sharp knocking on the door.

Dora sprang to her feet, her heart gave one convulsive throb, then seemed to stand still, and she was powerless to move another step.

Again was the door rapped impatiently, and the voice of the chambermaid called:

"Are you up, miss?"

Dora did not reply; she could find no voice to speak.

"I expect she is asleep," continued the chambermaid. "She came on a long journey by rail this morning, and was dreadfully tired, so she said. There was a telegram for her, too, which I pushed under the door."

"A telegram!" exclaimed another voice, a voice that made Dora clinch her teeth for it belonged to Esther Marsh.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you remember the name on it?" demanded Esther.

"Sure," replied the chambermaid. "It was the name as you ask for, Dora Deene."

"Open the door," commanded Esther, fiercely. "I tell you that the girl has been ill with the fever and is not in her proper mind yet. She has run away from home."

"Are you her mother?" asked the servant. "Really, ma'am, I can't take that responsibility on myself, but the master will be here soon. He's only gone into the market to buy some fish for dinner."

"You are sure that she is in this room?" Esther said.

"Certain. I put her in here myself."

"Very well. I will wait downstairs while some one fetches a policeman. I and the gentleman below have complete authority over her. Of course, she is only shamming now."

She rattled the door violently before going away, and muttered some threat.

Dora's face was deathly white, but there was a look of resolution in her eyes. She would defy Esther to the uttermost.

For ten minutes she heard the murmur of excited voices below, then there was silence, broken at last by the chiming of the clocks. It was noon!

There was a noise in the street, and Dora gazed to the window. Esther Marsh and Mr Marlowe were there with a policeman and they were being followed by a curious crowd. Another minute, and they would be at her door. Oh! why did not Edmund come?

There was a heavy tramp, tramp on the stairs, and while the landlord grumbled, the policeman demanded that the door be opened in the name of the law.

"My good fellow," said the oily voice of Marlowe, "lose no time, or the poor child may die. I should not be surprised if she has attempted suicide already. She is not responsible for her actions."

Desperate with anger, fear and despair, Dora snatched open the door, and regarded her enemies with a glance of withering scorn.

"I do not think these people will give credence to your abominable falsehoods," she said, in ringing tones. "I am quite capable of directing my own movements, Esther Marsh, and refuse to acknowledge you, a more servant, any longer. As far you are concerned, I have friends who will know how to punish him for daring to insult me."

"Dear, dear!" murmured Marlowe. "I am only a friend of the family, and bear the authority of her grandfather."

The policeman stood back in a state of perplexity. This was no child, who had run away from home in a freak of madness, as he had been led to believe and the landlord of the Marine Hotel begged of everybody to leave quietly, or the reputation of his house would suffer.

In the midst of this perplexed state of things, a tall figure pushed its way through the little crowd on the stairway, and Edmund Locksley was staring about him in haughty surprise.

"Come, Dora," he said, coolly, and with an air of quiet authority, that completely awed the policeman. "I have a cab waiting at the door. Does your bill require settling?"

"No, sir," the landlord said meekly. "The young lady paid in advance. Of course, you will just see these people outside? If they've got any business with the lady; it must be done elsewhere."

While the policeman was persuasively elbowing Esther Marsh off the premises, Locksley chatted pleasantly with the landlord, and Dora hastily collected her few belongings.

When she was ready her lover gave her his left arm, and amid the frantic vituperations of Esther Marsh, who called him a scoundrel and a wretch, he handed Dora into the waiting cab, and calmly ordered the driver to go to the railway station, while Richard Marlowe hung back trembling with rage and doubt.

"By the way, officer," said Edmund. "If that woman attempts to follow us, kindly look her up. Here is my card, if you need me to prosecute."

CHAPTER X.

As the cab rumbled on its way to the railway station, Edmund clasped one of Dora's little hands protectively, and was conscious that she nestled nearer to him, her face aflame with color.

The four-wheeler stopped, and, with a hasty glance behind, Locksley sprang out and assisted Dora to alight.

In answer to his query, an official informed him that there were two trains due for London, a South Eastern and a Chatham and Dover. Which line did he prefer?

"The quickest," he replied.

"Then here you are, sir; book at yonder window. She's signaled now."

Locksley obeyed, and in five minutes he and Miss Deene were seated in a first-class carriage, both feeling inexplicably relieved that neither Esther nor Marlowe had followed them.

"My poor little girl," said Locksley, at last. "I was only just in time to save you from those people. Had I known that I was leaving you to so much danger, I think I should have taken you with me yesterday."

The guard had considerably locked them in a private compartment. Experience had taught him the ways and requirements of lovers, and a bright shilling always brushes up the perception of a sensible British railway guard. He is the autocrat of the line; he is the captain of his train, and even the station masters have to submit to his word.

The train was puffing along now, and a long-drawn sigh uttered from Dora's lips, as she gazed trustfully into Locksley's honest eyes. Then, blushing rosy, she turned away her face for a moment.

"I never half realized the terrible position I was in," she whispered.

"You are not vexed with me, are you, Mr. Locksley—Edmund?"

"Vexed with you, darling? How can you fancy that?"

He took her in his arms and pressed warm kisses on her lips.

"If I look a little perplexed, it is for your sake, Dora. I am in a sea of doubt, and nothing weakens one so much as treading on uncertain ground."

She glanced at him half-reproachfully. What was there uncertain when he had told her that he would find her father within a few hours? In some way, she had imbued faith in this father, whom she had never seen. He would shield her from Marlowe, and cater to the winds of the rascal's threats against Captain Deene.

"Tell me, Dora, what happened after I went away," continued Locksley.

"Tell me what it was that frightened you from your old home, and then I may be better able to map out the further movements of to-day."

His tones were so grave that a momentary chill shot into the girl's heart. She was so innocent of the world that she never for an instant questioned what the world would think of her conduct.

"Edmund, dear," she said. "I want you to say if I have done right. You understand these things better than I do. My views of life and its conventionalities may be wrong—may be silly. All that I know has been learned out of books. I do not think that I have spoken to a dozen people since I was a little child. My governess was a refined and educated lady, who forever warned me of the wickedness of men. But I could not believe this; I thought that grandfather and Esther sounded the keynote. I would not believe it, and I have pinned to knowledge. Bit by bit I have gathered a portion of my mother's story, and when you came into my life, Edmund, it seemed that a beautiful world was opening to me, the world which grandfather has always spoken of as wicked and base. From that moment I had Mr. Marlowe, to whom grandfather had promised me in marriage—promised me, because Mr. Marlowe has some claim upon him, a claim which I believe he exaggerated to frighten me."

"You did not tell me this before," observed Locksley, holding her to him tightly.

"No, I did not suspect it," Dora went on. "I did not suspect it until after you were gone yesterday. Mr. Marlowe saw you—I believe that he heard much that passed between us, for as soon as you were gone, he sprang before me, and insulted me bitterly."

Locksley's brain burned with a fire of passion, and he clinched his teeth.

(To be continued.)

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French Pro Acc

Hostile Dem Scattered a Candidate Jersey Fi

HERRIOT RESE PARIS President Doumergue the resignation of cabinet, but requests colleagues to carry on as appointed President Doumergue in the Senate, threatening authority against the government to defend confidence, 156 to 104.

TWENTY KILLED IN

BAUCHEIN About twenty people and some sixty injured today between two and the suburb of Las Bains was due to the rakes on one of the

DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST

DAMASCUS Algerian cavalry guild the streets of Damascus words and eight men covering with troops. With having saved the from a hostile mob of people, which attacked yesterday. The many injured before he was quelled. The needed in reaching the veteran British soldiers. Efforts of the British failed completely to construction, mounted armoured cars secured the streets. The against Lord Balfour's work in the establishment of the Jewish Home in

THE ARABS AND

SCITE The attitude of the Arab in connection with the of Balfour was, of House of Commons a Conservative member in Palestine had enforced because of the Smyth-Gore, published secretary to the Commission in the negotia-

400,000 FIRE IN NEW

NEWARK N The plant of the I. M. Manufacturers, at destroyed by fire on January 1, 1925. The loss of \$3,000,000 stock.

BRITAIN'S IT

NEW YORK The indebtedness of the Great Britain amounted to \$2,200,000,000 on January 1, 1925. The company reported a

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