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

CHAPTER XXI.

Its architecture might have originated in a dozen schools of design at remote periods. There was nothing sufficiently pronounced to render it imposing. It was a mixture of simplicity and the echoes of far-away grandeur, softened by huge sprays of ambitious creepers, whose leaves flamed like fiery gold in the September sunshine, graduating to points that seemed to have been dipped into crimson blood.

Locksley was entranced. He forgot the greivous stories he had heard, and fancied that he could see Dora's lovely figure fitting among the flowers.

He opened a heavy oaken door, and passed into a square reception-hall of noble proportions, flooded with light from a great, glass dome that towered high above the center of the house.

A handsome staircase led to a gallery, upon which opened the rooms of the second floor, and he went from one to the other, delighted with everything that he saw. It was like a palace in miniature. Every room was in perfect order, and tastefully finished. The house could be made ready for occupation at a day's notice.

"I will not lose so grand a chance," he thought. "I cannot make any mistake; I am dealing with an honorable friend, and he offers me this, on approval, for three or six months. I will take it!"

He did not return with the keys to the post office, but arranged with the driver of the carriage to see that half-a-dozen women were put in at once to clean it, and light fires in the chilly rooms.

The man was only too glad of the change to earn a couple of sovereigns for himself, and Locksley returned to

London, highly satisfied with his bargain.

After a hasty dinner at Greely's Hotel, he went to Fulham, and gave Madam Bell instructions to move to "The Myrtles" early next day, so that she and Matilda could superintend the cleaning, and make all ready for the home-coming of Dora.

"You can lock up this house for the present," he told her, "and your furniture can follow you when we are settled."

Madam Bell was delighted at the prospect before her, and Matilda's pleasure was almost hysterical.

Locksley now turned toward Hammersmith, and it was quite dark when he knocked at the door of Frank Rogers' humble abode, his heart throbbing so wildly that he found it difficult to breathe.

Frank answered the door, and one glance at his face was a sweet relief to the young surgeon.

"All is well, Frank?"

"Yes, sir. I've got all arranged according to your wishes."

"My news is not quite so good, though I have reason to be pleased with my day's work. The marriage cannot take place until Thursday morning, and you must see the minister again."

He explained why the postponement was necessary, then bade him announce his presence to Miss Deane.

"And, Frank," he added, "contrive to leave us alone for an hour. I will see you afterward to make final arrangements."

Locksley was ushered into the same sitting-room where he had seen Dora so early in the morning of the same day, and the moment the door was closed she rushed into his arms with a happy little cry.

He was quick to notice the dark shadows under her eyes, but she met his questioning looks with a brave smile.

"My dear love," he said, kissing her tenderly, "all this doubt and uncertainty is telling on you. Why will you worry?"

"Do I worry," she asked, naively. "Of course you do! I can see the lines of caring care in your dear face," he replied, playfully.

"Then I must be growing old and wiser," said Dora. "But, Edmund, I cannot help trembling a little, though it must be very foolish and unreasonable of me to tell you, when you have so much to do. Having to be disconcerted at any moment, makes me miserably nervous."

He could not find it in his heart to tell her just yet that there was another whole day to be endured.

He spoke of the house at Richmond—her future home, their future home—and she listened to his vivid descriptions of the wonderful beauties of the lindens, the flowers, the ferns, and mosses, with parted lips and glistening eyes.

"And when he had told her everything, he concluded:

"And it only rests with my little wife whether I buy 'The Myrtles' or not. It would be one of the greatest pleasures in life for me to make my darling a wedding present—to give her 'The Myrtles,' with all the beautiful things it contains."

"My own love!" she whispered, joyously. "How good you are to me! I would rather share everything with you. Why should you make me this gift?"

"Because I love you beyond all else, either on earth or in heaven!" he said rapturously. "And if it is ever so full for me to practice my profession, I do not think there is a more pleasant place than Richmond in which to begin."

"Then, why hesitate, Edmund? Whatever you like will be doubly dear to me."

There was a tender, beautiful light in her glowing eyes, and he murmured:

"Was ever man so blessed as I!"

An hour passed, quickly, and at length he spoke, in a quick, nervous way:

"To-morrow, Dora—to-morrow 'The Myrtles' shall be made your very own."

"To-morrow!" she whispered, with a happy blush, and he found it harder than he had expected it would be to explain the delay of another previous day.

He felt her fingers tighten upon his wrists, and saw that she had grown suddenly pale, but she looked up at him bravely.

"And when will you come to me again, Edmund?" she asked.

"To-morrow evening—another blissful hour, and the next day our lives will be one."

Dora shivered a little, and clung tightly to him.

"Do not leave me yet," she said. "I am a coward, but I cannot help it. Do you know, darling, that I had a horrid dream last night—and I dreamed that we were parted forever—parted because of one day's delay! Is it not strange that this much of my dream is true?"

"It is my fault entirely," her lover replied. "I ought to have made inquiries, but I had an idea that a special license could be obtained without notice. Even Fairfax, who is a lawyer, was ignorant upon the matter. I shall bring it with me to-morrow night, Dora, and the wedding ring!"

He tried to speak lightly and cheerfully, but there seemed to be a leaden weight at his heart.

The hour that Locksley had asked for lengthened into three, and he was startled by hearing a clock chime eleven.

At last he tore himself away, and Rogers went outside to see that the street was clear.

"You will have to go back to Greely's, sir," he said. "I couldn't get any accommodations here without raising suspicion."

"It does not matter," Locksley replied, gloomily. "Only I anticipated some pleasure in being only half-a-mile from Miss Deane instead of an hour's journey."

"I will walk with you a little way," volunteered Frank.

"Yes; I have some instructions to give you."



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has been universally appreciated  
by our Troops from every part  
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The Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co. supplied over 750,000,000 tins of Milk to the Allied Troops during the Great War.

**SIDE TALKS.**  
By Ruth Cameron.

**INCOMES AND STORAGE ROOMS.**

How glibly and cheerfully other people can always spend one's money for one. "I should think you'd enjoy having a motor boat, you are so fond of the water."

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**OBVIOUS BUT PEOPLE FORGET IT.**

You can't spend the same money for two purposes at one time—that is apparently too obviously true to be worth saying.

And yet there are millions of people in this country who don't sense it as a fact.

Even the millionaire's income has its limits.

No one millionaire can indulge in all the luxuries that all the other millionaires indulge in without going just as broke as you and I will go if we try to have all the luxuries that other people with an income similar to ours have.

Everyone has pet luxuries and pet economies. That "C" has a closed car with an income like yours is no proof that you can afford a closed car if you do not practice "C's" strict economy in the matter of service.

Don't Throw Things In Helter-Skelter. The Authorian says that an income is like a room for storage space. No matter if it is large, it has its limits just the same. You can pack a certain amount of things into it (and, of course, some people are more skillful packers than others), but there always comes a time when you cannot get any more in.

And that's just as true of the large room as the small room.

Wise indeed is the man or woman who doesn't throw a lot of things into his space helter-skelter and then find he cannot get in the things he wants most.

Richard Hudnut Three Flowers Talcum. Your choice of the three flowers color presented in a Talcum Powder of Quality and Delicately Packaged.

Right of Way. Let the stately locomotive revel in its right of way; this determination will fill me as I drive my dray.

Here's the locomotive toasting smoke-wreaths in the balmy air; I could beat it to the crossing by some seven feet.

I swear; that might give some satisfaction, that might fill my breast with pride; but the perils of such action can't be truthfully denied. I have legs I greatly cherish, I have ribs that yield content, and I'd hate to see them perish in a crossing accident. So I stop and look and listen ere I cross the iron rails, where the painted signboards glisten, warning reckless, speeding males. I have whiskers richly flowing from the suburbs of my face; I've a bonnet which the knowing call a credit the place; all the things I highly treasure, all my gems, of priceless glass, are protected, in a measure, if I let the engine pass. But if I should try to beat it to the crossing, in my dray, if I raced and failed to cheat it of the valued right of way, there would be a fierce collision and my bus would strew the ground, and would horrify the vision of all rubbernecks around. Crushed and broken, overmastered, I'd be mingled with the dray, and my whiskers would be plastered on a pole a mile away. And my hat would be a ruin, and my gables a wreck, and my motor, done with choom; would be hanging round my neck. Let the locomotive thunder unmolested on its track; I would not be lying under, with a broken neck or back.

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When on the Highway to Success

"Sleeplessness," Doctor Kennedy tells us, "is one of the commonest signs of nervousness. Another is physical unrest. You are showing signs of nervousness when you cannot keep from twitching your eyebrows, scrunching your shoulders, swinging one foot when your legs are crossed; or when you cannot sit at a desk or table without continually tapping with the fingers."

THE warning symptoms, as outlined above, are well worth careful study because with this knowledge you can detect the indications of falling nervous energy while yet there is time to prevent serious results.

Your digestive system has failed to supply proper nourishment to the nervous system.

On this account outside help is necessary, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, before you can get back your strength and vigor.

You will not be using this restorative treatment long before you are sleeping, and resting better, appetite and digestion will improve and you find yourself well on the way to health and happiness.

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

**Why Men Crack**  
When on the Highway to Success

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THE newest hair arrangements—whether for long or for bobbed hair—are severely smooth. The hair may be waved, but it must follow closely the outlines of the head.

The difficulties of giving this fashionably smooth appearance to unruly hair are easily overcome with Stacomb.

Just a touch of this delicate cream makes the hair stay combed.

At all Drug and Department Stores.

**GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent**

—and your hair will lie just the way you want it. And it will have a lovelier gloss, too. You can get Stacomb at all drug and department stores—in jars or in tubes.

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**Premiums**  
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