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LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Will it take you long to read up this test case—this ruling of Judge Chitty? Fairfax, I believe in my heart that your fears are well founded, and I have revealed for hours in a fool's paradise."

"I am not sure that I have a complete digest of the case," Fairfax responded, "but you shall know to-night, as I know where to lay my hand upon the books."

"Then I will hamper you, but will come to your chamber later. Tell me what time I may come."

"I will be ready for you at eight o'clock."

"So late? And Dora all this time waiting for me!" Locksley exclaimed in distress.

"It cannot be helped, old man. I may even then not be quite prepared for you. Send her a telegram—'Unavoidably detained,' you know. It is hard, of course, but it might have been a great deal worse."

"You are right; it might have been worse. I will go to my club and attend to one or two matters there. Then I will send this wretched telegram; and if—and if I cannot go home—go to 'The Myrtles'—to my darling to-night. I will visit my father. It is a duty I owe to him."

He alighted at Piccadilly Circus, and Fairfax went on to his chambers in Fleet street.

Frank Rogers was waiting for him in the anteroom of the Prince Albert Club, and the young fellow was startled by the pallor of his master's face. He read his letters mechanically, scarcely comprehending half of their meaning, until he came to one written in pencil.

Dear Young Master:—Your father wishes to see you. Most important. He has left "The Cedars" forever. I will call here again at six o'clock, and hope to find you. Don't tell any one that you have received this. Obediently yours,

THOMAS PETERS.

"Don't tell any one about this," muttered Locksley. "What can be the meaning of such mystery? What is my father doing so far from home in his doubtful state of health? Left 'The Cedars' forever!"

He put the letter away, his seething brain in a chaotic whirl.

"Frank," he said, "my troubles are not yet at an end—mine and my wife's. It is our wedding day, but I am advised that the marriage must be performed again to make it legal. This need not hinder the work you have in hand; indeed, I wish you to push forward with your inquiries concerning Lord Morden, so that the mystery of his strange disappearance may be solved, for my wife's sake."

"I am ready, sir, but I must draw upon you heavily if my plans are to be carried out, I want five hundred

pounds. I intend telegraphing to several Colonial agents, and I must deposit money with their representatives here as a guarantee of good faith."

"You need not explain your modus operandi to me, Frank; I am quite satisfied to trust the matter to you. Go to work, and report to me here for the present."

He gave Rogers a check and the young detective went away, filled with the importance of his task.

At six o'clock promptly, Peters, the valet, put in an appearance, and Edmund was quick to observe the anxiety in the man's face.

"Do not speak above a whisper, sir," he pleaded. "This is almost a matter of life and death."

"I shall soon begin to think I am mad," Locksley said, "that everybody else is. What is the meaning of that extraordinary note you left here? Why has my father left 'The Cedars'? What freak is it?"

"Hush, Mr. Edmund! Do not ask me to explain. He will tell you all. Your letters have been kept back from him; he knew nothing of your projected marriage until yesterday. The scoundrel who calls himself Viscount Melville is at the root of the mischief. Your father needs you now—needs you to save him from an awful fate. Don't ask me to tell you more; I am running a great risk in speaking with you here. I will meet you on Waterloo Bridge, say at ten o'clock, to conduct you to my master, and I ask you to be prepared for a great change in him."

He suddenly turned away, for he was aware that he was being eyed curiously by a gentleman who had recently entered the room, and before Edmund could arrest his rapid movements, he had vanished.

"That's my old orderly, Peters, as I live!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Hallo, Locksley. I hunted you up at the time arranged, but you were not here. Any news from your father?"

"Bad news, general," Edmund replied, evasively. "It was indeed Peters, whom you saw leave me, and my father is too ill to see any one."

"Confound it," muttered Hassard. "Why didn't I stop Peters? You see, my eyes are not so good as they were, and I was not sure of my man until I saw him walk. It's deucedly strange that your father refuses to see me. I was a very old friend of Morden's, and I should like to hear how he died, and what became of his money. Have a cigar with me? By the way, I should like to have a chat with Peters some time. When he has a day to spare, let him call upon his old master. Here is my card."

Locksley mechanically took the bit of pasteboard, and promised to speak to Peters. He smoked a cigar with General Hassard, and heard the roll of his deep bass voice for half-an-hour without comprehending the meaning of a single sentence that he uttered.

When the clocks chimed the hour of seven, he stirred uneasily, saying: "You must excuse me, general; I have letters to write, and an important engagement in the city at eight."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly." Then he added: "You are a very old friend of my nephew, eh—Fred Fairfax?"

"Yes," replied Edmund. "A very old friend."

"I thought so—I thought so. Well, good-night. Don't forget to tell Peters that I would like to see him, and ask your father what became of Lord Alfred Morden's money. I happen to know that he was appointed executor. Morden wrote me about it."

He looked after the young man, and muttered:

"He seems all right. And, after all, where is the use in raking up the past?"

Edmund wrote a letter to Dora—a letter that made his heart bleed. This is it:

My Darling Sweetheart:—It seems that Fate must continue to be cruel to us, and I am penning these words with misery in my heart—the misery of having to pain and distress you. It is seven o'clock, and I do not find it hard to picture your dear face, your beautiful, anxious eyes watching and waiting for one who cannot come to you until another day. Oh, Dora, my loving, true-hearted Dora, it is like a knife in my soul! And now I will explain at least a part of my difficulty. My father is desperately ill—perhaps mad, for his valet has just left me, after bringing me the shocking news that he has deserted his own home forever—that he is in hiding, and must see me at a very late hour to-night. My darling, what can I do but obey? I am his only child, and if he needs my care, I should be a monster to evade my natural duty. There is not time to come to you and explain. It is seven now, and I am going to send you a telegram at eight. I have another engagement of vital importance, and at ten I have to solve the mystery of my poor father's at present inexplicable conduct.

I will come to-morrow, little wife, and I shall tap at the oriel window. Yours in life and death,

EDMUND.

He posted this letter, on his way to Fleet street, and at the same time sent a telegram to Dora, explaining briefly the cause of his absence, and telling her that he had written a letter to her.

When he reached the barrister's chambers, it was half-past eight, and he walked up the dark stairway, like a man who prepares to face a stern and inexorable judge.

He had no idea that he had been followed from Piccadilly by a small man in a gray tweed suit. He had no idea that the man crept upstairs after him, and crouched in the shadow of the door that opened into the barrister's rooms.

Locksley passed in, and the door closed. There was no one there but Fairfax, and he sat reading the evening edition of the Standard.

He looked up, but did not speak, and motioned his friend to be seated.

"Your reply is ready?" questioned Locksley. "Yes, I know it, or I should still find you busy. My marriage with Miss Dora Deane is no marriage at all!"

"You are right, Edmund. She is not your wife in the eyes of the law, and I advise you to get married again without delay! You ought to thank me, instead of glaring about you in that dazed fashion. It would have been a terrible thing to find it out too late. Come! have a nip of brandy. I wish I had never sold you that accursed house. You are the third who has met with misfortune there!"

"It will be all right in the end, please Heaven," replied Locksley, smiling in a wintry sort of way. "I am in need of advice now more than I ever was in my life. I cannot collect my senses—I cannot keep Dora's anxious face from before me. Tell me what to do, Fred—tell me what to do."

(To be continued.)



This is the time of the year when weather conditions are so changeable that you should be on the lookout for your health. You should keep your system in a good healthy condition so as you avoid picking up the various diseases that are prevalent. If you are not feeling up to the mark and need a good tonic you can take no better than

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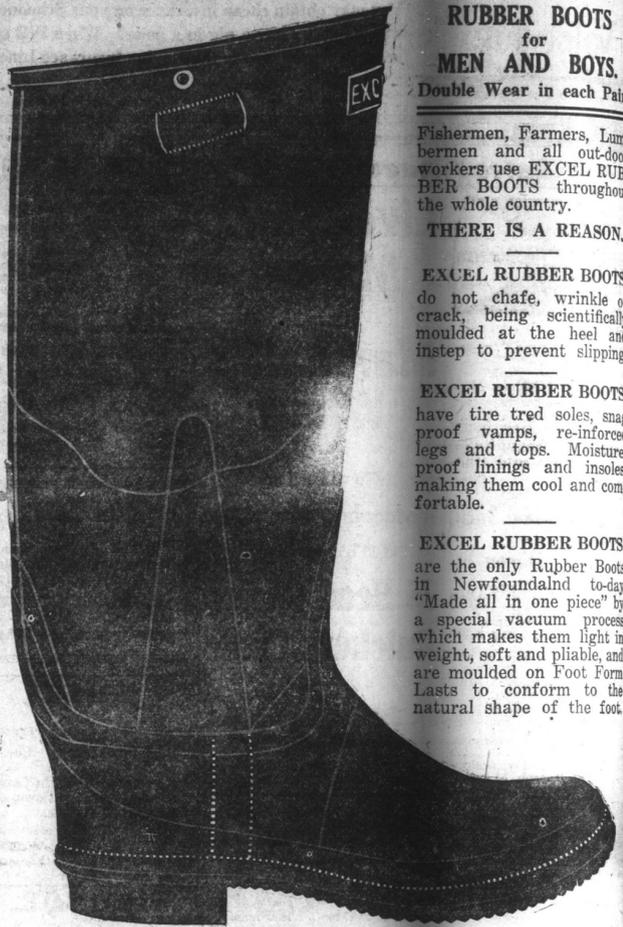
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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

ALL HONOR TO SOMEONE.



Once more I pay tribute to the people who do the difficult, and the dangerous, and the disagreeable things that have to be done by someone. Especially,

this time, those who live in daily danger because of their work.

I stayed at a hotel one night recently opposite which a 12 story building was being built. I sat down by my window after breakfast and watched the workmen.

The scaffolding was up and some of the floors were in, but not in the three top stories opposite my window, yet men were walking about, stooping to pick up tools, pounding, hammering, working with the rivet machine, crawling out on scaffolding that overhung the 150 foot drop to the street.

Made Me Dizzy Just To Watch. Just to watch them made creepy feeling go up my legs, and my head swim in sympathetic dizziness (wanted sympathy for their showed not a sign of needing it). Once when one of the foremen went to the edge of the temporary flooring and leaned way over to see if some detail of the work was being properly handled, I almost lost my recently acquired breakfast—yet to him it was evidently a minor detail in the day's work.

I have seen 10,000, or more, tall buildings that someone had to build in this same way, and I have looked up from the street and seen them in process of construction, but I never before realized so vividly in what

constant danger this someone who rears all these solid, safe, stone buildings must live while this calmly accepted miracle is being wrought.

Some of these are going to die. To be sure there is not the danger in it for him that there would be for us ground lubbers who walk down below, and yet even for him there is constant danger.

Whenever a building is to be built and the contracts are being figured, so much is always figured in for damages for the men who will be injured and killed. How many depends on the size of a building. Any en-

gineer can tell you how many men are going to die (on the average) each sky scraper, and for each floor or other engineering feat.

Of course, each worker, though he knows the risk, does not think that thing will happen to him. How can that be, for then he would expect to die and none of us really expect that, do we? (we know it with our hearts but we don't sense it with our brains—praise be!)

Think Of Being Someone's Wife. Yet let him have a married wife and a few sleepless nights will come to work with frayed nerves and the moment of carelessness, a single misstep that would mean falling on the ground will spell death for one more someone, and his wife.

Think what it must be to be the wife of one of those men—to see go off every day to wonder if he will come back safely. Think what ringing of the telephone bell means. Think of the whole world when he is not quite sure if he will stay home, and yet not quite sure enough to be wholly himself.

Once more I pay tribute to all those (and their wives), and the people who do the difficult, and the dangerous, and the disagreeable things that have to be done by someone. All honor to their courage.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT KING OF PAIN

THE LURE OF SEATTLE. EDGEMONT, ALBERTA. The town of Edgmont, Alberta, was burning in a radio here yesterday, but destroyed, according to reports received '3-25.

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Information has been received from the British Consul in St. John's, N.S., that the final conference of the Methodist Conference in Sherbourne, N.S., on June 9, the final conference of the Methodist Conference in St. John's, N.S., on June 9, the final conference of the Methodist Conference in St. John's, N.S., on June 9.

THE FINAL CONFERENCE

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