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

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Hush, mamma. We will not speak of my Edmund. He is good and true, and if he lives, he will come back to me. I have heard of the cruel things in the papers, but they are false—every word!"

"My poor child!" sobbed Lady Morden; "I was trusting once, but my faith in human nature is dead. This is no place for you. It is the gift of a man who has deserted you—whose name you cannot legally bear. I come to take you home—to my home. come to atke you home—to my home, where the breath of scandal may never reach you. In a little while people will talk—your life here will be unbearable. No one will care to know you, and it will be a social sin to be seen speaking with you."

Dora shivered, but she replied:

"I would not vex you for worlds, mamma. My heart bleeds for you, your sufferings have been so great; but until I have proof that my darling is dead!"—she clutched at her heart—until I have proof that my darling is dead, I must wait for him here. I promised him that I would do so."

Lady Morden felt that it would be useless to argue further with her daughter. She was surprised to find that Dora was a resolute woman—a woman whose nature was far deeper and stronger than her own. She had come to protect a gentle and clinging girl; she had come to advise, with her mature years; but instead, found herself swayed and controlled by a keener intellect, and a will that was unalterable.

"From what you have told me of my father," she said, "I believe that he suffered from some youthful folly. I am sure he was not wicked, willfully, and I have reason to believe that he is not dead. As for my lover—my husband, I am as sure of his truth—of his unblemished honor, as I am of the existence of Heaven. If he is dead, then my life is ended, and I will go with you, dear mamma. Until I am assured of this, I will ask you to stay here, because, if he lives, he will come back again, and I must be here to welcome him!"

In the afternoon a telegram came from Rogers, as follows:

Mr. Fairfax and I will come to "The Myrtles" to-morrow. We have quite a budget of news for you, as the past few hours have been filled with unhappy surprises.

Frank had sent this, hoping that it would smooth the way for the news he and the barrister had to bring to the unhappy girl, but it only made her restless and nervous.

"There is too little and too much here," she thought, "and I shall know no peace until I know it all."

The mother and daughter did not separate many minutes during the whole day, there was so much to say, so many sympathies to share.

To Lady Morden there was something infinitely mournful in Dora's fond allusions to Edmund Locksley. Her faith was not to be shaken, and in the evening she went to her vigil at the library window, repeating again her promise to her going.

Gradually the shadows deepened, and Dora stared into the gloom beyond.

"We can talk in the twilight glow, mamma," she said. "I do not want the lamps yet, because I cannot see any objects in the drive when the room is ablaze with light. I have always felt that my husband will come back after the sun has set. He told me that it would be dark, and that he would tap on the window-pane."

"My darling Dora," her mother replied, half-tearfully, "it frightens me to hear you talk like this!"

"You would not be frightened if you knew Edmund. He will come back to me in the spirit, if not in the flesh!"

They talked together for a little while in whispers, then Dora bent her head forward to listen.

Was that a sound in the avenue? The sound of advancing footsteps?

She heard the crunching gravel, the rustling of dried leaves, that always were falling, on these autumn days. Her heart stood still, and she strained her eyes until they burned with a keen pain.

A black figure stood in the gloom beyond, tall and straight. Then it came nearer—nearer, and Edmund Locksley, or his wraith, was standing at the oriel window.

Dora was spell bound, but her face was irradiated with a smile that her mother never forgot. She believed that her darling's spirit was standing before her, silent and shadowy. He had kept the promise that he had made; he would come back in the flesh, or in the awful shadow of the higher world, if she would wait for him—if she would have faith in him. He was dead, then, and this was the news which Rogers had to bring her—her darling was dead!

A great sob burst from her lips, and she held out her arms to him; then the figure bent forward, and tapped at the window.

"Edmund! my darling!" Dora shrieked. "I am here, waiting for you!"

She reeled toward the window, but the figure was gone, and she fell fainting into Lady Morden's arms.

CHAPTER XL.

When Dora opened her eyes they rested upon the dear face of her lover. His arms were about her, his kisses on her lips, and she clung to him convulsively.

"My poor little woman!" he kept repeating. "Did you think that I had gone from you forever? Did you think that I was never coming back again?"

"I have waited for you—I would have waited forever!" she told him. "Oh, my darling, hold me fast for a little while. Let me be sure that you are with me, strong and well."

He felt ready to laugh now. He had forgotten his father's great crime, his own narrow escape from death. Dora was safe—a breathing, loving woman. Safe in his arms!

"I went away, darling," he said, intending to return the same night. Fred Fairfax had hinted that our marriage was hardly strong enough—that the interruption might invalidate it. Then we arranged that another wedding should be performed the very next day."

"I have heard of all this," Dora said, softly.

"And then," proceeded Locksley, "I had to see my father—to hear a dreadful story from his lips—the story of a wicked crime. I left him hopeless and bewildered at midnight. I left him to come back to my darling. But I was in the way of a cruel fate, for some villain stole after me in the darkness, beat me down and pushed me into the Thames. I escaped by a miracle, and was taken to Southend insensible. I only came to my proper mind this morning and I have hastened here, with news which not only takes the brand of Cain from my unhappy father's brow, but which will unite Lord Alfred Morden to his daughter!"

He was interrupted by a moan from the other end of the dark library and was rather bewildered by the presence of another person. When he had snatched Dora to his bosom he had not noticed Lady Morden, and the girl had temporarily forgotten her mother in this new-found bewildering joy.

He gazed at Dora with a look of startled inquiry, for Lady Morden was standing before them now, an expression in her eyes that was almost piteous in its beseeching anxiety.

"Forgive me for forgetting you, dear mamma!" Dora cried. "This is Edmund Locksley—my lover—my husband, Edmund, it seems that there are nothing but joyful surprises in store for us. Until this morning I had no knowledge that my mother lived, and now you speak of a father also."

Locksley stared from one to the other, in the most utter bewilderment.

"Am I really in the land of the living, or is this a dream?" he exclaimed. "Pardon me, Lady Morden, for such I understand you to be; indeed, I cannot be mistaken when I see the likeness you bear to my dear wife."

"No, no, I have no right to that name," said Dora's mother, covering her face with her hands. "I have no right to that name, and you have yet to learn my sad story, Mr. Locksley."

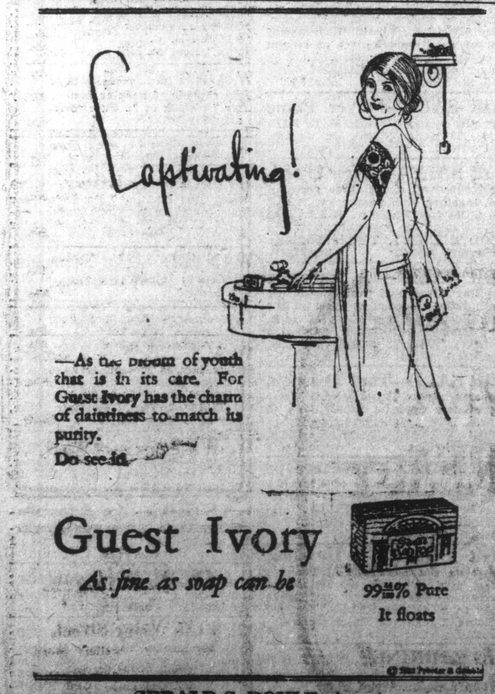
"I think that I know it, Lady Morden," replied the young man, with a satisfied smile. "Your marriage to Lord Morden was perfectly legal, as he himself will prove to you. Oh, what a joyous re-union this will be!"

Lady Morden was too agitated to speak for a little while, but her eyes were fixed upon Locksley appealingly, and he continued:

"You must nerve yourself for a surprise, my lady. Lord Morden is alive and well. He reached England to-day from Switzerland; he came in quest of his daughter, whom he believed to be dead, and will be here to-night!"

In a moment, mother and daughter were weeping tears of joy in each other's arms; and in the midst of this evermemorable scene, Lord Morden entered the room.

(To be continued.)



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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE PERSON WHO KNOWS SOMEONE WHO—

Heaven save us from the person who always knows someone who——

The dashes following "who" stand for various things. It just depends on what your present interests are what that invisible person did or had happened to him.

—Was Six Months In Bed From A Bad Tooth.

If you have a violent toothache that runs up into your jaw, he or she (I guess I'll call him "she") thinks you'd better not wait until to-morrow to have it out, for she knew someone who had a toothache very much like yours, and she put off having it out, and the first thing she knew she had terrible rheumatism that the doctor said came from that diseased tooth, and she was in bed for six months.

Or, if you are going to take a trip she warns you not to drink the water there. She knew someone who went to that place and almost had typhoid from drinking the water.

Had Ptomaine From Lobster.

You start to order your favorite delicacy from the bill of fare, and she says: "Oh, do you dare eat that? I wouldn't. Why I knew someone who had ptomaine from eating that. They say it's very apt to go bad this time of year."

Your little girl has a badly swollen mosquito bite, and she advises having the doctor. "I think people are too apt to neglect these things she says forbodingly. "I knew someone who was bitten by a mosquito and it swelled up and she just bathed it with soda, or something like that, and it....." But I spare you the grim details. I think you will be happier if you do not know them.

—Had Bad Luck With The Dressmaker.

Her friends seem to have the most astonishing bad luck. Not only do they have remarkable illnesses, but if they buy stock it seems to slump; if they go to a dressmaker whom others find good, she makes the most terrible mistakes on their work; if they go to a hotel which you have heard well recommended by others, they do not get enough to eat; if they use the common remedies that other people find helpful, they are peculiarly affected by them. Life to them is a hazardous business.

Heaven preserve us from the person who knows someone who——

For Heaven knows we have enough fears of our own, and we need no encouragement to have more.

RICHARD HUDNUT

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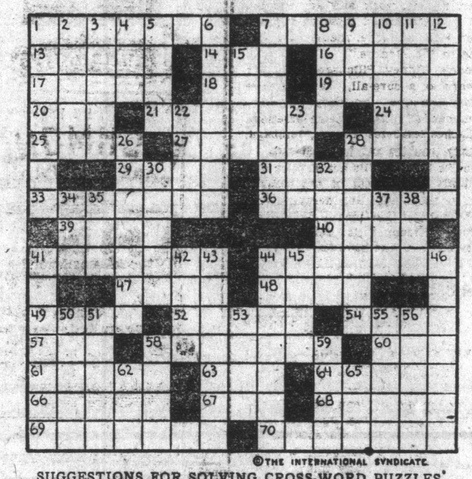
The Face Powder that is Different

Having the Particularly Desirable Quality of Adhesiveness and perfumed with the Distinctive and Appealing odor of Three Flowers

In All Popular Shades

To slightly sweetened gem batter add a few chopped dates and nuts.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

1—Sort
7—Postponed
13—Wading bird
14—Bore into
16—Stringed instrument
17—Downward
18—Grieve
19—Turn of expression
20—Extreme (abbr.)
21—Metal marking-plate
24—Chartered Public Accountant (abbr.)
25—Prayer
27—Proportion
28—Observes
29—Condemnation
31—Minute particle
33—Sends back
36—Lassos
39—Quick, sharp blows
40—Teasing desire
41—Tenants
44—Covered with blemishes
47—Famous English college
48—Sound
49—Hairless
52—Heroic prose epics
54—Seizes
57—Length of life
58—Leaves
60—Diocese
61—Annoy
63—Cooking utensil
64—Oil of roses
66—Follow
67—Extension of house
68—Damp
69—Soaked
70—Skilled workers

VERTICAL

1—Confidence man
2—Pertaining to the foot
3—Eat away
4—Subdue through fear
5—Taverns
6—Issues forth
7—Particular
8—Wrong
9—Cover
10—Give expression to
11—To abscond
12—Fine linen fabric (pl.)
15—Female relative
22—Walked on
23—Trifle
26—Adjusted
28—Stricken
30—Attack
32—Constellation
34—Before
35—Human race
37—Perform
38—Definite indicator
41—Return payments
42—Flower
43—Broken off short
44—Frighten
45—Stake
46—Merited rewards
50—Representative
51—Legal agreement
53—Prison
55—Moving about
56—Wild animal
58—Profound
59—Hulled corn
62—Proceed against
65—Part of foot

Solution of yesterday's puzzle.

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Misses' 1-Strap 2-Button Canvas Shoes	Sizes 11 to 2	Price	$1.90
Misses' Strap Sally Canvas Shoe	Sizes 11 to 2	Price	$2.00
Women's 1-Strap 2-Button Canvas Shoes	Sizes 3 to 7	Price	$2.00
Women's 1-Strap Sally Canvas Shoes	Sizes 3 to 7	Price	$2.50
Women's 2-Strap Sally Canvas Shoes	Sizes 3 to 7	Price	$2.75
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Low rubber heel.
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Only ....$1.95 the pair

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Men's Black Kid Laced Boots ..... Only $3.99 the pair
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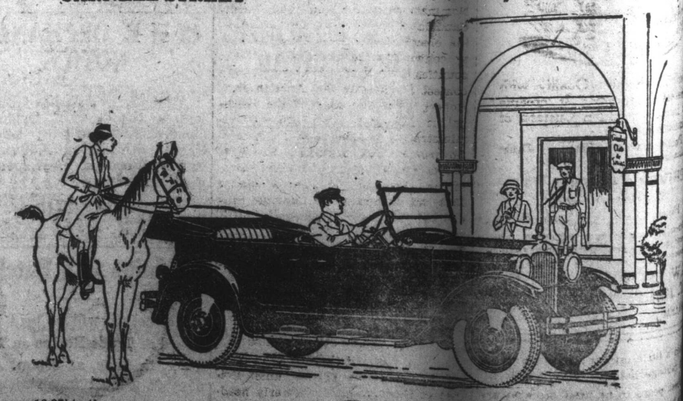

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