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

CHAPTER XXIV.

"My poor friend!" he said. "I have expected this, though not quite so soon. It is sad that he should be taken away without one relative near."

He spoke these words to Lady Clare in the presence of the butler: then requested the man to send Peters to him adding:

"I am too upset to look upon my friend's face at present. I am angered beyond measure by the unnatural conduct of his son."

"I have just heard the sad news, Peters," he said to the valet. "When did you find your master?"

"About five o'clock, sir. He was quite cold. He gave me a day off, and it's a wonder I came back so early and I shall never forgive myself for going away at all, while he was so ill."

"You must not reproach yourself, though had you asked me I should have forbidden it. I wonder why nothing was said to me about your holiday. It was thoughtless of you, Peters. What did the doctor say?"

"He promised to come back to-night, or early to-morrow, and instructed me to allow nobody to enter the dead man's room."

"He meant the servants, of course," interrupted the viscount.

"He meant everybody, sir, I take it. I think he suspects foul play, and will bring another doctor with him."

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated the viscount. "I will look at my dead friend presently."

"Not while I am in charge, sir," said Peters, decidedly. "The doctor's orders were imperative."

Melville was inclined to be angry, but on moment's reflection told him that he had nothing to fear.

"I admire your courage in the discharge of what you deem to be your duty, Peters. I will not attempt to interfere with you, and wish you to believe, also, that I have forgiven you for the blow you struck me this morning. I was altogether to blame, but I had been annoyed by my uncle, Sir George, who is somewhere about the house wretchedly drunk. If possible, Peters, keep an eye upon him also."

"Yes, sir," replied the valet, adding to himself: "It will take a better man than you to deceive me, you artful, two-faced villain!"

It now required all the ingenuity of the faithful Peters to devise some scheme for getting his unhappy master

out of the house unobserved, and he resolved that it would be best to wait until the lights were all out, and trust to luck for success beyond all the caution that could be exercised.

The servants retired at eleven, when all the lights were shut off at the meter by the butler, unless any of the guests remained up.

To-night there was not much probability of that, for no one could decently indulge in music or cards with the master supposed to be dead in the house.

At midnight Peters considered that it was safe to venture forth, and with Mr. Locksley leaning on his arm, he stepped softly downstairs.

As they neared the library door, it was seen that there was a light burning in the room, but they passed on, silently making their way to the servants' hall, then out into the starlight by a side door.

"It's all right, sir," Peters announced. "Now let the villain do his worst! He's up to something in the library to-night!"

Mr. Locksley did not reply, though his eyes flashed, and he felt a savage satisfaction in the knowledge that Viscount Melville's plotting would all end in thin air.

They continued in the shadows of the trees that skirted the kitchen garden, intending to walk through the fields beyond to the highway.

Suddenly Peters stopped and whispered:

"Hark, master! Whose voices are those?"

They shrank back into deeper shadows, and presently two figures loomed the darkness—one was tall and slight, the other large and heavy.

"Yesh," said the voice of Sir George. "The papers are all right now—he and you got the old man out of the way cleverly, by Jove. We'll share alike—equal partners—hic—by Jove. But where does Edmund come in—hic—by Jove?"

"He had no legal claim, so what does it matter?" replied the soft, purring tones of Melville. "We are not robbing him."

"Right you are—hic!"

They passed on, and Peters whispered:

"One minute, master: I'll just see what they are up to."

He followed the dark figures until they halted within a few feet of the horse-pond. He heard both talking, but could not distinguish what they were saying.

All at once Melville leaped at his unsuspecting companion with the velocity of a cannon ball, and there was a dull splash, followed by a surging cry.

"Let them fight," grunted the valet. "I am not going to imperil my master's liberty by interfering with such carrion."

"All was quiet for a minute, then he saw Melville hurry away—alone!"

"My God!" muttered Peters, "is this murder?"

He walked softly to the horse-pond, but it was too dark to see anything but the murky surface of the water.

Then he heard his master's voice, and ran back to him, his mind in an awful whirl.

"That was Melville—Melville and Moncrieff!" asked Locksley.

"Yes, sir," shuddered Peters, adding: "How deep is the horse-pond, master?"

"Ten or twelve feet. It used to be fenced off. It is a dangerous place!"

"Yes; I nearly walked into it," replied Peters, untruthfully; then he added to himself:

"Sir George Moncrieff is at the bottom, dead, and Viscount Melville has murdered him!"

They reached the fields, and crossed over to the highway. Another half-hour's walking brought them to Streatham railway station, whence they took tickets to Ludgate Hill.

Arrived in London, Peters took his master to Faulkner's Hotel, in Newport Street.

"Newgate street," muttered Mr. Locksley, grimly. "Is it the irony of fate that has guided us here? I, a murderer, am within a stone's throw of the gallows."

"Don't don't, master!" said Peters. "We will go to Mr. Edmund in the morning and he will set matters straight."

CHAPTER XXV.

"My marriage day!" said Edmund Locksley to himself for the fiftieth time, while dressing.

He had risen with the first gleam of sunshine, and watched almost anxiously to see if the day promised to be fine.

The great day-king peeped from the horizon, after sending a thousand arrows to lead the way. Then the sky became dappled with beautiful little grey cloudlets that melted into stuffy down before the brilliant beams of the rising monarch.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," Locksley quoted. "And now I heartily wish it were all over! Dear little Dora! Heaven bless her!"

He went on with his dressing, and wondered if there as another fellow so happy as he in the whole universe!

He knew that no one had such a sweet and perfect treasure as Dora. He knew that no one had a lovelier little home, and as for its past associations—pshaw! It was nonsense to give them a serious thought in passing.

Then he thought of his father, and heaved a sigh. This was the only thorn among the flowery parterre of his gladsome future.

"I will go and see him and take my little wife with me," he said, determinedly. "I will know who the snake in the grass is, and probably I'll kick Melville. I've often felt like it!"

He left Greely's Hotel at seven o'clock in a cab, and made sure of the minister by calling upon him at eight.

"There is nothing wrong about this," queried Mr. Plunket.

"Why should you think so?"

"Well, I am always suspicious of a special license, particularly in a locality like this."

"I have nothing to hide," said Locksley. "My future wife is marrying me hurriedly to escape the attention of an aged lover who is favored by her half-imbecile grandfather. That is all there is about it."

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Plunket. "I hope she is not under age—I mean for your sake and hers."

"She is twenty years old."

"I cannot refuse to marry you, but it would be possible for the relatives of the young lady to set aside such a marriage."

Locksley smiled.

"Then we should get married again," he said.

"It will be on hand at nine o'clock," the clergyman promised.

Edmund did not scruple to go direct to Market street. He had no fear of the enemy now, and greeted Dora with a radiant smile.

"Darling," he whispered, "are you not a little bit dissatisfied?"

"Dissatisfied?" She opened her eyes wonderingly.

(To be continued.)

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Recipe for Old Age DOCTOR'S HINTS TO PEOPLE OF FORTY.

Speaking on "Food and Fitness at Forty," at the Food Exhibition at Olympia, Dr. Charles S. Thomson, medical officer at Deptford, expressed disapproval of the English breakfast.

To keep the lungs clean he recommended the French breakfast of coffee and a roll. A man of 55 has no right to be bald, deaf, stiff in the muscles, obese, with teeth going and some varicose veins.

When we add to over-indulgence in food and drink and strain of social and business ambitions, worry, emotional state, anger and grief, then our errors are followed by structural changes in our organs.

Other points in the doctor's recipe for a green old age were:—

Our whole life and well-being depend upon the proper digestion of food, and we need 32 good teeth and 32 bites for each mouthful of food.

A man should visit the dentist every six months if he wants to live long.

Dinner at night is better than a full midday meal. Eat meat once a day only.

Everybody over 40 should take enough food to maintain the lightest weight consistent with perfect health.

Simple diet consists of wholemeal bread, plain biscuits, plain puddings, vegetables, fruit, some meat, fish, milk, butter, and cheese.

Never take alcohol at night, and take very little of it even then.

Every man of 40 who would live to 90 must become a food specialist; the smooth working of his alimentary system is the key to the door leading to a green old age.

He must eat fresh foods and give up the fancy cooking which wrecks the vitamins. Moderation in eating is imperative. Drink plenty of water between meals, fast for a day from time to time, and take a three-mile walk daily. The speaker recommended a three days' fast at times.

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The woman who uses LUX need never worry about her hands. LUX is as mild as the finest toilet soap. LUX will leave your hands white and soft.

Take Care You Get LUX which is sold only in packages.

Silks, Cottons, Woolens, Flannels, etc., washed with Lux will last longer. Wash your baby's clothes with Lux. Use Lux for all fine fabrics. Lux will never disappoint you. Before you put your Blankets away, wash them with Lux.

Imagine washing your hands with injurious soap for two hours a day. Yet that is what you do when you wash dishes: no wonder your hands get THAT-IN-THE-DISHPAN-APPEARANCE.

Use Lux for washing dishes, it's quicker and cheaper, a teaspoonful of Lux will wash a pan of dishes, and your hands will remain beautiful.

Stockings washed with LUX will give better wear.

Dissolve a tablespoonful of Lux in a bowl of boiling water, then add cold water to make a lukewarm mixture, draw your stocking back and forth through the suds until thoroughly clean, then rinse in warm water twice, now press them between a towel. Don't wring them, hang up to dry or iron them between a towel.

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out paintings large and ruddy that men will travel miles to see." Thus I have done as he requested, and sprung the truth about his art, a sort of jab I have detested—I hate to wound a comrade's heart. And now his nerves with anger quiver, his troubled breast is full of hate; he scatters tacks before my dinner, and kicks my dachshund through the gate.

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With consomme serve cheese or ham eclairs.

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Split, toast and butter left-over muffins and serve hot.

Before measuring soda sift it thru a light sieve.

Serve cream, cottage or factory cheese with gingerbread.

Use egg whites as soon as possible after beating them.

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