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

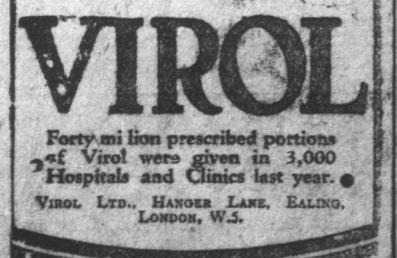
CHAPTER IV.

Arriving at Deal Station, he booked for Broadstairs, and in less than an hour was being greeted by Viscount Melville, with whom he had been spending a few days at the queen of cockney watering-places. Viscount Melville was a tall, aristocratic fellow of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts. He was a cousin of Lady Clare Moncrieff, to whom Locksley was supposed to be engaged, and a devoted friend of Locksley's father. The viscount was unmarried, and it was popularly supposed that he was waiting until some lady of birth came in his way who was well dowred, for he was notoriously poor. Why he and Locksley were so often together puzzled many people—indeed, it puzzled Locksley himself, for there was very little in common between them. After a change of linen and a fresh suit of clothes, Locksley related as much of his adventure as he deemed advisable. Some way he did not like to speak of Miss Deene to his supercilious friend, who considered emotions of any description a sure evidence of bad taste, and it was impossible to mention Dora without expressing himself strongly. "My dear fellow," said the viscount, "what a narrow escape you must have had! If you had been drowned, your father would have held me responsible; and, considering the strained relations between you at present, I am morally certain that the shock would have killed him."



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"What a ridiculous observation, my dear fellow! And your hands! They will not be fit to look at for a week at least! And then the strain on the nerves must have been simply abominable! Let us get away from this beastly place. Nothing but shop girls and city clerks in it." "Not in so much hurry, thank you, Melville," replied Locksley. "Why, we have only been here four days, and I came for a week at least! I want to study character in all its phases, and I intend writing a book some day." "Stuff," said the viscount. "I have humored you, so far, and except that you will consider my feelings a little." "Well, probably I will after to-morrow. I have business near this place to-morrow." "Business! Hatful words! What has a gentleman to do with business? No, my dear fellow, you must come back to town. I have received a letter from your father, and I believe there is something for you from Lady Clare. I left it on your dressing-room table." A shade of annoyance flitted over Locksley's face. "A letter, I suppose," he said. "Yes, my dear fellow, a billet-doux! What else can it possibly be? She simply adores you! A splendid girl, by Jove! What would I not have given to win her! But, you see, our family has always been averse to the marriage of cousins, and Sir George Moncrieff is a stickler on that point. I am going upstairs, and will bring the letter to you. And, my dear fellow, for goodness' sake, make up your mind to leave this horrid place by the evening express."

"My dear fellow," he said, "are you particularly interested in the Morden—that is, do you want a concise history in categorical order of the—or—family. If so, I—or—I must have access to my library, as the task is positively archaeological—fact—I assure you." "Don't talk rot, Melville," observed Locksley, megalantly. "Most men have a hobby of some kind, and your hobby is to have a pedigree of every man or woman of the beau monde at your fingers' ends. How many times have I told you that you ran your hobby to death, when you have been detailing to me some exploit, scandalous and otherwise, of the remote ancestor of this and that Lord Tom Noddy? I don't think that I shall tax your memory very much. I merely want you to tell me all you know about the present Lord Morden, if such a being really exists." "Then you are in doubt about his existence?" remarked Melville, gradually recovering his color. "I simply know nothing about him at all. A—person who is interested in the family asked me if Lord Morden still lived. It appears that the person knew him a great many years ago, and finding that I knew a great many people, put the question to me. Personally, I do not care a farthing about Lord Morden, but I promised to send what information I could, and that is why I put the question to you." "Yes, but my dear fellow, I am not an animated edition of Burke's Peerage," laughed Locksley. "Who was the person, may I ask, that desired the information?" "That does not signify," replied his friend. "Come! out with what you know." "On one condition." "And that?" "You must consent to return to town this evening. Your father specially desires it, and Lady Clare may have made a similar request in the letter you have in your pocket. Remember, you placed yourself in my hands unconditionally. I brought you here, my dear fellow, for an entire change of scene." "And left me to my own devices for two whole days," laughed Locksley, "while you came and went like a private detective." "What nonsense you talk," Melville replied, in tones of annoyance. "I shall not leave here until to-morrow evening," Locksley said, decidedly. "Not if Lady Clare desires it?" "Lady Clare has never yet interfered with my pleasure, Melville, and we understand each other perfectly." "You must remember, Edmund Locksley, that she is my cousin, and that I will not have her affections trifled with," the viscount retorted, angrily. "Melville, you are making an ass of yourself," Locksley said, with heightened color. "I repeat once more that Lady Clare and I understand each other perfectly." Melville was silent for a minute; then he said: "If I spoke hastily, forgive me, my dear fellow. You are quite aware that your father and I care very much for each other." "You seem to share confidences which are not granted to the son," Locksley said, a little bitterly. "And he has recalled me to town to give my advice upon a matter of vital importance to him and to you. Perhaps Lady Clare's letter will decide you, and I will retire while you read it." (To be continued.)

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I've heard men tell those golden tales of fortunes quickly made. I've heard the glittering accounts of wealth one plunge has paid. "I know a man who knows a man," a stranger says to me, "Who bought six shares of stock and now a millionaire is he." I do not doubt the truth of this! I hope it may be so. But things like this have not occurred to men I chance to know.

I listen with a willing ear to all the yarns they spin. They tell these tales of easy wealth. I gladly drink them in. "There was a man," they say to me, "who bought a patch of ground. And woke next day and found himself the richest man around." I do not doubt this tale at all. Wise men buy real estate. But fortune usually commands a man to work and wait.

These wondrous lucky men, 'tis strange, I never seem to meet. I hear their fortunes talked about by people on the street. I do not doubt they live and breathe and strike it rich, and yet it puzzles me when I reflect that none of them I've met. Throughout my brief career on earth some millionaires I've known. But they have all been earnest men who worked for what they own.

Success comes slowly, I have learned. 'Tis rung by rung men climb. The leaders of to-day, I'm sure, are working all the time; And running down the list of those whose place is now assured I find that all have labored long and many a loss endured. I've never known a scoundrel to crown the lazy man or shirk. A few may get their wealth by luck, but most of us must work.

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I hand a cent to the waiter gent who fetches my grub to me, and he watches out that I have good kraut, and brings me an extra pes. He sees that the milk is as fine as sila, the salt of the purest brand, with a bow and smile he presents my tile when I've eaten a dinner grand. I give a cent to the porter who brushes my raiment rare, at the barber shop, when my whisker crop is pruned by the artist there. And his spirits lift when my princely gift is pressed in his eager fist, and he cleans my vest without ardent zest that's pleasant to see, I wist. I gave a cent to the youth who went nine blocks at his hardest gait, to catch my lid, which the wind made skid away from my gleaming plate. He faintly wept as his glance swept o'er the largess thus bestowed; he would like to chase—thus I read his face—more hats up the dusty road. There are men who claim that the tipping game knocks righteousness all awry; it should well suffice if we pay the price of service or goods we buy. But as best I may I shall smooth the way, the road that my feet must tread, and I'll always slip quite a handsome tip to Harry and Dick and Ned. I walk in peace with my aunt and niece, where others have grief and care; for a groat to Nick and a cent to Dick have lightened the load I bear.

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With return from 88,000 votes, at 11 o'clock to-night the three Liberal Unionist Ministers are offering their Nationalist support to Otto Braun, Socialist making a strong Presidential candidate.

BEAVERBROOK

Writing in the Express, Lord Beaverbrook, the Geneva correspondent, proposes to protect Belgium, Germany, and the Foreign Minister, to join a society and allied party and threaten to resign and political career for the benefit of them.

BRITAIN

The British Government strong protest before the House of Commons if enacted into law, which would give the power to fix wages and determine the prohibitions on propaganda of emigrants.

NOTHING NEW

There is a possibility of a change in the Government, which entered the Friday night.

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Ellis
203 W. ...

Fresh Cr

Fresh

Fresh B

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