

LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER III.

warning; I can only remember the ard Marlowe; he felt that the man stroll in the garden until you are terror that seized upon me when I be- was his personal enemy; he felt that ready, Mr. Marlowe," held you riding on the storm-tossed he hated him. wave," the old seaman continued. "At He walked quickly downstairs and would afford him a chance of seeing first I believed that I must be dream- seized the hat he had worn the night and perhaps speaking, to Dora once ing, and that you were the wraith before. He glanced at the open door- more. He was now filled with a deof Lord Alfred Morden, as he appear- way which led from the house and all sire to know how she regarded a mared years ago in the first scene of my that meant life and happiness for him. riage that was apparently a settled child's life tragedy. I have heard that He was going without even a word of thing.

some; that his eyes were of an in- burst from his lips. tense blue, his hair a yellowish au- He heard voices in the parlor that years, and been woefully disillusioned burn, like yours. All this only added looked down upon the garden-the when brought into actual contact with to my fears. I regarded it as an omen voice of Dora and that of a man-her the original. lover Then Esther came downstairs "It is strange, indeed," said Locks-, and called to Richard Marlowe:

"You can go up to the captain." ley He was thinking of his sudden wild love for Dora. "I think that I am beginning to hate Lord Morden the hat he had taken Why did he not cient to turn their idolatry into coneven as much as you must do. 1 did go?-why did he linger in this tornot suspect that Miss Deene had a ture? Did he want to have one look lover," he added, a savage twinge at at the man he now regarded as his garden, musing: rival? One look at the man who was

He turned away for a moment to to be Miss Deene's husband? hide the pain in his eyes; then warmly | "I was about to commit what might clasped the old seaman's hand, mur- be construed into a theft," he said to Estner Marsh, "Will you grant me the "I hope that she will be happy, loan of this hat? I will return it to-

Good-day, sir." He had resolved to steal quietly "So you are going for good, eh? away, without one word of farewell to Miss Dora, without even looking upon can take the hat, and you need not her sweet face again.

trouble to send it back, either." Why should he disturb this little home nest? Was it because the capthe sound of a creaking door caused tain had hinted at the probable shame that rested upon the girl's birth? No, him to glance around, and he beheld Dora Deene is merely dollishly pretty, a thousand times no! His heart had Mr. Richard Marlowe, who met his and has just sufficient brains to know

heard. He had been likened to this ance. unhappy Lord Morden; and he was | Captain Deene had said that he was | He paused before a little summerbound to confess to himself that he a prosperous miller and there was a house, then walked in and seated himhad no right to love, or speak of love, distinct air of prosperity in the at- self on a rustic bench. until he had permission from his mosphere of Mr. Marlowe. He was a "Yes," he thought, "I will say goodfather; until his father emerged from large man, who might have been any by to Miss Deene in defiance of them the mystery that surrounded him, and age between forty-five and sixty. His all, and if she is only half as good as rather good-looking face was clean I believe her to be, I will-

tenderly-he has supplied every want, head He was attired in an irre- for evermore! and I have entered the professions proachable suit of block doeskin She seemed to feel that the situasimply from choice; not because I cloth of the latest Bond street cut. tion was embarrassing, for her face "Good-by, sir," he repeated, sadly, jewelry was loud.

some day I may return again, but I as he met the blank stare of Mr. Mar- bered to have felt so utterly at a loss promise you it shall not be for lowe with one of haughty indifference, for words. "Under that calm exterior are hidden "Miss Deene," he stammered, "I Captain Deene clasped his hand, and strong passions and serpent-like cun- was just thinking of you. I was just Locksley turned to the door, to find ning. And this is Miss Deene's iu- wondering how I could say good-by to

has heard of your accident, and has asked Mr. Marlowe, adding quickly, ing to meet me here." come to see how you are progressing." and before the housekeeper had time "Send him up here," replied Captain to reply to him: "Ha! of course! Locksley," replied Miss Deene. "I The young surgeon stepped past the Pardon my familiarity, but I am-er have come, only I knew that she and housekeeper, intending to borrow a -almost, if not quite, one of this Mr. Marlowe would give us no oppor-

-has told me everything."

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Locksley bowed coldly, but in aind were these thoughts: "Miss Deene's future husband? It

can never be-never be!". "I am returning to Broadstairs at once," he said, and wondered within himself why he lingered to speak with man whom he detested.

"And you have no conveyance?" ask-"No; I intended to walk to Deal,

and thence go by rail to Broadstairs." "Really, this is too bad, Esther," said Mr. Marlowe; "but I expect that everybody is too upset to act rationally. I must asy you, Mr.-cr-"

"I must ask you, Mr. Locksley, to wait here—say ten or fifteen minutes, and then you can have the use of my carriage. My name, sir, is Marlowe-Richard Marlowe."

Again Locksley bowed, saying; "Thank you, I accept of your thoughtful kindness, for I am not in "I can only remember her mother's . He had no desire to meet Mr. Rich- my best walking form to-day. I will

He was really thinking that this

he was tall, and strong, and hand- farewell, and something like a sob. He had read of cases where men have loved a beautiful picture for

Often both men and women will worship some object from afar, and, after years of blind worship, one hour

Edmund Locksley walked into the

"I have seen Miss Deene but for a few minutes, in the light of a sickly lamp, and under circumstances of be all that was sweet and aderable in woman. I saw not only beauty, but sympathy and intellect. I could never have dreamed that she would consent to a marriage without love, and Thank goodness for that! Oh, yes, you it would be impossible for one so young and so beautiful to love that creature! I believed that I saw my Locksley turned upon his heel, but twin soul, but perhaps I only saw been chilled by the story he had gaze with one of ill-concealed annuy- the value of a decent settlement in

"We have quarreled over this," he shaven, and there was not a gray hair He stopped short, and jumped to mused, "and I have merely demanded, to be seen among the scanty brown his feet, for Miss Deene was standas my right, to know why he hides locks that were carefully brushed ing there before him, and he knew from the world. He has ever loved me across a preternaturally high fore- in an instant that he would love her

His linen as snowy white, but his and neck became crimson with hot blushes; and Locksley, polished man "I will leave your house at once, and "A vulgar cad," thought Locksiey, of the world as he was, never remem-

himself face to face with Esther, who ture husband? My God! it can never you in defiance of the commands of your grandfather. I am glad that you "Richard Marlowe's below, sir. He "Who is this gentleman, Esther?" have solved the difficulty by happen-

"It is not a chance meeting, Mr. The doctor who has so nobly made have followed you here to apologize amends for the trouble he unwittingly for the abominable conduct of my created. Are you leaving now, sir? grandfather and sister. I would not hat from the rack in the hall, and re- primitive little household, and my tunity to speak indoors."

turn it by parcel post from Broad- future wife-that is, Miss Dora Deene She paused, and Locksley could see that there was something of a perplexing nature in her mind.

"I think," he said, "that I ought to ask your pardon for interrupting your beautiful music." "I was thoughtless-I had forgotten

my grandfather's illness, but I do not know what made me sing that sad song this morning. I think it must be because my life is so full of sadness."

"Miss Deene," said Locksley, "what is it you desire to say to me? Believe me, I shall consider myself happy if I can help you."

He spoke earnestly, almost passion-"I have heard of your projected marriage to this-this Mr. Marlowe, I

(To be continued.)

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