



DELICIOUS
REFRESHING · STIMULATING

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

CHAPTER XLII.

In ten minutes they reappeared, the past forgiven and forgotten, and joining the group in the library, to listen to the terrible story that was all the outgrowth of one bad man's schemes. "Viscount Melville is dead," concluded Fairfax; "Marlowe and Esther Marsh, I understand, have left the country, and I have here the legal documents which restore every shilling of Lord Morden's money, with interest, to its rightful owner. I will, with permission, relieve you united and happy people of the annoyance of clearing up the present difficulties, and answering the inquiries which are sure to ensue, as much as in my power lies, and I would suggest that the Cedars be immediately sold, for its associations cannot be otherwise than unpleasant."

The suggestions of Fairfax were unanimously agreed to; indeed, he was vested with power of attorney to disentangle the whole business.

It is just one week later, and already has the story gone the round of the press and set the world wondering.

As much as possible was hushed up, but in these days newspapers have a way of obtaining information which will ever be a mystery to the public. There was a gay little wedding at Richmond, and the bells pealed as merrily as they had ever pealed before.

It was quite a select affair, only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present. Then the couple went abroad and spent their honeymoon, and the papers told a most romantic story of them.

Fairfax was kept busy for some time in drawing up settlements, under the eye of Lord Morden. Half of his great fortune was settled upon Dora and her husband forthwith, the house in The Pines was purchased for old Captain Deane, and a snug little annuity attached to it, while Frank Rogers came in for a neat sum of ready money and an important position as my lord's steward.

Edmund Looksey divided his own private income with his father, and when Peters came out of the hospital, the old man was happier than he had been for twenty years.

The beautiful city of Florence was smiling under the beams of the morning sun. There were odors of rich flowers in the air; there was balm in every breath.

On the piazza of a modern hotel Dora and Edmund were seated. The latter was reading a letter that was puzzling, while the former was gazing at the lofty Apennines, which rose like huge giants from amid miles of picturesque vineyards, shining streams, and beautiful groves.

"Sweetheart," he said, presently, "can you guess who this is from?"

"No, we have had so many fond inquiries."

"It is from Lady Clare Moncrieff. Listen, Dora:

Dear Edmund—You may not believe me when I say that I wish you and your wife all the happiness that it is possible to have in this life. I sinned because I did not wish to lose you. When I heard that you were dead—dead as much by my hand as his—I nearly went mad with remorse. I now live only to repent, and shall never meet you again. All I ask is forgiveness from you and your wife, whom I tried to wrong.

CLARE MONCRIEFF.

"Poor creature!" said Dora, softly. "This is somewhat mystifying," Edmund observed, "but it explains a little the meaning of the strange words she uttered to Fairfax. I pity her from the bottom of my heart."

Dora twined one soft arm about his neck, and pressed her lips to his cheek.

"My dear, dear husband," she murmured, "how can we help being charitable to others, when Heaven has been so good to us!"

(THE END.)

The Pangs of Remorse

— OR —

A Complicated Tangle.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Clifford looked up, transfixed with astonishment, but in a moment his face fell. How was he to answer? If he told the truth, then would he not be asked why he had ever concealed it, and being asked that, how could he expect these infuriated men to believe or even understand that he had shrunk from



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placing the father of Lillian under an obligation to him?

No, he remained silent.

"You see, sir," went on the baronet, furiously, "your detestable plot is out. I know it all—everything. From the first hour you entered beneath this roof you plotted and planned to steal my daughter. Nothing, no amount of kindness—and your false, black heart cannot but admit that you were treated kindly—turned you from your purpose. No, with the most diabolical artfulness, you pursued your course, set your net. You way-laid her in the woods, you inveigled her into conversation, for your detestable business away from the house, under pretence of teaching her music you poured your loathsome, poisonous love songs into her ear, and at last succeeded in getting, in a cunning way, a present from her good, simple nature. What do you say?" he exclaimed, more because he wanted breath than to hear the man, who, white almost to lividness, had opened his mouth for the first time to utter a hoarse: "No!"

"It is false!" said Sir Ralph, wiping the beads of cold perspiration from his forehead, but never removing his blazing eyes from the wan face for a moment. "It is false! I saw the thing in your hand the other morning by the river."

"The rod!" was formed by the tutor's lips. "It came from one of your men. Miss Melville knew nothing of it."

"You speak falsely!" exclaimed the baronet. "All arranged by your cunning. The man gave you the rod, but my poor girl's money bought it. Ah, your effrontery falls you! Your face betrays your black heart. Armed with this, you thought to compromise her; but it was not sufficient. Under some pretence—Heaven knows what!—my child was enticed to meet you in the gallery, where a set scene was arranged for her. Deceived by your sham honor, betrayed into pity by your friendship tears, and all the diabolical traps you had set for her, the child began to believe in you, and you thought your time had come. Thank Heaven, my poor girl's gentle heart did not ruin her! No thanks to you, villain that you are, for you would have forced her when you found your black arts were failing. You met her the morning of your return. She was riding, had just left this gentleman. You, of course, wrung from her what had passed between them—wrung it from her, I say, and, afraid that the marriage might yet take place, in spite of you, tried to persuade her to leave her home, her father, and fly with you. Smooth-voiced serpent as you are, you could not make her forget her father and her home. She refused to fly with you. You tried to force her. She resolutely strove to escape you, and in the struggle the horse threw you down and broke your arm. Ah, Heaven! why did it not break your vile neck? My poor child's gentle heart was melted by your just punishment, and she yielded her consent to the concealment of the true cause of your accident. You knew that a word from me and she would see you in your true colors; you knew that all hope of stealing her would be lost to you if your peridy came to light. You knew this, and the fiend lent you strength to crawl here and speak falsely with an open face and un-faltering tongue!"

Sir Ralph paused and glared at the accused with a long-drawn breath, then exclaimed:

"There is your whole plot laid bare, sir—and yet not all, for, filled with remorse for your villainy by the treatment your ready during your well-deserved illness, you were no sooner recovered than you were at work again. You wrung from her another promise that she would keep secret the story of the accident. You played upon her pity, made capital of your weakness and ill health, and even now had the insolence to force yourself upon her, leaving her to come here with a hypocrite's face to brazen out your guilt."

He paused again and drew breath. "Now, sir, what have you to say? Be short and careful. One word of insolence and I shall forget that it is a degradation to strike so base a creature—and he glanced at the riding whip which Mr. Besant had conveniently left upon the table.

(To be continued.)

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Teacher: "Now, boys, tell me what you know about Milton."
Bright Youth: "Milton was a famous English poet, who got married and wrote 'Paradise Lost'; then his wife died and he wrote 'Paradise Regained'!"

Spiders Enjoy Music

One would not imagine that spiders were affected either by music or love; but that they are extremely sensitive to both has been proved by observation.

For instance, an organist in a church noticed that a spider would swing down upon a single thread and rest above the keyboard every time a tune was played, and directly the music ceased it would disappear. Either very soft or very loud music would bring it down.

During a concert at Leipzig, the leader of the orchestra particularly noticed a spider which descended by the same means from a chandelier whilst a violin solo was being played, but directly the solo was finished it ran back quickly.

With regard to other instincts possessed by these insects, some interesting experiments have been made to test their powers of vision and sense of colour.

It was found that when their prey, which consisted of small insects, remained motionless, they could see them at a distance of five inches, but when the insects were moving they could see them at a much greater distance. As for each other, a spider could sight another spider at least twelve inches away.

British Trade Triumph

The British motor-cycle industry now leads the world. During the year it will produce and sell 140,000 machines.

The second largest producer, America, has fallen behind in the race. Last year her output was 48,000 motor-cycles, and there are no signs that this figure will be exceeded during the present season. Only 397 foreign-made machines were sold in this country last year, and it would appear that foreign competition in the home market is dead. This year 80,000 British made motor cycles will be sold at home; the other 60,000 will be sold abroad as a part of our export trade.

The supply of motor cycles involves the export of spare parts, and the sale of such parts abroad in 1925 should represent a figure equal to the additional volume of the production of British motor cycles up to 150,000 a year.

The capital invested in the British motor cycle trade amounts to £15,000,000, and 35,000 people find employment in the work of production.

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