



MAGIC BAKING POWDER



For Her Sake; The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Thank you," he said, frankly. "I know that I have not title and high birth, but I shall make a name for myself, and I shall value it much more than a name that might have been made for me. I intend to stand for the county; and, if I live, and all goes well with me, you shall yet be proud of your son-in-law, Lady Cameron."

"I hope so," she returned, faintly. "Certainly entering Parliament gives a man a certain social status."

So in due course of time Thea and Richard were married—married and installed in the old Manor-house at Barton Moss, which Peter Cameron had furnished magnificently for them. And then Richard had his hands full of business. He managed the whole of Peter Cameron's estates as well as his own, and soon made himself one of the leading men of the county. He told his wife one day, with a smiling face, that the Duke of Stone had actually sought his acquaintance, but that he was not quite sure whether he could spare the time to cultivate his grace's or not—at which Thea opened her eyes; but she liked her husband all the better for his independence.

As time passed on, Mrs. Richard Arche found herself one of the magnates of the county; and Lady Cameron admitted to herself that her daughter could not have made a better choice.

Many troubled and wearisome days had her ladyship with Evadne. The girl was never pleased, never content; a settled melancholy seemed to have taken possession of her. She retained her fair glittering beauty, but she bore the traces of disappointment on her face. It was strange that she could have cared so much for Lord Clanronald, a man who was not handsome, and who was the reverse of brilliant in intellect. True, she was not of a very refined or sensitive nature; but, if she had known him as he really was, if she had understood his character, she could not have loved him. She had many admirers, and received several eligible offers of marriage; but the one man she had cared for had passed out of her life, and she turned away discontented from all others.

In time, however, there came a lover on whom she seemed inclined to smile. The marquis de Vere was very

wealthy, kind-hearted, and generous. He was of good descent, was the happy possessor of two or three extensive estates, was only forty years of age, and had buried his first wife six months after their marriage. He was tall, not good-looking, but with a kindly, well-preserved face, keen, bright eyes, and a pleasant smile—"the kind of man," Lady Cameron was fond of observing, "who would be quite sure to make a good husband."

The Marquis de Vere laid his fortune and coronet at Evadne's feet. "You had better take him, my dear," counseled her mother. "I do not know that you will do any better."

CHAPTER L.

The marriage was over, and the Marchioness de Vere had left Ferness. She was as happy as she was ever likely to be again in this world. Peter Cameron treated her royally; he gave her a dowry that would have befitted the daughter of a duchess, and Lady Cameron's heart was at rest. Her two daughters were now married, and, if the eldest had not made a very brilliant match, she had secured many solid advantages, while Evadne had taken one of the best prizes in the matrimonial market. She always spoke of Mrs. Marche, the wife of the popular member for the county, with great satisfaction, and of the Marchioness de Vere with unbounded pride and pleasure.

So at length Mr. Cameron and Lady Cameron were left alone. By this time the friendship of the Duke and Duchess of Stone had become a familiar and established fact, and the happy owner of three millions of money had now nothing left on earth to wish for. The Duke, who never did anything by halves, was not merely a friend of Peter Cameron's; he positively re-terranized with him. He no longer avoided him on platforms and evaded him at the great county meetings; the Duke and the millionaire were frequently seen together in the hunting-field and at great public gatherings, while the Duchess and Lady Cameron were known to be fast, and even confidential friends. The elite of the county visited Ferness now, and Peter Cameron saw some of the first men in England willing to partake of his hospitality.

For some few years this seemed to be quite enough for him, and he enjoyed his life completely and thoroughly; then it rather palled upon him and he missed Diana—he missed the warm, unselfish love that she had always lavished upon him, and he yearned to be with the one who was, after all, his life's idol. A really noble soul

can never be satisfied with mean aims and ends; and Peter Cameron, despite his love for dukes and earls and his desire for their acquaintance, had a noble soul. Even the friendship of the Duke did not satisfy him. When he had won it, when he was on intimate terms with men he had never dared to aspire to know, even then he found that there was something wanting, that his heart and soul were still filled with longing; and it was then that he turned to Diana. He wanted Diana, the only being on earth for whom he had a great and lasting love, and he wrote to her, urging her to come to Ferness. But Diana had no wish to meet with the ghost of her former self. She had grown so profoundly wretched that she did not care to let her misery be seen or known, so she declined all her father's invitations, and it seemed to him that he could read heartache between every line of her letters.

Lady Cameron was, perhaps, the happiest of the family. She had succeeded in nearly all her ambitions; she had more money than she could spend; she held a good position in society; she could dispense patronage to those who had once patronized her; her daughters were well married, the Marchioness de Vere being quite a leader of fashion. Her only regret was the absence of Sir Leslie, her only annoyance that Diana's fortune would never now be his.

So five years passed, and the girl who had sung of sunshine and roses was now a superbly beautiful though most miserable woman. She had gone through another phase of emotional life.

"We have but one life," she would moan to herself, "and mine is spoiled, ruined!"

Young, beautiful, and gifted as she was, it was indeed hard to admit that life had nothing more for her than blank despair. Had little children been given to her, it might have softened the severity of her trouble.

When five years of her married life ended, it happened that Peter Cameron fell ill. There was no danger, but he longed to see the daughter he had loved so much, and from whom he had been separated so long. He was always thinking of her, talking of her, and asking if she could not come; and one day, when he felt better, he wrote a letter, telling her how he wished to see her.

Diana told her husband of her father's ill health and his desire to see her. He happened to be in an amiable mood that morning. "I am not surprised," he said. "You had better go, Diana. When a man like your father falls ill, he does not often recover."

Her heart seemed to cease beating at the words. It was four years since she had seen him—and how she had once loved him! A thought of all the love and happiness of her girlhood at Ferness flashed through her mind. She was deadly pale when she answered him. "I will go, Ronald," she said. "But, as papa is ill, perhaps I had better go alone."

If she had expressed a wish that he should accompany her, he would have found fifty reasons to prove that it was impossible for him to do so; as she had uttered a wish to the contrary, he at once decided that he would go, and he declared his intention in pretty strong language! Diana looked at him. "You know that it will be miserable for us both, if you come," she said. "It will not be pleasant for relatives to witness our quarrels."

"A new view of matrimony for the beholders!" sneered Lord Clanronald. "I shall go with you, you may be sure of that. I cannot flatter myself that I am much of a favorite with you; but I was certainly well liked at Ferness. You may rely upon the pleasure of my companionship, Lady Clanronald."

The fire from Diana's eyes neither shamed nor troubled him. "Come, if you will," she said. "It

matters but little to me." "I am well aware of it," he answered; "but I shall be glad to let your people see for themselves how little you care for me."

"At least they will hear you shout and swear at me," she retorted. "A grand expose on both sides," laughed Lord Clanronald. "I am quite willing. I should think that no one who has ever seen us together could associate the idea of happiness with us."

Many times before when he had said similar things, she had gone to him and had spoken of trying to do better and feeling sorry. He had invariably thrust her away with a brutal word or a coarse oath or something even more painful. To-day she made no such effort; she had long been tired of her endeavors. She merely turned away repeating:

"Come, if you wish; it does not in the least matter to me."

It was the month of April then, and she had a keen recollection of the beauty of Ferness in April—the odor of violets and the gleam of the yellow primroses in the woods, of the budding chestnuts and the springing grass. Standing before a long mirror that reflected her stately form, she was conscious that her beautiful eyes had lost their sweetness, and had grown cold and proud. She looked into her own face steadfastly.

"They will hardly know me," she said to herself; "there is not even a trace of the old Diana left. I wonder whether they will guess what has changed my appearance? What will Royal say? He will never be able to call me 'the child Diana' again. I am twenty-three years old now, but my heart is fifty."

How those words haunted her—"the child Diana!" How they brought that faithful noble friend nearer to her! How all the happy past came back to her! All her misery had been caused by her father's marriage; and he had married in order to secure the friendship of a Duke and Duchess. How mean and small it all looked now after the long lapse of years; and her own conduct, how ignoble it appeared! To marry for spite and vengeance to make four lives miserable just for the pleasure of inflicting pain on Lady Cameron, pain that almost vanished with the blow!

She never bowed her head in humility or contrition now, or she would have done so when this warm rush of home-love came over her. She had proudly kept aloof from all in her sorrowing despair; but now, at the thought of her father and Richard—Richard who had loved her so much—and of Sir Royal—who had loved her even more—her heart was softened.

Lord Clanronald had taken it into his head to be what his servants called "awkward" for the few days that had to elapse before the journey. He knew that his marriage had been a wretched failure; he knew that he had treated his beautiful young wife in a most cruel and heartless fashion; he knew that she had grown to hate him, and that the fact of their unhappiness was patent to every one who beheld them. He sometimes felt a tinge of remorse for his conduct toward her; and there were times when he was even ashamed of his excessive drinking.

His Diana's profound contempt for his debauched habits made him wince; but he never had the moral courage to break his bonds, or make any effort whatever to reform himself. He wished everything had been different, and felt his conscience somewhat relieved when he blamed himself for having married a "high-frown" woman.

The journey from Ronald's Court to Ferness was by no means a pleasant one. Diana had made an earnest appeal to her husband that he would keep perfectly sober during their visit, and he was so angry with her for presuming to insinuate that he was ever otherwise than in a state of sobriety that during the whole journey he lavished abuse and foul words upon her. The tears welled to her eyes, but she would not let them fall. After five years of absence, she would not re-enter Ferness with a gasping face. But the effort to bear his savage onslaught with patience incensed her heart though her face bore no sign of it.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A GOOD SUIT STEEL FOR THE SMALL BOY.



2748—For the blouse, one could use galatea, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suitable too, and likewise flannel, serge, velvet and corduroy.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the waist, and 1 1/4 yards for the trousers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE STYLISH COSTUME.



2715—This design is ideal for serge, gabardine or velveteen. The blouse is shaped at its lower edge. The sleeves may be in wrist length, and close fitting, or finished in elbow length, with a turn-back cuff.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 will require 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards.

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Form with fields for No., Size, Address in full, and Name.

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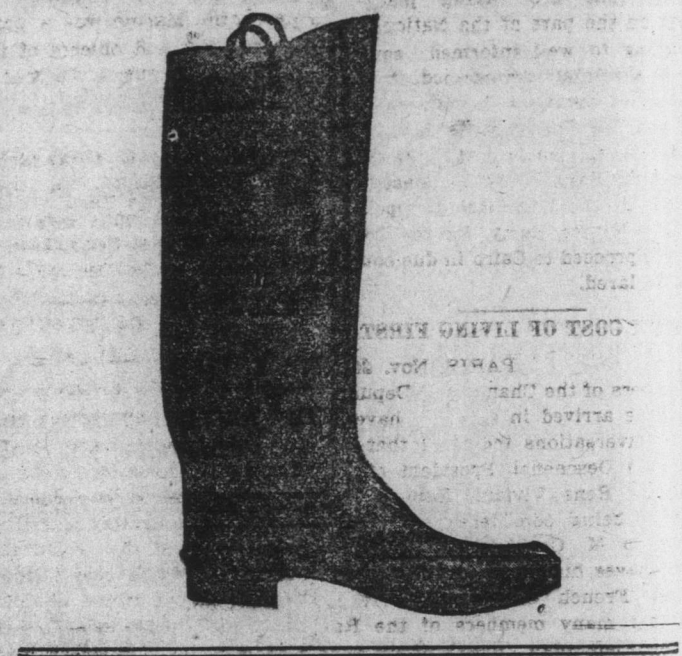
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EXCHANGE PROPS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20. Rates of foreign exchange again dropped in new level in the local market to-day. The pound sterling brought only \$3.99 1/2.

BRITAIN WILL STAND BY HER POLICY.

LONDON, Nov. 20. Great Britain declines to be deflected from her Egyptian policy by demonstration that are taking place in Egypt on the part of the Nationalists, according to well informed sources. She is absolutely determined, it is indicated, to continue the course adopted out, as she regards herself as trustee for the whole portion of Egypt. Therefore, despite the demonstration against it, the commission appointed by Lord Milner, Secy. for the Colonies, will proceed to Cairo in due course, it is declared.

HIGH COST OF LIVING FIRST

PARIS, Nov. 20. Members of the Chamber of Deputies who have arrived in this city have in their conversations indicated that beside Paul Deschene, President of the Chamber, Rene Viviani, former Premier, is being considered as a successor to M. Clemenceau when the latter leaves his present post as head of the French Government. It is said that many members of the Republican left plan to ask their colleagues to form a group which would back a new Government. The first question to be taken up by the new chamber will be that involved in reducing the high cost of living.

A TOTAL WRECK.

ST. PETERS, N.S., Nov. 20. All efforts to reform the shair. Arabia, of Fortune Bay, Nfld., have failed and the vessel has been abandoned as a total wreck. The Arabia, with produce from Montague, struck a shoal off the entrance to the canal on Saturday.

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LONDON, Nov. 20. The managing director of a well known firm of distillers is quoted as saying that it is remarkable that

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