

**For Love  
of a Woman;**  
OR,  
**New Romeo  
and Juliet.**

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
RETRIBUTION.

Doris said not a word, but stood staring at the paper with dry eyes and that awful feeling of being smothered which crushes pain for a time but to lend it additional force afterwards.

Lady Despard put her arm round her.

"Doris! Doris! my dear, my dear!" she murmured. "Don't give way! While there's life there's hope. We can't tell what may have happened. I have reason to hope, to think—" She stopped and sprang—actually sprang—to the door, and throwing it open, said, hurriedly, "Come in; oh, come in!"

The next moment a tall figure, with a sunburnt face and one arm in a sling, entered, and after a glance, one anxious glance, at the white face, rushed forward and caught Doris to him with his sound arm. Lady Despard waited until this happened, then glided out.

They sat up very late that night, and Lady Despard's boudoir was so dimly lit that as she reclined on her couch she could not see, or pretended not to see, that Doris, as she sat at the marquis's feet, had got his hand fast locked in hers, almost as if she dreaded lest he should vanish as suddenly as he had come. And every now and then she, glancing fearfully at Lady Despard, laid the brown hand against her cheeks, and near, very near, to her lips.

There was not much talking, for Lady Despard was merciful, but at last she looked up.

"And now, my dear Othello, if you can and will deign to recount some of our adventures, Desdemona and your humble servant will be gratified. Though I have known since yesterday that you had escaped, I haven't any of the details, and I will confess to a faint and lazy kind of curiosity. Touching that interesting wound now, which I do trust will soon be all right, for it would be awkward—"

She stopped and glanced at Doris with provoking archness.

"Yes, tell us," murmured Doris. "Lord Cecil—he shall be Cecil for us to the end—looked suddenly grave, and hesitated."

"Yes, I want to tell you, and I must," he said. "Not about myself so much as—" He stopped. "Did you see the list of the killed? Did they give a list of names?"

"No," said Lady Despard; "it was all surmise." "Why do you ask that?" "Because—" He stopped again. "Doris!"—and he laid his hand on her head, soothingly—"there was another person whom you know in this awful business besides myself. Can you guess his name?"

Doris shook her head apprehensively. Lady Despard leaned forward. "He was—he became a fast and devoted friend of mine, Doris. But for him I should not be here, dearest. He came out with the hospital, and I saw him first beside my bed. He pulled me through the fever." He stopped again, and Doris held her face low down, out of the lamp-light. "We were great friends after that, and when our de-

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tachment was ordered to the interior he volunteered. I tried to dissuade him. There was no reason that he should go; but he insisted, and— On the evening of the fight he stood by the guns with the rest, and with the rest fought like a lion. Once or twice I found a moment to speak to him, for he was always near me. When the last struggle came, I joined in the rush—that's the only word for it—and saw a couple of the Dakotas making for me. One I cut down, the other gave me this—he pointed to his arm—"and would have settled me—hush, dearest, don't cry—but this friend was near me still, and he threw himself between us."

He stopped and drew a long breath. "I don't remember any more till I came to, and, crawling about, came up on him. He was alive, just alive, but he knew me. I—I took his head on my knees and bent down. Doris, my darling, Doris, my dearest. Hush! hush! Tell her that her love saved me from worse than this, Cecil," he said. "Tell her that I died with her name on my lips. Be good to her, Cecil; be good to—Doris!"

Lady Despard was crying audibly. "You know, dear, who it was that saved my life," said Cecil, in a low voice. "It was Percy Levant."

And he drew her head upon his breast, and kissed her with protecting tenderness, as if he were responding to the dead man's solemn injunction.

When the marquis and marchioness returned from their long—but for them not too long—honeymoon, society, deeming it incumbent upon itself to bestow an impressive welcome on two of its most distinguished members, gave a ball in honour of the young, and, as the journals put it, "romantic couple."

It was a very grand affair, and the Morning Post next morning devoted a column and a half to its description and a list of the high and mighty and famous guests and stated, rather emphatically, that the most beautiful woman in the room was the young lady in whose honour the entertainment was given. It went into newspaper raptures over her manner, her smile, her dress, and, lastly, her jewels, which, as it said, consisted of a suit of magnificent diamonds—the Stoyie diamonds—and postically declared that their brilliance was only outshone by the wearer's eyes.

suite of pearls set in antique silver, which was worn by—Lady Grace Peyton.

Twice in the course of the evening Doris and she met each other, and on both occasions, while Doris, with the meekness which, somehow, always distinguishes the injured innocents, turned her head aside, Lady Grace stared at her rival with a bold, defiant flash of her handsome eyes.

"I think," said Lady Despard, as she stood for a moment in a corner with Doris. "I think that for cool, brazen impudence, Grace Peyton excels all the world. Most women—all other women—having done what she has done, and knowing that we know what she has done—would have buried themselves in some German watering-place for the rest of their lives. But, oh, no! she not only thinks fit to put in an appearance here to-night, but actually—actually flaunts that set of pearls which she got by fraud—stole, if anyone ever stole anything in this world—from your husband. The whole set!"

"No, not the whole set," murmured Doris, softly, as she looked at Lady Grace gliding through a waltz. "I have the ring."

"You have? Why, I have never seen it. The ring?" "No, you never saw it," said Doris, a warm flush rising to her lovely face. "I don't wear it on my finger, dear, but—here," and she touched her heart. "She is welcome to all the rest while I have that—and—him!" she added, turning to her husband as he came up to them.

THE END.

**For Her Sake;  
—OR—  
The Murder in Furness Wood.**

CHAPTER IV.  
They listened to me, and my influence would have prevailed but that, shortly afterward the Duke of Stone came on to the platform. He shook hands with most of the gentlemen present, but not with myself; and from that moment I could see that I lost caste. I could hardly blame the people; the Duke is a popular man, and to be unknown to him is simply to be nobody. You understand, Lady Scarsdale?

"I both understand and sympathise," she replied, warmly. "The Duke is one of the kindest-hearted men living. You

acknowledge that the Duke and Duchess must 'draw the line' somewhere. But to every rule there is an exception; and I am quite sure that, when the matter is laid before them, they will see it in its right light. Excuse me if I ask another question. Have you no friends or relative who could procure for you the introduction into society that you need?"

"No," he replied; "I have not a friend or relative who could be of use to me in that respect."

"I hope," said Lady Scarsdale, with great cordiality, "you will never say that after to-night. I shall be only too pleased to offer my services for your daughter's sake. I shall make it my especial business to lay this matter before the Duchess; and I am quite sure of one thing. The Duke and Duchess may draw the line somewhere rigidly; but, if they knew you and Miss Cameron they would never draw it at either of you."

The flattering words were spoken in the sweetest of voices, with the sweetest of smiles, and in Lady Scarsdale's best manner.

Peter Cameron was more than delighted; he had never perhaps been so happy. Here was this fashionable lady, a friend of the powerful Duchess, a visitor at Stonedale, taking the greatest possible interest in himself and his daughter. Great ladies whom he had previously met had eagerly sought subscriptions to charities, and had been glad to utilize his influence in various ways; but none of them had ever seemed in the least degree interested in himself or his daughter personally. Lady Scarsdale seemed to him the very embodiment of worldly wisdom; she understood matters at once. She looked very handsome, too, in the brilliant moonlight, as she said, with something like a sigh:

"These are difficult times in which we live. Money alone is useless; good birth alone is useless. The right thing is a happy combination of both; but so few people possess it." She almost longed to tell the millionaire that the bane of her life was the want of money. "You may reply upon me, Mr. Cameron," she added, as they turned to re-enter the house. "I think Miss Cameron simply one of the loveliest girls I have ever met. Properly introduced, I am convinced she will make quite a sensation."

"Do you really think so?" he asked delightedly.

"I do indeed," she replied; "and I may tell you that I am considered an excellent judge. If your daughter is what I may call properly launched in society, her success will be assured."

"You are so kind, Lady Scarsdale, so gracious, that I am almost emboldened to ask if you could help me," Peter Cameron said hesitatingly.

"If I can I will," she promised; "you may be quite sure of that. But we will discuss the matter at greater length another time. How long has your daughter left school?"

"Two years," answered Mr. Cameron.

"And since then—pardon me, it is the fault of your good nature if I presume—since then has she had the advantage of living with a perfectly trained woman of the world?"

"No; she has lived alone with me," he said, feeling for the first time somewhat ashamed of the fact. But he added hastily, "Lady Colwyn has almost taken charge of her."

Lady Scarsdale broke into a musical laugh.

"Lady Colwyn is a kind, motherly woman," she remarked; "but she knows no more of the training required by a fashionable young lady of these days than I know how to fashion the manners of a Chinese. She is a hundred years behind the age. How strange it is! I shall believe for the future in my own insight; for it struck me, when I saw Miss Cameron, that she lacked the most essential of all training—that of a woman of the world. She is so unconventional!"

"Is that a fault?" asked Peter Cameron.

Her ladyship raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"A fault, my dear Mr. Cameron!" she replied. "It is an unpardonable one in the eyes of society."

"Why, Lady Colwyn told me Diana's greatest charm was her freedom from all affectation and conventionality!"

A shrug of the shoulders was more expressive than any words.

"I can only say that Lady Colwyn is a most excellent and amiable woman, but behind the age."

(To be Continued.)

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Plates.**

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