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

CHAPTER XIV.
"My Dearest Dian,"—so Peter Cameron wrote—"I do not know what you will think of me when you get this letter; I hardly know how to write it or what to say. My darling Dian, I am married. I married Lady Scarsdale this morning. We had a very quiet wedding at St. George's, Hanover square—no breakfast, no ceremony; and we are now just starting—4 p.m.—for Paris, where we shall remain for a month at least. My darling child, for your own good I have taken this unexpected step. It is the best thing, believe me, for you. You will ask me why I did not tell you, why I have kept it a secret from you—you may even think that I have deceived you; but, in truth, I have acted with the purest intentions. I was convinced that my marriage was the only possible step for your well-being, and, finding you were so bitterly opposed to it, I decided that it would be better for it to take place without your knowledge, and so save you infinite pain. Your own good sense will tell you that what has been done cannot be undone, and that your most dutiful course will be to recognize it in the light in which I put it to you. My dearest Dian, it is for you I have taken this step: bear that in mind. No one

can ever take your mother's place. She was my first love, my beloved wife, and your mother. But the lady who is now my wife will be an excellent guide for you, will alter your social position, and will procure for us an entree to those circles from which want of rank now excludes us. In justice to you, Dian, I may tell you that my marriage will make no difference whatever to your position; you will always be heiress of Furness and of my fortune. I shall, of course, provide handsomely for my wife, but this will be done in a manner that will not at all interfere with your prospects. One word in conclusion, my darling Dian; I have done what I conceived to be the best for you, even if I have been mistaken in the method of doing it. In return you will forgive me and be kind and amiable to my wife. You must like her, for she is a most charming woman. I send John Brown's collar, and will write to you from Paris. Lady Cameron joins me in dearest love to you."
Good-bye, faith; good-bye, honor; good-bye to all that was most bright and beautiful in life; good-bye to the father who would never be hers again—never again!
During the reading of this epistle a deadly pallor had settled on her face, while the very light seemed to fade from her eyes. She stood for a moment in silent despairing agony. The blood seemed to freeze in her veins and grow cold round her heart. Then, in a voice that was all unlike her own, she cried out:
"If it be true, I shall die!"
But was it true? Her father had always been the soul of honor and truth, as incapable of treachery or deceit as he was of theft; and to believe that he had been living under the same roof with her, seemingly devoted to her, yet hiding this secret from her, was incredible.
"He talked to me of my own mother the night before he went to marry this woman, whom he knows I hate!" cried poor Dian. "I will go to Sir Royal."
In her bewilderment and distress, it was to him her thoughts flew—not to kindly Lady Colwyn, not to the brilliant genial cousin, but to the handsome man who loved her better than his own life, and who had always been her friend.
"Saddle Black Beauty and tell James to get ready to accompany me," she said to the servant who answered the bell, the quick peal of which had startled the household.
In a few minutes she had donned her

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riding-habit and hat, and was ready for the journey.
"I am going to Westwater Park," said Dian, as the servant led round the horses.
Never once during that ride did the white, set face relax, as she urged on her horse as though it were a matter of life and death.
Sir Royal was seated in his study when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming up the avenue. The next moment Dian entered the room, with a look of blank despair upon her face. He started from his chair.
"Diana," she cried, "what has brought you here?"
"This," she replied, holding out to him the letter that she had been crushing in her hand—"this, Sir Royal. Read it; for, if it be true, it is my death-warrant."
She gave the letter into his hands, but he did not seem to understand.
"Am I to read it? It is from your father. But first tell me what is the matter with you, Diana."
Her white lips opened but to repeat the one word—
"Read!"
Sir Royal said no more, but smoothed the letter and read it carefully. Then he, in his turn, appeared to be baffled and bewildered.
"My poor Diana," he said sadly, looking at the anxious face before him, "how can I comfort you?"
"Do you believe it?" she asked, with flashing eyes. "Do you believe that my father, who has hitherto been one of the most honest of men, has done that? Do you believe that he has behaved so treacherously? He lavished kisses upon me the night before he went away, and talked to me about my dead mother. You know him, Sir Royal, to be the embodiment of all that is honest and straightforward; do you think it is credible that he has done this? I do not. I have brought the letter here for you to read, because it has driven me mad. I am not grieved or angry; I am mad! I want you to tell me that it is a jest—nothing but a foolish jest. Oh, Royal, speak to me quickly! It is a cruel hoax, it is not, of some one who does not know how I love papa? Speak quickly to me."
Her white agonized face was raised to his. He could have wept tears of blood for her; but he had no word that could comfort her. He could only take her hands in his, and say—
"My poor Diana!"
"You believe it is true then?" she cried despairingly.
"I am afraid it is, my dear," he answered slowly.
"I cannot believe it," said Dian; "my mind will not grasp it. Had it been any other man on earth than my father, I might have believed it. Oh, Royal, it shakes all my faith! It seems as though the very religion in which I have been trained has been ruthlessly shattered! I feel I have lost everything in this world if I have lost my father. If he had but prepared me! If I had only guessed! But, you see, the blow has fallen upon me so unexpectedly."
She stretched out her hands to Sir Royal, who forgot everything but her poignant distress. At that moment she was not the beautiful young heiress, the sweet imperious Diana; she was the gay, dancing, happy child who had come home to Furness to be mistress there, the lovely fair-haired child who had taken his heart by storm at once and forever. She was so young then—only just fifteen—that she had

been at first a pet and a play-thing. He had teased her, bought her presents, run races with her, called her of others. Thank heaven that her first she grew in years, in grace, and in loveliness, so his love had grown with her growth. He worshipped her, but it was always without any hope or return.
It was the child Diana he drew into his arms now, the lovely, laughing, bright-eyed child who had come into his life so unexpectedly.
"If I only knew how to comfort you, Diana!" he said, smoothing the rippling waves of hair, and kissing the heavy tear-drops from the long lashes. "Do not weep my child. What can I do to comfort you?" he cried, as he bent over the fair head.
But it was a relief to her to sob out her passion of tears and grief on that honest breast.
"My own father!" sobbed the girl. "And I have loved him so! Oh, Royal, it has broken my heart!"
"But Diana, my darling, hundreds of men do the same thing—marry again."
"But not men like my father!" she cried, with ceaseless tears. "He is so different, so unlike other men; he was the soul of honor and truth. Oh, Royal, it seems to me almost worse than if he were dead!"
"Nay, it is not so bad as that, Diana," Sir Royal remonstrated gently.
"He will never be the same again to me. To think that he could kiss me, that he could bid me good-bye, knowing that he was going to marry the woman I detest! Oh, Royal, the bare thought rends my heart! I would rather he had married any woman in the wide world than he. Oh, Royal, comfort me!"
But he could only smooth the fair hair and dry the tears that fell like rain. He knew that there was no comfort for her, that her young life lay in ruins around her.
"I wish to Heaven I could!" he said. "Diana, I would give my life to make you happy, and yet I can do nothing!"
There is always something of consolation in a great love; and Sir Royal had stemmed the torrent of her grief by the fervor of his love. Had Diana been his own child, he could not have soothed and caressed her more gently and more kindly. He considered her the child Diana, whose tears he was kissing away, and whose half-frantic despair he was trying to abate.
After a time he let the rain of tears fall unchecked. He saw that her grief was so violent, so intense, that the overcharged heart must pour forth its bitterness before she could hope for any relief. He allowed her to weep without interruption, only caressing the fair head and keeping it still on his breast.
The child Diana in her first trouble! How long was it since she had sung to him of sunshine and roses, and almost wondered why life was so fair? Let her weep on. There would be heavier trials than this for her, unless her life differed greatly from the lives by every endearing name; and, as great, almost intolerable grief had driven her to him, that her first most bitter tears had been shed on his breast! The child Diana weeping because the idol of her life was broken! How many more idols would be shattered for her?
As his arms unfolded her, his heart ached, and a mighty love for her took possession of him. Not a lover's love; it was even higher and holier than that. It was the love of father, brother, and friend. It filled his heart, and he longed with unutterable longing to carry her away from all her troubles, to transport her to some happy land where he could shield her from every care.
(To be Continued.)

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APPEAL SUCCESSFUL.
COPENHAGEN, Oct. 8. The German Government's appeal to General Von Der Goltz's troops to withdraw from the Baltic Provinces has proved successful, according to Berlin despatch received here to-day. Return of some of the troops began on Saturday, it is declared, and several transports bearing contingents of those troops, homeward bound, will leave shortly.
WRONGLY WARNED.
ROME, Oct. 7. Newspapers here comment at some length on the warnings to Italy to withdraw from the Baltic Provinces relative to the situation at Fiume. Tribune prints a violent article, maintaining the warnings and saying that British and American warnings should not be addressed to Italy, but to D'Annunzio, as Fiume is not Italy, in Fiume is fighting against the Italian Government, which together with other Allies is unable to solve the Adriatic problem after the disavowal of the pact of London.
WILL HELP RUSSIANS.
PARIS, Oct. 7. Gen. Mangin, whose recall to France from command of the Eighth Army has just been announced, is to proceed to South Russia and join General D'Amico, the anti-Bolshevik commander there, according to the Leclaire. He will be accompanied by Basil Malakoff, Russian ambassador.

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