



For Her Sake; The Murder in Ferness Wood.

CHAPTER LXII.

The Marquis de Vere had taken his wife home. She seemed ill and miserable; and he, not knowing anything of her love for Lord Clanronald, thought the horror of the tragedy too much for her, and insisted upon her leaving Ferness at once. She was unwilling at first; but Lady Cameron earnestly urged the desirability of the change suggested by the marquis.

"You had better go, my dear," she urged. "I wish I had the chance. I would not stay here one moment longer if I could help it. I shall never like Ferness again, now that the shadow of death and murder rests over it."

Evdine stood up before her mother, with more feeling and dignity than she ever shown before.

"I know why you wish me to go. You are afraid lest I should do or say something imprudent; but there is no fear. Lord Clanronald was the only man I ever loved or cared for; but he is dead now, and I am not likely to forget myself. I will go, since every one wishes it. Mother, I loved that man—I loved him! Let me once more gaze upon him; let me bid him good-bye, and let me go alone to the chamber of death."

Lady Cameron consented, thankful for even such a compromise.

The marchioness went to take her last look at the dead face of the man she had truly loved. She stood for a long time at the foot of the coffin, watching the face that would never smile on her again.

"You would have been happy with me, dear," she said, with a great tearless sob. "You loved me, and I, in return, loved you. She came between us; she took you from me; but I should have made you a better wife than she did. I loved you, and she did not. I should have borne with your faults, and have loved you in spite of them; she did not. I have a sure instinct that you would not have come to your death had you married me." As the tapers flickered, the face of the dead seemed to her to smile. "They say you were brutal and cruel to others; you would have been kind and gentle to me, because I loved you—I loved you!" she repeated, with a passionate cry. "They say you were coarse and vulgar; but I never thought so."

She bent over the placid countenance

of the man she had loved in life, and kissed his face.

"Good-bye, my loved," she said. "You are going to your cold, dark grave; I am going back to the world—the cold, cruel, heartless world. But I leave my heart with you; it will be with you in your grave. Good-bye!"

It was a relief to Lady Cameron when her daughter and her husband had gone. Then came the horror of the inquest.

Sir Lisle had remained at Ferness at Lady Cameron's urgent request. He had never seen Diana since the fatal night. On the day preceding the inquest, her maid Susanna brought him a note folded and sealed. He opened it and read:

"I have but one request to make—that I may never look upon your face again. If I do—if you force yourself into my presence—it will kill me. Remember that; I cannot endure it and live. I say nothing; I leave all to a Higher Power. You know and I know. The only course for you to pursue is to leave Ferness—and at once. Oh, would to Heaven you had gone before! And in this world I pray that we may never meet again."

Sir Lisle read and reread, bewildered, dismayed, shocked. He could not understand the reference to a Higher Power, nor why his presence should, at the present time, be so distasteful to her. All that was clear to him was that she wanted him to go—whether because she still cared for him, but had made up her mind to live without him, or whether because she thought he loved her, and she would not accept his love, he could not tell. In any case, if she would it, he must go; he could not remain there against her wish. Yet he would have given ten years of his life to be able to stay with her, to comfort her, to help her. However, for some reason known only to herself, she was sending him out a second time into darkness and exile. He could not understand it. Yet one thing was clear—he must humor her and go, but certainly not for life. He would return when she had recovered from the shock; for it must be the shock which had bewildered her. He answered her request in these words:

"Your wish is a cruel one. I would fain have remained here to comfort you; but, since you wish it, I go."

When Diana read them she felt that her worst forebodings were realized, that her worst suspicions were true; and from that hour she was a changed woman. All interest in life seemed to have left her.

The inquest was held in due course, but nothing was elicited which threw any light on the mystery. The first witness examined was Captain Bates.

with whom Lord Clanronald had had a few words. It was proved that the captain had not seen him again. He had played at lawn-tennis until nearly dinner time, and more than twenty people could swear that he had never left the ball-room. The next was Peter Cameron, who deposed to having seen Lord Clanronald go to the chestnut walk, and to asking his daughter to go there to him.

The interest centered in Lady Clanronald. Her beautiful face was colorless, her eyes shadowy, as from weeping; in her sweeping back draperies she was but the ghost of the once brilliant Diana Cameron. She looked neither to the right nor to the left. She saw neither coroner, jury, nor witnesses; she never knew whether Sir Lisle was present or not. Her whole mind was concentrated on one point—so to answer the questions addressed to her as to avoid directing any suspicion to the man whom she believed to have done the deed. She had, of course, little to say. Her father had wished her to go to the chestnut walk, where her husband was sleeping. She stood by his side until he awoke, and then he asked her to send a servant to him with some brandy and soda-water. She had left him sitting there, and never saw him again alive.

In answer to various questions—Had she seen any one else near him?—Did she know if he were on bad terms with any one?—Had any one any interest in his death?—her sole reply was—"No."

Had she ever heard any one threaten him? Her face, white already as death, seemed to grow whiter; but she answered clearly—"No."

The young widow was questioned no further. Nothing that she said threw the least light upon the mystery.

The next witness was the valet, who had found his master dead. He was examined at great length. He declared that he saw no sign of any person near, nor was there any indication of a struggle having taken place. Lord Clanronald was lying on the bench as though asleep; the witness thought he was asleep until, trying to rouse him, he discovered that he was dead, when he had gone at once in search of aid.

This was all the evidence, and the coroner, having drawn the attention of the jury to the whole of the facts as deposed to, thought there was but one conclusion at which they could arrive—that the deceased had been foully murdered.

This was the view the jury held, and they returned a verdict of "willful murder" against some person or persons unknown, adding the hope that a substantial reward would be offered for the apprehension of the murderer.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Lord Clanronald was laid in the family vault at Rinehill, and the new lord, who had just left Oxford, reigned in his stead. The funeral was one long to be remembered. Hundreds of people were present—many out of respect for the family, many from curiosity. Peter Cameron, Richard Maroh, and the Marquis de Vere, were among the mourners.

There was little legal business to follow. The title and entailed estates passed to the next heir male; but Lord Clanronald left a large income to his wife, which, at her death, was to return to his family.

"I do not want money," said Diana, with a sigh, when she was told of it. "I would give all the money I possess for what I shall never have again—a gleam of happiness."

She never mentioned Sir Lisle's name. With a white set face she listened to Lady Cameron's lamentations over his absence; but she never spoke of him. It seemed to her as though her heart had turned to stone when she realized that the man whom she had loved had stained his hands with the blood of her husband.

"It was so selfish of Lisle to leave me!" moaned Lady Cameron. "There was no reason for it, no sense in it; and, if I knew his whereabouts, I

should write to him. I am afraid he has gone abroad again."

After a time, when her strength returned, Diana had but one longing, and it was to get away from Ferness. Never, so long as she lived, would she see it again. It was darkened forever to her by the stain of murder and by the shadow of death.

She never again went to her favorite terrace, she never entered the conservatory—the scene of her greatest joy and her greatest sorrow—she never went near the chestnut-walk. Indeed Peter Cameron, unable to bear the sight of it, had the trees destroyed and the walk dug up, so that nothing should remain to remind them of the fatal tragedy which had been enacted there.

For Diana, Lady Clanronald, the time of her discipline was come. When she left Ferness she gave one lingering farewell look toward the once-beloved home. She saw it in all its glory and beauty, and she owned to herself that it was her own pride that had darkened it and brought the shadow of death there.

The penalty she must pay was to leave it and surrender all hope of earthly happiness. She departed one bright afternoon, when the sun was shining full upon the house and the wind stirred the foliage and flowers; when the waters of the fountain glittered in the sunlight and the sweet song of birds filled the air with music.

She bade farewell to none of her friends. She did not see Lady Colwyn or Sir Royal. He was still ill and unable to leave the house; but he wrote to her, expressing the hope that brighter days would dawn for her. And Diana wept as she read the letter, for she felt that neither day or night could ever bring happiness to her again.

She stood aloof, as it were, from the highways of life, and suffered in silence. She sorrowed over Sir Lisle with a grief that knew no bounds. He was one of the noblest and bravest men of earth but, to avenge her, he had stained his hands with blood! She could not bear to think of it. There were times when it almost drove her mad, when she paced the room through the long nights, when she knelt with her hands clinched in tearless agony, when she tried to pray for him, and the words died on her lips. If she had sinned she suffered, and this suffering was to be her discipline.

She retired to a quaint old manor-house called Hampt Wood. The place belonged to her father, and stood on the Kentish coast; and here she lived through the time of her discipline. At first she was too much engrossed by her own sorrows to think of the trials of others; but after a time, her naturally noble heart reasserted itself.

(To be continued.)

3033

Fashion Plates.
A SMART "TUNIC" DRESS.

3033—Here is a pretty model for serge and satin, divyette and crepe, or crepe de chine and chiffon. Bordered or embroidered materials could be used for this model. Gray blue Georgette crepe could be combined with black satin, and have a simple ornamentation of embroidery in self color. Purple and black, or black satin or silk with a touch of copper color would be effective.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14, 16, and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A SMART FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

3035—Here is a style good for repp, linen, gingham, chambray, poplin, ghabardine, corduroy or velvet. The shield may be omitted; the sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. This dress is made to slip on over the head but additional opening may be arranged through the plait.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

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All States, at Hamilton, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Medicines at all Drug-cists and Dealers, GERALD S. DOYLE, Water St., St. John's, Sole Agent.

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KING'S PRAISE FOR HIS SON.

LONDON, Dec. 4.

Though the welcome home dinner of Prince of Wales at Buckingham Palace Monday night was a presentation King George greeted him in a set speech addressing him as "my dear son," and adding "I wish most hearty welcome on your home safe and sound." The expressed his pleasure at the visible enthusiasm with which the Prince had been everywhere received and because he had forged a link between Canada and the island. In this connection the referred to a telegram he had received from Premier Borden containing his congratulations to the Prince and Queen on the remarkable success of the visit of the Prince and the wonderful impression the heir to the British throne had made on the people of the Dominion. He also spoke in appreciation of the welcome you received from the Dominion and New York. The proceeded to say how it always been his earnest wish for the most friendly relations between the United States and that he was that the Prince's visit had led to that end. "I wish to say," he continued, "how entertained I am with the way in which you carried out these very important duties entrusted to you. Although the staff has been of great help, beginning to end. You have shown the highest sense of duty and personal charm and your smiles have won all hearts. Both your mother and I are very proud of you." The Prince of Wales replying to the King began, "Your Majesty, I feel diffident in attempting to reply to your toast. When you bade me well I felt very proud of the message you had entrusted to me. I was very glad to see the empire for myself and to do my utmost to be worthy of your confidence. It is a great honor for me when you speak from your lips that you should speak with the way in which I should with the far too kind words have used about me. I have had a wonderful journey, a wonderful success, and can never express my gratitude for the universal kindness and hospitality shown me. But I am convinced enough to suppose this was personal to myself. I was very glad to be given such a warm and hearty welcome from you and help in one of your duties where the happiest moment

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