



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

CHAPTER X.

"You may consider, mamma, that we have given your permission to marry, and that we bestow upon you our filial benediction," laughed Evadne.

Lady Scarsdale's face grew crimson. Thea averted a storm, as she often did, by kissing her mother, saying at the same time:

"It will entail some sacrifice on you; but it seems the best thing to do."

It is not perhaps the easiest thing in the world for a mother to consult her grown-up daughters about a second marriage; but Lady Scarsdale passed through the ordeal with dignity. She now rose from her easy-chair.

"I think we understand each other," she said. "Providence has evidently placed this money in our way, and we shall do well to avail ourselves of it. I shall inform Mr. Cameron that I accept his offer."

Again Thea bent her dark, proud head over her mother's face and kissed her.

"I hope you will be happy, mamma," she said.

And Evadne cried: "The very first thing I shall ask for, when it is all settled, will be a velvet dress with real lace. I have longed for such a dress all my life."

Lady Scarsdale retired to write some letters, and the two girls were left alone.

"Thea," cried her sister, "it is of no use looking so miserable over such joyous news. I wonder whether we shall be mamma's bridesmaids?"

"I wonder you can laugh!" was the rejoinder.

"It would be a greater wonder still if I could not," said Evadne. "I foresee a lively time at Ferness. It will be a war with Diana. And, do you know, she is a girl worth fighting; there is a ring of true metal in her. It will be like a scene from a play—'Enter Lady Scarsdale and her daughters; exit Diana.'"

"Diana will never 'exit' from Ferness," said Thea. "I wish, Evadne, you would

not be quite so heartless." "That is a change; you generally call me artful," laughed Evadne. "I believe you are both," said Thea. The same evening Peter Cameron was told that it would be made a happy man.

CHAPTER XI.

"Diana," cried Richard Marche, "all your dogs are jobs! Hughes is in despair because John Brown has been over the bed of tea-roses, and Captain Langley has done untold mischief to some fine scarlet geraniums. Why do you love dogs so much, Diana, and why do you keep so many?"

"Why do you love them yourself, Rich? You remember the saying of a great and gifted writer—'The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs.'"

"Diana," cried Richard, "I will not have quotations thrown at me; I will not, indeed! If you will have dogs, why do you not train them?"

"They are well trained," replied Diana. "There is not a more obedient dog in England than John Brown. If he has destroyed the bed of tea-roses, it is because he has mistaken it for some other flower-bed."

"You had better tell Hughes that!" laughed Richard.

"I am not afraid of Hughes," said Diana, who always stood up for her dogs.

John Brown, so called from his color, and Captain Langley, named after his donor, were two noble retrievers. John Brown, whose hair was thick and curly, had great loving brown eyes and a bark that could be heard half over the park. Captain Langley was black and a trifle more violent in temper than his companion. Both of them were devoted to Diana with all the ardor of dog-worship. They raced toward her, they barked round her, they fought about her; and, though Diana had many other canine favorites, these two were the most prominent. At times, if by accident they made their way into the garden, causing damage and devastation. Hughes would complain loudly; but the worst thing he ever did to the faithful animals was to fasten them up in the kennel, an indignity they bitterly resented, and from which Diana quickly freed them.

On this bright summer morning John Brown, rampant with health and good spirit, had employed himself most vigorously in destroying a bed of fine

tea-roses, the very pride of Hughes' heart; and the old gardener declared that things could not and should not go on so. He must see Miss Diana herself. Richard came upon the scene just in time, and sought his cousin with the news. She was on the terrace, the sunshades around her, the blue sky above her head without a cloud, the birds, singing, the flowers in full bloom. Yet no flower was there so fair and sweet as Diana herself. Her white morning dress had no ornament, and fitted her tall slender figure to perfection; her fair hair, surmounted by a picturesque broad-brimmed hat shaded her lovely face; the fresh morning air had given a brightness to her eyes and a blooming radiance to her face.

Richard watched her for some minutes in mute admiration—he was not in love with his cousin, though he thought her the fairest and sweetest of women. She stood leaning over the stone balustrade, toying idly with the crimson roses that grew round the twisted pillars, a picture of youth, beauty, health, and happiness.

"When I look at you, Diana, I always wish I were a poet," said Richard, after he had given the particulars of John Brown's deprecations. "As you stand there now, bathed in sunshine and surrounded by flowers that vie with your own loveliness, all kinds of poetic ideas come into my mind; but I cannot give expression to one of them. I can only compare you to a Dryad or something of the kind."

Diana interrupted him with a laugh. "Never mind, Rich. I assure you that, whatever I may look, I feel like an ordinary young woman in a morning dress. I must go and see what damage John Brown has done."

"Stay a few minutes, Diana; we do not often find leisure for a little conversation. How beautiful the sea looks this morning—the waves are so blue and crisp!" Diana, he continued, abruptly changing the subject and looking with wistful eyes at the lovely face, "has it struck you that your father has been much from home lately?"

"He has been at Tresham Park," she answered, carelessly. "He is very fond of Sir Granterley."

"He goes there every day, does he not?" asked Richard.

"I do not know. Perhaps he does; he has not told me. Why do you ask, Rich?" And the lovely eyes that looked up at him were so clear, so bright, that Richard had not the heart to shadow them by revealing all that he had heard, and all that he suspected.

"I wondered why he goes so often," he said.

"He has no particular reason; he likes talking to Sir Granterley."

She had not the faintest suspicion of the truth. She knew that Lady Scarsdale and her daughters were still there, but she never for a moment connected that fact with her father's visits. No such idea as her father's marrying again had ever presented itself to her. A star falling from heaven or the earth suddenly opening would not have surprised her more. He was hers, all her own; they lived for each other.

Richard saw how utterly unsuspecting she was. He turned away, saying to himself—

"I will not be the one to open her eyes. Great Heaven, what will the poor girl say when she knows it!" What indeed! The young heiress, who had never known a shadow of care, what would she do? "I can only hope it is not true," he muttered to himself.

"What a difference it will make!" "Rich," said Diana, "I have an idea in my mind which I should like carried out. Can you guess what it is?"

"I am afraid not," he replied. "Your ideas are generally quite beyond me, Diana."

"I think it is a sin not to take advantage of this lovely weather. Can you not see what glorious opportunities we are letting slip by? Well, Rich," she added, turning to her cousin, "I want to give a series of picnics at all the lovely spots around us. They are beginning to make hay in the large

meadows where the two great oak trees stand; I should like the first there—a regular picnic."

"You have but to express the wish, and it shall be obeyed," said Richard; but in his heart he was wondering how long her happiness would last, and how Diana would bear the shock. If all that rumor said were true.

Her lovely eyes were fixed on his face. She could not read the thoughts that had shadowed it, and she cried, with a touch of the half-sweet, half-imperious manner that belongs to her: "You do not like the idea, Rich?"

"Indeed I do!" he replied. Then he added suddenly, looking toward the house, "There is Uncle Peter! How well he looks this morning!"

There was something in Peter Cameron's face which Richard was quick to read—a sense of half-shamed exultation.

"He has done it, I believe, after all!" the young man said to himself. "Oh, my beautiful Diana!"

There was a cloud on Diana's fair face as she turned to greet him.

"What a glorious morning, papa!" she said. "And how praiseworthy early we are! It is not nine o'clock yet. Rich, tell papa about John Brown."

But Richard was keen enough to see an expression of impatience on Mr. Cameron's face; he knew by instinct that he wanted to talk to his daughter, and he guessed shrewdly what he wished to impart.

The bright happy face and shining eyes smote him with keen anguish. "I must go," he decided. "I know what it will cost her; I could not listen to one word."

He asked to be excused just at that moment, and nodding to her, said: "I will go and look after John Brown."

As he descended the steps of the terrace, he said to himself that the old happy days at Ferness were nearly ended.

"You look bright as the morning, Diana," remarked Mr. Cameron.

As he looked with admiration upon the beautiful young face, he thought to himself that no position could be high enough to her, that nothing could be good enough, and that he had gone right in opening the gates of the world of fashion to her.

"I want to talk to you, Dian," he said. "Sit down, my dear, for I have much to say, and you must listen patiently."

"I always do to you, papa," she returned. "I may tire of Rich, I may tire of Sir Royal at times; but I never tire of you."

"True, Dian."

Peter Cameron sat down by his daughter's side. He had so much to say to her that he hardly knew where to begin; but suddenly a strange hesitancy came over him. It had seemed so easy, for was it not "the very thing for Diana"? Now, however, when he looked into Diana's face and tried to tell the story, a sudden numbness seized him. He felt the veins swell on his forehead and great drops gather there; his hands trembled and his lips grew cold. He turned coward when he most needed his courage. Yet he had acted as he had for her sake, and it would be best for her.

She was smiling, it seemed to him, at the red roses she held in her hands; her white fingers caressed the crimson petals as she awaited her father's communication.

"Dian," he said at last, "I have asked Lady Scarsdale to marry me, and she has consented."

The abruptness with which Diana had this news imparted to her seemed for the moment almost to overwhelm her. The flowers fell as she started up with raised hands and parted lips. At first no sound came from them; then she uttered a faint inarticulate cry. The color faded from her face, leaving it white as the face of the dead.

"Great Heaven, Dian," he cried, "do not give way like that!"

(to be continued.)

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that, under the provisions of Sec. 1 of "The Daylight Savings Act, 1918," at eleven o'clock on the evening of Sunday, October 5th instant, all clocks throughout the Colony are to be put back to ten o'clock, and time thereafter shall continue to run from day to day as before the operation of the said Act.

J. R. BENNETT,  
Colonial Secretary,  
Dept. of the Colonial Sec'y,  
October 2nd, 1919. oct2,31

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BACK TO WORK. NEW YORK. C. All the longshoremen who went out in Brooklyn yesterday to back to work Oliver Morton, secretary of Local 968, of the national Longshoremen's Association announced this to-day. They thought their demands, instead of referred to the National Arbitration Commission, had been rejected, and struck on that morning, Mr. Morton said.

CINCINNATI WINS AGAIN. CINCINNATI, OHIO. The Cincinnati Reds tighter grasp on the World's series by defeating the Chicago White Sox 4 to 2. As they also won the game yesterday, they need but more games to land the series. The game yesterday was safely away in the fourth, and when the ninth arrived to-day the fans a roar in demand of an encore. The Cincinnati batsmen responded, but the person who took the demand to himself was Claude Williams, the pitcher, who was on the mound.

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