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H.P. SAUCE

For Her Sake;

The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER XIX.

Her home was spoken of as some second-rate place that required great alteration before it was fit to be visited by a duchess.

With these bitter thoughts gnawing at her heart, it was not surprising that her dislike of her step-mother and her daughters grew more intense and unbearable. It was sufficient for Lady Cameron to say that she liked anything; Diana hated it at once. It was the same with persons; those whom Lady Cameron liked became to Diana implacable foes. As Thea observed, "It was natural, but very disagreeable."

"Yet again," sighed Diana once, as she entered her room; "I have not won the victory. I have given way to my pride and temper." And from that time her victories were fewer and further between.

She told Sir Royal honestly of her discomfort.

"My dislike and impatience quite overcome my good resolutions," she wrote. "I am sure I should be better if I were never in. I am ashamed of myself when I fail, but hate masters me."

The ladies of the household did not meet again until luncheon, and then no allusion was made to the quarrel. In the middle of the meal a note was brought to Lady Cameron. She read it with a smile, then passed it on to her husband.

"I am so pleased, Mr. Cameron," she said. "Sir Stanhope's heir, the young baronet, is in town, and wishes to call upon me."

The sisters looked up delighted when they heard that the head of the family was about to visit them.

"I shall be glad to see him," remarked Thea.

"So shall I," said Lady Cameron. "I know no person for whom I have more regard."

And Diana thought to herself, with a smile:

"How I shall hate him! The person whom Lady Cameron likes best must be detestable to me."

"I shall be very pleased to see Sir Leslie Scarsdale," said Mr. Cameron. "He is a very attractive young man," remarked his wife. "He came to visit us once when he was young, and I thought him the handsomest boy I had ever seen."

"What relation is he to you, my lady?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"He is hardly a kinsman of mine," she answered. "All the Scarsdales property is strictly entailed; and when my husband died, Sir Leslie, as next of kin, took possession of it. The estate is called Ling. Sir Leslie has been very kind to me," added Lady Cameron. "I do not know what I should have done without him."

The fact was, Sir Leslie had paid her ladyship's debts over and over again. He helped her in many ways, and he would have made her a regular allowance had his income permitted.

Ling, the home of the Scarsdales stood in the country of Sussex. It was an old manor-house, surrounded by fine old trees, and made more beautiful by a picturesque stream that ran through the grounds to the sea. Sir Stanhope and his wife had lived very happily until the sudden end came. After that even Lady Scarsdale would have had a good income

but for the failure of the bank in which her money was invested. Sir Leslie knew but little else besides her two daughters and her title, he behaved generously to her. He had been absent from home for five years, during which Ling had been let to a Scotch nobleman; but now, as he was passing through London, he heard that Lady Cameron was in town, and wished to see her.

"I am more pleased than words can tell," said her ladyship. "If he is as handsome now as he was when a boy, he must be an ideal man."

"How I shall hate him," thought Diana. "My step-mother's special favorite, a man bearing her daughters' name, her ideal of manly beauty—I hate him already!"

"I hope," said Lady Cameron, looking at her two daughters, impressively, "that you will be especially attentive to Sir Leslie. I owe him a deep debt of gratitude."

"Would you like us to pay it for you, mamma?" asked Evadne.

"I wish you to treat him with affectionate civility," said Lady Cameron. "I wish you, Evadne, to lay aside some of your frivolity."

"Not all, mamma," she put in, with a laugh, which her stately mother resented with a frown.

"The greater part of it, I hope," she replied coldly. "And you, Thea, try to be amiable. We belong to Sir Leslie's family; let us do credit to it."

"When is he coming?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"The day after to-morrow, I should imagine from his letter. Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than this. I do not often go into raptures, but I consider Sir Leslie Scarsdale one of the noblest of men."

"How I shall hate him!" thought Diana again.

But she repeated the name to herself many times—"Leslie Scarsdale." She felt sure that it was impossible for any Scarsdale to be endurable.

None of those she knew were, and the chances were that a male scion of the family would be worse than the others. She wondered why her father showed such delight at the coming of a man who was a perfect stranger to him.

"Lord Claronald is in town," said Lady Cameron suddenly. "I saw him this morning, and he promised to dine with us this evening. Evadne, you must wear that new white silk and your pearls."

Diana looked at the girl, whose face had flushed and paled, with a vague wonder as to who Lord Claronald was. How little she dreamed that that

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very day was to see the beginning of a great tragedy!

"White silk and pearls," laughed Evadne, when the three girls were alone. "What a delicate suggestion of a bridal toilet!"

"Mamma always knows best," said Thea, who opposed her sister on every occasion, without rhyme or reason, quite sure of the fact that she was always in the wrong. "The chances are, Evadne," she continued, "that the white silk and pearls will be wasted. It is some months since we saw Lord Claronald, and he may be engaged or married."

"If he were married, we should have heard of it, and, as for engagements, there are far more broken than kept."

Diana looked at the beautiful young girl. Her eyes danced with delight, as they always did when she was engaged in a battle-royal with her sister, and her glittering hair, which had fallen in the heat of argument, hung like a veil over her shoulders.

"Evadne," she said, solemnly, "I do not often intrude with a question; but I should like to know whether you mean what you say, that you do not consider a broken engagement either a discredit or a disgrace?"

"I did not say so exactly," she replied, laughingly—"my words were not so forcible or so elegant, but that is what I mean."

In after days the memory of those words came back with significant force to both girls.

Diana resolved that, if possible, she would not see her step-mother's paragon. She would go out on the morrow, and stay from home all day, no matter what Lady Cameron might think or say. She detested the whole family enough already; she did not care to know another member of it.

So in her own mind she resolved to avoid meeting this Sir Leslie, and to go out in the morning, leaving a note for Lady Cameron, saying that she had an engagement and would not be home until evening. She knew that it was not altogether the correct thing to do; but she had followed her own will all her life, and found doing so very sweet. No more Scarsdale for her, she soliloquized, and, if the need of the house, as they chose to call him, were coming, she would show that she had not the least desire to meet him; and so engrossed was Diana in thinking how best to avoid Sir Leslie Scarsdale that she forgot all about Lord Claronald.

CHAPTER XX.

When the family assembled in the drawing-room that evening, Diana saw that preparations had been made for a visitor.

She looked much as usual, in a dress of pale amber covered with black lace, with the exception that she wore Mr. Cameron's magnificent present of rubies; she was a distinguished-looking girl, with a fine face, but no one would call her beautiful.

Evadne wore the white silk and pearls at which her sister had sneered; her face had a faint flush, her eyes shone brightly. She had never looked so dainty or so charming before.

But Diana beside them was like a stately young queen, and she surpassed them in appearance as a rose surpasses a field flower. It was partly their knowledge of this made them dislike her.

One or two others had been invited to meet Lord Claronald. It was not often, Lady Cameron said, that one found guests even for a small dinner party in London in September.

Lord Claronald was announced, and Diana looked up with some little curiosity. She saw a tall, rather handsome man with a fair face and fair hair—handsome she thought at the first glance, but not at the second. His face was weak, and the lines round the mouth bespoke harshness and cruelty.

Diana's first feeling as her eyes rested upon him was one of repulsion. She observed some little warmth in his manner as he shook hands with Evadne. She heard him allude to "the length of time since they had met; and Evadne blushed, while her eyes brightened with delight. To Thea his greeting was polite—nothing more. And then, after a short pause, Mr. Cameron introduced him to his daughter.

Diana saw a flash of admiration in his eyes; then she turned away, saying to herself that the friends of her step-mother and her daughters could never be friends of hers. She had not the least wish to exchange one word with him. He talked to Evadne and took her in to dinner—indeed his attentions to her were very marked; and Lady Cameron looked on with unfeigned pleasure.

"I have often wondered," Diana heard him say to her, "how and when I should meet you again. I have never forgotten the pleasant days we spent together. I was very much annoyed when I found myself compelled to come to town; now I cannot sufficiently thank fate or fortune."

After dinner, Lord Claronald took his station by Evadne's side; and, though he chatted gaily to her, Diana more than once found his eyes fixed on her face with an intensity of admiration that startled her. If Evadne had been more amiable, more truthful, less artificial and selfish, Diana would have felt some sympathy in her evident happiness; as it was, she had none.

Lord Claronald seemed fairly intelligent. He could not by any stretch of imagination be called clever; but he was well posted in all the social topics of the day, and managed, with his small talk and flattery, to pass muster among the ladies.

Evadne had worn all the evening a beautiful spray of gardenias, and when Lord Claronald went to take leave of her, Diana saw that he wore the same flower in his coat. It was the fashion, she knew; for lovers to exchange flowers, and she was touched by and interested in the discovery she had made; she looked at Evadne, and felt more kindly disposed toward her than she had felt before. The girl looked very fair in this the moment of her triumph.

When Evadne was standing just within the miniature conservatory, after Lord Claronald had gone, Diana approached her, and laid her slim hand on the girl's shoulder.

"You look very happy, Evadne," she said.

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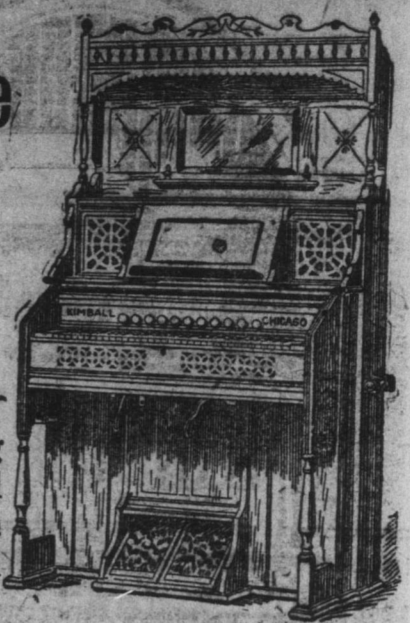
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REPORTING L.W.W. AND GERMAN SYDNEY AUSTRALIA, Oct. 15. (Reuter's Ottawa Agency).—Parliamentarian who arrived here in June failed to convince the Allies' board that he is not a member of the L. W. W. and of German extraction. With five hundred other Germans he has been deported by the steamer Valentin.

ASQUITH ON PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, Oct. 15. Speaking at a dinner to Alfred Gardiner, retiring editor of the Daily News, former Premier Asquith gave the following description of the present state of the Government: "The Cabinet Government supported the Parliamentarian Party of the people. The House of Commons itself is a caricature of the real opinions of the nation. We live politically from day to day and from hand to mouth. We live upon phrases, experience and improvisations." Mr. Gardiner said that Mr. Asquith had no gift for advertising which was a very important part of the makeup of the modern politician. Parliament was now at a lower ebb than at any time during the last hundred years.

A DIFFICULT MATTER.

LONDON, Oct. 15. In connection with the withdrawal of the British forces from the Archangel front Reuter learns that this naturally a more difficult matter than from Murmansk. The latter has a single front while Archangel has four. That on the Dvina was undoubtedly the most delicate position as

And the Worst

