



**For Her Sake,  
The Murder in Ferness Wood.**

CHAPTER LV.  
Diana, anxious to avert a scene, took her seat by her father's side, saying a few pleasant words to him about the garden.  
Her husband rudely interrupted her. "I should like to know, Diana," he began, "why you are late—why you cannot come down to breakfast in time, like other people?"  
His voice was loud and harsh, and anger flashed from his eyes. Mr. Cameron looked up in surprise; the ladies appeared distressed; the Marquis de Vere frowned.  
"I am sorry for being late," Diana answered, anxious to keep the peace. "It was thoughtless of me, but I forgot how time was passing. I will be more punctual for the future."  
No one but herself knew how great was the effort she made to speak humbly and submissively, in the hope of preventing an outburst of her husband's temper. Discipline had taught her much, suffering more. Her pride was dying under the pressure of heavy sorrow. Anything was better than that she should shout at her beloved, the whole family—before those women who had been her foes, before her father and Richard. No one there had ever seen Diana so humble before.  
Lord Clanronald muttered angrily. No one heard him plainly; but a hot blush arose to his wife's face. Richard saw that she took no breakfast, and that she was really alarmed.  
"I can quite understand," he said to himself, "that this kind of thing would soon break the spirit of any woman. The chances are that Diana takes little enough as to what passes when they are alone, but cannot endure that her friends should be witnesses of such scenes."  
In this opinion he was right. Obviously the kindest thing was to distract his attention; and that Richard did by at once speaking to him up-

on a subject that interested him, an impending swimming match. Lady de Vere was sufficiently content for her share in the storm to come to the rescue. But they all saw how Lord Clanronald's face darkened when he looked at his wife, and they knew by instinct that, if he should see her alone, his furious temper would burst upon her again. Richard asked him if he would walk with him as far as the Knoll Farm, where there was a wonderful little spaniel for sale; and when they had gone Diana quickly left the room.  
The ladies gathered into a little group and discussed the affair in whispers. They said it was all very well when they surrounded Lady Clanronald and shielded her; but what must it be for her when she was with him alone?  
Lady de Vere alone took his lordship's part.  
"Diana does not know how to manage him," she declared. "I could have lived with him forever without an angry word."  
"I do not like to hear you speak in that manner, Evadne," said Lady Cameron. "You are always so unreasonably prejudiced respecting Lady Clanronald."  
"No, I am not," retorted the beautiful marchioness. "I am sorry for her, and you know that I am, mamma; but I say what I have always said, that it is her own fault; and as she has sown so she must reap."  
And Lady Cameron never succeeded in bringing her daughter to any other frame of mind.

CHAPTER LVI.  
"Anywhere—anywhere out of the world!" thought Diana, as she hastened from the breakfast room, followed by the sympathizing looks of the ladies. "Any fate rather than this—any trouble, any sorrow!"  
She could not breathe indoors; the rooms seemed to stifle her. She threw a black-lace shawl over her head and shoulders, and went out on to the terrace, hoping thus to be able to avoid the pitying glances of the ladies, and possibly her father's commiseration.  
The sun shone in golden splendor on the terrace, on the statuary and the trees. In the grounds below the laburnum and the lilac mingled sweetly. How fair and sweet the world was, marred only by the sorrows and sins of men!  
Diana went to her favorite spot, where the roses climbed, and stood there, quite unconscious how fair a picture she made in her dress of pale blue and her black lace.  
A weariness that was akin to despair came over her. She was afraid of the feeling of hatred toward her husband that was growing in her heart. His constant ill-temper, incivility, and indulgence in offensive language to her had embittered her against him. She could see no way of relief but leaving her husband and coming home—coming to live under the sway of Lady Cameron—coming, like a penitent troubled sinner, to the scene of her former pride and glory. She could never endure that; nor could she bear the thought that public attention should be drawn to her mis-



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ery. Even if she could leave him tomorrow, it would be of no use; she must until death remain his wife.  
"If once and for all I could resign myself," she said, "if I could cease to struggle for happiness, if I could forget that there is any other state than this, if I could do as thousands of women in my place would do—take the good and leave the rest—if I could live for fashion, raves, excitement, it would be less miserable for me. Why does my heart yearn for something higher, nobler, better? Why should my soul be filled with yearning when life has nothing more to give me?"  
As she stood musing, she heard the sound of carriage wheels; and, looking down the long avenue of chestnuts that led to the house, she saw a closed carriage with luggage on the top. She was but little interested, for visitors came and went at Ferness without having much to do with Diana. The carriage passed and drove into the courtyard. She fancied once or twice that she heard the sound of voices of surprise; but no surprise on earth could now hold any pleasure for her.  
Then, after some time, she heard footsteps on the terrace. Surely it was not her husband! She understood his character better than others did; she knew that he would never rest until he had vented his ill-temper upon her. She trembled a little, then drew herself up proudly. "As well now as at any other time; the sooner it is over the better," she thought.  
Dear Heaven, what was that? A voice cried "Diana!"—a voice that stirred her every pulse, that made every nerve thrill, that sent a crimson flush to her face, then left it deeply pale—a voice she had never expected to hear on earth again.  
"Diana!"  
She could not turn round. She was dazed, giddy, bewildered. It was as though a ray of sunlight had fallen at her feet, as though the whole world had suddenly changed for her, as though her wretched life had burst the cruel bonds that had brought her so much unhappiness.  
"Diana"—and this time the voice had a caressing tone—"do not let me startle you. Your father told me you were here; will you not let me look at you? Raise your face and speak to me."  
"I cannot!" she cried, as she bowed her head on her trembling hands.  
"You must," said Sir Leslie. "I did not know you were at Ferness, Diana, or—forgive me for saying so—I should not have come. I would not have distressed either you or myself."  
"I am glad to meet you," she said. "It is a pleasure, a gleam of happiness that I did not expect. I am so glad." But her hands trembled. "I have often prayed that I might see you once before I died."  
She gasped rather than spoke the words, and he saw the great emotion that they covered.  
"Look at me, Diana," he requested, gently. "I have carried the memory of your dear face with me all over the world. It has been with me night and day. I have seen nothing else by light of sun, moon or stars. Now that I am here—and I promise to go away again at once—let me gaze upon the face I love."  
Slowly, and almost as one who unveils a ruined shrine, Diana removed

her hands from her face and glanced up at him. She saw him start and look for a moment as though suddenly shocked. Then he cried out, as Sir Royal had done before him:  
"Diana, what has happened to you?"  
For in that pale, sorrowful, beautiful face before him, he saw little trace of the brilliant, proud Diana. He placed his hand beneath her chin and raised the colorless, tear-stained face to the light; then he saw more plainly the ravages that grief and pain had left there—he read more plainly the story of a life of misery without hope.  
"My poor Diana!" he said; and she, looking at him, saw tears in his eyes. "Who has done it?" he cried. "Tell me! Do not fear to tell me who has broken your heart, Diana; for, if ever I saw the signs of a broken heart in any woman's face, they are in yours. Who has done it?"  
"I have done it myself," she answered, in a low voice. "My own pride and folly have done it."  
"There is something more than that, Diana!" he cried. "You look, my dear, as though your heart had been wrung; you look as though the best and brightest part of your life had been crushed out, as though all the light of your beautiful eyes had been dimmed by weeping, as though the bright, fresh, young loveliness that I remember so well had been washed away by bitter tears. Oh, Diana, my dear, lost love, who has caused this?"  
She made no answer. From her heart there rose a despairing cry—that before he knew the complete story of her wretched married life she might die—fall on the ground there at his feet, and die! Let shame kill her! She had destroyed the life of this man who loved her, she had ruined her own life, all for the mere gratification of her pride and vengeance. Let shame kill her! But for her own mad folly, this man whose least word thrilled her heart would have been her husband, and she the happiest woman on the face of the earth.  
Sir Leslie's dark face flushed with anger and sorrow as he watched her.  
"You are but the ghost of yourself, Diana," he said. "You look as though for long years you had been subjected to cruel torture. I can see fear in your eyes—repressed but none the less terrible fear. Who has broken the dauntless spirit as well as the loving heart?"  
She flung up her arms with a low cry.  
"Hush!" she said. "I cannot bear it! If I am wretched it is my own fault."  
"Then you acknowledge that you are miserable? Tell me who makes you so, Diana, tell me who is making you wretched that I may avenge you."  
He raised his strong right arm, always ready to defend the weak and punish the wrong-doer, and Diana felt that where that right arm fell there would be little hope. Sir Leslie's usual calmness had deserted him, and strong passion now swayed him.  
"You made your own choice, Diana," he said, mournfully. "Heaven only knows why you chose as you did; there seemed to be no earthly excuse for it. But no man shall wrong you while I live!"  
(To be continued.)



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**Running Match Postponed**  
Through a misunderstanding about the hire of the building, the charity running match, which was to be held at the Prince's Rink to-night has been postponed. The races will likely take place some time in December. The medals, which were donated by Messrs. W. J. Higgins, K.C., N. J. MacLennan and Miss Kettle Furlong, will be held over till arrangements are completed.  
**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Nise at two—You are referred to the notice to Correspondents, which appears in every issue of Telegram. That notice states that correspondents must send in their names to the Editor. As you have omitted this necessary, your letter will be held over until you have sent in your name, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.  
**PATIENT FOR ASIUM.**—Constable arrived in town yesterday on St. Mary's bringing along a patient for the Insane Asylum.