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CHAPTER V.

For two or three minutes Peter Cameron was silent, little dreaming that he had reached the turning-point of his life; then he said:

"I think it must be as I wish, Dian. I may never have another such chance. Send the invitations for Tuesday."

And his daughter felt that it was useless to say more.

But the invitation was not at once accepted. Lady Scarsdale was too diplomatic to be hurried; so it was early in June before the dinner-party was arranged to come off, and it was to take place on the morning of the day on which Diana Cameron entertained her friends in the rose garden. She did not allude to it for the simple reason that the subject was utterly distasteful to her; but her faithful friends had already a vague idea that there was something between Lady Scarsdale and Mr. Cameron which did not quite meet with her approval. Rumor said so, and rumor makes shrewd guesses at times.

CHAPTER VI.

To her great surprise, Diana Cameron found herself more anxious with respect to this dinner-party than she had ever been as to any other. She examined the menu, she consulted the housekeeper, she made suggestions as to the arrangement of the flowers on the table. Mr. Cameron was just as anxious in his way, but it was from a very different cause. Diana's one desire was to show Lady Scarsdale how well they could do without her; Mr. Cameron's great wish was to impress her with his wealth and magnificence. Though not of the ordinary class of self-made men, he was undoubtedly proud of his wealth, and not disinclined to display it. He rejoiced now that Lady Scarsdale would see for herself what manner of man the Duke had ignored; while Diana flattered herself that, when Lady Scarsdale saw her, she would understand that they did not require her patronage.

It was the morning of the day appointed for the dinner-party, and Miss Cameron's faithful counselor, Sir Royal, had ridden over from Westwater to see if he could be of any service to her. The young heiress was on the lawn talking to her friend under the spread-

ing boughs of a stately cedar, her exquisite face flushed into loveliest bloom by the fresh morning air, her eyes star-like in their brightness, her lips wreathed with smiles.

"You are early, Sir Royal," she said.

"We have but just finished breakfast, and I have come to feed my doves. Will you take some coffee?"

"No, thanks. You will be amused, Diana, when I tell you, but the fact is I drove over so early simply to see you, I have been dreaming about you all night long."

"If I am to believe all you tell me, Sir Royal, that is often the case," and her merry laugh rang out musically.

"Yes, your face haunts me by night as well as by day; but last night my dreams were far from pleasant ones. It seemed to me that you were always in danger—that some subtle danger was hanging over you; yet I could never discover what it was or how to help you. It was a disagreeable dream, which came to me every time I closed my eyes, and made me uneasy and anxious about you; so I rode over early that I might be quite sure there was no cause for my disquietude."

Diana laughed heartily.

"No," she declared; "there is no cause. I am well and happy, Sir Royal."

His eyes dwelt with half-despairing fondness on her face; the mere dream of trouble in store for her had utterly unnerved him. He remembered her always as she stood that morning, in her fair loveliness, under the drooping boughs of the old cedar. She had been out gathering lilies and roses for the vases in her room, and her white hands were filled with the sweet blossoms.

"A man might live and die," Sir Royal thought, "for one so fair."

Suddenly her face clouded.

"You are right, after all," she said.

"I am not so happy as usual to-day. Papa's dinner party is to come off this evening, and the very thought of it is unpleasant to me."

"You do not like Lady Scarsdale?"

"No—nor her daughters. I shall be glad when they leave Treham. Papa spends a great deal of time there. He has an idea that Lady Scarsdale is a most wonderful woman—that she is a queen of society, and knows everything that the great world thinks worth knowing. He fancies—poor papa!—that he can get into society by her aid; but my opinion of her is very different. She gives me the idea of an adventuress," added candid Diana, with flashing eyes.

Sir Royal looked somewhat startled.

"But, Diana, she is the daughter of an earl!" he exclaimed.

"And a very disreputable broken-down earl he was, according to all the stories told of him. I see nothing to be proud of in that. I should be far prouder of being the daughter of a man like my father."

Sir Royal looked at her anxiously.

"Diana," he said gently, "I have all the privileges of an old friend. Do you know what your 'rock ahead' in life will be?"

"No, indeed, Sir Royal," she answered.

"Pride," he said—"but pride of no common kind. It would perhaps be better for you if you were proud of your father's wealth or position, but you are not."

"No," she replied, smiling. "I am not. Yet you are right, Sir Royal; I am proud."

"You are not vain of your beauty either," he continued, "as some girls like you would be. But, in this instance, in all that concerns Lady Scarsdale your pride shows itself. You have set yourself against her—will accept no favor, no grace at her hands, simply because the pride that is innate in you rises against her. Is it not so?"

She laughed and blushed.

"How well you know me, Sir Royal," she said. "When I hear you talk I could fancy I was listening to the teaching of my own heart."

"You are an anomaly to me," she declared. "To your inferiors you are sweetness and gentleness to some people, Diana, with your haughty pride to others."

"You speak fearlessly," she said.

"You know that I care for you more than for any one else in the world," he returned. "I speak by the right that my love gives me. I can imagine that in certain circumstances, Diana, you would become obstinate, immovable; you would sacrifice your life rather than give in."

"Do you really think," she asked frankly, "that I am as bad as that?"

"I am afraid so," he answered candidly.

"But, Sir Royal," she said as she toyed with a lovely rose, "while I acknowledge the perfect truth of all that you have said, pray tell me why you have chosen this glorious morning for your lecture?"

"Because I have been dreaming about you," he replied promptly—"dreaming all night of some subtle danger awaiting you; and all the way hither I have been thinking of you, of your character and temperament, of the difficulties you would probably meet with, and I come to the conclusion that your 'rock ahead' would be pride."

"Who am I that I should teach you?" he answered, gently; then, after a pause: "But this very day, Diana, you will have an opportunity of checking your pride. Be gracious to Lady Scarsdale and her daughters. That will be your first lesson in discipline. For I really think that up to the present time you have had your own way in everything, you have always done just as you liked. Is it not so, Dian?"

"Yes," she replied frankly. "It will certainly be a novelty for me to control my likes and dislikes."

"Such is the discipline of life," he remarked; "and that we all must undergo."

She was silent for a few minutes; then looking up to him, she said:

"Thank you, Sir Royal. That was a nice little lecture and you are a true friend. I will do my best. I will begin my life's discipline by being gracious and cordial to Lady Scarsdale. I wonder," she continued, with a sigh, "if I should have been a very different girl if any one had ever taken the trouble to scold me?"

"You are essentially one of those people easy to lead but difficult to drive, according to the familiar phrase," said Sir Royal.

"No one has ever driven me, or has ever tried to do so," she remarked, simply.

"But the time will doubtless come when some one will," he said. "We cannot expect to be led gently all our lives; we are nearly all driven sooner or later—and that is what you should look forward to, Dian."

"Who will ever attempt to rule, or to manage, or to force me?" she asked.

"Not papa, I am sure, and not you!"

"No," he replied, with a laugh that had some little bitterness in it; "I should not have the courage. But, you see, Dian, I am a helpless slave—you govern me with a look. One glance from your eyes, and it is all over with me."

"Still you are an excellent Mentor," she said. "You have given me a lec-

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Fashion Plates.

A CHIC COSTUME.



2953—This design was attractively developed in blue satin, with trimming of velvet and embroidery. One could have the vest of contrasting material. Brown and orange, taupe and blue, green and white, blue and ecru would be pleasing. The skirt is a three piece model with gathered fulness at the waistline and is made on prevailing lines. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/4 yards.

This Pattern is in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

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

A PRACTICAL WORK DRESS.



2962—This style is made so that the closing may be reversed. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, seersucker, lawn, chambray, percale, drill, linen, or flannel could be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 38 inch material. Width of dress at lower edge is about 2 1/4 yards.

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4. Thou shalt use no large-patterned wall papers against which to hang thy pictures. The one will kill the other.
5. Thou shalt have no centerpiece or cornerpieces upon thy ceiling, but only a very nearly plain expanse of light color.
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