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EFFERVESCENT SALT

A Good Friend To Business Men.

Abbey's Salt corrects those little irritating troubles which hinder a man from doing his best work.

It prevents Constipation—
It makes the bowels regular—
It cures those attacks of indigestion—
It is good for the kidneys and bladder—
It's a bracing, invigorating tonic to keep the blood pure and the brain clear.

Take a glass every morning before breakfast.

J. B. ORR COMPANY, Limited, St. John's,
Distributors for Newfoundland.

For Her Sake;

—OR—

The Murder in Ferness Wood.

CHAPTER LIV.

Love is proverbially blind; but it must have been blinder than usual in the case of one so keen-witted as Lady de Vere, who still idealized Lord Clanronald, although she knew his real character. The Marquis, a tall, pleasant-looking man, had but little attraction for his young wife.

That first evening which they passed together was slightly embarrassing. The Marchioness de Vere sat where the light of the great chandelier fell full upon her. She knew that she had secured the best position in which to display her charms, her lily-and-rose-like complexion, fresh as a young May morning.

With a wave of her plumed fan she motioned Lord Clanronald to her side. She chatted with him gaily and freely, watching the while if any trace of jealousy came over Diana's face, flirting with him in most coquettish fashion, little dreaming that she was giving Diana a pleasant and a welcome taste of freedom. The Marquis de Vere devoted himself to Thea, whom he considered a remarkably sensible young woman, although not by any means to be compared to her sister.

Sir Royal, looking on, frowned heavily when he saw Lord Clanronald's undisguised devotion to his old love. He went up to Diana and took a seat beside her.

"Diana," he said, in a low voice, "do you mind that?"

She understood at once to what he referred and smiled.

"No," she replied—"not in the least, Royal."

"You do not feel grieved or disturbed at seeing your husband flirt with Lady de Vere?" he said, vehemently.

"Not in the least," she replied.

"Then Heaven help you! You would be a happier woman if you did!" he declared.

But she calmed him, and would not let him say more.

That evening Lady Clanronald felt anxious concerning her old friend, for his manner was entirely changed from that of the Sir Royal of old. He seemed moody and fitful, and at times his eyes flashed fire and his face flushed; then the flush faded and the light died from his eyes. He would, too, occasionally grow silent and strange. She could see also that his ideas were not clear or connected.

"Royal," she said, "I am sure you are not well."

"I have never been well since you left home, Diana," he answered. "I have a terrible fear at times with regard to myself—a terrible fear!"

"What is it?" asked Diana, kindly.

"I dare not shape it," he replied.

"It hangs over me like a cloud. I could not put it into words. But never mind that, Diana. I long to talk to you—to speak of you, not of myself. You are quite sure," he added, nodding his head in the direction of Lord Clanronald, "that you are not annoyed?"

"Why should I be, dear friend," she asked, with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

"If you were my wife, Diana," he cried, suddenly, "I should never leave you for one moment."

She tried to laugh gaily, although the tears were welling into her eyes.

"Perhaps you would be very much

in the way at times," she said, smilingly.

"That is the old Diana, saucy and bright!" he declared. "I like to hear that. You are always so grave now," he continued, sadly—"so terribly grave! I long to hear you talk and laugh as you used to do. Do you remember how you used to lecture us all, Diana?"

"I remember everything that took place in the old, happy days," she answered.

"And you," he said, "will never be happy again. Oh, Diana, how is it—why is it? Your face has never been like the face of another girl; it always had a story in it."

Just then Lady Cameron came up to them, looking very handsome in rich amber satin, with black lace and diamonds.

"Diana, will you sing for us?" she asked; and even she started back when she saw the emotion in her face. "What have you been talking about—you and Sir Royal—that you both look so sad?"

"About old times," answered Diana. "I will not sing to-night, Lady Cameron; I am tired, and it will be a pleasure to hear others."

But she did not think so when Thea sat down to the piano, and these sweet, sad words fell on her ears:

"If I am cruel though you are kind, if I taunt and tease you with passionate words, if I feel no faith in the vows that bind, and deem your love as the birds'—

"Bear with me, and say, 'Men are oft forewarned;'"

"She may lead by the light of some phantom flame, Showing mournful mothers and maids forlorn, And 'lover' the lightest name."

"And for this—for this doth she turn to err, And dream forever that men betray: Since how should she know that my love for her Was never the love of a day?"

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But to that Lady de Vere would never agree. In her way she was kind to Diana; she could not, however, refrain now and then from a little satire, a little triumph, a shot at the weakest part of Diana's armor—she could not forbear showing her how well and how easily she could manage Lord Clanronald.

Diana well recalled how she had resented the coming of these two girls to her home, what struggles she had had with them, how she had resisted them. And now they were the witnesses of her humiliation and mortification. A retribution indeed!

Lord Clanronald happened to be in one of his worst humors on this morning—the day preceding the great event in Ferness. His unfortunate valet, Jules, had done something which had greatly irritated him, and the only person upon whom he could vent his wrath was his wife. He was very gracious to Lady de Vere, who had given him a beautiful white narcissus for his coat, which she affected to have saved for him. He was delighted with this attention from his quondam lady-love, but he thought to himself, "My wife would not have taken that trouble."

The party were gathered round the table in the breakfast-room—a pretty apartment that opened into a quaint and old-fashioned garden, a room that seemed to be all white lace and rosebuds—but, instead of coming at once to the breakfast-table, Diana loitered for a few minutes in the garden, and gathered some lilies of the valley.

The warm, sunlit air tempted her, and she remained a few minutes longer than she should have done. Then remembering suddenly that the breakfast hour was past, she hastened into the room. Quite unconscious that her husband was in an angry mood, she passed him with a courteous "Good-morning!" Seeing her father looking at her with a pleasant smile, she went up to him, put her arms lovingly round his neck, and kissed him; then she laid the lilies by the side of his plate.

"I knew you like lilies papa," she said. "I have brought you these."

"Thank you, my darling," he answered.

Lord Clanronald looked up, his face like a thunder-cloud.

"You would not have taken the trouble to gather flowers for me," he said.

"I did not know that you cared for them," she replied, coldly.