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

CHAPTER XXV

It happened that some few mornings after this conversation Sir Royal came over to Ferness for luncheon. Contrary to his expectations, Lady Cameron was very gracious to him. Lord Clanronald appeared to be sincere in the attentions he paid Evadne; no one seemed particularly attracted by Thea, and her ladyship thought the master of Westwater would make a good husband for her. So she welcomed him, and invited him continually, and smiled at his fondness for Diana.

This morning he was walking up and down the terrace with Diana. She was telling him, but not in a spirit of complaint, how different everything was. Yet there was a touch of humor in what she described—how puzzled the servants were when they came for orders, how they looked from Lady Cameron to her, and, if by chance there was a collision between them, how her father immediately went out of the way.

"John Brown is the most stanch of all my adherents," said Diana, laughing. "Nothing will bribe him. Her ladyship tries him with chicken and sponge cake; he does nothing but growl at her. Captain Langley is not half so faithful; he goes out with Thea."

"I always trust the instinct of a dog," remarked Sir Royal. "If Captain Langley likes Thea, depend upon it she is the best."

"She has an open, honest countenance," said Diana. Then, looking at Sir Royal's face, she was struck with its pallor. "Are you ill, Royal?" she asked, anxiously.

He raised his hand to his head, and she saw that the grave, kindly eyes were darkened with pain.

"No, I am not ill; but my head pains me; it has troubled me very much lately. I never told of an injury I once received, because I wanted to forget all about it; but I will do so now, Dian. I had a great ambition some years ago to be a leading politician; but in consequence of this injury I had to give up every idea and hope of leading a public life, and be content to live quietly, thankful that matters were no worse. One night I had been dining with some friends at Hampstead, and, returning to London late on foot, I heard cries of distress. It was a lonely spot, and I bur-

ried across the road in time to see a stalwart man in the act of maltreating a young and pretty woman, who clung to him with passionate cries. I did as any other man would do—rushed to the rescue. The ruffian was much stronger than I, and mad with drink; but I managed to drag the woman from him. Then he struck me on the head, and I fell, stunned with the blow. Happily the poor woman was saved, for the police on the beat heard the struggle and hastened to us. The woman was protected, the man was taken to the police-station, and I was conveyed to the nearest hospital. There I lay for many weeks unconscious.

"My poor Royal, my brave Royal!" cried Diana, flushing with emotion as she bent her head and kissed his hands. "I never dreamed that you had suffered so."

"No; no one here knows it. I have always been afraid to mention it," he said; "you will see why. I lay for some weeks at the point of death, and when I in some measure recovered my strength, I was in great danger of losing my reason. That was why I kept silent, Diana. The fear, however, is always gnawing at my heart. Sometimes for months together I feel no pain; then again I am hardly master of myself, so great is my anguish. All the doctors I consulted gave me the same advice—to give up all idea of a public life, to live on my estate, and avoid all excitement; and I knew what that meant."

"Oh, Royal," she cried, "you have this cloud darkening your life, and have never named it to me before!"

"I wanted to forget it," he said.

"Why have you told me now?" asked Diana, anxiously.

"Because I have been alarmed lately. The other day, after a severe head-

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ache, I lost my memory for some hours, and could not even recollect my own name, or where I was. Then, too, I have such strange sensations. They last only a few minutes; but they are horrible while they remain. The past and the future, right and wrong, are so inextricably mixed that I cannot distinguish them."

"Why do you not consult a physician?" said Diana.

"I have consulted many; but it is useless. You will not tell any one, Dian?—for I have a dread of any one knowing."

"I will not mention it to any living soul," she answered; "but, oh, Royal, how I wish that you lived with us always, that I might take care of you! Show me where you were hurt," she added.

And Sir Royal, parting the cluster of dark hair just above the temple showed her a deep scar. Diana raised her face and kissed it.

"That scar is more honorable than one gained in battle," she said. "A soldier often fights from a false notion of honor and justice; but you fought to save a woman's life. You were not thanked; you went unrewarded. Were I Queen, there should be a Victoria Cross for such heroism."

"I am more than rewarded now," he replied. "To hear such words, to win a kiss from you, I should hold my life cheap. Dian, were I to give my life for you, a kiss in my dying moments from the one I love would well reward me."

There were tears in his eyes as he spoke.

Richard's careless, merry voice roused them from their somewhat gloomy conversation. He had come in search of Sir Royal.

"Cousin Diana," he said, "you did not tell us of the grand arrivals expected to-morrow."

"I know of none," she replied.

Richard looked up in surprise, then suddenly seemed to recollect himself. "I had forgotten," he said, "with some little confusion. Miss Scarsdale has been telling me that Sir Leslie Scarsdale and Lord Clanronald are expected."

Diana's face flushed, then grew cold and pale. Sir Royal knew by the tremor that passed over the beautiful figure that one of the two names mentioned was the name of the man she loved.

"To-morrow!" repeated Diana.

Either she was very vexed or very pleased—Richard could not decide which; but Sir Royal knew. Love's instinct decides very quickly.

"Shall I be considered indiscreet?" Richard continued. "I tell you that on the day after the arrival of our guests, there is to be a dinner party at which an event long looked for by

some, but dreaded by other, will take place?

"What it is, Rich?" asked Diana.

"The Duke and Duchess of Stone, who arrived at Stonedale yesterday, have promised to dine here on the auspicious occasion."

"The Duke and Duchess at last!" cried Sir Royal.

"I need hardly add," said Rich, "that Mr. Cameron is in the highest spirits, and is said to be most grateful to 'mamma,' who has brought about the desire of his heart."

Sir Royal saw how Diana's lovely face had paled.

"I knew they were coming," said Diana, "but I was not informed as to the day. It matters little, however. And, as my dear father married more to secure the acquaintance of the Duke and Duchess than anything else, I am glad that he has succeeded."

She spoke proudly. She was not willing that even these friends who loved her so dearly should fathom the depth and bitterness of the pain she felt.

Then Sir Royal, after receiving from Lady Cameron a pressing invitation to meet the Duke and Duchess, rode away, and Diana was left to her own thoughts.

She was much happier at Ferness than she had been in London. True, the freedom of the old life was gone, for wherever she went one or another of the new-comers was to be found. They all liked the terrace and the conservatory, so that Diana seldom had either of her favorite haunts to herself. But the house was large, and she could always escape from the society of Lady Cameron and her daughters if she so wished. Besides, she had her own suite of rooms, into which no one sought admission. She was more dearly worshiped than ever by the whole household, who resented, so far as they dared, their master's second marriage as a wrong done to her. But perhaps she suffered more keenly at Ferness than she had suffered in London. At Ferness hitherto she had held absolute sway, and now she had not the least share in the management; she was politely but decidedly set aside. She had not been told of the new arrivals, nor had she been consulted about the dinner party; and she was angry at heart. She could not endure the thought of the Duke and Duchess coming when she remembered how distinctly they had declined to know her father, how frigidly they had avoided her. Now that her father had married one of their set, they were ready to take him by the hand and patronize him. All Diana's pride was roused at the thought of this humiliation. She knew how elated and triumphant Lady Cameron and her daughters would be—that they would talk about the "dear Duchess" until her heart would almost rise in open rebellion. No duke or duchess should patronize her. She could not absent herself from the dinner—such a proceeding would make her father exceedingly angry—but she could trust herself to show her Grace of Stone that the patronage so long withheld would not now be accepted.

Then Diana began to think of more pleasant things. He was coming—the man who had filled her world with light and brightness, who had changed the aspect of her whole life! She hated all the Scarsdales; but then he was something more than a Scarsdale. He had come to her with the face of a knight of the olden time, and had touched her heart without her knowing it.

How should she receive him—with coldness and hauteur, because he was a Scarsdale, or with warmth and kindness, because he differed from the rest of the world?

The girl's heart beat with conflicting emotions as she paced the terrace. How she longed for courage to hate him, or humility to love him!

"Was there ever one so weak, so miserable, so wretched?" she cried to herself. "I love, yet I hate; I do not know my own heart! If he had been knightly and noble as he is—a poor private soldier, I should have been proud of his love; but a Scarsdale, head of the house, her ladyship's beloved, relative, a friend, probably, of the Duke—I cannot like him! If he had been any one else on earth except the man he is, I could not help loving him!"

So Diana walked in the sunshine amid the flowers, with her heart perplexed and torn between love and dislike. Nor had she quite made up her mind how to receive Sir Leslie when the morning came and brought him.

(To be Continued.)

## Fashion Plates.



2971—This is a good model for cotton or silk crepe, for flannel or flannellette, elderdown, blanketings, crepe de chine, taffeta, satin, lawn, dimity or dotted Swiss.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

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