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**For Her Sake;  
The Murder in Furness Wood.**

**CHAPTER XXXIII.**

In his heart he had thought, from the first moment he saw Diana, that she was the most beautiful and spirited girl he had ever met; but she had hated him with such hauteur, grandeur as he was considered, that he had hardly dared to approach her. He had been struck some time before by the fair glittering beauty of Evadne, and he had had serious thoughts of toying with her; but Evadne was as stinging in his eyes when compared with the stately, graceful heiress, who had all the dignity of a queen with the sweetness of a child. Evadne had hated him; Diana Cameron had always avoided him. He preferred Diana a thousand times, but she seldom, if ever, deigned to look at him. This morning, however, her manner seemed changed; there was a slight gracefulness in her words and actions such as he had never been favored with before from the imperious beauty. Was it possible that she was beginning to predate him? he wondered. Diana, with her thirst for vengeance still raging in her breast, was watching him intently, and asking herself whether she could marry him; she saw the flame of vanity in the light of her eyes; she saw the hard cruel lines round the mouth; she saw the

weakness of the whole face. There was no power, no intellect; all the attributes that belonged to her ideal were wanting in Lord Clanronald. Then she remembered what Lady Cameron had said—that the dearest wish of her heart was that Evadne should marry this man; she remembered also the scornful laughter in which her ladyship had indulged when she had spoken of her as "Lady Scardale;" and filled with these memories, Diana was prepared to make any sacrifice in order to inflict pain and humiliation upon her foes.

He had rather an imbecile laugh, this young lord, and his powers of conversation were extremely limited; consequently his commonplace compliments and effusive flattery soon became monotonous. Diana had hitherto always experienced a feeling of contempt for him when he laughed; but to-day his laughter did not irritate her. "Could she marry this man?" she asked herself; and the answer came, "Yes." From that moment Diana's destiny was sealed.

When she awoke from the reverie into which she had fallen, she found that Lord Clanronald was talking of his home at Ronald's Court, and she was compelled, for appearance sake, to listen and to speak. But all the time she was watching him closely and keenly. He talked of no one but himself, and no other subject seemed to interest him. He declared that finer trees grew round Ronald's Court than in any other part of England, and that there were finer fish in the stream that ran through his estate than could be found in any other.



**Why Corns Hurt**

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves. Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But this is temporary. One should not continue a ring. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the center of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. It stops the pain, dries out the corn. Can't it wrap the corn so the action is multiplied?

Then the action of the B&B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy days is not affected.

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For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



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After a time Diana rose and left him; but the look she gave him was full of encouragement. It was half shy, half coquettish. Lord Clanronald was dazed by it. "She does like me, I declare, after all!" he exclaimed with intense satisfaction. "I shall say farewell to Miss Evadne, and propose to Diana Cameron."

**CHAPTER XXXIII.**

Diana was seated, book in hand, in the recess of the library window. She wanted to avoid every one, to be alone and think over what she contemplated. She had not been there long before her step-mother entered.

"Diana," said Lady Cameron, in her haughtiest manner, "I wish to speak to you. I wish to ask what you meant by your conduct of last evening?"

"I am not accountable to you for my conduct, Lady Cameron," Diana answered, proudly.

"I consider that you are," rejoined her step-mother. "While I am mistress of this house, I hold myself responsible for the conduct of every person in it."

"You will never be responsible for mine," declared Diana, defiantly. "You may be mistress of the house, but you will never be mistress of me."

"I shall exact from you courtesy to my guests at all times and seasons," said Lady Cameron. "You failed in courtesy last evening. You chose to retire to your room without bidding adieu to the Duke and Duchess. It was ill-mannered in the extreme."

Diana knew in her heart that she should have spoken to her father's guests before they departed; but she also knew that she had been driven almost to madness by those who hated her. And Lady Cameron, looking at the proud, pale face with its expression of defiance, saw that she was gaining no victory.

"I shall not complain to Mr. Cameron," she said; "he would be only too angry if he knew that his daughter had purposely slighted the guests he values most."

This to her—the proud, lovely heiress! She did hard battle with herself, for she knew that, in this instance, she was wrong. She should have spoken a few farewell words to the Duchess. She admitted to herself that her conduct was blameable; but she could not humble herself to confess her error; so she remained silent.

Lady Cameron read the expression of her face correctly.

"I shall say no more on the subject, Diana," she continued; "but I beg you to understand that, in future, I shall exact due courtesy from you to my guests. I make every allowance for your want of good breeding, for your want of courtesy—every allowance, but I cannot tolerate the exhibition of it," and with this parting shot, Lady Cameron quitted the library, leaving Diana speechless with anger.

It was just at that moment, the most unfortunate moment possible, that another person accosted her.

"Diana!"

She looked up quickly and saw the dark, handsome face of her lover.

"Diana!" he repeated, "my patience is exhausted. Do you know how long it is since I have spoken to you, since you have spoken to me, since you have looked at me, since you have given any sign that you had one thought for me? And you know—you know, my darling, all I desire to say."

The face she raised to his had no emotion in it; the lovely eyes were cold, proud, and indifferent.

Sir Lisle came nearer, and sat down in the deep recess by her side; he tried to take the book from her hand, but she held it firmly in her grasp.

"I do not wish to lose my place, Sir Lisle," she said, sharply. "I am interested in this book."

"Diana, my darling, what has come to you since last night? What has come to your eyes? Last night they were like violets in the sunlight; this morning they are stone-cold."

Seeing that he waited for an answer, she answered, carelessly:

"Nothing, Sir Lisle. I was not aware that one's eyes changed in that marvelous manner."

"You're do," he cried—"they are quite changed."

"So in my life," she thought, bitterly; and again angry pride rose like a flaming fire within her.

"Diana," said Sir Lisle, "you were so good to me last evening that I have taken hope. You are no coquette, Diana. I know that you are too sincere, too earnest, to be so kind to me if you did not care for me. I have a mad hope that I may win your love. Listen to me, Diana. You must not

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turn your face from me; let me look into your eyes while I speak."

She had grown white as death while he poured out his passionate words to her, and her heart vibrated with every word he uttered; but no sign of emotion escaped her. She beat down with iron will the tender impulses of her heart, and smothered relentlessly the intense love that she felt for the man before her.

As yet no shadow of fear came over him. He had come to tell her that he loved her, to ask her to be his wife. No wonder that she should be unlike herself. It was only the coy, sweet modesty of a young girl. He loved her the better for it.

"I wonder," he said, gently, "how I have lived so long without telling you. You believe in love at first sight? Diana, the first moment I saw you among the pictures my whole heart went out to you; the second time I saw you—you remember where—I resolved to win you for my wife, if it were in the power of man to do it. But, Diana, my queen, why do you turn from me?"

Still he had no fear; such shyness was natural and becoming. He could not see the face that she had turned from him.

"I do not know how to tell you how much I love you," he went on; "there are no words adequate to express it. I love you with all my heart; and you are my first love, even as you will be my last. No other woman will ever have any charm for me."

Still no answer; and still he had no fear.

"I love you, Diana, with a great love," he continued—"a love that fills my whole life. My life shall be devoted to your happiness; and I think, my darling," he added, simply, "that we shall be very happy. Winning you will be my ambition. Ah, Heaven, how bright the future lies before us! Since I saw you first I have had but one thought, and it has been you; I have but one image in my heart—it was yours. I have pictured you in my home at Long, until you seem to be part of it. Oh, Diana, there can be no life, no home, no happiness for me without you!"

(To be Continued.)

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**Mysteries of**

**EVEN YET "LOST" SOLDIERS ARE SUDDENLY TAKING THEIR FRIENDS BY JOYFUL SURPRISE LONG AFTER ALL HOPE HAD BEEN ABANDONED. THIS ARTICLE SHOWS SOME AMAZING CASES OF "MEN WHO CAME BACK."**

Alive or dead? The ever-anxious question is raised again by the discovery in England the other day of a soldier who, two years ago, was reported "missing," and subsequently presumed dead.

Tidings of missing soldiers, notwithstanding the armistice was slighted nearly a year ago, are reaching anxious relatives at intervals, often in dramatic circumstances.

A father—this is an actual happening—picks up an old newspaper, and there is a picture which tells him the fate of his son, till then merely "missing!"

Only to Disappear Again.

Here is another real, and not imaginary, incident: A letter for a soldier who has been missing for many long weary months is delivered at his home. It is from a chum—a patient in a military hospital in London—who writes on the assumption that he has been discharged.

Pale and trembling, the parent hurries to the invalid's bedside, and he tells them anything about their lost boy? No, nothing, except that they both left a German hospital together to return to England.

Take a lurid scrap from life. Silence—unbroken silence—for seventeen months, and then a woman in Saint-Louis receives a letter from her husband to say that he is a prisoner in Germany. Other letters quickly follow, till at last there comes the joyful news that he is to be exchanged.

But the silence lengthens again. What has happened? Nobody knows. Finally, the wife receives an official communication. The soldier resided in Switzerland, and there all traces of him is lost.

But in most cases the veil of mystery remains absolutely unpenetrated. Nothing whatever has happened to solve the fearful doubt—alive or dead?

Huns Lack of Numbers.

Beyond question, numbers of prisoners for whose return relatives are still faintly hoping passed to the

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