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**For Her Sake;**

**The Murder in Furness Wood.**

CHAPTER LI.

Once more Lady Clanronald was at home in the beautiful old mansion of Furness; and the home-coming had been like a dream to her. When she stood on the noble terrace, it seemed to her as though she had never left it. When she sauntered into the rose-garden, where the buds were forming on the trees; when she went into the conservatory, delighted as of old with its wealth of exquisite flowers, the happy past returned to her as a troubled dream. But she could never be the Diana of old; she could never more feel the happiness and the sense of freedom that had once been hers.

The meeting between father and daughter had been unemotional, but full of deep emotion.

"Dian," said Peter Cameron, opening his arms to her, "I had almost thought you had forgotten me."

And from her proud aching heart a supplicating cry went up to Heaven that she might forget all and die with her head to his breast.

"You are so changed, my dear," he said, sadly, "that I could almost think my daughter Dian dead."

In the bitterness of her heart she was inclined to tell him that Diana had died on her wedding-day. The ghost of her bright, happy young self seemed to rise before her. The Diana who had sung gayly through the rooms, who had filled the whole house with sunshine and laughter was no more. In her place was a stately, graceful woman on whose lovely face a story of blighted love and shattered hopes was plainly written.

Lord Clanronald had recovered somewhat from his ill-humor as they drove through the park, and by the time they reached the house he was fairly good-tempered again.

"This reminds me of our wedding-day," he said to Dian, as they passed through the great entrance-hall; and she turned from him with a shudder, weary and sick at heart.

Peter Cameron was much better on the day of their arrival, and able to join the family-party at dinner.

"It looks like old times, Dian," he said, "to see you back again. How I have missed your face! The rooms

have never seemed the same to me since you left them."

Lady Cameron did not feel pleased with this last remark; but she looked at Diana with a smile.

"Notwithstanding I have done my best to make up for your absence," she said.

Diana made no reply. Time was when she would have taken up the cudgels, when she would have triumphed because of her father's words; but now her heart no longer delighted in the sweets of retaliation, and Lady Cameron's remark passed unnoticed.

They dined in the large dining-room. Lady Cameron looked very handsome in her dress of velvet and point-lace; while Diana was enchanting in a combination of pale-blue velvet and white silk, with which she wore some of the famous Clanronald diamonds.

A casual observer would have thought that a happy family were seated round that dinner-table; but Peter Cameron had mentally noted two disquieting facts. The first was how deeply Lord Clanronald drank; the second, how sad was the habitual expression on his daughter's fair face. There was constant depression of spirits, no sunny laughter was heard, there was never a gleam of fun or amusement in the blue eyes; when any one spoke to Diana, she started like one aroused from a dream.

After dinner Lady Cameron took upon herself the duty of amusing Lord Clanronald. She had not forgiven him—nor was she ever likely to do so—for discarding Evadne to marry Diana; but it would be worse than useless to be disagreeable to him; so she invited him to a game at ecarte. He was not particularly gracious, and murmured that he should prefer billiards; but Lady Cameron smiled the peculiar smile which no man could ever resist, and his lordship succumbed to his wily hostess.

"We will leave Mr. Cameron and Lady Clanronald to talk together," she said. "They have not seen each other for so long."

Lady Cameron had not been an hour lette-a-lete with Lord Clanronald before she had what she called "the key to the position" in her hands. By his sneers at marriage and at lofty-minded failure, and that he had regretted having given up Evadne for Diana. A few years before Lady Cameron might have felt some degree of malicious pleasure in this knowledge; but it was not so now. She was securely seated on her throne, she had no longer anything to fear from Diana. Something

even of pity for the young wife stole into her heart when she saw how coarse and false the man's nature was.

"He hid his true character well when he came wooing," she said to herself. "If Evadne had seen him as he is, she would never have cared for him."

Meanwhile father and daughter had gone to the great bay-window, and sat watching the April moon rise over the trees. Though their conversation had been of the most affectionate nature, no confidences had been exchanged. Lady Clanronald did not allude to her domestic life, to her husband, or to her troubles.

"I have missed you, Diana," Peter Cameron said; "home was not home without you. But I never knew how much I missed you until I fell ill. I wish you were never going away again."

"So do I, papa," she said.

They talked about old friends—about Richard and Thea and Lady Colwyn—above all, of Sir Sir Royal; and Diana's face grew soft and tender as she spoke of him, her eyes bright with unshed tears. Only a few years ago she would not have been content to remain at home without seeing Sir Royal. If he had not ridden over to see her, she would have gone to Westwater; but now, though she cared for him as much as ever, she had not the heart to meet one whose presence alone would revive all the old and happy associations of her past life.

Mr. Cameron shook his head gravely as he spoke of Sir Royal.

"He has never been quite the same since your marriage. I have often thought that he admired you himself."

Diana knew only too well how truly he had loved her and what he had suffered, but she made no comment.

"Of course," continued Mr. Cameron, "you would never have married him, I know; he was old enough to be your father. But he seems to have changed completely since then. I hear many rumors about him," he went on; "he has acted very strangely once or twice, I am told, and people have not been slow to talk of his peculiarities."

"Poor Sir Royal!" sighed Lady Clanronald. "I should very much like to see him."

"He came every day to see me while I was ill. When I told him that you were coming, he grew very excited, and paced up and down my room, talking most vehemently of you all the time—I might also say, raving about you. Were you happy? That was all he wanted to know. He had heard rumors, and he had been told many things. Were you happy? he was continually asking. And he told me, Diana, that almost every night he dreamed about you, and that you always came to him crying and wringing your hands, and calling out, 'Help me, Royal, help me!'"

She wondered how he could have imagined this, for often in her heart that very cry had arisen.

"I do not think he is in good health," concluded Mr. Cameron; and Diana remembered what Sir Royal had told her.

"When will he come, papa?" she asked, anxiously.

"He will be here to-morrow," was the answer. "I did not invite him for to-day."

"I shall be glad to see him," she said. "And, oh, papa, how strange it seems that Rich should have married Thea! I was so pleased to hear it."

"It was a dreadful disappointment to him that you did not come to his wedding," said Mr. Cameron.

"It was also to me," said Diana, in a low voice; "but I could not—I—to tell you the truth, papa, I do not care to attend weddings." She stopped abruptly, then was silent for a time.

"I will sing to you, papa," she added, presently. "You must have forgotten what my voice is like."

She went to the piano, the moonlight shimmering on her dress as she passed. The rich, sweet voice floated through the room and died away over the moonlit terrace. Peter Cameron felt the tears rise to his eyes as he listened to the words that his daughter sang.

"When the bells that called my love to rest were ringing the vesper chime, I wished their music could bear my soul away from the things of time; And my spirit was heavy laden as I breathed an old, old prayer, For the cross of care that I carried was greater than I could bear. As I wept alone in my sorrow, the gleam of the dying day Through the open lattice softly kissed the harp that she used to play, And, sweet as an echo from heaven, I heard its music once more. And the burden of life was uplifted and the pain of parting was o'er."

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"Was it the breath of an angel's wing that passed o'er the golden wires? Was it the sound of a long-lost voice that fell from the angel-choirs? Was it the touch of a spirit-hand that swept o'er each silent string? And hushed the sorrows of earth to rest with words that the angels sing? I heard the sound of an old, old song once more in the mystic strain, A song we sung in the by-gone years and shall some day sing again; For it told me I should meet my love at the portals of the skies, To sing once more as we used to sing in the land of Paradise."

She rose from the piano and went back to the window, through which the moon was shining full and bright, the light falling on her father's face.

"Do you often sing, Dian?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "I have almost given up singing."

"Why, my dear?" was her father's brief query.

"I have lost so much of my interest in music," she said; but she did not tell him that it was because it made her heart ache.

"How Sir Lisle admired your singing!" her father said, reflectively. Then he added, "Do you remember, Dian, the concerts we used to have by moonlight?"

Did she remember. It was as though the words pierced her heart. Could she ever forget? The moonlit terrace and the great bay-window, her father's face, all vanished. She was sitting once before the picture of the Magdalen. A dark, handsome face was looking into hers; dark beautiful eyes seemed to gaze into her soul. How she loved him! And she had sacrificed him to her pride! This vision of the past, with all its happiness and illusions, passed before her as she sat looking out upon the familiar scenes of her childhood.

"I wish," remarked Mr. Cameron, "that Lisle would come home. What is he doing, wandering over the world in such a strange manner, I cannot think."

"Where is he?" she asked; and her voice was hoarse and unnatural, even to her own ears, as she put the question.

"No one knows exactly. Why he does not come home and settle on his estate I cannot imagine."

And Diana went out on to the terrace, lest her father should see the tears that she could not restrain.

(To be continued.)

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PARIS, Nov. 21.  
The Supreme Council to-day agreed upon December 1st as the date when the German Peace Treaty will be formally ratified.

S. S. ACTION WON'T AFFECT OTHER POWERS.  
LONDON, Nov. 21.  
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