

London and the Frenchman was absent the feeling wore away, but as the time for the return to Walcote approached it came back again, and could she have had her choice she would have taken Sir Jaffray right away out of Europe for another long tour, such as that which had made their honeymoon so

But Sir Jaffray would not hear of it. He was anxious to spend the late sum-mer and autumn at Walcote. He longed to see Lola at the head of his splendid old home, and he was keenly anticipat-ing the shooting. Thus he left Loudon full of the most pleasurable anticipa-

Sir Jaffray and Lola were alone in the house for two or three days before any of the guests came, and during that time Lola struggled against the pre-sentiment of evil which depressed her. But she could not shake it off, and as the day approached on which Pierre Turrian was to arrive she grew dull

and moody and even irritable. She had done all that she dared to prevent his coming to stay in the house, and the idea of it both angered and dis-justed her. She had entered on the depeption without at all realizing the constant association with lies which it

She shrank from having the two men under the same roof. She had expected under the same roof. She had expected that Pierre would have taken her money, and, after staying perhaps a short time at Walcote, would have gone away to the continent, back to that disreputable, roaming life which he had always lived. She could have borne that, but this constant association with him, his presence in the house and the life of continuous deceit and lying which it forced upon her made her sin which it forced upon her made her ain against the man she loved so patent, so "But you say h flagrant, so ever present and pressing that she began to repent that she had ever chosen the path of deceit.

Sir Jaffray caught her in one of her fits of moodiness on the day when Pierre Turrian arrived. Mrs. De Witt and Beryl were also in the house. Sir Jaffray had surprised Lola with her mask off

He crept up to her quietly, and, run-ning his arm round her waist, kissed

"What's the matter, Lola?" he asked gently. "You look sad and ill, and both are strange for you, though I've seen you so two or three times lately. In anything up?" To his consternation, she burst into tears. He had never seen her do such a thing before, and he did not know what

Like everything with her, her grief was violent, stormy and passionate, but

it soon passed. it soon passed.

"I am a foel," she cried, "a child, frightened by a shadow. If I were to bell you, you would laugh or be angry."

"See if I should," he said kindly.

"Tell me."
Her husband looked at her thought A shadow that seems to be ahead often looms up out of the past," he

a moment.

"Partly the past, partly the present and partly the future," she replied. "I whom they had been ill treated."

"As there was no one about to see her, I can quite believe she did it, and scale as I shall have to here in a few

days, and I think the prospect of it un-"Is that all?" There was something in his tone which made her feel he did not quite accept the answer, and he took his arm away from round her

waist. "You are a creature of moods, Lola," he continued thoughtfully, "and I sometimes think that some of the things in your past life which you have never told me depress you."

"Why do you think there is anything

I have not told you?" "You have told me very little."
"There is only little to tell," she replied, surprised at his words, for he had never pressed her as to any incident of her life with her father, "and cer-tainly nothing not to tell." Her quickness to read in his words a suggestion of doubt roused her into an attitude of

He noticed the change, and he stooped

"When I doubt you, child, I will tell you so openly. I am with you and for you against the world."

She answered his caress impulsively and threw her arms round him and, kissing him passionately, exclaimed:
"Ah, Jaffray, I think sometimes I

should be a happier woman if I did not love you as I do." "Happier if you did not love me?" he questioned and smiled. "That is a puzsle I can't read. Would you rather that I did not love you, then?

"Ah, no, no! I would rather you killed me by the cruelest of deaths." And she clung to him. "Then you are a problem I can't which it solve," he answered, laughing, "but a his life.

problem that is very dear to me, solved While they were thus lovemaking the first of the dinner gongs sounded, and

they had to hasten away to dress.

Then at dinner an incident happened which disturbed Lola profoundly and marked the beginning of the end.

They had only three guests—Mrs. De Witt, Beryl Leycester and Pierre Tur-rian—and at dinner Lola saw that the Frenchman was taking a good deal of wine. The conversation turned on what each of those present had been doing during the past few weeks, and present-ly Lola saw him set down his glass with an expression which she knew well boded mischief to some one and look in her direction furtively out of the corner of his eyes. Then he broke into the conversation in a tone which drew the

"My faith, but I have had an experience, or rather have heard of one, which is, if you like, uncommon!" "About fiddle strings?" asked Mrs.

De Witt mischievously. "No, madame; about human lives and about something which I am sure you could not comprehend-woman's

"I have heard of it," said the little woman innocently, "but if it is any-thing too dreadful don't spoil it by telling us too hurriedly—keep it for by and by, in the drawing room."

"Out with it, man," exclaimed the "It is the story of a friend of mine," said the Frenchman, pausing a moment to emphasize his next remark. "Do you know the Devil's rock in the Swiss

mountains? Do you, Lady Walcote?" he asked when the others said nothing.

Something in the tone made Beryl Leycester look up, and she saw that Sir Jaffray's wife was on the defensive. "The Devil's rock, the Devil's rock," replied Lola, repeating the words as if waiting for the name to strike some chord of recollection and speaking very naturally. "I seem to have heard of it, and yet—you know how one's memory will play tricks—I really can't say."

And she smiled very sweetly.
"It is well named at any rate," said M. Turrian. "Imagine a semicircular background of rough, steep orags, with there and there thick, dark firs and pines on them, and in the middle a sharp pinmacle rook standing sheer and grim and solitary, joined to the background by a I? And when I say friend I can't mean

"Well, my dear, of course he is." And she laughed significantly,
"I mean that I do not want him
here," said Lola rather warmly, resent-

with him long? How long is it since you refused him?"

Lola laughed in her turn.
"You think there must always be that kind of tie, eh?"

precipice stretching down hundreds of feet to the bottom of the gorge. That is the Devil's rock, and the precipice might be called in truth the mouth of hell."
"But what has the devil to do with
"But what has the devil to do with quaintance or friendship."
"It's just as easy for 20 people to
make a mistake as one," returned Lols woman's faithlessness?" asked Mrs. De Witt, with a smile.

Frenchman, laughing dayly. "There was murder done on that very spot murder, so far as intent was concerned, and my friend was the victim. I went to the place last month with him."
"I'm getting a bit mixed, professor," said the baronet.

"More than usual," returned the

"My friend was married to a woma who seems to have got the idea of free-ing herself from him. She took him to that place one day, told him she had ceased to love him and that she meant to leave him.'

to leave him."

"What a very conventional creature!"
exclaimed Mrs. De Witt. "She was, of
course, a woman of the middle classes."

"Searcely conventional, madame,"
said M. Turrian. "She geaded him with
some hot, bitter words—that was conventional, of course—and when he caught hold of her to take her away from the place she struck him in the face with the parasol she was carrying, and he stumbled back and fell over."

"Oh, that's not murder! Much more like suicide," said Mrs. De Witt. "If he knew what sort of a woman she was

he might have known what to expect if he tried force on such a spot." "Wait," resumed the Frenchman.
"In falling he caught hold of a point of the rock with one hand and would have saved himself, but she, seeing what had happened, stamped on his fingers with all her strength, bruising and crushing them and causing him to lose his hold. "But you say he didn't die," said the

"I say it was murder in intent. What think you, Lady Walcote?" And he stopped and looked boldly into Lola's

mancing, M. Turrian, though I can



believe that some women might The remark put her on her guard in goaded to act in such a way to men by whom they had been ill treated."
"As there was no one about to see

> said Mrs. De Witt viciously. "And you, Miss Leyce "I am not skilled in the casuistry "But if this was such a ghastly place

"His clothes were caught on a tree i some miraculous way, and after a time of suspense, in which his wits nearly left him, he was rescued."

Lola had schooled herself to revea no sign of the painful and absorbing interest with which she listened to the story, but at this she could not avoid quick, sudden exclamation:

"This part of the story interests you, Lady Walcote?" said the Frenchman, turning and looking fixedly at her. "No more than the rest," she replied, keeping her voice under control with an effort the strain of which was beginning to tell upon her, and she gripped her hands tightly together on her lap as she saw the calm, clear, gray eyes of Beryl Leycester scrutinising first her-self and then the Frenchman, as if she

inderstood that a duel was going on be-The scene was photographing itself on Lola's memory. The soft yellow of the lamplight, the lovely flowers on the table, those at the table turning to lis ten to the Frenchman's words, his atti-tude as he bent forward and leered, half threateningly, half jeeringly and all audaciously, at her, and through the flowers and ferns Sir Jaffray, upright and handsome, listening with the rest, as unconcernedly as if it were a tale

How would he look if he knew who the murderess was? The thought flashed across Lola's brain just as she forced herself to speak in a tone of polite but casual interest er own voice sounded to her like that

"And what did he do next?" "Ah, that was not conventional," re-Mrs. De Witt, but looking back almost directly to Lola, with the expression which to Beryl had seemed like a challenge and a defiance. "He went his way. He said to himself, This is no

on act, and the vengeance shall "Quite theatrical," murmured Mrs.
De Witt. "But what was the and "But what was the end,

"He let her remain, madame, under the impression that she had killed him. He hid himself, and to this hour he has never revealed the truth. He is waiting until she has taken some step which will make his reappearance her ruin, and then he will strike, choosing his

"What a pity he didn't die!" ex-claimed Mrs. De Witt. laimed Mrs. De witt.
"He's rather a cold blooded brute,
professor. Shouldn't care for many such

friends," said the baronet. "Does he come from Montreux?" sked Beryl, and the Frenchman, turn ing hastily round, met the calm, searching gaze of the girl fixed keenly on him, and in an instant recognized what a clumsy blunder he had made, and while he was muttering in some confusion s vigoreus denial Lola, who had turned pale despite her fight for self control, rose from the table, and at the signal

> CHAPTER XI. BERYL SPEAKS.

Almost as soon as the four ladies reached the drawing room old Lady Walcote pleaded a headache for an ex-cuse to go to her rooms and carried "New, then, my dear, let us settle curselves for a quiet chitchat in the corner here," said Mrs. De Witt as soon as she and Lela were alone, "and let's

friend? I like him rather, but shouldn't care to like him much." "Do you mean M. Turrian?"

"Well, I don't mean Sir Jaffray, do

"He's no friend of mine," replied Lola indifferently. "He's here because Jaffray asks him." "Well, you came to fetch me at any rate," replied Beryl, with a smile that warmed her face and lighted it. Then in a different tone she said as they went down steirs together: "M. Turrian is a strange character. He seems to show a new side every time I see him. I have not heard him before in the role of stery staller."

ing her companion's tone.

"Oh, it's that way, is it? He is the snarer, is he? Has it been that way

"Not always, but in this case yes. Else why is he here, my dear? But he's not clever when he drinks, and if there had been 30 people at the table tonight they could all have seen that there was some sort of relationship between you two other than that of mere casual ac-

again warmiy.

"I only speak for your guidance, Lola," said her companion, not noticing
the interruption, "and you can be very
angry with me if you like. Never have an affair with a man who wants to blurt it out right in the teeth of the world. That man was looking at you world. That man was telling that cock and bull story with an expossion in his eyes which said as plainly as possible, 'You and I understand one another.' And you are so inexperienced—don't be angry, my dear; you'll grow out of it -that you even turned a shade na time—that you even turned a sande pale and bit your lip hard when he did look at you. Of course I don't doubt you a bit about having no understand-ing with him, but in that case I wouldn't have him in the house an

wouldn't have him in the house an hour if I were you, for he acts just as if you both did understand one another very thoroughly. And one has to be very innocent nowadays before one can afford to be suspected for nothing. It's had enough when it's for something." And Mss. De Witt laughed again and shrugged her plump white shoulders.

"You find it hard, I dare say, to look through marked classes and see what

"That may be as you like," replied the other curtly, "but in any case I'm not such a fool as to let a man cry 'Fire! Fire!' very loudly and plainly in order that other people may amuse themselves by speculating whether there's smoke or not." And Mrs. De Witt coughed a little aggravatingly. "But tell me who is he? Where did Magog pick him up?"

Lola told her shortly.

"An old papil. Oh!" And she coughed again. "You knew, Lola, you are very pretty and—well, I have heard of such a thing as a music master falling in love—yeu know what I mean. Of course you know best, and it's not for me to say a werd. But if I were you I shouldn't encourage Magog in that in-

restrainedly. Mrs. De Witt had gone so far off the track that there was no danger of her guessing anything of the "I tell you what I'll do," she said,after a moment's pause. "I'll lend him
to you. Jaffray was saying the other
day he'd like to see you 'setting your
wicked little wits at him,' and I'll
give you unconditional leave to fiirt
with him as much as you can."
Mrs. De Witt looked a little pumiled
at this.

at this. "No, thank you. I have a graver mission than that. I mean to bring back Magog himself to his lost allegiance," she said audaciously. "You've monopolised him quite long enough. But I'll give your Frenchman any time

I can spare from the more serious business of my visit." "Very well," said Lola, smiling.
"I'll give you all of Sir Jagray that—
you can take."

"You're very predigal with your gifts," said Mrs. De Witt in a rather waspish tone. She was irritated at not quite understanding Lola.

At that moment the two men were heard laughing, and directly afterward Lois, mindful of Mrs. De Witt's words, was especially guarded in her manner teward the Frenchman.

The two men sat down close to Mrs.

De Witt, who held them in conversa tion, and Lela, sitting a little apart, grew thoughtful. She was beginning to realize more and more clearly how the lead that she was bearing would gall and wound with its weight and how difficult it might be

to carry it at all without its crushing She had noticed Beryl's tone and look when the girl had asked that question about Montreux, and she saw instantly

that from that side there might develop Lola had never understood Beryl. She could not gauge the strength and possi-bilities of a nature that seemed to her so indifferent, so cold and so hard to

wound. She knew that Beryl had loved Sir Jaffray, probably loved him now and possibly might never again feel a spark of love for any other man. Such, she thought, was sometimes the persistence of these self restrained women. Yet there had never been a sign of hostility or resentment on Beryl's part at the breaking of that old tacit engagenent and the wrecking of her life.
Why was this?

Lola had puzzled over that problem more than once, and the episode of the dinner table showed her now that the answer to it might be the hinge on

which the whole future of her life at Walcose manor might turn.

Given that Beryl harbored any suspicion and that by any freak of fortune she could get at the truth, how would her old leve for Sis Jastray prompt her

'I should strike at any cost,'' thought Lola, "but we are very different. She may have that power of self sacrifice which I have not, and it may be that if I could control other things," and she glanced in disgust at Pierre Turrian, "she would even do nothing. I wonder what she thinks."

"You seem very quiet, Lola," said Sir Jaffray, coming to her side at this moment. He had glafted several times at his wife and had noticed how unusaally preoccupied and silent she was.
"Yes, I was listening for once," she answered, smiling.
"Where is Beryl? Turrian is going to

sing, and I know she would like to hear "She went away with the mother.
I'll go and tell her." And Lola, glad
to be alone for a moment, went out of

She did not go directly to Lady Walsole's rooms, but when she reached the long, broad corridor which led to them she staid and walked two or three times the full length of it, pursuing the train of thought which had been interrupted. While she was thus occupied Beryl came ont of one of the rooms and stood in astonishment watching Lola, who was so absorbed that she did not hear

the door open. When she reached the end of the corridor and turned, Lola for the first time noticed Beryl and thought that the girl was watching her.

vas watching her.

"'Aren't you well, or is anything the
natter, Lola" asked Beryl.

"What should be the matter?" remrned Lola a little irritably, for Beryl's cold manner always seemed to ruffle her, and she was annoyed now at hav-ing been found doing what was unusual, "I was coming to ask you if you would not like to hear M. Turrian sing. He is

going to sing now."
"It is very good of you to think of it," said Beryl. "I'll come. I should like to hear him. He interests me." "It was not I who thought of it, but Jaffray," answered Lola. "I mustn't claim credit that belongs to him."

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and stood close to him, as though save in the strength of his protection.

Beryl erossed to Mrs. De Witt and sat by her, looking chilled and half re-strained, taking the chair which M.

Turrian offered her with exaggerated

gesture and politeness.

Then the Frenchman went to the piane, where Lola and her husband stood together, and sang to Lola's ac-AMHERST, N. S. When he sang, it was difficult to think of him as connected with any-thing evil. He had a marvelously rich

and sweet tenor voice, which he used with consummate skill as the vehicle of with constituents at the state of the every phase of emotion.

Beryl sat listening half in a dream, leaning back in her chair and drinking in the intoxicating sweetness of the man's voice as it swept at will the underlying chords of her nature,

"Have you not?" answered Lela in-differently. "I am rather surprised at that. He prides himself on his powers a good deal, and Jaffray thinks much of him on account of them."

But though Lola had answered lightly she had an instinct that there was something behind the remark which menaced mischief.

As the two entered the drawing room together Lola glanced round her rapidly, with a carious sense that in some way a crisis was at hand; but, meeting her husband's eyes, which rested upon

her with an expression of warm love, she smiled him back a signal and went

and stood close to him, as though safe



apple," said Mrs. De Witt, leaning across to whisper to Beryl and ending with a raspy, jerky laugh of shallow cynicism, which she much affected.

The words broke up a reverie in which Beryl was castle building.

"He sings magnificently," she assented, with a slight frown at the interruption.

"Whe is he, my dear? Do you know?"
asked Mrs. De Witt, who was very tired asked Mrs. De Witt, who was very tired of listening in silence even te the singing and was, moreover, very curious to know more about the Frenchman.

"Sir Jaffray will prebably be able to tell you much more about him than I can," replied Beryl, who did not want to talk and certainly had no intention.

of speaking to Mrs. De Witt on the sub the sharply spoken reply, and a mement afterward she added: "I only wanted to know whether he'd do to have at one's

"A voice like his would cover any was listen to him, dear." And Mrs. De Witt, shrugging her shoulders impa-tiontly at this fresh failure to find out anything about the singer, sank back in her chair and was not contented until she caught Sir Jaffray's eve and beck-

Meanwhile Beryl sat and listened and picked up again the broken thread the piane and turning now and then to glance at the handsome figure of the baronet, who sat listening to the chater of the lively little woman at his side, but looking at his lovely wife with his heart in his eyes. It was a strange position, and as

Beryl thought of it all it dased and confused her, and she wondered if what she thought or rather what she believe she knew could possibly be true, and as often as her eyes rested on Sir Jaf-fray, knowing his honest, sterling honor and mindful of her old unshakable love for him, she was filled with a deep pity for him on account of the blow which might fall at any moment, glooming his

But her face hardened and her hear steeled when she looked toward the woman who had come between her and her cousin, filling her life with the blight of loveless One step she resolved to take, and

that at once. She would speak to the Frenchman, and this resolve she put in force the next day. After breakfast on the following morning she waited for an opportunity of finding the Frenchman alone and then joined him.

"M. Turrian, there is a subject or which you can help me. Oan you spare me five minutes?" she said. "Will you come to the conservatory?" "I will give you five hours, Miss Leycester," he said, with his exagger-ated gesture, "What is it?" And the air of surface indifference which he assumed did not blind Beryl to the quick,

questioning glance which he shot at hee. Beryl said nothing until they were in the conservatory and it was certain that no one could hear them. "I want to make sure that we are not overheard, M. Turrian," she said calmly, "because what I want to ask you is very private and very impor

She took a folded paper from her pock-et as she spoke, and her fingers did not tremble in the least as she unfolded

"I was in Montreux this summer," she continued, "and in the course of my stay I visited the Chapel of St. Sulpice and examined the register there. I painful puzzle to me. It is that of the marriage of a certain Pierre Turrian with Lola Crawshay. Here is a copy, Can you tell me what it means?"

As she said this Beryl looked him

steadily in the face and held out the paper for him to read. He took it from her and read it, holding it with fingers which with all his efforts he could not keep from trembling violently, while his face turned to the ghastly ashen color which she had seen nce before when she had told him in their first interview that Lola was mar-

ried to Sir Jaffray.
She recalled that incident as she stood watching him steadily with eyes that pever left his face and waiting for the enswer, which he seemed absolutely un-able to force from between his lips. And with every moment of silence

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