

cumstances, all save one unsought by

me, forced the full discovery upon me. That every fact is known to me please

to recognize as absolutely certain."

He had listened to her statement al-

most breathlessly, yet showing outwardly no more than a sort of polite

indifference, but he was revolving hasti-

There was no use in further conceal-

It was clear from the pitiless frank-

hated everything that came in the path

of his enjoyment.

He glanced at her vindictively as she

was saying the last words, and he felt that he would give half his life if he

could have seen that cold, hard, merci-

less face lying dead before him at that

That thought started another and a

grimmer one, so grim that involunta-rily he glanced about him, as if the mere

harboring of it might be dangerous

while his lips felt suddenly so parched

opened to the real cleverness of the girl

been quickened to read her, so as to know how best to deal with her.

For that new plan of his he must

"I accept your conditions. Miss

Leycester," he said when she finished.
"I admit—for now it is useless to deny—

that what you have found out is true in

The suddenness of his change of man-

ner and of the confession startled the

girl more than anything that had yet passed, and she shrank back and

she cried in a voice filled with indigna-

tion and anger.
"I will tell you all, everything,"

He paused a moment in indecision.

He was doubtful even at the last mo-ment whether for his purposes he would

be wiser to put the blame on himself or

on Lola, nor did he settle the point un-

learned the foundation fact of this most sad and terrible matter. Sir Jaffray

Walcote and I are both married to the

"It is terrible!" she exclaimed, al-

most under her breath. She had been

confident of it before, but this plain

be as stanch and true and good as the

sometimes with all a woman's qualities.

My mother was a tigress. Let me

ther's mistake. You understand?"

He leered at her with repulsive assur-

myself alive I had wit enough to hide the fact of my escape, seeing that in course of time I could probably make excellent use of it should she ever again

by law and right she is my wife.' The expression on Beryl's face deepened to one of acute pain.

til he had begun to speak again. "You have learned much of the ruth," he said, "because you have

slinched her hands tightly.

every detail.'

he said.

shocked her.

CHAPTER XIL AN LVIL PLAN. As Pierre Turrian stood, like one spellbound, reading the slip of paper which Beryl had put into his hand his first struggle was to fight with the sense

of paralyzing astonishment which the Then he ransacked every nook and cranny of his memory to recall what had passed between them at the time of their first interview, while mixed up curiously with the whole mental effort was a recollection of his blunder, for which he cursed himself, in mistaking this calm, unimpassioned, quiet girl for

His first sign of a recovery from his surprise was a laugh, forced, short, unnatural and sneering, but still an advance from his silence of blank dismay. "How do you say you got this, Miss Leycester?" he asked, waving the paper toward her and speaking with a sneer

"The question is not how I got it, but what it means," returned Beryl

"On the contrary, it has everything to do with it. It is the most extraor-dinary coincidence I have ever heard "Is that your answer?" And Beryl

looked more stern than before, every feature speaking her disbelief. "There is nothing to answer in such a thing as this. If you want an answer, all I can say is that either those who gave you this have imposed upon you in the most monstrous fashion in the world, or for some purpose which I don't pretend to know you are trying to impose on me. That is what I mean when I want to know where you got this extraordinary document." He aughed again now, as if the charge

were beneath serious notice.
"You are recovering from your first surprise, and in your effort to find time in which to invent some sort of explanation you make it a kind of implied charge against me that I have been pry-ing into your secrets. I understand you perfectly and have seen through your pretenses from the first. Please to appreciate that fact in whatever you say."

He looked at her viciously as she

spoke, but he was almost frightened at the cold, implacable, resolute frankness of her gray eyes. He shrugged his shoulders and lifted his white hands and smiled till he showed his teeth as he replied in a tone of assumed carelessness:
"You are a delightful antagonist, Miss Leycester, so fair, so true, so straight. But tell me, if you have made up your mind beforehand that I have all sorts of pretenses to be seen through and that I am the villain your looks

ing a villain, M. Turrian, I have asked you only what that entry in the St. Sulpice book means. That is all.' "And in what capacity do you do me the honor to catechise me? On whose behalf do you act? In what interest?" There was no mistaking the palpable

meer in the question. 'There is no necessity to answer that question. You are not compelled to answer what I have asked you unless you please." He was cunning enough of

"On the continent, Miss Levcester. we are not accustomed to meet with lady knights errant who take up the sause of men of the world whom they ergetic detective work."

His last words stung her, but she showed no irritation.

"The one question is

"The one question is what that paper means," she said firmly. "There is no other question of any importance." "Well, that is quite my view." He had now recovered his customary impudent audacity and was beginning to enjoy the incident. "And in that view this paper means that a young lady of excellent family, unblemished char-

acter, great mental capacity and many personal charms," and he bowed and paused a moment, "who is not married to Sir Jaffray Walcote, much to the regret of that distinguished baronet's more distinguished mother, has been prying into matters which do not con-cern her at all, except, of course, in so far as they relate to that period of her life when-it was generally understood "You will do no goodaby evading the

question I have asked you in the at-tempt—a useless one, I assure you—to irritate me by insults into a forgetfulness of it," replied Beryl, seeing that he paused to notice what effect his words would have upon her. "It looks-I do not say it is, but it

who had taken the place of that young lady of excellent character as the wife of Sir Jaffray. The world is a harsh consor, Miss Leycester," he said, with an indescribable air of patronage and worldly wisdom, "and reads the motives which he intended.

"Certainly. Well, I will pass over which lie on the surface, especially when somebody's character is dirtied in the process. Had you not better be careful?"

"Whiffs of the cigarette, which he did with great apparent enjoyment.

"You will make this as short as possible if you please," said Beryl, beginning to take the impression of the case which he intended.

"Certainly. Well, I will pass over our matrimonial life and hurry on to the end. There came the day when we had the scape of that young to with great apparent enjoyment.

"She takes the interruption badly," said Mrs. De Witt when the two were alone. "I think she is a good deal changed—since this marriage," she added a little maliciously.

"I have heard about that," said M. Turrian significant to think over what M. Turrian has said." And she left them.

"She takes the interruption badly," said Mrs. De Witt when the two were alone. "I think she is a good deal changed—since this marriage," she added a little maliciously.

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"I have heard about that," said M.

"That is nonsense," replied Beryl curtly, "and you know it as well as I. What my motive may be is my own concern, and I am not likely to ask you She checked herself, and in a flash he filled up the gap.
"Say Sir Jaffray's wife," he said,

care of myself. If things are as that paper says, the motives of those who discover the truth are of no concern. I am not here to discuss motives, but facts. Is that true or not?" pointing to the paper.

"Certainly and "to help me to take things which did not please her lady ship—a man cannot always guard his tongue, you know, Miss Leycester, even to his wife—and when she retorted I tried force, and then when she resented it I started back, and, like a fool fall area." that true or not?" pointing to the paper,
"'Certainly and emphatically it is not I was saved from instant death I can-

true in the sense in which you seem to imply it—that I ever married Lola Crawshay at the Church of St. Sulpice in Montreux. The thing is ridiculous."

And he shrugged his shoulders again with his usual gestbre.

"You make my part much more difficult," said the girl, and then she turned aside a moment in thought. "Do you understand that?" she asked after a moment of consideration.

excellent use of it should she ever again marry. I wasn't altogether a bad judge, as you will now admit. Was I?" "Have you anything else to tell me?" asked Beryl, with angry contempt 'Miss Leycester, I understand noth-

"Anything else?" And he laughed lightly and rolled the cigarette between ing whatever of all of this," he and his fingers and looked at it as he repeated the words with the air of one "I have evidence which puts it beyond the shadow of a doubt that what that paper says is true, that you are the Pierre Turrian named on the face of it, and that on the date given you things, but let me stick to this one of it, and that on the date given you married the Lola Crawshay mentioned there, and that the Lola Crawshay is the same woman who is now my Cousin Jaffray's wife. Is that plain enough? If you wish to know how I found it out, I may tell you that your own conduct at the last interview we had get a the last interview we want wisers and personal time the original things that the tate of any woman tied the such that the tate of any woman tied the such that the tate of any woman tied the such that the tate of any woman tied the such that the last interview you have and wisers and the last of any woman tied the such that the last interview we want withings, but let me stick to this one while I am about it, I didn't get off and in his merciless power.

What was to be done?

Beryl asked herself the question over again as she paced up and down her room, and there seemed no answer to it save one that your discrete. at the last interview we had set me thinking, that the monstrous story you told about your fiddle strings did not for a moment deceive me, that your confusion when I told you of the marinterest was infinitely greater than you fine martery and your own mention of Mentreux and your subsequent obvious attempt to make me think there was a dead as the tombstone of the put over him in Neufchatel cemetery. Well, I let her go. I let her feel her freedom. I am kind and gentle as the morning when no one gets in my way. I let her go. I knew I could find her, and being always an honest and industrious soul I set to work whereby the meant that he must consent to go away at once and leave to the martery and scandal that must follow. When she had told the man that she had thought of a means of escape from all the trouble, it had been merely that in her almost morbid eagerness to prevent and scandal that must follow.

The same of the sa

to droop, to fail, and I set out on my travels in search of her who had deserted me. In the course of time I tracked her to England, and—well, you know

He stopped and waved his hand as though he had finished.

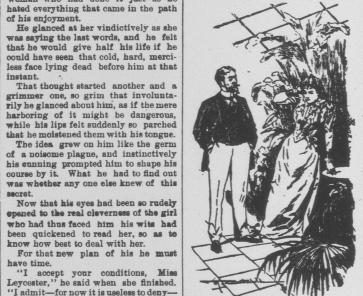
"Go on—to the end," said Beryl. "The end! Ma foi, the end is not yet!

had done what I hoped she would, and you helped me to find her. I thank you. I found her, saw her, showed her in her thoughts the sense of bitter dewhat my power was and how she must spair which she imagined must over do what I wished or be draggled in the dirt of scaudal and calumny. Poor Lola! her crime and lose the man she loved I am sorry for her. She thought my bones were bleaching at the foot of the Devil's rook when they walked into Gradually a single resolve cleared ither presence, covered with fiesh and slothed in sprightly attire. Poor devil! But a man must live." And he laughed loathing and could scarce restrain the words of soorn that rose to her lips. He read her looks.

how to act in regard to Lola.

With this resolve she left her room to seek M. Turrian and tell him what

ly in his thoughts a score of different "I see what you would say," he ex-claimed, with his usual movement of down stairs the luncheon gong sounded, the shoulders as if to deprecate her opinion. "For the moment it is an ugly ness of the deliberate statement that this girl was speaking the truth, and looking part that I play, but Lola can well spare the little allowance which I it seemed as though all the pleasant plans of an easy life were to be shatrequire for my few wants. She made the mistake, not I, and man can't live tered in a moment, and he hated the woman who had done it just as he without money. I am no Enoch Arden,



"Go on-to the end." said Beryl. and so long as no one knew there was no risk. But now you have probably told half a dozen people, and the thing must end, and that's all about it. I'm

not sure that I'm sorry." "I have told no one as yet." said Beryl, and could she have seen the light that leaped into his eyes at the statement she would have been on her guard, but her head was turned from him for the moment.
"I don't mean told people outright,

but you silly women do a hundred things which leave the trail of your movements such that a blind fool can same thing.' "No one has even a suspicion of this horrible secret except myself," said the

girl. "There's but one paper which un-der any conceivable circumstances could suggest a clew to any one. I have been most sorupulous because I have had to think of the honor of the family. I have a plan"—
But at that moment the door of the conservatory was opened with a need-less amount of noise, and some one

came in coughing loudly and shuffling the feet on the tiled floor, "You do not know all."
"More than you seem to think," she "I hope I don't intrude, but upon my interposed. "I recognized that awful word I couldn't restrain myself any story which you told last night at dinlonger. I'm only a woman, you know, and when I'd seen you two here in such serious consultation for over an hourinstant, and something which he read in her face decided him so to tell the positively, Beryl, over an hour, and nearly two—and as I was dying to know what it was all about I couldn't but that is my reason for asking in whose interest you undertake this energetic detective work."

His last words stung her, but also was dying to know what it was all about I couldn't resist the temptation to make a noise and come in. M. Turrian, you interest my soul I was sorry for the poor sixty of the poor sixty o story as to make Lola appear the unme so much I can't bear to see you monopolised in this way, and by Beryl, too, of all people." And she looked from one to the other with curiosity in

every eyelash.
''Madame, if the interest that you feel rarest of men, but I can also be just as rough and hard—aye, and as merciless. Man that is born of woman is born were only such as I could dare to hope I should feel that I had lived indeed." And he bowed with his exaggerated courtesy, while a mocking smile drew smoke. It is long since I was in the confessional box, and I need tobacco to down the corners of his mouth. "You Frenchmen are all equally in-sincere," she said. "But what on earth

make the words come glibly."

He spoke with easy, fluent impudence, infinitely disgusting to Beryl, but chosen by him designedly to throw back have you two been talking about, you two of all others?" "You may not know, madame," replied Turrian gravely, "that Miss Leycester was the first person in England to whom I spoke on the great object of the girl's pity on Lola, painting himself ntentionally in the blackest colors.
"I married Lola Crawshay," he resumed after lighting a fresh cigarette,
"from no silly, sentimental notions, but
because I had a hold over her on account of a trip of her long headed but
somewhat irresponsible old father. To
do the girl justice, she never did anymy presence here in England, that she then was able to throw most valuable light upon it, and now I have been explaining to her at great length all that is meant by the fifth string on a violin do the girl justice, she never did any-thing but hate me, but she was exceed-is not that so, Miss Leycester?" He

ingly useful, and—well, she was afraid to carry her hatred of me too far bedence and smiled as he waited for her cause I had a knack of using with ex-cellent effect my knowledge of her faanswer. Beryl passed over the question and spoke to Mrs. De Witt. "We had nearly finished. You did not interrupt. I want to think over

turned to her with unabashed impu-

curious girl, I should think very close and secretive. Umph!" colored the incident a little in my telling it last night, and the little episode of the stamping on my fingers was an effort of my own invention." He did not wish Beryl to think that Lola had "She is as good as sterling gold," said Mrs. De Witt in a burst of enthusiasm, but, hedging her verdict instantly, "and, like all good people, somedone anything of the kind. "In the plain and uncolored version I to 1 nothtimes very objectionable. As for closeness, she might be an iron safe."
"I thought so," murmured the
Frenchman, and as he turned the coning but my own clumsy stup lity to blame for the whole affair. I had said versation with a light compliment the

thought was running in his head that Beryl aione knew the secret and that if by mischance she were to die it would die with her CHAPTER XIII. IN DEADLY PERIL.

Beryl went away from her interview with the Frenchman sorely perplexed as to what was best for her to do She did not doubt a word of what he had said against himself, and his callous confession of his villainous conduct had made her shudder with hate of him. She had never come into personal contact with any one who had a tithe of his rascality, and the experience was so strange and balling that it confused and dazed her.

But the interview had changed her attitude toward Lola. It was clear to faults, she was mere to be pitied than blamed in this matter, and Beryl thought with a shudder of loathing and disgust of the fate of any woman tied

and that a mbeequent chait of clar to live, but in a year I began to pine, the future settlement of the difficulty The survey of the state of the

with Lola, to be effected quietly in his

Her repugnance at his conduct made her repugnance at his conduct made her even anxious to let the blow fall as lightly as possible on Lola, who by this time no doubt bitterly repented what she had done, and Beryl's pity for her "The end! Ma soi, the end is not yet!

You gave me the news that my wife man's cruel baseness in trading on her

self in her thoughts. She would make the man go away at once-that very day, ind as if the thought tickled him.

Beryl looked at him with the deepest thing, and then she would determine

> and thus she had to pass through the ordeal of seeing the man whom she knew on his own confession to be a treacherous scoundrel eating and drink ing and laughing and talking with the chivalrous friend whom he was betray-ing every moment that he staid in the house. The mere sight of him sickened her, and when he turned and spoke to her and with his consummate audacity rallied her upon her looks and hoped that all he had said about his scheme had not troubled her she could scarcely remain at the table.

He perceived this, and with his dar-ing effrontery dropped little hints and innuendoes as if challenging her to As soon as the lunch was over, however, she followed him and said she must speak to him alone.

He turned willingly and instantly, with his false, mocking, ever ready smile on his face. "Shall we go to the conservatory again?" he asked. "It is an excellent place for these touching little confidences. I declare I am almost glad of them. They let me see so much of you."
"Anywhere will do for the few words I have to say," returned Beryl angrily. "It is this: Unless you leave

fray will know all." 'Yes?'' he answered, raising his eyebrows. "Well, I am sorry for my poor friend, them. It will be a blow to him, and he will feel it. For I shall not go Miss Leyesster. I can't make any plausible excuse. But this I will do, if you like—I will go tomorrow morning."
"I will give you till 12 o'clock to-

Walcote manor within an hour Sir Jaf-

hour longer.' "It shall be as you will!" he exclaimed, and when Beryl turned on her heel and left him without another word he looked after her and muttered be-tween his teeth: "Twelve o'clock tomorrow. Between now and then there is a night, young lady, and for you a long one, or I am a fool and a coward."

Then he sauptered on to the conservatory by himself and smoked thoughtfully for some minutes. Afterward he went out and walked round the house, looking at the position and height from the ground of the bedroom windows in the wing where he knew Beryl's room was, and he was pleased with what he saw. "It will do," he muttered. "And now there must be a word or two with Si Jaffray's wife. She must take her part in this scene, and she will want very

He turned into a side path in the grounds and walked for some time, plunged in close, concentrated thought.
When he returned to the house, he had The two turned and found Mrs. De his plan completed, and he went to find

careful handling. Let me think it out a

"Where is everybody?" she asked. "I am all alone. Won't you take pity on me, M. Turrian?" "Where is Sir Jaffray?" he seked wishing the woman at the bottom of the sea.

"Sir Jaffray and Lola have gone out prove this by calling. riding. Sir Jaffray had a sudden summons to a meeting of county folks about some political business or other, and Lola has ridden off with him. They're like a couple of ridiculous levers in their first oalf love, those two. Isn't it absurd? They must always be together.' "Time will change all that," said the Frenchman. "It is not the sort of folly

of which you would be guilty, ma-

"Do you mean that nastily?" "No, indeed. But you know so well how to keep at a cool distance from band." And he bowed. He felt vicious at Lola's absence, and Mrs. De Witt's

"Men are like mites under the microcope, requiring to be kept at a focus

"Possibly, but be careful. The micro scope may serve as the burning glass of passion and warm them into life," he answered insolently, looking at her with an expression in his eyes which made her flush. "Come," he said, passing his arm through hers and leading sing to you.'

'Anything to kill the time till to night," was his thought. "What shall I sing to you?" he asked, putting her close to him by the piano, so close that he could stop and touch her hand when he pleased. He ran his fingers over the keys with the touch of a master and broke into a long Italian love song, running through all the phases of emotional love and singing the softest, sweetest words in his wor derful voice that rose and fell in the cadences of the air, now wild, now rol licking, now joyous and again soft like the plaint of a dove, and ending with a strain that made even Mrs. De Witt her-self forgetful and emotional and all but

brought the tears to her eyes. 'You see what you can do with me, he said in a gentle, caressing tone, lay-ing a hand on hers, which she did not shake off, while he looked right into She made a movement then as if to

take her hand from his, and quickly he turned to the piano. "You are cruel," he said without looking at her, and then he burst again into a song in which his whole heart and soul seemed to be caught in a strong, irresistible swirl of emotion He was like one beside himself till the end came suddenly and quickly, and then, as if obeying an irresistible impulse, he turned to her swiftly, and, catching her in his quick, lithe embrace he held her close to him while he kissed her three times passionately right full on the lips.
She half screamed and struggled

back, frightened at what she had deemed his sudden passion for her and yet not wholly displeased at having fired the man. Then she found her voice and cried: ! How dare you? And in a tumult of tion she fled out of

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