By A. W. Marchmont, B. A Continued from 1st Page.

"De hear me to the end, girl. I've all but done, and fen know how it tires me to talk. You'll find evarything in that black box addressed to you to save krouble. Don't waste your little money on any faneral fablals for me. I should not do it on you, and I don't want 'em. any one a chance of replying. It's just to say I've told you to go straight to our people in Hingland, and as they don't love me overmuch they may want to must not be shut up in a country box, but must seek her fortune and her husband in London.

At that juncture, however, Lola proved her clever shrewdness. After staying with Mrs. De Witt for a few days she relinquished what was in fact You've had a rough time between an

oftened by his own words, he kissed her "You're a good girl when you like, below at the girl could be in making the house attractive to men."

apole," he said. "I believe you'd do amything on earth for the man you have—and anything to the man you didn't," he added dryly.

The girl watched him till he dropped sales, and then she sat thinking over all he had said. She was really sad at the themselve of his death, for he was the

But he was right when he said he was dying. In less than a fortnight he was in his grave, and she had started for the new life in England, and despite her regret for the old man's death she was filled with an intense gladness that the old disgraceful thraldom was over, as well as with eager anticipa-tions of what the future held for her.

CHAPTER I. MAD FOR THE LOVE OF HER. "It's no use. I've come back, you see. I guessed you'd be alone now." And Sir Jaffray Walcote laughed as he passed out through the window of the hotel on to the veranda and sat down on a low basket chair, which creaked under the weight of his tall, powerful

Lola Crawshay, who was sitting alone at the end of the veranda, looked ap from her book and first greeted him with a glance and a smile, which made his pulses beat faster, and then changed and said in a tone which implied re-

pack me off. I get nearly as far as the town, and upon my word I meant to go right on and find the little woman and my cousin and stop with them, just as I said, but—well, I thought of this coay veranda, and that—that you' —he glanced at her, checked himself

**mandsome face to her.

"You had no right to come back,"

said Lola gravely and almost coldly,
and she closed her book and gathered

Her companion gazed almost like one bewitched by the glorious picture she witched by the glorious picture she

ely avoiding his eyes. He jumped to his feet and reddened.
"Do you mean you are going in?
Have I offended you? Don't go." Have I offended you? Don't go."

The last was a whispered appeal, and he looked down at her and seemed to search for her eyes with his. After a the baronet had followed her.

long pause she lifted her face and turned When he found Lola was staying in

has been an her, and instead of speaking also against despity and bromblously. Abunded times in the first few days of this verside and anothers bearing her bearing to the statue of embarrased and emotional leveliness.

Sir Jahray based against the rail of the verside and made no effort to speak for a while content to fear this eyes much her leaves beauty and to yield himself up to the fall emotions she had reused.

avoid him ostentationsly. This treatment only fed the fever of his passion, however, and, absorbed in his love for her and esire to have her for his wife, he was perplexed by the thousand lover's fears and uncertainties which the coquetry of her manner to ward him created.

A hundred times in the first few days of this visit he had resolved to ask her our any him, and he sought to make an occasion, but always they seemed to be interrupted just when he had begun to frame the question, and his wits were too dazzled by his love to see that Lola herself contrived many of the in-

difficulties to be surmounted first and that she must set warily and cautiously

M was more than 18 months since that coincide the Morel's rock, and she had already made excellent use of her time in Rayland. She had found Mrs. Villgars, the widow to whom her father had sunt her, sandy at first to give her can't a very cold and formal welcome, willing to be for a relative what the demands of duty, sympathetically interpreted, mach require, but unwilling. greeted, might require, but unwilling, on second of the ill oder of Lola's fa-ther with his family, to take her into the heaps on the footing of an intimate and loving friend.

But Lots had amply justified her showed did father's judgment, and the winning tact, the clever usefulness, the supple adaptability and the patient founder which she girl never failed to show want the old lang's heart, until she was always limit brought for out of her was almost loath to det her out of her

As the old man had predicted, more-over, Res. Villyers' introduction open-eit the desse of every desirable house in the county, and Lola's beauty and shrewdees did the rest. She was the beautiful Miss Grawshay, and nobody over tried to remember that her father had enjoyed and deserved a reputation for such till conduct as had made his friends passion, him off on condition

making her plans. She meant to marry. She had heard nothing of the man who had forced her to marry him, and she believed him dead. If he was still living, it was almost impossible for him as and her the thought. Anyway she

to find her, she thought. Anyway she would take the risk. The house which the men all round the neighborhood were eager to pay her wherever the went soon convinced her that she could marry almost whom she pleased, and he had long convinced herself that she had no love to give and

no reason to fear any yielding to a weakness of the kind, she sarried a very coal head indicad behind her very glowing and fire suffing beauty.

Her smal decision as to the man she would massy came as much by accident

Among her distant connections was a bright, shrewd, gossiping little woman, Mrs. De. Witt, whose married life was in Lola's views a curiosity. The husband and wife had no tastes in common, smeath that they were both intensely fond of the commons which money can give. They went nowhere together. If they met in public, it was generally accidental, and if they staid at the same place it was owing to quite independent causes. Each had a separate circle of friends, male and female, for uncon-

ventional purposes, though both moved in the same social set for conventional

-friends called her, heard of Lola's beauty and went down to Mossoombe, the village near Walcote where Mrs. Vill-yers lived, to see for herself what the girl was like and to judge whether she could do herself any credit and serve her own purpose by taking her up and bringing her out in London. She was more than satisfied by her scrutiny, and as Lola was careful to show a some-what different side of her character to Cot away as quickly as you can, but post the letter two days before you start, only two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days, so as not to give the letter two days before you as not to give the letter two days.

That's the best I can do for you, Lola.
You've had a rough time between an old scapegrace like me and a young villain like Pierre, and you've been a stanch, brave girl. Now let me lie down by alean?"

By that one act she secured forever the lie of the l Lola kissed him again, and this time, after that go anywhere to please her, while she did not leave London until

attractive to men.
She paid several visits to the lively little woman's house, and it was in one of these that she met Sir Jaffray Walcote for the first time. He had been abroad on a tour half round the world hunting and shooting at the time of Lothe thought of his death, for he was the la's arrival in England, and she had contributing she had ever loved in her knew, moreover, that he was to marry his cousin, a distant relation of her own, Beryl Leycester, whose people

lived near Walcote.

Mrs. De Witt had spoken much about him, describing him always as one of her chief intimates and suggesting more in her manner than in her words that there was an understanding between them of the closest and most confidential kind.

The moment that the baronet's eves fell on Lola, however, he seemed to yield to the influence which she exercised over men, and he never had either strength or inclination to attempt to

Perceiving this and knowing intuirerectiving this and knowing intuitively that any encouragement on her part would tend to estrange Mrs. De Witt from her and being quite unwilling to have so agreeable a house closed against her, Lola held herself in the strongest reserve against him and when other things failed made an argue and other things failed made an excuse and

returned to Mosscombe.

The baronet soon followed her, however, and, going to Walcote manor, much to the delight of his mother, who "I know, and I meant it right enough. I always do when—when you

and changed the finish of the sentence, adding—"that on such an evening one whom, by the common desire of both gets such fine views of the scenery, you their families, she was to marry. Nor at the time had Lola the least intention or desire to come between them. How that design was first formed she never quite clearly knew. The baronet's

said Lola gravely and almost coldly, and she closed her book and gathered up the fancy work which she had been doing. Then she rose from her chair and stood just where the sun shone apon her, bathing her in golden light and making her magnificent beauty seem almost supernatural in its dazzling radiance.

Her companion gazed almost like one

Will you let me pass, Sir Jaffray?" She knew that the climax was fast approaching, when, hearing that Mrs. De Witt and Beryl Leycester were going to stay at Torquay and that Sir Jaffray

con him a gaze which thrilled him till the place, he did not attempt to conceal his pleasure, and he would have been Then she made as if to speak, but said with her from morning till night if she would have allowed it; but, knowing the strength of her hold over him, she sent him away continually to be with the others, while she herself would have allowed to be with the others, while she herself would

avoid him ostentationsly.

This treatment only fed the fever of

to frame the question, and his wits were too dazzled by his love to see that Lola herself contrived many of the in-

He was mad for the love of her, and terruptions.

But on the day when he found her alone on the veranda he had returned determined that he would wait no longer. He was hungering for the knowledge that she loved him. When she was near, he could think of nothing else. His mother's objection to the marriage, his more than half engagement to marry Beryl—every hindrance and caution was burned like dead grass in the fierce, hot flame of his passion.

Thus he looked at her with the hot eyes of desperate longing as she sat with her face resting against her hand and her eyes bent down, and it was like a sweet delirium to believe, as he did, that the smotion which had brought the blood to her cheeks and made her bosom rise and fall in loveliest confusion was due to the feelings which he had roused in her.

After a long pause he moved slowly nearer to her and nerved himself to As he sat down close to her she turn

ed her head and flashed a rapid glares right into his eyes and then as quic ly turned away, the hot blood surging over her face in a deep blush. "I want to end this suspense," he said in a tone little louder than a whisper. "I can't bear it any longer. It's not fair to either of us. I came back on

There was a pause of embarpurpose. assment between each sentence Lola made no reply, but she was thinking fast what was the best course for her to take.

Sir Jattray gathered himself for an sir Jahray gathered himself for an effort and a resolute look came into his face, knitting his brows and setting his lips for a moment before he spoke again. Then, forcing himself to be calm, he went right to the point.

"I leve you, Lola, and I want you for my wife."

There was no mistaking the ring of intense sincerity or of concentrated feeling in the calm, strong tone, and the girl felt a flush of triumph as she recognised it. It premised her a certain victory. But she knew that it was not to

be won yet, and she played her part with consummate skill At first she turned toward him with a losk of infinite sweetness on her face and with the light of love beaming in her eyes, but she checked herself as

suddenly, drew back and then rose.
"That is an insult, Sir Jaffray, and a wrong which you at least might have spared me," she cried.

The words struck him like a slap in

"An insult? A wrong? To ask you to be my wife?" His tone was still calm anough, but it rang with the note of angered pride.
Twice she turned to him impetuously. as if to speak, looking her fingers tight-ly together as if fighting with her feel-ings and unable to utter the words which rose to her lips. Then she

clutched the rail of the veranda tightly with both hands, and, leaning back, as though at bay, she appeared to compel herself to break the silence, which once broken was followed by a flood of words poured out with rapid, vehement rushes. She was like one wrung by the deepest

"I know that, you great—boy," she answered. "But I want to know more."
"All right; I understand. Well, Beryl," he said, breaking off in a differdo you torment me? Why tempt me in this cruel, heartless way? Yes, heartless. You know this thing can never be. ent tone, as his cousin came out and joined them, "I hear you have letters from home." You know—who better?—that between us stands the bar of your unfilled promise to your cousin, Beryl Leycester. You know that all the world looks on that as settled. You have known this all through. You must have known, and yet you come to me and press me to be your wife. You, half pledged to another woman, can ask me to help you break that pledge by winning from me another, because you think you can do

with me as you will.
"You hold me for a child, a toy, a plaything, to be used for a season and tossed aside. You know your strength with me. You think because you have made me love you—what do I say? Made me hate you, maybe, for, heaven help me, I know not what I think or feel, say or do, where you are say or do, where you are. But this I will not do—I will not help you to play that girl false. Go to her. She will make you happier than I ever can. It is not love that makes happiness. That comes far more readily from the



"I love you, Lola, and I want you for my You think you love me now. You will happier with her. You and I are two tempest clouds, better apart. With us life can only be a full heaven or a raging hell. I am afraid of you." And she seemed to cower before him. "Your

words scorch me. Go away, or let me go. Let us never meet again. If you have any pity in you, think of what it is to burn as I burn with this love which you have kindled and to know that I can never—wait! I am mad. Oh, why, why did I ever see you? She stopped saddenly and stood pressing her hands to her face. Sir Jaffray stood by her, immovable,

but infinitely moved, conscious of nothing save the wild thumping of his heart against his ribs and of the mad, bewildering thought that she loved him. "Let me go in, Sir Jaffray, please," said Lola, her whole manner changed, save for the light in her eyes.

As she passed she touched him again, and he drew back as if afraid of losing

and he drew book as if afraid of losing all self control.

"One moment," he said, keeping his voice as steady as he could. "I understand now. You are right. I will do what you wish, and till then I will not say a word more."

He stood back and let her pass with-

out another word, watching her with backing eyes till the last hem of her dress disappeared and the soft frou frou of the silk was lost in the room. Then he turned his face to the light, and a smile of proud triumph lighted it as he stood and gazed at the sea, and eeing nothing, lost in the thought that

he had won her, a queen among women. CHAPTER II. LADY WALCOTE INTERVENES. Sir Jaffray was still on the veranda smoking and day dreaming, after his interview with Lola, when Mrs. De Witt and her cousin Beryl returned to the hotel from the walk on which he ought to have accompanied them, and the former surprised him on the balcony

and before he could escape. Her shrewd instincts scented mischief. "By yourself, Magog?" she said. She generally had a pet name for her male intimates as a sort of compromise between the Christian and surnames. This was chosen in reference to the baronet's great size and strength. "I thought some one was with you—Mrs. Villyers, of course"—this dryly—"and had perhaps stopped your coming with us." "No; I think she's in her rooms some-

where," he answered, looking at her.
"She's a sweet old lady, I think, for an innocent, and I certainly do think she's the most innocent growth I ever met—for a woman. She's so fond of dear Lola too. I wonder where she is. They're the sweetest pair I know."
"I think no end of Mrs. Villyers,"

said Sir Jaffray. "Of course; we all do. She's such an obliging soul, too—coming all this way from her comfortable home, and just to please Lola. I hope I shall be as good to my young people when I'm her age."
"One can't think of you as ever being her age," he answered, smiling.
"You don't seem to think of me even
as I am, judging by this afternoon,"

was the retort, prompted by jealousy and helped with a flash of her brown But Sir Jaffray wasn't looking at her and missed this, and his answer was lamentably commonplace.

"That's all you know." "Why didn't you come this after-on, then, as you said you would? You know very well that under the cirices Beryl at any rate had a right to expect you.

"Yes, perhaps she had. I'm afraid o. I'm sorry." His companion's words had reminded him of what Lola had said, and he felt uneasy. "Afraid so! You are not generall more afraid to do what you ought to do than what you ought not." This was said rather sharply. "Why didn't you

'Beryl had you, and you had Beryl," he answered with provoking slowness.

"And you had?" "Myself, of course," he returned,

getting up, She got up, too, and stood in his way.
"I don't see why you should want to hide what you've been doing."
"That would be difficult from you sharp eyes, wouldn't it?" And he smiled down at her good humoredly "Why don't you tell me all about it,

"There's so little in 'it,' you know. Only two letters-I and another." "I see. You would rather I learned it from the other, then. I can ask her." "I never said there was anything t 'Do you know that Beryl has had

"How can I? I haven't seen her since they came. 'Your mother has written to her.' This was said as though with special

"The dear mother! She has the best heart in the world," he replied.
"But she doesn't like the second letbut she doesn't like the second letter of that little 'it.' '' And she sought his eyes with a challenge in her own.

''If she has a fault, I am afraid she's too fond of the first letter. I've had my own way all my life,' he answered, returning har look and smilling. turning her look and smiling. She made a pretty gesture of irrita-

tated at his fencing with her.

"You're more than provoking today, Magog. At one time you didn't keep secrets from me." There are some secrets that are not

worth keeping from any one, little wom-an," he replied. Then he changed his manner and tone completely, and lay-ing a hand on her shoulder said earnest-ly and kindly: "Don't worry; wait. MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS. RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM, N. B.

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ter and met his eyes, looking at her AMHERST, N. S. While he opened the envelope, Beryl turned to Mrs. De Witt. Dunlap, McKim & Downs, "Do you know the news? Mrs. Vill-yers is going home—tonight, I think, or WALLACE, N. S. first thing tomorrow."

"No, I hadn't heard it," answered
Mrs. De Witt, looking with a keen, DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

quick glance at the baronet and sur-prised to see him start and flush and then, with an effort, recover his self "The dear mother!" he exclaimed. folding up the letter with a care and precision which to the keen eyes watching him were overdone. "She is the very best soul in the world. What is that about Mrs. Villyers? Going home? That is a coincidence. I am going home tonight. We must travel together if

The girl started slightly at this, and

her usually calm and rather cold fea-tures flushed somewhat, as if the words

had some embarrassing reference known

"Yes, I have had one from the moth-

'Is anything up at the manor?" he

er." The two always spoke of Lady Walcote as "the mother," Beryl being

I'm only fencing."

that can be arranged."

"Good," exclaimed Mrs. De Witt; "very good and very natural. Magog, you have inherited all your mother's goodness of heart and have developed with it all your own powers of acting. This little surprise visit of yours will give her such delight. She loves to have you with her, talking over all your plans with the frank innocence of childhood, and it will be so pleasant to travel with—dear Mrs. Villyers."

A dry little smile passed over Sir

Jaffray's face.
"You are a keen thought reader," he "What plot are you two hatching now?" said Beryl, looking from one to the other. "I hoped you were going to stay," she began to Sir Jaffray, but then checked herself.
"I had intended to stop, Beryl," he said, looking at her steadily, "but I am compelled to go home to see the mother

after this letter," holding it up. "If

you wish it, of course I'll come back. You know I always like to do what you wish if possible. The mother knows Beryl so rarely showed her feelings that the deep scarlet blush which now rushed over her face, coloring it a vivid red from the roots of her rich brown hair downward as she rose and made surprised both her companions, and especially Mrs. De Witt, who did not see

ause it and did not understand the reference in them. Where are we all this afternoon, Magog?" she asked in perplexity.
"Where we were not last week and

anything in the baronet's words to

"Are you turning sphinx?" she ask-ed, a little irritably. "No, I'm only the soothsayer, waiting to see what I ought to say and acting on instructions." And with that he "If I don't read that very clever Miss Lola's hand in this, may I never flirt again!" exclaimed Mrs. De Witt to her-

self as soon as she was left alone. "But I'll find out from her what passed this afternoon, if I have to ask the question Meanwhile Sir Jaffrey had gone to read over again and answer the letter from his mother, and he ensconced himself in a corner of the smoking room "I wish she hadn't gone so soon," he said—he wasn't thinking of his mother then, however. "It makes it look as if I was following her; but, by Jove, it can't be that—it can't be that; she's in earnest and means to part altogether."
The bare thought of this filled him with a feverish fear. "Wish I'd knocked this business about Beryl on the head before I spoke. Poor little girl''—this was

Beryl-"I wish I'd never-but what's the good of wishing? I never had a ghost of an idea that I'd got such passion in me till I met Lola. Beryl's a good sort, but it's no use to think of that now. I couldn't marry her feeling as I do. I wish—oh, what an infernal nuisance it is when your people set to work matchmaking! And one's so help less—worse than if there was a regular understanding. I could go to her then and not with the truth, but I can't as it is without posturing as conceited ass enough to assume that she's in lev with me. I hope it hasn't gone so far as that. I wish I'd never—gad, I hope she won't feel as I should feel if things went wrong now with Lola. Wonder why the mother is so down on her. oughtn't to have written such a letter as this. She wouldn't if she'd known. She'll be all right when she does know. Let me read it again quietly and with out that sharp little devil's eyes boring holes in my skull. She's a little demon." And with this complimentary shaft at Mrs. De Witt he took his mother's letter out of the envelope and read

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asked, noticing her concern.

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