LOLA CRAWSHAY.

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

ple, thinking of nothing but our three some one else in my name, maybe. selves, and we two, the mother and I, Bring the priest who ever made me your have made a great compact that the love we both bear you and the love you bear to both of us are to bind us together us both, Jaffray, in witness of it all, and then let us all three promise to do whatever lies in our power to make that compact the chief cornerstone of our lives. Is not that right, mother?" Sir Jaffray stooped and kissed them

Lady Walcote. "You know that." And have you pitched neck and crop out of the earnestness of his tone proved to the house and kicked down the drive. her what he felt.

"It is true, Jaffray," she said. "It | you say?" shall be so with me. Then Lola, knowing that if the scene lasted a moment too long its sentiment | and doggedly spoken.

and said lightly: to be troubled with hearts and feelings and passions. Sir Jaffray," she cried, assuming a very grand air, "will you give me your arm? I will take the air in the park. We will leave the lady

mother to her thoughts." "Come on, Lola," cried the baronet, and they went out of the room togeth-

er, laughing. And the chief thoughts of the "lady mother" were that her son's wife was an exceedingly clever young woman, whose wits were as sharp as her face was beautiful.

During the next few days she had ample evidence of this, as Lola's treatment of Lady Walcote was tactful and clever to a degree, and the old lady, despite her sharpness and shrewdness and which she had spoken before, though a tendency to suspicion when she was feeling of intense relief and joy shot alone, could not resist the girl's charm when they were together. Thus the intimacy between them ripened quickly enough to surprise and please Lola herself, who wished that it should be as close as possible by the time that the blow fell which she was daily expect-

It came all too quickly. She had been home less than a week and had ridden over one morning with Sir Jaffray to a county meeting at a town a few miles away when on her return she was told that a gentleman was waiting to see her. She knew without glancing at the

card who it was. She had nerved herself to be always ready for the meeting, however, and without staying to change her habit she went at once to the library, where her visitor was waiting.

There was not a sign of embarrassment on her face or in her manner as she passed the servant and entered the room, and no one could have detected even a quiver in her voice as she went up to the man whom she hated with a deadly loathing and said as quietly as "You wish to see me, I understand.

What is it?" Pierre Turrian waited in silence until the servant had closed the door, and they stood thus looking steadily into

CHAPTER IX.

each other's eyes.

PIERRE TURRIAN'S SCHEME. The two stood looking straight at one another for some time after the servant had closed the door and left them alone, and Pierre Turrian was the first to break the silence.

He turned from her, and, looking all round the room and then glancing back at her, a smile parted his lips and he raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders as he said in a tone of mock

"You've done well for yourself, Lola, a very lovely cage for a very pretty bird-very lovely indeed." And he emphasized his words by another comprehensive glance round the room. "You're a devilish clever woman."

Lola assumed an expression of indignant surprise. "I don't know what you mean, sir,"

she said, drawing herself up. "I was told by my servants that a M. Turrian



"You're a devilish clever woman." wished to see me, and I have understood from my friends that that person is a foreign musician who wishes to interest me in some musical scheme. When I heard you were here, I concluded that that was now your object, and I came at once to see if I could help you. But it seems I have been mistaken, and you have found your way into my house to offer me some kind of insult. I wish you to understand, sir, that I am here in my own home, surrounded by my own servants, who will know how to treat the man who insults their mis-

tress." She looked at him with resolute defi-

He started as she spoke and looked first angry and then amused. "Devilish good, no doubt, but not good enough," he said, with an oath and a laugh. "One might think that you and I had never met before—on the Devil's rock, for instance."

"You are apparently under some strange delusion. I have never seen you before in my life," she said firmly, 'and so long as you hold to any delusion to the contrary I decline absolutely to speak to you.

"You are a magnificent liar," he exclaimed, "and I know what you mean. I don't consent. I want my wife, and

I'll elaim her." "I know nothing about your wife, no more than about you. If that is all you

have to rave about, you will please not to come here again, or my servants will refuse you admission by my express orders. If, on the contrary, there is any business I can help you with, I shall be ready to do what lies in my power." "Do you mean that you dare to deny you are my wife?"

"Absolutely. You are mad to think of it. I am Lady Walcote, the wife of Sir Jaffray Walcote, and though I have heard of you as a fiddler"-she spoke the word contemptuously-"and may have had a lesson or two from you in singing or music, in any real sense I have never seen you before in my life.' The splendid audacity of her manner almost took away his breath. He was

prepared for any other reception than "You are a devil!" he exclaimed in | step out into that hard, barren, work-French. Then he added in English, "Do ing world, which I should imagine to you mean that you were not married to | be particularly distasteful to you, it me in Montreux four years ago and that | will be a matter of surprise to me. But you haven't traveled half over the con-

tinent with me as my wife?" "That is precisely what I mean," re-turned Lola coldly, firmly and deliberately. "Precisely. It is quite ten years since I was in Montreux, and I traveled with my poor dear father alone up to

THE THE STREET STREET, SAME

the time of his death in Neufchatel, two years ago. Obviously you have made some surprising mistake." "You are mad!" he cried. "You can't set me at defiance. I have proofs -ample, undeniable, complete-that

you are my wife." "Proofs? Of what?" she answered "Now we are all unconventional peo- more quickly. "Proofs that you married wife and then talk of proofs." "You devil, you know he's dead, but

I can bring a thousand people to swear always in a love for each other. Kiss to you. Beauty like yours, my girl, can't hide itself or be forgotten. But what better proof is wanting than this -that you stand here bandying words with me over a matter of this kind?" "You recall me to myself. I have been too indulgent to one who, I was led to believe, is mentally afflicted. I

"It's the best news you could give | will listen no longer. If you repeat the me, mother," he said when he kissed | slanderous tale that you have told, I will Do you understand me? Now, what do

"You are my wife, and I have come to claim you," was the reply, sullenly

"You make your own choice. In one would be spoiled, jumped up quickly minute after I ring that bell the servant "Now, we can be again the great peo- will be here, and if you have not reple of Walcote manor, who ought not tracted that slander before he comes I will order him to turn you out of the house.'

"You are my wife," he answered between his clinched teeth. Lola crossed the room in silence and

pulled the bell vigorously. Then she turned toward her companion, with resolution in every line of her beautiful face. She said not another word, but watched him closely. The color waned gradually from his

twice. Then he bit his lip and then his nails and eyed the girl angrily. "What terms do you offer?" he said. "I make no terms with slanderers," she answered steadily in the same deliberate, half- contemptuous tone in into her heart as she saw that she was beating him in her desperate move.

"Do you retract the infamous slander you have uttered?" "You are the devil!" he cried again

At that moment the servant opened "Well?" said Lola, turning to her visitor while the man waited for orders.

"I retract," he said, rolling out the "Ob, of course," said Lola, as if h had mentioned the name of some wine. "Bring some claret, Dalling, and bis-

While the man was gone for the wine neither of them spoke, and Lola re mained standing by the fireplace, flushed with a sense of triumph at baving wen the first move in the game, and thinking steadily what to do next.

She knew her antagonist through and through. Sheer, dogged force was the only weapon that would beat him down and hold him in subjection. The slightest sign of weakness on her part, the faintest signal of fear, would make him strong at once. It was only by making him believe she did not fear the conse quences of his saying all he knew and claiming her that she could hope to win. But she knew also that she must allow him a certain amount of license,

Within the limits she laid down he must do what he liked, go where he liked and say what he liked, and above all he must be well paid. Thus she saw that the attitude which

she had adopted almost on the spur of the moment and in obedience to something like an instinct was capable of being used with easy advantage, and she resolved that if possible the terms should be arranged before he left the house, but she was prepared for an outbreak beforehand. He was a man who was sure to try

to cover his defeat in a torrent of threats as to what he could and might be driven to do. He broke out in this vein almost as soon as the man had left the room after

returning with the wine. "I suppose you rather plume yourself on having beaten me, don't you? And you think that because I pretended to retract just now you can play with me as you please. Let me tell you one thing first. I'll be quite open with you. My retraction is simply and solely for a time, because, my faith"-thi with a shrug of the shoulders and an attempted light laugh - "because : suits me better for the time. But, mark

me, only for the time." "It will be simpler and quite as effective with me," answered Lola contemptuously, "if you will string all your threats together into one long sentence and get it off like a child says its lesson. The project of yours concerning the scheme in connection with the violin, for which, as I understand, you want considerable money help, is much more material and practical sub-

ect for an interview of this kind." Pierre Turrian rose abruptly from th low easy chair where he had been sit ting and began to walk up and down the room, moving his head from side to side and shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating.

Then, drawing a cigarette case from his pocket, he turned to her and held i

out to her. "Does Lady Walcote," pausing on the words and laughing, "object to smoke? Perhaps she herself smokes. have here some cigarettes of the kind my wife," with another quick, signifi cant glance at her, "used to like. Wil you try one?"

He held it open to her with an impudent leer on his fair, handsome face. "I take no interest whatever in wha your wife used to like or dislike," re turned Lola, with an expression of ab solute indifference. "If you wish to smoke, you have permission," with wave of the hand.

"My faith, but you are magnificentsublime!" he exclaimed in French. Then he lighted a eigarette, and, drawing in the smoke with the relish of an inveterate smoker, he went on walking up and down the room.

Presently he stopped again, and standing close to her he said: "It is no wonder that I mistook you for my wife. This is just as I can conceive her acting in just such circumstances. She is a magnificent actress, and I have seen her fool men-aye, to the very top of their bent-but there she differs from you, madam," and he bowed low with an assumption of gallantry, "for she is the most extraor-

He shot another glance of swift cunning at her and laughed "I have already told you that I take not the slightest interest in anything that concerns your wife, though I am

dinary and unabashed liar that ever-

married two men in one name."

ready to discuss your scheme if that is what you want. "But my scheme, even if it satisfies me today, may not be enough for me tomorrow. What then?"

"I do not understand you and do not choose to try." "I mean that the purchase price of my scheme and all the comfort that the success of it may bring to me will cease to satisfy me one day, and that then I may carry out another purpose which has brought me to England."

"I don't ask you what your purpose is, and I take no interest in it, but if it be strong enough to cause you to give up the ease and comfort which your scheme may bring you and drive you to it will be a matter for you to decide, of course. If you like to beggar yourself for a whim, I should not think any one will care, I least of all." And Lola

looked all the defiance which her words conveyed.

said angrily, waving the hand which carried the cigarette between the fin-

Lola shrugged her shoulders in response and said nothing. "You play the game as if you held all the winning cards," he exclaimed again angrily, "as if I could not with a word strip you of all this fine house, have you bundled into the street for an impostor and made the mark of every lout and loon in the miserable village yonder. I can do this and more, as you know. I can brand you with the hot

It gave her an opportunity to drive "I thought you had retracted that

enough, for all your bravado."

scandal," she answered coldly and sternly. "I am quite prepared if you are to put that to the uttermost test. Even if all you said were true," and she looked him straight in the eyes, "I would not falter for the space of a second. Even if it were true all that you could do would never bring back to your side such a woman as you describe your wife to be. You might drive her as easily. from any position she now chances to hold; you might even, as you say, put her in the dock, but how would that either benefit you or bring her nearer to you? If she is such a woman as you say, she is much more likely to face the world without you or, getting freed from you, to marry again. No, no, M. Turrian." And she laughed easily and lightly. "Take my advice as a disinterested party and stick to the musical scheme which promises you ease and

She paused, and when he made no face, and he moved restlessly once or immediate answer she added: "It is weary work to fight a dangerous and determined woman, you know, and from what you say that is what

comfort without risk."

your wife seems to be.' He took no notice of this, but walked up and down slowly, smoking vigorously and inhaling and puffing out the | ways have just the best of matters in light blue smoke of the cigarette with every game and sport in which they much vehemence.

he said at length, "though I get to the life and soul of a house party, those same point by a very different route. I | deadly plagues of the country," can conceive that I might in the way you mention work out a very pretty revenge. If my wife, for instance, who scheme, to help me with money, you understand," and he flashed a glance at her as he turned his head a moment in passing, "with money, I could make my life what you call it, one of ease and comfort, and I could do more." Here his voice sank and his utterance became slow and deliberate, and he rolled some of the words as if the mere utterance of them gave him acute pleasure. "I could watch her, holding over her at any moment with a single word. I could let her live her chosen life, bear children, maybe, to the man whom she London. has fooled, and then I could snip the thread of the jewel hilted sword which she has hung up over her own life and stab the whole of her dupes in the very marrow of their honor and self esteem.

I could play that part." "But she could kill you first!" cried Lola, maddened by the cruelty of his

He stopped and looked at her and smiled coldly. "I thought you took no interest in



"Well, what is it?" asked the baronet. said, raising his eyebrows, shrugging his shoulders and flourishing his hands. "Personally I do not, but were I that woman I would take your life.' "She tried once, but I am not easy to

kill." The expression on his face was repulsive in its leering, malicious tri-"Well, you can take your choice. I am indifferent as to what you do. Only

remember what I have said." At that instant the door was opened and Sir Jaffray came in boisterously and noisily, as was his wont, 'Hello, Lola!" he cried. "I got away

much sooner than I expected. You might have waited for me. Ah, is this M. Turrian? I heard he was here." Lola introduced the two men, and each scanned the other very closely, though the Frenchman made his scru-

tiny furtively. "I have been explaining to Lady Walcote, whom I had the honor to know slightly some years ago as a pupil-a most distinguished and apt pupil-the object of my being now in England." "Well, what is it?" asked the bar-

onet, half carelessly, standing by his wife's side and linking his arm in hers. "I am writing what I think will be a great treatise on the violin. The violin is my instrument, you know, and I want to urge some changes, but I want to do more than merely write. I want to organize a band of viclin players who will show the world the real beauties of the change I propose." "Seems rather a fantastic sort of

mission." said the baronet. "Has M. Turrian been explaining the thing in detail to you?" And he glanced at Lola's habit, as if asking why the interriew had been so long.

The Frenchman answered "Yes, madame has listened to me with great patience and, indeed, if I may say so, has entered very sympathizingly into my plans and has even made some suggestions on which I shall act." He shot a quick glance at Lola as he said this. "And I think she has made me more of a convert to her views of the matter than I her to mine. I think you would be interested in the scheme, Sir Jaffray, if I were to tell you the whole

"All right," laughed Sir Jaffray. "If it pleases my wife it'll be pretty certain to please me. Come and explain it at length this evening and bring your violin. I'm a bit of a fiddler myself. At least I like it, though I'm only a scraper

"At what time do you dine?" "Eh? Oh!" And the baronet swallowed a laugh at what he considered the Frenchman's "cheek" at fishing for an invitation to dinner. "Half past 7. Yes, it'll be better. Come in to dinner. You can do the talking then and the

playing afterward. Eh, Lola?" "Yes, if you like," she answered. "A bit of a crank, I should think," said the baronet when M. Turrian had gone, "but not a bad sort, and if he's clever with the fiddle I shall be glad enough to hear him."

"Oh, he's clever enough," replied Lola quietly, who was thinking of the crisis that had passed that morning and of the mass of intrigue which was seething and boiling and tumbling right the thin cover of the home life at the manor. How she cursed the day when she had first fallen into the griping, cruel hands of Pierre Turrian!

CHAPTER X. THE BEGINNING OF THE END. Pierre Turrian amply justified the opinion as to his cleverness which Lola "That is not true. You do care," he I expressed to Sir Jaffray, for in a few

weeks he succeeded in making himself a welcome guest at Walcote manor. Sir Jaffray, who had at first been led to think of him as a sort of musical crank and had tolerated him as a conparatively harmless individual who could sing with exquisite taste and play brilliantly, discovered one by one his other qualities, just as the astute Frenchman thought it judicious to re-

He could be an excellent companion. having a rare capacity of adapting himself to his surroundings. He had a great iron of shame and haul you to the dock | knowledge of men, picked up in the for a bigamist, and you know it well course of his wanderings over all Europe. He possessed an endless fund of She was glad he had broken out thus. anecdotes, with a clever knack of inventing them to suit any occasion and home a point which she wanted to time and company, and as he speedily and accurately gauged the baronet's character he was able to make himself welcome in half a hundred ways.

Gradually the "musical fad," as Sir Jaffray began to call it laughingly, was allowed to fall more and more out of sight until it was rarely mentioned, and Sir Jaffray came to the conclusion that, as the Frenchman seemed to have plenty of money, it had been taken up as a sort of hobby and was to be dropped " 'The professor' seems to have de-

veloped under our influence, Lola," he said one day to his wife. They spoke Dunlap, McKim & Downs, of him as "the professor" as a term of friendship. "Wonder what made him take up that fifth string rot. Glad he's shed that rubbish." "He seems a man of impulses," replied Lola, "and I wish an impulse would take him back to Switzerland."

She was very restless at the growing

intimacy between the two men and had

striven against it, but the Frenchman had beaten her. "I can't say that," replied Sir Jaffray, laughing. "I like him. He's one of the jolliest beggars I ever metone of the few men I've ever known who can lose his coin without getting raggy." The Frenchman had been shrewd enough to let the baronet almet. "When we come back from town,

"We can hardly have him here, then, "Why not? The women'll go mad is in a position to help me with this after him. I'd give a lot to see the lit-We De Witt setting those wicked little wits of hers to work to catch him for

The idea of that sharp little woman watching the incidents of the drama that was being played at the manor was the reverse of pleasant to Lola, but she said nothing, lest she should arouse some sort of suspicion.

The baronet was as good as his word, and in a flush of good feeling one day her the knowledge that I could crush he gave the Frenchman a general invitation to stay at the manor as soon as Lola and himself should return from

> When Lola heard of it, she was angry and took an opportunity of speaking to M. Turrian about it.

tion," she said peremptorily. "No?" And he stopped and looked at her with his eyebrows raised. They were walking on the terrace before dinner, and he was smoking a cigarette. "No. I say no," said Lola ener-

"That is not a tactful reason," he said, with a shrug and a laugh, "I care nothing about tact. You must not do it. If you do, I shall stop your allowance."

"That is coarse. We may be-criminals, but at least we should be polite." And he bowed with affected courtesy. "Give me your real reasons," he continued, after a pause. "If it is only your pique, I shall not pay the slightest heed to it. You chose this life, not I. I did not like it at first. I have grown accustomed to it, and I find it pleasant enough-for a time, while my plans develop and," bowing again, "I shall live it in my own way." "There are people coming here who on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest

may remember a certain notorious gamknown in half the hells in Europe." consists in denying your own identity. If

others can do this, why not I?" And he laughed with malicious glee. vehemently. "Pardon me, madame," and his

shoulders went up and his hands spread out as he bowed again, "but I most assuredly shall." Lola very firmly, when she was inter-

rupted by Sir Jaffray, who said, with a quarreling there because the violin mission isn't getting forward." Pierre Turrian turned and laughed

"No, no; Lady Walcote and I are, I trust, too old friends to quarrel over that. Her energy is all friendliness. I was telling her that you had asked me to come here after your return from town, and I was explaining to her that I am going on the continent for awhile to perfect a plan which is often in my thoughts, and she was insisting that I should not break off my arrangements there in order to return here, because in some slight respects the two things might rather clash. But I assured her that I could not think of letting any other considerations interfere with the pleasure of a visit here. Of that I am determined, but Lady Walcote is too

solicitous on my behalf." "Oh, of course you'll come if you can, professor!" said Sir Jaffray. "I should be sorry if you didn't. I'm glad you two weren't at loggerheads. I want you to be friends, you know." "I trust we shall never misunderstand one another more than we do at present." And the Frenchman bowed and shot a swift, cunning look at Lola which stung her like a poisoned barb.

"What say you, madame?" he asked softly and courteously. And Lola hated herself and her accomplice at being driven into this course of loathsome deception of the man she loved. The moment after she turned and left

She began to feel already that in attempting to guide events to suit her own purposes she had undertaken a task which might lead to infinitely greater trouble than that she was striving to avoid, and this fear led her to associate the idea of coming disaster with this visit of Pierre's to the manor.

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"I am inclined to agree with you," we must have him here. He'd be the

her snuggery." And he laughed again.

"You must not accept that invita-

"And why not?" "Because I don't choose to allow it."

bler and cheat who was at one time "Ah, that is most interesting and most enticing. If there is one thing that I do not like about this existence, it is what you call its humdrum, dead alive sameness and respectability. A man rusts in such a place. There is no risk, no danger, where people's wits are so stupid as here. Why, even a murderess might live here all her life unsuspected, while as for bigamists they would find it a perfect haven of rustic rest." He paused and glanced at her, but Lola took no notice of his words, and he resumed: "But what you promise me now is just the one touch that is wanted to make life life and worth living. You at any rate must see that such a place is most admirably adapted for that form of your English virtue of self denial which

"I tell you you must not come to stay in this house. You shall not!" said Lola

"You shall not, at any hazard," said

"Hello, you two! I hope you're not

them. She was sick of the part she had

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