

When the door closed behind her, he laughed and shock his head and cried to himself in a tone of glee:

ing to play with fire." And, turning to the piano, he rattled out a gay French changen in a tone of sheer devil may

petuously from the piano, and with a frewn on his face swere volubly in French as he crossed the room to one of the windows which opened on to the terrace in front of the house. "What a day! How I hate this in-

fernal suspense! I wish the night would come and get the thing over."

But he forced back his light, laughing, devil may care manner for the rest of the day and evening. Lola and her husband did not come back until close to the dinner time, and thus he saw nothing of her.

Mrs. De Witt he met with an indescribable air of repentance mingled with pleasure that he had been led on to such a pitch of audacity, and she was fooled by his manner till she forgave him.

"If you do not forgive me, I shall leave the manor tomorrow morning,"



he said. "And yet why should I ask forgiveness? Was it not the fault of your own heauty? Who would blame me for losing myself in the maze of your eyes?"

"I will not forgive you if you do not give me your solemn word of honor never to recall your offense and never to dream of offending again."

"I am not an icicle," he murmured. "Is love an offense? Stay, I am sorry. I pain you," he cried, with a sudden impulse. "On my honor I will never again forget what I wish I need never remember." And he spoke with such apparent earnestness and feeling that Mrs. De Witt forgave him without another

With Beryl he was audacity itself. He paid her marked attention in a perfectly deferential manner, but in a way which those present could not fail to

"There is a truce till tomorrow at 12 o'clock," he said to her as soon as they met. "I hold you to your word. Till then things are as they have been here, and you play your part with the rest." "I have no part to play," she an-

swered coldly. "Pardon me. You are anxious for the honor of the family." The sneer in his tone was quite perceptible to her. "And if you do not keep your word and maintain the terms of the truce I will not keep mine, and you can force an open esclandre. As you will."

And Beryl, forced in this way, was compelled to submit to the little attentions which of deliberate purpose he paid her. It was part of his plan that all at the

manor should for that night see that the two were on excellent terms, and in that he was so completely successful that Sir Jaffray mentioned it both to him and to Lola. The Frenchman's almost reckless

gayety lasted all through the evening, and Lola could not fail to notice it. It disturbed her. She knew the man, and knew well enough that it was the cloak | fore Beryl's eyes had recovered suffifor a state of nervous restlessness, the | ciently from the change from moonlight result of great agitation of some kind. | to dark to let her see what he was do-She watched him closely, endeavoring | ing she heard the click of the window to get some clew that would give her the key to the problem of his intentions and feelings, but she could detect nothing.

Beryl was struck by it also and surprised by it and was angered at the false position in which the man by his audacity placed her, but she set it down merely to his desire to brazen out his villainy before her and to show that, though he was afraid not to accept the terms she had imposed, yet he was resolved to accept them in his own way. Some of the effects, too, she put down to wine. She observed that he drank heavily at dinner, and this increased the disgust she felt toward him.

But not a glimpse of the terrible truth dawned upon her, not a thought that ever in the midst of his wildest sallies, his loudest laughs, his tenderest songs, his thoughts were all set in deadly concentration upon his plan to take her life | by chance her room to pass through? In that night.

She retired early, going to sit with old Lady Walcote in her rooms, and there was not a thought of personal danger in her mind. She was relieved to think that the man had spent his last evening at the manor, and that from then the atmosphere of the place would be the clearer for his absence, and she was glad to reflect also that one part of the complicated problem would by the morrow be in a fair way of settlement.

When the man himself was gone, it would be much easier to deal with the question as it affected Lola, and this was the thought which she had when, after some two or three hours, she went to her own room, which was next to that of Lady Walcote's, to go to bed.

Fortunately for her, she could not sleep. The interview with Pierre Turrian had opened up a vein of human nature which was so novel to hernaked, unblushing, unashamed villainy -and she had been so profoundly moved by all that she had heard and by the mystery and misery which hung over the house that she lay awake hour after hour, tossing from side to side, trying to see some way out of the tangle.

For a long time she burned a light, reading now and again in the attempt to break the thread of her painful thoughts; but, finding this vain, she put out the light and lay in the darkness.

The night was not, however, a very dark one. There was a moon, though its light was shrouded by the heavy drifts of clouds which a somewhat fitful wind was driving across the sky. Her blind was drawn up, according to her custom, to catch the earliest morning light, and now and again when her eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness she could watch the flying clouds | that morning was the only incriminatas she lay with her face turned toward | ing piece of evidence in her possession. the window.

It was while she was thus occupied, having made another vain effort unnerved her, had a quite opposite to get to sleep, that she fancied she effect. It stimulated her courage, and could hear a noise, though whether it from the security of her hiding place, was in her room or out in the corridor | and with the assurance that she had or in the next room or outside she only to step out in the corridor and call could not say. Thinking that it might | loudly for help to be quite safe, she

Land the second the second territories and the second seco

be Lady Walcote moving, she listened very intently.

What she heard next made her heart keeping the chloroformed handkerchief beat quickly. She was a brave girl, in evident readiness to hold over the "Lerve you right, my ledy, for try- full of resource and daring at need, but the roise she heard might have made a face of the sleeper.

finite interest.

in the act of doing this the clouds part-

ed again from before the moon's face,

and the silver light came once more

Before it vanished Beryl heard him

Then he moved forward again to the

There was now no possibility of mis-

In a low but perfectly clear voice she

"It is useless, M. Turrian. You will

The man started from the bed as

have to choose some other time and

though the outlined figure had sudden-

ly taken life and struck him. He could

apprehensive and muttered a half sup-

the moment your face first appeared out-

thloroform"-he pushed the handker-

instantly I will rouse the whole house-

hold and proclaim you a murderer be-

He glared across the spot where Beryl

"You are the devil!" he growled be-

tween his clinched teeth, while he

seemed as though he would venture to

attack her where she stood, but she did

in French under his breath, and, recog nizing the uselessness of attempting to

He muttered a whole volley of oaths

now showed herself, having thrown the

fore every soul in the manor."

door partly open.

means to murder me."

pressed oath.

take as to his intentions, and Beryl

head of the bed and stooped low down.

mutter an oath in French into his mus-

streaming brilliantly into the room.

It came from outside in the night, and it seemed that thieves were break- chose that moment to intervene. At the end of it he jumped up im- ing into the manor house. What she heard was the sound of a ladder being said: placed close to her window. She heard the end as it struck the wall and again as it was moved into a different posi-

> She could think rapidly on occasion and act as well. Now she jumped out not tell from where the sound of the of bed, slipped on some clothes and a voice came, and he stood irresolute and dark dressing gown and turned to alarm

But with her hand on the door she paused, and, moving swiftly back across the room to the window, she looked out cautiously, keeping herself well out of

Just as she reached the window the head of a man who was creeping stealthily up the ladder reached the level of the lowest pane of glass, and, putting his face to the glass and shading it with his hand, he peered into the room.

Beryl saw the man and shrank back shuddering and cold as she recognized the handsome, cruel face of Pierre Tur-

Then in an instant the meaning of it all flashed upon her. He had begged for the delay in order that he might destroy the evidence of

his villainy and murder her, the only | not flinch, and the impulse passed. witness who knew of it. CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTEMPT ON BERYL'S LIFE. The instant that Beryl saw who it was that was threatening to break into her room and guessed the reason of the visit she shrank back as closely as possible to the wall and waited in breathless suspense while Pierre Turrian completed his scrutiny of the room. By stooping her head forward very

slightly she was able to watch him and saw that he was bending sideways from the ladder while seemingly holding on to it with one hand. So long as he continued to stare into the room she did not move a muscle and almost held her breath lest he

should hear her and being disturbed make off. For her rapid, shrewd brain had resolved that she would if possible les him carry out his intention of getting into the room, in order that he might

she took ample means to provide for her own safety. Her nimble wits devised an easy method of tricking him if only he would give her an opportunity of a couple of minutes' preparation, and this, to her intense relief, he did.

Finding that he had not placed the ladder sufficiently close to the window to be able to open it, the man descended it slowly and softly, just as he had climbed it, and Beryl, straining every nerve to listen, heard him go down.

With swift, deft movement she so made up the bed that it looked as though some one were sleeping in it, and then she opened the door, which was covered by a curtain, and muffling her head in a dark shawl she stood in the doorway ened by a servant who explained that a sufficiently concealed by the door curtain and waited.

She had not long to wait. Almost as soon as she had finished her preparations she heard the top of the ladder bumping softly against the wall as Pierre Turrian came up it again. As he reached the top and his head showed between the window and the sky the moon shone out and lighted up the window and the figure of the man and came flooding into the room almost

to the feet of the girl. She saw him peer eagerly into the room, while it was thus illuminated, and she could fancy his eyes gleaming with satisfaction at finding all quiet within and seeing what looked like the form of the sleeper still and motionless

In another second the moonlight had gone, and all was dark again, and bebolt as it flew back before the thin knife blade which Pierre Turrian had passed

between the sashes. The next instant the lower sash was raised cautiously, slowly and almost noiselessly, save that the draft caused by the rush of air from the window to the open door set the curtain rustling, while Beryl felt the night air strike cold and chill upon that part of her face which was uncovered so that she might

see what was being done. As soon as the window was raised high enough the man stepped in so softly and quietly that Beryl could scarcely hear him, and then he closed the window behind him.

At that instant a thought occurred to the girl. What if the Frenchman were not coming in search of her, but were merely paying a surreptitious visit to this wing of the house and had chosen that case she stood right in his path. But his actions almost immediately

removed the doubt. The moon had not shone out again from behind the clouds, and the room was too dark for Pierre Turrian to see with any clearness, but Beryl's eyes had grown so accustomed to the gloom that as he stood between her and the window

she could watch every action of his. He stood quite still for almost half a minute, looking toward the bed, as it seemed, and the stillness was so acute that Beryl could even hear him breathe. After a pause he took something from his pocket which she thought was a handkerchief and shook it out lightly, and, folding it carelessly, held it in his left hand. Then he stood still, with his head bent forward toward the bed as though listening intently for the breathing of the sleeper he thought was lying

there at his mercy. Beryl clinched her teeth as she noticed

Next, and with only a slight pause, he took something from another pocket. What it was she could not see, but when she saw him put it to his mouth and heard a slight creaking sound, as of a cork being drawn, she knew that it was a bottle, and she was prepared to see him pour the contents on to the handkerchief. This done, he thrust the bottle hastily into a side pocket and moved slowly and very stealthily toward the head of the bed.

A faint smell of drugs spread itself over the room, and Beryl recognized it instantly as chloroform. It was now quite clear to her what

He was going to drug her first and He meant to murder her.

This thought, which might well have

watched his every movement with insponsibility would be enormous." He had passed now out of the line of the window, and his movements in the Mrs. De Witt laughed not very pleas-

deeper gloom were more difficult to follow, but she could still make out what "You are a singular man," she said. "Because I loved you yesterday after-Before he reached the head of the noon and don't love you this morning? bed it was obvious that he was puzzled Say rather a natural man. Passion. by something unusual, probably, she madame, is a garment to be worn only thought, by hearing no sound of breathon occasion, lest it should grow shabby ing from the bed. He bent forward and

listened again intently, and as he was "You are insulting." "Not in the least," he answered insolently. "Women in the morning are appendages, in the afternoon playmates and in the evening playthings, but they are never necessaries, except in the sense of being necessary evils, and that only tache while he stood not knowing what after marriage."

and tattered with too much use."

to an idle singer," said Mrs. De Witt very angrily, and she swept out of the room, disappointed at the difference between his present mood and that of the previous day.

"I have no desire to be an appendage

Pierre Turrian was glad to get rid of her so easily, and he went out soon afterward, and choosing a part of the drive which would enable him to catch the earliest glimpse of Lola on her return he walked up and down, thinking and smoking cigarettes incessantly until she came.

As soon as he caught sight of her Dunlap, McKim & Downs, coming he hurried back to the house and waited for her to dismount, and the moment she entered the great hall of the manor he spoke to her.

"I have been watching you since swered, leading the way into the room side the window. I have waited only to where they had had their first interview at the manor. see what you intend to do. I can see that plainly now. I know the smell of "If any one wants me, I am enchief hurriedly into his pocket as she

> what is it?" He looked at her for a moment without replying and then said with emphatic deliberation:

"The worst that it could be. Everything is known." And for the moment Lola lost all her self possession in the cold cramp that seemed to seize and paralyze her heart

CHAPTER XV.

DENLY. For more than a minute Lola was unable to frame a word in reply to what Pierre Turrian had said. The almost brutal frankness with which he had delivered the thrust had overwhelmed her, and the host of nervous fears which had plagued her during the time of his presence in the house now recurred with cruel and distressing

silence with a jeer. "You seem a good deal upset by a simple thing which you ought certain-ly to have expected. Where are your wits? You couldn't think this kind of thing was to go on forever?"

It was Pierre Turrian who broke the

This speech started the hope that the man was really deceiving her and playing for his own purposes. "What do you mean by the secret being known? What secret?" she asked,

"You're not going to hark back to the rubbishy nonsense that we played at when we met here first, I hope." And he laughed sneeringly. "I don't care what you do, though. You can start any fool's tale you like, for that matter, but what I mean is this-that there is now a third person who knows that you and I were married in the Church of St. Sulpice at Montreux, and that person means to tell everybody else,' the tone in which the question was

asked. "Some one who doesn't bear you much love-Beryl Leycester-and a very unpleasant antagonist she is, I can assure you.

"How do you know that she knows?" "For the best of all possible reasons, She told me so. She put into my hands a copy of the register from St. Sulpice and asked me what it meant," "And what did you say?" came the question, eagerly interposed.

"What should I say? That it was a lie, and that she was the victim of an extraordinary delusion, but she very soon showed me that I was the liar, and when I found that she did know I gave the business up and told my ver-"It's you who let out the truth with

your tale of the Devil's rock!" cried Lola vehemently.

"Nonsense! She had the facts, and it was only a matter of when she should speak. She spoke to me yesterday, and I told her my version of the matter. My faith, but I painted myself as black as a raven and you as white as a dove!" He laughed heartily as he said this. "Imagine you white as a dove, the innocent and all unsuspecting Marguerite his thoughts as a sort of last desperate | persecuted by an atrocious villain of a Mephistopheles, myself! I compelled you to marry me. I made your life a hell. I drove you to rebel. I ill treated you and fell over that rock, with never a stamp of the foot to help me. I hid myself, waiting for vengeance. I tracked you down when you had married. I drove you to this life of lies. All I, I, I for the villainy, and you for the sweet, pure victim. On my soul.

when I think of it I laugh down to my

He lighted a cigarette and puffed at it in silence for a minute, and when he spoke again there was a sharp change in his tone and manner which made Lola look up.

"But I had a purpose, mark you, and if the devil hadn't failed me for once I would have carried it out and have silenced that sly she cat once for all. I sought to get delay by making you out as the victim, and I meant to stop that fool's chatter for good and all." porary check with equanimity as in-"What do you mean?"

an ace of death last night; that I went to her room in the dead of the night to save you from her devilment, and, had it not been for some exrsed chance that kept her awake and let her hear me coming, you would have woke up this morning to find that your old rival was laid out cold and stark, freed from the fretting troubles of this wicked world by the blessing of chloroform and my strong arm and unable to go chattering about other people's business."

"Do you mean you tried to murder Beryl Leycester last night in her bed in this house?" cried Lola, paling with excited agitation. He paused before he answered and

Lola bit her lip and was startled delooked at her aslant, with his eyelids half closed. "I shall probably be back some time "Is murder so much uglier in a bed-

room than on a mountain side that you shudder at the sound in the one case and yet can do the deed in the other? Bah!" He sneered and waved his hand impatiently. "Don't be a fool, Lola. Tell me the truth and say you're as sorry as I am that I failed. Don't cant."

"As God is my judge," she cried passionately, "I would rather ten thousand times that you had killed me!" And then, overwrought, she sank on a chair that was by her, and, leaning her arms on the table, buried ber face in them in an agony of tearless miles. To be Continued.

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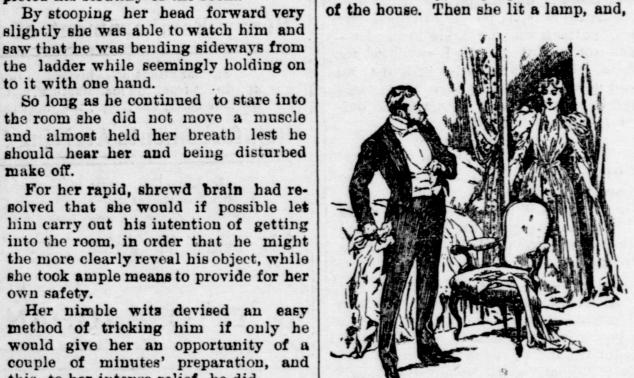
AMHERST, N. S. -AND-

"Where can we go? We must be very private." "Come into the library," she an-

gaged," she said to the servant. Then, when the latter had closed the door, said this-"and now if you do not go she turned to the Frenchman. "Now.

at the man's words and manner.

do anything, he opened the window again and got out on to the ladder just as the moon shone but for the third time, lighting up with its gleams the evil, vindictive, handsome face. She fastened the window after he had gone out and stood and watched him as he slunk away, keeping in the shadow



The south pold

He glared across the spot where Beryl now showed herself. wrapping herself in warm clothes, read a book until the morning broke. Then she got into bed to snatch a couple of hours' sleep, knowing that the servants would be moving about the manor and that she need fear no further attack. Early in the morning she was wak-

messenger had come from Leycester Court to say that her father was ill and wished her to return home instantly, Before this summons all other considerations vanished, and, explaining hastily the circumstances to old Lady Walcote and leaving a letter for Lola, the girl hurried home, leaving the complication in which she had become entangled exactly where it had stood on

the previous day.

at breakfast with some perturbation where Miss Leycester was he heard to his great relief that she had gone home. This meant a respite for him. He had come down determined to brazen it all out, to dare Beryl to do her worst, to deny absolutely any story which she might tell as to the attempt on her life and to risk everything on the chance of getting a few more days

Thus when Pierre Turrian inquired

a plan which had been shaping itself in In that he needed the help of Lola and resolved to have a long talk with her and compel her to fall in with his

at the manor house in order to complete

thoughts appear in his manner, and he was as jaunty in air, light of tongue and pleasantly chatty as usual during the whole of breakfast. In whatever direction the conversation turned he took such share as was usual with him, whether he knew anything about a subject or not, and ex-

cept that he looked a little haggard

But he let nothing of his darker

from a sleepless night there was nothing in his manner to suggest to any of the others that anything unusual had happened or was being planned by him. He was annoyed when he heard Sir Jaffray say that he and Lola were going to ride out together, because he wanted to have his interview with her as soon as possible and had intended to speak to her that morning, but he accepted the tem-

Before she started, however, he managed to get two minutes alone with her when she stood with her habit on waiting for Sir Jaffray. "I must see you today alone for an hour," he said.

"Thank you. I have nothing whatever to say to you in private," she answered curtly. "Something has happened of which you know nothing. I want to tell you. It affects the whole position here, and everything is in peril. You must be warned for your own safety. I'm not a fool to cry 'wolf' without a very real cause. You know that. There is serious

spite her efforts.

before Sir Jaffray and will see you be-"I wish you both a pleasant ride," he said aloud and with a smile, for Sir Jaffray had come up. "I shall try to do an hour or two's work at music.' And he stood, smiling and bareheaded. looking after them as they rode away down the drive. Then he turned back into the house and went to the music room, where he found Mrs. De Witt evidently waiting for him, but he was in

no mood for flirting or fooling with her.

"Are you going to play or sing, M.

Turrian?" she asked. "The lovers have ridden off together and left us. Lola was full of excuses for leaving me, but I told her I would certainly excuse her, seeing that as the other people are coming soon this may be the last chance probably suffocate her and then search | they would have of billing and cooing for the paper which she had told him together, and they are so absurdly happy with one another that I could not think of letting etiquette interfere. Besides, Lola is such an unconventional creature one can't expect her to do as other people." "No, true; otherwise you'd be riding

with the husband and I should be talk-

Constitution

ing to the wife. As it is, they positively of the town and will be sold cheap and on re ason-

"That that cold faced cat was within

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3rd-That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by Dr. Charles Bardou's improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.

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