

'Well ?' repeated the lady, knowing from | a moment, 'that-but, perhaps, I ought her husband's gloomy countenance that she had nothing pleasant to expect.

'It is as I anticipated,' replied her husband. 'He has proved himself an out and out scoundrel-a blackguard of the deepest dye.'

This was strange language for the ususlly mild spoken vicar to make use of, and by reason of it, Mrs. Collingham felt convinced that the worst had happened.

'Arthur is not dead, then ?' she said faintly.

'Dead ? no ! The villain is going to be married and that shortly.'

quietly.

'Alice ! Oh ! my darling child ! How shall I tell her ? Her whole heart was set on Arthur Vivian

The mother could think of nothing but her daughter's grief; but the father was made of sterner stuff

A great and righteous anger made him speak harshly.

'Then she must treat him with the scorn he deserves !' he said impatiently. 'Surely a child of mine will have more pride than | The poor fellow was shot through the to fret over a blackguard like my Lord Sayce !'

'Lord Savce ?'

10

'Yes; he has come into his uncle's title, fortune, and estates. Alice, of course, isn't good enough for him now.'

This was said with the utmost bitterness. "Alice is good enough for any man !" fired up the mother.

so,' with a shrug of the shoulders.

'He is an utterly unprincipled scoundrel, and I for one, considered that Alice has had a lucky escape. It's bad enough for him to show up in his true colors before marriage, but what would it have been afterwards? No; depend upon it Mary, it is best as it is.

not to mention such a matter to you.' 'Oh, yes ! Tell me all-all ! I have a right to know !' cried his better half.

'Well'-reluctantly - 'it seems thatthat, part of the time, there was a lady in his hut.'

The vicar positively blushed as he made this statement.

'That woman! Lady Fancourt?'

'Not likely He would hardly thus compromise the woman he intended to marry. No, my dear, we have been mistaken in Arthur Vivian all through, and we must make the best of it now. By the way, they Mrs. Collingham sat down, crying had a terrific enowstorn in Kildare. Legard told me the drifts were eight or ten feet deep in places, rendering the roads impassable. One poor fellow was found dead in a wood when at last the snow melted away. It created quite a sensation in the place.'

'I don't know why it should.' replied Mrs. Collingham absently, her mind full of the unpleasant task before her. 'People shouldn't travel on foot in a snowstorm ' 'But it wasn't the snow that killed him.

beart. 'Suicide, I suppose,' still absently. 'No one knows; the thing remains a

mystery.' 'Which I can't imagine you troubling yourself about when we have a real tragedy at our very doors,' was the wife's reply. But long afterwards she remembered her husband's story, and invested it with a 'Apparently Lord Sayce does not think | significance as certain as it was terrible.

## CHAPTER V.

IN THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.

entered into was a contract of crime-of fear and hatred on one side; of deceit, oppression, and tyranny on the other P Each held the other's secret. Each possessed a whip of scorpions with

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which to lash the other; but it was an unequal battle, the stronger will triumphing over the weaker.

Enid, beautiful and admired as she was. was probably the most miserable woman on God's earth.

Married to a man whom she regarded with a feeling little short of loathing, bound to him by a tie too horrible to contemplate, day by day she lived a living death. Of what avail to her were rank, fortune, priceless jewels P

All was to her as gall and wormwood. An overwhelming remorse smote her soul.

In her dreams she rehearsed again and again the snowstorm tragedy.

She saw-in visions born of the dark ness and of abject fear-the man she loved lying dead at ber feet, slain in a moment of madness by her own hand.

She telt upon her face the whirling snow fakes, always and for ever falling-falling. Small wonder that the lovely woman became wan and haggard-that her nerves became cruelly unstrung.

Nights of terror, from which she would arise shaken and pallid, the sweat of agony still upon her brow; days made up of endeavouring to conceal from the argus eyes of her tyrant and from the world her mental sufferings-all this did not conduce to the preservation of the beauty which had aroused Lord Sayce's passion.

One morning-a lovely May morning, sweet and fresh and wholesome-he looked in her face with a steady scrutiny, and a her.

Enid Sayce was painfully conscious that the bright sunlight was showing her up to the worst possible advantage.

She was too well aware of the fact that her sleepless nights and dreadful dreams were telling on her delicate beauty.

She felt that she was pale and haggard, but she controlled her nerves sufficiently to make no sign, although she had to clench the white hands lying in her lap to still their trembling.

A cold smile swept the handsome, cynical countenance.

He turned from the contemplation of he beautiful woman with a short laugh He had compelled her to be his, and already he was tiring of his bargain.

'Yes,' he went on irrelevantly, 'she is a lovely girl, this Alice Collingham. Suppose I return to this old love of mine, what then ?'

His glittering eyes swept the pale face opposite him.

'Then-then-I would speak the truth ! I would dash you from the pinnacle on which you have placed yourselt'-her dark eyes were blazing with passion now.

'On which you placed me, Lady Sayce, you mean, by a crime which has a very ugly name."

'I would not care. I am weary of it all ! I am ready to take the consequences of my madness. Anything to prevent an outrage such as you mediate !?

'One would think you had played the part of loving wife so long that it had become indeed, a reality that you loved me, You are not jealous, surely ?'

He looked at her a little curiously.

He did not quite understand this new mood.

'Jealous P no. Love you ! Why, I hate you. I never realized the meaning of the word 'hate' till now. I am but thinking of past. an innocent girl, who would be, in your unscrupulous hands, as a bird in the snare of the fowler !'

'You are uncomplimentary. I wonder you are not atraid to talk to me like that.

The look he cast upon her was so fraught with terrible meaning that Enid's newfound courage died away more quickly than it had sprung up.

She was in this man's power, and she knew it.

Hate him she might and did ; but stronger than hate was the thrall which bound her tighter than bands of iron, and over her flung that mysterious glamour which atrange expression in her eyes, which for lack of a better work, we style 'fascinsomewhat puzzled, and certainly frightened ation'-that which attracts a bird to the at ? snake-a moth to the fiame.

This weird power Lord Sayce well knew how to exercise over the wretched woman who, by her own mad deed, had placed herself irrevocably in his power.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION

'Certainly accept her invitation; the change will do you good, dear. This is but a dull place for a young girl.'

Thus said Mrs Collingham to her daugh ter, one day towards the end of May.

The girl did her mother's bidding listlessly; one place was much the same as another to her in these days. She had never got over her lover's cruel desertion. He was false-he was the husband of another-this she knew well enough-did not all her little world know it, too, and pity her? And yet she had not sufficient pride to cast him from her thoughts.



From the moment he had seen Lady Cullen enter the grounds, accompanied by the beautiful girl whose portrait and innocent love letters were in his possession, he had made up his mind to play out a certain game, the details of which he had been evolving in his brain for some time

It was an evil and a cruel scheme worthy of the Arch Plotter himself.

At the girl's words he schooled his face into an expression at once melancholy and passionate.

As he did so, the extraordinary likeness to the man who lay in the little cemetery in Kildare became more pronounced than ever.

In very truth, Alice Collingham firmly believed that the man who stood before her apparently endeavoring to master his emotion, was none other than her lost sweetheart, Arthur Vivian.

He was changed in a measure-so she told herself; but was that to be wondered

A great pity, mingled with wounded pride surged up within her.

'Alice ! At last ! My darling ! I have never forgotten you ! I love you now as ever !'

'Then why-oh, why-did you leave me ?'

The girl wrung her hands in an agony of love and grief.

How beautiful she was P the man thought and how loving ! A pity to lose her. Why should he?

A moment's thought, followed by a stern resolve, and he was leading her-alas ! how willingly she went down the s'eps into a deserted part of the garden. Into her ears he poured his tale of love, of remorse, of bitter sorrow for his offence. It was well done, for no better actor ever trod the boards than this same Randolph Sterne He put before her in vivid colors his life, as it was, and of what it might have been with her, had not his weakness given in to the strength of purpose shown by the woman whom, in face of his better judgement, he had made his wife. 'She held a secret of mine, darling, and she used it against me. I was in her power; what could I do? A boyish indiscretion, long since repented of; and now, through her, I have lost forever my paradise, for I can never love another as I love you.'

Mrs Collingham wiped her eyes.

She began to see a ray of hope.

Surely it would be for the best were her daughter to turn to the man who had loved her from her childhood-in short, if Bert Thornton were to catch her heart on the rebound.

Such things were not uncommon.

'Who is he'-as yet she could not bring herself to utter Vivian's name-'going to marry P'

'Lady Fancourt.'

'That woman after all !'

'Yes. You see my dear we believed him. We had the wrong end of the story. Instead of her ladyship running after him, he was undoubtedly running after her.'

'Why, she was a divorced woman ! and Arthur"-this time the name came out unconsciously-'always had such a borror of divorce. Even now I can't understand it -I can't indeed.'

'It is all too true, nevertheless,' replied the vicar. 'But I will own I zever in all my life was more taken in by a young man than I have been by Arthur Vivian-so ap parently open an honest, so outwardly devoted to Alice-in fact everything I could possibly wish or hope for in a son inlaw.

Mrs Collingham sighed.

She, too, had been very fond of Arthur Vivian

His good looks and cheery, almost boyish ways had endeared him to this simple couple, who had no son of their own.

'One of his brother officers happened to be in the club whilst I was making enquiries -a very nice fellow-Captain Legard by name. I told him my reason for troubling him--

'Ob, you shouldn't have done that. Remember, Alice---

The victor looked a bit sheepish.

'Legard is to be depended upon,' he said. 'My interview was in the strictest 

'You were about Arthur Vivian.'

Mrs. Collingham could not resist the taunt; she was very jealous of her daugh. ter's name.

'And Captain Legard's is a face to be trusted,' resumed his reverence, as though he hadn't heard his wite's remark. 'He told me much that was strange and incomprehensible. It seems that suddenly Vivian sent in his papers, giving no reason for so doing. The news of his accession to the peerage, however, supplied a motive for him-later on. His conduct became most extraordinary. He shut himself up in his quarters, seeing no one, drinking hard-

'Arthur never drank,' interrupted Mrs. Collingham. 'A more abstemious young fellow never lived-for an officer, too !'

The marriage of the new peer, Lord Sayce, to the beautiful divorcee, Lady Fancourt, surprised the fashionable world greatly.

It was not often that it was given to a woman, no matter how beautiful, to so completely whitewash herself in the eyes of society as in this instance.

What a thousand pities that so handsome and gifted a man as his lordship should throw himself away upon a woman whose reputation was, to say the least of it doubtful.

All of a sudden the gossips remembered many things they had either forgotten or ignored-things relating to the state of affairs which had brought about the di-

vorce of Lord and Lady Fancourt. Surely her ladyship's name had been coupled with Captain Arthur Vivian's-

what was the story, now P Either was she infatuated with her or

she with him. Then again-oh ! there was something in that story.

Hadn't Captain Vivian given the rumour the lie by engaging himself to some little nobody down in Warwickshire-some country parson's daughter, to whom he was supposed to be devoted ?

So said the gossips, ending up with the remark-

'Well, it doesn't signify now. He's married her ladyship, no matter which way about it was. At all events, Captain Vivian-or Lord Sayce, as he is nowwas never mixed up in the divorce pro ceedings; and as the man who was, as well as the injured husband, is dead, really it doesn't concern us. The question is, shall we call upon her? Would it be possible to ignore the lady's past?'

Tae answer, for the most part, was in the sflirmative, although there were some old-fashioned enough to declare that a marriage with one of the wealthiest peers | talking about ? Of course, I mean my in England was not sufficient to reinstate a woman who, by her own folly and frailty, had fallen from her high estate.

But these, as can well be imagined, were decidedly in the minority; so when, in the beginning of the season, Lord and Lady Sayce returned from their honeymoon yachting trip in the Mediterranean, and settled down in town with all the splendour appertaining to their rank and fortune, they found no lack of callers, amongst whom might be numbered some of the highest in the land.

'Really she is very lady-like, and certainly exceedingly handsome,' said the Dowager Lady Hardcastle to her elderly unmarried daughter, as they drove away from the great reception at Sayce House. 'And such diamonds! By the way, Clementina, my dear, can you recall who she was before her marriage? My memory is so bad.'

'Which marriage, mamma?'

'Oh, the Fancourt one, of course!'

'Do you know, Enid, that you are losing your good looks ?' he said carelessly. She bit her lips sharply, to prevent the

answer she would fain have given. 'I am sorry if such is the case.'

'So am I; for if there is anything in the world I dislike, it is a faded, passee woman. I did not think you would have worn so badly.'

The cool brutality of the speech lashed her like a whip.

She opened her lips, a torrent of words upon them.

He held up his hand to enjoin silence. and placed before her the portrait of a young and beautiful girl.

'What do you think of that ?' he inquired coolly.

'Is she'-pointing to the photograph-'to be my successor ?'

He laughed lightly. 'That depends,' he said. 'She is pretty,

is she not? You are a bit shakey this morning, I see. Allow me.' He propped the picture up before her

on the table. Unwillingly her eyes dwelt upon the

lovely, girlish face.

'Who is she ?' she said.

'The girl who at the present moment would have been Lady Sayce but for you." 'Good heavens ! not-not - '

Lady Sayce lay back, her eyes wide with horror.

The cold smile on his lordship's face deepened.

Here, indeed, was sport after his own heart-the baiting of a defenceless woman whom he held in his power.

'I see you have guessed she pretty girl's name,' he said. 'You are right. This is the portrait of Miss Alice Collingham, the late Captain Vivian's fiancee. What am . late fiancee-the girl I threw over for you. I thought you would be interested in seeing what your rival was like.'

'Coward ! 1 wonder you dare ----'

'Dare! What a singular expression I'm atraid, my dear, that prosperity, and getting the husband you angled so long for has not improved your temper. Now sit down-don't excite yourself.'

Enid Sayce had risen, her glorious eyes aflame with outraged dignity; only the knowledge of her own impotence kept her within bounds.

'By Jove ! if you'd always look like that Enid, you need't fear losing your beauty. You look like a tragedy queen.'

'I wonder how you dare,' she repeated, knowing you are-who you are !' 'Who I am ? Really, my love, you be-

come more and more incomprehensible. am Lord Sayce.'

'You are--!

'I wouldn't say it if I were you.' The 

Strange that she should still regard him in her own mind as dead-not faithless.

And so it came to pass that she journey. ed to London, and took up her abode with her godmother, a sprightly old lady who had a sumptuous, if somewhat old-fashioned, residence in Russell Square.

'It mayn't be quite as far West as some folk would like, but look at the rooms, my dear !' Lady Cullen said to her god-daughter. "In Mayfair, now, the rooms are mostly little better than boxes. Ugh! They stifle me ! And then the square-why, one might as well be in the country !'

And, though a country-bred girl like Alice could not conscientiously endorse this statement, still, she was fain to contess that this London square, in the heart of the bustle and traffic of the great city, was a very pleasant place wherein to sojourn.

'I am going to take you to a garden party tomorrow, my dear. I hope you will enjoy yourself, and that you have a pretty trock to wear,' said the kind old lady the day after Alice's arrival.

'Yes, I have a new one; but need I go?' -with pleading eyes.

'Certainly you must,' was the brisk reoly. 'What are you here for? Come, my child. I know your story ; it is very sad. But you must put that scoundrel out of your head. Oh! I know it's hard, but you must do it. And, Alice, you're bound to meet them-Sayce and the woman he threw you over for-somewhere or another. For goodness sake, show some pride and treat him as he deserves.'

Having administered this mental cold douch, Lady Cullen forbore to pursue the conversation, merely remarking, as she left the room for her afternoon nap.

'Oh! by-the-by, dear, an old friend of yours dines here tonight-Bert Thornton.' 'I thought he was in Warwickshire,' ex

claimed Alice, in some confusion.

'Well, he's in town now, and you'll see him tonight. What a good fellow he is, to be sure!

Left to herself, Alice pondered over many things, which was exactly what the astute old lady had hoped she would do, and ended by putting two questions to herself-

Was the shadow more worthy than the substance? Why sacrifice her life to a dream?

'Arthur ! Oh ! what am I saying P Lord sneer about his mouth maddened her. | Sayce ! I-I did not expect to meet

It seemed so unlike the old Anthun the

caress.

divorce.

The girl trembled as she listened to his tissue of lies-to his sophistries.

How could she know the truth ?

No doubt entered her mind that this man, against whose shoulder her fair head leaned, was other than the Arthur Vivian to whom she had pledged herself months ago.

She only felt the charm of his presence, and realized that, whatever his taults, whatever his tailings, he was still, and ever would be, all the world to her.

And so they sat together, in the cool shade of the lovely garden.

From the other end of the grounds came the sound of music, now rising, now falling, fitting in with their moods as they themselves willed.

Surely, in this hour of temptation, sweet Alice Collingham's better angel slumbered; surely, she saw with eyes that were not her own-saw through the medium of a love once pure and true, but now distorted out of all recognition.

When she rose from the rustic bench, she had given her promise to the man beside her, to cast in for ever her lot with his-to throw away fair fame and name in exchange for the chimera she called 'love.'

On the following night she was to meet him at Charing Cross in time for the boat train.

Once on the Continent, he defied pursuit; his yacht would await them at a southern port.

'And then, darling,' he said, 'life, love, and liberty.

'And Lady Sayce?' The man laughed.

'Oh, she will survive my desertion! She hates me. It was but my title-my fortune -that tempted ber, and she used her secret to force me to bestow beth upon her. Have no fear, my sweatest, she will not tollow us. She will, more than probably, go at once to her solicitors and sue for a divorce. She is used to such things, and then, Alice, and then-The girl drew a little away from his

Somehow his words jarred strangely

upon her, particularly those relating to

Man Callingham's ideas shout the somias		The second of the second second second second		It seemed so unlike the old Arthur, the
Mrs. Collingham's ideas about the service		alone. You must endeavor to remember		
were somewhat hazy. 'No, I can't be-	know,' replied Clementina indifferently,	that you are married to the man you al-	ing, Alice Collingham could get no fur-	legal dissolution of the marriage tie as sin-
lieve that part of the story.'	her thoughts being elsewhere.	ways loved. Even society will look over		tnl.
'You needn't,' was the short reply ; 'but	A certain middle-aged baronet had been	a great deal if they scent out a romance."	She was face to face with her recreant	Lord Sayce felt he had made a mistake,
it is true nevertheless. At the Curragh	introduced to her during the evening by	'What did you marry me for ?'		
they were equally astonished. Legard ad	her hostess, and in his attentions she saw	The question was abrupt, and the voice	had anticipated.	chief his unthinking morks had done
mitted it was unlike Vivian. He was put	possibilities.	that put it harsh.	They were alone in the conservatory of	Alast a task only too asay
on sick leave to avoid unpleasantness in	'I for one shall cultivate Lady Savce.'	What, indeed I'-with a shring of the	Belmont House, the long windows of which	Alice Collingham man under a small
the regiment, and remained confined to his	remarked the dowager. 'By-the-by, she	shoulders 'Faith, my dear, I can hardly	opened on to a flight of steps, leading to a	hypnotic or otherwise who shall say?
quarters, where he rarely saw anyone.	wants us to lunch with her on Saturday, to	tell you, though I believe I had an idea	tair-sized garden, from which the scant of	At all avante she mes no langer a free
	meet Sir Thomas Belton,' the middle-aged	that you were the only woman I wanted.	the hawthorn and the lilies was waited up-	At all events, she was no longer a free
told me that in one short fortnight, he had	baronet. 'We have no engagement for	Old. wasn't it ?'	wards, mingling with the heavy odour of	CONTINUED ON PAGE FIETEEN.
			the exotics inside.	
very manner was different; even the ex-		'It seems you are very anxious to force		
pression of his face had changed. No		my hand. Don't do it. Enid-don't do it	get a glimpse of the grounds, with its pro-	'umors
		-'tisn't wise. Time enough when I tell	menading figures; but they themselves	CANCER umors
	skeleton in the cupboard nor that the link	you I am tired of you. Between us exists	were hidden by the drooping branches of	home; nc
cent girl who loved him.'	which bound the husband and wife togeth-	no common bond.'	the flowering trees and palms.	home; no knife, plaster
	er was anything but the bond of love.	Lady Sayce shuddered.	The man called Lord Sayce had arranged	or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page
'Legard also told me,' he went on alter	How could they know that the contract	She realized how true were his words.	this meeting.	or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book-free, write Dept. 11, Maron MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Torpho Ontario.
	Low could they have that the contract	National and the state word and words.	the mooring.	