



In time she came to the conclusion that Beryl's calmness was not, as she had thought at first, a mask, but the natural expression of a woman who had no deep feelings to stir or in whom they had never been stirred.

Thus during the preparations for the wedding the two girls were much together, and when people knew that Beryl was to be the chief bridesmaid, and that she and Lady Walcote were as keenly interested in all the details of the wedding as Lola herself, they read Beryl's conduct from the surface and agreed that she and not Sir Jaffray was



She bent over him from behind.

responsible for breaking the family arrangement which had been generally understood to exist.

Sir Jaffray himself was delighted at the turn which things took, and as every one seemed to be anxious to make matters smooth and agreeable for him he had good cause to be. For the two months which had been agreed upon as the term of the engagement he lived in a lover's paradise, with nothing to rouse him to the truth.

It would have been idle to tell him that Lola did not love him, and that he was being fooled. Beryl could give herself no reason beyond her own instinctive reading of Lola's character, while even Lady Walcote did not agree with Beryl.

Whether or not a longer engagement would have led to his disillusion it is difficult to say, but the end of the two months' engagement and the approach of the wedding day found him more infatuated than ever with Lola, and Beryl was so glad at his quite boyish delight that she prayed earnestly her own unpleasant anticipations and forebodings might never be realized.

The wedding was brilliant. It took place on a glorious day in the late autumn, and the whole district of Mosscombe and round Walcote kept holiday, Lola having urged that everything should be done to give to the event the utmost possible importance for the largest number of people. Sir Jaffray had given this wish of hers the most liberal interpretation, and for many years the county had not seen a marriage marked by more ceremony and pomp and accompanied by such widespread merrymaking and lavishly generous hospitality.

Both Lady Walcote and Beryl were glad when it was all over, and the girl was pleased to think that she could now slip back into her quieter life, with the knowledge that she had played her part properly and made quite plain her attitude toward the marriage.

She did not contemplate that there could be any real intimacy between her and Lola, but she felt that as they were to live as near neighbors all through their lives there must always be some degree of friendly relationship maintained.

It was a great relief to her, however, that Sir Jaffray and Lola planned a very long honeymoon. Lola would not go to the continent, but preferred America and would not be satisfied until Sir Jaffray had agreed to take her over the ground of one of his rough hunting and shooting expeditions. She was no conventional bride, she declared, and didn't want a conventional honeymoon, and he yielded to this, as to everything she asked.

They planned a tour, then, which would take some months, and it was resolved that they should be away during the whole of the winter and not return until the new year was at least four or five months old.

Beryl was heartily glad of the arrangement. It would spare her from what was a great secret pain—the continual presence of Sir Jaffray—and she reckoned that by the time of their return she would have drilled herself so thoroughly in the altered state of things that the pain and smart of the wound would be past.

She set herself a liberal round of daily work of a varied kind and held to it with the resolve that it should provide her sufficient occupation to keep her aloof from much intercourse with Walcote manor.

But she laid her plans in necessary ignorance of a course of events which were destined to mix her up more closely than ever with Sir Jaffray and Lola. In the early part of the New Year Beryl was booked for a visit to an old friend's home, and after buying herself with some of the preparations she was walking one afternoon in the park close by the drive and net far from the house. She noticed a stranger going toward the house. Her father frequently had people whom she did not

know to call upon him on various matters of business, but strangers were still rare enough to attract attention, and this one was certainly out of the common.

He was fair, handsome and foreign looking, and the girl had time to notice him closely, as they were both walking toward the house, and he was some 20 or 30 yards ahead of her.

As she entered the house by a side door the servant met her and said that there was a visitor waiting to see her in the library.

"To see me, Challen?" she asked the man.

"Yes, miss. He said it was to see you on particular business—private business, miss."

Beryl smiled. "Are you sure there is no mistake? What is his name?"

"Turner, miss, pronounced foreign. I couldn't quite catch it, and he didn't give me a card."

"Well, I don't understand it, but I'll go and see him."

She went without waiting to take off her hat, thinking there was some mistake or that the visitor was on some begging expedition.

"You wish to see me?" she asked when the man rose and bowed with the air of a man of the world at his ease.

"Miss Beryl Leicester have I the pleasure of seeing?"

"Yes," she answered rather stiffly, not liking her closer scrutiny of him.

"Then I have come to beg the honor of a few words on a matter which is of great consequence to me. My name is Turrian—Pierre Turrian. I don't know whether your fellow got it correctly."

"I do not know the name."

"That is true—I am afraid quite true. Nevertheless you can render me a great service, and it may be that what I have to say will interest you greatly. It may take some time to say all I want to say, however. May I pray that you be seated? I have a leg that is a bad servant since I met with an accident some two years ago."

He placed a chair for her with an air of exaggerated politeness, and she sat down, out of consideration for him and disliking him more and more every minute.

CHAPTER VI. PIERRE TURRIAN'S STORY.

Beryl's visitor did not speak for some moments, but sat as though collecting his thoughts and seeking the best way to commence.

The girl eyed him very closely and curiously. He was well dressed, his clothes being cut in continental fashion, and he had altogether the appearance of a man of the world, alert, resourceful, shrewd and, as she thought, calculating and vindictive.

It was evident to her that the business which had brought him to Leicester Court was, as he had said, important, and that he was cautiously deliberating how to introduce it and how not to make a mistake.

"My visit is a surprise to you, no doubt, Miss Leicester," he said at length, a smile of courtesy parting his lips and showing his white, long teeth.

"Necessarily," replied Beryl.

"You don't know my name—Turrian? You are sure you never heard it as that of man or woman—Turrian—of Montreux?" And he pronounced it with deliberate emphasis and looked hard into Beryl's face.

"Not to my knowledge," she replied. "No, no, probably not, probably not. Ma foi, how should you? It is a name common enough, and any one could easily hear it and then forget it again. Is it not so?"

"I have never heard it," repeated Beryl, irritated because he dwelt on the point. "But what is the business you have come on?"

"Precisely. That is the point. Just so. What is the business? Well, I have not come to talk about myself or about my name. That has nothing whatever to do with it, nothing whatever." Then he added, with another of the smiles which the girl found so unpleasant: "That I mentioned it so pointedly at all is only my vanity. It would have been with deep, deep pleasure if I had found that the reputation not of myself, but of my violin—I am a musician—had reached to Leicester Court, but I could not expect it, and I am rightly served. To be frank, it is a question I put everywhere, everywhere I go, because my fame is my life."

Beryl saw that for some reason he was misleading her and doing it clumsily and laboriously.

"Will you tell me, please, what it is you want?" she said sharply.

"You English are so practical, so pointed, so blunt. Yes, I will tell you. I am meditating a work that I believe will have a prodigious effect on the musical world. It is a treatise on my instrument, the violin. I am advocating nothing less than the addition of a fifth string to my beloved instrument. That is a daring thing to do, Miss Leicester, is it not?"

"What do you want with me?" she asked impatiently.

"I am troubling you, I see. I am sorry," he said, lifting his white, thin hands and shrugging his shoulders, while out of his blue eyes she caught a sharp, swift glance that almost startled her with its keenness and told her he was acting and wanted to read the effect upon her. She tried to look as stupid and impassive as possible.

"I really don't care whether the vio-

lin has 4 or 5 or 50 strings," she answered as if crossly, but really interested now.

"That seems to me inconceivable, absolutely impossible. If I had a fifth string—he began to speak with rapid energy, as though the subject carried him away—"I could produce effects by the side of which the mightiest effort of the grandest master would be but as the scraping of a learner. I could—but what am I doing? I am an enthusiast; you are uninterested. I apologize. Pray forgive me."

Beryl bowed very slightly and looked weary and impatient.

"I did not want to talk of my work or my project either," he said, resuming. "It is only incidental, though I am so full of it that, like a hen that would lay an egg, I must cackle of it. But, alas, right in the middle of a path stands a difficulty. I am rich in my art, wealthy in my love of my instrument, but poor in my pocket. To storm the world with a musical treatise for a weapon is impossible to the man without means. I am seeking the means."

"Yes. What is the cost of adding a fifth string to a fiddle?" asked Beryl stupidly. "I thought they were cheap."

He glanced sharply at her to see if she was laughing at him, but the cold, impassive, uninterested expression of her face reassured him.

"It is not the cost of the string I am seeking," he said, "but the agents who will take from me the inspiration and help me to proclaim my idea to the world."

"I am afraid"—began Beryl, but he stopped her with a wave of the hand.

"You cannot help me, you would say, but you can, I think and I hope—not yourself, not yourself. Please listen. I have in many parts of the world pupils who have studied under me. It is them I am seeking, to gather them into a company, to touch them with the fire that burns in me and bind them into a band who shall proclaim everywhere what I wish. Among them I had once

Long after he had disappeared amid the small clump of fir trees which fringed both sides of the drive close to the turn of the lodge gates Beryl remained leaning against the window frame looking out, full of the foreboding which the man's visit had roused.

Then, being a practical girl of method, she went to her room and wrote out every word that she could remember of the interview and added her comments and the impressions which had been caused, and she locked the whole away in her most secret and secure hiding place.

The points which stood out most clearly in her mind were that the foreigner, Pierre Turrian, had some very strong motive for finding Lola; that the tale he told about to finish a falsehood; that the fact of the marriage of Lola to Sir Jaffray had moved him beyond all power of self control; that in some way Montreux was mixed up in the matter, and that he had been anxious to learn whether Lola had ever mentioned the name of Turrian to her.

For some days the matter lay like a cloud upon her, and while she was on her visit to her friends she could not dispel it. One incident of that visit served indeed to keep the subject uppermost in her thoughts.

Among the guests was a Frenchman who was a noted amateur violinist, and Beryl, finding him one evening next to her at dinner, asked him whether he knew the name of Turrian as a violin player.

"Turrian, Turrian?" he repeated. "Where is he known?"

"I believe in Paris," answered Beryl. "Ma foi, there is no such player in Paris," was the decided reply. "I may say I know every player of any consequence in the whole of Paris, but there is none of that name, I am sure."

"Do you know Montreux?" she asked. "You mean the little Swiss place. I have been there twice, I think, in my rambles. Do you know it—a curious, dull, pretty place—the sort of little town you can look over from north to south and west to east in an hour or two and carry away as a memory photograph?"

"You never heard the name Turrian there as that of a violin player?" asked Beryl.

"In Montreux?" And the Frenchman laughed. "Not at all. Poor little Montreux has never distinguished itself yet in producing anything so important as a musician. Wait, wait. What am I saying?" And he laughed heartily. "I have forgotten the mad abbe. You know Montreux? No? Then you will not know of the good Abbe d'Eventin?"

"No, I have never heard of him."

"May I tell you? The good priest had been no one knows what before he entered the holy church. But, whatever it was, it was something bad, we may be sure. Well, he had picked up a snattering of music, and he could play the violin, and he played it in such a way as to drive himself out of his wits. Then it was that he conceived a great inspiration—he was to revolutionize the world. And how do you think he was to do it? By adding a fifth string to the violin. Isn't that droll? A fifth string, my faith! Poor fellow!"

"Is the tale well known at Montreux?" asked Beryl after joining in her companion's expression of amusement.

"Why, of course. What would you have? Could it be otherwise? Every urchin in the gutter has the story off by heart."

"What a most interesting story!" said Beryl, who found much more interest in it than she showed.

It emphasized two points in the tale which the man Turrian had told her. It showed whence he had stolen the idea for his story about the fifth string, and it suggested that his connection with Montreux was at least as close as Beryl had at first concluded.

But it did not help her to any solution of the chief question as to what

of a nobleman at the head of it in England, my cause is already more than half won."

"Her husband is a great lover of music," said Beryl, and she saw that some change in the tone of her voice made him flash one of those keen glances of his right into her eyes. She parried it by assuming a look of languor. "Have you anything more to ask?" And she rose.

Her visitor rose at the same time. "I thank you very much for the courtesy and kindness with which you have received me and for the time you have given me." And he bowed with the exaggerated politeness which had irritated Beryl.

"Montreux, I think you said?" she asked as he reached the door and his hand was on the handle.

He turned quickly at the question, which he seemed in some way to resent.

"Montreux is my birthplace, Miss Leicester. I am Pierre Turrian of Montreux, the violin player. That is all of my connection with Montreux. My teaching has been elsewhere."

"Oh, I thought you meant you had had Lady Walcote as a pupil there," she replied, as though the point were unimportant.

"Oh, no, no, not at all; not there! It was in Paris, Queen Paris, that I had the pleasure. Oh, no, no! That would be ridiculous. Paris is where I have made my fame, such fame as I possess, not Montreux. That is not of the world at all."

He laughed as he said this with the air of one who would laugh out of existence the cobwebs of an absurdity, and the echo of his laugh had not died away when the door closed behind him.

Beryl went to another room, the window of which commanded a view of the drive, and, herself unseen, watched him as he walked away slowly like one in thought. Once or twice he turned stealthily and slyly to look back at the house, and the girl imagined that even when he was a long way from the house she could see on his face the sharp, forbidding, evil, menacing look which had more than once distorted his handsome, cruel features.

Long after he had disappeared amid the small clump of fir trees which fringed both sides of the drive close to the turn of the lodge gates Beryl remained leaning against the window frame looking out, full of the foreboding which the man's visit had roused.

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But it did not help her to any solution of the chief question as to what

was the reason why the man was seeking Lola. It proved that the reason was not what he had said, and that did not carry her far.

It had another effect. Her companion's word had started a thought which afterward developed considerably. As the Frenchman had been speaking of Montreux, Beryl had been struck by the idea that in so small a place it must be exceedingly easy to find out anything about anybody, and from this it was an easy though gradual development that in such a place she herself could readily make any necessary inquiries.

That idea did not come for some time, however, and in the meantime Beryl was troubled to know whether she ought to speak to Sir Jaffray's mother and tell her what had passed in the interview with Pierre Turrian.

There was also the further question as to Lola herself. Ought she to be told? This was a problem over which Beryl spent many hours of thought.

If there was any evil in the matter, anything which threatened Lola, not for all the world would Beryl have the news of it come through her. It would look all too much like the result of some vindictive feeling on her part.

But, on the other hand, if Beryl said nothing and it transpired afterward that the man had been to her, her silence would be open misconception.

She resolved in the end, therefore, to go to Walcote manor and in the course of conversation tell Lady Walcote, as it were casually, of the man's visit, giving his object as described by himself.

On her return home she did this and suggested further that it might be well to write and tell Lola of the fact.

She described the incident in a way which excited no feeling on Lady Walcote's part except laughter, and it was in this vein that the latter spoke of it in a postscript to a letter to Sir Jaffray. The letter was dispatched to await the baronet and his wife at New York, as the time was drawing near for their return to England.

It was in this way that the warning was sent to Lola that her first husband was alive and had already hunted her down.

CHAPTER VII. HOW LOLA HEARD THE NEWS.

The news that Pierre Turrian was alive did not reach Lola at New York, owing to a mischance. Sir Jaffray and she arrived there some days later than they had planned and not until the evening of the day before that on which they were booked to sail.

The letters were thus thrust away to be read on board the steamer, and in the confusion the postscript was overlooked.

Had she known the news Lola would have turned back at any risk and have arranged to prolong an experience which had been the brightest of her life.

She had never dreamed that marriage with Sir Jaffray would bring the happiness to her which she had found in it. She had married him from motives which were purely worldly and selfish. She had to make a position. She loved ease and luxury. She was done with love and sentiment, and she chose a husband as a man might choose a profession, because it gave her all that she wanted with the least personal effort and difficulty.

"We women sell ourselves, and she is the shrewdest who fetches the biggest price," had been one of her favorite opinions, and she was glad that she had been able to marry where the man would pay so freely and where her personally was not undesirable.

But she had made one miscalculation in her plans. She was a woman whose heart was not dead, as she believed, but rather had never been quickened into life.

She had imagined that she could go through life as a sort of unemotional lay figure by the side of a husband whom she did not love, suffering his caresses and endearments, but not returning them or at most paying with simulated affection for the comforts with which he would surround her. But in her there were no neutral tints. She must love or hate.

Sir Jaffray's nature fired her, and the more she endeavored to assure herself of her own coldness of heart the more was she moved by him. The very indifference which she affected helped to overcome her. She could not be indif-

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courteous to the point of long suffering. In all bodily exercises he was exceptionally agile and enduring, and he possessed in a marked and extraordinary degree just those qualities which in manhood.

She was bound to yield in time to the forceful influence which he exercised, and the more she perceived this and struggled against it the more insistent did she find it.

As her feelings softened so her fears waxed. She was afraid to grow to love him, because she saw all the dangers of it to her.

One thing she had learned clearly about her husband. With all the stubborn tenacity of his race he held the honor of his name and family as high as a religious creed and perhaps higher. Straight dealing was an instinct and deceit and treachery an abomination. She had seen 50 instances of this in the months of the honeymoon, and she was shrewd enough to understand that the deceit which she had practiced would punish remorselessly and visit with implacable unforgetfulness if he ever discovered it.

His faith once given was given absolutely; once betrayed, was withdrawn forever.

She did not care while she knew that the tie between them was on her side, one of tongue and not of heart. She knew, of course, that in the future whether Pierre reappeared or not, she would need a clear head and calm judgment to walk safely, but if she grew to love her husband she would be better clear in head and calm in judgment.

So long as she could part from him if all were discovered, without any except such as touched her social position and her money interests, she felt that she could go through all vicissitudes of ultimate success.

But if she loved her husband to love a thousand and one complications which might follow, each of which would be a source of undoing.

It was no trouble to her to feign to school herself to seem happy in her husband's presence, to be bright and cheerful with him and to shower upon him a hundred attentions which were the spontaneous outcome of a desire to please, but were in reality the shrewdly chosen because a clever calculation prompted each and all.

Gradually she was surprised at the ease with which this acting was done and the pleasure which it seemed to give her in the doing, nor did she give the real source of the pleasure until an incident which happened when she had been away some two or three months revealed the truth to her.

They had ridden into a far outlying town in one of the southern states, and Lola was standing in the street waiting for her husband, who had been detained at the place where they had stabled the horses. A couple of drabs rowdies passed, and, noticing her, stopped and spoke to her. She took no notice except to glance at them with much contempt in her expression, the one of them lost his temper and, with a deep oath, tried to clutch her by the wrist, vowing he'd kiss her for her insolence.

He reckoned without her strength and pluck, however, and as he stepped at her she pushed him violently backward and struck him with the butt end of her big riding whip in the face. He staggered back and measured his length on the roadway, to the amusement of his companion, who laughed and swore gleefully.

When he got up, the ruffian, with rage and swearing that he would have revenge, approached Lola, and awaited his attack with undiminished courage, eyeing him steadily with his feet held off for a moment waiting for his opportunity, and then with a springing feint he put her off her guard and rushed in, pinioned her arms and kissed her.

She struggled to free her hands, but the fellow's sinews were too much for her, and she was beginning to fear that he would overpower her when she heard him vent a hoarse, guttural, choking sound and saw that Sir Jaffray had come up and caught him by the throat half strangling him in his fierce temper. The next instant the man was his back again in the roadway, and there with great violence by her hand.

"Are you hurt, Lola?" he asked, the pain of suspense in his eyes.

"No, not in the least. Come away. That brute's getting up again."

The fellow was on his feet again, and both he and his companion had drawn their revolvers.

"You don't shoot women in the parts, do you?" said Sir Jaffray sternly.

"Wait. Come, Lola."

He led her away to a house that was open at some little distance, and, pushing her inside, told her to wait.

"You mustn't go back, Jaffray," she said, a fear that she had never before herself awaking on account of her husband and she clung to him