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Continued from last week).

CHAPTER XVII.

Murray is gone: but the sting bland obtrusive presence reto unhappy Yolande at least. s was asking for her, seeking and could not find her. Dallas for her company on this long. mountain excursion, reperhaps of his coldness and es of the previous evening. s frigidly-careless question this ing whether she would join him She half refused, hoping that ld urge her to put off her vis-Lady Maria, until Joyce Murrame to his side, and pressed her much gracious and pretty con-

to go with them. looking very pale and grave. contain Glynne knows I have an

stable, humiliated feeling of not | "Penmawr, is five miles away," by wanted in either their walks their talks, gladly seeking the disgion of mademoiselle's society othe rather dreaded visit to Lady in the endeavor to forget - Dallas Glynne, her husband, dthe girl he loves - to forget the et of two fair heads side by side. a pair of bright blue eyes smilinto a pair of bright gray-blue s in mutual understanding and

and now, implicitly believing rs. mar's false words, she thinks pershe was too hasty. Perhaps as really wished her to go. Peras she has displeased and grieved by not going it is "bad form"

fish grief. Oh, if she could only it now, at the eleventh hour, burry after them-for miles. only overtake them-overis fullas! If she could but come posting, laughing, victorious, full joy in being with him, and hear in chide her and tease her, and ask her gravely why she had

light he not be pleased to find bedient and humble, and reward a smile and a whispered of kindness, and draw her hand hin his arm and press it softly, as did last night, and say, "Can't t be better friends than we are, ande?"-when she would whisper htt-"Yes. Dallas, if you wish,"

at the scene her romantic fancy ase before her in rainbow hues of uise, when Lady Maria's voice als the spell.

Now, Mrs. Glynne." she says. plaintive cheerfulness. see me go through my muscular tise with the Duffer-Muller ma-

nd Yolande is obliged to acsee as pleasantly as she can, the hot tears starting to her and her heart aching with wild

two, three! One, two, repeats Lady Maria, as she in her swinging wooden chair, ing at dangling ropes and pressdown clicking bars like treadles. us is my leg and arm exercise," explains, with palpable pride, afshe has tugged and clicked for minutes. "Now these are the exsion planes," Lady Maria goes smiling at Yolande's frightened and elevating her feet so that heels fit into sockets from answinging bar of the machine, she, in her chair, is pulled wards and forwards in a manhorribly suggestive of the Holy . Now I must have the spinal out; but of course for that I st ring for Isabelle to work the poo-pads," says Lady Maria, orbed in stretching herself at length on a sloping baize-covered Which slides out slowly on roland leaves her extended layrewise, in her long narrow red

amongst the ropes and treathis moment her faithful Isaenters the room.

How is it that you are absent at o'clock, Isabelle." Lady ha asks reproachfully, "when you how necessary bunctuality is me in everything? It is now halfst twelve, and I have only got to

Pardon me, my lady," the devothurse replies, deftly kneading Lady iria like a batch of dough. recollect, I told you I did not

and I think, if you will finish up to me!" the chest rubbers, that will do to-day. I do feel exhausted."

dear Lady Maria," she says herself malignantly. mild reproach, "that I could during Mrs. Murray's visit, goes on in a tone of sorrowing in the mirror.

Agitation to should be the cause portance, "if I ste green pease in in the mirror.

The effect of agitation to you: and I went to any form!"

discover the Care truth" - with vicious hiss - "of the alarming news she very thoughtlessly announced to you. His lordship is not perceptibworse, I assure your ladyship. He little weaker, as I told you, and

Doctor Bleyce was not satisfied until Sir Gregory Parker was telegraphed for, not an hour ago. As you know, Lady Maria, I was your room then, so I could not possibly hear the news. The Earl did not sleep well last night, and seems to be slowly but painlessly losing ground, as I told you. This information I have had freshly conveyed to me by the Earl's nurse, not five minutes since, and - I have spoken to

the Viscount as well." "Of course! Of course, Isabelle!" Lady Maria says apologetically. "I was only amazed to think that aunt Murray had any information that you had not, knowing, of course, that you repeat faithfully to me every-

thing that the Viscount tells you." "Of course, my lady," the meek and faithful creature says calmly. "Of course!" repeats Lady Maria decisively. "I knew aunt Murray was exaggerating."

At this a faint swift hope dawns in Yolande's heart.

"Has Captain Glynne gone out, do you know, mademoiselle?" she asks

the are such a small party, we Miss Murray went out an hour ago, money! Oh, Dallas, my darling,

"Alone?" Lady Maria asks, with a her sunny blue eyes gleaming scandalised emphasis, and a warning amusement; for the girlish bride glance at Yolande which her devoted nurse is too busy to see.

"Oh, no-at least, I think not! ement this morning. Miss Mur- Miss Powys and her beother went She has left the drawing-room, Yolande replies chillingly, and, with them," mademorselle answers where indeed she was sitting in soliet another word, turned away, absently. "They will lunch at Penming them talking together in mawr, of course. There is such detones in the great embayed win- licious bread-and-cheese to be had there, and home-brewed ale, and all the hurried away indeed with a sorts of nice things!"

> Lady Maria observes. "Oh, yes!" mademoiselle say quietly. "They can't be back until hills is no joke."

> "You were afriad of the fatigue. suppose, dear?" Lady Maria says, with an inquisitive look at Yolande. 'You don't look strong. It would have been too much for you."

"Yes." Yolande answers, in a dull voice. "I could not have borne it." And then she rises and bids Lady Maria good morning, resisting a pressing invitation to try the Duffer-Muller method of exercising her muscles, or the effects of the galvanic battery, or a dose of anteluncheon bitters, or any of the ductions of Lady Maria's delightful retreat. She escapes them all, and gets away to her own room to spend the long, weary day alone

"Isabelle," Lady Maria says, desisting a minute from anxiously feeling her own pulse, "why has Captain Glynne gone off with Miss Murray and left his young wife at

"I am sure I don't know, Lady Maria." Miss Glover replies, with a little moue of puzzled inquiry.

"It doesn't seem very attentive or loving conduct on the part of a course of love-making and devoted has fondness and all that sort of thing extremely, and consider it in very taste until people have been mar- for her husband. ried a year or so - or unless special circumstances oblige them to be very much apart."

ladyship 'says,' responds mademoiselle. "And Joyce, too," Lady Maria of tea.

valid - "I think Joyce might have Gregory Parker is expected about sewing in white net quilling into an had the decency not to permit Dal- nine to-night. They are saying, evening dress. young wife for her so soon! Every -Pitts loves titles-"will hardly live lande is convinced. It is twenty formerly."

you say," echoes mademoiselle with novel as she sips her tea. meek regret. "It is scarcely decent, such open neglect of a young newly- back yet," Pitts answers, with a married wife!"

"I shall speak to Captain Glynne, more angrily.

should speak to Miss Murray also, Lady Maria," mademoiselle says do? How shall I live this dreadful smoothly. "Miss Murray fears very being banished from Pentreath Place. It has great charms for her," she adds, in a curious altered tone -"for the Honorable Mrs. Murray, her

mother, as well." "I wonder why," Lady Maria remarks uneasily, trying to read her companion's countenance.

"It is time for your oysters and beef-tea, Lady Maria!" she says, in

them at once." "Not beef-tea to-day, Isabelle," spinal board; you have neglected Lady Maria says anxiously.

very well yesterday." "Clear gravy soup, then," suggests the devoted attendant, "or Julienne with green pease?"

"How can you think of such a this morning. I know the thing?" Lady Maria exclaims tragic— she puts on her diamonds.

and the Viscount would give me for ture sun on the other. Then Yo- the big Persian rug.

I the hint." Miss Isabelle remarks to lande Glynne looks at herself long A very pretty girl

Darkness within and without, darkness all about her, darkness in her heart! Yolande Glynne, a desolate, forlorn bride, not three weeks married and already neglected by her husband, begins to realize her position, to pity herself, and to weep bitter tears about herself in girlish, heart-broken grief and anger. But, when the long, long day wears on, and the sunshine fades, and the blue skies are darkly clouded in one of April's changeful moods, and the afternoon wanes quickly, lowering skies and soughing wind and chill blasts of rain betokening a wet and stormy evening, the poor little married girl's mood changes pitifully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The whole live-long day without one sight of his face!" This is what she is saying to herself now, as she sits in the gloaming in her chill, gloomy bed-room.

"He is not coming - not coming! Not one sign of him - for I have never taken my eyes off that bend of the carriage road beyond the trees. No sign of him yet, and it is nearly six o'clock. I have not seen him since ten this morning. He has been gone more than seven hours - all the day - he and Joyce Murray together. Oh, Dallas, Dallas, you need not insult me so cruelly and "Oh. yes!" mademoiselle replies shamefully - you need not let every briefly. It is no part of her scheme one see I am a poor, unloved, deto spare Yolande's feelings. "He and spised creature you married for her be quite dull if you don't give up the hills as far as Penmawr, I be you need not degrade yourself so!" She has been sitting there without

stirring or changing her position for hours, ever since the afternoon began to wane, and she has expected the returning party from their long mountain excursion every minute. tary grandeur, as Mrs. Murray, with cold courtesy, begged her to excuse her from keeping her company.

"I must be in my own rooms ready at any moment the Earl's nurse wishes to speak to me," she says vaguely, the truth being that she is keeping a close and jealous watch on mademoiselle's movements, the evening. Ten miles across the lest she supplant her as supernumerary head nurse in the dying Earl's

> Mademoiselle has been sent several times with messages to the nurse or to the Viscount, when in his father's apartments, by Lady Maria, or on behalf of Lady Maria herself, and mademoiselle stays there sometimes. and takes the nurse's place for half an hour, and sees the doctor sometimes, and knows everything, and understands everything, and is generally invaluable. But Mrs. Murfeels she could cheerfully strangle mademoiselle. The rights of relationship, the privileges of birth and of old acquaintanceship all seem to melt away as barriers before the detestable, cunning, ubiquitous person who has not been in the house three weeks.

> Lady Maria says, with ungrateful candor, that she never met any one who understood her so well as Mademoiselle Gantier. The Viscount, in his grave, sententious manner, declares that mademoiselle "a most estimable young lady," and that her services are "peculiarly valuable to Lady Maria.

So Yolande, being left quite bridegroom, I think," Lady Maria alone, and dreading Lady Maria's observes severely. "I disapprove of arrival in the drawing - room, to her own grand, cheerless room, and has there shut herself in from every bad taste for a married couple to one. Her maid has brought her some display their fondness for each other | tea at five o'clock, which she drinks openly: but I certainly disapprove sitting in the window recess still, of quite marked indifference to each pretending to read the while, lest other's society. It is equally in bad Pitts should discover she is watching

well acquainted with all the secrets dling with his toilet table. But "Very bad taste, indeed, as your of her young mistress's married life. there is no sound of Captain news of the household, with her cup dressing room; and, as Yolande

golden-haired, gay, young cousin is ing, they say, ma'am," Pitts tells Joyce Murray's room is unoccupied no favorite with the faded, sickly in- her, with bated breath. "And Sir save by her maid, who is quietly las Glynne openly to neglect his ma'am, that his lordship, the Earl' one knows that there was some en- through another twenty-four hours." minutes to seven now, quite dusk,

"Indeed, yes, Lady Maria - as ness, her eyes fixed on a page of her and moaning around the gables and "No, ma'am, they haven't come

touch of resentfulness in her voice. "They haven't come back yet!" Yoif I see anything more of conduct of lande repeats. tossing aside the unthis sort!" Lady Maria declares | read book, the pages of which are wet with fast-falling tears. "They "Pardon me if I suggest that you are together, and I am left alone! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I life?" She sobs piteously, and then

and despise her. her post at the window, and, light- to stir the pulses of her heart? ing the candles on her toilet table, wearily begins to dress for dinner. hand, and look upon him in She will not ring for Pitts; she looks | handsome, stalwart manhood, and "Five so ill and spiritless that Pitts may forgive him anything, everything beminutes to the hour. I must order think she is unhappy, and it will cause he is as "the light of the ray." keep her from thinking of her eyes" to her! troubles if she has to dress herself. So she puts on a black lace dress knots of rich amber satin amongst Maria just now.

the black lace draperies, and then "I wonder now much Miss Joyce monds on the one and one large and pleasantness within, at the pic- knows that Dallas Glynne's wife and the Viscount would give me for splendid stone flashing like a minialande Glynne looks at herself long A very pretty girl is lying back

The effect of the black-and-amber some young man lying on the rug at

dress and the dlamonds, and of the fair white face and the shining dark hair and brows above the deep lus-

trous eyes, startles even herself. And, as she gazes, earnestly, without one touch of selfish vanity, a sudden, wild, fond hope lights and flushes the marble-pale face into beauty. Would that she could see Dallas now, meet one admiring look from his eves such as he gave her last night, hurry to his side, clasp her arms about his neck, and kiss him quickly, lest her courage should fail! Surely he has returned by this time, for she heard footsteps in the dressing room a few minutes since. And, with her hands pressed tightly over her heart, to still its loud throbbing. Yolande hurries softly to the door communicating with her husband's room, and listens breath-

The door is locked, but the key is on her side; and, nerving herself to the daring act, she unlocks the door stealthily, and cautiously peeps in. There is no one there; and, trembling and laughing at herself, Yolande ventures in step by step, and gazes about her with strange interest.

It is the first time she has ever dared to enter her husband's apartment, and she is terrified now at the thought of his entering and finding

her there. Still, like poor Fatima, she lingers on and on in the Bluebeard chamber, peering about in most Captain inquisitive thing laid ready for his master to dress - evening clothes and stiff, snowy shirt laid on the bed, silk socks and patent leather shoes airing near the nice bright fire, white tie, razors, and brushes on the dressing table, and a can of hot water steaming in the foot bath.

Yolande fingers the ivory brushes, touches the razors with a tremor of fear, resisting a violent longing to one of the shining blades, peeps into the dressing case, and laughs when she sees cosmetique and violet powder and macassar oil, and "brilliantine" and choice perfumes

and pastes and unguents. "Oh, you vain fellow, and you so handsome already!" she says, smiling delightedly, at her discovery. "I should so like to see Dallas waving and twisting up his moustache, and powdering and perfuming himself like a professional beauty. Oh, you bad boy!"

And then Fatima's mishap befalls this too-curious bride also, a bottle of macassar oil replacing the fatal door key. She has the bottle in her hand with the stopper out, when she catches the sound of quickly approaching steps. The bottle, heedlessly restored, without its stopper, to its place upon the table, treacherously tumbles over, and from pours a scented rose-colored stream over the razor case, the satchel of silk handkerchiefs, and a couple of white ties.

Yolande has barely time to realize the ruin she has wrought ere she escapes into her own room, panting and laughing, yet dreadfully frightened. She locks the door, and stands listening, when she hears loud exclamation of dismay; it not, however, Dallas's voice, but in his servant's!

"Just time for me to make my escape!" she thinks, too flurried quite to realize that she is leaving an innocent person to suffer blame. "I had better go down stairs at

once," Yolande decides reluctantly "and be out of the way of awkward She has a childish dread of pro-

voking her husband's anger, and fairly trembles with fear as to what Pitts, however, sharp-eyed, quick- he may say to her in his displeasure eared waiting-woman that she is, is at her entering his room and med-She brings her mistress the latest Glynne's dear imperfous tones in the passes slowly along the corridor on "His lordship, the Earl, is sink- her way down stairs, she sees that

They have not yet returned, Yo-"Has Captain Glynne come back and rain is falling. The wind has between her and Dallas Glynne yet, do you know, Pitts?" Yolande risen also, and is howling through asks, with an assumption of careless- the yet leafless trees, and wailing which stands on high ground.

Oh, what if something has happened? What if Dallas should never return? The house is silent - silent as the grave save for the moaning wind and some low-toned voices in the Earl's sitting room, where nurses and watchers are waiting for Death. What if an accident has happened to Dallas - she never remembers Joyce Murray now - and if the shadows checks herself, lest "they" see the of funeral gloom which seem closing pleasure, and fears also very much signs of weeping disfiguring her face about her are but an omen of some But when the day is dying and the fall her? What if Dallas be dead heavy rain-clouds are deepening the if she will never more see a smile in twilight all about the darkling wood- those gray-blue eyes, never more lands, Yolande turns away with a hear the tones of the proud, calm long, heavy sigh of despair from voice which has such magic power

Oh, to see Dallas and clasp

There is a crimson-dyed sheepskin before the drawing-room door, and fancied it did not agree with me one of those soft, floating, diaphan- Yolande, standing on it, pauses a ous, ever-becoming dresses which moment while she softly turns the look well even in the shabby stage handle, dreading in truth to en--over an amber satin petticoat with counter either Mrs. Murray or Lady

Powers from the depressing in
| Powers from the depressing in| Powers from the depression in| of an unsympathetic presvice, or you would know that green white throat she fastens three small broad band of velvet around her wild evening, from amid the tossing strange girl she is! I'm not by any wice, or you would know that green white throat she fastens three small broad band of velvet around her trees and driving rain beneath the means sure I quite understand here. pease — especially canned pease, for white throat she fastens three small trees and driving rain, beneath the means sure I quite understand her. Pease — especially canned pease, for stars of brilliants; then she puts in stormy clouds of coming night, a stars of brilliants; then she puts in wayfarer might well look with desorbes languidly. Lady Maria true, Isabelle," Lady Maria the gardener has very lew so tally stars of offinance, the wayfarer might well look with desoher diamond ear stude and done her wayfarer might well look with desoher diamond ear stude and done her late, envious eyes at the warmth gold bangles, a horse shoe of dia- late, envious eyes at the warmth say anything of the kind! She

"I might indeed consider myself as and earnestly - at the ghostly, wearily and restfully in a satinof neglecting you. I left a faid-aside invalid," Lady Mar slender, stately reflection she sees tea, and smiling down languidty at slender, stately reflection she sees the outstretched figure of a hand in the mirror. -Have Your

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ner reet - Captain Dallas Glynne, in his old favorite position, and pretty Miss Joyce Murray, with tumbled golden hair and bright flushed cheeks and softly shadowed eyes, from the healthful fatigue of their six hours

long mountain excursion together. "We're in a disgraceful state of mud and damp, Dallas, both of us,' Joyce is saying, as she lazily bends down for his cup, which he as lazily hands up to her, and then takes up the little silver tea pot of the tetea-tete service on the table beside her. 'It was delicious; but I'm awfully tired; aren't you? I wish dinner was an hour off-"

And then they became simultane-

CHAPTER XIX.

She pauses but for a few second's in sheer surprise and bewilderment but it is long enough. Neither Ita las Glynne nor Joyce Murray will ever forget the incident or forget her as she looked just then, graceful, elegant, disdainful, making them both for a few moments feel a little afraid of her, a little ashamed of

Joyce was the first to recover her-

self with a gay laugh. "Oh, Mrs. Glynne!" she exclaims. What a reproach to us! You are dressed already for dinner, and Captain Glynne and I are not fit to be seen! I was just saying how disgracefully wet and muddy we were." "You both seem rather oblivious of the flight of time certainly," Yolande retorts coolly; "it is a quarter to seven now."

She experiences no feeling of anger, or excitement, or indeed emotion of any kind, beyond a strange. stupefied feeling of dull contempt and despair - contempt for herself as well as for them, despair for her own future.

"Your mountain walk was rather a long one, wasn't it?" she says. with a faint icy smile, looking from one to the other composedly. "] was rather anxious as to what had become of you both; but I need not have been, I see. You took care of each other. And your mother kindly assured me this morning that she had placed my husband under your guardianship for the day, Miss Mur-

All this is said easily, smilingly, with a cold, woman-of-the-world indifference which is too careless for scorn, and which stings Dallas Glynne worse than tears or upbraiding would have done.

"She despises me," he tells himself, "and I deserve it. It was very There is only the glow of the bad form of me to go off for the bright firelight in the room, and the whole day with Joyce and leave her Yolande has several good diamond radiance of one crimson-shaded at home! By Jove, Yolande looks of one of that lady's ally. 'Green pease! I am surprised ornaments in her splendid new veluater prostration of your at you, Isabelle! Of course you ornaments in her splendid new veluater prostration of your at you, Isabelle! Of course you vet-lined jewel case now. In the yet been drawn, and in the gray, back in my own coin! What a

"How very stupid of mamma to

and black serge toque. "I really must disappear now,

Dallas," she says, laughing, "and the outstretched figure of a hand I should advise you to do the same. (Continued on Page 4.)

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