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stinued from last week). opera night, a "Patti

is in anxiety and suspense, to a block again and again, de feels she must get out and is dreadful!" she says at

nth much nervous sympathy;

wender we don't hear of attidents than we do, maet is thinking of her bones!" mutters to herself con-

the cab gets free of the bok, and whirls on citywards, Volande watches with strains through the fading evening for the Baltimore Hotel. while she is gazing through

indow, the Baltimore Hotel is sting the other, and the cab m, and Yolande gets out with steps, wondering feverishly s is Dallas - that man inside as panelled entrance doors. that is not he. That other grhaps! There is some one other side of the hall, gentlelooking. No, it is not he She pauses, timid and beed with a very severe and manly head waiter confronting nd a liveried hall porter and

ov hovering near. h for rooms, madam?" the porter asks with a stiff bow, her dress - the long, handsilk mantle and the edge of lace-trimmed flounces peering beneath - her youthful, ladyimid mien, and the well-dressspectable servant behind her. thank you," Yolande annervously, flushing brightly; to see Captain Glynne,

gentleman staying in the 1:oadam?" the head waiter asks, ing her more closely. -he is not staying in the ho-

that is, he - is - I have been he is employed - is in a situahere," stammers Yolande, ig until her face and neck burn shy, dark eyes fill with alarm

embarrassment, and the stiff waiter and several fast looking lounging about the entrance begin to stare at the pretty. med looking young lady, and waw a little nearer to her. Mrs. Brett, with her hard feaface, her bands of gay heir, and her solid looking tof stiff ribbons and massive ses, draws near also, with glance around, and the loung-

at I make inquiries, madam, you rest in the ladies' drawmm?" she asks deferentially. all I inquire if Captain Glynne ring in the hotel, madam?" the

, no, please - I can't wait!" on can tell me if he is in the Captain Glynne, please." ere is no gentleman of that riefly, losing interest in a

there not?" Yolande asks. in

earp with dismay and disap-"Are you sure - quite She almost bursts into tears the frigid head waiter, who a looking coldly impatient. "I and he was in the hotel office. the Baltimore Hotel, isn't

'm," the man answers curtat there is no one of the name on the staff of the hotel." must be some mistake, mad-Ers. Brett buts in sharply, for ent of those around. "Her The Countess, has made no of course. It must be elsethe mistake is!" - with an-Men glance and a disparaging "We had best go back now, and perhaps her ladyship ake inquiries herself of the ger of the hotel."

Mad waiter relaxes a little uns flourish of titles. sure you, madam, I am makmistake in saying there is no an of the name of Glynne emhere," he says decisively. gentlemen employed in the We Mr. Marsh, the sub-mana-Mr. Dallas, the head clerk

at is he!" Yolande interrupts, wild eager joyfulness that rethe stiff and rigid head waiter days when he read romances meved in them. "I called him family name. Will you tell that a lady wants to "- Mr. Dallas Glynne?" waiter is but a man, af-He looks puzzled but intersoting the sparkling eyes, the

s glance, the glad fluttering and then he gives Trick glance of surprise and He indicates a man standles feet off, looking at the the centre of the hall. Mr. Dallas," he says, wonthere will be recognition on or not. "A lady to see Pallas," he adds very as the lady has rushed e hotel clerk and held cut

trembling little hands.

agony of gladness and grief in her oppressing her. fair, tear-wet, quivering face.

be Dallas Glynne - this pallid, hag- "You needn't think quite so vilely of | will trust me. Will you, darling?" gard, stern looking man in well worn | me. We began wrongly, and we years older than when she saw him dian knot of miseries and misunderlast, little more than a year ago - standings at once." the elegant young aristocrat - an Army "beauty man."

and presses it slightly.

"How did you find me out?" he orders state cabs, carriages and this lady into the manager's sitting- forgive me, for all the unintentional and the cab in which room. Excuse me for a moment, sits, speechless, almost he says to his wife, and he stays behind, and goes back to the office again for a minute or two, lest the curious eyes turned on him from every direction discern that his usual cold gentlemanly composure the Johnny Bull high tone style," scoffingly-is ruffled in the least by

CHAPTER XXXI.

this mysterious rencontre.

Yolande has often pictured this meeting to herself, and imagined a scene in which she and haughty handand distant at first - at last tegan to yield a little, and to say kind suppose," she goes on more hurrled- his young girlish wife again things and pleasant things, and how he had grieved at leaving the country without seeing her, and so on, until she has wept and laughed to herself at the visions her imagination conjured up.

But the reality is this. Dallas enters the room gravely and deliberately, and she hurries forward and takes his hand again, and, sobbing and smiling, and behaving altogether absurdly, says-

"Oh, how are you? Are you quite

"Quite well, thank you, Yolande," Dallas replies, with a slight smile, courteously, but very coldly. "How did you find me here, may I ask? thought no one but my employer was aware of my real name. And are you quite well? I need scarcely ask, though; you are looking extremely well. And you are taller, I think" - with a faint amused smile; but his eyes are resting on her with a warm light of pleasure and admiration in them which makes her heart throb wildly with glad excitement. "I am very well, thank you-quite

well indeed," Yolande repeats vaguely, feeling that they are both copying Mr. Toots most ridiculously, but unable for her life to utter anything else coherently. "And you are quite well, Dallas?" she goes on, stammering shyly. "I found you - that is, Lady Pentreath gave me your ad-

His pallid handsome face, grown so prematurely aged and haggard, darkens with a flush of anger. "Lady Pentreath and her husband?

I thought I had rid myself of them for life! Pray how did the noble Earl find me out?" "I don't know about the Earl,"

Yolande answers timidly. mademoiselle - she lives with Lady Pentreath, you know - I believe she learned where you were."

"Oh, mademoiselle the spy!" Dallas says, with a curt hard laugh. "What an interest that young wofuter asks, following suit. "If man does take in my affairs! It step into the drawing-room | seems to continue also. Love may Here, Evans! Show be forgetful, but hatred-never!"

"I have never been forgetful of you," Yolande says, in low unsays feverishly, looking steady tones - "never-I wish I "I would rather wait here | could have been - since the day you left me and would not even say goodbye."

"That was not quite right or cour-Mere, madam," the head waiter | teous, I confess," Dallas acknowledges coldly and carelessly. "I relady who is inquiring for an gretted it afterwards, but at the time I did not see the use of distressing you with a leave-taking which I meant to be final."

"You meant never to come back any more?" Yolande questions, her voice clear and hard now, her eyes right in my first belief, that you had

deserted me forever!" "I don't think 'desertion' is quite the correct term," Dallas says, frowning, while a slight color rises | did you say? I forget) that you did in his face. "You were rich, prosper- not know where I was until you got in here for a few minutes' conversaous, comfortable, surrounded by lov- my address from Lady Pentreath, ing friends and relatives in your own you did not mean that you thought home. I was almost penniless when I was in America-you knew I was my debts were paid; my prospects in London?" were blighted - I was without formanly course to pursue was to leave | time since. I knew nothing of it- | wasn't Dallas from something you as free as I could, and undo as how could I? Neither your mother Daville said." had done you in marrying you."

"And did you think - did you really believe in your heart," Yoeyes fall before the passion and the knew how-I felt." accusation in hers - "that you were not inflicting a cruel wrong on me, and blighting my life by leaving me deserted by you, for the rest of my

twenty years of age? Did you?" me," Dallas answers, in a lower tone, "and that perhaps before very long I should be dead, and you would be free again. I did not think I was wronging you. I had not any settled plans or ideas in going away, except that I must earn an independent livelihood in some way or other,

or make an end of myself." "And I was to have nothing to say

way of all the rest, I dare say." You never gave me a chance of las says earnestly. shrugging his shoulders. "You can't with her face hidden and her cheek anything," Yolande replies politely, keeping my vows," Dallas rejoins, say, I suppose, that you did not give close to his, whispers againme to understand that pretty plainly on our wedding day?"

ed, you know." "Has your treatment of me been | "'I know there was." Dallas

"won't you - won't your sue in revenge for that?" Yolande asks, mutters, in choking, half audible with her hands up to her throat to tones, with an agony of entreaty, an | check the suffocating feeling that is | fool of myself in the past; but it is

"The best for yourself, you mean,"

asks, as it were carelessly; but there | plies gloomily, but looking at her | and wronged this true unwavering are a faint smile on his pale set face, with a fire in his sombre eyes, and love. "And we will begin again, dear a wistful darkness and warmth in slowly dragging his moustache -shall we?-have a proper honeyhis cold gray eyes. "Evans," he through his fingers - "except that I moon, you know. The first was a says, turning to the waiter, "take hope you will forgive me, or try to beeswax, gall-and-vinegar moon -

"Never, until you atone for it!" Yolande says curtly and bitterly. asks, in a low tone, moving some books and papers restlessly about | ing.

ly, entangling her trembling fingers again, and his spirits rise at in her ribbons. "But I can't go until I ask you, Captain Glynne, why you refuse to accept the allowance which the law gives you - legally your very own, you know, under mit my trustees to add enough to that sum to enable you to live dif- light, seems to fall over her. ferently from this?"

laugh. "I could not live in useless, lazy dependence on your money, you

and shaking his head. "I see," Yolande rejoins, making a fierce effort to be cool and calm and steady, and to smile in the careless manner in which he is smiling. "I-I am glad you are so comfortable. You have your liberty - that is the chief thing. Will you be offended if low." I-without telling anyone else-send you some money from myself? won't hurt you, and it will please me. Will you? May I?"

"I would rather you did not thank you all the same for your generosity, Yolande," he replies looking down at the carpet. "If I were in a different position, I should not mind,

but as it is-" "I see," Yolande interrupts. you were rich, my generosity, as you call it, would not be so unpleasant. know!" Well, I had better go now. I have done no good either to you or my- lip nervously and flushing. self - only intruded on you and tak- thought I understood-"

en up your time." says irresolutely, "There can't be manner!" Dallas exclaims rather any question of intrusion between us sharply, for the necessity he is under -husband and wife, I was going to annoys him just at the moment. "I say; but we are not that. You must must give formal notice, and wait know that I am glad to see you; and until my successor is appointed." I thank you for your kindness."

Yolande cries, flaming with anger and deeper each moment. and passionate reproach-"your own week?" wife!-for I am that until you di-

vorce me.

his heavy moustache. huskily, laying his fingers lightly and unceremoniously, and a tall, showy, caressingly on her soft white arm, "flashy"-looking man with huge where it peers out exquisitely fair black, glossy moustache and bold, above her long tan glove. "And you wolfish eyes enters the room and are tempting me-very hard you are tempting me. I know I owe you atonement. I begin to believe

could make it to you." His hand clasps her arm tenderly and warmly, and he comes close to

"Do you know," he half whispers, tearless and glittering. "Then I was "I believe you are almost the only one in the world who has been faithful--" He stops abruptly, and, after a pause, asks in a slightly constrained voice, "When you said (or

never seen me nor heard my name." | deal of her company" - this very "Oh, no, no!" Yolande whispers, insinuatingly.

in the world! I love you so much!" "Do you?" he says, clasping her "You surely won't let your wife

She clings more closely to him, and

mits. "But you needn't be jealous, Yolande! I know I made rather a in the past, I swear to you! And my "There is no question of revenge in future is yours, my dear girl, and I And Dallas Glynne -- Can this the matter," he answers impatiently. | will atone to you for the past, if you

"Yes, yes-indeed I will," she office suit, his hair thin and turning went on worse, and I thought the cries, gasping in glad eagerness. gray on his tempes? He looks ten best thing to do was to cut the Gor- "And you are coming back to me again? Oh, Dallas! Oh, dearest, dearest!"

"Yes, I will come back Yolande says frigidly. "Well, is to you, Yolande, dear, since He takes the hand she offers him, there no more to be said, as you you are willing to take me," Dallas answers humbly, asham-"I don't think there is," Dallas re- ed of himself for having so doubted there wasn't an atom of honey in it. Eh, my little wife - shall we?"

"Yes, love," the girl murmurs, wondering in her vague dreamy hap-"How can I atone for it?" Dallas | piness if this is not all some delicious vision of her own fond imagin-

"We will go to Switzerland, dar-"If you cannot tell, neither can I!" ling, and find some nice out-of-thehis American patrons term it half Yolande retorts sharply. "Even you way place up in the mountains, must admit that I have humbled my- where I believe one does subsist a self sufficiently. I have followed good deal on honey, and rolls and you uninvited, and found you unwel- coffee, and pastoral fare of that comed, and-and showed you, in kind - eh, Yolande?-spend the long spite of all slights, neglect, coldness, hot days in the pine woods, you docruelty, how I felt-" Her face is ing crewel-embroidery - or pretendcrimson, her hands are burning hot ing to do it-and I lying on the moss and icy cold by turns, and she is at your feet, reading poetry to youtrembling visibly from head to foot, Tennyson, Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, some Dallas were face to face, and as she turns away abruptly and hur- Gerald Massey. I know how it's how she uttered faultlessly worded riedly reclasps her mantle and ad- done! I've watched honeymooning tender reproaches, and how he-cold justs her hat. "I haven't a grain of couples ever so often;" and Captain what women call 'proper pride,' I Glynne laughs heartily as he kisses thought of the pleasant prospect near, so sure, for him and for her.

But Yolande does not laugh; the weight of her happiness oppresses her-or something does. A chill your marriage settlement - and per- hopeless feeling, as in stepping into cold shadow out of warmth and sun-

"Whatever you please, whatever "I don't think it will do me any you please, so that I am with you, harm to earn my bread honestly, so that we shall not be parted ever Yolande," he says, with an unsteady | again!" she mutters, pressing his hands against her heart.

"You are too fond of me, child!" know; and I have left the army, and he remonstrates half sadly, half I wasn't fit for anything else. This laughingly; and then he moves restisn't a very bad berth. I've been lessly and looks at the door, and in much worse," he adds, laughing | Yolande drops her arms, which have been clasped around his neck. "This isn't your own room,

dear?" she asks timidly. "No, dear; it's the manager's," Dallas answers hurriedly, in a low voice; "and I would rather he did not see you. He is a cad of a fel-

"Then had I better go away?" she asks meekly, but with a sudden pang as she realizes that Dallas is anxious for her to go. "And when am I to expect you?" she asks, after waiting several moments for an assurance on this point. "Late, dear, I suppose? Poor fellow!"

"What do you mean? To-night, my hanged if she does! Engaged to "If dear girl? I cannot leave here to- him maybe - some swell girl that's night! I sleep in the hotel you foolish enough to run after him now

"Well, when?" she asks, biting her

"My dear, I cannot leave my situ-"No, no! Don't say that!" Dallas ation at a minute's notice in that

"How long?" she asks, feeling the "You thank me for my kindness," dark, chill shadow growing colder

"A month dear!" Dallas replies, in the same sharp, hurried manner. Dallas laughs faintly, and his face 'Now you must go, Yolande; I hear flushes, and his lips tremble under that fellow Davison's voice. Hang

it, here he is!" "I sha'n't divorce you," he says The door is opened roughly and crosses over to a writing table.

"A thousand pardons, Dallas!" he says, with a smile at Yolande - a smile which is a leer - and a hasty bow. "Just a little matter of business - gone in a moment - sorry to intrude, I'm sure;" and he glances keenly and appreciatively over the top of the paper in his hand at the young girlish face and form, the shy

eyes and flushed checks. "It is I who should apologize for the intrusion, Mr. Davison," Dallas says-icily. "I took the liberty of bringing Mrs. Glynne - my wife tion, as this room was the only one unoccupied."

"Mrs. Glynne!" the manager repeats, bowing and smiling, and curl-"I knew it this evening-of course ing the ends of his moustache. tune, position, home, or friends. I not before," Yolande answers brief- "Never knew you were married bewas quite sure then, and I am quite ly. "I heard from Lady Pentreath fore - never knew your name was sure now, that the only honest and that you had returned quite a long Glynne," he says curtly; "knew it

far as lay in my power the wrong I nor I heard anything since that let- "You knew wrong then, it is Dalter you wrote to me from New York las - Dallas Glynne," the other twelve months ago. If Lady Nora says, with a frigid smile. "We had heard anything of you she would musn't intrude on Mr. Davison, Yolande asks - and Dallas Glynne's have told me at once, of course; she lande. I will put you and your servant into a cab."

Her husband's grasp has tightened "Pray don't! Pray don't on any on her arm while she has been speak- account let me be the means of driving, but he has averted his head. At | ing Mrs. - er - Glynne away!" inalone, desolate, bound to you and the last trembling words he turns terposes the manager, quickly stepround quickly, and, seizing her in ping before them, his white teeth days, before I was much more than his arms, strains her to his breast. | gleaming through his thick red lips "Kiss me, Yolande!" he says and his glossy, black moustache. "I thought you would soon forget hoarsely and passionately. "My "I'll run away if you move - 'pon dear girl! My poor girl, it would my honor I will! I hope Mrs. have been well for you if you had Glynne will favor us with a good

> clinging to him in unspeakable joy, And, as Dallas, with Yolande and pressing her sweet lips to his clinging very tightly to his arm, face. "If-if-you cared for me only perseveres in moving towards the a little, I should be the happiest girl door, Mr. Davison stoops to coax-

closer and caressing her head, with go without some refreshment, Dalmadam," he responds, lande asks, coming nearer to him, last coils of soft brown hair, which is las? Nonsense! A glass of chamber to him, last coils of soft brown hair, which is las? Nonsense! A glass of chamber too, ma'am; and just as they "Oh, aunt, do tell to be better too, ma'am; and just as they "Oh, aunt, do tell too, ma'am; and just as they "Oh, aunt, do tel reckless, fearless now, in her anger pressed to him, her hat being flung pagne, or an ice, or a cup of tea, or here too, ma'am; and just as they and jealous despair. "I thought you aside somewhere. "Then be the hap- something! Which will you have. vowed to hold me as long as we piest girl in the world, darling! I Mrs. Glynne? You will give me the should live? That vow went the care for you very much - more than pleasure of ordering something for for any one else in the world!" Dal- you, won't you, since your husband ma'am," the butler interposes, tak- kind, and I am very grateful to you. is so ill-natured?"

"No, thank you; I don't wish for "But there was some one you lov- las hurries her out of the room.



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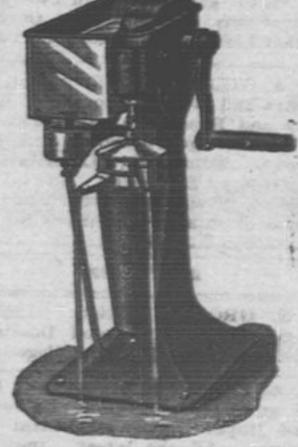
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bring his thick, 'ack, oily hair down near his eyebro

"That stuck-up beggar with his dashed airs!" he mutters, savagely "Hanged if I don't think my lord Dallas thought I wasn't good enough to be introduced to his wife! Hanged if I think she's his wife at "Late?" he repeats, staring. all! She doesn't look a bit like it, when he's down on his luck - stuckup beggar! A dashed sight better off than he deserves! Told Daville so. The fellow's not worth his salt; but I'll make him earn it if he's going to stay here. Told Daville so.

Daville knows what I am, I guess!" "My dear, you must not come here again on any account," Dallas says gravely, as he holds her hand at the cab door; "I cannot have you run the risk of meeting that infernal snob again! We will write to each other, and arrange a place of

meeting some day." "Very well," Yolande responds quietly, "some day" sinking down like a weight on her heart, so glad and warm with hope a few minutes

"Good-bye, dear, now," he adds. with a hasty, backward glance. "Those fellows are all staring at us; they haven't seen me taking a tender adieu of a pretty girl be-

CHAPTER XXXII.

The dull presentiment of a boding trouble that has suddenly fallen upon Yolande hangs about her and follows her every step of the way home to the house in Rutland Gardens. Nay, it gets out of the fourwheeled cab with her and stands close to her side as she waits a mo-

ment for the door to be opened. There is rather an unusual delay in this being done, as if "the liveried menial" whose principal duties consist in reading the daily papers and opening the hall door were so deeply absorbed in the one duty as to be oblivious of the summons to attend to the other; and Yolande notices that a few persons seem loitering on the pavement near the house and over the way and watching her with glances of interest. But the moment the door is opened by the younger footman presentiments

are merged in reality. "What is the matter?" Yolande asks, involuntarily stopping short on the great square mat.

"Master's not very well, ma'am," the young footman replies, with eyes - wide open in dismay - that say much more than his mild phrases. "He - he was brought home - Mr. Sarjent came home with him, ma'am - in a cab, and the

doctor's just come-" "An accident! Oh, poor uncle!" Yolande cries, her conscience reproaching her as she thinks how little she has known or even thought of her poor old uncle's whereabouts or his welfare all this evening, absorbed as she has been in her own heart troubles.

swers; "it's not exactly an accident; but he didn't seem quite him- to send for doctors and nurses on

very spot where you are standing, done everything that was right and subordinate - which act of high- and Lady Nora has gone out." handed aggression the footman resents bitterly for the rest of the hollow voice, pressing her lips toevening. "It's a hapoplectic seiz- gether as if she never meant to open Mr. Davison looks after them, and ure, ma'am, Doctor Corder says," ad- the skin on his forehead wrinkles in- the butler goes on. "Mr. Sarient

to two horizontal furrows which limself ran for Doctor Corder, ma'am; and now a nurse is sent for as the doctor can't say how it will turn out, ma'am!"

Yolande is weeping, and Mrs. Bret is nale with alarm, but pleased to think what an important story she will have to tell Lady Pentreath and her fellow-servants in Harley street presently; and the butler grows benign and imbued with a paternal dignity, as he sees himself suddenly

at the head of the household. "One minute, ma'am, and I'll send your maid," he says, opening the dining room door. "It's a terrible shock to you, ma'am, and her ladyship not at home either; but we are all doing what we can, ma'am. Shall I acquaint Mrs. Sarjent with your return, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Sarjent?" Yolande repeats dezedly. "Yes. And where is Lady Nora? Oh, I know! Oh, dear! She is at the fancy ball!"

"Her ladyship wasn't above ten minutes gone when the poor master was brought home, ma'am," the butler says confidentially. "The carriage is to go for her at two, ma'am," as her ladyship said she shouldn't by any manner of means stay late."

'Oh, dear me!" poor Yolande moans, wringing her hands. "Lady Nora gone for hours, and aunt Keren seventy miles away, and -

and - nobody to help me!" A wild thought, but blissful in its very wildness and boldness, flasher across her mind. She will send for Ballas! Surely at this late hour his duties must be nearly over; and the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, will help her to bear anything and everything. Surely he cannot be angry with her-a wife claiming her husband's society and assistance! Surely his honorable business scruples will not induce him to consider his employer's interests, or any loss for which he can easily repay him, before her welfare, now

that she really needs him! Her heart throbs fast in eager hope; she is ashamed of herself for the thrill of passionate, selfish jow that runs through her at the thought that this domestic trouble may be the happy means of uniting them all in the bonds of pleasant family affection - Dallas, her lover and husband, and poor, dear aunt

Keren, and uncle Silas-"Mrs. Glynne is in the diningroom, . ma'am," she hears the butler say as he opens the door.

And then come heavy footsteps, and the tones of a coarse voice, and the sound of a big, rustling, heavymoving body, and all Yolande's hopes and wishes and ideas take flight.

"Oh, you have returned, Yolande," Mrs. Sarjent says severely, with loud sigh, as she enters. thankful that there is one member of the family at home at last! I don't know what I did not think when I came into this house under such terrible circumstances and found ne one - not a soul but the servantsto give orders, or do anything that should be done! We have been obliged to take it on ourselves. Yolande," "No, ma'am," the footman an- the good lady adds, with stiff humility. "Wilmot and I have been obliged

"Oh, aunt, do tell me how uncle is!" Yolande exclaims sharply and "He was took with a fit on the impatiently. "Of course you have

"Yes," Mrs. Sarjent rejoins, in #

(Continued on Page 4.)