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For, as by a lightning flash, all is revealed to her, as she stands there, her angered spirit clearly perceives what her husband is trying to conceal from her. An icy shudder of wrath and excitement shakes her from head to foot.

"You might let me see it?" she persists in a cold, quiet voice, following him.

"Well, there!" he says, handing it to her in sullen desperation; and Yolande examines the ring attentively in silence.

"It is a beautiful ring," she remarks at length, handing it back to him — "a beautiful ring, and I should think a valuable one. You got that to-day in exchange for yours. I saw your red cameo ring on at breakfast time. This is a pledge of future fidelity from your lady love, I suppose?"

There is not a trace of anger or excitement in her voice; she even laughs — a cold, mirthless laugh — though a grayish pallor like that of death overspreads her face to the very lips.

Dallas, in his mortification and regret, can not find a word to say. He is ashamed of himself, angry with Yolande, and humbled before her, who has trusted and loved him only too well.

And Yolande, seeing that he has not a word to say in his own defence, turns away, with a disdainful smile and shrug of the shoulders.

"Rather a hopeless thing for poor Miss Murray, if she is waiting for my death!" she says deliberately. "We are both rather young, you see, and she is five years older than I. Thank you for a pleasant visit!"

She laughs as she turns the handle of the door of her room; and Dallas, who has been standing stock-still, now starts forward, panting with excitement.

"Come back!" he cries hurriedly. "Yolande, do you hear me? Come back, I tell you!"

"No, thank you," she replies, with a slight, scornful laugh, closing the door. But the next moment it is snatched back from her hand, and her husband stands in the doorway, his eyes lurid with rage and excitement.

"Yolande," he says slowly, "if you leave me now in anger and jealousy, refusing any explanation or any apology for — for — what has annoyed you, and attributing the worst motives to me, I tell you once and for all it is the last time that you and I shall be more than strangers to each other! You have had your innings and have treated me with unwifely disobedience and injustice since the day we were married — it is my turn now! I have pleaded with you for your affection and for forgiveness for the trouble I caused you; now I tell you I will put up with your disdain and coldness, your airs and tempers, no longer — I am tired of them!"

"And I am tired of putting up with your neglect and unkindness, and your insulting admiration and preference for another woman — vaunted before my face, and carried to the utmost lengths behind my back!" retorts Yolande, reckless and desperate.

Dallas bits his lip to prevent his uttering stronger words than hers.

"You have heard what I said, Yolande," he says, speaking quietly, but with difficulty. "If you leave my room now, you shall never enter it again with my permission; you and I shall be strangers to the end of our lives, unless you come back to me now as my submissive wife!"

"I am to be your 'submissive wife' and Yolande your beloved sweetheart!" Yolande sneers, though it appears to her she is thrusting a knife into her own heart as she utters the taunting words. "No, not if you went down on your knees to me!"

"I have not the slightest intention of going down on my knees to you," Dallas rejoins. "This is final, then. Good night, and — good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" Yolande says, very bravely, shutting the door and locking it with a decisive click.

CHAPTER XXI.

Yolande shuts the door behind her husband and herself, and stands defiant, palpitating, smiling, flushed from her miserable victory, for the space of five minutes. Then she shivers as she looks all around the big, cold, gloomy room — her "mausoleum," as Dallas called it — and sighs — a weary, despairing sigh that is almost a moan.

"I am so wretched!" she murmurs, and bursts into tears.

She is standing close to the door still, and, laying her head against the wall, she sobs aloud. Dallas is sure to hear her, and sure, of course, to knock at the door to ask her what is the matter.

Five minutes later, Yolande is exhausted by her fit of weeping, and is shivering violently; but no notice is taken of her misery. Then she sits down and listens for a time. She can hear Captain Glynne moving about his room; by-and-by there is silence, and she can see the warm glow of the firelight through the keyhole and beneath the door. He is in bed and sleeping comfortably; and everyone in the house has retired, for it is close upon midnight, and there is not a sound to be heard but the mournful wailing of the wind and the passionate beat of the rain in gusts against the windows, while in a distant stable-yard a house-dog howls loud and long.

Yolande begins to think of the old Earl on his death-bed, and to wonder whether the fading life will flicker out before the dawning of the next day, and how he will look when he is dead and lying in solemn state in his coffin, until superstitious terrors begin to creep over her, and the shadowy corners of her large room seem filled with misty shapes of horror.

Oh to see Dallas now! Oh to hear his voice and feel the warm clasp of his dear hand! He is her wedded husband, her very own, and not Joyce Murray's; and she will seek him humbly, meekly, dutifully—his "submissive wife" — as he has told her she shall be.

"So I will," she says, abandoning all her high and haughty resolves, her coldness and disdain, without a second thought, all other feelings overborne by and submerged in her sudden passionate yearning for a sight of her husband's face. "Let him be angry with me, or blame, or punish me if he likes! He has a right, the best right in the world to make me obey him, my own, dear, married love!" she whispers to herself, trembling in mingled hope and fear.

She will confess all her faults to him most humbly, she resolves; she will ask his forgiveness if she has wronged him—ay, on her knees, if he bids her; she will conquer his anger and his coldness by the meekness of her obedience, the warmth of her love; she will ask him to kiss her and tell him she cannot know sleep or rest estranged so cruelly from him.

So she softly knocks at his door, and, finding there is no response—ah, cruel Dallas, to have fallen placidly to sleep while she is in such unrest and wretchedness!—gently turns the key in the lock, and tries to open the door.

Even the sound of his voice will comfort her; even to hear him say, "Good-night, Yolande," in pleasant tones will be happiness.

She tries to open the door, but it is bolted on the inside, and the lock, being an old one, rattles.

"Who is there?" Dallas calls sharply, in a half-awake and very cross voice.

Yolande's first impulse is to fly from the door and be silent; then comes over her again the renewed longing to speak to him.

"It is I, dear—Yolande," she answers in very unsteady, husky tones; and she is terrified to hear him leap out of bed, muttering angrily, and pushing the chairs about as he searches for his dressing-gown.

"Oh, it's no matter—never mind! Oh, please don't disturb yourself, dear!" Yolande calls in subdued tones, in an agony of regret and shame and vexation at her own sentimental folly.

But her exclamation only has the effect of making Captain Glynne execrate first his slippers, then the fender, as he strikes his foot against it. Limping violently across the room, he unbolts the door with ill-tempered haste.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demands. "What is wrong? Yolande, what o'clock is it? What do you want?"

"Nothing, dear," Yolande says deprecatingly, wishing almost that the ground might open and swallow her up. "Only I did not know you were asleep, Dallas, dear. I would not have disturbed you if I had thought you were asleep."

"What is it? What is the matter, for heaven's sake?" Dallas cries irately, shivering. "Just as I was in my first sleep, too! What are you sitting up for until this hour?" he asks more crossly, as he perceives that she is still wearing her dinner-dress, with her warm vicuna shawl wrapped around her.

"Because I could not go to sleep, Dallas," Yolande replies tenderly, laying her little ice-cold fingers on his hand, glowing with life and warmth, "until I asked you to forgive me if I wronged you, and to be friends with me—oh, my darling!"

"Good gracious!" Dallas exclaims in wrathful accents. "Is it possible you woke me up in the dead of night and disturbed me in this manner for such infernal nonsense! I wish to goodness you had one ounce of common-sense! You behaved most improperly to me last night—to-night—whatever time it is—and I told you that your conduct would make our separation final if you did not alter it! You didn't choose to alter it, so you must take the consequences!"—and he yawns violently and shivers again, being, in fact, in that sleepy condition of mental confusion and irritability in which a member of the nobler sex can not reasonably be expected to be saintly in word or deed having been unduly disturbed by the wife of his bosom.

"Oh, Dallas," Yolande pleads, with a stifled cry, clinging to him, "don't speak so cruelly to me! Oh, my love, I could bear it no longer—I grew so miserable and desolate and nervous, thinking of the poor old Earl's death; and I thought I should like to speak to you for a minute, not knowing you were asleep, dear."

"If you are nervous, why didn't you have your maid to sleep in your room?" Dallas asks curtly, freeing himself from the clasp of her arms. "I can ring for her now if you wish. It is past twelve, I see, and of course in a country household like this everybody was asleep long ago; but that doesn't matter, I suppose."

"No, no. I don't want Pitts! I would not disturb her on any account," Yolande says hurriedly, shrinking away, but gazing at him pitifully.

"I wish you had been as considerate for me," Dallas rejoins harshly. "You should have gone to bed long ago, and not have sat up giving way to superstitious fancies!"

He tells himself that it is only right to reprove her sternly for such childish behaviour, and to give her a smart reminder that she has forfeited her right to worry and disturb him, since, by the decree of her fierce, foolish jealousy, they are to be strangers.

And then, although he feels a pang of misgiving at the sight of the wan young face, the large, dark, piteous eyes gazing longingly after him from the gloomy background of the huge dimly-lit room, he shuts the door, and leaves her alone—alone, to weep through the live-long night, to sit there in the cold and darkness, when the candles burn out about two o'clock. The desolate, timid girl, a stranger amongst strangers, sick and faint with nervous terrors, apart from her other misery, crouches in an arm-chair wrapped in her shawl.

Then, to preserve appearances, Yolande takes off her pretty black-lace and amber-satin dress, which she put on with such innocent pleasure and vanity, and wrapping herself in a warm flannel dressing-gown, creeps shudderingly into the snowy depths of the huge ice-cold bed.

There, in spite of cold and misery, she falls into a deep sleep of exhaustion. Pitts wakes her at half-past eight.

"I have caught a bad cold, I think, and don't feel well enough to go down this morning, Pitts," she tells the maid, who acquiesces, with a glance at her young mistress's swollen eye-lids. "And, after breakfast, you must pack my trunks, Pitts," Yolande continues, with a vain attempt to speak clearly and pleasantly. "I shall return to London to-day."

"I thought you would," Pitts says to herself.

"Captain Glynne and I arranged it last night," she goes on, in a business-like tone, "and decided that it was better I should go back to Rutland Gardens, and stay there until he can leave Pentreath."

"I wonder when that will be," Pitts thinks indignantly. "When that Miss Murray goes, I suppose! Oh, the falseness of men! And she hasn't a bit of spirit, poor little thing, to stand up for herself! Catch me puttin' up with a husband like that!"

After breakfast comes an ordeal which Yolande dreads and shrinks from, but to which she is obliged to submit in her helplessness and friendlessness—a visit from mademoiselle, the meek dependent, who, while ostensibly Lady Maria's nurse and companion, is in reality the mistress of the house and every one in it. She glides in, in her pale-gray gown and her Puritan bands and kerchief, with a sct bright smile and sweet words of sympathy.

With downcast eyelids, she hears all Yolande has to say, acquiesces meekly, and arranges everything for her immediate departure without one unpleasant comment or question.

Indeed, Yolande wishes vexedly more than once that Mademoiselle Isabelle, as she is called in the Pentreath household, would evince some little natural surprise and inquisitiveness on the subject of this sudden journey, this parting of a newly wedded pair, but mademoiselle seems possessed only with the idea that Yolande has caught a bad influenza cold and is obliged to go post-haste to London to nurse herself.

"And of course, no matter what poor Captain Glynne's feelings may be at having to part with you, cherie, your health and comfort are his first consideration," mademoiselle says, with a solemn shake of the head and a plaintive smile, which to Yolande appears like a sardonic grin. "We must try to keep him from feeling lonely, dear," she adds softly, "though I don't suppose any of us could succeed in doing that"—with another serious shake of the head.

"I couldn't resist that one small joke at her expense," mademoiselle says to herself, laughing heartily. "When I fully expect and intend that he and Joyce Murray will flirt to their hearts' content all day long and every day, now that 'the green-eyed monster'—poor Yolande—is out of the way!"

She smooths the way, explaining and arranging everything so deftly that, when Yolande is dressed, she has nothing to do but to say "Good-bye" to every one, including her husband.

Lady Maria is very kind and full of sympathy for Yolande's evident illness, and urges her, when in London, to see a favorite "specialist" of hers—Doctor Sutheley Smith.

Yolande then hurries down to the hall, where the carriage is waiting.

"Please tell Captain Glynne I am going now," she says to one of the footmen.

He has gone to the stables, and the message does not reach him for some little time. He is utterly confounded but incredulous until he sees the carriage actually piled with luggage and his wife and her maid sitting inside. His face pales visibly, and his eyes glitter as he comes forward and puts his hand upon the carriage door. But he smiles quite pleasantly, though coldly.

"I did not think you intended going until the afternoon," he says carelessly. "Williams, fetch my overcoat!"

"You—you are not coming?" Yolande asks, flushing and frowning, and trying to speak very coldly, whilst her heart is bounding with joy.

"I am going to the station with you, of course," he answers, his eyes flashing. "I can't escort you all the way, as I explained to you last night, you know!"

"Oh, yes, very well!" Yolande replies, in an indifferent tone. "Will you have room, or shall Pitt go outside?"

"Plenty of room," he says curtly, detaining Pitts, who is alighting with an armful of small luggage.

A few words more, about the time of the trains and so forth, they speak; but not a tone or glance is exchanged that might not pass between utter strangers until the station is reached.

When she is seated in the railway carriage, there is a few minutes' grace, and Yolande hopes for even a few words of reproach in her husband's farewell.

But Captain Glynne is deeply offended, and betrays it only in his icily-polite attention to his wife's comfort. He buys her books and papers, sees that she has a foot-warmer, and fees the guard handsomely to be attentive. Then he strolls to and fro until the last bell rings, when he steps into the carriage, and, as Pitt is looking on, puts his arm round his wife's waist, and just brushes her cheek with his moustache in a cold semblance of a kiss.

"Good-bye — take care of yourself" he says, stepping out on to the platform. "Good-bye, Pitts."

The whistle sounds, and he smiles pleasantly, raising his hat as he turns on his heel.

Yolande, as she gazes wildly after his retreating figure, and the train glides swiftly on, feels now, when it is all too late, in a spasm of agony that seems to suffocate her, that it is by her own act and deed that she is thus divorced from her newly wedded husband — her love whom she loves but too well — it may be for long, desolate years, it may be forever!

CHAPTER XXII.

Captain Glynne walks away from the platform without so much as casting a farewell glance at his young wife; but he sends the carriage home without him, and, lighting a cigar, walks slowly back the mile and a half to Pentreath.

"It has been 'a slight mistake' — that is all," he says, smiling bitterly — "like a good many other marriages. I thought she was a gentle, patient girl, but she is not. She thought I was a tame, sentimental fool, and is disgusted to find I am not. I thought I was getting a wife to love me and comfort me; instead of that, I have bound myself for life to a jealous young termagant, who treats me to a furious scene from a melodrama on any and every occasion."

He stops to think for a moment here in his angry reverie, and conscience, by no means deadened, reminds him of the impassioned clasp of loving arms, of the love light in her dark, passionate eyes, the truth and tenderness of her cry of devotion, and the promise never to leave him which she sealed with the kisses of her pure lips. His eyes soften, his face flushes faintly with a glow of pleasant emotion.

"She is a jealous young termagant, though!" he mutters, half laughing. "But I will say this — I don't believe I should easily tire of Yolande, even if everything went smoothly with us, and I do believe she loves me desperately, poor little girl!"

He is nearly back at Pentreath Place now, and, with a curious, desolate sense of loss, he frowns as he looks at it. Jealous, loving, angry, tender Yolande is not there to smile or to frown at him, and a pang seems to go through his very heart as he thinks how she would have met him — with dark eyes and soft, tremulous lips of rapturous welcome — if he had not driven her and her love away.

"But there is one thing I will not endure," he tells himself, his brow clouding again, "and that is, Yolande doing just as she pleases in everything, in direct defiance of me and my wishes, and leading this highly independent life because of her girlish whim. I will follow her to London as soon as all this is over, and insist on her obedience and on her living with me as other docile wives have with their husbands, when once I get those confounded debts paid and things on a proper footing." Dallas decides firmly. "I will not allow my little lady any more of this free and untrammelled existence. She has married me, and she must learn to obey me! The Earl would never be so shabby as not to leave me at least a thousand," he muses uneasily, "and, mean and grasping as Lyulph is, he could never grudge me a paltry sum like that — rich as a Jew as he is, too! I must have a talk, a serious talk — and a large slice of 'humble pie' along with it, I suppose — with Lyulph this very evening," he muses. "He is not all bad, I dare say, though I have never heard any good of him. I will tell him frankly how I stand, and how, when I have given up soldiering and sent in my papers, I am not going to settle down to spend the rest of my days in idleness. He and old Dormer between them ought to be able to put me up to something good in the City or out of it," and he goes indoors feeling so ready to have that "serious talk" and that "humble pie" repast that it is with surprise and satisfaction that he receives a message from the Viscount, who wishes to see Captain Glynne in his private room.

"I don't think I have ever been favored by an invitation to walk into your parlor before, Viscount," he observes, with a glance around the small dingy room, which is lumbered and crammed with a huge heavy old escritoire and book-case, and a marble-topped table supporting a massive lamp, which is pushed untidily back against a screen that leans against the wall, having no room to stand properly.

"No?" the Viscount says, with a sour contortion of his face and a glimmer of an evil smile in his eyes. "Why that quotation, I should like to know? I certainly shouldn't bother to play spider to you!"

The words are sufficiently insulting; the tone is worse.

"What do you want of me?" Dallas, asks coldly and curtly forgetting the "humble pie" altogether.

"I want to ask you what you mean by offering an insult to my guests?" the Viscount demands, with a snarl. "If you and your wife can't agree together, you might, at least, while you remained in my house, have refrained from letting your admiration of another lady be so marked as to be an insult to her! I repeat it, sir!" the Viscount says sternly, confronting Dallas with a severe judicial aspect.

Dallas, fairly paralysed with rage and astonishment, stands gazing at him in silence.

"Your conduct has driven your wife to leave Pentreath this morning," the Viscount resumes, with a menacing tone and an ugly, lowering frown; and, as you know quite well, a step like that on the part of a wife means deadly injury to a young girl's reputation, her spotless reputation, sir," the Viscount adds hercely, raising his voice. "Hitch, you would sacrifice to your vanity?"

"Don't you think, Lord Glynne, you have gone far enough?" Dallas says slowly, and his lordship fancies, from the look in his cousin's eyes, that he has gone far enough, but he knows — though he is afraid —that he must go farther.

"I have not spoken without reason —without strong reason," he resumes, rather disturbingly. "Mrs. Murray and her daughter have no resource but to leave the house at once. Lady Maria is indignant beyond measure about it, and naturally feels very strongly on Joyce's behalf; she feels also that, but for her being unhappily an invalid, this might never have happened. In her proper place as hostess she could have protected poor Joyce."

"Don't you think," Dallas repeats, coming a step nearer, his eyes gleaming with anger, "that you have said enough? Not that I should dream of resenting your malice and hatred," he adds, with galling contempt; "you can't help your nature. But I won't listen to your championing Joyce against me! It is as needless as it is impertinent. Joyce Murray knows her good name is as dear to me as my life or honor. Joyce knows me and trusts me!" he finishes excitedly.

To be continued.

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Mrs. James Eighmey, Grape, Mich., writes:

"I have been troubled with pain before and during my monthlies ever since I was seventeen. I was also troubled with other female weakness. I took your treatment, and am now well, and thank you for your kind advice."—Mrs. James Eighmey.

Mrs. John Meyers, Erhart, O., writes:

"I have been a sufferer from chronic catarrh for years and have thereby lost the sense of smell entirely. I had four of the best physicians in this vicinity without receiving any benefit whatever.

"Now I am once more a well woman. I find Peruna to be the best medicine in the world as it has done me more good than my physician could have done for me. My friends say I look ten years younger. I tell them that Peruna did it. I can't thank you enough for your free advice."—Mrs. John Meyers.

Mrs. Ida Baker, Portsmouth, O., writes:

"I am glad to say that I am well. I have taken Peruna and feel better than I have for ten years; have gained twelve pounds and am still gaining. When I wrote to you for advice I had given up all hope of being well again, and I feel that it has saved my life."—Mrs. Ida Baker.

Alice Scott, of Franklin, Ky., in a letter to Dr. Hartman, says:

"For seven long years I had been a constant sufferer from catarrh of the pelvic organs which resulted in displacement of the uterus. I wrote you telling you all my complaints from the beginning to the present, made happy and much encouraged every time by your kind and fatherly letters of advice and instruction. I am now a strong woman weighing 148 pounds."—Alice Scott.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

If you like good Tea you will like Red Rose Tea