The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 42. MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1902. No. 18.

Travellers' Guide.

N PACIFIC RAILWAY
OING EAST.
11.11 a.m., 8.04 p.m.
OING WEST.
5.22 p.m., 8.58 p.m.
SUNDAY—
p.m. East 7.05 a.m., 8.04 p.m.

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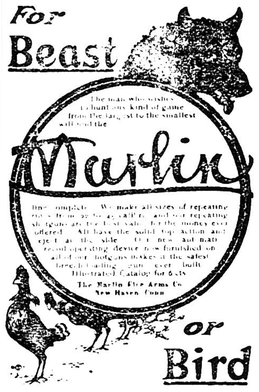

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BY BERTHA M. CLAY

—Author of—

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"Hysteria will certainly supervene—nay, I fear has supervened," Lady Pentreath says, in a low, anxious voice, glancing towards the medicine bottles again. "My dear Yolande, I cannot knowingly and willingly permit you to destroy your nerves, perhaps for life," she goes on, moving towards the table. "Aware as I am of the life of suffering which is entailed on the unhappy possessor of shattered nerves, I cannot permit you to indulge in this violent excitement. My dear, you must take a little bromide of potassium, and lie down on the couch with your eyes closed, without speaking or moving, for at least half an hour, or I will not answer for the consequences!" Lady Pentreath says, with an air of gloomy triumph.

"I will do anything you wish. I will swallow bottlefuls of any horrible stuff you like, Lady Pentreath," Yolande pleads, "if you will only give me my husband's address!"

"Bottlefuls of horrible stuff!" her ladyship repeats, offended. "Doctor Suthley Smith's prescription! I will give you Captain Glynne's present address, as far as I know, though I certainly think, in his present circumstances and your present lamentably excitable state of feeling, it were much better you should not meet—much better!"

"Please give it to me! Do, Lady Pentreath!" Yolande pleads, weeping helplessly. "I want to see him and speak to him, and then — I don't care if I die! Do tell me where he is! He won't refuse to see me, will he, do you think, if I call at his club, or hotel, or wherever he is staying?"

"I should think not," Lady Pentreath replies, with emphasis. "You are not aware then of Captain Glynne's circumstances? No, I see you are not. Well, I must tell you then that, as he refused to permit Lord Pentreath to assist him—so his lordship tells me—most discourteously and positively, I understand—and having nothing but the money which he received from the sale of his commission, which was all swallowed up in paying off his debts—he was deeply in debt, I believe, unfortunate young man! — and not sharing in your fortune, you see, he was actually without the means of subsistence, and was obliged to do anything he could honestly to earn a living."

"Has he been in poverty — in want," Yolande asks, with pale lips and eyes dark with horror — "while I have been squandering money on rubbish and vanity? Heaven forgive me — I shall never forgive myself!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"My dear Yolande, if Captain Glynne were not in question at all," the Countess says, in a severely moral tone, making the advice she utters as unpalatable as it can possibly be made, "you would not be justified in squandering your money. There are the poor, the hungry, the sick, and the destitute. Oh, my dear, what good you might have done with every sovereign you thoughtlessly squandered, as you yourself confess you have done!"

"I know, I know," Yolande breaks in, in an agony of impatience and irritation, "and I am truly sorry for it! But it hurts me more than anything else to think that my husband was in want of the money I was spending on useless luxuries! I hate myself!"

"Oh, I don't fancy he was in actual want, you know!" the Countess observes temperately, while Yolande writhes at every fresh sentence. "He could surely earn enough for the bare necessities of life," pursues Lady Pentreath — "a young man of good education and address. He was employed somewhat in the same way in the States as he is here; so Isabelle—I mean, so I heard——"

"Does she know?" Yolande exclaims, hot with passionate chagrin and mortification. "Mademoiselle knew about my husband's affairs all the time I was in ignorance of them! Did he write to her then, Lady Pentreath?"

"Certainly not!" her ladyship answers sharply. "I am surprised you should ask such a question, or harbor such a suspicion about Isabelle! You do not know her, I see, though she was your companion for eight or nine months. I knew her thoroughly in less than eight or nine weeks. A more ingenious, honorable, straightforward young woman does not exist. I am quite sure; and one more averse to idle or unworthy flirtation, or less desirous of attracting the notice of the other sex, I never met!"

"But does mademoiselle know my husband's present address?" Yolande asks in a tone of forced calmness. "If so, perhaps she would give it to me? I should be very grateful to her."

"My dear," Lady Pentreath says irritably, "I can give you your husband's address. I have assured you so repeatedly. But I hope you are prepared to hear without a severe shock to your nerves that he is in a very lowly position, in the employment of a person who keeps an hotel, as — as — a sort of head-waiter."

"A head-waiter!" Yolande repeats, with crimson cheeks; and then the idea of Captain Glynne, with his aristocratic mien and patrician tastes, being transformed into a prim, genteel, close shaven, mutton-chop-whiskered personage with snowy table napkin in hand and a keen eye on the joints and vegetables is so irresistibly ludicrous that, exhausted with weeping and excitement as she is, she laughs until she can laugh no longer. "Hysteria supervenes" indeed, for she fairly screams with merriment at the idea of Dallas saying "Yes, sir!" and of his tying on his white apron to carve a sirloin at a side table.

"I should not have thought you would have been amused at the idea of your unfortunate husband being reduced to the position of a menial," Lady Pentreath says very stiffly. "I cannot help feeling the deepest compassion for him, in spite of his faults and follies."

"So do I," Yolande agrees, bursting out afresh from the very consciousness of its being an unfeeling and improper thing to do. "Oh, dear — to think of Dallas being a waiter! It can't be true, Lady Pentreath; there must be some mistake. To begin with, he has had no experience in carving." She can hardly get the words out, as one ludicrous image after another rises in her mind.

"He is in some menial capacity, that I know," the Countess declares sharply, "at the Baltimore Hotel — a sort of half-American, half-foreign place in the City — no, in Holborn. He is employed in the office for taking people's names, and showing them to their rooms, and all that."

"Oh, a clerk in the hotel office!" Yolande says, in a relieved tone. "That is a very different thing. Thank you, though, a thousand times, Lady Pentreath. The Baltimore Hotel, Holborn? I suppose a cab will take me there in about half an hour?" she adds excitedly, rising and flinging on her long black silk mantle. "I know you will pardon me for leaving you at once, Lady Pentreath! Every minute seems an age to me. Oh, dear, where is my hat?"

"I thought you were going out with Lady Nora to-night?" Lady Pentreath says gravely, but looking not displeased — her long, cold, bony face rarely warms into actual pleasure.

"Going to a fancy ball, and my husband within two miles of me!" Yolande exclaims, with flashing eyes. "I am going to try to do right, Lady Pentreath!"

"Are you going to be quite reconciled to him then?" the Countess asks gently. "I hope you will. It is much better for both of you, though you have trials enough in the married state. What a pity Isabelle is not at home! I must send Brett with you. She is a most respectable person, but of course not like Isabelle."

"Dear Lady Pentreath," Yolande says imploringly, "I don't want Isabelle and I don't want Brett where I am going. I hope to meet my husband. I want no one — no one — only to see him again!"

"Do you think, dear, I could possibly allow you to go in a cab, a common hired conveyance, unattended, by night, through the streets?" the Countess asked in shocked tones.

And Yolande smiles sarcastically, thinking how often in her schoolgirl and poorer days she has walked an equal distance on summer evenings on errands of business for her aunt alone. But she is obliged to wait now, while her heart aches with impatience, until Mrs. Brett can be found and can get ready, and then with a kind good-bye and even a prim kiss from Lady Pentreath, she is permitted to take her leave.

* * * * * * * * *

It is an Opera night, a "Patti night," Oxford street is densely crowded with cabs, carriages and omnibuses, and the cab in which Yolande sits, speechless, almost breathless in anxiety and suspense, gets into a block again and again until she feels she must get out and run.

"This is dreadful!" she says at last, in despair.

"'Tis indeed, madam," agrees Brett, with much nervous sympathy. "It's a wonder we don't hear of more accidents than we do, madam."

"Brett is thinking of her bones!" Yolande mutters to herself contemptuously.

At last the cab gets free of the final block, and whirls on city-ward, while Yolande watches with straining eyes through the fading evening light for the Baltimore Hotel.

But, while she is gazing through one window, the Baltimore H[illegible] confronting the other, and the cab pulls up, and Yolande, [illegible] tottering steps, wondering feverishly if that is Dallas — that man inside the glass-panelled entrance doors.

No, that is not he. That other man perhaps! There is some one on the other side of the hall, gentlemanly-looking. No, it is not he either. She pauses, timid and bewildered, with a very severe and gentlemanly head waiter confronting her, and a liveried hall porter and page boy hovering near.

"Wish for rooms, madam?" the hall porter asks with a stiff bow, noting her dress — the long, handsome silk mantle and the edge of white lace-trimmed flounces peering out beneath — her youthful, lady-like, timid mien, and the well-dressed, respectable servant behind her.

"No, thank you," Yolande answers nervously, flushing brightly; "I wish to see Captain Glynne, please."

"A gentleman staying in the hotel, madam?" the head waiter asks, scanning her more closely.

"No — he is not staying in the hotel — that is, he — is — I have been told he is employed — is in a situation here," stammers Yolande, flushing until her face and neck burn with shame.

Her shy, dark eyes fill with alarm and embarrassment, and the stiff head waiter and several fast looking men lounging about the entrance hall begin to stare at the pretty, frightened looking young lady, and to draw a little nearer to her.

But Mrs. Brett, with her hard featured, matronly face, her bands of iron-gray heir, and her solid looking bonnet of stiff ribbons and massive red roses, draws near also, with a stern glance around, and the lounge[illegible] fall back.

"Can't I make inquiries, madam, while you rest in the ladies' drawing-room?" she asks deferentially.

"Shall I inquire if Captain Glynne is staying in the hotel, madam?" the stiff waiter asks, following suit. "If you will step into the drawing-room a moment—— Here, Evans! Show this lady——"

"No, no, please — I can't wait!" Yolande says feverishly, looking around. "I would rather wait here until you can tell me if he is in the hotel— Captain Glynne, please."

"There is no gentleman of that name here, madam," the head waiter says briefly, losing interest in a young lady who is inquiring for an unknown person.

"Is there not?" Yolande asks, in tones sharp with dismay and disappointment. "Are you sure — quite sure?" She almost bursts into tears before the frigid head waiter, who now is looking coldly impatient. "I was told he was in the hotel office. This is the Baltimore Hotel, isn't it?"

"Yes, 'm," the man answers curtly; "but there is no one of the name of Glynne on the staff of the hotel."

"There must be some mistake, madam," Mrs. Brett puts in sharply, for the benefit of those around. "Her ladyship, the Countess, has made no mistake, of course. It must be elsewhere the mistake is!" — with another stern glance and a disparaging sniff. "We had best go back now, madam, and perhaps her ladyship will make inquiries herself of the manager of the hotel."

The head waiter relaxes a little under this flourish of titles.

"I assure you, madam, I am making no mistake in saying there is no gentleman of the name of Glynne employed here," he says decisively. "The two gentlemen employed in the office are Mr. Marsh, the sub-manager, and Mr. Dallas, the head clerk——"

"That is he!" Yolande interrupts, with a wild eager joyfulness that reminds the stiff and rigid head waiter of the days when he read romances and believed in them. "I called him by his family name. Will you tell him please, that a lady wants to see him — Mr. Dallas Glynne?"

The head waiter is but a man, after all. He looks puzzled but interested, noting the sparkling eyes, the appealing glance, the glad fluttering blushes.

"Certainly, madam," he responds, with a faint smile, and then he gives another quick glance of surprise and scrutiny. He indicates a man standing a few feet off, looking at the group in the centre of the hall. "There is Mr. Dallas," he says, wondering if there will be recognition on both sides or not. "A lady to see you, Mr. Dallas," he adds very needlessly, as the lady has rushed over to the hotel clerk and held out both her trembling little hands.

"Won't you — won't you?" she mutters, in choking, half audible tones, with an agony of entreaty, an agony of gladness and grief in her fair, tear-wet, quivering face.

And Dallas Glynne—— Can this be Dallas Glynne — this pallid, haggard, stern looking man in well worn office suit, his hair thin and turning gray on his temples? He looks ten years older than when she saw him last, little more than a year ago — the elegant young aristocrat — an Army "beauty man."

He takes the hand she offers him, and presses it slightly.

"How did you find me out?" he asks, as it were carelessly; but there are a faint smile on his pale set face, a wistful darkness and warmth in his cold gray eyes. "Evans," he says, turning to the waiter, "take this lady into the manager's sitting-room. Excuse me for a moment," 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," his American patrons term it half scoffingly—is ruffled in the least by this mysterious rencontre.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Yolande has often pictured this meeting to herself, and imagined a scene in which she and haughty handsome Dallas were face to face, and how she uttered faultlessly worded tender reproaches, and how he—cold and distant at first — at last began to yield a little, and to say kind 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 well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Yolande," Dallas replies, with a slight smile, courteously, but very coldly. "How did you find me here, may I ask? I 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 address."

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. "But 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 woman does take in my affairs! It seems to continue also. Love may be forgetful, but hatred—never!"

"I have never been forgetful of you," Yolande says, in low unsteady tones — "never—I wish I could have been — since the day you left me and would not even say good-bye."

"That was not quite right or courteous, I confess," Dallas acknowledges coldly and carelessly. "I regretted 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 tearless and glittering. "Then I was 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 in his face. "You were rich, prosperous, comfortable, surrounded by loving friends and relatives in your own home. I was almost penniless when my debts were paid; my prospects were blighted — I was without fortune, position, home, or friends. I was quite sure then, and I am quite sure now, that the only honest and manly course to pursue was to leave you as free as I could, and undo as far as lay in my power the wrong I had done you in marrying you."

"And did you think — did you really believe in your heart," Yolande asks — and Dallas Glynne's eyes fall before the passion and the accusation in hers — "that you were not inflicting a cruel wrong on me, and blighting my life by leaving me alone, desolate, bound to you and deserted by you, for the rest of my days, before I was much more than twenty years of age? Did you?"

"I thought you would soon forget 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 in the matter, good or bad?" Yolande asks, coming nearer to him, reckless, fearless now, in her anger and jealous despair. "I thought you vowed to hold me as long as we should live? That vow went the way of all the rest, I dare say."

"You never gave me a chance of keeping my vows," Dallas rejoins, shrugging his shoulders. "You can't say, I suppose, that you did not give me to understand that pretty plainly on our wedding day?"

"Has your treatment of me been in revenge for that?" Yolande asks, with her hands up to her throat to check the suffocating feeling that is oppressing her.

"There is no question of revenge in the matter," he answers impatiently. "You needn't think quite so vilely of me. We began wrongly, and we went on worse, and I thought the best thing to do was to cut the Gordian knot of miseries and misunderstandings at once."

"The best for yourself, you mean," Yolande says frigidly. "Well, is there no more to be said, as you say?"

"I don't think there is," Dallas replies gloomily, but looking at her with a fire in his sombre eyes, and slowly dragging his moustache through his fingers — "except that I hope you will forgive me, or try to forgive me, for all the unintentional wrong I have done you."

"Never, until you atone for it!" Yolande says curtly and bitterly.

"How can I atone for it?" Dallas asks, in a low tone, moving some books and papers restlessly about on the table.

"If you cannot tell, neither can I!" Yolande retorts sharply. "Even you must admit that I have humbled myself sufficiently. I have followed you uninvited, and found you unwelcomed, and—and showed you, in spite of all slights, neglect, coldness, cruelty, how I felt——" Her face is crimson, her hands are burning hot and icy cold by turns, and she is trembling visibly from head to foot, as she turns away abruptly and hurriedly reclasps her mantle and adjusts her hat. "I haven't a grain of what women call 'proper pride,' I suppose," she goes on more hurriedly, entangling her trembling fingers 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 your marriage settlement — and permit my trustees to add enough to that sum to enable you to live differently from this?"

"I don't think it will do me any harm to earn my bread honestly, Yolande," he says, with an unsteady laugh. "I could not live in useless, lazy dependence on your money, you know; and I have left the army, and I wasn't fit for anything else. This isn't a very bad berth. I've been in much worse," he adds, laughing 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 I—without telling anyone else—send you some money from myself? It 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. "If you were rich, my generosity, as you call it, would not be so unpleasant. Well, I had better go now. I have done no good either to you or myself — only intruded on you and taken up your time."

"No, no! Don't say that!" Dallas says irresolutely. "There can't be any question of intrusion between us—husband and wife. I was going to say, but we are not that. You must know that I am glad to see you; and I thank you for your kindness."

"You thank me for my kindness," Yolande cries, flaming with anger and passionate reproach—"your own wife!—for I am that until you divorce me."

Dallas laughs faintly, and his face flushes, and his lips tremble under his heavy moustache.

"I shan't divorce you," he says huskily, laying his fingers lightly and caressingly on her soft white arm, where it peers out exquisitely fair above her long tan glove. "And you are tempting me—very hard you are tempting me. I know I owe you atonement. I begin to believe I could make it to you."

His hand clasps her arm tenderly and warmly, and he comes close to her side.

"Do you know," he half whispers, "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 did you say? I forget) that you did not know where I was until you got my address from Lady Pentreath, you did not mean that you thought I was in America—you knew I was in London?"

"I knew it this evening—of course not before," Yolande answers briefly. "I heard from Lady Pentreath that you had returned quite a long time since. I knew nothing of it—how could I? Neither your mother nor I heard anything since that letter you wrote to me from New York twelve months ago. If Lady Nora had heard anything of you she would have told me at once, of course, she knew how—I felt."

Her husband's grasp has tightened on her arm while she has been speaking, but he has averted his head. At the last trembling words he turns round quickly, and, seizing her in his arms, strains her to his breast.

"Kiss me, Yolande!" he says hoarsely and passionately. "My dear girl! My poor girl, it would have been well for you if you had never seen me nor heard my name."

"Oh, no, no!" Yolande whispers, clinging to him in unspeakable joy, and pressing her sweet lips to his face. "If—if—you cared for me only a little, I should be the happiest girl in the world! I love you so much!"

"Do you?" he says, clasping her closer and caressing her head, with its coils of soft brown hair, which is pressed to him, her hat being flung aside somewhere. "Then be the happiest girl in the world, darling! I care for you very much — more than for any one else in the world!" Dallas says earnestly.

She clings more closely to him, and with her face hidden and her cheek close to his, whispers again—

"But there was some one you loved, you know."

"I know there was," Dallas admits. "But you needn't be jealous, Yolande! I know I made rather a fool of myself in the past; but it is in the past, I swear to you! And my future is yours, my dear girl, and I will atone to you for the past, if you will trust me. Will you, darling?"

"Yes, yes—indeed I will," she cries, gasping in glad eagerness. "And you are coming back to me again? Oh, Dallas! Oh, dearest, dearest!"

"Yes, I will come back to you, Yolande, dear, since you are willing to take me," Dallas answers humbly, ashamed of himself for having so doubted and wronged this true unwavering love. "And we will begin again, dear—shall we?—have a proper honeymoon, you know. The first was a beeswax, gall-and-vinegar moon — 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 happiness if this is not all some delicious vision of her own fond imagining.

"We will go to Switzerland, darling, and find some out-of-the-way place up in the mountains, where I believe one does subsist a good deal on honey and rolls and coffee, and pastoral fare of that kind—eh, Yolande? spend the long hot days in the pine woods, you doing crewel-embroidery — or pretending to do it—and I lying on the moss at your feet, reading poetry to you—Tennyson, Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Gerald Massey. I know how it's done! I've watched honeymooning couples ever so often;" and Captain Glynne laughs heartily as he kisses his young girlish wife again and again, and his spirits rise at the thought of the pleasant prospect so 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 hopeless feeling, as in stepping into cold shadow out of warmth and sunlight, seems to fall over her.

"Whatever you please, whatever you please, so that I am with you, so that we shall not be parted ever again!" she mutters, pressing his hands against her heart.

"You are too fond of me, child!" he remonstrates half sadly, half laughingly, and then he moves restlessly and looks at the door and 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 fellow."

"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!"

"Late?" he repeats, staring "What do you mean? To-night, my dear girl? I cannot leave here to-night! I sleep in the hotel you know!"

"Well, when?" she asks, biting her lip nervously and flushing. "I thought I understood—"

"My dear, I cannot leave my situation at a minute's notice in that manner!" Dallas exclaims, rather sharply, for the necessity he is under annoys him just at the moment. "I must give formal notice, and wait until my successor is appointed."

"How long?" she asks, feeling the dark chill shadow growing colder and deeper each moment. "A week?"

"A month dear!" Dallas replies, in the same sharp, hurried manner. "Now you must go, Yolande. I hear that fellow Davison's voice. Hang it, here he is!"

The door is opened roughly and unceremoniously, and a tall, showy "flashy"-looking man with long black, glossy moustache and bold, wolfish eyes enters the room 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 cheeks.

"It is I who should apologize for the intrusion, Mr. Davison," Dallas says icily. "I took the liberty of bringing Mrs. Glynne — my wife — in here for a few minutes' conversation, as this room was the only one unoccupied."

"Mrs. Glynne!" the manager repeats, bowing and smiling, and curling the ends of his moustache. "Never knew you were married before — never knew your name was Glynne," he says curtly; "knew it wasn't Dallas from something Daville said."

"You knew wrong then, it is Dallas — Dallas Glynne," the other says, with a frigid smile. "We mustn't intrude on Mr. Davison, Yolande. I will put you and your servant into a cab."

"Pray don't! Pray don't on any account let me be the means of driving Mrs. — er — Glynne away!" interposes the manager, quickly stepping before them, his white teeth gleaming through his thick red lips and his glossy, black moustache. "I'll run away if you move — upon my honor I will! I hope Mrs. Glynne will favor us with a good deal of her company" — this very insinuatingly.

To be continued.

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