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## An Indispensible Favorite

OR

## Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Do you want to look at any papers?" Captain Glynn asks, carelessly, as they pass the bookstall in the station, quite expecting a timid, "no, thank you," and a fond, reproachful glance.

"Oh, yes, please!" Yolande says, eagerly. "There is a new story in Temple Bar; I am longing to go on with."

Dallas looks sternly at her, with brows drawn together and lips compressed.

"Are it is, then; and here are the World, and Truth, and Life, and the Queen and the Lady, and a lot of other delightful things," he says, in a drawing tone. "Do you want them all?" Her cheeks burn and her heart beats fast at the sarcasm of the question.

"No, thanks, none of them!" she answers, briefly. "Temper Bar will be sufficient."

They get into a carriage in which there are three other passengers—ladies—and Yolande, settling herself in a corner, appears absorbed in the pages of Temple Bar, while Captain Glynn, settling himself in the opposite corner, stares at the cartoon of Vanity Fair and glances curiously from beneath the brim of his hat at his young wife.

"Come," he says to himself, sardonically—"there is nothing like sensible, matter-of-fact matrimony! I was fool enough to be afraid I was going to have too much of the other thing. By Jove, I needn't have been, I see!"

The white stations, with their lamps all glimmering now, the cuttings, and the bridges fly by with a roar and a rattle; but the position and aspect

of the passengers within that railway carriage remain unaltered; and Captain Glynn, who at first was not quite sure whether he was most vexed or amused, begins to know for a certainty that he is vexed, and feels slighted, offended, and hotly angered. His anger cools, however, as it intensifies and grows more serious, and by the time Chatham is reached he is in a mood of frigid, haughty indignation.

"Very well, young lady," he says to himself: "two can play at that game! I'll give you full opportunity to sulk to your heart's content." Yolande lays her magazine down on her lap as soon as it grows too dark to read, and, leaning back, covers her eyes with her hand and pretends to sleep. So he thinks; but in reality falls asleep, worn out with excitement and emotion, and also from the effects of the dose of cognac, which has acted as a powerful sedative on the tired body and mind.

"Captain Glynn can just see the sensitive, girlish lips below her hand—very pale, pure, gentle lips they are now; and there is a languor and helplessness about the slim, girlish figure in repose which touches him into softer vexation.

"What a curious girl she is," he says, mentally—"so shy and strange and naive! Poor child! Heaven help us both! We are chained to each other for life. It is the foolishness of folly for us to try to make each other miserable. Poor little girl, I must try to cheer her up!"

The other ladies get out at Chatham; the guard inspects the tickets; the newsboys call the evening papers; the doors bang, and the whistle shrieks; and Yolande sleeps through it all.

"Poor little soul!" Dallas says, with a slight smile, as he leaves his seat and sits down softly by her side. "It isn't exactly the most complimentary thing a bride could do, vis-a-vis to her bridegroom; but I suppose she never slept a wink last night in the wonderful excitement that she was to be married in the morning, and from anxiety about her angry."

He peers up under the shading hand, and sees the thick dark lashes resting peacefully on the pale cheeks, and his heart throbs with a new, tender feeling of protecting fondness.

"My own little wife!" he whispers, putting his arms softly about her, intending to lift her onto his knee, and let her sleep with her head resting against his breast.

But, as soon as the encircling arms touch her, Yolande leaps up with a violent start and wild, frightened eyes.

"Where am I? Where am I? Don't please!"—and Captain Glynn has his caressing arms thrust away—struck away, indeed; and Yolande throws herself into the opposite corner, and gazes out into the gathering darkness.

"What is the matter with you, Yolande?" her husband demands, sharply. "Did I startle you? I wasn't aware you were so nervous!"

He moves into the corner seat his wife has just vacated, and, tilting his hat over his brows, watches her averted face with gleaming eyes.

"We are getting the sting before the honey in this pleasing instance!" he mutters to himself, a sensation of mingled anger, disappointment and keen mortification thrilling him through and through. He could not have believed that he should feel so at any coldness or caprice of the girl he has married for her money.

"I was asleep. You—you frightened me!" Yolande answers, huskily, with her head still averted.

Her poor little foolish, womanly heart is in anguish at this moment because of her hasty wrath and repulse of her husband. She did not hear his words; but she saw a blessed glimpse of pitying fondness in his soft, half-hidden smile, and felt the wooing tenderness of his strong arms unfolding her.

"It looked as if you were, certainly," Captain Glynn retorts, dryly and contemptuously. "You almost frightened me, bouncing up in that Jack-in-the-box fashion! I was going to tell you," he goes on, deliberately, "that if you don't mind, I shall get into the smoking carriage at the next station and remain in it until we come to Canterbury. I want a cigar horribly. If you mind being left, I will send your maid to you."

"No, I don't mind at all," Yolande says, in a stifled voice, pressing her face against the glass.

"That's all right, then," he returns shortly, setting himself comfortably; and when they arrived at Faversham, he is as good as his word, and, gathering up his traveling rug, he steps out. "You will be all right now to Canterbury," he says, coldly, pausing at the door. "We shall be off in a couple of minutes, and there is no one to get in."

"Oh, yes, thanks, I shall be all right!" Yolande agrees, barely glancing up from the page of her magazine; and Captain Glynn shuts the carriage door and marches off.

She keeps her eyes fixed on the page until the train starts, and then she flings the magazine across the carriage—not that it matters in the least, for she has not read intelligibly one line of the fascinating story, and, indeed, has been diligently perusing it upside down for the past ten minutes—and, with a bitter cry, throws herself face downward on the cushion.

"Heaven pity me! Heaven pity me!" the poor girl sobs forlornly.

"How can I live with him like this? I couldn't—I couldn't! It would kill me when, oh, my darling, I love you so!"

When the train reaches Canterbury, Captain Glynn, in the worst possible temper, returns to the carriage where he left his bride, and, barely vouchsafing her a glance in her distant corner, pulls his traveling cap over his eyes, and wraps his "Maud" around his shoulders, for the night has grown bitterly cold, with a piercing east wind blowing; and so, lugubriously comfortable, they pursue their journey in silence until Dover lights come into view.

In the smoking carriage he was unlucky enough to encounter a city "friend" of his cousin, Lyulph Glynn—a keen, shrewd, dashing speculator, a Parisian-American—and an army man, an acquaintance of his own; and they both congratulated him on his "approaching" marriage.

"Though I was under the impression that the awful deed was done," flapped the beardless cavalry lieutenant. "Ormond told me ever so long ago that he was to be the 'best man.'"

(To be continued.)

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