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An Indispensable Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER VIII.

"I am married," Dallas said, coolly, yet shrinking a little from the keen twinkle of the American's eye, knowing that he had walked into a trap. "My wife is in the next carriage; I have only come in here for a smoke."

He knew that they would see the announcement in the Times the next morning, and draw their own conclusions as to the gallantry of the bridegroom and the amiability of the bride.

The American does see the notice while he is eating his breakfast the next morning, and he shrugs his shoulders. A breach of gallantry toward a woman who is young and newly married is a heinous fault in a lady-adoring American's estimation.

"I always thought that young Glynn wouldn't 'pan out' much," he says to himself, contemptuously. "Begins by stubbing the girl as soon as he is sure of her money!"

But, when Dover is reached, after a choice dinner—served in their own sitting-room—as they were expected at the hotel—followed by a cup of good coffee and a cigarette, Captain Glynn begins to think he must really make an effort to restore his young wife to her usual state of happy fondness for him and blissful enjoyment of his society.

"She is upset about something, I can see plainly—poor little goose!" he says to himself, smiling at the ease with which he can bring sunshine or shadow upon her life's pathway.

He is not in the least apprehensive of non-success, though he knows that Yolande appears curiously feverish, odd, and contradictory in her manner, and that, although she is talking freely and even gayly about their wedding breakfast and the guests, and the

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weather and the east wind, and the Channel crossing in the morning, her tones are sharp and brief, her smiles few and cold.

She has not changed her dress, but has wound a scarf of soft yellow lace around her throat, and fastened it with a long gold clasp set with rubies. In her brown velvet gown and the yellow lace scarf, with the rubies glittering like points of fire, with her flushed cheeks and fever-bright eyes, she is strangely pliant and pretty, even to the fastidious eyes of Dallas Glynn.

"By Jove, the little woman knows how to dress artistically!" he tells himself, well pleased. "That is a comfort!"

"That is a very pretty gown you are wearing, Yolande," Captain Glynn graciously remarks aloud to his young wife. "Did you choose it yourself?"

"Yes—partly, and partly through mademoiselle's advice," Yolande replies, with a faint smile. "It is a becoming shade and well cut."

"It is," he agrees, rather surprised to find his compliment has not flattered her with pleasure and gratitude. "Mademoiselle has correct ideas about millinery, if she hasn't about other things," he continues, almost as if he were muttering to himself, while he lights another cigarette. "The gowns I saw this morning on your Aunt Sarjent and some of those other ladies were enough to give one jaundice! Wasn't it pea-green velvet and some yellow fur Mrs. Sarjent wore?"

"Yes—otherwise emerald velvet and light sable," Yolande replies, with the same chill smile and a curling lip. "Aunt Sarjent is a clever, shrewd woman—a good-hearted woman, too; but she possesses no taste in dress. She is vulgar—naturally. We are vulgar people all of us—sprung from the common people, you know."

Captain Glynn crosses his legs, and leans back in his chair, surveying his glib bride with a satisfied smile and a slight frown.

"You are not vulgar," he says in accents of reproof, his smile and frown growing more haughty. "You would not be Mrs. Glynn if you were, I can assure you."

"Should I not?" Yolande inquires, scornfully, looking at him with eyes that blaze—the handsome, self-satisfied, cold-hearted aristocrat who has sacrificed her to his need for money, and spoiled all her life merely to avoid earning his own livelihood.

"Oh, yes, I think I should—so matter how vulgar—in the circumstances!"

She almost hates and despises him at this moment, and yearns fiercely to wound him in some manner to the very core of his selfish heart, to make him taste a little of the misery he has thrust upon her for her daily portion as long as they both shall live.

Captain Glynn drops his cigarette in his amazement—more at the look in his young wife's face than even at the strangeness of her tone and manner. As he stoops to pick it up, the smoldering cigarette burns his fingers; and a keen pang of regret thrills through poor Yolande's tender, womanly heart at witnessing even this small suffering of her false, cruel love. Half a dozen words of tender humility at this moment would change her mood and purposes—and the current of both their lives, it may be—forever. She would weep out the secret of her burning grief and disappointment in her husband's arms, and wildly plead like Beau for even such slight relief as there is left to bestow, for such warmth and comfort as are to be found in the ashes of his burned-out passion for another woman.

"What circumstances?" he demands, imperiously, his dark brows drawing together. "What do you mean, Yolande? You are speaking and acting rather oddly, my dear," he adds, trying to control his rising irritation.

"For there is something wrong; and, if I don't take care, I shall have a scene," he tells himself in some alarm.

"One would think you hadn't vowed all sorts of vows this morning," he says, smiling at her languidly, with a touch of ridicule in his tones—"to be a most loving and dutiful little wife to me!"

The words, the smile, the tone of cynical amusement with her petulance, are as flame to flax. The blood rushes to Yolande's face, crimsoning her very brow, and her brain seems on fire and whirling. She has lost all control of herself in the frenzy of pain and jealous rage, and the wild, mad,



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taunting words pour out in a torrent.

"So I did; but it was a lie!" she exclaims, clenching her hands and standing up confronting him, stately and vengeful—he has never imagined that gentle Yolande could look like this handsome fury. "It was a lie—a lie, Captain Glynn—as great a lie as your vow was! I'll never be your loving, dutiful wife—never! I would kill myself first! You have deceived me and wronged me, vilely, cruelly, for the sake of that wretched money! Take it—take it all; but leave me free of you and your cruel, cruel falsehood!"

"Have you gone suddenly mad, or are you practicing for amateur theatricals, Yolande, may I ask?" Dallas Glynn demands, rising to his feet, and steadying himself by leaning on the table, for he feels absolutely stunned with shocked surprise for a moment.

The cause of this passionate outbreak reveals itself also to him at the same time, and he is hot and cold with wrath and dismay.

"That double-faced traitress has told her!" he thinks, grinding his teeth. "I'll wring that woman's neck the next time I meet her!"

"You know well the reason I have for this," Yolande says, slowly and hoarsely. Her rage has spent itself already; nothing but her misery and pain remains. "I heard what—that person—mademoiselle said to you this morning, what you said to her. You married me only for money, and now the girl you do love—with a piteous glance of timid hopefulness that waits even now for a word of contradiction—has money, and you can't have her. I wish I had known in time to set you free."

He is sorry for her; he cannot but be sorry for her. The piteous eyes, the trembling, despairing tones touch him deeply. Nevertheless she is not Joyce Murray, the woman he loves. She is only the woman who loves him jealously and passionately, and to whom he is wedded for life. "It's a contumacious nuisance!" he thinks with angry impatience. "I always was afraid of this sort of thing with her!"

"There is no use in wishing impossibilities," he says, in response to her passionate words. "Since you listened to a conversation which you were never intended to hear, you ought to be satisfied that I would never have acted dishonorably toward you."

"What do you call dishonorably?" Yolande says slowly. The last spark of hope is sizzling out now.

(To be continued.)

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4415. This model reflects the most popular of this season's dresses for young girls. It has a comfortable raglan sleeve, which may be finished in wrist or elbow length, and a jaunty collar. Dotted percale with facings of white linen is here illustrated.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. Collar and sleeve facings of contrasting material require 1/2 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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4412. Checked gingham and linen are combined in this style. It could be made up in cretonne or chintz with crepe or satsum or in jersey cloth with flannel or suede for trimming. Ratine in plaid and plain, or plain ratine with linen would also be attractive.

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