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CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Good-night, love! You do look awfully ill and tired!" she says, sweetly, and lets the girl go away with her young face haggard with misery, to brood in sleepless wretchedness over her wrongs.

The first touch of Autumn has come, though it is but the end of August—six weeks from the day that Lady Nora Glynn had her last interview with her son.

She is not Lady Nora Glynn now, but Lady Nora Carter, having been married very quietly at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, one beautiful sunny morning; and she was given away by the Earl of Pentreath to the unbounded delight and pride of honest John Carter, who has now a third cart to bring into the list of his marriage connections. It does not matter to him that the other two carts are dead—they are carts still.

For this unexpected kindness and concession Lady Nora has no one to thank but the omniscient Miss Glover, and she is quite aware of the fact.

"My lord," Miss Glover said, imperatively, "Mr. Carter is worth cultivating. He is a 'solid' man, a 'square' man, a 'cubic' man, in a word; and, if you don't gain his good will now, you will never gain it. She will prejudice him against you; and, if you don't take my advice, you will regret it only once—that will be always."

So his lordship took his "little friend's" advice, and was so amiable and gracious at the wedding—the

breakfast was at an hotel "because of Mr. Dormer's state of health"—that no one would have dreamed that the urbane peer had ever called the charming bride "a cheat and a forger," and told her she was "a disgrace to every one belonging to her." But the bride and the bridegroom both recalled it, and an ugly dream it was.

That is three weeks ago now, and the yellowing leaves on the trees in the parks and squares have begun to flutter down thickly on to the faded sod beneath, and the Virginian creeper leaves are reddening in the cool nights and frosty dews of morning.

Here and there in the trees and on the steps of the shut-up houses in the West-end streets and terraces the ruddy leaves have fallen and lie undisturbed; and these, with the drawn window blinds and closed doors and smokeless chimneys and the silence, make some of the stately mansions look as desolate as the "haunted house" of Hood's poem:

"No human figure stirred to go or come,
No face looked forth from shut or open casement,
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement."
"But I suppose if I left a letter for her it would be forwarded with other business communications," Dallas Glynn says, bitterly, to himself, pausing before No. 9 Rutland Gardens, which has even more a shut-up desolate look than some of its neighbors.

The broad pearl-gray steps are deserted with London smoke and dust, and quite a shower of red leaves from the Virginian creeper next door, has rained down on the area steps and flags.

"The house I went out of on my ill-starred wedding day, and have never entered since, and have no right to enter now," he mutters, as she rings the bell.

A very dingy but amiable elderly lady of the genus char-woman opens the door, and staring at Captain Glynn amazedly as he stands staring at her, speechless with surprise, and with a numb pain at his heart which seems to tingle through him.

"Was you wishful to see any one, sir?" the civil and grubby old personage inquires, with a propitiatory smile on her heavy-smudged countenance.

It is as if he has suddenly come upon a grave—the grave of some one he knows and loves. The house is empty. The great hall is bare and gloomy and echoing as a vault; the wide stairs, all dusty and marked with feet, lead up to empty shadowy chambers. There is not one trace of home left—not one trace of the existence of his wife, Yolande, in the house which he thought her home.

"Rodger" is her classic name—who is filled with misgiving by this time that the handsome gentleman has deadly designs on herself and the empty mansion of which she has the charge. "Have they all gone away? They are not living here now—Mr. Dormer's family?" he asks, his heart beating in great, slow throbs that make him feel dizzy. "There—there—has not been any one sick—any one dead?"

"I dunno, sir, indeed," Mrs. Rodger answers, smoothing out her dirty canvas apron with daisy, knobby fingers. "The family's left, sir, and the furniture was all removed only three days ago. An' the men an' the vans left the place in such a state, sir, I haven't given it to say a proper cleaning yet."

"But you did not hear that there was anything—illness or that—to cause the family to leave so suddenly?" he persists—and the blood seems to run chill in his veins. "If I have lost her—if I have lost her!" he mutters, with his hand clinched to his stick.

"I dunno, indeed, sir," replies the intelligent Cornelia Rodger. "The house agent could tell you, sir."

And she is very glad to get rid of him, and to shut the door with a hot-low clang behind him, while Dallas walks on and on like a man in a dream. He has walked on into the Marylebone Road before he knows where he is; and, while he pauses to think what he shall do next, an empty cab crawls up temptingly beside him. He hears the insinuating "Keb, sir," softly spoken, and, stepping in, like a man in a dream still, he bids the cabman drive to Regent's Park road. He dimly recollects in his stunned, bewildered state that the Sargeants live there, though he is not sure of the number of the house.

"I must see them—I must see some one—hear something about her to put my mind at rest, or I shall go mad!" he says, fevered with the sudden dread and longing and pain that have seized him. "I waited to have good news before I went to her; I waited, in my pride and folly, to be able to tell her that I was quite independent of her—my gentle, loving little wife, who would give me her life, I believe, if I needed it—and I may have waited too long! May Heaven forgive me for my wretched folly—I shall never forgive myself!"

He chafes himself into a fever at the delay in finding the house; he is half mad with suspense and dread and impatience when it is found at last, and he is ushered into a room where Wilmot Sargeant sits, writing calmly.

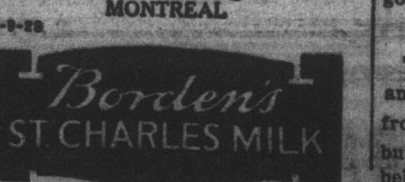
In Dallas Glynn's innermost heart there is and has always been a secret, undefined jealousy—unacknowledged even to himself—of Yolande's cousin. Not from anything he has ever seen or heard, not from word or deed or either Yolande, or her cousin—perhaps from the whisperings of conscience that the plain, homely young city man would have been so much kinder and truer to a young wife than he, Dallas, has ever been, and perhaps from an irritating fancy that Wilmot Sargeant thinks this himself—that he looks down on the dashing, well-born man with disapproval and contempt all the deeper that it is silent, and that he regards Yolande Glynn with a compassionate pity for being the wife of such a husband as Dallas Glynn.

(To be continued.)



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CAMPERS.
The careless campers in my grove betray their lack of taste; they cook things on a patent stove in most unseemly haste. They open cans of soup and beans and throw the cans away; they strew the ground with wasted greens, old papers, junk and hay. They sometimes set the grass afire, or scar the priceless trees, until I rise in martial ire and hand out lines like these. When autos first began to chase before my poor abode, I said, "My grove's a resting place for pilgrims of the road. It will be free to all who pass, to all good people free, and they may lie upon the grass and drink nine cups of tea. And doubtless in the caravan there'll be at times a covv who'll say, 'Now bless the grand old man who lets us use this grove!'" That grove is barred to tourists now, barred is that pleasant dell, since campers rounded up my cows and stole her new brass bell. Still comes the chomping caravan, an endless, busy grove; but they can't leave their old tin cans around my sacred grove. In fifty years from now, perhaps, the tourist tribes will know they ought to gather up the scraps and clean up ere they go.

Gems of Thought.
Whoever makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.
"In a comparatively long life, I have never known anybody who worked too hard, though I have known many who think they do."—Lord Hewart.
"The old-fashioned teacher was too much afraid of joy, and the modern teacher is too much afraid of work."—Mr. Frank Jones.
Another pathetic little feature of everyday life is the go-getter after he has got it and does not know what to do with it.
United States people spend twice as much on chewing gum as they do on religion; but gum is used every day.
"One of the ablest men I ever knew was a failure in life because he did not wear a clean collar."—Judge Parfit.
Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what is in him.
"It is highly improbable that the human body is a finished masterpiece."—Professor J. Arthur Thomson.
To science there is no distinction between one country and another.—The Marquis of Salisbury.
If a man is fine and strong and noble, a good woman will help his virtues to blossom into flower.
Nobody objects to a man riding a hobby if he does not insist upon occupying all of the road.
For men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things.—Tennyson.

We can pardon those who bore us, but not those whom we bore.—La Rochefoucauld.
Often when conscience tries to speak it finds the line busy.—(Harrisburg Patriot).
Hard work does not make me jovial. I get too much of it.—Judge Farry.
"Every day we omit to secure some truth we should have known."
The man who never makes mistakes never makes anything.
Lots of people who keep up a front are in arrears.

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