



An Indispensable Favorite OR Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER VIII.

"I mean that, having asked you to be my wife, I would have fulfilled my engagement with you at any cost," he answers, and tries to steel himself to say it in a cool and businesslike fashion...

"Thank you," she says, huskily. "It was not acting, dishonorably then, to take all and give nothing."

"Nothing?" he asks, haughtily. "Nothing—nothing!" she repeats, wildly. "And I have given you everything!"

"Really," Dallas Glynn says, with frigid displeasure, "beyond giving me a very disagreeable specimen of your temper, I am not aware of receiving anything unusual from you."

"I loved you," the poor girl says, slowly, gazing at his cold, handsome face and symmetrical figure—"I loved you, Captain Glynn," she repeats, with wide-open eyes, staring, as if half blind with misery.

"Oh, nonsense!" cries Dallas Glynn, tritely, affected by the heart-broken face, the heart-broken tones.

"You are a romantic girl and expect absurdities. How could you imagine for a moment that I had never met a woman I liked before I saw you? But, having met you and asked you to be my wife," he continues in a more assured tone, resuming his cold composed manner, "I determined to be faithful and kind to you, to be a good husband to you, and make you happy; and, but for that gossiping chatterbox of a woman and your own silly jealousy, you would have been happy enough."



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ousy, you would have been happy enough.

"Yes, for a while," Yolande says slowly, gazing at him still in pitiful wonderment that there is no mercy in him for her anguish. "I should have gone on believing—I am so silly and absurd, as you say—that you wouldn't have married me unless you loved me. I should have gone on believing that for ever so long, perhaps. I am glad I found it out so soon. The longer I believed and trusted you, and loved you, and lived with you, the worse it would have been for me. I have been saved from that, I am glad to say!"

"Glad of what?" Dallas demands, sharply. "I wish you wouldn't make a scene over discovering a private affair of mine which you have nothing whatever to do. I was deeply attached to Miss Murray, it is quite true; but, as I had no money and she had no money, she decided on marrying a man who could give her wealth, and I thought I could not do better than follow her example! and, as I could not possibly support a wife on my means, I determined to marry a girl who had some money of her own to supplement mine. Those are the 'ins and outs' of the whole story," he adds, impatiently.

"Did she love you," Yolande asks, passing by all he had said beside—"Miss Joyce Murray? Did she?"

"Yes; but she loved herself better," Dallas answers, sharply and angrily. "I wish you would drop the subject, Yolande. It is not a pleasant one to me. We have taken each other for better, for worse, and we must try to make each other comfortable and not miserable. If you will be dutiful and affectionate, I will be faithful and affectionate. I can not say more."

"Oh, no," cries Yolande, looking at him with incredulous horror—"never! We could never endure each other now. Can't you—can't we ever get free from each other any more?"

"No—never!" Dallas answers grimly. "We're bound and tied and chained and locked to each other for life. There is no use in repenting now, madam," he says, with a rather mocking smile. "You must put up with me, and I must put up with you. Come, Yolande," he adds, smiling vexedly—"we had better stop playing a scene from a Porte-St.-Martin drama. Nothing is in worse taste in real life than a disagreement between a bride and her bridegroom; come here to me, and let us kiss and be friends." And he crosses the hearth-rug to her as he speaks, and holds out his arms.

But Yolande rushes back from him to the other side of the room, with hands thrust out in repulsion.

"No—no—never! You shall never insult me with your false kisses again!" she cries, with dry, hoarse sobs, her tearless eyes blazing defiance at him. "I told you I would kill myself first! You can have my money—all of it—to do what you please with—Give me only what I always had—a hundred a year; I shall not want a shilling more. Do—do take all the rest, and go away out of my sight!"

"Does this piece of melodramatic nonsense mean that you want, with your whims and tempers, to make me ridiculous in the eyes of the world?" Captain Glynn demands fiercely, the defiance and rage and aversion visible in his young wife's face and attitude nearly maddening him.

"He follows her, though she shrinks from him and repels him still, and, catching her arm, forcibly draws her into the center of the room, beneath the light of the gasolier.

"You are my wife, Yolande, in the eye of the law—you belong to me—you are my property, and I am your owner and master," he hisses furiously through his clenched teeth, "and I shall not allow you to make me ridiculous—to make a scandal out of my name! Do you hear? I won't allow you!" he repeats, bruising her arm with the grip of his sinewy fingers in the vehemence of his passion.

"You can kill me," she cries, with a short wild laugh; "but you can't prevent from hating and despising you! You can't prevent me from loathing your false, treacherous kisses—bought every one of them—on the very touch of your hand!"

He tightens his grasp of her arm at this fresh taunt. He is so taken by surprise, so hurt and enraged and disappointed, that a murderous passion takes possession of him. He has a struggle with the demon within him not to strike her to the ground, not to beat the life out of her—the pale slender girl who is in his power, and yet taunts and defies him.

"I don't want to kiss or touch you, I assure you," he says, in a suppressed tone, with all the icy contempt he can express. "I would as soon kiss a baboon! But I mean to insist on your obeying me as far as the letter of the law goes. You can keep to yourself as much as you please. I want none of your charming society, except in public. Will you promise to behave yourself according to the duties of your position as my wife before the eyes of the world, and not disgrace me among the gentlemen of my acquaintance to whom I must introduce you? Answer me!"

"Oh, yes!" Yolande replies very quietly, the pallor of her tortured face spreading to her lips. "I think I can safely promise to behave myself as well as the ladies of your acquaintance, and not to disgrace you. Will you let my arm go, please?"

He sees plainly the mark where his fingers have crushed the velvet of her sleeve, he sees her totter as he releases her, and a throb of compunction and passionate pity for her and her youth and helplessness and misery thrills him through.

"I had better ring for your maid and say good-night to you," he says, trying to keep up his frigid tone. "We are both too upset to carry on this discussion any longer. But we understand each other. That is the main point. Will you say 'Good-night,' or is it to be unwell 'war'?"

"Good-night," she responds faintly, hurrying out of the room with unsteady steps; and Captain Glynn, left all alone on the evening of his wedding day, looks about the deserted room, and thinks of all that has passed, and slowly and emphatically ejaculates—"By Jove!"

Advertisement for Blue-jay corn plaster, featuring an illustration of a blue jay and text describing the product's benefits for corns.

sed, and slowly and emphatically ejaculates—"By Jove!"

A fortnight later, in Paris, the English post is brought in one sunny April morning by the snowy-aproned garcon, and laid on the breakfast table at which Captain Glynn and his wife are seated.

"Madam"—such a slender, pale girl—"madam!"—is pouring out her husband's coffee, and adding hot milk to the exact degree which she has learned suits his taste, while he helps her to omelette, and butters the petits pains. Briefly, they are practising all the amenities of a tete-a-tete breakfast of a "respectable" married pair.

They are not sitting side by side, but vis-a-vis, as "respectable" married folks do—though it is only fifteen mornings since they sat at their wedding breakfast. There is "but the width of the oval table between them apparently—in reality there is the width of the world."

(To be continued.)

LIFE IS GOOD.

Each morning when I leave my five A.I. reader thinks that I'm a lucky fellow; and I enjoy each passing day, though I am fat and old and gray, and have rheumatism in my joints. I've seen about a million dawns, I've gazed upon the dewy lawns since Hector was a pup; and each new morn'g has its charm; I seek the summit of my farm to watch the sun come up. Each morning when I leave my coop I give a loud exultant whoop, and speak the name of Heck: I wave my hat and cry "Hur-roo," and dance around among the dew, so glad I'm still on deck. This world is not a vale of tears, it is the choicest of the spheres, it's in a class alone; and I've but little use for agents who far the welkin with lamentations, who hand out sigh and groan. Each morning when I leave my shack, I say, "There's nothing out of whack, the world is fine and fair; it never seems to me a wreck, though I have boils upon my neck, and falling of the hair. If any man is prone to think that this bright world is on the blink he ought to emigrate; he ought to chase himself to Mars or try to find some tinhorn stars that will come such a skate. I sit in my embroidered robe, and I endorse this good old globe on which I've lived so long; its folks are worth their weight in gold, and hearts are warm though feet be cold, and life's a grand sweet song."

WALT MATON

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June 4, 1923

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Rhine Cities Stagnate. With French in Ruhr. Strasbourg, Germany, Aug. 1.—Strasbourg, capital city of Alsace-Lorraine, and Mannheim, the inland Rhine port which is the chief commercial centre of Baden, both are suffering greatly to-day as a result of the continued French occupation of the Ruhr. Freight on the river are virtually at a standstill, and the

In Mannheim miles and miles of warehouses are closed and guarded by French soldiers in helmets and khaki field uniforms. Hundreds of idle ships and barges line the canals and the banks of the huge inner harbor, while the extensive railroad yards are filled with dead locomotives and freight cars.

The streets of the city are relatively deserted. Hundreds of factories are working only on part time, and the owner of every good automobile has sent it away in fear of confiscation by the French. Mannheim, with its population of a quarter of a million, is listless and fearful of the future, and seems like a city that has gone to sleep.

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Advertisement for U.S. Picture & Portrait Co., featuring an illustration of a baby carriage and text promoting outdoor baby furniture.

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