

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"What I want to know, first of all," Mr. Winterbourne said, with a kind of despair in his voice, "is whether you are certain that the Master will insist? Why should he? How could it matter to him? I thought we had done everything when we let him know. Why should Yolande know? Why make her miserable to no end? Look what has been done to keep this knowledge from her all through these years; and you can see the result in the gaiety of her heart. Would she have been like that if she had known—if she had always been thinking of one who ought to be near her, and perhaps blaming herself for holding aloof from her? She would have been quite different; she would have been old in sadness by this time; whereas, she has never known what a care was. Mr. Melville, you are his friend; you know him better than any of us; don't you think there is some chance of reasoning with him and inducing him to forego this demand? It seems so hard."

The suffering that this man was undergoing was terrible. His question formed almost a cry of entreaty; and Jack Melville could scarcely bring himself to answer in what he well knew to be the truth.

"I cannot deceive you," he said, after a second. "There is no doubt that Leslie's mind is made up on that point. When I undertook to carry this message, he more than once repeated his clear decision—"

"But why? What end will it serve? How could it matter to them—living away from London? How could they be harmed?"

"Mr. Winterbourne," said the other, with something of a clear emphasis, "when I reported Leslie's decision to Mr. Shortlands, as I was asked to do, I refused to defend it—or to attack it, for that matter—and I would rather not do so now. What I might think right in the same case—that you might think right—does not much matter. I told Mr. Shortlands that perhaps we did not know everything that might lead to such a decision; Leslie has not been on good terms with his father and aunt; and he thinks he is being badly used. There may be other things; I do not know."

"And how do we know that it will suffice?" the other said. "How do we know that it will satisfy him and his people? Are we to inflict all this pain and sorrow on the girl; and then wait to see whether that is enough?"

"It is not what I would do," said Jack Melville, who had not come here for nothing.

"What would you do then? Can you suggest anything?" her father said eagerly. "Ah, you little know how we should value any one who could remove this thing from us!"

"What I would do? Well, I will tell you. I would go to that girl, and I would see how much of the woman is in her; I think you will find enough. I would say to her, 'There is your mother; that is the condition she has sunk into through those accursed drugs. Every means have been tried to save her, without avail—every means save one. It is for you to go to her—you yourself—alone. Who knows what resurrection of will and purpose may not arise within her, when it is her own daughter who stands before her and appeals to her—when it is her own daughter who will be by her side during the long struggle? That is your duty as a daughter; will you do it? If I know the girl, you will not have to say more!'"

The wretched man opposite seemed almost to recoil from him in his dismay. There was a sort of blank, vague terror in his face.

"Oh, it is impossible—impossible!" he cried, at length. "It is inhuman. You have not thought of it sufficiently. My girl to go through that—have you considered what you are proposing to subject her to?"

"I have considered," Jack Melville said. "And I have thought of it sufficiently, I hope. I would not have dared to make the suggestion without the most anxious consideration. I would put the case before her, and I know what her own answer would be."

"And to go alone—"

"She will not be afraid!"

"But why alone?" pleaded the father—she seemed to be imagining all kinds of things with those haggard eyes. "She could not! My girl to go away by herself—she could not! It is too terrible!"

"Try her."

"She has never traveled alone. Why, even to go to London by herself—"

"Oh, but that has nothing to do with it. That is not what I mean at all. As for that, her maid would go with her as a matter of course; and Mr. Shortlands might see her as far as London if he is going south shortly, as I hear. She could put up at one or other of the hotels that she has already stayed at with you. Then you would give her the address, and leave the rest to her."

"You have been thinking over this," Mr. Winterbourne said. "I have not. I am rather bewildered about it. Shall we ask Shortlands?"

"If you wish. But first let me explain, Mr. Winterbourne. As I understand, several arrangements have been made with this poor woman—only, unhappily, to be broken by her. Well, now, why I want Yolande to go alone is to prevent suspicion in the poor woman's mind. I would have no third person. It should

be a matter between the two women themselves; and Yolande must insist on seeing her mother alone."

"You have thought of everything—you have thought of everything," the father murmured. "Well, let us see what Shortlands says. It is a terrible risk. I am not hopeful myself. The thing is—is it fair to bring all this distress and suffering on the girl on such a remote chance?"

"You must judge of that," said Melville. "You asked me what I would do. I have told you."

When they got to the other side they found John Shortlands seated on a boulder of granite. He was not much startled by the proposal. Now, as they talked the matter over, it appeared that he stood midway between these two, having neither the eager enthusiasm of Jack Melville nor the utter hopelessness of his friend Winterbourne.

"If you think it is worth trying, try it," said he coolly. "It can't do much harm. If Yolande is to know, she may as well know to some end. Other things have been tried, and failed; this might not. The shock might bring her to her senses. Anyhow, don't you see, if you once tell Yolande all about it, I rather fancy she will be dissatisfied until she has made a trial."

"And who would undertake to tell her?" her father said. "Who could see to her eyes? Who would dare to suggest to her that she, so tenderly cared for all her life, should go away and encounter these horrors?"

"If it comes to that," said Melville, "I will do it. If you think it right—if it will give you pain to speak to her—let me speak to her."

"You?" said her father. "Why should you undertake what cannot be but a dreadful task? Why should you have to bear that?"

"Oh," said he, "my share in the common trouble would be slight. Besides, I have not many friends; and when one has the chance of lending a hand, don't you understand, it is a kind of gratification. I know it will not be pleasant—except for one thing. I am looking forward to her answer; and I know what it will be. I am quite at your service, either on Tuesday or any other day, whenever you let me know what you have decided."

He would not go on to the house with them, despite all their solicitations; on the other hand, he begged them not to say to Yolande that they had seen him. So they went on their way down to the little lodge, while he went back and over the hills.

"He's a fine fellow that, and no mistake," said the plain spoken John Shortlands. "There is a sort of broad human nature about him. And I should think, Winterbourne, you were very much obliged to him."

"Obliged?" said Yolande's father. "It is scarcely the word."

CHAPTER XII.

All had been arranged. Early one morning Jack Melville walked slowly and thoughtfully up to All-nam-ba. He knew she was at home; for the dog-cart had gone by with only Sandy in it. Perhaps she might be indoors—working at the microscope he had lent her, or arranging her plants. She had seen him come up the strath; she was at the door awaiting him, her face radiant.

"Ah, but why are you so late?" she cried. "They are all away. Shepherds and gillies and all, two hours ago."

"I did not mean to go with them. I have come to have a chat with you, Yolande, if you will let me."

He spoke carelessly; but there was something in his look that she noticed; and when she had preceded him into the little drawing room, she turned and regarded him.

"What is it? Is it serious?" she said, scanning his face.

Well, he had carefully planned how he would approach the subject; but at this moment all his elaborate designs went clear away from his brain. A far more happy expedient than any he had thought of had that instant occurred to him. He would tell her this story as of some one else.

"It is serious in a way," said he, "for I am troubled about an unfortunate plight that a friend of mine is in. Why should I bother you about it?—but still you might give me your advice."

"My advice?" she said. "If it would be of any service to you, yes, yes! But how could it be? What experience of the world have I had?"

He did not wish to be too serious; and, indeed, he managed to tell her the whole story in a fashion so plain, matter of fact, and unconcerned, that she never for an instant dreamed of its referring to herself. Of course he left out all details and circumstances that might positively have given her a clue; and only described the central situation as between mother and daughter. And Yolande had a great compassion for that poor debased woman; and some pity, too, for the girl who was kept in ignorance of her mother being alive; and she sat with her hands clasped on her knees, regarding these two imaginary figures as it were, and too much interested in them to remember that her counsel was being asked concerning them.

"Now, you see, Yolande," he continued, "it appears that one of the results of using those poisonous drugs, is that the will entirely goes. The poor wretches

have no command over themselves; they live in a dream; they will promise anything—they will make the most solemn vows of abstinence—and be quite unable to resist the temptation. And the law practically puts no check on the use of these fiendish things; even when the public houses are closed the chemist's shop is open. Now, Yolande, I have a kind of theory or project with regard to that poor woman—I don't know whether the doctors would approve of it—but it is a fancy I have; let us suppose that that poor wretch of a mother does not quite understand that her daughter has grown up to be a woman—most likely she still regards her as a child—that is a very common thing—at all events she is not likely to know anything as to what her daughter is like. And suppose that this daughter were to go to her mother and declare herself, do you not think that that would be enough to startle her out of her dream? and do you not think that in the bewilderment of finding her relations reversed—the child grown to be a woman assuming a kind of protection and authority and command over the broken-down creature—she might be got to rely on that help and encouragement and strengthened by constant care and affection to retrieve herself? Don't you think it is possible? To be startled out of that dream by shame and horror; then the wonder of having that beautiful daughter her companion and protectress; then the continual reward of her championship—don't you think it is possible?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes, surely!" said the girl. "Surely you are right!"

"But then, Yolande, I am afraid you don't understand what a terrible business it will be. It will demand the most constant watchfulness; for these drugs are easy to get; and people who use them are very cunning. And it will require a long time—perhaps years—before one could be certain that the woman was saved. Now look at it from the other side. Might not one say, 'That poor woman's life is gone, is done for; why should you destroy this other young life in trying to save a wreck? Why should you destroy one happy human existence in trying to rescue the mere remnant of another human existence that would be worthless and useless even if you succeed? Why should not the girl live her own life in peace and happiness?'"

"But that is not what you would say; that is not what you think," she said, confidently. "And do you ask what the girl would think?—for I can tell you that. Oh, yes, I can tell you—she would despise any one who offered her such a choice!"

"But she would be in ignorance, Yolande; she would know nothing about it."

"She ought not to be in ignorance, then? Why do they not tell her? Why not ask herself what she will do? Ah, and all this time the poor woman left to herself—it was not right—it was not just!"

"But she has not been left to herself, Yolande. Everything has been tried—everything but this. And that is why I have come to ask you what you think a girl in that position would naturally do. What would she do if she were told?"

"There cannot be a doubt," she exclaimed. "Oh, there cannot be a doubt! You—I know what your feeling is—what your opinion is. And yet you hesitate! Why? Go, and you will see what her answer will be!"

"Do you mean to say, Yolande," he said, deliberately, and regarding her at the same time, "that you have no doubt whatever? You say I am to go and ask this young girl to sacrifice her life—or it may be only a part, but that the best part, of her life—on this chance of rescuing a poor broken-down creature—"

"Her mother," said Yolande. "If she is the girl that you say, oh, I know how she will be grateful to you. She will bless you. She will look on you as the best and dearest of her friends, who had courage when the others were afraid, who had faith in her."

"Yolande," said he, almost solemnly, "you have decided for yourself."

"I?" she said, in amazement.

"Your mother is alive."

She uttered a sharp cry—of pain, it seemed.

"My mother—my mother—like that!" For a time this agony of shame and horror deprived her of all power of utterance; the blow had fallen heavily. Her most cherished and beautiful ideals lay broken at her feet; in their place was this stern and ghastly picture that he had placed before her mental eyes. He had not softened down any of the details; it was necessary that she should know the truth. And she had been so much interested in the story, as he patiently put it before her, that now she had but little difficulty—alas!—she had no difficulty at all—in placing herself in the position of that imaginary daughter, and realizing what she had to face.

He waited. He had faith in her courage; but he would give her time. This was a sudden thing to happen to a girl of nineteen.

"Well," she said, at length, in a low voice, "I will go. I will go at once. Does papa know you were coming here to-day to tell me?"

"Yes. He could not do it himself, Yolande. He has suffered fearfully during these long years in order to hide this from you; he thought it would only pain you to know—that you could do no good."

"What induced him to change his mind?"

He was embarrassed; he had not expected the question. She glanced at his face.

"Was that the objection at Lynn Towers?" she said, calmly.

"No, Yolande, no; it was not. I dare say Lord Lynn does not quite approve of your father's politics; but that has nothing to do with you."

"Then it was your idea that I should be told?"

(To be continued.)

The censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evermond.

Science AND Invention

One thousand five hundred and fifty-six tons of meat were destroyed in London last year as unfit for food, according to the report of the health officers. This, however, was only a small part of the meat consumed, which reached 410,500 tons. The tables show that 23 per cent of the total was "country killed," 3.6 per cent town killed and 73.4 per cent either American or colonial meat, frozen.

A quite extraordinary combination of merits is claimed in France for a new explosive, which consists of a mixture of powdered aluminum and nitrate of ammonium. It is not liable to spontaneous decomposition, cannot be prematurely exploded by shock or friction, burns only with difficulty, is not affected by frost or dampness, and the gases from its explosion are harmless. It can be exploded readily by an ordinary detonator.

Twenty years ago the average yield of wheat for California and the San Joaquin valley was forty bushels to the acre. Now a yield of twenty bushels is considered an exceptionally good crop. The millers of the State complain of a marked deterioration in the quality of the wheat now grown. The gluten content is becoming more starchy. The land used for the production of wheat has been used for the same crop since Americans have been in California.

English miners are interested in a new compressed-air coal cutter recently introduced by a Sheffield firm. The machine weighs only 150 pounds, and it is said that it can be used in seams so steep that the miner cannot stand upright, and so thin that he has to crawl on hands and knees. A piston carrying a pick, and governed by a valve movement, flashes to and fro with great speed, the point of the pick being gradually moved across the coal by means of a lever so that a continuous cut is made.

Aluminum-coated paper, made in Germany for wrapping food substances, is prepared by applying a thin coat of an alcoholic solution of resin to artificial parchment, then sprinkling aluminum powder over the surface, and finally submitting to pressure. The artificial parchment paper is paper that has been treated with sulphuric acid. The aluminum paper is not attacked by the air or by fats, is much cheaper than tin-foil, and late analyses in Paris of this paper and of aluminum foil showed but a small proportion of foreign matter and no arsenic or poisonous metal.

Dr. A. Charrin, a French savant, fed two groups of guinea pigs on carrots. One group took the vegetable after it had been sterilized by boiling and all germs thus destroyed; the other after it had been sprinkled over with dust or with the soil in which the carrots had been grown. Of seventeen subjects in the first group twelve died before those in the second, and the investigation showed that the total absence of germs in the sterilized food impaired the digestion and lowered the assimilative power of the animals. Only five altogether were lost of the group fed on the germ containing food.

In a recent address Prof. H. F. Osborn gave some additional facts about ancient American horses. It appears that in North America there were always from four to six entirely different varieties of the horse family living contemporaneously. Some were slow-moving and relatively broad-footed horses, living in the forests; others were very swift, having narrow feet more resembling those of the deer, and lived on the plains. Moreover, there were American horses larger than the huge Percherons of to-day, and others smaller than the most diminutive Shetlands. Strangely enough, the greatest beauty and variety in the development of the horse family were exhibited here just before the total extinction of horses on the American continent, a catastrophe which still offers an unsolved problem for investigation.

The Drama Analyzed.

Mrs. Craigie, better known to novel readers under her pen name of "John Oliver Hobbes," has just come forward with a new dramatic generalization, though she frankly admits that in stating it she is but the self-appointed mouthpiece of a small girl of her acquaintance who frequently accompanies her theater-loving parents to the play. According to this 9-year-old authority all drama is to be divided as follows:

"Tragedy is where you wear fancy dress and get murdered."

"Just plays is where you're like other people and die of illness or commit suicide."

"And comedy is where you go through with a great deal and yet live."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The only human being in the world whose obligations and duties are not bound by the clock, is the mother.

THE DUTCHMEN IN JAVA.

Dutch Idea Has Permeated Islands, Even Affecting Chinese.

The Dutch idea has permeated Java so thoroughly that even the hitherto changeless Chinese are affected by it, says Outing. Not content with flouting the empress dowager with a defile desertion, the Cantonese advertises allegiance to his new masters by discarding in a measure, the slit-like, loop-up eyes and by acquiring for his face a composite Dutch aspect which renders it immensely whimsical. As if charmed by the seductive languor of the lotus-eating tropics, he takes on a lackadaisical, loveless air, platts baby-blue and shrimp-pink ribbons in the folds of his cue and ties a true love knot on the end thereof. As an equatorial dudekins he then blossoms in bell-shaped lavender silk trousers, a yellow jacket and spats, and successfully competes with the heavy Dutch boys for the favors of the native women kind. As he mounts the social and financial ladder he comes to consider his wits nimbler than those of the Dutchmen and he frequently proves it by amassing wealth and influence and by becoming a conniving thorn in the fat sides of his governors. He shows his appreciation of the "foreign devil's" gewgaws by importing blooded horses from Australia and fine carriages and automobiles from the west.

Though in point of numbers the Dutch are greatly in the minority they overshadow the natives as effectively as the mountains overshadow the adjacent plain. In the absence of an onerous color line the foreign blood is tingling that of the native as the foreign thought is affecting his brain. On the island there exists such a sliding color scale that one knows not whether to speak Javanese, Chinese, Hollandische or Malay to those one meets. To the credit of the Dutch it can be said that every inducement is offered the natives who would rise to their social plane; and generally the native aspires to such honor.

Many of the town houses of the wealthy Dutch are little tropical palaces standing amid noble grounds and almost smothered in a riot of trees and vines. They are austere sentinels by giant banyans, amid the pending roots of which the children play hide-and-seek and sometimes almost lose themselves in the maze of miniature forest paths.

RUNS MINE TO AID WAIFS.

Society Woman Earns Money for Juvenile Court Work.

Operating a gold mine to secure funds for the juvenile court of the city of Denver is the latest fad of Mrs. J. J. Brown, one of the society leaders of Colorado's capital, according to the Cleveland Leader. The funds of the treasury upon which the judge of the juvenile court in Denver has drawn to reclaim boys from their wicked ways have been fearfully low of late. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, father of the juvenile court movement in the west, appealed to a Mrs. Brown, whose wealth and social position have made her the patron of all the charities of the city.

"If you could only insure us an income of \$5,000 a year," said the judge to this resourceful woman.

Mrs. Brown was lost in thought for a brief space and then said: "I will insure you twice that sum; the boys of Denver deserve attention from society. I will lease a claim in Cripple Creek and give them the proceeds."

The next day Mrs. Brown penned regrets to a round of fashionable functions and was off to the great mining camp. She exchanged the frilled and flounced gowns of costly material which had set two continents agog by reason of their cost and beauty for the rough "togs" of a frontier woman, and surmounted her wealth of glossy hair with a sombrero instead of a Parisian creation.

Personally she inspected the ores of the claims from which she hoped to select the property should would operate for the Denver juvenile court. She went down into the mines often in the iron-bound bucket dangling from a rope windless. She knocked fragments from the hanging wall with a miner's pick and took them to an assayer to determine the value of the "lead." She examined more than a dozen claims in the four days she spent in Cripple Creek and out of this number she selected one that was rich enough to pass muster.

Since the mine was opened six weeks ago the smelter receipts, besides paying expenses of operation, have added over \$1,000 to the juvenile court fund Denver.

Cards for the Dead.

The fashion is becoming popular in Paris of leaving cards at the cemetery. An oak box, placed on a tombstone, is intended for the cards of those who visit the resting place of a departed friend. In this way the near relatives find out those friends who still cherish the memory of the dead.

When some men have no better occupation they hunt up something for their wives to do.