

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XIV.

The pale, clear glow of the dawn was telling on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose, and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgetfulness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. In the silence of this pale, clear morning she sat down and wrote a message of farewell, the terms of which she had carefully, and not without some smittings of conscience, studied during the long wakeful hours:

"Allt-nam-ba, Wednesday Morning.
"Dear Archie—A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the meantime at least, all our other plans and arrangements must yield to it. Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Poyers, I may not see you to say good-bye; and so I send you this message. From your affectionate YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation? and perhaps, as the days and the months and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation. Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside, Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress' portmanteau. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went downstairs to the dining room, she was surprised to find her father there. "Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-bye?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande—but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days, accustom yourself to think of it, and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now."

It was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog cart. He himself would fasten the rug round her knees, the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away he stood there for a long time regarding them, until the dog cart disappeared at the turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end of that peaceful security that he had hoped to find at Allt-nam-ba!

Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch, she told Sandy to stop and took the reins.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Leslie," she said. "You need not take it up to the house; put it in the letter box at the gate."

Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill she looked over to Lynn Towers, but she could not make out any one at any of the windows. There were one or two stable lads about the out-houses, but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that. If he had waved his handkerchief to her, could she have answered that signal without further hypocrisy and shame? Little did he know what traitress was passing by. But indeed she was gradually ceasing to reproach herself in this way, for the reason that she was ceasing to think about herself at all. It was of another that she was thinking. It was his future that concerned her. What would all his after-life be like? Would there be some reparation? Would time heal that as it healed all things?

When she got to Gress she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale, but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying out to get a few bit flowers for ye. 'Deed, ye're early this morning."

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please do not trouble. You expected me, then? Mr. Melville told you?"

"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to Allt-nam-ba by midday; and I'm thinking I'll take one of the young lassies w' me, in case there's any neediness for a helping hand. The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away."

"But is he going—is he going away?" said Yolande, with a sudden alarm.

"I think he is; though it's no my place to ask," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order in the house. And I jalousie he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught a glint of him going out before any of us was up. I dare say he was off to one of the moorland lochs to have a last day at the trout belike."

"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes. "Mrs. Bell, I must see him! Indeed, I cannot go until I have seen him."

She looked at her watch. Well, she had nearly half an hour to spare, and she was determined to stay till the last minute if it were useful. But there was no figure coming along the road, no living thing visible on these vacant hill-sides, nor a sign of life along the wide moorland of the village. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to listen in a measure.

"Perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville coming down the hill. I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully. "I'm just going indoors to put a bit string round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket, too, ye maun take; I made a few sweets, and comfits, and such things for ye last night, that'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he approached. His features were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her he stood before her with his eyes cast down like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I—I could not go away without a word of good-bye."

Here she stopped, fearful that her self-possession would desert her. Her hands were tightly clenched, and unconsciously she was nervously fingering her engagement ring.

"I do not see why the truth should not be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know, you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself; it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter, it is you that I am sorry for—"

"Yolande, I cannot have you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honor to me that you were my friend, and an education also; you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world! I had not known it before; you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do. Do not think that I shall forget what I owe you; whatever happens, I will try to think of what you would expect of me, and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away," said she, and her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. "And also that—that, if one cannot retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on—"

"Yolande, Yolande," said he earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before you. Whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If any one is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind. Do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly, though still his face was of a ghastly paleness. She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to—give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."

"No," he said at once. "No. Forget everything that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."

"That I have deserved," she said, in a low voice. "Good-bye."

She held out her hand. He took it and held it, and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a saint, of a sad and yearning pity.

"Yolande," said he, and the tones of his voice seemed to reach her very heart, "I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you and good-bye."

"Adieu—adieu!" she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog cart.

When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and perhaps rather regretfully, too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he, and he seemed in an unusual hurry; "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the waterproof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat or something of the kind, and half a loaf, in a little parcel."

"Dear me, sir, I will do that myself; but where are ye going, sir, if I may ask?"

The fact that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions

of this kind—even when he was staying for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland loch—that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was bent on some very desperate excursion.

"Where am I going?" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingsassie, to catch the night train to London."

CHAPTER XV.

The train roared and jangled through the long black night; and always before Yolande's shut but sleepless eyes rose vision after vision of that which she was leaving forever behind—her girlhood. So quiet and beautiful, so rich in affection and kindness, that appeared to her now; she could scarce believe that it was herself she saw in those recurrent scenes, so glad and joyous and light-hearted. That was all over. Already it seemed far away.

Toward morning she slept a little, but not much; however, on the first occasion of her opening her eyes, she found that the gray light of the new day was around her. For an instant a shock of fear overcame her—a sudden sense of helplessness and affliction. She was so strangely situated; she was drawing near the great, dread city; she knew not what lay before her; and she felt so much alone. Despite herself, tears began to trickle down her face, and her lips were tremulous. This new day seemed terrible, and she was helpless—and alone.

"Dear me, miss," said Jane, happening to wake up at this moment, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," her young mistress said. "I—I have scarcely slept at all these two nights, and I feel rather weak and—and—not very well. It is no matter."

But the tears fell faster now; and this sense of weakness and helplessness completely overpowered her. She fairly broke down.

Yolande had resolved, among other things, that, while she would implicitly obey Mr. Melville's instructions about making that appeal to her mother entirely unaided and unaccompanied, she might also prudently follow her father's advice and get such help as was necessary, with regard to preliminary arrangements, from his solicitors; more especially as she had met one of those gentlemen two or three times, and so far as on friendly terms with him. Accordingly, one of the first things she did was to get into a cab, accompanied by her maid, and drive to the offices of Lawrence & Lang in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She asked for Mr. Lang; and by and by was shown into that gentlemen's room. He was a tall, elderly person, with white hair, a shrewd, thin face, and humorous, good-natured smile.

"Take a seat, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Very lucky you came now. In another ten minutes I should have been off to seek you."

"But how did you know?"

"Oh, we lawyers are supposed to know everything," he answered, good-naturedly. "And I may tell you that I know of the business that has brought you to London; and that we shall be most happy to give you all the assistance in our power."

"But how can you know?" the girl said, bewildered. "It was only the day before yesterday I decided to go; and it was only this morning I reached London. Did my papa write to you, then, without telling me?"

"My dear young lady, if I were to answer your questions, you would no longer believe in the omniscience of lawyers," he said, with his grave smile. "No, no; you must assume that we know everything. And let me tell you that the step you are taking, though it is a bold one, deserves to be successful; perhaps it will be successful because it is a bold one. I hope so. But you must be prepared for a shock. Your mother has been ill."

"Ah!" said Yolande—but no more. She held her hands clasped.

"I say she has been ill," said this elderly suave person, who seemed to regard the girl with a very kindly interest. "Now she is better. Three weeks ago my clerk found her unable to sign the receipt that he usually brings away with him; and I was about to write to your father, when I thought I would wait a day or two and see; and fortunately, she got a little better. However, you must be prepared to find her looking ill; and—and—well, I was going to say she might be incapable of recognizing you; but I forgot. In the meantime we shall be pleased to be of every assistance to you in our power, in fact, we have been instructed to consider you as under our protection. As for your personal safety, that need not alarm you. Your friends may be anxious about you, no doubt; but the very worst that can happen will be a little impertinence. You won't mind that. I shall have a policeman in plain clothes standing by; if your maid should consider it necessary, she can easily summon him to you. She will be inside; he outside; so you have nothing to fear."

"Then you know all how it has been arranged!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes; it is our business here to know everything," said he, laughing, "though we are not allowed sometimes to say how we came by the information. Now what else can we do for you? Let me see. If your poor mother will go with you, you might wish to take her to some quiet seaside place, perhaps, for her health?"

"Oh, yes; I wish to take her away from London at once!" Yolande said, eagerly.

"Well, a client of ours has just left some lodgings at Worthing—in fact, we have recommended them, on one or two occasions, and we have been told that they gave satisfaction."

"Will you give me the address, if you please?"

He wrote the address on a card, and gave it to her.

(To be continued.)

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Irving

CIRCUS WITHOUT A PARADE?

Not for the Country Town, Says Showman—Cites an Example.

"The circus managers may cut out the street parade in the big cities," said a man who has had experience with all sorts of shows, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "but the one day and one night stands will never turn out as well if they don't get something thrown in. The parade is what makes the people in the country leave their plows in the field."

"This idea of cutting out the parade reminds me of the Indians on the upper Missouri river and the steamboats that used to carry the callopo."

"I suppose you've heard a callopo. I never knew, honestly, why a white man should stand still when he heard one, especially if he could find the woods. But there was something in it for the Indian. I have always had an idea that the man who conceived a steam callopo was an Indian."

"When the upper Missouri river steamboats put on the callopo the Indians camped on the hills to hear the infernal machine. The experiment proved a failure to the boatmen. Unless a man was forced to make a landing he would wait for a steamer that had no steam music. After one season the callopo was sent to the junk shop."

"Then the Indians rose. I was buying mules for the government in the towns along the river and met Indians every day. They had a notion that because I was in business for the government I could make rain or dry weather. One old buck who lived back of Omaha came to me and said that if the palefaces who had made toots on the river did not toot again he would fill up the Big Muddy with snags and stop navigation."

"He further threatened that his tribe of young warriors would shoot flint arrow-heads into the hulls of boats which did not toot. He said that his squaws depended upon the callopo—he did not call it a callopo—to soothe their papooses. Unless the government made the steamboats toot the Indians would burn the grasses on the prairie and stop cattle from grazing and start a forest fire. About that time the Indians were sent farther West and nothing happened."

"The country towns, however, will do something to the circus that doesn't put up a parade."

BUYING UP THE BUYERS.

Evil Growing Common in the Business Circles of Germany.

Bribing employes who act as buyers for mercantile houses or who in the capacity of salesmen or saleswomen attend to customers in retail shops, especially in the department stores, says United States Consul General Guenther, Frankfurt, is an abuse which has grown in Germany for some years and has caused many complaints in business circles. It has become so serious that the Chambers of Commerce and other mercantile bodies have considered it necessary to discuss measures for relief.

The commercial traveler or representative of the manufacturer who wishes to sell to the retail dealers, will, in many cases, pay employes of the latter commissions in consideration for giving the goods of the bribing house the preference, showing them to the customers in the shops and keeping the goods of other firms out of view. Some of the large retail firms employ men or women to purchase supplies; others, when ordering, consult their salespeople as to making selections.

This practice of bribing extends to other branches of business. A case has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Appeals at Cologne, where the technical manager of a car-building concern was discharged by the company which had employed him because he accepted a commission from a firm for which he procured orders. The manager claimed that such gifts, that is, percentages paid him in money, were customary and worked no injury to his employers, but the court held that the action constituted a gross breach of trust and that the manager was in duty bound to study the interest of his employers and not to be influenced by selfish considerations. The lower court decided against the manager and the Supreme Court of Appeals affirmed the decision.

Wealth of the Philippines.

In the Philippines, as in all its other land deals, the United States made a good bargain. The census of the Philippines shows that the forests in the islands, in which there are 747 varieties of woods, are worth about \$3,000,000,000, or double those of the States of Oregon and Washington, which are especially strong in that particular asset. Then there are great deposits of coal, iron and lead, and there are many indications of gold and silver, all of which represent a wealth of several billions more. The Philippines cost us \$20,000,000, in the lump sum which we paid to Spain. Possibly the military and naval expenditures on account of the islands cost us \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000. But even if these figures were quadrupled we would still be gainers in that speculation in a monetary sense.



"Is it true that the Bloptons are living beyond their income?" "Worse than that. They're living beyond their credit."—Brooklyn Life.

"The automobile has not accomplished much in actual business," said the utilitarian. "Oh, yes, it has. It has helped accident insurance a great deal."—Washington Star.

"This meat," protested the boarder, "is overdone." "Not exactly, it ain't," replied the waitress; "it's done over. This is the same meat you had yesterday."—Philadelphia Press.

Flatbroke—I'm sorry I can't pay that bill now—you'll have to wait awhile. And I'd like a suit this spring, too. Tailor—You'll get it. I'm going to start one to-morrow.—Cleveland Leader.

Tired Mother (to restless child)—Now you set still. I've drug you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment and you shall enjoy it if I have to pull every hair out of your head!—Kansas City Independent.

"You can always tell an Englishman," began the Britisher, boastfully. "But it would only be a waste of breath," interrupted the Yankee, "because he thinks he knows it all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Bessie, how many sisters has your new playmate?" "She has one, mamma. She tried to fool me by saying she had two half-sisters; but I guess she didn't know that I studied fractions."—Washington Life.

Typewriter Agent—Pardon me, sir, but may I ask what is the style of your typewriter? Merchant (enthusiastically)—Right up to date. Elbow sleeves, lace insertion shirt-waist, and all that sort of thing.—New York Weekly.

"What kind of a looking man is that chap Gableton you just mentioned? I don't believe I have met him." "Well, if you see two men off in a corner anywhere and one of them looks bored to death, the other one is Gableton."—Puck.

"What conclusion did your literary and debating society reach last night?" "Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "the conclusion was as usual—chicken salad, ice cream, and 'Good-night; had a perfectly lovely time.'"—Washington Star.

Mr. Dresser—Didn't that new nurse come that I engaged for little Clarence? Mrs. Dresser—Oh, yes, but she wouldn't do! She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and blue you know is only for girl babies. Pink's for boys.—Philadelphia Press.

"Are you going to Europe this summer?" "I don't know," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "going to Europe isn't what it used to be, you know. When a man travels now a lot of people turn up their noses and wonder whether a grand jury is after him."—Washington Star.

Wee Hostess—Mamma, shall I invite Lucy Littmay to my party? Mamma—Certainly. She is the minister's daughter. "Do ministers' daughters get invited everywhere?" "Always." "They has lots of fun, I s'pose? I wish my papa was a minister' stead of a miserable sinner."

Mrs. Highhorse—Of course, I am particular about the family my son marries into. Is there any taint in your blood, such as lunacy, for instance. Mr. Newrox—No, madam, and there's not going to be either! I told my daughter if she married your son I'd cut her off without a cent.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Mudge—I do admire the women you draw, Mr. Penink. They are so beautiful and so refined! Tell me, who is your model? [Mrs. Mudge rises in Mrs. Penink's opinion.] Penink—Oh, my wife always sits for me. Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise)—You don't say so! Well, I think you're one of the cleverest men I know! [Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.]—Punch.

"My dear," said a patient wife who had been studying the war news, "if I were to marry again I would marry a Russian." "What's the trouble now?" inquired the husband tremulously. "When you came home last night you left your hat and umbrella on the dining room table, your collar and necktie were under the chair and your watch this morning is run down. A Russian can at least retire in good order!"

Mrs. B.—I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college? Mrs. Proudmother—La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently impoverishes music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she's unanimous to everybody, an' she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in non de plume, an' you know that makes one feel a comfortable.—Lippincott's.