

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Very well, then," said Yolande, and she went to the fireplace, and placed the bottle conspicuously on the mantelshelf. Then she went back to her mother. "It shall remain there, mother—as something you have no further need of. That is done with now. It was a great temptation when you were living in lodgings in a town, not in good air; and you were very weak and ill; but soon you will be strong enough to get over your fits of faintness or depression without that." She put her hand on her mother's shoulder. "It is for my sake that you should put it away?"

In answer she took her daughter's hand in both hers, and covered it with kisses. "Yes, yes, yes! I have put it away, Yolande, for your sake. I have put it away forever now. But you have a little excuse for me? You do not think so hardly of me as the others? I have been near dying—and alone. I did not know I had such a beautiful daughter—coming to take care of me, too! And I don't want you to go away now—not for a while at least. Stay with me for a little time—until I have got to be just like every one else—and then I shall have no fear of being alone—I shall never, never touch that!"

She glanced at the bottle on the mantelshelf with a sort of horror. She held her daughter's hand tight. And Yolande kept by her until not thinking it was prudent to make too much of this little incident, she begged her mother to come and get her things on for another short stroll before tea.

Toward the evening, however, it was clear that this poor woman was suffering more and more, although she endeavored to put a brave face on it, and only desired that Yolande should be in the room with her. At dinner, she took next to nothing; and Yolande, on her own responsibility, begged to be allowed to send for some wine for her. But no; she seemed to think that there was something to be got through, and she would go through with it. Sometimes she went to the window and looked out—listening to the sound of the sea in the darkness. Then she would come back and sit down by the fire, and ask Yolande to read to her—this, that, or the other thing.

Yolande did not go quickly to sleep, for she knew that her mother was suffering—the labored sighs from time to time told her as much. She lay and listened to the wash of the sea along the shingle and to the tramp of the last wayfarers along the pavement. She heard the people of the house go upstairs to bed. And then, by-and-by, the stillness of the room, and the effects of the fresh air, and the natural healthiness of youth combined to make her drowsy, and, rather against her inclination, her eyes slowly closed.

She was woke by a moan, as of a soul in mortal agony. But even in her alarm she did not start up, she took time to recover her senses. And if the poor mother were really in such suffering, would it not be better for her to lie as if she were asleep? No appeal could be made to her for any relaxation of the promise that had been given her.

Then she became aware of a stealthy noise, and a strange terror took possession of her. She opened her eyes ever so slightly—glimmering through the lashes only—and there she saw that her worst fears were being realized. Her mother had got out of bed and stolen across the room to the sideboard in the parlor, returning with a glass. Yolande, all trembling, lay and watched. She was not going to interfere, it was not part of her plan; and you may be sure she had contemplated this possibility before now. And very soon it appeared why the poor woman had taken the trouble to go for a glass; it was to measure out the smallest quantity that she thought would alleviate her anguish. She poured a certain quantity of the black-looking fluid into the glass; then she regarded it as if with hesitation; then she deliberately poured back one drop, two drops, three drops; and drank the rest at a gulp. Then, in the same stealthy fashion, she took the glass to the parlor and left it there; and crept silently back again and into bed.

Yolande rose. Her face was pale; her lips firm. She did not look at her mother; but, just as if she were assuming her to be asleep, she quietly went out of the room and presently returned with a glass in her hand. She went to the chimney piece. Very well she knew that her mother's eyes were fixed on her, and intently watching her; and, as she poured some of that dark fluid into the glass, no doubt she guessed the poor woman was imagining that this was an experiment to see what had been taken out of the bottle. But that was not quite Yolande's purpose. When she had poured out, as nearly as she could calculate, the same quantity that her mother had taken, she turned her face to the light and deliberately drank the contents of the glass. It was done in a second; there was a sweet, mawkish, pungent taste in the mouth, and a shiver of disgust as she swallowed the thing; then she calmly replaced the bottle on the chimney piece.

But the mother had sprung from her bed with a wild shriek, and caught the girl by both hands.

"Yolande, Yolande, what have you done?"

"What is right for you, mother, is right for me," she said, in clear and set-

tled tones. "It is how I mean to do always!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The frantic grief of the mother was pitiable to witness. She flung her arms round her daughter, and drew her to her, and wept aloud, and called down vengeance upon herself from heaven. And then, in a passion of remorse, she flew at the bottle that was standing there, and would have hurled it into the fireplace, had not Yolande (whose head was beginning to swim already) interposed, calmly and firmly. She took the bottle from her mother's hand and replaced it. "No; it must remain there, mother. It must stand there until you and I can bear to know that it is there, and not to wish for it."

Even in the midst of her wild distress and remorse there was one phrase in this speech that had the effect of silencing the mother altogether. She drew back, aghast, her face white, her eyes staring with horror.

"You and I?" she repeated. "You and I? You, to become like—like—"

"Yes," said Yolande. "What is right for you is right for me; that is what I mean to do—always. Now, dear mother," she added, in a more languid way, "I will lie down; I am giddy—"

She sat down on the edge of the bed, putting her hand to her forehead, and rested so awhile; then insensibly after a time she drooped down on to the pillow—although the frightened and frantic mother tried to get an arm around her waist; and very soon the girl had relapsed into perfect insensibility.

And then a cry rang through the house like the cry of the Egyptian mothers over the death of their first-born. The poison seemed to act in directly opposite ways in the brains of these two women—the one it plunged into a profound stupor; the other it drove into frenzy. She threw herself on the senseless form and wound her arms round the girl, and shrieked aloud that she had murdered her child—her beautiful daughter—she was dying—dead, and no one to save her—murdered by her own mother! The little household was roused at once. Jane came rushing in, terrified. The landlady was the first to recover her wits, and instantly she sent a housemaid for a doctor. Jane, being a strang-armed woman, dragged the hysterical mother back from the bed, and bathed her young mistress' forehead with eau-de-cologne—it was all the poor kind creature could think of. Then they tried to calm the mother somewhat; for she was begging them to give her a knife, that she might kill herself and die with her child.

The doctor's arrival quieted matters somewhat; and he had scarcely been a minute in the room when his eyes fell on the small blue bottle on the mantel-piece. That he instantly got hold of; the label told him what were the contents; and when he went back to the bedside of the girl—who was lying insensible, in a heavy breathing sleep, her chest laboring as if against some weight—he had to exercise some self-control over the mother to get her to show him precisely the quantity of the fluid that had been taken. The poor woman seemed beside herself. She dropped on her knees before him, in a passion of tears, and clasped her hands.

"Save her, save her!—save my child to me—if you can give her back to me I will die a hundred times before harm shall come to her—my beautiful child that came to me like an angel, with kindness and open hands—and this is what I've done!"

"Hush, hush!" said the doctor, and he took her by the hand and gently raised her. "Now you must be quiet. I am not going to wake your daughter. If that is what she took, she will sleep it off; she is young, and I should say healthy. I am going to let nature work the cure; though I fear the young lady will have a bad headache in the morning. It is a most mischievous thing to have such drugs in the house. You are her maid, I understand?" he said, turning to Jane.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, Well, I think for to-night you had better occupy that other bed there; and the young lady's mother can have a bed elsewhere. I don't think you need fear anything—except a headache in the morning. Let her sleep as long as she may. In the morning let her go for a drive in the fresh air, if she is too languid to walk."

But the mother cried so bitterly on hearing of this arrangement that they had to consent to her retaining her place in the room, while Jane said she could make herself comfortable enough in an armchair. As for the poor mother, she did not go back to her own bed at all; she sat at the side of Yolande's bed—at the foot of it, lest the sound of her sobbing should disturb the sleeper; and sometimes she put her hand ever so lightly on the bedclothes, with a kind of pat, as it were, while the tears were running down her face.

Yolande passed from one vision of terror to another all through the long night; until in the gray of the morning she slowly awoke to a sort of half-stupified consciousness. She had a headache—so frightful that at first she could scarcely open her eyes. But she did not mind that; she was overjoyed that she could convince herself of her escape from

those hideous phantoms, and of her being in the actual living world. Then she began to recollect. She thought of what she had done—perhaps with a little touch of pride, as of something that he might approve, if ever he should come to know. Then, though her head was throbbing so dreadfully, she cautiously opened her eyes to look around.

No sooner had she done so than Jane, who was awake, stole noiselessly to her young mistress' bedside. Yolande made a gesture to insure silence—for she saw that her mother was lying asleep; then she rose, wrapped a shawl round her, and slipped out of the room, followed by her maid.

"Jane," said she, "do you think you could slip into the room and bring me my things without waking my mother?"

"But you are not going out, miss?" said the maid, wondering. "The night is scarcely over yet. Won't you go back and lie down?"

"No, no," said Yolande, almost with a shudder of dread. "I have had terrible dreams—I want to go outside—and I have a headache besides; perhaps the fresh air will make it better. But you can lie down, Jane, after I have gone; and don't wake my mother, no matter how late she sleeps. When I come back perhaps the people in the house will be up, and I shall try to take some breakfast—"

The maid went and fetched her things; and when she had dressed she stole noiselessly down the stairs and got outside. How cold and damp the air felt; but yet it was fresh and new and strange; the familiar sound of the sea seemed pleasant and companionable. As yet, in the dull gray dawn, the little town appeared to be asleep; all the people she could find as she passed were a policeman, leaning against a railing and reading a newspaper, two men working at the roadway, and a maid servant cleaning the windows of a first-floor parlor. She walked on, and pushed back the hair from her forehead to let the cold sea breeze dispel this racking pain. But although the headache was a bad one, and although it was a most rare thing for her to know what a headache was, still it did not depress her. She walked on with an increasing gladness.

She was getting near to Broadwater when she saw along the road a pony carriage coming quickly in her direction; the next moment she perceived that her mother was in it, and that Jane (who had been brought up in the country) was driving. A few seconds sufficed to bring them to her; and then the mother, who seemed much excited, got out from the trap, and caught her daughter by both shoulders, and stroked her hair and her face, in a sort of delirium of joy.

"We have been driving everywhere in search of you—I was so afraid—ah, you are alive, and well, and beautiful as ever—my child, my child, I have not murdered you!"

"Hush, mother," said the girl, quite calmly. "It is a pity you got up so early. I came out for a walk, because my head was bad; it is getting better now; I will drive you back if you like."

She drew the girl aside for a few yards—caressing her arm, and stroking her fingers.

"My child, I ought to be ashamed, and miserable; but to see you alive and well—I—I was in despair—I was afraid. But you need not fear any more, Yolande, you need not fear any more."

"I hope not, mother," said Yolande, gravely, and she regarded her mother. "For I think I would rather die than go through again such a night as last night."

"But you need not fear—you need not fear!" said the other, pressing her hand. "Oh, no; when I saw you lying on the bed last night—then—I seemed to know what I was. But you need not fear. No, never again will you have to poison yourself in order to shame me."

"It was not to shame you, mother—it was to ask you not to take any more of that—that medicine."

"You need not fear, Yolande, you need not fear!" she repeated, eagerly. "Oh, no; I have everything prepared now. I will never again touch it—you shall never have to sacrifice yourself like that—"

"Well, I am glad of it, dear mother, for both our sakes," Yolande said. "I hope it will not cost you much suffering."

"Oh, no, it will not cost me much suffering," said the mother, with a strange sort of a smile.

When they got back to Worthing, Yolande set about the usual occupations of the day with her accustomed composure; and even with a measure of cheerfulness. She seemed to attach little importance to the incident that had just happened; and probably wished her mother to understand that she meant to see this thing through as she had begun it. But it was pitiable to see the remorse on the mother's face when a slight contraction of Yolande's brow told that from time to time her head still swam with pain. At night, when Yolande went into the bedroom, she noticed that there was no bottle on the mantel-piece.

"Where is it, mother?" she asked.

"I have thrown it away. You need not fear now, Yolande," her mother said. And then she regarded her daughter nervously. "Don't mind what I said this morning, child. It was foolish. If I cannot bear the suffering well, it cannot be so hard a thing to die; that must come if one waits."

"You are not going to die, mother," said Yolande, gently patting her on the shoulder. "You are going to live; for some day, as soon as you are strong enough, you and I are going to Nice, to drive all the way along to Genoa; and I know all the prettiest places to stop at. But you must have courage and hope and determination. And you must get well quickly, mother; for I should like to go away with you; it is such a long, long time since I smelt the lemon blossoms in the air."

(To be continued.)

In Arabia horses are a favorite article of food.

KAISER WILHELM FINDS IT HARD TO LIVE ON £800,000 PER YEAR

The German Emperor, with an annual income of about four million dollars is a poor man, and has great difficulty in making both ends meet, declares the London Express. He does not receive a farthing in his capacity as German Emperor, but fulfils the duties of this honorary position free of charge to the federation of German States. The Kaiser draws his income, first, as King of Prussia; and, second, as a private landowner.

His income as King of Prussia amounts approximately to \$4,000,000 per annum. The Emperor of Russia receives an annual allowance of approximately \$5,000,000, and the Emperor of Austria an annual allowance of more than \$4,000,000. Both these monarchs receive additional allowances for certain definite purposes, and both of them own vast landed estates far superior in acreage to the German Emperor's possessions.

The Sultan of Turkey receives an annual allowance of \$10,000,000, and the King of Italy draws over \$3,000,000 per annum; while the incomes of several monarchs of smaller States are nearly as large as that of the King of Prussia.

The amount of \$4,000,000 granted annually to the German Emperor in his capacity as King of Prussia is not taken from the national exchequer, but from revenues from State dominions which were formerly the private property of the Prussian royal house. The Crown lands were handed over to the State; and in return the State pays a fixed annual income to the monarch.

The Kaiser owns eighty-three landed estates, comprising a total of 250,000 acres. He is the greatest landowner in Germany, and his possessions far exceed those of the three landowners whose estates rank next to his own in acreage. These are the Prince of Pless, who owns 125,000 acres; the Duke of Ujest, who owns 100,000; and the Duke of Ratibor, who owns 75,000 acres. Some of the land of the Kaiser's estates is rented to farmers; but the Emperor carries on business on his own account in several parts of the country.

The Kaiser's workmen are paid ab-

normally high wages, and all his employes receive liberal pensions in their old age or in case of sickness. He also provides liberally for the widows and children out of his private purse. All these payments consume a large proportion of the profits, so that the Emperor's income from his estates is comparatively small.

Practically speaking, the German Emperor is thus obliged to live on his royal income of \$4,000,000 per annum, which is altogether insufficient for his requirements. The Kaiser has no personal extravagances, but lives a simple and strenuous life of hard work and little luxury. He spends little money on his table, for the cuisine of the German imperial residence is notorious for its inferiority.

The Kaiser is not a dandy, and spends a comparatively small amount every year on his clothes. The horses he rides are not of a particularly good breed, and not unusually expensive. He is not a gambler, and does not indulge in other dissipation which would be excusable in his position.

He is, however, extravagant in one respect, namely, in keeping up the imperial magnificence of his court on a scale never previously attempted by a King of Prussia. The support of relatives forms a first charge on the Kaiser's income. He has to provide an annual allowance for his six sons, and has to maintain a separate court for several more distant relatives.

Apart from his expenditure for purposes of royal display, the Kaiser devotes a large sum every year to the encouragement of art and of the drama. He is continually ordering monuments to be erected at his own expense, and buys pictures for presentation to public galleries.

The Kaiser maintains the Royal Opera House, the Royal Theater in Berlin, and the Royal Theater at Wiesbaden at his own expense. All three theaters are conducted only partially as profit-making concerns.

With all these financial burdens the Kaiser is unable to make both ends meet on his income, and has been obliged to borrow money from some of his wealthy subjects.

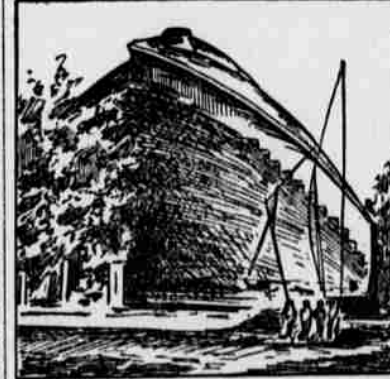


UNCLE SAM: "Some more of them blamed toadstools, I'll be darned."
—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

ANCIENT GRAIN ELEVATOR.

Golah in Bankipur, East India, a Unique Structure.

The most remarkable grain elevator in the world is found in Bankipur, East India, and it was designed and built long before the modern storage houses for cereals were dreamt of. It



THE GOLAH IN BANKIPUR.

was built for a granary in 1783, but has never been used for that purpose. It is 426 feet round at the base, with walls 12 feet in thickness, the interior diameter being 109 feet; it is about 90 feet high, and might contain 137,000 tons. Inside is a most wonderful echo, best heard from the center of the build-

ing; as a whispering gallery, there is, perhaps, no other such building in the world. The ascent to the top is outside by steps; at the top is a platform 10 feet 9 inches round, which has a stone placed in the center. This stone can be lifted, and access obtained to the interior. It is said that Jang Badshah of Nipal rode a pony up the steps outside to the top.

Market for Stumps.

A new industry in the region at the head of the lakes is the gathering of the tree stumps for use in the Maine shipyards. A large number of wooden ships are built every year, and it has been found that the most efficient corner braces are those made from these stumps, and hundreds are shipped east every day. The roots of the trees and a short section of the stump are used in making the braces, and stumps from trees about a foot in diameter are found to be the best. The stump is taken from the ground and roughly hewn into shape before being shipped. After its receipt at the shipyards it is made into a perfect brace. The cost of a carload of the stumps is close to \$400, and the freight charges run over \$100 a car.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A fool and enthusiasm make a bad combination.