

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER XXIV.

But next morning the mother was ill—nay, as Yolande in her first alarm imagined, seriously ill. She could hardly speak; her hands and forehead were hot and feverish; she would take nothing in the shape of a breakfast; she only turned away her head languidly. Yolande was far too frightened to stay to consult her mother's nervous fancies or dislikes; a doctor was sent for instantly—the same doctor, in fact, who had been called in before. And when this portly, rubicund, placid person arrived his mere presence in the room seemed to introduce a measure of calm into the atmosphere; and that was well. He was neither excited nor alarmed. He made the usual examination, asked a few questions, and gave some general and sufficiently sensible directions as to how the patient should be tended. And then he said he would write out a prescription—for this practitioner, in common with most of his kind, had retained that simple and serene faith in the efficacy of drugs which has survived centuries of conflicting theories, contradictions in fact, and scientific doubt, and which is perhaps more beneficial than otherwise to the human race, so long as the quantities prescribed are so small as to do no positive harm. It was acutely, this time, that he chose to experiment with.

However, when he followed Yolande into the other room, in order to get writing materials, and when he sat down and began to talk to her, it was clear that he understood the nature of the case well enough; and he plainly intimated to her that, when a severe chill like this had caught the system and promised to produce a high state of fever, the result depended mainly on the power of the constitution to repel the attack and fight its way back to health.

"Now I suppose I may speak frankly to you, Miss Winterbourne?" said he.

"Oh, yes; why not?" said Yolande, who was far too anxious to care about formalities.

"You must remember, then, that though you have only seen me once before, I have seen you twice. The first time you were insensible. Now," said he, fixing his eyes on her, "on that occasion I was told a little, but I guessed more. It was to frighten your mother out of the habit that you took your first dose of that patent medicine. May I assume that?"

"Well, yes," said Yolande, with downcast eyes—though, indeed, there was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly whether you believe that warning had effect."

"Indeed, I am sure of it," said Yolande, looking up, and speaking with decision.

"You think that since then she has not had recourse to any of those opiates?"

"I am positively certain of it," Yolande said to him.

"I suppose being deprived of them cost the poor lady a struggle?"

"Yes, once or twice—but that was some time ago. Lately she was growing ever so much more bright and cheerful, but still she was weak, and I was hesitating about risking the long journey to the south of France. Yes, it is I that am to blame. Why did I not go sooner? Why did I not go sooner?" she repeated, with tears coming into her eyes.

"Indeed, you cannot blame yourself, Miss Winterbourne," the doctor said. "I have no doubt you acted for the best. The imprudence you tell me of might have happened anywhere. If you keep the room warm and equable, your mother will do as well here as in the south of France—until it is safe for you to remove her."

"But how soon, doctor? how soon? Oh, when I get a chance again I will not wait."

"But you must wait—and you must be patient and careful. It will not do to hurry matters. Your mother is not strong. The fight may be a long one. Now, Miss Winterbourne, you will send and get this prescription made up, and I will call again in the afternoon."

Yolande went back to her mother's room, and sent away Jane; she herself would be nurse. On tiptoe she went about, doing what she thought would add to her mother's comfort; noiselessly tending the fire that had been lit, arranging a shutter so that less light should come in, and so forth. But the confidence inspired by the presence of the doctor was gone now; a terrible anxiety had succeeded; and when at last she sat down in the silent room, and felt that she could do nothing more, a sense of helplessness, of loneliness, entirely overcame her, and she was ready to despair. Why had she not gone away sooner, before this terrible thing happened? Why had she delayed? They might now have been walking happily together along some sunny promenade in the south—instead of this—this hushed and darkened room, and the poor invalid, whom she had tended so carefully, and who seemed to be emerging into a new life altogether, thus thrown back and rendered once more helpless. Why had she gone out on that fatal morning? Why had she left her mother alone? If she had been in the room there would have been no venturing into the snow, whatever dreams and fancies were calling. If she had but taken courage and set out for the south a week sooner—a day sooner—this would not have hap-

pened; and it seemed so hard that when she had almost secured the emancipation of her mother—when the undertaking on which she had entered with so much of fear, and wonder, and hope was near to being crowned with success—the work should be undone by so trifling an accident. She was like to despair.

But patience—patience—she said to herself. She had been warned, before she had left Scotland, that it was no light matter that lay before her. If she was thrown back into prison, as it were, at this moment, the door would be opened some day. And, indeed, it was not of her own liberty she was thinking—it was the freedom of light and life and cheerfulness that she had hoped to secure for this stricken and hapless creature whom fortune had not over-ruled.

Her mother stirred, and instantly she went to the bedside.

"What does the doctor say, Yolande?" she asked, apparently with some difficulty.

"Only what every one sees," she said, with such cheerfulness as was possible. "You have caught a bad cold, and you are feverish; but you must do everything that we want you to do, and you will fight it off in time."

"What kind of a day is it outside?" she managed to ask again.

"It is fine, but cold. There has been some more snow in the night."

"If you wish to go out, go out, Yolande. Don't mind me."

"But I am going to mind you, mother, and nobody else. Here I am, here I stay, till you are well again. You shall have no other nurse."

"You will make yourself ill, Yolande. You must go out."

She was evidently speaking with great difficulty.

"Hush, mother, hush!" the girl said. "I am going to stay with you. You should not talk any more—it pains you, does it not?"

"A little." And then she turned away her head again. "If I don't speak to you, Yolande, don't think it is unkind of me. I—I am not very well, I think."

And so the room was given over to silence again, and the girl to anxious thoughts as to the future. She had resolved not to write to her father until she should know more definitely. She would not unnecessarily alarm him. At first, in her sudden alarm, she had thought of summoning him at once; but now she had determined to wait until the doctor had seen her mother again. If this were only a bad cold, and should show symptoms of disappearing, then she could send him a reassuring message. At present she was far too upset and anxious and disturbed to carefully weigh her expressions.

About noon Jane stole silently into the room and handed her a letter and withdrew again. Yolande was startled when she glanced at the handwriting, and hastily opened the envelope. The letter came from Inverness, and was dated the morning of the previous day; that was all she noted carefully—the rest seemed to swim into her consciousness all at once, she ran her eyes over the successive lines so rapidly, and with such a breathless agitation.

"My Dear Yolande," Jack Melville wrote, "I shall reach Worthing just about the same time as this letter. I am coming to ask you for a single word. Archie Leslie has told me—quite casually, in a letter about other things—that you are no longer engaged to him; and I have dared to indulge in some vague hopes. Well, it is for you to tell me to put them aside forever, or to let them remain, and see what the future has in store. That is all. I don't wish to interfere with your duties of the moment—how should I?—but I cannot rest until I ascertain from yourself whether or no I may look forward to some distant time, and hope. I am coming on the chance of your not having left Worthing. Perhaps you may not have left, and I beg of your kindness to let me see you, for ever so short a time."

She quickly and quietly went to the door and opened it. Her face was very pale.

"Jane!"

The maid was standing at the window, looking out; she immediately turned and came to her mistress.

"You remember Mr. Melville who used to come to the lodge?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"He will be in Worthing to-day—he will call here—perhaps soon. He will ask to see me—well—you will tell him I cannot see him. I cannot see him. My mother is ill. Tell him I am sorry—but I cannot see him."

Then Yolande quietly slipped into the room again—glancing at her mother, to see whether her absence had been noticed; and her hand was clutching the letter, and her heart beating violently. It was too terrible that he should arrive at such a moment—amid this alarm and anxiety. She could not bear the thought of meeting him. And so she sat in the still and darkened room, listening with a sort of dread for the ring at the bell below; and then picturing to herself his going away; and then thinking of the years to come.

This was what happened when Melville came to the door. To begin with, he was not at all sure that he should find Yolande there, for he had heard from Mrs. Bell that she and her mother were leaving England. But when Jane,

In response to his ringing of the bell, opened the door, then he knew that they were not gone.

"Miss Winterbourne is still here, then?" he said quickly, and indeed with some appearance of anxiety in the pale, handsome face.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you be good enough to ask her if I can see her for a moment?" he said, at length. "She knows that I meant to call on her."

"Please, sir, Miss Winterbourne told me to say that she was very sorry, but that she cannot see you. Her mother is ill, sir," said Jane. "I think she is very ill, sir, but I would not say so to my young mistress, sir."

"Of course not—of course not," he said, absently; and then he suddenly asked, "Has Miss Winterbourne sent for her father?"

"I think not, sir. I think she is waiting to hear what the doctor says."

"Who is the doctor?"

She gave him both the name and address.

He sent her a message—some half hour thereafter. It was merely this:

"Dear Yolande—I am deeply grieved to have intruded upon you at such a time. Forgive me. I hope to hear better news; but do not you trouble; I have made arrangements so that I shall know.—J. M."

And Yolande put that note with others—for in truth she had carefully preserved every scrap of writing that he had ever sent her; and it was with a wistful kind of satisfaction that at least he had gone away her friend.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly three o'clock, and she awaited his verdict with an anxiety amounting to distress. But he would say nothing definite. The fever had increased, certainly; but that was to be expected. She reported to him—as minutely as her agitation allowed—how his directions had been carried out in the interval, and he approved. Then he begged her not to be unduly alarmed, for this fever was the common attendant on the catching of a sudden chill; and with similar vague words of reassurance he left. But the moment he had gone she sat down and wrote to her father.

Mr. Winterbourne came down next morning—rather guessing that the matter was more serious than the girl had represented—and went straight to the house. He sent for Jane, and got it arranged that, while she took Yolande's place in the sick room for a few minutes, Yolande should come downstairs and see him in the ground floor parlor, which was unoccupied. It is to be remembered that he had not seen his daughter since she left the Highlands.

When Yolande came into the room his eyes lighted up with gladness; but the minute they were dimmed with tears—and the hands that took hers were trembling—and he could hardly speak.

"Child, child," said he, in a second or so, "how you are changed! You are not well, Yolande; have you been ill?"

"Oh, no, papa, I am perfectly well."

As she desired, he went and saw the doctor, who spoke more plainly to him than he had done to the girl of the possible danger of such an attack, but also said that nothing could be definitely predicted as yet. It was a question of the strength of the constitution. Mr. Winterbourne told him frankly who he was, what his position was, and the whole sad story; and the doctor perfectly agreed with Yolande that it was most inadvisable to risk the agitation likely to be produced if the poor woman were to be confronted with her husband.

As the days passed the fever seemed to abate somewhat, but an alarming prostration supervened. At length the doctor said, on one occasion when Mr. Winterbourne had called on him for news:

"I think, Mr. Winterbourne, if you have no objection, I should like to have a consultation on this case. I am afraid there is some complication."

"I hope you will have the best skill that London can afford," said Mr. Winterbourne, anxiously; for although the doctor rather avoided looking him in the face, the sound of this phrase was ominous.

But all the skill in London or anywhere else could not have saved this poor victim from the fatal consequences of a few moments' thoughtlessness. The wasted and enfeebled constitution had succumbed. But her brain remained clear; as long as she could hold Yolande's hand, or even see the girl walking about the room or seated in a chair, she was content.

"I don't mind dying now," she said, or rather whispered, on one occasion. "I have seen you and know you; you have been with me for awhile. It was like an angel that you came to me; it was an angel who sent you to me. I am ready to go now."

"Mother, you must not talk like that!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, the nonsense of it! How long, then, do you expect me to be kept waiting for you, before we can start for Bordighera together?"

"We shall never be at Bordighera together," the mother said, absently—"never! never! But you may be, Yolande; and I hope you will be happy there, and always, for you deserve to be. Ah, yes, you will be happy! Surely, it cannot be otherwise—you, so beautiful and so noble-hearted."

(To be continued.)

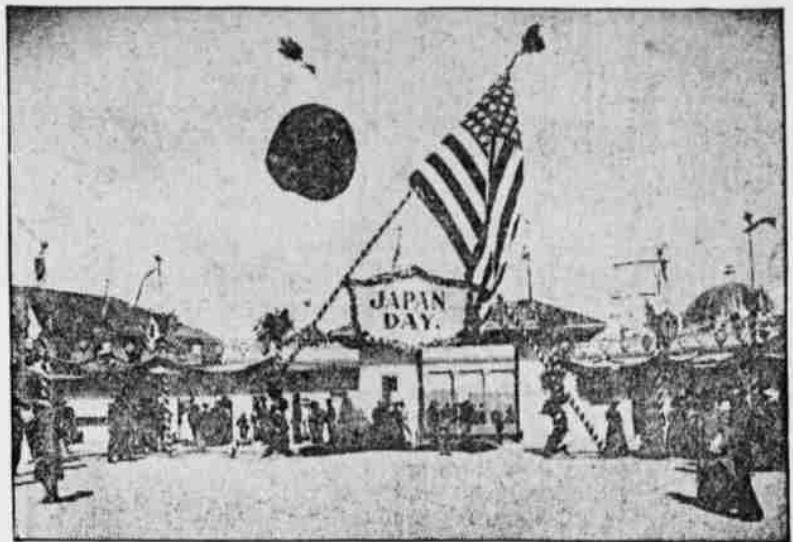
## Another One.

"Do you know what you are trying to say," queried the editor, as he glanced over the copy, "when you speak of a man going to his long rest at the untimely age of 80?"

"Sure," answered the new reporter. "He ought to have been chloroformed twenty years ago."

Strange as it may seem there are a number of prominent men living to-day whose fathers' wives never had an opportunity to attend a mothers' congress.

## JAPANESE PEACE JUBILEE AT PORTLAND.



The Japanese Consul at Portland, Ore., and the commissioners from Japan at the Lewis and Clark Exposition united, at the instance of the imperial government, in a grand peace jubilee carnival at the exposition. The Mikado instructed his commissioners at the Portland fair to exert their utmost efforts to make a notable showing for Japan. Accordingly, the Japanese commissioners set themselves to the task of breaking the St. Louis record. They secured more than half the space in the Oriental Exhibit Palace, making by far the best showing of any foreign government.

When it became evident that the peace envoys at Portsmouth would reach an agreement, the Japanese determined to give expression to their appreciation of President Roosevelt's efforts as a peacemaker by arranging some sort of a celebration at the exposition, the only place where the Japanese people at this moment are officially taking part in any American enterprise of general public importance. They hit upon the idea of a peace jubilee carnival. It is said that about \$10,000 was expended by the Japanese representatives in the carnival, and the day was known as "Japan Day" at the exposition.

## MARSHALL FIELD'S BRIDE.

Beautiful Mrs. Caton Who Has Married the Merchant Prince.

Seldom does a marriage attract greater public interest than that directed toward the union of Marshall Field and Mrs.



Field and Mrs. Della Spencer Caton, which was recently solemnized in London. Marshall Field is the world's greatest merchant, having immense interests in all parts of the globe. He is the largest taxpayer in the United States and probably our second richest citizen. His wealth is conservatively estimated at \$250,000,000, though it may be much greater than this. His great stores in New York and Chicago are world famous, and his name is almost as familiar in Europe as it is in America. He is 70 years of age, nearly 6 feet in height, erect in bearing and handsome in face. His is a face and form which would attract attention in any company, as the personification of business acumen and



MRS. MARSHALL FIELD.

sterling citizenship. His first wife died nine years ago, and since that time he has gone very little into society, confining his visits to the homes of a few intimate friends, the Catons, who were his neighbors, being among the number. His residence is on Prairie avenue and the Caton mansion is separated from it only by a narrow alley.

Mr. Field was born on a Massachusetts farm and spent his boyhood days there. At 17 he went to work in a country store. A little later he went to Chicago and secured a clerkship in a wholesale dry goods house. At the age of 25 he was taken into partnership and from that day to this his fortune has grown.

Mrs. Caton, who is 53 years of age, though she does not appear to be more than 40, is by temperament and environment admirably suited to be Mr. Field's helpmeet. His friends are hers and his tastes, which she thoroughly appreciates, are her tastes. The two personalities are declared to be well suited. Mrs. Caton is amiable and tactful. Her good nature is part of herself and knows no ending. She

is a natural entertainer. For years she occupied a place in Chicago society hardly second to that held by Mrs. Potter Palmer. Her dinners and special entertainments at her home were famous when the present generation of social butterflies was holding sway in the nursery.

Mrs. Caton is the daughter of the Spencer who helped to found the house of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. As Della Spencer twenty-seven years ago she met and was won by Arthur Caton, one of the most cultivated and handsomest beaux of the period. The courtship was brief and was started at Ottawa, Ill., where the Spencers lived. Mr. Caton, who was a native of Oneida county, N. Y., became wealthy and his wife inherited riches from her parents. Mrs. Caton also was among the most prominent patronesses at the charities, balls and horse shows. Her husband was a good whip and, being fond of horses, he indulged his whim extensively. At the last horse show he drove four-in-hand to general applause.

Mrs. Caton has traveled considerably of recent years. She has been presented at several European courts and is a familiar figure at the European watering places patronized by royalty and the aristocracy of the old world.

Mr. Caton, who was a warm personal friend of Mr. Field, about a year ago died suddenly in New York City.

## Never Heard of Howells.

An amusing little incident was related recently to William Dean Howells. It seems that a reader of many novels from the West went into a New York bookstore and asked a bright-looking clerk for Howells' last book. "Yes, we have it," replied the clerk, and handed the customer a book by H. G. Wells. "No," said the Westerner, "not Wells—Howells—W. D. Howells." The clerk looked nonplused, and, going to the back of the store, conferred with another intelligent-looking spectacled clerk. Both apparently were at a loss, and the second young man came forward and said: "Will you please tell me if he has ever written any other books?" "About sixty," retorted the Westerner, and with a sad smile for the passing of the bookshop he departed to seek "Miss Bellard's Inspiration" in the better informed department store.—Harper's Magazine.

## Reward of Virtue.

The famous British Order of the Garter has so far been conferred on only one oriental ruler, viz., the Shah of Persia. Before many months, however, it will be bestowed on the Emperor of Japan, between whose country and Great Britain the closest relations now exist. It is the present intention to have the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the end of their visit to India, sail in a great war ship to Japan, bearing the coveted decoration with them.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Contrary to Precedent.

"Yes," said the government official, "Mr. Braynes would make an ideal public servant. But it wouldn't do to appoint him."

"Why not?"

"Because he isn't enough of a money maker to enable him to say that he accepted the place at pecuniary sacrifice."—Washington Star.

## Thought It Was a Proposal.

The Man—I trust, Mrs. Backbay, that you don't agree with Maud Gonne when she says brazen women should not marry?

The Girl from Boston—This is so precipitate, dear Mr. Breezy!—Cleveland Leader.