

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Yolande went back to her father, who, though closely watching her, was standing with the Grahams; and she told them of the mission with which she had been entrusted. At last the crowd began to resolve itself into those who were going and those who were remaining behind. Mrs. Graham was in despair because of the non-appearance of her brother.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Col. Graham. "I believe that he has never heard that the ships don't stop at Southampton now. Never mind, Polly; he can go overland if he wants to catch us at Cairo."

At Tilbury there was the usual scramble of getting the luggage transferred to the noisy little tender. When, after long delays, the tender was drawing near the side of the huge steamer, of course all eyes were turned to the decks above, where the picturesque costumes of the lascar crew were the most conspicuous points of color.

"There he is—I can make him out," observed Col. Graham, as he regarded a group of young men who were up on the hurricane deck, leaning over the rail, and watching the approach of the tender. There is Jack Douglas—and young Mackenzie of Sleat—oh, there's Ogilvy's brother-in-law—what do you call him?—the long fellow who broke his leg at Bombay—there's young Fraser, too, eye-glass and all—a regular gathering of the clans."

By this time everybody was scrambling on the paddle boxes of the tender, and from thence ascending to the deck of the steamer. The Master of Lynn was standing by the gangway, awaiting his sister. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, slim, well built, with a pale, olive complexion and a perfectly clean-shaven face; and he had the square forehead, the well-marked eyebrows, and the pleasant gray eyes with dark lashes that his sister had.

"How are you, Graham? How are you, Polly?" he said.

"Well, I like your coolness!" his sister said, angrily. "Why were you not

come chiefly for the voyage itself. And it was a life the very small incidents of which excited interest, simply because people had plenty of time to consider them—and each other.

There was no doubt that Yolande had become a pretty general favorite; for she found herself very much at home; and she put aside a good deal of that reserve which she assumed in traveling on land. These people could in no sense be considered strangers; they were all too kind to her. The ship's officers brought her the charts out of the chart room, to show her how far the vessel had got on her course. The captain allowed her to go on the bridge, and gave her his own glass when a distant sail was to be seen. And the young soldiers, when they were not in the smoking room, and when they were not picking up rope quoits for Mrs. Graham, had an eye on the many starved birds fluttering about, and when they could they caught one and brought it to Miss Winterbourne, who was glad to take the wild-eyed, fluttering wanderer down into the saloon and put its beak for a second or two into a glass of fresh water. Once or twice Yolande caught one of these swallows.

Day after day passed without change. The young Master of Lynn was very diligently, and with a Jacon-like modesty and patience, strove to win Yolande's regard; but although she was always most friendly toward him and pleased to chat with him, or walk the hurricane deck with him, she seemed to treat him precisely as she treated any of the others. If there was one whom she especially favored, it was Col. Graham, whose curt, sardonic speeches amused her.

At last they arrived at Port Said, that curious, rectangular-streeted, shanty-built place, that looks like Cheyenne painted pink and white; and of course there was much wonder and interest in beholding land again, and green water, and the swarming boats with their Greeks and Maltese and Negroes and Arabs, all in their various costumes. But it was with a far greater interest that they regarded the picture rowed them when the vessel had started again, and was slowly and silently stealing away into the wide and lonely desert land, by means of this water highway. The Suez canal had been rather a commonplace phrase to Yolande; mixed up with monetary affairs mostly; and suggestive of machinery. But all this was strange and new; and the vessel was going so slowly that the engines were scarcely heard; she seemed to glide into this dream-world of silver sky and far-reaching wastes of yellow sand. It was so silent, and so wide, and so lonely. For the most part the horizon line was a mirage; and they watched the continual undulations of the silver-white waves; and even the strange reflections of what appeared to be islands; but here there was not even a palm to break the monotony of the desert—only the little tamarisk bushes dotting the sand. From a marsh a red-legged flamingo rose, slowly winging its way to the south. Then a string of camels came along with forward-stretching heads and broad, sloping feet; the Bedouins either perched through the sand by their side, their faces looking black in contrast to their white wide-flowing garments. And so they glided through the silent, gray, silver world.

The night saw another scene. They were anchored in another part of the canal, where the banks were high and steep; and the moonlight was surpassingly vivid. On one of these banks—it seemed a great mountain as it rose to the dark-blue vault where the stars were—the moonlight threw the shadow of the rigging of the ship so sharply that every spar and rope was traced on the silver-clear sand. There was an almost oppressive silence in this desert solitude; a dark animal that came along through the tamarisk bushes—some said it was a jackal—disappeared up and over the sand-mountain like a ghost. And in the midst of this weird cold moonlight and silence these people began to get up a dance after dinner. The piano was brought on deck from the saloon. The women folk had put on their prettiest costumes. There had been perhaps a little begging and half promising going on beforehand. The smoking room was deserted. From the supports of the awnings a number of large lanterns had been slung; so that when the ladies began to appear and when the first notes of the music were heard, the scene was a very animated and pretty one; but so strange with the moonlit desert around. The Master of Lynn had got hold of Yolande—he had been watching for her appearance.

(To be continued.)

## Too Advanced for Him.

In Chicago there is a principal of one of the public schools who in his college days was considered something of a "shark" at Latin, and at many other studies besides. What he did not know about physiology was hardly worth knowing. He was a "grind," and a scholarship man.

His little girl, aged 6, is now a pupil at the experimental school at the university, where she learns many things out of the order of public school education. Recently she fell and hurt herself. Her father found her crying.

"What's the matter, Noreen?" he asked.

"I fell and bumped my patella," she replied. Remember, this was in Chicago, and not in Boston.

Papa was sympathetic. "Poor little girl!" he said, and proceeded with the best intentions, to examine her elbow. Noreen broke away in disgust.

"Huh!" she snorted. "Haven't you never learned anything? I said my patella! That isn't my elbow. My elbow is my great sesamoid."

Papa went for a Latin dictionary.

Wanted the Whole Thing.

Mr. Hayrix (in restaurant)—Hi, thar, mister! Fetch me a dozen uv them air raw oysters.

Walter—Yes, sir; on the half shell, sir?

Mr. Hayrix—Naw; bring 'em on th' whole shell. I'm out fer a good time, by grass, an' I reckon I don't keer fer expenses!

Blessed is the influence of one true, loving human soul on another.—George Eliot.

We cannot be just unless we are kindhearted.—Vanvenargues.

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## Orchid Worth \$5,000.

The *Cypripedium Fairrieanum* is one of the rarest orchids in the world. It was introduced into England some fifty years ago, and at one time was comparatively well known, but subsequently it died out and is now to all intents and purposes a thing of the past. One tiny scrap is still known to exist in England, as well as four equally small pieces in Paris, but as flowering plants all specimens of the orchid have disappeared, alike in the collections of Europe and in the Botanic Gardens of Calcutta, where also they once flowered. For some years a



A \$5,000 ORCHID.

firm of orchid growers in St. Albans, England, has had a standing offer of a reward of £1,000 for a healthy specimen of the orchid, and as the plant originally came from the almost inaccessible wilds of Bhotan, among the lofty Himalayas, these regions have for many years been searched by adventurous spirits anxious to gain the reward. It is now announced that the search has been successful, and the lucky finder, when he lands his plants in England in good condition, will receive the prize of £1,000.

## For Hen and Chicks.

While there are several forms of coops for the old hen and her chicks, says the Indianapolis News, the one built on the well-known lines, a full span, is generally considered the most desirable, although there are several ways of improving this old affair. One of the main troubles with the old coop is that it was not always dry, a serious defect when one considers how harmful dampness is to young chicks. This may be prevented as well as preventing the warping of the boards if the two strips placed across the top are lapped, as shown at Fig. C in the illustration.

Then ventilation may be supplied by placing a number of small holes in the peak of the roof at the back and in front, covering a similar place with fine wire netting, doubled as shown in the illustration and at the point B. This wire will keep out vermin as well. The lower part of the coop is so arranged that a small door may be readily opened when it is necessary to let the old hen out, and yet she cannot get it loose herself; the slats are placed far enough apart so that the chicks can go in and out at



CHEAP CHICKEN COOP.

will and they should be placed wide apart so that no change will need to be made as the chicks grow. A little more lumber and brains put in the making of coops for chickens would make the old hen more comfortable and prevent many of the chickens from dying of roup.

## Feeding Silage to Cows.

Many cows will like silage the first time they taste it; a few will mince at it for a few feeds, but for a few feeds only. It is best not to feed too heavily to a cow just learning to eat it. I have had cows eat greedily of it the first few feeds and then become turned against it, but a little bit in their trough for a few feeds and they are all right again. For a cow, though, which is used to it, nothing under eighteen or twenty pounds to a feed will gorge her.—Cor. Farmers' Guide.

## The Polled Jersey.

Polled Jerseys are simply Jerseys without horns. They have the same characteristics and practically the same blood as the horned Jerseys. The desirable feature about them is that they are hornless, writes W. H. Forbes, of Ohio, in American Agriculturist. A majority of those exhibited by us at the Ohio and New York State fairs last season were of a Polled Jersey sire, but out of horned A J C C cows. A large majority of the calves from

such a cross are without horns. When the calf does have horns the result of the second cross is almost sure to be a Polled animal. The American Polled Jersey Cattle Company has provided a supplementary herd book for registering these animals, if females, as foundation stock, the produce of which is eligible to record in the American Polled Jersey herd book.

## Keep a Sheep Dog.

Every farmer who has a flock of fifty or more sheep ought to keep a good shepherd dog. He is worth a big price in the first place, and will earn his cost every year in saving sheep and lambs and in doing the work of a man. Their intelligence is almost human and they will take sole care of a flock of sheep, spending every day and night with them if allowed to do so. It is better, however, to put the sheep in an enclosure at night, and relieve the dog from the care of watching them. In the morning he may be sent out with them, and he will herd them on any field of land or keep them within any bounds indicated.

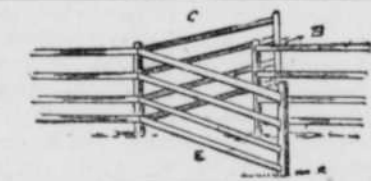
The fidelity of the shepherd dog is remarkable. In Colorado one night last winter a herder brought his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog, which usually followed him to the cabin of an evening to have her supper. The herder thought it rather strange, but made no search for the dog that night. But when he went down to the corral the next morning he found the gate open and the faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. The herder in his haste the night before had forgotten to close the gate, and the dog, more faithful than her master, had remained at her post all night, though suffering from hunger and thirst.

On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After he had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral. This she refused to do, and although she had no supper, she started off over the prairie as fast as she could go. The herder put the sheep in the corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the loud barking of a dog down by the corral. He got up, dressed himself and went down to the corral, and there found the dog with a band of fifty sheep which had strayed off the previous day without the herder's knowledge; but the poor dog knew it, and also knew that they ought to be corralled, and she did it.

A well-bred shepherd dog—the Scotch collie, if bred from working stock, is the best—will cost from \$25 to \$50, but they are worth it any time.

## Stock-Proof Open Gate.

The drawing will give you an idea how much time and worry can be saved if you have cattle or horses in the pasture and through which many walkers pass daily. It takes only one



STOCK-PROOF GATE.

extra panel of fence. Simply place a panel (C) one and one-half feet past first post in panel D and panel E the same distance, but letting C be on one side, while E is on the other, and at the same time leave room enough through which one person may pass with ease. As panel D fits in between C and E, it becomes impossible for a horse or cow to pass. A shows the entrance and B the outlet. The main reasons why I say it is better than a gate are as follows: 1. It is always open to people and is shut to horses and cows. 2. If you had a gate in its place it would so often be left open by careless, indifferent, thoughtless people. 3. It is much easier to make or keep in good shape than a gate. Some may say that there is no need of either, but if you did not have some handy opening through which walkers could easily pass they would climb over your fence and then you would soon have two or three planks off, and probably broken.—Farm Journal.

## Poultry Pickings.

It is not always the fat hen that becomes broody.

The scratching hen gives her chicks much exercise.

Nowhere do souls sour quicker than in an ice box cupboard.

Pullets hatched now will come in for late summer layers.

Give the whole wheat to the hen and soft feed to the chicks.

Drive the young under shelter during sudden showers of rain.

Try a camphor ball for lice. Place one in each nest as you set the hen.

Whole corn, grit and fresh water are the best fare for the sitting hen.

The fact that the hen is laying is no sign that she wants to leave her young.

Keep food constantly before the sitting hen so she can help herself at will.

Thirteen eggs in early spring and fifteen during late spring and summer are large enough sittings.

The best friend is not the one who gives us most cold cash, but the one who imparts most warm cheer.



If Bontanist Burbank wishes to confer a real boon on humanity he should set to work to improve the strawberry at the bottom of the box.—Chicago News.

It is costing Uncle Sam a big round of ducats for rural free delivery. In return, he is entitled to the very best highways local effort can give him.—Burlington Hawkeye.

It would be interesting if the men of the nation could go into executive session and find out how many of them secretly agree with Mr. Cleveland in his criticism of women's clubs.—Washington Post.

Mexico is extending a hearty welcome to Mormons and Dowdletters, and the United States will give them an enthusiastic sendoff if they will only migrate there en masse.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wisconsin has driven out the cigarette, and now proposes to tax the bachelor. There is nothing left for the bachelor but to come to Oregon, where he can smoke himself to death.—Portland Oregonian.

The Osage Indians might, if they possessed the enterprise, successfully buck the Standard Oil Company. They have the money, the oil, the gas, the railway facilities and the markets.—Oklahoma Times-Journal.

The sale of Captain Kidd's house in New York the other day attracted no attention. When it comes to genuine piracy there are thousands of New Yorkers who have him beaten to death.—Wilmington Journal.

Once on a time a man stopped taking a very good newspaper because the paper printed something he didn't like. The paper survived, but in the course of time the man went the way of all flesh and was forgotten.—Augusta Chronicle.

Missouri has a new game law that will prevent the ladies from trimming their hats with the plumage of birds. The legislators who voted for this measure may as well save useless expense and decline re-election.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Igorrotes are again advertising exhibitions by a reported dog feast in Oregon. At all events it can be said for the guileless and shirtless savages that their style of life makes them independent of the dressed-beef combination.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Chicago woman shot and killed her husband to keep him at home. And yet, unless she took the precaution to provide herself with a cold-storage plant, her plans may slightly interfere with the rules of the Chicago Health Department.—Augusta Chronicle.

Heretofore "Elijah III" Dowie has been able to satisfy his followers by giving them a "revelation" whenever they became importunate. But now some of the heaviest investors among them are calling for a statement of accounts instead of a revelation.—Savannah News.

Mr. Hoch announces that he will die like a Christian, a statement which suggests the reflection that if Mr. Hoch had lived like a Christian he could still have died like one, though the date of his demise might have been postponed considerably.—Chicago Chronicle.

August W. Machen, already in prison, has been sentenced to an additional term under another indictment. Doubtless he deserves all he is getting—but is he to shoulder the punishment for the whole crew of scoundrels concerned in the postoffice department frauds?—Buffalo Courier.

Rev. Anna Shaw declares that women will never get the ballot until they adopt the slogan, "No ballots, no babies!" It is the fool suffragists of this type that have delayed the granting of woman suffrage so long. What do you think of the Rev. Anna and her slogan, anyway?—Topeka Herald.

It is reported that there is a widespread and growing desire among the young men of this country to rush away to Panama for the purpose of helping to dig the canal. We regard it as our duty to publicly announce that the walking on the way back from Panama is very poor in some places.—Pine Bluff (Ark.) Press-Eagle.

Fitzhugh Lee had the haughty bearing of the Old Dominion aristocrats, but under that exterior of conscious pride beat the heart of one of God's noblemen. When the war broke out he cast his fortunes with his native State. When it was over, he gulped down the bitterness and humiliation like a true soldier and swore allegiance to the flag of our common country. Now he has gone to his eternal rest, with this the judgment of his fellow-men that there throbbeth within the bosom of Fitzhugh Lee the heart of a patriot and a true man.—Nebraska State Journal.

Grover Cleveland pronounces the women's clubs to be the enemies of civilization, the destroyers of domestic tranquility and the foe of orderly government. Evidently Mr. Cleveland has mislaid his copy of Cushing's Manual.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several neurological authorities have contended that mental troubles are due principally to "wine, women and worry." It is strange, though, that hazardous speculation never hurts the mind of reckless trustees of money till they are caught.—St. Louis Renbilla.



ONCE OR TWICE YOLANDE CAUGHT ONE OF THE SWALLOWS.

at the station? Why did you not tell us? Of course, we thought you had missed the train! I wish you would take the trouble to let people know what you are about. Let me introduce you to Miss Winterbourne—Yolande, dear, this is my brother Archie—Mr. Winterbourne, my brother, Mr. Leslie. Well, now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much," he said, smiling good-naturedly, and taking some wraps and things from her which her husband had selfishly allowed her to carry. "I went down to see some fellows at Chatham last night; and of course I stayed there and came over in the morning. Sorry I vexed you. You see, Miss Winterbourne, my sister likes platform parade; she likes to have people round her for half an hour before the train starts; and she likes to walk up and down; for it shows off her figure and her dress; isn't that so, Polly?"

There was a great bustle and confusion on board; friends giving farewell messages, passengers seeking out their cabins; the bare-armed and bare-footed lascars, with their blue blouses and red turbans, hoisting luggage on to their shoulders and carrying it along the passages.

Yolande stole away to her own cabin, and carefully and religiously opened the little basket that held the flowers, to see whether they might not be the better for a sprinkling of water. They were rather expensive flowers for a poor woman to have bought. Yolande poured some water into the wash-hand basin, and dipped her fingers into it; and very carefully and tenderly sprinkled the flowers over. And then she considered what was likely to be the coolest and safest place in the cabin for them; and hung the basket there; and then came out again—shutting the door, involuntarily, with quietness.

She passed through the saloon and went up on deck. Her father was still there. He went down with her to the saloon, and took his place in silence. Yolande sat next to Mrs. Graham, who was very talkative and merry. Young Archie Leslie was opposite; so was Col. Graham. They were mostly idling; but Yolande was hungry, and they were all anxious to help her at once, though the silent dusky stewards knew their duties well enough.

By and by, when they were talking about anything or nothing, it occurred to the Master of Lynn to say: "I suppose you don't know that we are off?"

Mr. Winterbourne quickly got up and went to one of the ports; there, undoubtedly, were the river banks slowly, slowly going astern. He went back to his seat, putting his hand on Yolande's shoulder as he sat down.

"Yolande," he said, "do you know that

we are off—really and truly going away from England—altogether quit from its shores?"

His manner had almost instantly changed. His spirits quickly brightened up. He made himself most agreeable to Mrs. Graham; and was humorous in his quiet, half-sardonic way, and was altogether pleased with the appearance and the appointments of the ship. To fancy this great mass of metal moving away like that and the throbbing of the screw scarcely to be detected!

And at dinner, too, in the evening it was a delight to Yolande to sit next him and listen to his chuckles and his little jokes. Care seemed to have left him altogether. The night, when they went on deck again, was dark; but a dark night pleased him as much as anything. Yolande was walking with him.

And then they sat down with their friends; and Mrs. Graham had much to talk about. Yolande sat silent. Far away in the darkness a long, thin, dull line of gold was visible; she had been told that these were the lights of Hastings. It is a strange thing to sail past a country in the night time and to think of all the beating human hearts it contains—of the griefs, and despairs, and hushed joys, all hidden away there in the silence. And perhaps Yolande was thinking most of all of the poor mother—whose name she did not know, whom she should never see again—but whose heart she knew right well was heavy that night with its aching sorrow. It was her first actual contact with human misery.

It was the third evening out that she had to put the flowers overboard—on the wide and sad and uncertain grave. She did not wish anyone to see her, somehow; she could not make it a public ceremony—this compliance with the pathetic, futile wishes of the poor mother. She had most carefully kept the flowers sprinkled with water, and, despite of that, they were sadly faded and shriveled; but she had purchased another basketful at Malta, and these were fresh enough. What mattered? The time was too vague; the vessel's course too uncer-

tain; the trifles of flowers would soon be swallowed up in the solitary sea. But it was the remembrance of the mother she was thinking of.

She chose a moment when everyone was down below at dinner, and the deck was quite deserted. She took the two little baskets to the rail; and there, very slowly and reverently, she took out handful after handful of the flowers and dropped them down on the waves, and watched them go floating and floating out and out on the swaying waters. The tears were running down her face; and she had forgotten whether there was anybody by or not. She was thinking of the poor woman in England. Would she know? Could she see? Was she sure that her request would not be forgotten? And indeed she had not gone so far wrong when she had trusted to the look of Yolande's face.

CHAPTER V.

"I don't believe in any such simplicity. Men may; women don't. It seems to me more the simplicity of an accomplished flirt."

The speaker was Mrs. Graham, and she spoke with an air of resentment.

"You don't know her," said the Master of Lynn, with involuntary admiration.

"I suppose you think you do," his sister said, with a "superior" smile. And then—perhaps she was tired of hearing so much in praise of Yolande, or perhaps she wished her brother to be cautious; or perhaps she was merely gratuitously malicious—she said: "I'll tell you what it is—I should not be at all surprised to hear that she was engaged, and has been engaged for any length of time."

He was struck silent by this fierce suggestion; it bewildered him for a second or two. Then he exclaimed: "Oh, that is absurd—perfectly absurd! I know she is not."

"It would be a joke," continued his sister, with a sardonic smile, "if that were the explanation of the wonderful friendliness that puzzles you so much. If she is engaged, of course she has no further care or embarrassment. Everything is settled. She is as frank with Dick as with Tom and Harry. Oh, Archie, that would be a joke!"

They were away from the land—perhaps even forgotten that such a thing existed. It seemed quite natural to get up morning after morning to find around them the same bright, brilliant monotony of white-crested blue seas and sunlit decks and fair skies; and each day passed with the usual amusements; and then came the still moonlight night, with all its mysterious charm and loneliness. It was a delightful life—especially for the Grahams and Winterbournes, who were going nowhere in particular, but had