

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And to go alone—"

"She will not be afraid!"

"But why alone?" pleaded the father—

"—he seemed to be imagining all kinds of things with those haggard eyes. 'She could not! My girl to go away by herself—she could not! It is too terrible!'"

"Try her!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

When they got to the other side they found John Shortlands seated on a boulder of granite. He was not much startled

by the proposal. Now, as they talked the matter over, it appeared that he stood midway between these two, having neither the eager enthusiasm of Jack Melville nor the utter hopelessness of his friend Winterbourne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is possible? To be startled out of that dream by shame and horror; then the wonder of having that beautiful daughter her companion and protectress; then the continual reward of her championship—don't you think it is possible?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I," she said, in amazement.

"Your mother is alive."

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

"My mother—my mother—like that!"

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

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

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

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

"What induced him to change his mind?"

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

Helping Employes to Succeed.

The modern American department-store employer is at his wit's end to devise new methods to help the employe to succeed. In the smaller cities and towns, the public has little knowledge of the free medical attendance and drug stores the employer has established for the overworked and poor young women and men; of the exceedingly cheap and wholesome food served to employes; of the relief benefit associations; of the savings-bank features; or of the airy and comfortable retiring, resting and reading rooms. The food furnished to the employes is provided at an expense to the employer, not a profit. These departments of help are what we term "dead departments. By that is meant that they bring the employer no income.

I should really hesitate to say exactly what these things cost the department-store employer.

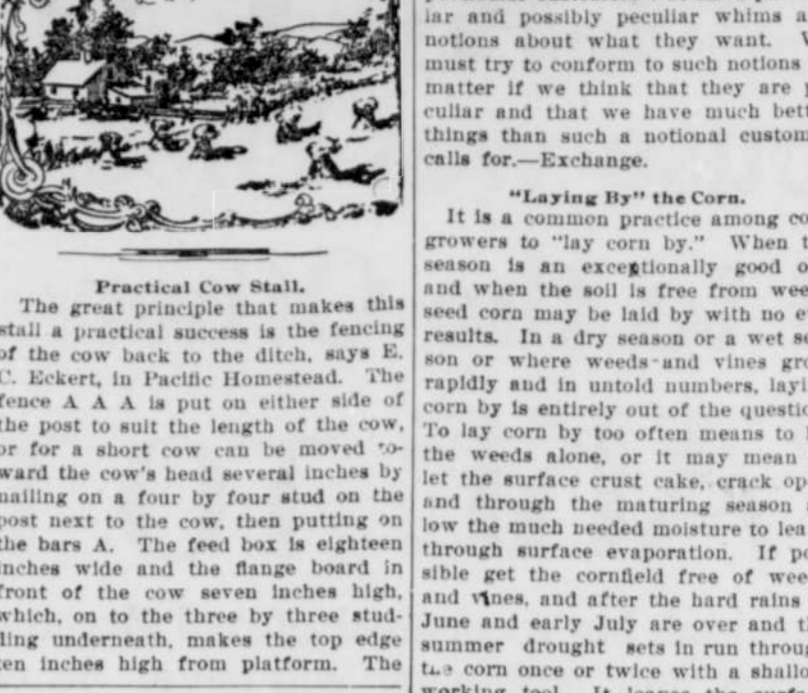
So far as help of this kind is concerned, the end is not yet in sight. The employer realizes that to help the employe is to help himself. It would not surprise me, in the near future, to see all employes of the great department stores stockholders in the business of their employers. The profit-sharing plan is as yet a new and untried thing.—Helen Siegel in Success Magazine.

Don't stay away from church on account of your clothes. The Lord is too busy to notice the handiwork of tailors and dressmakers.

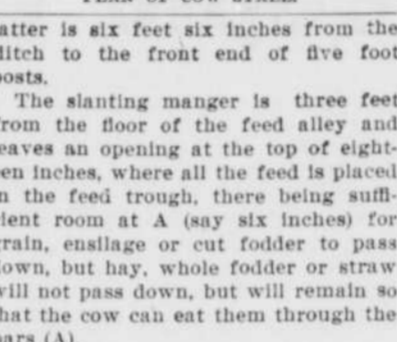
The censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evermond.

Don't forget that a man never earns half as much as his wife thinks him capable of earning.

# AGRICULTURAL



Practical Cow Stall.



PLAN OF COW STALL.

The slanting manger is three feet from the floor of the feed alley and leaves an opening at the top of eight inches, where all the feed is placed in the feed trough, there being sufficient room at A (say six inches) for grain, ensilage or cut fodder to pass down, but hay, whole fodder or straw will not pass down, but will remain so that the cow can eat them through the bars (A).

The partitions between the cows are three feet six inches apart, four feet high and three feet six inches long. There are no partitions in front of the bars (A) except twelve inches above the bottom of the feed box, so that the cut feed and grain rations remain in its own cow's manger. But the whole length of the hay manger is clear from end to end, and if wanted, any long fodder can be distributed in it in good shape. The platform should drop from manger to ditch not less than two inches.

Valuable for Dairymen.

Much more space is necessary properly and understandingly to describe the necessary combinations of food to make a properly balanced ration, than the average paper can give to the subject. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued some very good bulletins and some very poor ones. Decidedly one of the best is farmers' bulletin No. 22, which covers the subject of feeding farm animals quite exhaustively. It not only gives tables of balanced rations, but the analyses of different combinations and their digestibility. Write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a copy of this bulletin. It will save you money if you will follow its teachings. Better send for it now so as to try and raise some of the crops which will furnish the valuable protein so necessary in a balanced ration.

Type of Silver Laced Wyandotte.

Although standing in a rather unattractive position, this Silver Laced Wyandotte is as good a bird as one often meets. He has the large open lacing so much desired in the breast and body feathers, but is rather light in neck and saddle for a high scoring show bird. This fowl, bred and owned by



SILVER LACED WYANDOTTE.

John C. Jodrey, of Massachusetts, was a prize winner at the last Boston show. This is a popular breed among Western poultry fanciers, who, however, do not fully indorse the type followed by Eastern breeders.

Whims of the Market.

It is well enough to know a good vegetable when you see it, and to try to have the best of everything. It is well to have high ideals. But they do not always pay. What the market gardener wants is cash for his products, and to get that he must furnish what the customer wants and is willing to pay for. Almost each market has its particular whims and vagaries. Or at times we meet with

particular customers who have peculiar and possibly peculiar whims and notions about what they want. We must try to conform to such notions no matter if we think that they are peculiar and that we have much better things than such a notional customer calls for.—Exchange.

"Laying By" the Corn.

It is a common practice among corn growers to "lay corn by." When the season is an exceptionally good one and when the soil is free from weeds seed corn may be laid by with no evil results. In a dry season or a wet season or where weeds and vines grow rapidly and in untold numbers, laying corn by is entirely out of the question. To lay corn by too often means to let the weeds alone, or it may mean to let the surface crust cake, crack open and through the maturing season allow the much needed moisture to leave through surface evaporation. If possible get the cornfield free of weeds and vines, and after the hard rains of June and early July are over and the summer drought sets in run through the corn once or twice with a shallow working tool. It leaves the surface level, prevents surface washing and conserves the moisture. Weeds require moisture. When they grow in corn they feed upon the same plant food, take the same moisture that the corn plant feeds upon. Should there be a shortage of either plant food or moisture, the weed gets its part and lets the corn plant go hungry and thirsty.

This is a very critical period in the life of the corn plant. If it is tended well, if it is to make its largest yields the work must be done at once. Delay means loss. Be ready for the rush when the rains cease.—W. B. Anderson, in Indianapolis News.

Straw Hats for Horses.

Those who are familiar with city life have noticed the straw hats with which horses doing heavy work are adorned during the summer. These hats are arranged so a sponge kept moist with water will lay on top of the head of the horse, held in place by the crown of the hat. If farmers would buy these hats and put them on to the horses the animals would be much more comfortable during the summer.

If it is not possible to buy one of these hats, the old-style straw hats may be readily fashioned to fit the horse. As the crowns are shaped somewhat different from the bought hats, a sponge would not stay in position, but in its place a number of large leaves—leaves from a grapevine would do—moistened with water, would assist in keeping the head of the horse cool. This appliance could be readily attached to the bridle with tapes. The illustration shows how an ordinary straw hat may be fashioned for the horse.

Care of Poultry Yard.

Where fowls are confined in rather close quarters during the summer it is a good plan to arrange so that the poultry yard can be cleaned or else divided in two or more sections so that one can be renovated while the other is being used. If the yard is of the ordinary garden soil it should be spaded under to the depth of the spade after first cleaning out the worst of the filth. Then sow this space to oats or rye and allow it to grow for two weeks; then turn the poultry into this yard and treat the other yard in the same manner.

Calves in Groups.

It is desirable to have calves come in groups where a large number of cattle are being kept and the calves are to be raised for beefes. It is only in this way that uniformity in size, weight and finish can be obtained for the car loads of cattle that are to be sent to market. If there are but few calves it is better to have only two groups of calves, one in the spring and one in the fall. It will be easier to care for them if they are in groups of about the same size than if they come at all months of the year.—Farmers' Review.

Garden Hints.

Keep the soil well stirred. Sow winter beets and rutabaga turnips. Keep the weeds out of the strawberry patch. Hoe the lima beans and train them on the poles if necessary. Layer the squash vines, covering the joints with fresh earth to prevent the borers killing them out. For early ripening of the tomatoes keep the side branches trimmed off, and to prevent rot support the plant by tying to a stake or trellis.

Be on the lookout for bugs on the melon plants. Keep the ground well stirred and sift tobacco dust on the vines or cover them with mosquito netting. It is of no use to think that continuous crops can be produced without continuous effort. When one crop is taken off the soil must be dug as deeply as in the first instance and fertilizer used as for the first crop.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Lloyd C. Griscom, United States minister to Japan, who has been mentioned as a likely successor to Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, despite his youth has had a distinguished career in the diplomatic service. He first entered it in 1893 as private secretary to the late Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador to the court of

St. James. He held that place, however, only until 1894. Later he was a war correspondent in Colombia and afterward was in the district attorney's office in New York city. He served as staff captain in the United States volunteer army in 1898, but resigned from the army to re-enter the diplomatic service. President McKinley in 1899 appointed Mr. Griscom secretary of legation to Constantinople, where he also for a time acted as charge d'affaires and was largely instrumental in inducing the porte to pay claims for damages done to American schools in the Sultan's dominions. Mr. Griscom was made minister to Persia in 1901, and in 1902 was transferred to the more important post at Tokio. During his service there he added to his reputation as a diplomat by protecting American interests in the Mikado's empire. When the Japanese decided on government monopolies of tobacco, salt and other commodities Mr. Griscom demanded that the large American interests receive proper reimbursement for the loss of their business. Minister Griscom was born in New Jersey in 1872 and is the son of Clement A. Griscom, former president of the International Mercantile Marine Company. He was married in London in 1901 to Miss Elizabeth Duer Bronson, of New York. His home is Haverford, Pa.

Professor Nathan C. Schaeffer, who was elected president of the National Educational Association, has been prominent in the Atlantic States for many years as an educator, clergyman, journalist and author. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1849, received his early education at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa., studied N. C. SCHAEFFER, divinity at the theological seminary of the German Reformed Church and took post-graduate courses at the universities of Berlin, Tuebingen and Leipzig. His earliest work was as a teacher at Franklin and Marshall College. In 1877 he became principal of the Keystone State Normal School, where he remained until 1893, when he was elected to the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He has held many offices in educational associations and is editor of two educational publications.

Charles Richard Van Hise, who at the commencement exercises of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, scored "talented" money, has been president of the University since 1902. He is noted as an educator and is one of the most distinguished living geologists. Dr. Van Hise was born at Fulton, Wis., in 1857, and was graduated from the Wisconsin University in the same class with Governor La Follette. Then he became a member of the teaching staff and later was appointed to the chair of geology. He is connected with several scientific societies, and is the author of many monographs that have won attention at home and abroad.

Rev. Dr. Carl A. Bjork, who has been re-elected president of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Mission Convent of America, is a noted churchman and missionary worker. He organized the first convent in 1885, with 400 members; now it has over 20,000 members and 180 churches, with missions in Alaska and China, besides the North Park College and the Convent Hospital. Dr. Bjork was born in Lindaras, Smaland, Sweden, in 1837.

James E. Hyde, city treasurer of Lincoln, Neb., is probably the oldest active municipal officer in the country. He is 92, yet he is at his post every day at the opening hour and works continuously until 6 o'clock.

Louis Castro, right fielder of the Kansas City baseball team, is a native of Venezuela and a relative of the president of that scrappy republic. He was educated at Manhattan college, New York, where he learned to play baseball.

DR. VAN HISE.

REV. DR. BJORK.

DR. VAN HISE.