

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Well," said he, uneasily, "possibly your father imagined that Archie Leslie might think that he had been unfairly treated if he were not told—and then, I was his friend, don't you see, and they mentioned the matter to me—and—being an outsider, I was reluctant to interfere at first—but then, when they spoke of telling you, I said to myself that I knew, or I fancied I knew, what a girl like Yolande Winterbourne would be sure to do in such circumstances—and so I thought I would venture the suggestion to them, and—and if it turned out to be so, then I might be of some little help to you."

That was cleverly done; he had not told her it was the Master of Lynn who had insisted on that disclosure. And now she was gathering her courage to her; though still she maintained a curious sort of constrained reserve, as though she were keeping a tight hold of her feelings.

"I suppose," she said, slowly, "it is your idea I should go there—alone?"

"If you are not afraid, Yolande, if you are not afraid," he said, anxiously, "I am going to-morrow," she said, "if Mrs. Bell will be so kind as to come and take my place."

"Don't be so precipitate, Yolande," he said, with some anxiety, "I have put all this before you for your consideration; and I should feel I was burdened with a terrible responsibility if you were to do anything you might afterward regret. Will you consult Mr. Shortlands? Will you take a week to think over it?"

"No; why?" she said, simply. "Did I not consider when you were telling me the story of this imaginary girl? Had I any doubt? No, I knew what she would decide. I know what I have decided. What use is there in delay? Ah, if there is to be the good come out of it that you have imagined for me, should I not haste? When one is perishing, you do not think twice if you can hold out your hand. Do you think that I regret—that I am sorry to have a little comfort behind—that I am afraid to take a little trouble? Surely you do not think that of me. Why I am anxious to go now is to see at once what can be done; to know the worst or the best; to try. And now—I shall not be speaking to my papa about it; that would only give pain—will you tell me what I should do, in all the small particulars? I am not likely to forget."

That he could do easily; for he had thought enough over the matter. He gave her the most minute instructions; guarding against this or that possibility; and she listened intently and attentively, with scarcely the interruption of a question. Then, at length, he rose to say good-by; and she rose too. He did not notice that as she did so her lips quivered for the briefest second.

"If you are going to-morrow, Yolande," said he, "I will see you as you pass. I will look out for you. I should like to say good-by to you; it may be for a long time."

"It may be for always," she said, with her eyes cast down; "perhaps I shall never be back here again."

"And I am sending you away into all this trouble and grief. How can I help knowing that it is I who am doing it? And perhaps, day after day, and night after night, I shall be trying to justify myself—when I am thinking over it, and wondering where you are, and perhaps I shall not succeed very well."

"But it is I who justify you—that is enough," she said in a low voice. "Did I not decide for myself? And I know that in your heart you think I am doing right; and if you are afraid for me—well, that is only kindness—such as that you have always shown to me—"

Here she stopped; and he did not see that her hands were clenched firm, as she stood there opposite him, with her eyes cast down.

"And whatever happens, Yolande—you may be in pain and grief—and perhaps all you may endure may only end in bitter disappointment—well, I hope you will not imagine that I came to you with my proposal unthinkingly. I have thought over it night and day. I did not come to you off-hand—"

"Ah, then," she said, quickly, "and you think it is necessary to justify yourself—you, to me, as if I did not know you as well as I know myself? Do you think I do not know you and do not understand you—because I am only a girl? Her forced composure was breaking down altogether; she was trembling somewhat; and now there were tears running down her cheeks, despite herself; though she regarded him bravely, as if she would not acknowledge that. "And now, just as you and I are about to say good-by, perhaps forever, you think it necessary for you to justify yourself to me—you, my best friend—my more than friend—"

And then—ah, who can tell how such things happen, or which is to bear the blame?—his arms were round her trembling figure, and she was sobbing violently on his breast. And what was this wild thing she said in the bewilderment of her grief? "Oh, why, why was my life given away before I ever saw you?"

"Yolande," said he, with his face very pale, "I am going to say something; for this is our last meeting. What can a few words matter, my darling, if we are never to see each other again? I love you. I shall love you while I have life. Why should I not say it for this once? I blinded myself; I tried to think it friendship—friendship, and the world was just filled with light whenever I saw you! It is our last meeting; you will let me say this for once—how can it harm you?"

She shrank out of his embrace; she sank down on the couch there; and turned away her head and hid her face in her hands.

"Go, go!" she murmured. "What have I done? For pity's sake, go, and forget! Forget!"

He knelt down by the side of the couch; and he was paler than ever now.

"Yolande, it is for you to forget and forgive. I have been a traitor to my friend; I have been a traitor to you. You shall never see me again. God bless you! and good-by."

He kissed her hair, and rose, and got himself out of the house. As he went down that wide strath, his eyes fixed on nothing, like one demented; and his mind whirling this way and that amid clouds of remorse and reproach and immeasurable pity, it seemed to him that he felt on his brow the weight of the brand of Cain.

## CHAPTER XIII.

And as for her; she was stunned almost into unconsciousness by this shock of self-abasement and distress. She lay on the sofa, her face covered with her hands; she could not face the light. What was she, then?—she who hitherto had been so fearless and so proud. A flirt, a jilt, a light-o'-love—that was how she saw herself; and then there was a kind of despair over the misery she had wrought, and a yearning to have him back to implore his pity and his forgiveness; and then sudden resolves to free herself in another direction, at any cost of penitence and humiliation. She began to compose hurried brief messages, though the throbbing brain and the shame-stricken soul could scarce decide between the fitness of them. These were some of them:

"Dear Papa—I have gone away. Tell Archie not to think any more about me."  
"YOLANDE."

And then again:  
"Dear Archie—I send you back the engagement ring; I am not worthy to be your wife. I am sorry if I have caused you any disappointment, but you have less to regret than I have."

And then again—to one not named at all:  
"To-day I go away. Never think of me again, or of what has happened. Forgive me; that is all."

And then she began to think—if this wild torture of suggestions could be called thinking—of the undertaking that lay before her, and the thought of it was something of a relief. There would be an occupation, urgent, continuous, demanding all her attention; in time, and in a measure, she might school herself to forget. Perhaps, if this duty turned out to be a very sad and painful one, it might be taken by those whom she had wronged as a sort of penance. She was prepared to suffer. She thought she deserved to suffer. Had she not proved a traitor to the man whom she had promised to marry? Had she not brought misery to this best and dearest of all her friends, to this fine and noble nature that she had learned to know, and that by her idleness and carelessness—the carelessness of a vain coquette, heedless of consequences? What would he think of her? She could only vaguely recall the reproaches he had heaped upon himself, but she knew that he was in distress, and that she was the cause of it. And perhaps if there were trials in store for her, perhaps he would never know that she rather welcomed that, and was content to receive her punishment? Perhaps he would never know how grieved she was. It was over and done, and past recall. And she knew that henceforth her life would be quite different to her.

Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands were on their way back from the hill.

"I scarcely know what has happened to-day," Mr. Winterbourne was saying. "All the time I have been thinking of our going back. And I know what I shall find when I go back—the wreck of the happiness that I have so carefully nursed all through these years. It is like hedging round a garden, and growing flowers there, and all at once, some morning, you find the place trampled down and a wilderness. I hope I am not unjust, Shortlands, but I think he might have spared her."

"Who?"

"Young Leslie. I think he might have spared her. It was not much. Don't you think—out of consideration—"

"Nonsense, man. What Young Leslie has done seems to me on reflection, perfectly just, and right, and reasonable," said John Shortlands, telling a lie in the calmest manner possible. "The young couple ought not to be hampered in starting life. A little trouble now—what is that? And it will be better for you too, Winterbourne. You would have kept on worrying yourself. You would have been always apprehensive about something. You would have reproached yourself for not telling him."

When they reached the lodge, Yolande was not, as usual, standing in the porch to welcome them home from the hill.

"Please, sir," said the maid, "Miss Winterbourne has a headache, and says would you excuse her coming down to dinner."

He stood irresolute for a second or two, obviously greatly disturbed, then he slowly and thoughtfully went up the stairs, and gently knocked at the door of her room.

"May I come in, Yolande?"

She had just time to untie the wet towel from her head, to smooth her hair, and sit up in bed.

"Yes, papa."

He entered, went over and drew a chair near to her, and sat down.

"I am sorry for you, Yolande," he said, in a low voice, and his eyes were nervously bent on the ground.

"Why, papa?"

She spoke in quite a cheerful way; and as he had not suffered his eyes to meet hers, he was unaware how that cheerfulness was belied by the strange expression in them. She was forcing herself to make light of this matter; she would not have him troubled. And perhaps, indeed, to her this was in truth a light matter, as compared with that tragic disclosure and its consequences, which seemed to have cut away from her at once and forever the shining and rose-colored years of her youth.

"If I erred, Yolande," said he, "in keeping all this back from you, I did it for the best."

"Do you need to say that to me, papa?" she answered, with some touch of reproach.

"You are going, Yolande?" he said, with a sinking of the heart.

"That, again, it is unnecessary for you to ask me," the girl said, simply.

"But not at once, Yolande?" said he, glancing at an open trunk. "Not at once?"

"To-morrow morning, papa," she answered. "Oh, but I assure you, you will be put to no trouble—no trouble at all. Mrs. Bell is coming from Greese to see everything right. And I have made out lists for her, it is all arranged, you will not know any difference."

"Listen now, Yolande. I don't disapprove of your going. We have tried everything, and failed; if there is a chance of your succeeding—well, perhaps one might say it is your duty to go. Poor child, I would rather have you know nothing about it; but that is all over now. Well, you see, Yolande, if you go, there must be no unnecessary risk or trouble about your going. I have been thinking that perhaps Mr. Melville may be a little too imaginative. He sees things strongly. And in insisting that you should go alone, why, there may be danger that he has been carried away by a—by a—well, I don't know how to put it, except that he may be so anxious to have this striking appeal made to your poor mother as to be indifferent to ordinary precautions. Why should you go friendless and alone? Why should I remain amusing myself here?"

"Because you would be of no use to me, papa," said she, calmly. "I know what I have to do."

"Yolande, you cannot be left in London with absolutely no one to whom you can appeal. The least you must do is to take a letter to Lawrence & Lang. They will do anything you want; they will let you have what you want; if there is any hiring of lodgings or anything of that kind, they will send one of their clerks. You cannot be stranded in London without the chance of assistance. You must go to Lawrence & Lang."

"I may have to go to them—that also is arranged. But they must not interfere; they must not come with me; that was not Mr. Melville's idea," she said; though the pale face turned still paler as she forced herself to utter the name.

"Mr. Melville!" he said, angrily. "You seem to think the whole wisdom of the world is centered in Mr. Melville! I don't at all know that he has right in coming to put all this trouble on you. Perhaps he would not have been so quick if it had been his own sister or his own daughter—"

Then a strange thing occurred. She had flung herself down on the pillow again, her face buried, her whole frame shaken by the sudden violence of her crying.

"Don't—don't—don't!" she sobbed, pitifully. "Don't speak like that, papa! there is enough trouble—there is enough."

"What is it, Yolande?" said he. "Well, no wonder your nerves have been upset. I wonder you have taken it so bravely. I will leave you now, Yolande; but you must try and come down to dinner."

Dinner was put on the table; but she did not make her appearance. A message was sent up to her; the answer was that she merely wished to have a cup of tea by and by. Jane on being questioned, said that everything had been got ready for their departure the following morning, even to the ordering of the dog-cart for a particular hour.

## \$7,000 FOR A KEY.

A Connoisseur Paid This Price for a Historic Relic.

It may not be generally known that there are many key collectors in this big world of curio hunters. Some of the keys of bygone ages are veritable triumphs of the locksmith's art. In Rome the bridegroom's presentation of a bunch of keys to the bride as she crossed his threshold, to invest her with the authority of the matron, was one of the most solemn rites of the wedding ceremony. Moreover, these symbolic keys had to be returned by the wife, who, when proving herself unworthy of the trust, was expelled forever from the home she had disgraced. On the other hand, the French widow, had the right to tear away the sacred keys of the house from her girl and throw them in the grave of her deceased husband. By this action, commonly known as "throwing the keys in the pit," she publicly renounced all further ties and disclaimed the debts of the man who had left her unprotected for. From that moment she was left unmolested, for in those superstitious days no one would have dared to interfere with a woman who had thus freed herself from any marriage responsibility.

We cannot but admire the work of the old locksmiths, who manipulated at will brass, iron and steel, so as to delineate the delicate traceries and fretwork of pulpure and church windows. This metal craft had evidently a great fascination, since it can boast not only of several masters of renown, notably the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini and Antoine Jacquart, but also of a royal amateur, Louis XVI. himself, renowned for his mechanical hobby, and who has left to posterity several keys peculiar for their double L's surmounted with a crown, in great demand among collectors. Their reputation, greatly due, no doubt, to the position of the worker, pales before that of the master who executed the heraldic chef d'oeuvres, bearing the arms of the Strozzi family, recently bought for a wealthy connoisseur at the huge price of \$7,000.—Newark News.

Willing to Promise.

"If I tell you something," said Dobbs, mysteriously, "will you promise not to repeat it?"

"Sure thing, old man," replied Bobba. "I've never heard you say anything worth repeating."—Detroit Tribune.

In massaging ordinary salad or olive oil may be used in place of cold cream.

# MARVELS of the WORLD of TOMORROW

## Dreams of Invention Run Riot

The progress made by science in the last half century has been so wonderful that we are likely to credit any prophecy of marvels which the future holds, yet the inventions pictured on this page, dreams of a golden-aged to-morrow, are at first glance distinctly jarring to one's credulity. They are the dreams of a French artist, M. Lanos, who appears to be the legitimate successor of his late fellow-countryman, Jules Verne.

When are these dreams to become

realities? M. Lanos answers: "At least to-morrow; say the year of grace, 1950."

As the fulfillment of the prophecy is set for a date which millions now living will undoubtedly witness, what are some of the wonders science has in store for us, and what are the chances of M. Lanos' dreams becoming realities?

First, let us make a catalogue of these marvels of to-morrow: To be able to see and feel at a distance in connection with the telephone; to travel through the air on a mono-rail; road at not less than 150 miles an hour; to be able to see occurrences as they happen at a kind of public newspaper station, and to farm at great central forcing houses, which will produce crop after crop, irrespective of climate or weather conditions.

Certainly, M. Lanos is modest. M. Jules Verne would never have been content to stop there.

In order to gauge the value of this kind of dreaming, which at first sight seems to be invention run riot, a glance backward is a good preparation.

Inventions Since 1850.

Fifty years ago the telephone was unknown; now there are millions of telephones in use in nearly every city and town in Europe and America, and in commercial towns in the rest of the world. Then the submarine cable was in its experimental stage; now there are over 225,000 miles of cables, or enough to reach from the earth to the moon. The electric light, now almost universally used for street illumination and very considerably adopted by stores, workshops and homes, was unknown half a century ago. The phonograph was not even a dream fifty years ago; neither was the "moving picture" machine, now ubiquitous, and even ten years ago the wireless telegraph had not passed the stage of dreams. None of these are a whit less marvelous than the pictured suggestions of the future by the French artist.

Like Jules Verne, M. Lanos did not give himself up unconditionally to his imagination. His foreshadowing of future scientific wonders has a basis in experiments now being conducted. He is not, however, an inventor, and even he would not like to hazard the assertion that the apparatus which will be used fifty years hence will conform with those so effectively used in his pictorial compositions. Those who are slaves of fashion will notice that the artist has not attempted to foreshadow anything so fickle as taste in dress. His men of 1950 continue to adhere to the styles of 1905.

Telephone of the Future.

For five years past, or more, there has been in existence, and working in an experimental manner, a method of transmitting a picture by wire, but inventors have been ceaselessly engaged in an attempt to transmit to great distances instantaneously the reflection of an object such as is here shown in the picture of the man at the telephone of the future. To say that it is the in-

vention of these inventors to do this seemingly impossible feat by means of wires is only partly correct, for since they have begun their experiments wireless telegraphy has come into existence, and is said to have worked successfully over comparatively short distances. It is reasonable, therefore, if sound waves may be transmitted without wires, that light waves may also be transmitted in a similar manner. Of all the marvels of the past and present, even the phonograph, which only a little while ago

was raised to immense heights under glass by natural as well as artificial light, while heat will be obtained by systems of great radiators. Storms will be dissipated by exploding bombs in the air.

There is nothing particularly novel in the idea of a forcing house for plants—every one is familiar with the ordinary florist's greenhouse, and some, no doubt, have heard of the value of actinic rays, either natural or artificial, as in the Finzen electric lamp, on plant life. Such a forcing house as M. Lanos pictures here is very picturesque and attractive, but here he appears to depart from the dicta of famous scientists who have spoken or written on the subject.

It is true that in some parts of the country progressive farmers, whose fields cover thousands of acres, have covered parts of their orchards with glass and canvas, and in this manner protected their young trees in that season of the year when the weather, especially the temperature, is treacherous. Nothing so ambitious as the structure and apparatus shown by M. Lanos has yet been dreamed.

Prof. Marcelin Berthelot, who also is a fellow countryman of M. Lanos, one of the truly great scientists in France to-day, has radically different ideas on the subject of food of the future. He is one of the greatest of constructive chemists, and is not generally looked upon as a dreamer or romancer, yet he seems to believe that agriculture will become a lost art.

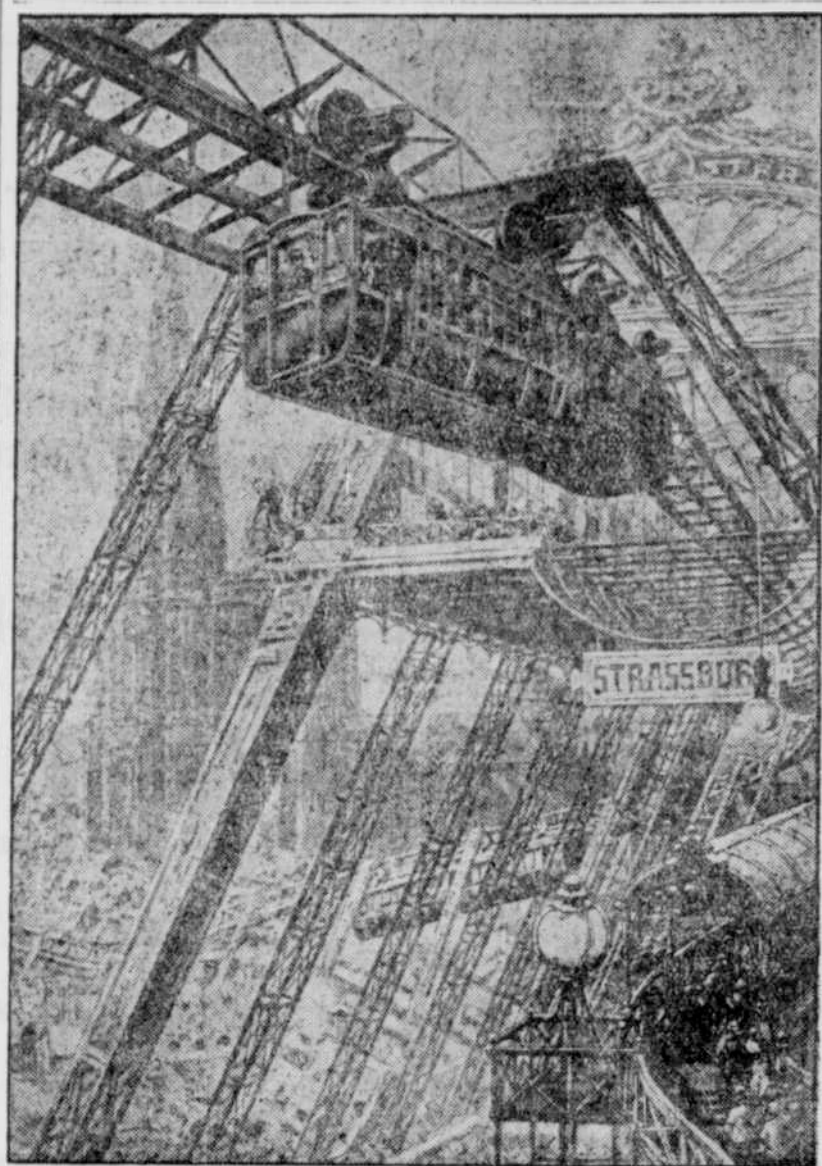
"Before many decades have passed," he declares, "the entire conditions of life may be changed, and we shall be compelled to modify all our present theories, social, economic and even moral, for they will have no more application than the original ideas on light to a blind man who has suddenly received the use of his eyes. In the first place, agriculture and all the multitudinous pursuits connected with or dependent directly or indirectly with the reproduction of living beings—animal and vegetable—that now serve for the alimentation of mankind will have disappeared."

No More Tillage of Farm.

"There will be no more shepherds or husbandmen. In place of the farms today we will have factories in which artificial foods will be produced, more savory and easier of digestion and assimilation than any of the products which Nature furnishes us with at the present time. The old problem of how to maintain existence by means of the cultivation of the soil will, in a word, have been totally suppressed by chemistry. There will no longer be seen fields of waving grain nor vineyards nor meadows filled with flocks and herds, and man, ceasing to live himself by carnage and destruction of other living creatures, will inevitably improve in disposition and attain a far higher plane of morality."

Berthelot has not only pointed the way of the future, but has actually gone something toward its realization. Over half a century ago he had already formed in his laboratory the whole series of fats which make up one of the three fundamental categories of substances required for the food of man. Since that time the sugars and carbons that are comprised in the second of the two categories have all been similarly formed artificially. To complete the series, it remains only to discover the synthesis of the third series, the albuminoids, the consumption of which Berthelot believes will be attained before the world is much older.

All young men fall in love, but most of them manage to climb out again.



THE RAILWAY OF THE FUTURE—THE AERIAL MONO-RAIL.

was considered the eighth wonder of the world, will sink into comparative insignificance when the telephone is an accomplished and commercial fact. It is by no means so simple a problem as either the phonograph, the telephone or the wireless apparatus now in use.

The mono-rail suspension road, shown in another picture, surpasses the present only in its size, its height and its numerous ramifications. A similar road has been constantly in operation between Bremen and Elberfeld, Germany, for over a year. On this greater and stronger road the scientific prophet looks forward to electric traction on this system which will achieve at least 150 miles an hour. There is an experimental road of another form of mono-rail, whose inventor has claimed would in practice be able to travel at the phenomenal speed of 300 miles an hour. At that speed, however, few persons satisfied with life would be willing to risk the service.

Enterprise in Agriculture.

According to M. Lanos, agricultural enterprise in 1950 will be carried on in enormous forcing houses. Crops will

be raised to immense heights under glass by natural as well as artificial light, while heat will be obtained by systems of great radiators. Storms will be dissipated by exploding bombs in the air.

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AGRICULTURAL ENTERPRISE IN 1950.