

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER XIV.

The pale, clear glow of the dawn was telling on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose, and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgiveness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. In the silence of this pale, clear morning she sat down and wrote a message of farewell, the terms of which she had carefully, and not without some smilings of conscience, studied during the long wakeful hours.

"All-nam-ba, Wednesday Morning.  
"Dear Archie—A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the meantime at least, all our other plans and arrangements must yield to it. Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Foyers, I may not see you to say good-bye; and so I send you this message. From your affectionate YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation? and perhaps, as the days and the months and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation. Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside, Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress's portmanteau. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went downstairs to the dining room, she was surprised to find her father there. "Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-bye?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande—but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days, accustom yourself to think of it, and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now."

It was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog cart. He himself would fasten the rug round her knees, the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away he stood there for a long time regarding them, until the dog cart disappeared at the turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end of that peaceful security that he had hoped to find at All-nam-ba!

Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch, she told Sandy to stop and took the reins.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Lowell," she said. "You need not take it to the house; put it in the letter box at the gate."  
Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill she looked over to Lynn Towers, but she could not make out any one at any of the windows. There were one or two stable lads about the out-houses, but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that. If he had waved his handkerchief to her, could she have answered that signal without further hypercity and shame? Little did he know what traitress was passing by. But indeed she was gradually ceasing to reproach herself in this way, for the reason that she was ceasing to think about herself at all. It was of another that she was thinking. It was his future that concerned her. What would all his after-life be like? Would there be some reparation? Would time heal that as it healed all things?

When she got to Gress she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale, but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying on to get a few bit flowers for ye. 'Deed, ye're early this morning!"

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please do not trouble. You expected me, then? Mr. Melville told you."  
"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to All-nam-ba by midday; and I'm thinking I'll take one of the young lassies wi' me. In case there's any necessity for a helping hand. The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away."

"But he is going—is he going away?" said Yolande, with a sudden alarm.  
"I think he is; though it's no my place to say," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order in the house. And I jalouse he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught a glimpse of him going out before any of us was up. I dare say he was off to one of the moorland lochs to have a last day at the trout belike."

"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes. "Mrs. Bell, I must see him! Indeed, I cannot go until I have seen him."  
She looked at her watch. Well, she had nearly half an hour to spare, and she was determined to stay till the last minute if it were needful. But there was no figure coming along the road, no living thing visible on these recent hillsides, nor a sign of life along the wide moorland of the village. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to listen in a measure.

"Perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville com-

ing down the hill. I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."  
"Oh, yes, yes; why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully. "I'm just going indoors to put a bit string round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket, too, ye manna take; I made a few sweets, and comfits, and such things for ye last night, that'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he approached. His features were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her he stood before her with his eyes cast down like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I—I could not go away without a word of good-bye."  
Here she stopped, fearful that her self-possession would desert her. Her hands were tightly clenched, and unconsciously she was nervously fingering her engagement ring.

"I do not see why the truth should not be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself; it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter, it is you that I am sorry for—"  
"Yolande, I cannot have you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honor to me that you were my friend, and an education also; you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world! I had not known it before; you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do. Do not think that I shall forget what I owe you; whatever happens, I will try to think of what you would expect of me, and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away," said she, and her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. "And also that—that, if one cannot retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on—"

"Yolande, Yolande," said he earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before you. Whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If any one is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind. Do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly, though still his face was of a ghastly paleness. She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to—to give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."  
"No," he said at once. "No. Forget everything that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."  
"That I have deserved," she said, in a low voice. "Good-bye."  
She held out her hand. He took it and held it, and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a saint, full of a sad and yearning pity.

"Yolande," said he, and the tones of his voice seemed to reach her very heart, "I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you and good-bye."  
"Adieu—adieu!" she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog cart.

When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and perhaps rather regretfully, too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he, and he seemed in an unusual hurry; "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the waterproof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat or something of the kind, and half a loaf, in a little parcel."  
"Dear me, sir, I will do that myself; but where are ye going, sir, if I may ask?"

The fact that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions of this kind—even when he was starting for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland loch—that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was bent on some very desperate excursion.  
"Where am I going?" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night train to London."

## CHAPTER XV.

The train roared and jangled through the long black night; and always before Yolande's shut but sleepless eyes rose vision after vision of that which she was leaving forever behind—her girlhood. So quiet and beautiful, so rich in affection and kindness, that appeared to her now; she could scarce believe that it was herself she saw in those recurrent scenes, so glad and joyous and light-hearted. That was all over. Already it seemed far away.

Toward morning she slept a little, but not much; however, on the first occasion of her opening her eyes, she found that the gray light of the new day was around her. For an instant a shock of fear overcame her—a sudden sense of helplessness and fright. She was so strangely situated; she was drawing near the great, dread city; she knew not what lay before her; and she felt so much

alone. Despite herself, tears began to trickle down her face, and her lips were tremulous. This new day seemed terrible, and she was helpless—and alone.

"Dear me, miss," said Jane, happening to wake up at this moment, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," her young mistress said. "I—I have scarcely slept at all these two nights, and I feel rather weak and—and—not very well. It is no matter."

But the tears fell faster now; and this sense of weakness and helplessness completely overpowered her. She fairly broke down.

Yolande had resolved, among other things, that while she would implicitly obey Mr. Melville's instructions about making that appeal to her mother entirely unaided and unaccompanied, she might also prudently follow her father's advice and get such help as was necessary, with regard to preliminary arrangements, from his solicitors; more especially as she had met one of those gentlemen two or three times, and so far was on friendly terms with him. Accordingly, one of the first things she did was to get into a cab, accompanied by her maid, and drive to the offices of Lawrence & Lang in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She asked for Mr. Lang; and by and by was shown into that gentleman's room. He was a tall, elderly person, with white hair, a shrewd, thin face, and humorous, good-natured smile.

"Take a seat, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Very lucky you came now. In another ten minutes I should have been off to seek you."

"But how did you know?"  
"Oh, we lawyers are supposed to know everything," he answered, good-naturedly. "And I may tell you that I know of the business that has brought you to London; and that we shall be most happy to give you all the assistance in our power."

"But how can you know?" the girl said, bewildered. "It was only the day before yesterday I decided to go; and it was only this morning I reached London. Did my papa write to you, then, without telling me?"

"My dear young lady, if I were to answer your questions, you would no longer believe in the omniscience of lawyers," he said, with his grave smile. "No, no; you must assume that we know everything. And let me tell you that the step you are taking, though it is a bold one, deserves to be successful; perhaps it will be successful because it is a bold one. I hope so. But you must be prepared for a shock. Your mother has been ill."

"Ah!" said Yolande—but no more. She held her hands clasped.  
"I say she has been ill," said this elderly suave person, who seemed to regard the girl with a very kindly interest. "Now she is better. Three weeks ago my clerk found her unable to sign the receipt that he usually brings away with him; and I was about to write to your father, when I thought I would wait a day or two and see; and fortunately, she got a little better. However, you must be prepared to find her looking ill; and—and—well, I was going to say she might be incapable of recognizing you; but I forgot. In the meantime we shall be pleased to be of every assistance to you in our power. In fact, we have been instructed to consider you as under our protection. As for your personal safety, that need not alarm you. Your friends may be anxious about you, no doubt; but the very worst that can happen will be a little impertinence. You won't mind that. I shall have a policeman in plain clothes standing by; if your maid should consider it necessary, she can easily summon him to you. She will be inside; he outside; so you have nothing to fear."

"Then you know all how it has been arranged!" she exclaimed.  
"Why, yes; it is our business here to know everything," said he, laughing, "though we are not allowed sometimes to say how we came by the information. Now what else can we do for you? Let me see. If your poor mother will go with you, you might wish to take her to some quiet seaside place, perhaps, for her health?"

"Oh, yes; I wish to take her away from London at once!" Yolande said, eagerly.  
"Well, a client of ours has just left some lodgings at Worthing—in fact, we have recommended them, on one or two occasions, and we have been told that they are satisfactory."

"Will you give me the address, if you please?"  
He wrote the address on a card, and gave it to her.  
(To be continued.)

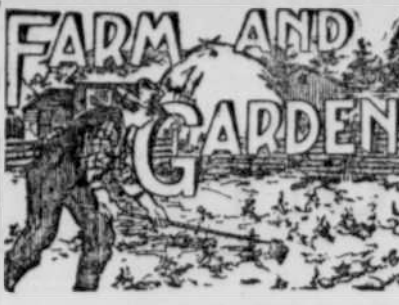
## CONNECTICUT'S HAPPY LOT.

State Has No Debt and Never Had One Except During the War.

Connecticut has about as many distinctive peculiarities, in relation to Massachusetts, as if it were situated in another part of the country and had been settled by people of different origin, says the Springfield Republican. One of these peculiarities is its freedom from a State debt. We in this State have a large public debt, direct as well as contingent, and would not be able to reorganize ourselves without one. It is accepted here as an indication of progress. Every energetic, wide-awake, progressive State, we are apt to reason with ourselves, has a debt and usually a large and growing one, and the same is generally to be said of municipalities and private business corporations.

But Connecticut is peculiar. It may be said not to know what a State debt is. It never had such a debt at all, apparently, until the civil war, when one of some \$10,000,000 was contributed in aid of suppressing the rebellion. How the good old commonwealth ever came, even then, to be shaken out of its steady, debtless habits is a question—one testifying to the profound upheaving influences of that conflict as no other single bit of evidence is able to. But Connecticut did borrow some money then, and issue some bonds. However, it has never done so since, as it never had done so before, and now that debt is practically extinguished. It amounted only to about \$200,000 net several months ago, and the treasury now has cash on hand sufficient to offset that amount.

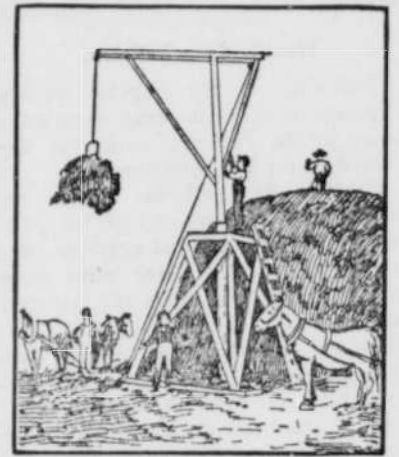
If you reach a green old age beware of the bunko steerer.



## Improved Hay Devices.

The man who has stood with his back to the stack pitching hay by hand under a hot July sun will appreciate the picture here shown, says a writer in the Ohio Farmer. The derrick or pitcher will cost the man on the farm about \$5 in cash. It is mounted on runners twelve feet long. The base of the frame is 10 by 10 feet square and the top 5 by 5 feet. The telephone pole in the center is twenty-five feet high. The arm is fourteen feet long and the brace about twelve feet. The pole and arm can be turned in a complete circle by means of a crowbar inserted in the pole near the bottom.

An entire haycock can be easily lifted straight from the ground to a



A HAY DERRICK.

level with the top of the stack, then carried over and dropped at any place on the stack. It will keep two men busy on the stack all the time, and they will not have to reach over the edge of the stack to help get the hay up. Besides, it does not drag up the side of the stack, as many pitchers do, nor does it make the stack heavier on one side than the other. A round stack can be built twenty feet high and easily made to hold from twelve to fifteen tons. It saves time, money, help, muscle, patience "and other things too numerous to mention."

## Costly Crop Pests.

The proceeds from the wheat crop, the average annual farm value of which may be roughly put at four hundred million dollars, have in more than one year been cut down as much as fifty per cent. as a result of the ravages of the chinch bug and the Hessian fly. King Cotton alone was damaged to the extent of nearly fifty million dollars by the so-called Mexican boll weevil, in the single State of Texas, in 1903, according to a carefully compiled report issued by the Census Bureau. The apple crop has been reduced as much as twenty-five per cent in many seasons through the operations of the codling moth and other insects. So one might go through the entire list. The burden is distressingly heavy, but it is safe to assert that farmers themselves—who, obviously, ought to know as much of this phase of the matter as anybody—will agree that their losses, in practically every instance, would be far greater were the scientific knowledge of the Department of Agriculture's staff not put to account. A careful survey of the facts leads to the conclusion that the total damage each year would be from two to four times as large were it not for the Department of Agriculture's unremitting warfare against the pests, and that a maximum annual destruction of two billion dollars, or nearly one-half the whole yearly value of the country's crops, at present, would be possible.—C. Arthur Williams in "Success Magazine."

## Breaking for Wheat.

The early broken wheat ground is usually the land from which the largest yields are taken. The land breaks well. No cloths to mash, no packing to do late in August. When the ground becomes hard and breaks into large clods a great deal of labor is required to get the seed bed fine and well packed for the proper germination of seed.

Then again the doubling up of work that causes so much extra labor and worry may be prevented later on at sowing time. Instead of having to break land, harrow, drag and roll, then immediately follow with the drill. A surface harrowing may be all that the seed bed needs before sowing the seed. The work of sowing wheat need not come in a lump, if taken in time.

## Churn Often.

The best butter is made by churning every day, but upon most farms there is not enough cream to do this. If churning is done but twice a week good butter can be made if the cream has been kept cool and then ripened properly. Some farmers that keep but two or three cows churn but once a week; under such conditions, great care should be taken to keep the cream to fifty degrees Fahrenheit, if possible. When cream is kept at a high temperature for a long time, the butter will have an old flavor. If cream is kept much below fifty degrees Fahrenheit, it is likely to develop a better flavor.

## Buckwheat.

Essentials are that the land be clean, warm, and in a fine moldy state to receive the seed. The rows may be

drilled, if that is the method of sowing, fifteen inches apart, the seed slightly covered with harrows, and a very light rolling given to level the surface, so that all plants have equal chance of starting together. There is a good deal in this latter, for where irregular first growth is made there are always enemies to take the plants as they appear.

## A Good Stock Tonic.

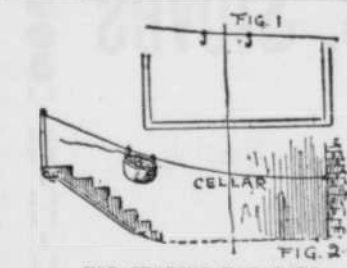
Each of the many stock foods, or condimental spices now on the market, has its own particular composition, and it is better, both from the points of view of economy and cleanliness, to make use of these, but if this is quite impossible the following recipe may be safely adopted: Turmeric, one-half pound; cumin, one-half pound; gentian, three-fourths pound; ground ginger, one-half pound; grains of paradise, one-half pound; bi-carbonate of soda, six ounces; fenugreek, six ounces; blood root, four ounces; asafoetida, four ounces; brown sugar, five pounds; fine salt, 1 3-4 pounds. The above ingredients should be well ground by the druggist and be thoroughly mixed with one thousand pounds of finely ground meal, or, if desired, it may be fed without the meal. When mixed with maize meal the quantity to be fed to a horse, cow, or ox at each feed is one pint, and to each calf, foal, sheep, or hog, half a pint. When fed without the meal it should be given in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a horse, cow or ox, and half that quantity for each of the smaller farm animals.

## Indigestion in Cows.

It is a common expression to speak of a cow as losing her cud when she stops ruminating. The trouble is due to indigestion wholly, and may be easily remedied, in most cases, by a proper diet. Usually this trouble occurs most frequently in the winter, when the cows are heavily grain fed, but sometimes occurs with cows in the summer who are on the range, but are receiving some grain. In such cases a good plan is to cut out the grain ration entirely for a few days, or until the cow again chews her cud. For a time after she resumes ruminating feed her largely on the grass with some good hay, and gradually get her on to the grain. A day or two after the grain ration has been cut off the cow should have a single dose of one pound of Epsom salts and two ounces of ground ginger root mixed in two quarts of warm water. In the winter reduce the grain ration one-half, give her the medicine named above at the beginning of the treatment, and make up the ration with roots or ensilage. At all times cows should have free access to rock salt, for it is a great digestive.

## To Put Potatoes in Cellar.

Here is an excellent device for use in unloading apples or potatoes from a cart to the cellar. Take a piece of No. 12 wire (telephone wire) and run it from a stake in front of the roadway down through the railway, or potato bin. String two iron hooks on the wire and hook the loaded basket upon these, when the load will slide smooth-



FOR STORING POTATOES.

ly down and across the cellar, where the helper can empty the basket. A light cord attached to the basket allows the man outside to pull the basket back for another load. This saves a large amount of heavy lifting and saves time also, since two baskets can be kept going. Fig. 1 shows the hooks on the wire. Fig. 2 shows the device in action.

## Selecting Brood Stock.

If one has raised a litter of fine pigs of good breed there are probably several among them that will make good brood sows if properly brought up. The individuals should be carefully watched as they grow and when the selection is made the pigs should be about five months old. From then on they should be separated from the market stock, and until the end of the season, placed on the best grass possible. All females intended for breeding purposes should have less carbonaceous food than that given to those intended for market. From one-half to two-thirds corn is enough in the ration from the time the young sow begins to eat grain.

## The Brood Sows.

Give brood sows the freedom of the pasture fields when with young pigs and as soon as the pigs are old enough to eat, feed a little shelled corn and dry middlings with a mash of wheat middlings and milk. Sows with pigs should always have access to a good fine grass pasture and should not be fed too much corn. The largest part of the ration should be made up of oats and bran with a little oil meal. Have plenty of charcoal and ashes constantly available. An occasional feed of salt will be found profitable.

## Top Dressing Forage Crops.

At the New Jersey Experiment Station tests have been made of nitrate of soda as a top dressing on forage crops in connection with the manures and fertilizers generally used. In all cases a very marked increase due to the application of nitrate occurred, ranging from 34.1 per cent for corn to 96.6 per cent for barley—a profitable return from the use of the nitrate on all crops except the barley, which, owing to unfavorable weather conditions, did not make a large yield.



Uncle Sam's secretary of state is usually a \$25,000 or \$50,000 man who serves his country for \$8,000.—Chicago Tribune.

The Sultan of Turkey is beginning to wonder how those reports that he had the worst government in Europe originated.—Washington Star.

The Kansas convict who was paroled and sent to work in the harvest field now has an idea of what real punishment means.—Washington Post.

When the beef trust remembers how Commissioner Garfield lured it on with false hopes it is not surprised at any governmental knocks.—Chicago News.

Mr. George J. Gould is going into poultry farming. Of course, his experience with geese that lay golden eggs will be a lot of help to him.—Boston Transcript.

Oklahoma shows strong reasons why it should be admitted as a State, but does it expect the United States Senate to be swayed by more reasons?—Chicago News.

Despite his latest gift of \$10,000,000, there is reason to believe Mr. Rockefeller has laid away enough in a safe spot so he will not suffer during his old age.—Detroit Free Press.

If education is the greatest moral force it might be a good thing for Mr. Rockefeller to attend some of the colleges which he is helping with his money.—Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.

The beef trust can expect little sympathy in its battle for the markets of the world as long as it is endeavoring to escape trial on the charge that it is robbing the American consumer.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Peary says that his expedition may open up 3,000,000 square miles of country hitherto inaccessible. It will be some time, however, before the "why pay rent" sign follows his trail.—Washington Star.

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is reported to be in a critical condition. The case wouldn't be so bad if the Sultan could only feel sure that the doctor wasn't trying to poison him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the light of past performances on the part of Russian gunners, it would have seemed safer for those Odessa mutineers to bid defiance to the rest of the fleet and take chances on being sunk.—Detroit Free Press.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte has rejected "Nestor" and "Orestes" as names for colliers. He points out that one suggests antiquity and the other insanity. Another one of "them literary fellows" in office.—Syracuse Herald.

Undue attention is being given to the Missouri judicial decision that a wife is entitled to "frisk" her husband's trousers and take any money she finds. No judicial determination could alter or affect that custom.—Washington Times.

The Chinese officials who were once regarded as being pro-Russian are fast vanishing as the situation changes. They are all entertaining grateful feelings toward Japan. Diplomatically there will be some subterfuge played, but on the whole Japan will get all she wants.—Tokio Asahi.

According to the best judgment that can be formed at this distance, we are unanimously of the opinion that Mayor Weaver has wiped up the earth with the gang in Philadelphia. There may be some fragments, but they are not able to sit up and take notice.—Montgomery Advertiser.

The State of Kansas has reached the conclusion that it has no power to control the traffic of the Pullman cars, as the Pullmans are not common carriers. They're certainly not common carriers, nor even common charges—they're just plain, ordinary common plunderers.—Pittsburg Times.

If it be true, as M. Witte declares, that M. Trepoif is the real Czar of Russia, then Nicholas Alexandrovitch is relieved of the responsibility for a vast amount of folly, stupidity and cruelty. Whether the creature can be greater than the creator is a question for casuists, however.—Chicago Chronicle.

How providential it seems that the only man in America who is known to have two hearts is a plain, industrious carpenter who earns his livelihood with his hands at New Rochelle, N. Y. Just contemplate for a minute the effect on society of two hearts in a man like John D. Rockefeller.—Kansas City Star.

If the exclusion law is to be so construed or modified as to admit Chinese students, we'll probably find that about 100,000,000 Chinamen have suddenly become inspired with the most intense desire to study everything in the books from Confucius down to Laura Jean Libbey and Mary MacLane.—Los Angeles Times.

"Tear this up," enjoined Statistician Holmes, of the Department of Agriculture, in one of his incriminating letters. There is no known preservative of written matter whose action is so sure as "burn this letter" or "tear this up."—Norfolk Landmark.

The warden of the Ohio State prison discovered recently that some of his charges had been making counterfeit money. Can this have any connection with the fact that the prison contains a baker's dozen of ex-bankers?—Spokane Spokesman-Review.