

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"But do not trouble to write," said he; "we will do that for you, and arrange terms. May I presume to ask whether you are sufficiently supplied with money? We have no instructions from your father; but we shall be pleased if you consider us your bankers."

"I have only eight or nine pounds," said she, "in money; but also I have three blank checks which my papa signed; that is enough, is it not?"

"Well, yes, I should say that was enough," he remarked, with a perfectly subdued irony. "But those blank checks are dangerous things, if you will permit me to say so. I would strongly advise you, my dear Miss Winterbourne, to destroy them; and to send to us for such sums as you may want from time to time. That would be much the safer plan. And if there is any other particular in which we can be of the least assistance to you, you will please let us know. We can always send some one to you and a telegram from Worthing only costs a shilling. As we have received such strict injunctions about looking after you, we must keep up our character as your guardian."

"I thought you said my papa had not sent you any instructions," Yolande exclaimed again.

"About the checks, my dear young lady," he said, promptly. "Might I ask—please forgive me if I am impertinent—but I have known all about this sad story from the beginning, and I am naturally curious—may I ask whether the idea of your going to your mother, alone and taking her away with you, alone, was a suggestion of your father's?"

"It was not," said she, with downcast eyes. "It was the suggestion of a

quiet, misty little thoroughfare, lying just back from the continuous roar of Oxford street. She passed the house once or twice, too, knowing it by its number; but there was no sign of life in it. The small, curtained windows showed no one sitting there or looking out. She waited and waited; went to distant points and watched; but, save for an occasional butcher's boy or postman, the street remained uniformly empty. Then she remembered that it was drawing toward the afternoon, and that poor Jane was probably starving; so she called another cab, and drove to the hotel.

Next day was a busy day. She got to Worthing about twelve, and went straight to the lodgings recommended by Mr. Lang, which she found in one of the bright and cheerful looking terraces fronting the sea. She was much pleased with the rooms, which were on the first floor—the sitting room opening on to a balcony prettily decorated with flowers.

The next morning she called at the office of Messrs. Lawrence and Lang; heard what the man who had been posted in that little thoroughfare had to say; and arranged that she should go alone to the house that evening at eight o'clock. She had no longer in her eyes the pretty timidity and bashfulness of a child; she bore herself with the demeanor of a woman.

CHAPTER XVI.

A few minutes before eight on that evening, in the thoroughfare just mentioned, a short, thick-set man was standing by a lamp post, either trying to read, or pretending to read, an evening newspaper by the dull yellow light. Presently a hansom cab drove up to the corner of the street and stopped there; and a

—that you should have no word of kindness for me. But no matter. We shall soon make up for all these years. Mother, I have come to take you away. You must no longer be here alone. You will come with me, will you not?"

The pale, emaciated, hollow-voiced woman came nearer, and took Yolande's hand, and regarded her with a kind of vague, pleased curiosity and kindness.

"And you are really my Yolande, then? How tall you are, and beautiful, too—like an angel. When I have thought of you, it was not like this. What beautiful, beautiful hair; and so straight you have grown; and tall! So they have sent you to me at last. But it is too late now—too late!"

"No, no, mother, it is not too late! You will come away with me, will you not—now—at once?"

The other shook her head sadly; and yet it was obvious that she was taking more and more interest in her daughter—regarding her from top to toe, admiring her dress even, and all the time holding her hand.

"Oh, no, I cannot go away with you," she said. "It is not for you to be hampered with one like me. I am content. I am at peace here. I am quite happy here. You are young, rich, beautiful; you will have a beautiful life; everything beautiful round you. It is so strange to look at you! And who sent you? The lawyers, I suppose. What do they want now? Why do they not let me alone?"

She let the girl's hand fall, and turned away dejectedly, and sank down into the easy chair again, with a sigh. But Yolande was mistress of herself now. She went forward, put her hand upon her mother's shoulder, and said firmly:

"Mother, I will not allow you to remain here. It is not a fit place for you. I have come to take you away myself; the lawyers have not sent me; they want nothing. Dear mother, do make up your mind to come away with me—now!"

Her entreaty was urgent, for she could hear distinctly that there were some high words being bandied in the lobby; and she wished to get her mother away without any unseemly squabble.

"Do, mother! Everything is ready. You and I will go away together to Worthing; and the sea air and the country drives will soon make you well again. I have got everything prepared for you—pretty rooms fronting the sea; and a balcony where you can sit and read; and I have a pony carriage to take you for drives through the lanes. Ah, now, to think it is your own daughter who is asking you! You cannot refuse! You cannot refuse!"

At this moment the door opened; and a short, stout, red-faced, black-haired woman made her appearance. It was clear that the altercation with Jane had not improved her temper.

"I beg your pardon, young lady," said she, with studied deference, "but I want to know what this means?"

Yolande turned with flashing eyes. "Leave the room!"

For a second the woman was cowed by her manner; but the next moment she had bridled up again.

"Leave the room, indeed! Leave the room—in my own house! Not until I'm paid. And what's more, the poor dear lady isn't going to be taken away against her will. She knows who her friends are. She knows who have looked after her and nursed her. She shan't be forced away from the house against her will. I warrant you."

"Leave the room this instant, or I will send for a policeman!" Yolande said, and she had drawn herself up to her full height, for her mother, poor creature, was timidly shrinking behind her.

"A policeman! Hoity-toity!" said the other, with her little black eyes sparkling. "You'd better have not policemen in here. It's not them that are robbing a poor woman that should call for a policeman. But you haven't taken her with you yet; and what's more, she shan't move an inch out of this house until every farthing that's owing to us is paid—that she shan't. We're not going to be robbed so long as there's the law. Not till every farthing is paid, I warrant! So perhaps you'll let the poor dear old lady alone, and leave her in the care of them that she knows to be her friends. A policeman, indeed! Not one step shall she budge until every farthing of her debt is paid!"

(To be continued.)

friend whose acquaintanceship—whose friendship—we made in the Highlands—a Mr. Melville."

"Ah!" said he, and he glanced at a card that was lying before him on the table. "It is bold—bold," he added musingly. "One thing is certain, everything else has failed. My dear young lady, I am afraid, however successful you may be, your life for some time to come will not be as happy and cheerful as one could wish for of your age."

"That I am not particular about," said Yolande, absently.

"However, in a matter of this kind, it is not my place to advise, I am a servant only. You are going down to Worthing to-morrow; I will give you a list of trains there and back, to save you the trouble of hunting through a time table. You will be back in the evening. Now, do you think it desirable that I should get this man whom I mean to employ in your service to hang about the neighborhood of the house to-morrow, just to get some notion of the comings and goings of the people?"

"I think it would be most desirable," Yolande said.

"Very well; it shall be done. Let me see; this is Thursday; to-morrow you go to Worthing; could you call here on Saturday to hear what the man has to say? And here," he continued, going to a safe and fetching out some Bank of England notes, "is £25 in £5 notes; it is not so serious a matter if one of those should go astray. Please put these in your purse, Miss Winterbourne; and when you want any further sums, you have only to write to us."

As she left, she thought that London did not seem to be, after all, such a terrible place to be alone in. Here was protection, guardianship, friendship, and assistance put all around her at the very outset. There were no more qualms or sinking of the heart now. When she got outside, it suddenly occurred to her that she would like to go away in search of the street in which her mother lived, and reconnoiter the house. Might there not be some chance of her coming out—the day was fairly fine for London. And how strange to see her mother walking before her. She felt sure she should recognize her. And then—perhaps—what if one were suddenly to discard all preparations?—what if she were to be quickly caught, and carried off, and transferred to safety before any one could interfere?

But when she had ordered the cabman to drive to Oxford Circus, and got into the cab, along with Jane, she firmly put away from her all those wild possibilities. This undertaking was too serious a matter to be imperiled by any rashness. She might look at the street, at the house, at the windows; but not if her mother were to come out and pass her by, touching her skirts even, would she declare herself. She was determined to be worthy of the trust that had been placed in her.

At Oxford Circus they dismissed the cab, and walked some short distance until they found the place they were in search of, a dull, respectable looking,



"MOTHER, YOU DO NOT KNOW, THEN, THAT I AM YOUR DAUGHTER?"

taller and younger man got out and came along to the lamp post.

"I would go a dozen yards nearer," said the newcomer.

"Very well, sir," said the other; and then he added: "The master of the house has just gone out, sir."

"So much the better," said the younger man, carelessly. "There will be the less bother—probably none at all. But you keep a little bit nearer, after the young lady has gone into the house."

Punctually at eight o'clock a four-wheeled cab appeared and drew up; and Yolande got out, followed by her maid. Without delay or hesitation she crossed the pavement, and knocked at the door. A girl of about fifteen opened it.

"Is Mrs. Winterbourne within?" said Yolande, calmly.

The girl eyed her doubtfully.

"Yes, miss; if you wait for a moment I'll go and tell miss."

"No," said Yolande, promptly; "and she passed into the lobby without farther ado. "No; I will not trouble your mistress. Please show me where I shall find Mrs. Winterbourne. Which is her room?"

"That is her sitting room," stammered the girl—indeed, they were all standing just outside the door of it.

"Thank you," and Yolande put her hand on the handle of the door. "Jane, wait for me." The next moment she was inside the room, and the door shut behind her.

A spasm of fear caught her and struck her motionless. Some one sat there—some one in a chair—idly looking into the fire—a newspaper flung aside. And what horror might not have to be encountered now? She had been warned; she had prepared herself; but still—

Then the next moment a great flood of pity and joy and gratitude filled her heart; for the face that was turned to her—that regarded her with a mild surprise—that it was emaciated and pallid, was not unlovable; and the eyes were large and strange and melancholy. This poor lady rose, and with a gentle courtesy regarded her visitor, and said:

"I beg your pardon; I did not hear you come into the room."

What a strange voice—hollow and distant; and it was clear that she was looking at this newcomer only with a vague, half-pleased curiosity, not with any natural wonder at such an intrusion. Yolande could not speak. She forgot all that she had meant to say. Her heart seemed to be choking her.

"Mother," she managed to say at length, "you do not know, then, that I am your daughter?"

"My Yolande," she said, and she retreated a step as if in fear. "You are my Yolande—yon?"

She regarded her apparently with some strange kind of dread—as if she were an apparition. There was no wonder, or joy, or sudden impulse of affection.

"You—you cannot be my Yolande—my daughter?"

"But indeed I am, mother," said the girl, with the tears running down her face in spite of herself. "Ah, it is cruel that I should come to you as a stranger

born at Verona, N. Y., and was brought up on a farm, attending school only during the winter months. For a time he was an errand boy in his brother's grocery-shop at Troy, but in 1837 he started a store of his own, and soon became a wholesale dealer in groceries. He served as alderman in Troy, and in 1853-57 was a Whig member of Congress. In 1863 Mr. Sage came to New York City and began his career in Wall street. Now he is a director in over a score of large corporations, and many persons say that actually he does not know how rich he is.

War Aids Women Doctors.

The Woman's Medical Institute in St. Petersburg, on its foundation, was hailed as the only place in the world where a woman could take out medical degrees. It was unended and was kept going by voluntary subscriptions and by the sacrifices of professors, whose zeal was even greater than their skill.

But though it was looked toward by many as a beacon of advance, the school in reality had only a trembling vitality, knowing well that the lifting of the eyebrow of any powerful personage was enough to send it tumbling down. As a matter of fact, the school was closed in 1886 by the minister, Warrowsky, and was not reopened until eleven years later, when it lived on, if possible, in a more trembling condition than before.

It has now assumed a sudden importance. It has been brought from its struggling retirement. All the world has been told of its existence and called upon to give it recognition. An edict from the Czar has given it a status and a substantial grant. Its students get all the privileges hitherto available to men.

The reason of this sudden change of official attitude is that the war is taking all the Russian men doctors, and if their places are not supplied the country is at the mercy of any epidemic that would come along. Hence the thoughtfulness and the generosity which has been suddenly developed toward the woman doctor.

Truth Comes Out.

"Do thoughts that came to you in the long ago ever return?" asked the originator of silly questions.

"Not unless I inclose stamps," answered the literary party.

Though familiarity may not breed contempt, it takes off the edge of admiration.—Hassitt.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Franklin Pierce, fourteenth president of the United States, has been so eclipsed in fame by his successors and the exciting events of the civil conflict that crowded upon the heels of his administration that he has somewhat come to be little more than a name in the school histories; but Franklin Pierce proved his devotion to the interests of his country before he entered on the duties of the presidency, and did not falter in them after he had attained that goal.

In 1846, when the war with Mexico began, New Hampshire was called on for a battalion of troops. Franklin Pierce, although he had been a United States senator, and might have gone into the war in command of a company, enlisted as a private in a volunteer company. By the time that the battle of Contreras had been fought, on Aug. 19, 1847, Pierce had risen to the rank of a brigadier-general.

At this battle of Contreras the Mexican general, Valencia, with 7,000 trained troops, occupied a strongly entrenched camp. General Pierce led his brigade, 4,000 raw recruits, who could not use the artillery, against the 7,000 trained soldiers, who rained shot and shell down upon their opponents. To reach the enemy the Americans were obliged to cross a lava bed, bristling with sharp, splintered rocks that gave shelter to the Mexican sharpshooters. Pierce's horse stepped into a cleft between these rocks, throwing his rider, whose knee was seriously injured. But Pierce resolutely refused to leave his men. Mounting another horse he continued toward the intrenchments.

Through that day and the next, despite his injuries, Pierce remained in the saddle, leading his men on to victory.

RUSSELL SAGE CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Russell Sage, who the other day celebrated the 89th anniversary of his birth, is a multi-millionaire of New York City, who is noted for his thrifty traits. It is alleged that his check would be good anywhere for from \$50,000,000 to \$80,000,000. Mr. Sage was



RUSSELL SAGE.

Alma-Tadema's Discovery.

Great vigilance has to be exercised by the antiquarian painter. This was demonstrated by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's picture, "The Finding of Moses." Looking at the picture, a well-known botanist examined with admiration the painting of the life-like larkspurs which form the foreground and then turning toward the artist and congratulating him on the successful rendering, pointed out that larkspurs were of a comparatively recent growth. The painter laughed as he replied: "So I thought until dried specimens of them were discovered in some of the recently explored royal tombs of Egypt."

A Severe Loss.

In Smyrna they have very little sympathy for the ceaseless responsibilities of the editorial position. Newzad Bey, chief editor of the Hidmet, was recently strangled in jail by command of the Sultan for injudicious publications.

The demise of a newspaper man with such a felicitous combination name as Newzad must indeed be a test to the profession.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The better time you have on a vacation the harder it is to get your hand back in when you return to work.

But few widows are half as gay and giddy as they are supposed to be.



For the Children

The Daisy.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach tree and said, "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you."

And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he went down into the meadow and said to the waving grass: "What are you doing?"

And the grass said: "We are giving our lives for others—for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished."

And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow and said: "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said: "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows; they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy and said: "There is none better than thou."—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Royal Pets.

Some of the pets of the royal family of England accompany the court wherever it goes, says the London Chronicle. When the King and Queen came up to London on their Christmas present purchasing expedition, at least half a dozen dogs were in the train, and among them a very corpulent and disorderly poodle, which was, presumably, dissatisfied at having to travel in an omnibus instead of in one of the royal landaus. Four bird cages were also among the baggage, and a hamper, which might possibly contain a cat.

HEART OF COEUR DE LEON.

Cardiac Organ of the First Richard Is Still in a French Cathedral.

In the splendid cathedral church of Rouen is a suite of three or four rooms containing what is known as the "Tresor." This is a collection of valuable and interesting relics, forming quite a little museum, to which admission may be obtained for the modest fee of 25 centimes. To an Anglo-Saxon quite the most interesting article in the collection is the plain leaden casket in which was buried the heart of the famous King Richard Coeur De Leon, who, it will be remembered, was slain by a bolt from the crossbow of Bertrand De Gourdon at the siege of the castle of Chalus. His body was buried at the feet of his father at Fontevault, near Tours, but his heart was incased in two leaden caskets and buried in the cathedral of Rouen, "the faithful city."

The exact place of its burial seems to have been forgotten, but it was rediscovered in 1840, placed in a new receptacle and reburied in the choir. The old leaden cases, the outer one of which was in a most dilapidated condition, were placed in the "Tresor" with the following inscription:

Cercueil
et
Boite de Plumb
Ou fut Renferme
Lors de sa Sepulture en 1199
La Coeur de
Richard Coeur de Leon
Trouvee en 1840
Dans le Sanctuaire de la Cathedral
de Rouen.

The inner case is in comparatively good condition, the inscription being perfectly legible after all these hundreds of years. The Latin is somewhat peculiar and it is curious to find that at a period when the art of working in metals was at an advanced stage the engraver of the inscription on the coffer which was to contain the heart of such a high and mighty potentate did not take the trouble to ascertain what space he required for the king's name, so that he had to carry over the terminal letter to the next line. It is noteworthy, too, that Richard is styled "Regis Anglorum," "King of the English"—not of "England"—while no reference at all is made to Normandy or Aquitaine. The box is about a foot long, eight inches wide and five deep.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Obstacle in the Way.

An old woman who entered a country savings bank not long ago was asked whether she wanted to draw or deposit.

"Nayther; Oi wants to put some money in," was the reply.

The clerk entered the amount and pushed the slip toward her to sign.

"Sign on this line, please," he said. "Above or below it?"

"Just above it?"

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"Oi can't write."—Harper's Weekly.

A Misunderstanding.

An Irish servant girl in a Newcastle family was very anxious to know the meaning of the word "Kismet," which was inscribed over the door of her mistress's house. Upon being asked, her mistress informed her that it meant "Fate," and the incident passed from the lady's mind. A few days later the servant came hobbling downstairs with an agonized expression on her face, when the mistress asked what was the matter. "Shure, ma'am, but it's some terrible corns I've got on my Kismet!" was the reply.

A bachelor never figures on marrying a widow, but when a widow figures on marrying a bachelor it's a sure sign of a wedding.

The world owes no man a living, but it owes every man an opportunity to make good.

