YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER I.

Late one evening in April, in a private sitting room on the first floor of a hotel in Albemarle street, a member of the British House of Commons was lying back in an easy chair, having just begun to read, in an afternoon journal, an article about himself. He was a man approaching fifty, with hair become prematurely quite silver white. This was what he was reading:

"By his amendment of last night, which was defeated by an overwhelming majority, the member for Slagpool has once more called attention to the unique position which he occupies in contemporary politics. Consistent only in his hopeless inconsistency, and only to be reckoned on for the wholly unexpected, one wonders for what particular purpose the electors of Slagpool ever thought of sending Mr. Winterbourne to Parliament. A politician who is at once a furious Jingo in foreign affairs and an ultra-revolutionary at home; an upholder of the divine rights and liberties of the multitude, who, at the same time, would, if he could, force them to close every public house in the country, alike on Sunday and Saturday; is a good deal more dangerous to his allies than to his enemies, while ministering to his own inordinate vanity."

"It sounds like the writing of a young man," he was thinking. "But perhaps it is true. Perhaps that is what I am like. I wonder if that is how I appear to Yolande?"

He heard a footstep outside, and immediately thrust away the newspaper from him. The next moment the door of the room was opened, and the framework showed a living picture, that of a young girl of eighteen, singularly tall and strikingly fair, who stood there hesitating, timid, half laughing.

"Look," she said. "Is it your idea?"

"Is it your idea?" he repeated peevishly. "Yolande, you are getting worse and worse. Why don't you say, 'Is this what you meant?'"

"Is this what you meant?" she said promptly, and with a slight foreign accent.

"Come to the mirror, child, and put on your hat, and let me see the whole thing properly."

She did as she was bid, stepping over to the fireplace, and standing before the old-fashioned mirror, as she adjusted the wide-brimmed Rubens hat over the ruddy gold of her hair. For this was an experiment costume, and it had some suggestion of novelty.

The plain gown was of a uniform cream white—of some rough towel-like substance that seemed to cling naturally to the tall and graceful figure, and it was touched here and there with black velvet. She wore no ornaments but a thick silver necklace round her throat and a plain silver belt round her waist.

"Is it what you meant?" she repeated, turning to him from the mirror.

"Oh, yes," said he, rather reluctantly. "I—I thought it would suit you. But you see, Yolande, to drive in the park—in London—wouldn't it be a little conspicuous?"

Her eyes were filled with astonishment; his rather wandered away nervously to the table.

"But, papa, I don't understand you. Everywhere else you are always wishing me to wear the brightest and lightest of colors. I may wear what I please—and that is only to please you, that is what I care about only—anywhere else—if we are going for a walk or a drive at Oatlands Park, I cannot please you with enough bright colors; but here, in London, everything is too conspicuous! And this time I was so anxious to please you—all your own ideas; not mine at all. But what do I care?" She tossed the Rubens hat on to the couch that was near. "Come! What is there about a dress? It will do for some other place, not so dark and smoky as London. Come—sit down, papa—you do not wish to go away to the House yet!"

"Well, now, Miss Inveigler, just listen to this," said he, laying hold of her by both her small ears. "Don't you think it prudent of me to show up as often as I can in the House, so that my good friends in Slagpool mayn't begin to grumble about my being away so frequently? And why am I away? Why do I neglect my duties? Why do I let the British Empire glide on to its doom? Why but that I may take a wretched school girl for her holidays and show her things she can't understand; and plow through museums and picture galleries to fill a mind that is no better than a sieve? Just think of it. The British Empire going headlong to the mischief all for the sake of an empty-headed school girl!"

"Do you know, papa, I am very glad to hear that?" she said, quietly, and she sat on the hearth rug before him, "for now I think my dream will soon be coming true."

"Your dream?"

"My dream. The ambition of my life," said she, seriously. "It is all I wish for and hope for. Nothing else—nothing else in the world. It is to make myself indispensable to you. Listen now, papa. Surely it is a shame that you have wasted so much time on me, through so many years—always coming to see me and take me away. I have more sense now; I have been thinking; I want to be indispensable to you; I want to be in London with you—always; and you shall never have to run away idling, and you shall never have to think that I am wearying for you—when I am always with you in London. That is it now; I wish to be your private secretary."

"No, no, Yolande," he said, nervously. "London won't do for you—it—it wouldn't do at all. Don't think of it even."

"Papa, what other member of Parliament, with so much business as you have, is without a secretary? Why should you answer all those letters yourself? For me I will learn politics very quickly; I am sturying hard. And just to think that you have never allowed me to hear you speak in the House! When I come to London the ladies whom I see will not believe that I have never once been in the House. They know all the speakers; they have heard all the great men; they spend the whole of the evening there, and have many come to see them—all in politics. Well, you see, papa, what a burden it would be taking off your hands. You would not always have to come home and dine with me, and waste so much of the evening in reading to me. Then all the day here, busy with your letters. Oh, I assure you I would make prettier compliments to your constituents than you could think of."

"They seem to think there," he said, with a sardonic smile, and he glanced at the newspaper, "that the country would be better off without me."

It was too late to recall this unfortunate speech. The moment he had spoken she reached over and took up the journal,

SHE SAT ON THE HEARTHRUG BEFORE HIM.

and found her father's name staring her in the face.

"Is it true, Yolande?" he said, with a laugh. "Is that what I am like?"

As she read, Yolande tried at first to be grandly indifferent—contemptuous. And then, in spite of herself, tears rose slowly and filled the soft gray-blue eyes—though she had kept her head down, vainly trying to hide them. And then mortification at her weakness made her angry, and she crushed up the paper twice or thrice, and hurled it into the fire; nay, she seized hold of the poker and thrust and drove the offending journal into the very heart of the coals. And then she rose, proud and indignant, and with a toss of her pretty head, she said:

"It is enough time to waste over such folly. Perhaps thep oor man has to support a family; but he need not write such stupidity as that. Now, papa, what shall I play for you?"

"I must be off to the House. There is just a chance of a division; and perhaps I may be able to get in a few words somewhere, just to show the Slagpool people that I am not careering about the Continent with my school girl. No, no; I will see you safe in your own room, Yolande; and your lamp lit, and everything snug; then—— Good night!"

"No. Not until you say, 'I love you.'"

"I love you."

"And I may go out to-morrow morning as early as ever I like, to buy some flowers for the breakfast table?"

"I don't like your going out by yourself, Yolande," said he rather hesitatingly. "You can order flowers. You can ring and tell the waiter——"

"The waiter!" she exclaimed. "What am I of use for, then, if it is a waiter who will choose flowers for your breakfast table, papa?"

"Take Jane with you, then."

"Oh, yes."

So that was settled; and he went upstairs with her to see that her little silver reading lamp was properly lit, and then bade her the real last good-night. When he returned to the sitting room for his hat and coat, there was a pleased and contented look on his face.

"Poor Yolande!" he was thinking; "she is more shut up here than in the country; but she will soon have the liberty of Oatlands Park again."

He had just put on his coat and hat, and was giving a last look round the room to see if there was anything he ought to take with him, when there was a loud, sharp crash at the window. A hundred splinters of glass fell on to the floor; a stone rolled over and over to the fireplace. He seemed bewildered only for a second; and perhaps it was the startling sound that had made his face grow suddenly of a deadly pallor; the next second—noiselessly and quickly—he had stolen from the room, and was hurriedly descending the stairs to the hall of the hotel.

CHAPTER II.

The head waiter was in the hall, alone, and staring out through the glass door. When he heard some one behind him, he turned quickly, and there was a vague alarm in his face.

"The—the lady, sir, has been here again."

Mr. Winterbourne paid no heed to him; passed him hastily, and went out. The lamplight showed a figure standing there on the pavement—the figure of a tall woman, dark and pale, who had a strange, dazed look in her eyes.

"I thought I'd bring you out!" she said, tauntingly, and with a slight laugh.

"What do you want?" he said, quickly, and under his breath. "Have you no shame, woman? Come away. Tell me what you want!"

"You know what I want," she said sullenly. "I want no more lies." Then an angrier light blazed up in the impassive, emaciated face. "Who has driven me to it, if I have to break a window? I want no more lies and hidings. I want you to keep your promise; and if I have to break every window in the House of Commons, I will let everybody know. Whose fault is it?"

"What madness have you got hold of now?" he said, in the same low voice—and all his anxiety seemed to be to get her away from the hotel. "Come along and tell me what you want. I suppose I can guess who sent you. I suppose it was not for nothing you came to make an exhibition of yourself in the public streets. They asked you to go and get some money?"

"I will take them some money, if you like," she said, absently. "They are my only friends now—my only friends; they have been kind to me—they don't cheat me with lies and promises—they don't put me off, and turn me away when I ask for them. Yes, I will take them some money."

By this time they had reached the corner of Piccadilly, and as a four-wheeled cab happened to be passing, he stopped it, and himself opened the door. She made no remonstrance; she seemed ready to do anything he wished.

"Here is some money. I will pay the driver."

She got into the cab quite submissively, and the man was given the address, and paid. Then the vehicle was driven off; and he was left standing on the pavement, still somewhat bewildered, and not conscious how his hands were trembling.

He stood uncertain only for a second or so, then he walked rapidly back to the hotel.

"Has Miss Winterbourne's maid gone to bed yet?" he asked of the landlady.

"Oh, no, sir! I should think not, sir," the buxom person answered; she did not observe that his face was pale and his eyes nervous.

"Will you please tell her, then, that we shall be going down to Oatlands Park again to-morrow morning? She must have everything ready; but she is not to disturb Miss Winterbourne to-night."

Then he went into the coffee room, and found the head waiter.

"Look here," said he, "I suppose you can get a man to put in a pane of glass in the window of our sitting room—the first thing in the morning? There has been some accident, I suppose. You can have it done before Miss Winterbourne comes down."

He stood for a moment apparently listening if there was any sound upstairs; and then he opened the door again and went out. Very slowly he walked away through the lamp-lit streets, seeing absolutely nothing of the passersby, or of the rattling cabs and carriages; and although he bent his steps Westminster-ward it was certainly not the affairs of the nation that had hold of his mind. Rather he was thinking of that beautiful fair young life—that young life so carefully and tenderly cherished and guarded, and all unconscious of this terrible black shadow behind it. The irony of it! It was this very night that Yolande had chosen to reveal to him her secret hopes and ambition; she was to be always with him; she was to be "indispensable," the days of her banishment were to be now left behind; and the two, father and daughter, were to be inseparable companions henceforth and forever. And his reply? As he walked along the half-deserted pavements, anxiously revolving many things, and dreaming many dreams about what the future might have in store for her, and regarding the trouble and terrible care that haunted his own life, the final summing up of all his doubts and fears resolved itself into this—If only Yolande were married! When he passed into the House it was to seek out his friend, John Shortlands, whose rough common sense and blunt counsel had before now stood him in good stead and served to brace up his unstrung nerves. The tall, corpulent, big-headed ironmaster, he at length found with two or three companions. Winterbourne touched his friend lightly on the shoulder.

"Can you come outside for a minute?"

"All right."

(To be continued.)

Wanted a Big "Bar'l."

A newspaper tells the story of a storekeeper in a country town who, after twice telling a young man that he had no "onions," reverted to the matter after the customer had gone. "I declare," he said, "I do' know but what it was ingans that feller wanted!"

A similar tale is told by a young woman who, being in search of a barrel to catch rain-water, applied to the village innkeeper.

"Have you a hogshead that I could buy?" she said, with the careful enunciation that she had learned in childhood.

The innkeeper shook his head.

"Not any sort of hogshead?" she asked, with gentle persistence. "I thought you must have a good many."

"I wonder what set you to thinking that?" said the landlord, looking as if he considered her demented. "I haven't kep a single hog for ten years back, and when I did keep 'em I never had any call for their heads."

It was the young woman's turn to look horrified.

"Oh, I don't know anything about hog's heads!" she said, excitedly. "I want a hogshead, an old molasses hogshead, or something."

The landlord looked at her, and light dawned at last.

"I believe you mean you want a hugshud," he said, smiling broadly. "You step this way and take your choice of what I've got."

Kind words are the music of the world.—Faber.

AGRICULTURAL

The Egg-Laying Hen.

Since poultrymen have begun to aim at a high standard in egg production and to strive for the two-hundred-egg hen (the type not the individual), much advance has been made, although the White Leghorn still heads the list. Of course, there are hens and hens even of this egg-laying breed, and some of them fall far below the standard. It is interesting to note the formation of the real egg producer, and the illustration, which has been drawn from a photograph of a prize egg producer, will show this formation very clearly, as compared with the average hen of this or any other breed.

The egg producer has a long back, which is easily noted when she is seen

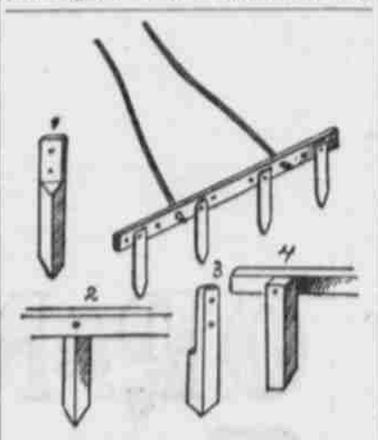
TYPE OF BEST LAYER.

with ordinary fowls. The breast is also low, and there is a heaviness of the body behind. In one word, the carcass may be called plump. The comb and wattles are fiery red, the eyes bright, and the bird has an alertness which does not seem to be prominent in other individuals not so good layers. It pays to look over the birds very carefully, and if one has a standard to go by it will be seen that nine cases out of ten the bird which looks like a layer of few eggs will be found to be so.—Indianapolis News.

Simple Garden Marker.

A marker is one of the handy tools of the farm, and is readily made by taking a strip of inch material of the desired length, and, at the proper distance from the ends, making holes in which to insert poles to form a shaft to which a horse may be fastened. At intervals on this strip make holes so that the teeth may be moved as desired. These teeth may be made of wood and of varying thicknesses and lengths to suit the various seeds. A few bolts will do the fastening perfectly.

For general use the necessary number of teeth may be made triangular in shape, the upper end containing two bolt holes, so as to lengthen if desired. (See Fig. 1.) A neat adjustment of a



MARKER FOR THE GARDEN.

tooth is shown at Fig. 2. Heavy board teeth may be used where coarse seed is to be used if one desires, the teeth being attached to the bar in the same manner as the others. Figs. 3 and 4 show such a tooth and its attachment to the bar.—Exchange.

Get Acquainted With Your Cows.

That is the advice of Wallace's Farmer to those of its readers who take milk to creameries. Then the Farmer explains what it means by the phrase, "getting acquainted with your cows." It is a curious fact, but one that is as true as the multiplication table, that there are thousands upon thousands of farmers who really know less about their cows than any other animal on the farm. They never know how much milk they give or how much butter or cheese they make or how many in the herd are paying for their board.

Calves Raised Without Milk.

As a substitute for skim milk in raising calves, cocoanut shell tea appears to have some merits. At the Ontario Experiment Station calves were fed in addition to what corn and green feed they wanted six to eight quarts of tea made by boiling one-fourth pound of cocoa shells in two gallons of water. They gained 135 pounds in eight weeks, while two other calves fed on two gallons of skim milk per day in addition to the other feeds gained 148 pounds in the same period. The conclusion was that shells made as good a substitute for skim milk as could be had, but that nothing could entirely take the place of milk for young stock.

Rest Cure for Lameness.

A roomy yard or large box stall is a better place for a horse requiring rest on account of lameness than a grass field. Very often the rest may be rendered more complete by judicious surgical shoeing, which throws the part actually involved into a state of rest. Many make the mistake of turning horses out during the day and bringing them in at night. Generally speaking, the animal would be better off out at night than during the day, the exception being when there is a great variation between the day and night temperature. The horse is nocturnal in his habits; he can graze and get about comfortably in a low medium of light, if he cannot actualy "see in the dark," as he is popularly supposed to be able to do, and he can get food, moderate exercise and the beneficial effect of night dews and damp grass to his feet, and is subject to no disturbance.—American Cultivator.

Skim Milk for Pigs.

On any farm where pigs are raised and skim milk is available, it may be fed with profit in connection with grains of various kinds. To use the skim milk without the grain is not getting the best out of it. The usual plan of feeding skim milk to pigs from two to three months old is to make a mixture of middlings or ground corn with five times the quantity of skim milk. This ration furnishes about the same nutriment that does the milk of the sow, and the pigs will thrive on it. Some pig raisers try a ration consisting of one part of middlings, one part of oil meal and four parts of ground corn mixed with water in lieu of skim milk, and find it fairly satisfactory. Considerable care must be used in the feeding of young pigs, and it pays to try and arrange a ration which will keep them growing as sturdily as possible.

Mangel Wurzels as a Stock Feed.

David Imrie, in an address before a Wisconsin institute, gave excellent advice from a long experience in swine breeding, making a few good points. He said: "I am satisfied we must raise more mangels for our swine. They are peculiarly adapted for furnishing cheap nutrition, easily digested and health-giving. I am sure we must look more carefully to this question of dry matter in roots. We have certainly overlooked the value of food nutrients in this form, not only for feeding pigs, but all kinds of live stock. In my judgment no other root growth will take their place. Potatoes surely will not. I hope farmers will earnestly take hold of this question and raise, so far as their farm arrangements may permit, mangel wurzels."—National Stockman.

To Relieve Heaves.

Wet all food. Feed green grass in preference to hay. Do not work soon after a meal. Give half ounce Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily. Breeders' Gazette says the disease is incurable, but may be relieved by this treatment.

Poultry Pickings.

There is less profit in half-starved hens than in those too fat.

The crocodile, the chicken and the ostrich take pebbles with their food to aid in grinding it.

The qualifications for a successful poultryman are patience, perseverance, pluck, enterprise and capital.

If you do not love your poultry well enough to give them the proper care, you had better go out of business.

If there is any tendency to looseness of the bowels among the poultry, give them coal ashes to pick over. This will correct it.

Milk may soil the old hen's feathers, but there is nothing better for her in the way of food and drink.

A good way to clean ducks, after picking is to rub them well with a cloth that has been dampened and dipped in corn meal.

To save the annoyance of foul-smelling chicken boxes in which you have live poultry, slip two or three sheets of thick paper in the bottom; when empty throw these away.

Garden Hints.

The California poppy is the most brilliant red annual. Do not transplant.

Early plants of marigold flower in pots before replanting, and never stop until frost.

Zinnia is gorgeous and always in flower. It is well to get selected strains for pure colors.

Sow sweet peas early and cut the flowers promptly if you want flowers through the whole season.

Sweet William, the "cluster-flowered pink," is very fragrant. Remember, it likes moist, rich soil.

Morning glory is the best vine for the trellis. Soak the seed in warm water before planting. It self-sows. The first frost kills it.

PULSE of the PRESS

"Lawson's associates will not talk," says a Boston dispatch. Lawson's associates probably do not get a chance.—Washington Post.

Admiral Beresford wants the United States and Great Britain to have one flag. Judgment will be suspended until the Admiral specifies the flag.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Young Rockefeller does not deem it necessary to defend his father. He is right. The old gentleman is able to retain good lawyers for that purpose.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Russia protests that Japan proposes to kidnap the Emperor of Korea. Why didn't Kuropatkin stay and see that the outrage was not perpetrated?—New York Evening Sun.

Mr. Carnegie has presented King Edward with a diplodocus. He neglected the usual provision that the King should supply a diplodocus of equal value.—Washington Post.

The University of Chicago has "cut out" the lamp of learning heretofore appearing on its seal. This would seem to be a direct slap at the Standard Oil Company.—Topeka Herald.

Talking about frenzied finance—how is it that New York legislators, with $1,500 per annum, increase their bank accounts to $25,000 in a single session?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

What boots the Czar's rescript, removing the more vexatious disabilities from the Poles and Lithuanians, when he is likely to recall it as soon as the wind changes?—Boston Transcript.

The Duke of Manchester condemns the American scramble for the almighty dollar, but sees nothing to censure in the British scramble for rich American heiresses.—Louisville Herald.

While so much is printed in the newspapers about Mr. Taft, the average citizen will feel like wondering what has become of the Vice-President. No notice of his death has been published.—Birmingham News.

Henry Clews gives a list of 22 men whose fortunes range from $15,000,000 to $500,000,000, but it is dollars to doughnuts that he did not base his estimates on any information gained at the assessor's offices.—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Ambassador Choate is still being assured by our kin across the water that he is a jolly good fellow. Mr. Choate is expected to bring home one of the most gigantic cases of dyspepsia that has ever been imported.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If Secretary Taft should ever hope for a new and an original coat of arms he might have a lid rampant, a President expectant and a Bowen and Loomis squabble couchant as part of the arrangement, with a pretty kettle as a crest.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Outside of Chicago the country is weary of the strike and would gladly see it ended, though not directly concerned. In the matter of the public peace the whole country is concerned, and desires to see it maintained, whether the strike continues or not.—Pittsburg Gazette.

"The professors, the teachers in colleges and universities, these are the true aristocracy, these are the happiest men," says Andrew Carnegie. Beginning of their three months' vacation season convince two-week men that they are so in fact.—New York Evening World.

Lumber is ordered up the ladder another round or two by the Christian gentlemen forming the combine to whom, to quote Baer, the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, has committed the lumber property of this nation that they may care for the comfort of His people.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Secretary Morton is reported to have said that the complaints about the railroads overcharging shippers are mostly unfounded. It is also reported that Mr. Morton is to retire from the Cabinet to re-enter the railroad business. Is there any connection between the two reports?—Oakland Tribune.

A Cleveland genius has invented a contrivance to prevent women from stepping off backward when they leave street cars. This is a good work. We hope the inventor will now turn his attention to the business of inventing some kind of a device that will keep fools from rocking boats.—Chicago Record-Herald.

President Roosevelt is peculiarly fortunate in having his Americanism on straight at all times. In the possession of that uncommon commodity known as common sense he is almost the richest man in public life in this country. And so long as he is able, by some odd process of intuition, to go as straight to the mark as he did in his Chicago speeches, he will command the respect of his countrymen and win new evidences of approval.—Detroit Free Press.

One inkstand at $500 is of itself a thing hardly worth talking about. But as an evidence of that vulgar ostentation in the details of government against which the founders of the republic set their face, it speaks volumes.—Boston Post.

Now that there is a discussion of safer means for the transportation of high explosives, interest centers in the method that will be employed in conveying Thomas W. Lawson from Boston to Ottawa, Kan., for his Fourth of July speech.—Indianapolis Star.