

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

It was a beautiful, clear, mild night; and seated on the benches on the terrace there were several groups of people—among them two or three ladies. As Winterbourne passed them, he could not but think of Yolande's complaint that she had never even been in the House of Commons. These were, no doubt, the daughters or wives or sisters of members; why should not Yolande also be sitting there? John Shortlands had sharp eyes, and he instantly guessed from his friend's manner that something had happened.

"More trouble?" said he, regarding him.

"Yes," said the other. "Well, I don't mind—I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. It is no new thing."

"I have told you all along, Winterbourne, that you brought it on yourself. You should have taken the bull by the horns—"

"It is too late to talk of it—never mind that now," he said, impatiently. "It is about Yolande I want to speak to you."

"Yes?"

"You won't guess what I am anxious for now," he said with a sort of uncertain laugh. "You won't guess it in a month, Shortlands. I am anxious to see Yolande married."

"Faith, that needn't trouble you," said the big ironmaster bluntly. "There'll be no difficulty about that. Yolande has grown into a thundering handsome girl. And they say," he added, jocosely, "that her father is pretty well off."

"She cannot remain longer at any school, and I don't like leaving her to herself at Outlands Park or any similar place. Poor child! Do you know what her own plans are? She wants to be my private secretary."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. Of course a girl like Yolande will get married. Your private secretary! How long would it last? Does she look like the sort of a girl who ought to be smothered up in correspondence or listening to debates? And if you're in such a mighty hurry to get rid of her—if you want to get her married at once, I'll tell you a safe and sure way—send her for a voyage on a steamer."

"I think I shall take Yolande away for another long trip somewhere, I don't care where; but the moment I find myself on the deck of a ship, and Yolande beside me, then I feel as if all care had dropped away from me. I feel safe; I can breathe freely. Oh, by the way, I meant to ask if you knew anything of a Col. Graham? You have been so often to Scotland shooting. I thought you might know. Investroy, I think is the name of his place."

"Oh, that Graham. Yes, I should think so—a lucky beggar. Investroy fell plump into his hands some three or four years ago—quite unexpectedly—one of the finest estates in Invernesshire. I don't think India will see him again."

"His wife seems a nice sort of woman," said Mr. Winterbourne, with the slightest touch of interrogation.

"I don't know her. She is his second wife. She is a daughter of Lorn Lynn."

"They are down at Outlands just now. Yolande has made their acquaintance, and they have been very kind to her. Well, this Col. Graham was saying the other evening that he felt as though he had been long enough in the old country, and would like to take a trip as far as Maluta or Soes or Aden, just to renew his acquaintance with the old route. In fact, they propose that Yolande and I should join them."

"The very thing!" said John Shortlands, facetiously. "What did I say? A voyage will marry off anybody who is willing to marry."

"I meant nothing of the kind," said the other, somewhat out of temper. "Yolande may not marry at all. If I went with these friends of hers, it would not be to get rid of her."

"I hope she'll find a young fellow who is worthy of her, for she is a thundering good girl, that's what I think, and whoever he is he'll get a prize—though I don't imagine you will be over-well disposed toward him, old chap."

"If Yolande is happy, that will be enough for me."

By this time the terrace was quite deserted; and after some little further chat they turned into the House, where they separated, Winterbourne taking his seat below the gangway on the government side, John Shortlands depositing his magnificent bulk on one of the opposition benches.

There was a general hum of conversation. There was also some laborious discourse going forward.

What dreams visited the member for Slagpool, as he sat with his eyes distraught? His getting up some fateful evening to move a vote of want of confidence in the government? His appearance on the platform of the Slagpool Mechanics' Institute, with the great mass of people rising and cheering and waving their handkerchiefs? Or perhaps some day—for who could tell what changes the years might bring—his taking his place on the Treasury bench there?

He had got hold of a blue book. It was the Report of a Royal Commission; but of course all the cover of the folio volume was not printed over—there were blank spaces. And the member for Slagpool began idly and yet thoughtfully to pencil certain letters up at one corner of the blue cover. He was a long time about it; perhaps he saw pictures as he slowly and contemplatively formed each letter; perhaps no one but himself could have made out what the uncertain pencilling meant. But it was not of politics he was thinking. The letters that he had faintly pencilled there—that he was still wistfully regarding as though they could show him things far away—formed the word YOLANDE. It was like a lover.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning Mr. Winterbourne's nervous anxiety to get Yolande away at once out of London was almost pitiable to witness. Yolande was greatly disappointed. She had been secretly nursing the hope that at last she might be allowed to remain in London, in some capacity or another, as the constant companion of her father. Yet, when once they were really on their way from London her father's manner seemed to gain so much in cheerfulness that she could hardly be sorry that he had left. She had not noticed that he had been more anxious and nervous that morning than usual; but she could not fail to remark how much brighter his look was now they were out in the clear air.

"Yolande," said he, "I had a talk with John Shortlands last night. I half threatened to throw up my place in Parliament, and then the arrangement was that you and I, Yolande, should start away together and roam all over the world, amusing ourselves—going just where we liked—you and I all by ourselves."

"You would become tired of being amused. You could not always travel," she said. She put her hand on his hand.

"Ah, I see what it is," she said, with a little laugh. "You are concealing. That is your kindness, papa. You think I am too much alone; it is not enough that you sacrifice to-day, to-morrow, next day, to me; but you wish to make a sacrifice altogether; and you pretend you are tired of politics. But you cannot make me blind to it. I see—oh, quite clearly I can see through your pretense!"

A new suggestion entered his mind. He glanced at the girl opposite him—timidly and anxiously.

"Yolande," said he, "I—I wonder now—I suppose at your age—well, how you ever thought of getting married?"

She looked up at him with her clear, frank eyes, and when she was startled like that her mouth had a slight pathetic droop, that made her face sensitive and charming.

"Why, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of times!" she exclaimed, still with her soft clear eyes wondering. "Of course, when I say I have thought hundreds of times it is about not getting married that I mean. No. That is my resolution. Oh, many a time I have said that to myself. I shall not marry—never—no one."

"Oh, but, Yolande, that is absurd. Of course you will marry. Of course you must marry."

"When you put me away, papa. Yes," she continued quite simply. "That was what madam used to say. She used to say, 'If your papa marries again, that is what you must expect. It will be better for you to leave the house. But your papa is rich; you will have a good portion; then you will find some one to marry you, and give you also an establishment.' Very well, I said, 'but that is going too far, madam; and until my papa tells me to go away I shall not go away, and there is not any necessity that I shall marry any one.'"

"I wish madam had minded her own affairs," Mr. Winterbourne said, angrily. "I am not likely to marry again. I shall not marry again. But as for you—well, don't you see, child—I—I can't live forever; and you have got no very near relatives; and besides, living with relatives isn't always the pleasantest of things; and I should like to see your future quite settled."

He found it was no use trying to talk to her seriously about this matter. She laughed it aside. She did not believe there was any fear about her future. She was all content with the world as it existed.

The Grahams were the very first people they saw when they reached Outlands. Col. Graham—a tall, stout, grizzled, good-natured looking man—was lying back in a garden seat, while his wife was standing close by, calling to her baby, which plump small person was vainly trying to walk to her, under the guidance of an ayah, whose dusky skin and silver ornaments and flowing garments of Indian red looked picturesque enough on an English lawn. Mrs. Graham was a pretty woman, of middle height, and possessed herself overjoyed when Mr. Winterbourne said there was a chance of his daughter and himself joining her and her husband on their suggested trip; but the lazy, good-humored looking soldier glanced up from his paper and said:

"Look here, Polly, it's too absurd. What would people say? It's all very well for you and me; we are old Indians and don't mind; but if Mr. Winterbourne is coming with us—and you, Miss Winterbourne—we must do something more reasonable and Christian-like than sail out to Soes or Aden and back, all for nothing."

"But nothing could suit us better," Yolande's father said—indeed, he did not mind where or why he went, so long as he got away from England, and Yolande with him.

"Oh, but we must do something," Col. Graham said. "Look here. When we were at Peshawar a young fellow came up there—you remember young Ismat, Polly?—well, I was of some little assistance to him, and he said any time we wanted to see something of the Nile I could have his father's dahabiah—or rather one of them, for his father is Governor of Merhad, and a bit of a swell, I fancy. There you are, now. That would be something to do. People wouldn't think we were idiots. We could have our sail all the same to Soes, and see the old faces at Gh. and Malta; then we could have a skim up the Nile a bit—and, by the way, we shall have it all to ourselves just now."

"The very thing," exclaimed Mr. Winterbourne, eagerly, for his imagination seemed easily captured by the suggestion of anything remote. "Nothing could be more admirable. Yolande, what do you say?"

Indeed, she seemed greatly pleased; and when they went in to lunch, they had a table to themselves, so as to secure a full and free discussion of plan. Mrs. Graham talked in the most motherly way to Yolande, and petted her. But she was a shrewd-headed little woman. Very soon after lunch she found an opportunity of talking with her husband alone.

"I think Yolande Winterbourne prettier and prettier the longer I see her," she said, carelessly.

"She is a good-looking girl. You'll have to look out, Polly. You won't have

the whole ship waiting on you this time."

"And very rich—quite an heiress, they say."

"I suppose Winterbourne is pretty well off. Making engines is quite respectable. Nobody could complain of that."

"Oh," she said blithely, "I haven't heard from Archie for a long time. I wonder what he is about—watching the nesting of the grouse, I suppose. Jim, I wish you'd let me ask him to go with us. It's rather dull for him up there; my father isn't easy to live with. May I ask him?"

"He'll have to pay his own fare to Soes and back, then," her husband answered rather roughly.

"Oh, yes; why not?" she said, with great innocence; "I am sure poor Archie is always willing to pay when he can; and I do wish my father would be a little more liberal."

Then Mrs. Graham, smoothing her pretty short curls, and with much pleasure visible in her pretty dark-gray eyes, went to her own room and sat down, and wrote as follows:

"Dear Archie—Jim's good nature is beyond anything. We are going to have a look at Malta, just for auld lang syne; and then Jim talks of taking us up the Nile a bit; and he says you ought to go with us, and you will only have to pay your passage to Soes and back—which you could easily save out of your hats and boots if you would only be a little less extravagant. Mr. Winterbourne, the member for Slagpool, is going with us; and he and Jim will have the expenses of the Nile voyage. Mr. Winterbourne's daughter makes up the party. She is rather nice, I think; but only a child. Let me know at once. Your loving sister, POLLY."

She folded up the letter, put it in an envelope; and addressed it so:

The Hon. the Master of Lynn,
Lynn Towers.

CHAPTER IV.

The usual small crowd of passengers was assembled in Liverpool street station—hurrying, talking, laughing and scanning possible ship companions with an eager curiosity; and in the midst of them, Yolande found herself for the moment alone. A woman came into this wide, hollow-resounding station, and timidly and yet anxiously scanned the faces of the various people who were on the platform adjoining the special train. She carried a small basket. After an anxious scrutiny she went up to Yolande.

"I beg your pardon, miss—"

And with that her trembling hands opened the basket, which was filled with flowers.

"No, thank you, I don't want any," said Yolande, civilly. But there was something in the woman's imploring eyes that said something to her. She was startled; and stood still.

"Are you going further than Gibraltar, miss?"

"Yes, yes, I think so," said Yolande, wondering.

There were tears running down the woman's face. For a second or two she tried to speak, ineffectually, then she said:

"Two days out from—Gibraltar—would you be so kind, miss, as to put these flowers—on the water? My little girl was buried at sea—two days out."

"Oh, I understand you," said Yolande, quickly—with a big lump in her throat. "Oh, yes, I will! I am so sorry for you."

She took the basket. The woman burst out crying; and hid her face in her hands; and then turned to go away. She was so distracted with her grief that she had forgotten even to say "Thank you." At the same moment Mr. Winterbourne came up—hastily and angrily.

"What is this?"

"Hush, papa! The poor woman had a little girl buried at sea—these are some flowers."

Yolande went quickly after her, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell me," she said, "what was your daughter's name?"

The woman raised her tear-stained face.

"Jane. We called her Janie; she was only three years old; she would have been ten by now. You won't forget, miss—it was—it was two days beyond Gibraltar that—that we buried her."

"Oh, no; do you think I could forget?" Yolande said, and she offered her hand. The woman took her hand, and pressed it; and said, "God bless you, miss—I thought I could trust your face," then she hurried away.

(To be continued.)

The Wet Tablecloth.

The stewardess in setting the table poured a half glass of water on the clean white cloth and placed a dish of fruit on the puddle he had made. He made another puddle and placed one at the cafe. On a third puddle he placed the butter dish, and so on.

"Why do you spoil the cloth with all that water?" asked a passenger.

"Because the weather's rough, sir," said the steward, and then, making another puddle, he went on.

"We stewards on ocean liners must not be merely good waiters—we must be good wet weather waiters. And we have a number of tricks.

"One of our tricks is to set the heavy dishes upon wet spots. If we were to set them on dry spots in the ordinary way they would slide to and fro with every lurch of the ship. But if the cloth is wetted they don't slide. They adhere to the wet place as though glued to it.

"One of the first things a steward learns is to set a stormy weather table—to spill water on the cloth at each place where a heavy dish is to stand. This water serves its purpose thoroughly, and it doesn't look bad, either, for the dish covers it. No one knows of the wet spot underneath."—New York Press.

A Doubtful State.

"Your wife is doing some baking to-day," said Mrs. Nabor. "What is it, bread or cake?"

"She doesn't know," replied Newil-wed. "She hasn't finished yet."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Good Place.

"I got a haircut to-day."

"What! In cold weather like this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't tell anybody."

"No, I'm keeping it under my hat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The world's navies number 2,291 warships.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH.

The tantalizing third we beat the birds to land at night
And faced the roosters on The Day to greet the morning light.
The cannon, loaded weeks before, was ready to salute;
Our "captain" touched her off and shouted "All there, fellows, scout!"
But we, who scorned discretion, stood around the piece of scrap,
Each hoping, if the captain fell, to fill the glorious gap.
Nay, not a whit more cheerfully the fathers faced the powder;
Nor could their blunderbusses raise a racket any louder.
And what more reckless here ever drew a sword from sheath
Than he who fired his crackers while he held them in his teeth?
And, since nobody dared to "take a stump,"
I've not that prayed
A blessing on the boy who cried, "Let's go to the per-rade!"

And then we heard the orator (though much against our will)
Who said, "The blood our fathers bled,
Thank God! is bleeding still!"
He bled so long we greatly feared he never would run dry.
And some one read "the grand old words,"
We vainly wondered why.
But, heaven be praised, a monster gun was there to make a noise
And a gallant fire-and-drum corps under stood the needs of boys.

All day the crimson lemonade gushed gayly forth at us,
Till ailing enamel lined each boy's esophagus.
All day, as long as all our wealth could syndicate the price,
We chilled our ardent stomachs with canary-colored ice.
How could that coal-tar dye compel the flavor of a dream?
How could that starch of corn produce so heavenly a cream?

I wonder why The Day is never celebrated now.
They try to celebrate it, but they platinly don't know how.
And would I do it in the way we used to, if I could?
Of course, I—well, no, come to think, I
You see, I'm just a human man and lack a boy's endurance.
Nor do I want the company to pay my life insurance.
—Edmund Vance Cook, in Puck.

OCEAN MEREDITH'S FOURTH.

BY ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

OCEAN MEREDITH had always lived in a large city. She was a patriotic lassie, and every year on the Fourth of July she used to decorate the house with flags, play "Yankee Doodle" and all manner of patriotic tunes on the old piano, and then, dressed in patriotic colors, with a flag in her hat, one pinned to her dress and one in her hand, go to some of the several celebrations of the day.

This year Ocean was away from the city, in a little town where it was quiet at noon that it used to be at midnight in her city home. Ocean rather liked it. She thought that when the procession went by on the Fourth of July she could see the whole of it, and not be crowded by so many hurrying people.

As Ocean became acquainted with the boys and girls in the little town she asked them what they did on the Fourth; but they were shy of the city girl, and she could not find out much about it.

The day before the holiday Ocean was very busy all day.

"What are you up to, lassie?" asked her mother.

"I'm getting all ready for to-morrow, mother."

"It will not be the same here, dear, that it was at home."

"But we're Americans, aren't we, mother? They'll celebrate, won't they?"

"I suppose they will, child."

Ocean's home was on the principal street of the sleepy little town. When the people woke up on the morning of the Fourth, what should they see but flags waving from the four front windows of the Merediths' little cottage, the posts of the porch twined with bunting, and the red, white and blue wound about the trunks of the trees just within the paling fence. Before the morning dew was off the grass, there on the porch was Ocean herself, a sweet little vision in white, with red and blue ribbons in her hair and around her waist, and wee flags floating from either shoulder. Some passing children stared at her and at the house. She ran out to the gate several times, and peered eagerly up and down the street. There was not a flag in sight, nor a sound of life and drum. Then Ocean found her way tearfully to her busy mother's side.

"Don't you think, mother, if their grandfathers had been soldiers, and their brothers had belonged to the Volunteers, they'd celebrate?"

"I think they would, Ocean, dear."

"Mother, may I celebrate?"

Ocean's mother always let her little girl do anything that was right, so she said "Yes," and thought no more about it. In half an hour there stood before her a little soldier lassie, with a cap perched on her curls and a drum slung over her shoulders. "I'm going to celebrate, mother; I just can't stand it!"

"All right, sweetheart. Have as good a time as you can. Perhaps we can have a little picnic in the woods this afternoon."

The people of the town heard the sound of a drum, and peered out their doors. There, marching all alone through the dusty street, beating her drum as her brother had taught her, and singing "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," was a little girl in white.

"For gracious sake!" cried Tom Peterson, an old member of the Grand Army, coming out of his house to see. "What are you doing, little one?"

Ocean saluted gravely. "I'm celebrating. Don't you know about the Fourth here? My grandfather was a soldier. My brother is one, too. I was watching for the procession, but it didn't come."

"So you thought you'd celebrate? Well, I vow! See here, wife!"

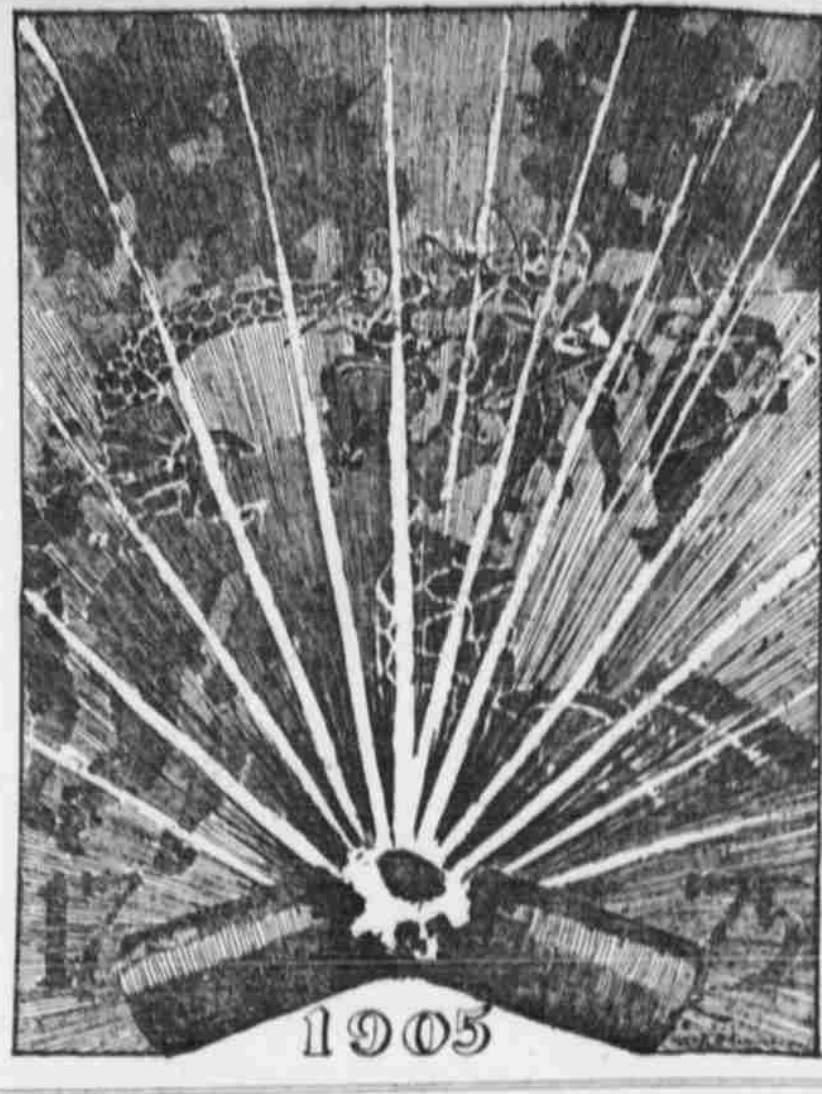
Ocean waited while a woman in a sunbonnet came out. Then the man went into the house and came back with an old flag and a tattered flag.

"I reckon your grandfather and me were comrades, little one. Suppose we go see your mother a bit. Then we'll celebrate some more."

Ocean's heart beat high as she walked by the old soldier's side back to her mother's gate.

"If you will let us have your little girl for a while, ma'am, we'll take care of her. Actually we've forgotten how to be patriotic in this town. There isn't a flag in town besides yours. It's a shame."

The next thing Ocean knew she was



Why We Celebrate

COME here, son. Let's talk. You smell of powder and burning punk. That rag on your finger hides a burn. It is possible you will set fire to the house before the day is done. The one thing that seems good to you is noise—NOISE—in big letters, with an explosion every second and joyous whoops in between.

Do you know what it is all about?

Do you know why thousands of tons of gunpowder are burned? Why 80,000,000 of people take a holiday? Why flags are flying, bands play "The Star Spangled Banner," and from the Florida Keys to the coast of Maine the folks feel a splendid burst of patriotism, and are glad that they belong to this beautiful country?

You don't just understand, and you are not to blame. We have a few men in the country who couldn't tell the President's name, and other men who have been so busy making money that they have forgotten the birth of freedom and the devotion, heroism and self-sacrifice that made it possible for the United States to become the first nation in the world.

Your great-granddaddy was a lad like you when the people decided to be free. They were governed by a king. He ruled a country he had never seen. He was not a good king. He oppressed the people. He would not read their petitions for justice. The Americans were no more to him than cattle. He was rich and big and powerful. He claimed, as kings do, that his right to rule came from God.

There were no millionaires in the United States then. Nearly everybody was poor and had to work. Very often many of them were hungry. Sometimes they were shot down by Indians while tilling their fields. Life in the country was hard, and cities were few and far between. The people didn't care about hardships. They were willing to go hungry, wear homespun and go without hundreds of things that we think we must have, but they would not be slaves.

They wanted to be free; to govern themselves; to make their own laws. They thought about it, they prayed about it, and one day they defied the king.

Then came war and suffering. It would make you cry to even think about it. There wasn't much money, powder, medicine, clothing. There was a world of courage. History has never known braver men than those Continental soldiers, who loved George Washington as you love your father, and left bloody footprints as they marched.

Sometimes they won battles; sometimes they lost them. Mothers mourned for dead husbands and sons. There were graves everywhere. There were traitors, too; and it took stout hearts to keep on fighting, when the odds were so great. "Liberty or death" was the cry. They meant it. They really were willing to die for their country. They were unselfish. They were rugged. They fought for love. They saw their homes burned and their possessions destroyed. And yet in the breasts of these men was a fire that couldn't be quenched. They fought with scythes and clubs and axes, as well as guns. When there were no cannon balls they shot stones, and they did not think that their homes, their money, their possessions, legs, arms, even their lives were too big a price to pay for liberty.

One day it was all over, because right was stronger than wrong. A nation was bleeding from a thousand wounds, but it was free.

The people were no longer slaves of an unjust king, and America was what God intended men should make it—the land of the free, the home of the brave.

And that, son, is why we celebrate Independence Day. It is to mark the birth of liberty, to arouse love for the finest flag that was ever lifted by a breeze, to make you and millions more care more for your country; to make you remember the grandness of the men who died that you, too, might be free and share in the glories of a republic.

When you and the other millions of boys who are shooting firecrackers grow up to be men, pray that you will not forget; that you will be as true and loyal and brave and as unselfish as was that grand race of oaks that burst the shackles forged by a king over a century ago.

Get your firecrackers! Start the pinwheels, shout as loud as you can. Let's celebrate hard, and when the smell of gunpowder is in the air, and fiery stars are gleaming, and the boom of cannon almost drowns the music of the band, we'll salute the flag that we love—that George Washington loved—because of the things that happened when your great-granddaddy was a little boy.—Cincinnati Post.

seated in state in a tiny bit of a carriage drawn by two ponies. In this, with her new friend beside her, she was taken from house to house. She hardly understood what was going on, but in a few hours her carriage, decorated with flags, led a good-sized procession of men and boys. There were nine old soldiers and their flags, fifes and drums. They were Ocean's bodyguard. The procession marched up and down the quiet streets, singing, drumming, cheering. People got out old flags and streamers. It was a splendid Fourth of July.

When the parade was hot and tired and thirsty, they stopped at Ocean's door, and there stood her mother with great pails of lemonade and a heaping tray of cookies. You ought to have heard them cheer. They cheered the flag and George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the President, the Grand Army of the Republic—and last, but not least, they cheered dear little Ocean Meredith, whose patriotism waked them all up on the Fourth of July.—Farm and Fireside.

Pyrotechnology.

"They're off in a bunch," said the sporty Red Light, as he saw a little fellow light a pack of firecrackers at once.

"Go chase yourself!" said the Pistol to the Nigger-Chaser.

"Shoot the cap!" said a Piece of Punk to the Pistol.

"That's what I call light work," remarked a Torpedo, commenting on the boy who was setting off the fireworks.

"He's no match for me," whistled the Piece of Punk as he noticed the boy hopelessly searching through his pockets for a sulphur stick.

"You're full of hot air," slangily said some one to the Balloon.—Sunday Magazines.

HOW IT HAPPENED.