

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I hope you will give me a dance, Miss Winterbourne," said he.
"Oh, yes, with pleasure," said she, in the most friendly way.
"There are no programs, of course," said he. "And one can't make engagements; but I think a very good rule in a thing like this is that one should dance with one's friends. For myself, I don't care to dance with strangers. It doesn't interest me. I think when people form a party among themselves on board ship—well, I think they should keep to themselves."

"Oh, but that is very selfish, is it not?" Yolande said. "We are not supposed to be strangers with any one after being on board ship so long together—"

"Miss Winterbourne, may I have the pleasure of dancing this waltz with you?" said a tall, solemn man, with an egg-shaped nose, and the next minute the Master of Lynn beheld Yolande walking toward that cleared space with Major MacKinnon of the Seaforth Highlanders; and as to what he thought of the Seaforth Highlanders, and what he hoped would happen to them, from their colonel down to their pipe major, it is unnecessary to say anything here.

But Yolande did give him the next dance, which mollified him a little—not altogether, however, for it was only a square. The next was a Highland schottische; and by ill luck he took it for granted that Yolande, having been brought up in France, would know nothing about it, so he went away and sought out his sister. Their performance was the feature of the evening. No one else thought of interfering. And it was very cleverly, and prettily, and artistically done; inasmuch that a round of applause greeted them at the end—even from the Highland officers, who considered that young Leslie might just as well have sought a partner elsewhere, instead of claiming his own sister. Immediately after the Master of Lynn returned to Yolande.

"Ah, that is very pretty," she said. "No wonder they approved you and clapped their hands. It is the most picturesque of all the dances—especially when they are only two and you have the whole deck for display. In a ball room, perhaps not."

"You must learn it, Miss Winterbourne, before you come north," said he. "We always dance it in the north."

"Oh, but I know it very well," said Yolande, quietly.

"You?" said he, in an injured way. "Why didn't you tell me? Do you think I wanted to dance with my sister and leave you here?"

"But Mrs. Graham and you danced it so prettily—oh, very well, indeed—"

"There was somebody else approaching them now—for the lady at the piano had that instant begun another waltz. This was Captain Douglas, also of the Seaforth Highlanders.

"Miss Winterbourne, if you are not engaged, will you give me this waltz?" Yolande did not hesitate. Why should she? She was not engaged.

"Oh, yes, thanks," said she, with much friendliness, and she rose and took Captain Douglas' arm.

But young Leslie could not bear this perfidy, as he judged it. He would have no more to do with the dance or with her. Without a word to any one, he went away to the smoking room, and sat down there sullen and alone.

"Polly talks of men being bamboozled by women," he was thinking bitterly. "She knows nothing about it. It is women who know nothing about women; they hide themselves from each other. But she was right on one point. That girl is the greatest flirt that ever stepped the earth."

And still, far away, he could hear the sound of the music, and also the stranger sound—like a whistling of silken wings—of feet on the deck. He was angry and indignant. Yolande could not be blind to his constant devotion to her; and yet she treated him exactly as if he were a stranger—going off with the first comer! Simplicity! His sister was right—it was the simplicity of a first-class flirt.

And still the waltz went on; and he heard the winnowing sound of the dancers' feet; and his thoughts were bitter enough. He was only five-and-twenty; at that age, hopes and fears and disappointments are emphatic and near; probably it never occurred to him to turn from the vanities of the hour, and from the petty throbbing anxieties and compromises of every day life, to think of the awful solitudes all around him lying—the voiceless, world-old desert, lying so dim and strange under the moonlight and the stars, its vast and mysterious heart quite pulseless and calm.

CHAPTER VI

One morning there was much hurrying to and fro on board the dahabeah, in anticipation of the visit of the Governor; so that Mrs. Graham had no chance of having an extended talk with her brother. Nevertheless she managed to convey to him a few covert words of information and counsel.

"Archie," said she, "I have spoken to Yolande—I have hinted something to her."

"No!" he said, looking rather frightened.

"Oh, you need not be much alarmed," she said, with a significant smile. "Rather the other way. She seems quite to know how you have wished to be kind and attentive to her—quite sensible of it, in fact; and when I hinted something—"

"She did not say 'no' outright?" he interrupted, eagerly; and there was a flush of gladness on his face.

"His sister glanced around."

"I thought there could be no harm if I told her that Jim and I would like to have her for a sister," she answered, demurely.

"And she did not say 'no' outright?" he repeated.

"Well," Mrs. Graham said, after a second, "I am not going to tell you anything more. It would not be fair. It is your business, not mine. I'm out of it now. I have intermeddled quite enough. But I don't think she hates you. And

she seems rather pleased to think of living in the Highlands, with her father having plenty of amusement there, you know; and perhaps she might be brought to consider a permanent arrangement of that kind not so undesirable; and—ah, well, you'd better see for yourself."

She could not say more then, at all events; for at this moment Col. Graham appeared on the upper deck with the intelligence that the Governor's barge was just then coming down the river. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande were instantly summoned from below; some further disposition of chairs and divans was made; some boxes of cigarettes were sent for; and presently the sound of oars alongside announced the arrival of the chief of nobles of Merhadj.

The Master of Lynn saw and heard little of what followed; he was far too busy with the glad and bewildering prospects that his sister's obscure hints had placed before him. And again and again he glanced at Yolande, timidly, and yet with an increasing wonder. He began to ask himself whether it was really true that his sister had spoken to her. The girl betrayed no consciousness, no embarrassment; she had greeted him on that morning just as on other mornings; at this moment she was regarding the arrival of those grave officials with an interest which seemed quite oblivious to his presence. As for him he looked on impatiently. He wished it was all over. He wished to have some private speech with her; to have some inquiry of her eyes—surely her eyes would make some tell-tale confession?

After the dignitaries were gone, Yolande betrayed not the slightest embarrassment at his sitting quite near her; it was he who was nervous and awkward in his speech. She was engaged in some delicate needlework; from time to time she spread it out on her lap to regard it; and all the time she was chatting freely with Mrs. Graham about the recent visitors and their grave demeanor, their almost European costume, their wonderfully small feet, and so forth.

"Why do you not go ashore?" she said, turning her frank eyes to the Master of Lynn. "It is so interesting to see the strange birds, the strange plants."

"It is cooler on the river," said he. "The midday went by, and he found no chance of addressing her. His sister and she sat together, and sewed and chatted, or stopped to watch some passing boat and listen to the boatmen singing a long and melancholy chorus to the clanking of the oars. At lunch time, Mr. Winterbourne and Col. Graham turned up. Then, in the afternoon, the whole of them got into a boat and were rowed away to a long and flat and sandy island on the other side of the Nile, which they explored in a leisurely way.

It was not until the end of the day that the long-looked-for opportunity arrived; indeed, nearly every one had gone below to get ready for dinner; but Yolande had lingered above, to watch the coming over of the twilight. It was a strange enough sight in its way. For after the yellow color had died out of the bank of bearded corn above the river's edge, and while the strip of acacias over that again had grown solemn and dark against the clear, pallid, blue-gray sky of the south, far away in the northwestern heavens there still lingered a glow of warmer light, and a few clouds high up had caught a saffron tinge from the sinking sun. It seemed as if they were shut in with the dark, while far away in the north—over the Surrey lanes, and up among the Westmoreland waters, and out amid the distant Hebridean Isles, the summer evening was still fair and shining. It led one to dream of home. The imagination took wings. It was pleasant to think of those beautiful and glowing scenes, here where the gloom of the silent desert was gathering all around.

She was standing by the rail of the deck, and when the others had gone he quietly went over to her and began talking to her—about the Highlands mostly, and of the long, clear twilights there, and how he hoped she would accept his sister's invitation to go back home with them when they returned to England. And when she said something very pretty about the kindness of all of them to her, he spoke a little more warmly, and asked if there was any wonder? People got to know one another intimately through a constant companionship like this, and got to know and admire and love beautiful qualities of disposition and mind. And then he told her it would not be honest if he did not confess to her that he was aware that his sister had spoken to her—it was best to be frank; and he knew she was so kind she would not be angry if there had been any indiscretion; and he begged for her forgiveness if she had been in any way offended. Then she managed to say, rather hurriedly and breathlessly:

"Oh, no, I am not offended. Why? It is—a great honor—I knew it was your sister's kindness and friendship that made her speak to me—please let me go away now—"

He put his hand on her arm, unwittingly.

"But may I hope, Yolande? May I hope?" he said, and he stooped down to listen for the faintest word. "I don't want you to pledge yourself altogether now. Give me time. May I try to win you? Do you think some time—some time of your own choosing—as far ahead as you may wish—you will consent? May I hope for it? May I look forward to it—some day?"

"Oh, but I cannot tell you—I cannot tell you now," she said, in the same breathless way. "I am sorry if I have given any pain—any anxiety—but—some other time I will try to talk to you—or my papa will tell you—but not now—you have always been so kind to me that I ask it from you—"

She stole away in the gathering darkness, her head bent down; she had not once turned her eyes to his. And he remained there for a time, scarcely knowing what he had said or what she had answered; but vaguely and happily conscious that she had not, at all events, refused him.

Yolande's self-confidence seemed to have strangely forsaken her that evening. When they were all up on deck taking their coffee in the red glow shed by the lanterns, she got hold of her father and drew him aside into the darkness.

"What is it, Yolande?" said he, in surprise.

She took hold of his hand; both hers were trembling.

"I have something to tell you, papa—something serious."

Then he knew; and for a moment his heart sank; but he maintained a gay demeanor. Had he not reasoned the whole matter out with himself? He had foreseen this crisis; he had nerved himself by anticipation.

"Oh, I know, I know already, Yolande," said he, very cheerfully. "Do you think I can't say secrets? And of course you come to me, with your hands trembling; and you think you have something dreadful to confess; whereas it is but the most ordinary and commonplace thing in the world. You need not make any confession. Young Leslie has spoken to me quite right; very right; I like frankness; I consider him a very fine young fellow. Now, what have you got to say—only I won't listen if you are going to make a fuss about it and destroy my nervous system, for I tell you it is the simplest and most ordinary affair in the world."

"Then you know everything—you approve of it, papa—it is your wish?" she said bravely.

"My wish?" he said; "what has my wish to do with it, you stupid creature!" But then, he added, more gently: "Of course you know, Yolande, I should like to see you married and settled. Yes, I should like to see that; I should like to see you in a fixed home, and not liable to all the changes and chances of the life that you and I have been living. It would be a great relief to my mind. And then it is natural and right. It is not for a young girl to be a rolling stone like that; and, besides, it couldn't last; that isn't our always going on traveling wouldn't answer. So whenever you think of marrying; whenever you think you will be happy in choosing a husband—just now, to-morrow, or any time—don't come to me with a breathless voice, and with trembling hands as if you had done some wrong, or as if I was going to object, for to see you happy would be happiness enough for me; and as for our society together, well, you know, I could pay the people of Slagpool a little more attention, and have some more occupation that way; and then you, instead of having an old and frail and feeble person like me to take care of you, you would have some one whose years would make him a fitter companion for you, as is quite right and proper and natural. And now do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I think so, papa," said she, quite brightly; and she regarded him with grateful, loving eyes. "And you would be quite happy, then?"

"If you were, I should be," said he.

During the rest of the evening, the Master of Lynn, seeing that Yolande seemed no longer in any trouble, kept near her, with some vague hope that she would herself speak, or that he might have some chance of reopening the subject that engrossed his mind. And indeed, when the chance arrived, and he timidly asked her if she had not a word of hope for him, she spoke very frankly, though with some little nervousness, no doubt. She made a little apology, in very pretty and stammering phrases, for not having been able to give him an answer; but since then, she said, she had spoken to her father, without whose approval she could not have decided.

"Then you consent, Yolande—you will be my wife?" he said, in a low and eager tone, upsetting in his haste all the continuity of those hesitating sentences.

"But is it wise?" said she, still with her eyes cast down. "Perhaps you will regret—"

He took her hand into his, and held it tight.

"This has been a lucky voyage for me," said he, and that was all that he had a chance of saying just then; but it was enough.

(To be continued.)

DRINK WATER, LOSE WEIGHT.

Claim Made by a Frenchman Who Experiments with Guinea Pigs.

It is generally believed that excessive, or even moderate, drinking of water is conducive to an increase of flesh, and that therefore stout people should carefully avoid nature's beverage. That the direct contrary is really the case is the statement made by Henri De Parville in the Journal Des Debats, Paris. M. De Parville states his case in part as follows:

"The fact that drinking water makes one thin instead of fat has recently been clearly shown by M. Maurel in his experiments with guinea pigs. This investigator injected into a guinea pig 25 grams of water at 4 a. m. and 25 grams at 6 p. m., the experiments being continued for three days. During this time the animal took 72 grams of bran, 255 grams of carrots and 210 grams of carrot stalks. The total quantity of water in the food was 130 grams, so that the entire amount of water taken each day was 180 grams.

"During the water treatment the animal lost four grams each day. After the interval of three days had passed the guinea pig was given 63 grams of bran, 203 grams of carrots and 200 grams of corn stalks, but no water. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the animal gained in weight each day. The experiment was pursued in an inverse sense, the results being an increase in weight without water of two grams each day and a decrease with water of eight grams a day. The experiment has been performed in other ways, which have led to the same conclusion. For example, MM. Debove and Flamant gave a patient four liters of an infusion for a month without producing a variation in weight, while M. Flamant himself drank 3,250 grams of liquid for seven days in place of his usual quantity of 1,250 grams without producing any increase in weight."

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the speed arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—Hazlitt.

Ungatefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sir P. Sidney.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Stalls for a Dairy Stable.

Here is a dairy stable fitted with stalls that are easily constructed, inexpensive, comfortable and clean for the cows. It is described in the Jersey Bulletin, as follows:

A is of pure clay, tamped hard and sound. The cow's front feet stand on this part, and when she lies down the bulk of her body rests on this part of the platform. B is a hardwood board, 16 inches wide and 1½ inches thick, on which rests the cow's hind feet. The clay and the board make a platform 4 feet 6 inches at one end and 4 feet 2 inches at the other. The outer edge of the board is nailed to the inner edge of the gutter.

The manure gutter (C) is 16 inches wide and 5 inches deep, with hardwood sides and concrete bottom. The manger shown in the sketch is wood, but should be of cement, and

so arranged as to be flushed with water to clean it thoroughly.

For ordinary dairy cattle no fastening is so economical of room and feed as the swinging stanchion. For high-priced cows I would like some other fastening that would be less restraining.

The bucket (D) is the patent watering device.

The advantages of this platform over wood and concrete are: 1st. In cheapness; 2d, easy repair, and renewal when necessary; 3d, the comfort to the cow—especially to her knees—causing no big knees; 4th, the ease by which it can be kept from getting foul.

Having examined the multitude of patent stalls and devices for cows, and having tried several of them, I know of no better—even if the owner be a millionaire.

Of course a moderate slant is given the platform, including the board, and the clay is kept built up flush with the surface of the board. The body of the cow—including her udder—when lying down, rests on the clay, which, when bedded lightly with the usual litter, makes an easy and clean resting place.

A Home-Made Smoke House

A large cask or barrel may be used for smoking a small quantity of meat. To make this effective, a small pit should be dug, and a flat stone or a brick placed across it, upon which the edge of the cask will rest. Half the pit is beneath the barrel and half is outside. The head and bottom may be removed, or a hole can be cut in the bottom a little larger than the portion of the pit beneath the cask. The head or cover is removed while the hams are being hung upon cross sticks as shown in the illustration. The cross sticks rest upon two cross bars made to pass through holes bored in the sides of the cask. The head is then laid upon the cask and covered with moist sacks to confine the smoke. Live coals are put into the pit outside of the cask, and the fire is fed with damp

corn cobs, hardwood chips, or fine brush. The pit is covered with a flat stone by which the fire may be regulated, and it is removed when necessary to add more fuel.—Montreal Star.

Stacking Alfalfa

Throughout the western half of the United States alfalfa hay is commonly stored in stacks in the field. Alfalfa stacks will not shed water as readily as stacks of grass hay. In the arid regions there is little danger from rains during the season of storage, but in humid climates it is necessary to store the hay in barns or else cover the stacks with large tarpaulins, or they may be topped with grass. Otherwise the percentage of waste is very large. In any case there is likely to be some waste, for which reason the stacks are made large, thus reducing the proportionate amount of waste. In the alfalfa regions of the west the stacks are as high as the hay can be handled easily and may be 200 feet or more in length. The size of the stack is then limited chiefly by the convenience in bringing the hay from the surrounding field.

Will You Build a Stilo?

Ten years ago it would have been somewhat risky to advise that a man with as few as a dozen cows built a stilo, but as builders have learned more

about the construction of a stilo the cost has been materially reduced, notwithstanding the increase in the cost of lumber. It is not within the province of this department to give the names of stilo builders, but they are easily obtainable from advertisements in various agricultural papers or by inquiry to the experiment station of your State.

That the stilo is one of the most economical ways of preserving food for cows is well known and frequently one can find a structure in the neighborhood which he can copy with a few instructions if he is handy with tools, for they are not difficult to build. The stilo does away with much of the disagreeable work of corn harvesting and furnishes a food for the cows as good as the green food in the shape of steamed clover that is so valuable for poultry. If you can find any farmer within reasonable distance of you who owns a stilo it will pay to visit and talk with him.

Sowed Corn for Forage

While the pasture may be all that is desired throughout the summer, there is always danger of drought of considerable severity, hence it pays to be prepared for it by having a forage crop of some kind. Possibly it may not be needed, though it will not be lost, for it can be used to furnish variety, which is always desirable. While a number of grains and grasses are used for this summer forage, nothing is more reliable than sowed corn, and by making repeated sowings at intervals one will have something to feed in the late summer and fall.

While there are differences of opinion as to whether field or sweet corn is best for this purpose, both are good, although we think the sweet corn furnishes the most desirable forage. Compromise the matter and test it for yourself by sowing both. Of course, if one has a strong field of alfalfa, this will come in handy to help out the pasture, but still the corn will not come amiss, and it is not an expensive crop to raise in this way, costing but the seed and the use of the soil.

Simple Wagon Bed Hoist

A simple arrangement for removing the beds or ladders from a wagon may be made as shown in cut. To the joint of loft attach two pulleys, c. Through each of these pass a ½-inch rope, one end of which is connected with a stretcher made of two cross bars, d and e. The other end of each rope is

passed around the windlass, a, and fastened. When the wagon is driven into the shed, the slings are slipped over the ends of the box and the windlass revolved by means of a lever, b, drawing the box upward and out of the way. For ladders or racks of any sort in place of cross bar, e, attach a ring like f to the end of each rope which can be fastened by hook to the frame. The windlass, a, should be about 6 inches in diameter and pierced at a convenient height with four holes for the levers.—B. M. Scully, in Farm and Home.

Poultry Notes

When alfalfa cannot be had, give the chicks a chance at red clover.

Give the hens and young chicks a chance for an occasional dust bath, which will drive away lice.

Quarrelling hens should be separated, as a hen that is worried will not do her best at laying.

Poultry raising is now the fad in Florida, where the industry has long been neglected.

An ugly rooster should be disposed of. He is as dangerous in the flock as when running at large.

When killing fowls, let the blood drip into a pail of bran, as the mixture makes a splendid food.

Grit, oyster shells or a baked mixture of salt and charcoal should always be available for the hens.

It will soon be time to dispose of the old hens, which should be done along in the summer when they quit laying.

A poultry raiser gives the following combination for morning feed for laying hens: Mash of bran and dry cut alfalfa, equal parts, 5 per cent meat and blood meal, same amount of crushed charcoal, the whole seasoned with salt.

Gathered in the Garden

Keep the soil well stirred.

Keep the weeds out of the strawberry patch.

Hoe the lima beans and train them on the poles if necessary.

No plant so strenuously demands freedom from weeds as the onion.

Don't cut asparagus much after the third week in June. Clear out the weeds, stir the soil and apply commercial fertilizer or manure.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

General Linevitch, who is said to have reported to St. Petersburg that owing to the destruction of the Russian fleet his troops

practically are in revolt, has been in command of the forces in Manchuria since March 15 last, when he succeeded Kuropatkin.

General Linevitch was born in 1813, and first saw military service in 1839.

Caucasus from 1859 to 1864. Next he fought in the Turkish war, and was made a colonel in 1885 while battling with the Turkomans in North Persia. In 1895 he was first sent to Manchuria, and in the Boxer outbreak in China in 1900 he participated in the march to Peking. When the war with Japan opened Linevitch was in command of the First Siberian Army Corps. Twice he has received the Cross of St. George for marked personal valor.

Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the committee that made the report scolding the lax business methods of oil-

ers of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, is well known as a manufacturer and capitalist. He controls the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the largest coke producing concern in the world; is chairman HENRY C. FRICK,

of the board of directors of the Carnegie Steel Company, and in various financial enterprises takes a leading part. Mr. Frick was born at West Overton, Pa., Dec. 19, 1849. He began life as a clerk, but after a few years embarked in the coke business. During the strike at Homestead, Pa., in 1892, he was shot by a striker.

George Von Lengerke Meyer, United States Ambassador to Russia, who conducted the correspondence between

President Roosevelt and the Czar, with the object of effecting arrangements by which Russia and Japan might be brought within reach of peace negotiations, is a distinguished and wealthy citizen of Massachusetts. He was appointed ambassador to Italy in 1900 and a short time ago was transferred to the Russian capital. Ambassador Meyer is 47 years old, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1870. He has been a member of the Boston Common Council and of the Boston Board of Aldermen, and also has served in the State Legislature, having been Speaker of the House three terms. He is a director in various corporations.

John F. Stevens, chosen to be railway expert of the Philippine Commission, has attained an enviable reputation as a civil engineer and in railway operation. His first engineering service of note was in connection with the City of Minneapolis. Later he located the Sabine Pass and North-western, served in the engineering departments of the Denver and Rio Grande, St. Paul, Canadian Pacific, Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic, and Spokane Falls and Northern. In 1880 he became chief engineer for the Great Northern and served in that capacity until he accepted the position of second Vice President of the Rock Island System in charge of operation.

Rev. Dr. Eric Norelius, who has been re-elected President of the Swedish Lutheran Augustana Synod of America, is one of the pioneer church workers in the West. This is the third time he has been elected to the office, having been first chosen in 1874 and again in 1898. After graduating from the Capital University at Columbus, Ohio, he was ordained in 1855, and seven years later founded at St. Peter, Minn., the school which has developed into Gustavus Adolphus College. In 1903 Dr. Norelius was made a knight of the Order of the North Star by the Swedish King.

Maurice Maeterlinck, after witnessing a performance of "King Lear" recently, said: "It is safe to declare, after surveying the literature of every period and of every country, that the tragedy of the old king constitutes the mightiest, the vastest, most striking, the most intense dramatic poem that has ever been written."

John Kendrick Bangs, recently editor of Puck, is preparing an adaptation of "The Taming of the Shrew" for comic opera purposes.

MINISTER MEYER.

JOHN F. STEVENS.

DR. NORELIUS.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

HENRY CLAY FRICK.

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