

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER VII.

Far up in the wild and lonely hills that form the backbone of eastern Inverness-shire, and the desert solitudes draw their waters from the thousand mystic-named or nameless hills, stands the lodge of All-nam-ba. The plain little double-gabled building occupies a promontory formed by the confluence of two brawling streams, and faces a long, wide, beautiful valley, which terminates in the winding waters of a loch. It is the only sign of habitation in the strangely silent district; and it is the last. The rough hill road leading to it terminates there.

At the door of this solitary little lodge, on a morning toward the end of July, Yolande Winterbourne was standing engaged in buttoning on her driving gloves, but occasionally glancing out at the bewildering, changeful, flashing and gleaming day around her. For, indeed, since she had come to live at All-nam-ba, she had acquired the conviction that the place seemed very close up to the sky; and that this broad valley, walled in by those great and silent hills, formed a sort of cauldron, in which the elements were in the habit of mixing up weather for transference to the wide world beyond. At this very moment a continual phantasmagoria of cloud effects was passing before her eyes. Far mountain tops grew blacker and blacker in shadow; then the gray mist of the rain stole slowly across and hid them from view; then they reappeared again, and a sudden shaft of sunlight would strike on the yellow-green slopes, and on the boulders of wet and glittering granite.

However, she was not much dismayed. When the dog cart was brought round, she stepped into it lightly, took the reins as if to the manner born, though she had never handled a whip until Mrs. Graham had put her in training at Inverstry. Then there was a strict charge to Jane to see that hick fires were kept burning in all the rooms. And then the youthful and fair-haired Sandy having got up behind—she released the brake; and presently they were making their way, slowly and cautiously down the stony path, and over the loud-sounding wooden bridge that here spans the roaring red-brown waters of the All-nam-ba.

But when once they were over the bridge and into the road they quickly mended their pace. There was an unusual eagerness and brightness in her look. Sandy the groom knew that the stout and servicable cob in the shafts was a sure-footed beast; but the road was of the roughest; and he could not understand how the young English lady, who was generally very cautious, should drive so fast. Was it to get away from the black thunder masses of cloud that lay over the mountains behind them? Here, at least, there seemed no danger of any storm. The sunlight was brilliant on the wide, green pastures and on the flashing waters of the stream. Yolande's face soon showed the influence of the warm sunlight and of the fresh, keen air; and her eyes were glad, though they seemed busy with other things.

When they reached the end of the valley and got on to the road that wound along the wooded shores of the loch, there was much easier going. It was a pretty loch, this stretch of wind-stirred blue water, for the hills surrounding it were somewhat less sterile than those of All-nam-ba; here and there the banks were fringed with hazel; and at the lower end of it were the dark-green plantations surrounding Lynn Towers. They had driven for about a mile and a half or so by the shores of the lake, when Yolande fancied she heard some clanking noise proceeding from the other side; and thereupon she instantly asked Sandy what that could be. The young Highland lad strained his eyes in the direction of the distant hills; and at last he said:

"Oh, yes, I see them now. They will be the men taking up more fencing to the forest. I mean was speaking about that, madam. If Miss Winterbourne would be looking about half way up the hill—they are by the side of the gray corrie now. I am thinking that will be the Master at the top."

"Do you mean the Master of Lynn?" she said, quickly. "Well, your eyes are sharper than mine, Sandy. I can see that black speck on the skyline; but that is all."

"He is waving a handkerchief now," said Sandy, with much coolness.

"Oh, that is impossible. How could he make us out at this distance?"

"The master will know there is no other carriage than this one coming from All-nam-ba."

"Very well, then," said she, taking out her handkerchief and giving it a little shake or two in the sunlight. "I will take the chance; but you know, Sandy, it is more likely to be one of the keepers waving his hand to you."

When they had crossed the wooden bridge over the river and ascended a bit of the hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers—a large, modern building, which, with its numerous conservatories, stood on a level piece of ground on the other side of the ravine. As they drove on and down into that smiling and shining country, the day grew more and more brilliant. Wild flowers grew more luxuriantly. Here and there a farm house appeared—with fields of grain encroaching on the moorland. And at last, after some miles of this gradual descent, Yolande arrived at a little sprinkling of houses sufficient in number, though much scattered among the fields—to be called a village; and drew up at the small wooden gate of a modest little mansion, very prettily situated in the midst of a garden of roses.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than instantly the door was opened by a smiling and comely dame, with silver-gray hair, and pleasant, shrewd gray eyes, who came down the garden path. She was neatly and plainly dressed, in a housekeeper-looking kind of costume; but her face was refined and intelligent and there was a sort of motherliness in the

look with which she regarded the young English lady.

"Do you know that I meant to scold you, Mrs. Bell, for robbing your garden again?" said Yolande. "But this time—no—I am not going to scold you; I can only thank you; for my papa is coming to-day. I am going now to meet him at the steamer."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Bell, "that is just a most extraordinary piece of good luck; for I happen to have a pair of the very finest and plumpest young ducklings that ever I set eyes on—"

"No, no; no!" Yolande cried, laughing; "I cannot have any more excuses for these kindnesses and kindnesses. Every day since I came here—every day a fresh excuse—and always the boy coming with Mrs. Bell's compliments. Wouldn't it be simpler for you to give me the garden and the house and everything all at once?" said Yolande. "Well, now, I wish to see Mr. Melville."

"He is at his work," said the elderly dame, glancing at a small building that stood at right angles with the house. "Do you think I would disturb him when he is at his work? Do you think I want him to send me about my business?"

"There is a tyrant!" exclaimed Yolande. "Never mind, then; I wanted to thank him for sending me the trout. Now I will not. Well, good-by, Mrs. Bell; I will take the vegetables, and be very grateful to you; but not the ducklings—"

"You'll just take the ducklings, as I say, like a sensible young lady," said Mrs. Bell, with emphasis; "and there is not to be another word about it."

So on she drove again, on this bright and beautiful July day, through a picturesque and rocky and rugged country, until in time she reached the end of her journey—the charming little hotel that is perched high amid the woods overlooking Loch Ness, within sound of the thundering Foyers Water. And then, at last, she heard the throbbing of paddle wheels in the intense silence; and made her way down through the bracken and the bushes, and went right out to the end of the little pier.

She made him out at once, even at that distance; for though he was not a tall man, his sharp-featured, sun-reddened face and silver-white hair made him easily recognizable. And of course she was greatly delighted when he came ashore, and excited, too; and she herself would have carried gun cases, fishing baskets, and what not, to the dog cart, had not the boots from the hotel interfered. And she had a hundred eager questions and assurances, but would pay no heed to his remonstrance about the risks of her driving.

"Why, papa, I drove every day at Inverstry!" she exclaimed, as they briskly set out for All-nam-ba.

"I suppose the Grahams were very kind to you?" he said. "And the Master, how is he?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Of course I have not seen him since Mrs. Graham left. But he has made all the arrangements for you—ponies, panniers, everything; and there is no want of provisions for Mr. Melville sends me plenty of trout, and Duncan goes up the hill now and again for a hare."

"Oh, that will be all right," said he, good-humoredly. "I want to hear about yourself, Yolande. What do you think of Lord Lynn and his sister, now that you have seen something more of them?"

"This question checked her volubility, and for a second a very odd expression came over her face."

"They are very serious people, papa," said she, with some caution. "And—and very plain, I think."

"And those other people—the old woman who pretends to be a housekeeper and is a sort of Good Fairy in disguise—and the penniless young laird, who has no land—"

Instantly her face brightened up.

"Oh, he is the most extraordinary person, papa—a magician! I cannot describe it; you must see for yourself; but really it is wonderful. He has a stream to work for him—yes—for Mrs. Graham and I went and visited it—climbing away up the hills—and there was the water wheel at work in the water, and a hut close by, and there were copper wires to take the electricity away down to the house, where he has a store of it. It is a genius for him; he makes it light the lamps for him; it works a lathe for turning wood—oh, I can't tell you all about it. And he has been so kind to me; but mostly in secret, so that I could not catch him to thank him. How could I know? I complain to Mrs. Bell that it is a trouble to send to Inverness for some one to set the clock going; the next morning—it is all right! It goes; nothing wrong at all! Then the broken window in the drawing room; Mrs. Graham and I drive away to Fort Augustus; when I come back in the evening there is a new pane put in."

"But what on earth is this wonderful Jack-of-all-trades doing here? Why, your yourself wrote to me, Yolande, that he had taken the Snell Exhibition and the Ferguson Scholarship, and blazed like a comet through Balliol; and now I find him tinkering at window panes—"

"I think he works very hard; he says he is very busy. He is very fond of fishing; he is not well off; and here he is permitted to fish in the lakes far away among the hills that few people will take the trouble to go to. Then naturally he has much interest in this neighborhood, where once his people were the great family; and those living there have great respect for him; and he has built a school, and teaches in it—it is a free school, no charge at all." Yolande added, hastily, "That is Mrs. Bell's kindness, the building of the school. Then he made experiments and discoveries; is it not enough of an occupation when every one is talking about the electric light? Also he is a great botanist; and when it is not school time, he is away up in the hills, after rare plants, or to fish. Oh, it is terrible the loneliness of the small lakes in the hills. Mr. Leslie

has told me; no road, no track, no life anywhere. And the long hours of climbing; oh, I am sure I have been sorry sometimes—many times—when day after day I receive a present of trout and a message, to think of the long climbing and the labor—"

"But why doesn't he fish in the loch at All-nam-ba?" her father exclaimed. "That can't be so difficult to get at."

"He thought it would be more correct to wait for you to give permission."

"Waiting for permission to fish in a loch like that!" her father said, more good-naturedly. "Leslie told me the loch would be infinitely improved if five-sixths of the fish were netted out of it; the trout would run to a better size. However, Miss Yolande, since you've treated him badly, you must make amends. You must ask him to dinner."

"Oh, yes, papa; I shall be glad to do that," she said, blithely.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Winterbourne, Yolande and the Master were standing outside the lodge, looking down the wide glen, which was flooded with sunset light. A Young Leslie's eyes were the eyes of a deer-stalker; the slightest movement anywhere instantly attracted them; and when two sheep—little dolls they were, at the far edge of the hill just above the lodge—suddenly ceased grazing and lifted their heads, he knew there must be some one there. The next moment a figure appeared on the sky line.

"I suppose that is Jack Melville," he said, peevishly. "I wish he wouldn't come across the forest when he is up at electric boxes."

"But does he do harm?" said Yolande. "He cannot shoot deer with copper wires."

"Oh, he's all over the place," said the Master of Lynn. "And there isn't a keeper or a watcher who will remonstrate with him; and of course I can't. He's always after his botany, or his fishing, or something. The best thing about it is that he is a capital hand to have with you if there are any stray deer about, and you want to have a shot without disturbing the herd. He knows their ways most wonderfully, and can tell you the track they are certain to take."

Meanwhile the object of these remarks was coming down the hillside at a swinging pace; and very soon he had crossed the little bridge, and was coming up the path—heralding his arrival with a frank and careless greeting to his friends. He was a rather tall, lean, large-boned and powerful looking man of about eight-and-twenty; somewhat pale in face, seeing that he lived so much out of doors; his hair a raven black; his eyes gray, penetrating and steadfast; his mouth firm, and yet mobile and expressive at times; his forehead square rather than lofty; voice, a chest voice, was heard in pleasant and well-modulated English.

"Here, Miss Winterbourne," said he, "is the little vasculum I spoke to you about; it has seen some service, but it may do well enough. And here is Bentley's Manual, and a Flora. The Flora is an old one; I brought an old one purposely, for at the beginning there is a synopsis of the Linnaean system of classification, and you will find that the easiest way of making out the names of a new plant. Of course," he added, "I have told Mrs. Bell you are to have access to my herbarium, whether I am there or not—"

"Oh, yes, that is so probable!" said she. "Mrs. Bell allowing me to go into your study?"

"Mrs. Bell and I understand each other very well, I assure you," he said, gravely. "We are only two anglers, who wink at each other; or rather we shut our eyes to each other's humbug—"

"Why, Jack, she means to buy back Mongalan for you!" the Master of Lynn exclaimed.

"I know she has some romantic scheme of that sort in her head," he said, frankly. "It is quite absurd. What should I do with Mongalan? However, in the meantime, I have made pretty free use of the old lady's money at Gress, and she is highly pleased, for she was fond of my father's family, and she likes to hear me spoken well of, and you can easily purchase gratitude—especially with somebody else's money. You see it works well all round. Mrs. Bell, who is an honest, shrewd, good, kindly woman, sees that her charity is administered with some care; the people around—but especially the children—are benefited; I have leisure for my little experiments and my idle rambles; and if Mrs. Bell and I hoodwink each other, it is done very openly, and there is no harm."

(To be continued.)

## Renaming Old Warships.

Four old United States war vessels, which have long outlived their usefulness for active duty except as receiving ships, have had their names changed by an order of the navy department issued recently, and hereafter these vessels, which played an important part in American history, will bear the new names given them by the navy department.

These vessels could not be compared with the newer ones in commission, as they are of an obsolete type. One of them is the New Hampshire, first built in 1818. She has been renamed the Granite State. She is now used at the New York naval yard as a training ship for the New York naval militia. There is a new battleship which will be called the New Hampshire. The Dale has been re-christened the Oriole, being used by the naval militia of Maryland. Her new name is typical of the city of Baltimore. A torpedo boat destroyer now bears the name of Dale. The third is the St. Louis, built in 1828. She has been re-named the Keystone State, and is being used by the naval militia of Pennsylvania. A fine new protected cruiser has been named the St. Louis. The Iroquois, which has been transferred to the marine hospital service, will hereafter bear the name Lone.

Mexican mints turn out more silver money than those of any other country in the world. Last year Mexico shipped several million silver dollars to China.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole enjoyment is to watch its flight.—Johnson.



**Orange Boxes for Nests.**  
In nearly every town orange boxes may be bought at moderate prices. They make the very best nest boxes, especially if they are arranged in the following manner: As every one knows, the orange box is partitioned through the center, thus making plenty of room for two nests in each box. Take a number of boxes and stand them on end, and fasten them securely together with strips of wood. Then from old boxes or other sources obtain sufficient lumber to make an alley way darkened by a board over the top.

Place a little walk so that the hens may readily go to the second tier of nests. In the rear of each box or nest,



BOXES FOR LAYING HENS.

near the top, make a hole just large enough to get one's hand in, so that the eggs may be removed in this way and the nest material changed when necessary. With this arrangement each hen has a nice dark place to lay, and is not disturbed by anything. The illustration shows the idea clearly.—Indianapolis News.

## Food and Quality of Milk.

Recent evidence collected by F. W. Wolf of the Wisconsin station goes to show that the food of the dairy cow influences the quality of the milk produced to this extent, that the cow will yield a maximum flow of milk of the highest fat content which she is capable of producing on rations relatively rich in nitrogenous substances. The productive capacity of the cow, the prices of feeding stuffs and of the milk products are the main factors that will determine how highly nitrogenous rations can be fed to advantage. Under ordinary conditions in the Northern States, it will not, as a rule, be profitable to feed rations containing over two pounds of digestible protein a day, and of a nutritive ration narrower than 1:6.7, to cows of average dairy capacity.

## A Lice Killer.

A self-working lice killer that is very effective for hogs is shown in the cut. Drive a stout stake into the ground near where the hogs sleep.



RUBBING IT IN.

Wind with an old rope, nailing it well, and saturate the rope twice a week with a mixture of equal parts of lard and kerosene. The hogs will do the rest if there are any lice on them.—D. V. S., in Farm and Home.

## Getting Good Breeds.

If you wish to start in poultry raising or to begin with a new variety, and wish to invest as much as the cost of a good breeding pen made by a reliable and skillful poultry raiser, that is the best way to begin. Otherwise purchase eggs, as many settings as you wish to invest in, and each from a different breed, but always from a reliable one. From each of these settings you should raise both roosters and pullets. Mark them all carefully and plainly, so that you cannot mistake them, and next spring you will be in a position to mate up two or three breeding pens of your own.

## Doesn't Pay to Coddle Alfalfa.

If an alfalfa field is in bad condition it is usually best to plow up and re-seed. It scarcely ever pays, at least where irrigation is practiced, to coddle a poor stand of alfalfa. Many growers recommend disking every spring, even when the stand is good, and some have even found it a paying practice to disk after each cutting. Such disking will often prevent the encroachment of weeds. In the Eastern States alfalfa fields sometimes suffer a check in their growth, tend to turn yellow and otherwise show a sickly condition. Oftentimes this condition is accom-

panied by an attack of alfalfa rust or spot disease. The best remedy for such a condition is to mow the field. The vigorous growth thus induced may overcome the diseased condition.

## Summer Care of Bees.

No matter how abundantly you have provided for your bees in clover and buckwheat fields, if at this time of the year the weather is unfavorable and the bees cannot go out honey gathering you must provide them with full combs for fear of their starving.

The colonies need more supply than will keep them alive, they should have twenty or thirty pounds of honey at hand all the time. If the nights are cool the secretions of nectar will be correspondingly small and the bees will get but small loads.

When honey is scarce in the hives the bees stint themselves and brood rearing is checked just when it should be at its best and healthiest condition. If you have any doubt as to the hives being sufficiently rationed you can solve your doubt by lifting each hive and its weight will determine its condition. If you find many that are too light weight, use your smoker, take out one or two empty combs and replace them with full ones, breaking small holes in them so that the bees may get at the honey readily. Then you can leave the bees in peace until they are able to hush for themselves unless it should be too long a wait, when you will have to repeat the process. If you have no honey feed sugar syrup. Be careful to retain all the heat in the hives.

## What We Eat.

An important constituent of our food is nitrogen, an invisible gas; foods containing protein are called nitrogenous. Carbohydrates build fat and produce heat and energy; protein does all that and builds the red meat or muscle in addition. We get oil in the butter used on bread. From these three great food groups we make our feeding stuffs. We get carbohydrates from potatoes, sugar beets, corn. Corn alone lacks nitrogen and will not make sufficient muscle. Wheat, barley and rye are all rich starches, good to fatten, but not the best for muscle making. We get protein in flax, in the outside of the wheat grain, in clover and alfalfa, in bran, middlings and oil meal. These foods are rich in protein. Wheat bran, linseed oil, cotton seed meal and any legume.

## Comparison of Yield.

In 1904 Russia produced 205,460,400 bushels of winter wheat and 459,208,200 bushels of spring wheat, making a total wheat production for that year of 664,668,600 bushels, an increase of some 43,000,000 bushels over the preceding year. This still falls several million bushels below the highest United States crop. Last year Russia produced 1,905,289,714 bushels of rye, 1,120,729,235 bushels of oats, 345,174,000 bushels of barley and 25,986,857 bushels of corn. The United States produced 27,241,575 bushels of rye, 894,595,552 bushels of oats, 139,748,958 bushels of barley and 2,467,480,934 bushels of corn.

## Nurse Crops.

A great deal has been said against nurse crops, but in some parts of the Western States nurse crops are quite necessary for the sowing of clover. Where clover is sown with spring wheat the stubble of the wheat when cut helps to hold the snow over the plants during winter and keeps them from freezing out. It is the experience of farmers in a good many places that nurse crops protect the clover during summer, especially in regions where the heat is intense.

## Calves in Groups.

It is highly desirable to have calves come in groups where a large number of calves are being kept and the calves are to be raised for beef. It is only in this way that uniformity in size, weight and finish can be obtained for the carcasses of cattle that are to be sent to market. If there are but few calves it is better to have only two groups of calves, one in the spring and one in the fall. It will be easier to care for them if they are in groups of about the same size than if they come at all months in the year.

## Adulteration of Farm Products.

During April the Massachusetts State Board of Health tested 365 articles for evidence of adulteration. Of these, ninety-eight were found adulterated or varying from the legal standard. Thirty-three convictions were secured during the month for selling adulterated foods. The number included three cases of milk adulteration, four of maple syrup or sugar and three of cider. The total fines imposed amounted to \$900.

## Agricultural Building at Portland.

The agricultural building at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Ore., is the largest and one of the handsomest structures on the ground. It is 490x210 feet in dimensions, and is situated on the east side of Columbia court, the main plaza of the exposition. The structure cost \$74,639.

## The Gapeworm.

The gapeworm stays in old yards all winter and comes to the surface when the days get warm. He is discouraged by cleaning up and the liberal use of lime. A good way to fool him is to locate the poultry yard in a new place that is high and dry.—Farm Journal.



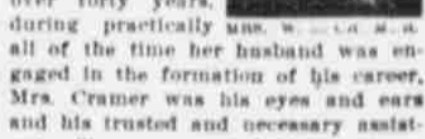
William Woodville Rockhill, the successor to Minister Conger at Peking, has had long and extensive training



in diplomatic relations with oriental peoples. At the age of 5, he was appointed second secretary of the American legation in Peking and the following year, 1885, to the full secretaryship. In 1886-1887 he was w. w. ROCKHILL, charge d'affaire in Korea and during the next two years explored China, Mongolia and Tibet, visiting many remote regions of those countries. Returning to the United States, Mr. Rockhill became chief clerk of the State Department in Washington; then third, and, in 1893-1897, First Assistant Secretary of State. In 1897 he was appointed United States minister to Greece, Romania and Servia. From this post he resigned in May, 1900. In July, 1900, he went to Peking as special envoy and remained in China during the long-continued negotiations between the Chinese government and the powers, and was largely instrumental in securing the signing of the final protocol.

To have been an important part in the developing of a national reputation for a husband is an enviable accomplishment for any woman. To an unusual degree Mrs. William E. Cramer was of assistance in the building of the honorable reputation of the late editor of the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin For over forty years.

During practically all of the time her husband was engaged in the formation of his career, Mrs. Cramer was his eyes and ears and his trusted and necessary assistant. She accompanied him on tours of Europe and of this country and rendered him invaluable assistance in the securing and preparation of the manuscript that made the blind and deaf editor a national character. Her devotion to her husband was beautiful, and at the last tinged freely with the pathetic. She remained at his bedside and ministered to his needs until his death. Among the remarkable experiences she had while traveling with Mr. Cramer was during the Franco-Prussian war, when the Cramers were locked up in Paris for several months during the siege.



Rev. Lee Anna Starr, a Methodist minister at Paris, Ill., recently came into public notice through her refusal to marry a couple until she was furnished evidence that neither of the contracting parties was a divorcee. Miss Starr has been in the gospel ministry ten years, and in that time she says she has officiated at many Rev. L. A. STARR, weddings. In but one instance has she deviated from her rule not to marry a person who has not been absolved from a marriage contract by legal action. In that instance the ceremony had practically commenced before Miss Starr learned that the woman was divorced. She immediately caused the proceedings to be postponed until she learned that the divorce had been obtained on the ground of desertion, and that the wife had been unable to secure trace of the husband who had wronged her. Considering that this constituted scriptural grounds Miss Starr proceeded with the ceremony. She believes divorce to be a growing evil which can be combated by clergymen refusing to marry divorced persons.

W. D. Howells, after his long sojourn in Italy, will spend the summer at Kittery Point, Me.



Theodore P. Delyannis, prime minister of Greece, who was assassinated by a gambler, had a record of forty-six years spent in the public service, with few temporary interruptions. He was born in Kalavryta in 1826, and studied in Athens. In 1843 he entered the government service and was rapidly promoted to high positions. T. P. DELYANNIS He was the representative of Greece at the Berlin congress in 1878, and in 1885 became premier. Twice he suffered political eclipse on account of his foreign policy, but after a short retirement each time was re-elected.

C. H. Dallas of Leavenworth, Kan., has a Sharp's rifle sent to that State in 1855 by the abolition society of Boston, marked as Bible.

Edward Doyle, the blind poet of New York, has just issued his third book. He is 59 years old, and has been sightless for thirty-seven years.

Boston Corbett, the man who is credited with having shot J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, is residing in Texas.