

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"She was very indignant," said young Leslie, laughing, "when you wouldn't have your name put on the tablet in the school house."

"What tablet?" said Yolande.

"Oh, a tablet saying that Mr. Melville had built the school and presented it to the people of Gress."

"And I never contributed a farthing!" he said. "She did the whole thing. Well, now, that shows how artificial the position is, and, necessarily, it won't last. We have for so long been hypocrites for the public good—let us say it was for the public good; but there must come an end."

"It was really a most enjoyable, confidential, pleasant evening; but it had come to an end; and when the two young men left, both Yolande and her father accompanied them to the door. The moon was risen now; and the long, wide glen looked beautiful enough."

"Well, now, Mr. Melville," said Winterbourne, as they were going away, "whenever you have an idle evening, I hope you will remember us and take pity on us."

"You may see too much of me," said Yolande, quickly; and then she added, very prettily: "You know, Mr. Melville, if you come often enough you will find it quite natural that Duncan should play for you Melville's Welcome Home."

He stood for a moment uncertain; it was the first sign of embarrassment he had shown that night.

"Well," said he, "that is the most friendly thing that has been said to me for many a day. Who could resist such an invitation? Good night—good night!"

CHAPTER IX.

One evening John Shortlands and Jack Melville were together standing at the door of the lodge, looking down the glen. The big, burly M. P. looked vexed, perturbed, impatient.

"Mr. Melville," he said, abruptly, in his broad Northumbrian intonation, "will

this secret be beyond anything I can tell you; and I do believe he would go through the whole thing again just that Yolande's mind should be free, happy, careless. When he goes about with her he forgets all worry—thank goodness for that; and certainly she is high-spirited enough for anything; you would think she had never known a care or a trouble in all her existence; and I suppose that's about the truth."

"I suppose there is no necessity that I should know why the girl has been kept in ignorance of her mother's existence?"

"Oh, I will tell you the story—misericordias as it is. You cannot imagine a pleasanter creature than that was when Winterbourne married her. He was older than she was; but not much. It was neuralgia that began it; she suffered horribly. Then some idiot advised her to drink port wine—I suppose the very worst thing she could have tried, for if it had for good, it must be bad for rheumatism and neuralgia, and such things. However, it soothed her at first, I suppose; and no doubt she took refuge in it whenever a bad attack came on. But, mind you, it was not that that played the mischief with her. She herself became aware that she was being tempted to take too much; for quite suddenly she went to her husband, told him frankly that the habit was growing on her, and declared her resolution to break the thing off at once."

"She did that. I firmly believe she did keep her resolution to the letter. But then the poor wretch had worse and worse agony to bear; and then it was that somebody or other recommended her to try some of those patent medicines they make up from opium or morphia. I dare say it was harmless at first. No doubt she began with small doses. But it seems that those drugs are twenty times worse than brandy or whisky in destroying the power of the will; and so I suppose the poor creature went on and on, increasing the doses and destroying her brain at the same time, until in the

end she was simply a hopeless drunkard. It seems miraculous how women can go on destroying themselves with those infernal drugs without being found out. I don't know whether Winterbourne was an indulgent sort of chap, for he is very fond of her; but one night there was a scene at dinner. The child discovered the whole thing. The child was sent away, for fear of further scenes; and this so terrified the mother that she made the most solemn promises never to touch the poison again. But by this time her power of self-control had gone. Man alive, I can't tell you what Winterbourne had to go through. His patience with her was superhuman; and always the promise held out to her was that Yolande was to be restored to her; and sometimes she succeeded so well that every one was hopeful, and she seemed to have quite recovered. Then again there would be another relapse; and a wild struggle to conceal it from the friends of the family; and all the rest of it."

"What a life he has led all those years—trying to get her to live in some safe retreat or other; and then suddenly finding that she had broken out again, and gone to some people, Romneys or Romfords, the name is, who have a most pernicious influence over her, and can do anything with her when she is in that semi-mad state. Of course, they use her to extort money from Winterbourne; and she has drugged half her wits away; and it is easy for them to persuade her that she has been ill-treated about Yolande. Then she will go down to the house, or hunt him out at his lodgings. There is only one fortunate thing—that the Romfords are not aware of the terror in which he lives of Yolande getting to know the truth, or else they would put the screw on a good deal more forcibly, I reckon."

"But that terrorism is perfectly frightful!"

"How are you to avoid it?" said Shortlands, coolly. "There is the one way, of course. There is the heroic remedy. Tell Yolande the whole story; and then, the next time the stone is thrown, summon the police, give the woman in charge, bind her over in recognizance, and have all your names in the next day's paper. Some men could do that. Winterbourne couldn't; he hasn't the nerve."

The answer to that was a strange one. It was a remark, or rather an exclamation, that Melville seemed to make almost to himself.

"And not one of them appears to see what ought to be done?"

"What would you do, then?"

"I?" said Melville—and John Shortlands did not observe that the refined, intellectual face of his companion grew a shade paler as he spoke; "I would go straight to the girl herself, and I would say: 'That is the condition in which your

mother is; go and save her!'"

"Then let me tell you this, Mr. Melville," said Shortlands, "rather than bring such shame and horror and suffering on his daughter, George Winterbourne would cut off his fingers one by one."

CHAPTER X.

"He might have spared her—he might have spared her!" was Mr. Winterbourne's piteous cry, as he sat in his friend's room, and gazed out through the streaming window panes on the dismal landscape beyond.

And who was to tell her? Who was to bring grief and humiliation on that fair young life? Who was to rob her of the beautiful dream and vision that her mother had always been to her? Not he, for one. He could not do it.

And then might she not misunderstand all this that had been done to keep her in ignorance. Might she not be angry at having all her life been surrounded by an atmosphere of concealment? If she were to mistake the reason of her father having stooped to subterfuge and deceit? Was Yolande going to despise him, then—she, the only being in the world whose opinion he cared for? And always his speculations, and fears, and anxious conjectures came back to this one point:

"He might have spared her—he might have spared her!"

"Now, look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, in his plain-spoken way. "If I were you, before I would say a word of this story to Yolande, I would make sure that that would be sufficient for Leslie. He says that Yolande must be told; but will that suffice? Is that all he wants? If I were in your place I would have a clear understanding. Do you know, I can't help thinking there is something behind all this that hasn't come out. If this young fellow is really in earnest about Yolande—if he is really fond of her—I don't think he would put this stumbling block in the way—I don't think he would exact this sacrifice from you—unless there was some other reason. Yesterday afternoon Melville said as little as he could. He didn't like the job. But he hinted something about the disagreement between young Leslie and his family over this marriage."

"I guessed as much," said Winterbourne. "Yes, I have suspected it for some time. Otherwise I suppose his father and aunt would have called on Yolande. They knew each other. Yolande stayed a night at the Towers when Mrs. Graham first brought her here—until the lodge was got ready."

"Of course, if the fellow has any pluck, he won't let that stand in his way. In the meantime, a domestic row isn't pleasant, and I dare say he is impatient and angry. Why should he revenge himself on Yolande, one might ask? But that is not the fair way of putting it. I can see one explanation. I didn't see it yesterday; and the fact was I got pretty wild when I learned how matters stood; and my own impression was that kicking was a sight too good for him. I have been thinking over it since, though; the rain last night kept me awake. And now I can understand his saying, 'Well, I mean to marry in spite of them; but I will take care, before I marry, to guard against any risk of their being able to tamper with me afterward.'"

"When I took this shooting," Winterbourne said, absently, "when the place was described to me, on the voyage out, I thought to myself that surely there Yolande and I could be safe from all anxiety and trouble. And then again, up the Nile, day after day I used to think of her being married and settled in this remote place, and used to say to myself that, at least, everything would be right. And here we are, face to face with more trouble than ever! And who is to tell her? The shock will be terrible—it may kill her."

"Nonsense—nonsense! Whoever is to tell her, it must not be you. It will turn out all right. And you, for one, should be very glad that the Master, as you call him, now knows the whole story; for after the marriage, whatever happens, he cannot come back on you and say you had deceived him."

"After the marriage! And what sort of a happy life is Yolande likely to lead when his relatives object to her already?"

"There you are off again! Why, man, these things must be taken as they come. You don't know that they object—and I don't believe they can object to her, though the old gentleman mayn't quite like the color of your politics. But supposing they do, what's the odds? They can't interfere. You will settle enough on Yolande to let the young couple live comfortably enough. I don't see any difficulty about it."

(To be continued.)

To Fill Up Her Time.

The family who had lived for ten years in the small house owned by old lady Crocker had moved away. She asked her agent to secure some quiet and desirable tenants for the property as soon as possible.

The agent advertised and within a few days had a call from a man who asked numerous questions about the house.

"There are seven good-sized rooms," said the agent, "and an excellent cellar. How many are there in your family?"

"My wife and myself and twelve children," said the man.

"Ah!" said the agent. "I'm afraid that would hardly do, as Mrs. Crocker is old and something of an invalid, and lives next door. She is not particularly fond of children."

"Well," and the man looked indignant, "I shouldn't think she'd mind; there are only five little ones."

But the agent shook his head.

"It's all right, anyway," said the man, with a quick change of base. "I don't believe there's land enough around that house, and it's too near the city. What I really want is a place farther out, with an acre or so of ground, and a barn, and a chance to keep a cow and chickens, and room to grow some vegetables, so my wife will have something to take up her spare time."—Youth's Companion.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, highly favorable to the discoveries and progress of genius.—Shaftesbury.

Every one can master a grief but he that hath it.—Shakespeare.



Simple Farm Gate.

The gate shown in the accompanying illustration is recommended by a correspondent of the Montreal Family Herald. The gate is intended for rustic locations, upon a farm instead of bars or swinging gates which are troublesome and apt to get out of order. The correspondent has six of these gates on his ranch, and expects soon to put in as many more. It will be noticed that the gate is not hung on hinges. It consists simply of a hurdle which stands between two strong posts set so that the gate easily passes back between them. The second bar of the gate rests on a cleat A, shown in the illustration. This cleat consists of such lumber, four inches wide and 12 or 14 inches long. The gate will slide easily if the top of the cleat is greased. As the gate is closed it slips between the two posts, which prevent it from being pushed either way.

Points in favor of this gate over



SLIDING GATE WIDE OPEN.

those in ordinary use are as follows: It is cheaply and easily made; it is not liable to get out of order; quickly and easily operated; requires only ordinary fence posts, no hinges, or latch, and it locks automatically.

This Year's Wheat Crop.

Another bumper wheat crop is in prospect. Estimates by the Department of Agriculture on grain in the field indicate a total yield of winter wheat of over 411,000,000 bushels against 401,885,887 in 1903 and 325,374,503 in 1904; a gain of 10,314,113 bushels over 1903 and 85,225,497 bushels over 1904. The estimate on spring wheat is 348,000,000 bushels, but there are good reasons for believing that the yield will be from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels greater than the present estimate. However, the comparison, accepting the estimate as correct, is interesting, showing an excess for 1905 over the yield of 1904 and less than 1903, as follows: Estimate of yield of spring wheat, 1905, 348,000,000 bushels, against 355,183,050 in 1903 and 270,981,050 bushels in 1904, about 7,000,000 bushels less than the yield of 1903 and 68,202,344 more than last year. According to the official estimate, the total wheat crop of the United States this year will be 670,000,000 bushels. Unless serious damage comes to spring wheat during its ripening, the total wheat yield of the United States will be about 118,000,000 greater than in 1904 and 33,000,000 in excess of 1903.—Epitomis.

Cost of Making Beef.

It has been accepted as proved that the younger an animal the lower is the cost of putting on flesh and fat. Some experiments have been made to prove this, but the data are too meager to permit of the building of very strong arguments on them. Professor Mumford of the Illinois station has taken up the question and is making an experiment that will at least add to the volume of the data if it does not settle the question, which it probably will not. Herds of various ages are being fed at the station, and these will be marketed as fast as ready and careful reports compiled of the cost of gain made on each lot. There is a point beyond which it does not pay a farmer to keep an animal, even though that animal is all the time gaining in weight. The station is trying to find the point at which steer feeding must stop, if a profit is to be made. Every day after that point the farmer is losing money and losing the time he is putting on the care of the animal.

A Kicking Cow.

There are many recommended methods of dealing with kicking cows. One, which is by some found to be very effective, is to rope or strap the hind legs together just above the hock. The rope or strap should be put on in the form of a figure eight, having it cross between the legs. Some milkers apply the rope close down to the feet and fasten it to a ring in the floor. Rather than fasten the rope securely, it is better at the first trial to have an attendant to hold the rope, so that he can loosen it in case the cow throws herself in her effort to kick. A plan that does no good and generally much harm is to beat the animal. This only increases the retaliation in the form of kicking. A kicking cow is an angry cow, and after one has exhausted his efforts in attempting to soothe her by means of patting, currying, giving mashes, etc., without success, the only thing to do is to secure her in a manner that she can neither kick nor injure herself.—American Cultivator.

The Oat Crop.

The oat crop is one that requires a great deal of moisture throughout the season, and the best crop is assured by preparing the soil so it will conserve moisture. The reason the old

plan of seeding oats in corn stubble fails so frequently is because the ground is stirred shallow and wet early in spring time and when a few weeks of dry weather come it bakes as hard as the road and remains in this condition until harvest. It is not a good plan to be in too big a hurry about sowing oats. When the ground has dried out so it is in good condition to break then start the plow.—Ohio Farmer.

The Shortage of Sheep.

"Michigan sheep and lamb feeders had themselves up against a peculiar situation, and many of them are at a loss how to proceed," says a writer in the Detroit Tribune. "There are many feeders who were of opinion that receipts of Western sheep at Chicago would be larger late in the season and have waited in the belief that they would be able to get their orders filled at lower prices. Present indications look as if there would be few of the bargains that have been offered in other years."

"Never before in the history of the Chicago yards has there been such a pressing demand for feeding sheep and lambs. Every day now the sheep pens are full of strangers who are looking for bargains, and every desirable bunch is caught up at high prices compared with other years. The outlook for wool and mutton was never brighter than at present, and the general belief is that sheep and lamb feeders will make plenty of money this year, no matter what they pay for feeding stock."

The Auto Nuisance.

During an English farmers' meeting, the chairman had suggested that he should instruct his teamsters to hold their wagons across the road when autos were approaching at a furious rate. He received the following amusing communication: "As I doubt the power of the average farm laborer to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty, I offer my services. I hold a discharge as a sergeant from the army, and am a trained shot. At least fifty autos pass my house every day. With an ordinary magazine rifle I could get about thirty daily, and I offer my trained services to the chamber at a charge of six pence per head. I should like to know to whom to forward the heads. I could use explosive or poisoned bullets if so desired."

How Sunday Affects the Cows.

The manager of the Wisconsin experimental farm once said that he could tell the Sundays in the calendar by looking at his milk record, which showed the daily yield, because the quantity obtained was invariably smaller than on a week day. "Our men milk a little later on Sunday morning, and a little earlier at night, probably hurrying the operation, and the cows resent the treatment by giving a somewhat smaller yield of milk." It was observed, also, apropos of the necessity for kind and gentle treatment of dairy cattle, that a new hand obtained as milk from a cow that she would yield to a milker, not necessarily more expert, to whom she was accustomed.

For Sharpening Posts.

To save lots of work in sharpening posts, fix up the rig illustrated, advises Charles Hecht. The forked pole



RIG FOR SHARPENING POSTS.

is 12 feet long, the brace of 1x4 being about 5 feet high. A stump makes the best block upon which to sharpen post.

Sod Houses and Telephones.

Sod houses and telephones are the strange combination now offered by the prairies of the Middle West. Yet the combination is less strange than appears, for the present sod houses are by no means to be despised, particularly in cold weather. They are built with considerable attention to comfort, and, with an interior lining of Portland cement, offer almost the advantages of a stone building, and at the slightest cost, while the network of telephones overcomes the isolation of earlier days.

Poultry Pickings.

Save the cabbage for the hens. Leaves make good scratching material. Cracked corn will put fat on a fowl about the quickest of any feed. A lot of extra cockerels are a nuisance. Kill them off if you want eggs. Green cut bone or good beef scraps will force the pullets to early maturity.

Dampness is one of the worst troubles of poultry keepers. Sunshine is sure cure.

Line water is a corrective of fowl diseases and is also a good remedy for soft shelled eggs.

If eggs were sold by weight the talk about big eggs would give place to that of more of 'em.

A duck grows faster than a chicken, sells for more in market, costs no more to feed and needs but little care.

To obtain the best results from hens keep them in flocks of from thirty to forty with one or two males. Crowding never pays any breeder.

As a rule hens fall off in egg production after they are three or four years old, and it is only in exceptional cases that it is advisable to keep them.

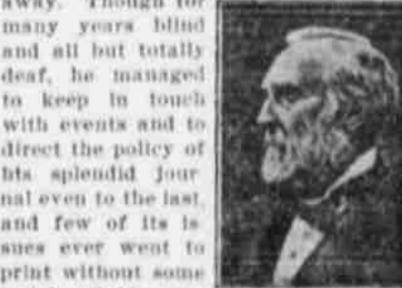


John C. Driscoll, who has been the central figure in the Chicago labor craft unions, has been conspicuous



for years in labor affairs. When the Associated Teaming Interests was organized in 1902 he was elected secretary and held the position until April, this year. Mr. Driscoll was born in Oswego, N. Y., May 29, 1859, and was brought by his parents to Chicago when but nine months old. He was educated in St. Ignace's College, where he took a classical course and was graduated with the degree of A. B. When Mr. Driscoll severed his connection with the Associated Teaming Interests he declared that during his term as secretary no team owner had lost a dollar through labor troubles.

In William E. Cramer, publisher of the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, another hero of the profession has passed away. Though for many years blind and all but totally deaf, he managed to keep in touch with events and to direct the policy of his splendid journal even to the last, and few of its issues ever went to print without some article of his own.



W. E. CRAMER.

Throughout his 45 years as an editor he never departed from the high ideals with which he began his newspaper career. His opinions, and they were strong and influential, were always confined to the editorial page. His news columns were sacred to the news, containing fair, impartial stories which were never distorted or confused for bribe, favor or personal interest.

Lorin C. Collins, who has been appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of the Panama Canal zone, is noted as a



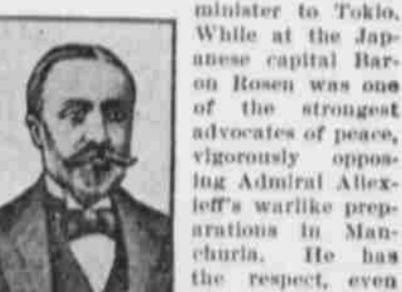
jurist and lawmaker. For six years he was on the Chicago circuit bench, and he also has served three terms in the Illinois legislature, having been at one session 1883 speaker of the House. Judge Collins was born at Wapping, Conn., in 1848, but was taken to St. Paul in his childhood. In 1872 he was graduated from Northwestern University, and two years later he began the practice of law in Chicago. His home is in Wheaton, Ill.

Francis Hendricks, who has reported the results of his long investigation of the Equitable Life Assurance Society's



affairs, has been superintendent of insurance of New York State since 1900, when he succeeded Louis F. Payn. His home is in Syracuse, of which city he has been Mayor and where he has established an extensive photographic supply house. Mr. Hendricks has served in both branches of the Legislature, having been Senator three successive terms. He was collector of the port of New York from 1891 to 1893. He was born in 1834 and was educated in Albany.

The successor at Washington of Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, will be Baron Rosen, formerly



minister to Tokio. While at the Japanese capital Baron Rosen was one of the strongest advocates of peace, vigorously opposing Admiral Alexieff's warlike preparations in Manchuria. He has the respect, even admiration, of the Japanese, and it is fortunate that he is to be in Washington, where peace negotiations are to be conducted. Baron Rosen's acquaintance with this country and the American people extends over a period of some thirty years. He has been consul general at New York, and was charge d'affaires at Washington during Mr. Cleveland's first administration.

"Swiftwater Bill" Gates, who made a fortune in the Klondike and threw it to the winds, has made another strike, this time in the Tanana district in Washington.

Rider Haggard, the English novelist, traveled about 7,000 miles in his tour of this country, trying to find a location for colonies for his countrymen.

Josef Hofmann, the great pianist, is a clever electrician and devotes nearly all his spare time to the science.



NOT ONE OF THEM APPEARS TO SEE WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE.

you walk down the glen for a bit?"

"Yes; but we should fetch Miss Winterbourne to show her the skies on fire."

"No; it's about her I want to speak to you. Or, rather," said his companion, "about her father. Winterbourne is an old friend of mine; but the way he is going on at present, shilly-shallying, frightened to say this, frightened to say that, is enough to worry a stronger man than he is into his grave. Well, if he won't speak I will. I like mystery! My motto is—out with it! And he would never have got into this precious mess if he had taken my advice all through."

Melville was surprised; but he did not interrupt. John Shortlands seemed a trifle angry.

"The immediate trouble with him is this: Ought he, or ought he not, to confide certain matters to you as a friend of young Leslie? Well, I am going to take that into my own hand. I am going to tell you the whole story—and a miserable business it is."

"Do you think that is wise?" the younger man said, calmly. "If there is anything disagreeable, shouldn't the knowledge of it be kept to as few people as possible? I would rather have my illusions left. The Winterbournes have been kind to me since they came here; and it has been delightful to me to look at these two—the spectacle of father and daughter—"

"Oh, but I have nothing to say against either of them. I suppose you know that your friend Leslie and Yolande are engaged?"

"I have understood as much."

"But did he not tell ye?" said Shortlands, with a stare.

"Well, yes," the other said, in rather a cold way. "But we did not have much talk about it. Archie Leslie is a very fine fellow; but he and I don't always agree in our ways of looking at things."

"Then, at all events, in order to disagree you must know what his way of looking at things is; and that is just the point I'm coming to," said Shortlands, in his blunt, dogmatic way. "Yolande Winterbourne has been brought up all her life to believe that her mother died when she was a child; whereas the mother is not dead, but very much alive—worse luck; and the point is whether he ought to be told, whether he would consent to keep this knowledge back from Yolande, who would only be shocked and horrified by it. Do ye understand?"

"But, surely," exclaimed Melville, with wide-open eyes, "surely the best thing—the natural thing would be to tell the girl herself, first of all!"

"Man alive, Winterbourne would rather cut his throat! Don't you see that his affection for the girl is quite extraordinary? It is the sole passion of his life; a needle-scratch on Yolande's finger is like a knife to his heart. I assure you the misery he has endured in keeping