

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

This was all that was said at the time; and it must be admitted that it left Mr. Winterbourne pretty much in the same mood of anxious perturbation. His careworn face instantly attracted Yolande's notice. She became aware that there was trouble somewhere; there was a kind of restraint in the social atmosphere of the house; she even found the honest and hearty John Shortlands given to moody staring into the fire. So she went to her own room, and sat down, and wrote the following note:

"All-nam-ba, Friday.

"My Dear Archie—We are all in a state of dreadful depression here on account of the bad weather, and the gentlemen shut up with nothing to do. Please, please, take pity on us, and come along to dinner at seven. Do you know that Monaghan is for sale? What a joy it will be if Mr. Melville should get it back again, after all—that will indeed be Melville's Welcome Home. You will make us all very happy if you will come and spend the evening with us.

"Yours affectionately,

"YOLANDE."

She sent this out to be taken to Lynn Towers by one of the gillies who was to wait for an answer; and in something more than an hour the lad on the sturdy little black pony brought back this note:

"Dear Yolande—I regret very much that I cannot dine with you to-night; and as for Tuesday, I am afraid that will be impossible, as I go to Inverness to-morrow. I hope they will have a good day. Yours sincerely,

"A. LESLIE."

She regarded this answer at first with astonishment, then she felt inclined to laugh.

"Look at this, then, for a love letter!" she said to herself.

But by and by she began to attach

more importance to it. The coldness of it seemed studied; yet she had done nothing that she knew of to offend him. What was amiss? Could he be dissatisfied with her conduct in any direction? She had tried to be more kind to him, as was her duty; and until quite recently they had been on most friendly terms. What had she done?

Then she began to form the suspicion that her father and John Shortlands were concealing something from her. Had it anything to do with the Master? Had it anything to do with the singular circumstance that not even the most formal visiting relationship had been established between Lynn Towers and the lodge? Why had her father seemed disturbed when she proposed to send a hunch of venison to the Towers—the most common act of civility?

Next morning had an evil and threatening look about it; but fortunately there was a brisk breeze; and toward noon that had so effectually swept the clouds over that the long, wide valley was filled with bright, warm sunshine. Yolande resolved to drive in to Gress. On arriving, however, she found that Mr. Melville had gone off to his electric storehouse away up in the hills; and she sent on the dog-cart to Whitebridge, and was content to wait awhile with Mrs. Bell.

"I'll just send him a message, and he'll come down presently."

"Oh, no, please don't; it is a long way to send any one," Yolande protested.

"It's no long way to send a wee bit flash o' fire, or whatever it is, that sets a bell ringing up there," said the old dame. "It's wonderful, his devices. Sometimes I think it's mair than natural. Over there, in the laboratory, he has got a kind o' ear trumpet; and if you take out the stopper, and listen in quietness, you'll hear every word that's going on in the school."

"That is what they call a telephone, I suppose?"

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Bell, as she left the room to send a message to him.

When she came back she was jubilant.

"My dear young leddy, I am glad to see ye! I've sent the letter to the lawyers. I just telled them that I did not want Monaghan for myself, but that they happened to hear what was the lowest price that would be taken, they might send me word, in case I should come across a customer for them. It doesna do to be too eager to bargain, especially w' the lawyers; it's just inviting them to commit a highway robbery on ye."

"If Mr. Melville," said Yolande, quickly, "were to have Monaghan, he would still remain in this neighborhood?"

They kept on talking with much interest, until a step outside on the gravel caused the color to rush to the girl's face. She did not know that, when she rose on her entrance, she did not know that she looked embarrassed, because she did not feel embarrassed. Always she had a sense of safety in his presence. She

had not to watch her words, or think of what he was thinking of what she was saying. She apologized for having brought him down from his electric works; and asked him if he would take a turn in the garden for a minute or two, as she had something to say to him; and then went out, he following. She did not notice that when she made this last remark his face looked rather grave.

"Mr. Leslie went to Inverness this morning?" she said, when they were out in the garden. "Do you know why he went?"

"Well," said he, "I believe they have been having some dispute about the marches of the forest; but I am told it is all amicably settled. I fancy Archie is going to have the matter squared up in Inverness."

She hesitated then. She took up a flower; regarded it for a second, and then looked him fair in the face.

"Mr. Melville," said she, "do you think it strange that I ask you this question?—you are Mr. Leslie's friend; is he offended with me?"

"I have not the slightest reason to suppose that he is," was the answer, given with some earnestness, for he was glad to find the question so simple.

"None? I have not done anything that he could complain of—to you or any one?"

"I assure you I never heard him breathe a word of the kind. Besides," added he, with a very unusual warmth in the pale cheeks, "I wouldn't listen. No man could be such a coward—"

"Oh, please don't think that I am angry," she said, with earnest entreaty. "Please don't think that I have to complain. Oh, no! But every one knows what mischief is wrought sometimes by mistake; some one being offended and not giving a chance of explanation; and—and I was only anxious to be assured that I had done nothing to vex him. His

going away without seeing us seemed so strange—yes; and also his not coming of late to the lodge—and—and—my papa seems to be troubled about something; so that I became anxious, and I knew you would tell me the truth, if no one else would."

He was disturbed, at all events; and sorely perplexed. He dared not meet her eyes; they seemed to read him through and through when he ventured to look up.

"Don't imagine for a moment that you have anything to reproach yourself with—not for a moment," he said.

"Has any one, then?"

"Why, no. But—but—well, I will be honest with you, Yolande; there has been a little trouble—at the Towers. The old people are not easy to please; and Archie has too much spirit to allow you to be dragged into a controversy, you see; and as they don't get on very well together, I suppose he is glad to get off for a few days to Inverness."

"Ah, I understand," she said, slowly. "That is something to know. But why did he not tell me? Does he think I am afraid of a little trouble like that? Does he think I should be frightened? Oh, no! When I make a promise it is not to break it. He should have trusted me more than that. Ah, I am sorry he has to go away on my account. Why did he not speak? It is strange."

And then she regarded him with those clear, beautiful, contemplative eyes of hers.

"Have you told me everything?"

"He did not answer.

"No. There is more. There is more to account for my papa's trouble—for his going away this morning. And why do I come to you? Because I know that what you know you will tell to me. You have been my friend since ever we came to this place."

"Yolande," said he, and he took her hand to emphasize his words, "there is more; but it is not I who must tell you. What I can tell you, and what I hope you will believe, is that you are in no way the cause of anything that may have happened. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. And any little trouble there may be will be removed in time, no doubt. When you have done your best, what more can you do?"

It is just possible that she might have begged him to make a candid confession of all that he knew, but at this moment the cart drove up to the front gate, and she had to go. She bade him, and also Mrs. Bell, good-by almost in silence; she went away thoughtfully. And as he watched her disappear along the high road—the warm westerling light touching the gold of her hair—he was thoughtful, too; and his heart yearned toward her with a great pity; and there was not much that this man would not have done to save her from the shadow that was about to fall on her young life.

CHAPTER XI.

He could not rest somehow. He went into the laboratory, and looked vacantly

around; the objects there seemed to have no interest for him. Then he went back to the house—into the room where he had found her standing; and that had more of a charm for him; the atmosphere still seemed to bear the perfume of her presence, the music of her voice still seemed to hang in the air. She had left on the table—she had forgotten, indeed—a couple of boards inclosing specimens of some flowers. These he turned over, regarding with some attention; but still his mind was absent; he was following in imagination the girl herself, going away along the road there, alone, to meet the revelation that was to alter her life. And was he going to stand by, idle? Was he going to limit himself to the part he had been asked to play—that of mere messenger-bearer? Could he do no more? Was he to be dominated by the coward fear of being called an intermeddler?

He snatched up his hat and went quickly out and through the little front garden into the road; there he paused. Of course, he could not follow her; she must needs see him coming up the wide street; and in that case what excuse could he give? But what if the shooting party had not yet come down from the hills? Might he not intercept them somewhere? He held along by the hilltop, until, far below him, he came in sight of Lynn Towers, and the bridge, and the stream, and the loch; and outward still he kept his way, until the strath came in view, with All-nam-ba, and a pale blue smoke rising from the chimneys into the still evening air. Probably Yolande had got home by that time. So he kept rather back from the edge of the hilltop so that he should not be descried; and in due time arrived at a point overlooking the junction of the three glens, down one of which the shooting people were almost certain to come.

He looked and waited, however, in vain; and he was coming to the conclusion that they must have already passed and gone on to the lodge, when he fancied he saw something move behind some birch bushes on the hillside beyond the glen. Presently he made out a pony grazing, and gradually coming more and more into view. Then he reflected that probably the attendant gillie and the panniers were hidden from sight behind these birches; and that, if it were so, the shooting party had not returned, and were bound to come back that way. A very few minutes of further waiting proved his conjectures to be right; a scattered group of people, with dogs in to heel, appearing on the crest of the hill opposite. Then he had no further doubt. Down this slope he went at headlong speed; crossed the rushing burn by springing from boulder to boulder, and very soon encountered the returning party, who were now watching the panniers being put on the pony's back.

Now that he had intercepted Mr. Winterbourne, there was no need for hurry. He could take time to recover his breath; and also to bethink himself as to how he should approach this difficult matter. The conversation was all about the day's sport.

Then they set out for home; Duncan and the gillie making away for a sort of ford by which they could get the pony across the Dum Water; while the three others took a nearer way to the lodge by getting down through a gulle, where there was a swing bridge across the burn. When they had got to the bridge, Melville stopped them.

"I am not going on with you to the lodge," said he. "Mr. Winterbourne, I have seen your daughter this afternoon. She is troubled and anxious; and I thought I'd come along and have a word with you. I hope you will forgive me for thrusting myself in where I may not be wanted; but—but—it is not always the right thing to 'pass by on the other side.' I couldn't in this case."

"I am sure you are most thankful to you for what you have done already," Yolande's father said, promptly; and then he added, with a weary look in his face, "and what is to be done now, I don't know. I cannot bring myself to this that Leslie demands. It is too terrible. I look at the girl—well, it does not bear speaking of."

"Look here," Winterbourne said, "John Shortlands said, 'I am going to leave you two together. I will wait for you at the other side. But I would advise you to listen well to anything that Mr. Melville has to say; I have my own guess.'"

With that he proceeded to make his way across the narrow and swaying bridge, leaving these two alone.

(To be continued.)

Work Facing West.

To test the truth of the assertions of many persons that they sleep better with their heads pointing to the north, work better facing the east, and so on, Dr. Charles Fere, who is well known in France for his studies in physiological psychology, has constructed a delicate machine which he calls an ergograph, with which he has achieved some interesting results. This machine registers the number, rapidity and quality of the movements of the index finger when writing or performing any accustomed work. He announces that his experiments with it prove that work done by a person facing the west or east is better by 25 per cent than similar work done by a person facing the north or south, and that when working facing the west it is about 25 per cent better than when facing the east.

This matter of orientalism seems to have an influence upon the nervous system, due largely, it is believed, to the fact that the earth is a gigantic magnet. Many learned men have noticed that they sleep best with the head to the north, and work better facing the west, while at least one famous pianist finds he plays with the greatest ease when the piano faces the east. It may be that the great migrations of the human race, all of which have been from east to west, and the observed tendency of trees to develop in the same general directions, are in some way related to these phenomena.—New York World.

Wrong Place.

"I want something that will stop my hair from falling out," said the caller. "I am no divorce lawyer," replied the doctor.—Houston Post.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

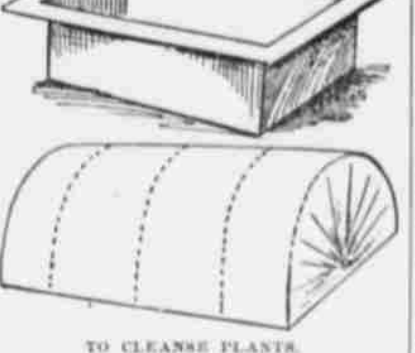
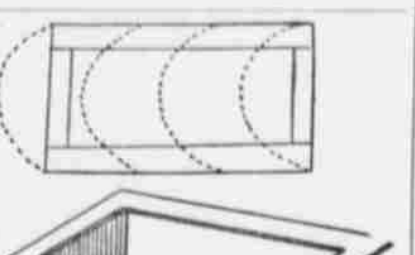
FARMS AND FARMERS



Box for Fumigating.

Certain kinds of plants grown in pots are often subject to the attacks of insects even in the summer, although the trouble is greater during the months of winter, when the plants are grown in the heat of the living room, without much moisture. To thoroughly cleanse plants of insects they must be fumigated, tobacco burned being the means generally employed. Of course, in this work the main idea is to keep the air from the plants during the process of fumigation.

The fumigating box may be of any size desired, according to the number of plants to be cleaned, although a box which may be conveniently carried about is preferred to anything larger. After selecting the box, make a frame three inches wide and nail around the edge of the box. Then bore a few holes in one end of the box. Then make a frame to fit snugly over the box (see the upper illustration in the cut) and fasten hoops on it. Cover this hooped frame with unbleached muslin, tacking the muslin

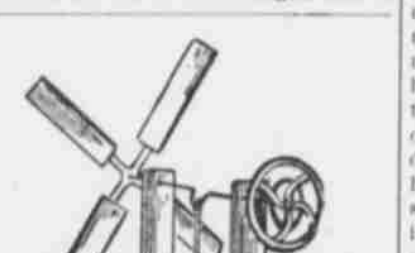


TO CLEANSE PLANTS.

to the frame and gathering it in at the ends as indicated. The frame covered with the muslin will not break the top of soft plants, and it is readily constructed. This framed cover rests upon the three-inch frame which was first put about the box and will not readily slip off.

Churning with the Wind.

To buttermakers who have to do their own churning with a dash churn I illustrate a method that does away with manual labor. The illustration almost explains itself. A balance wheel must be arranged at one end of an axle, and a four or six-fan wheel, to catch the wind, at the other end. In the center the rod must be bent in the shape of the letter U. As the axle revolves, this plays the pitman up and down. The churn stands in the box. The rod should be so arranged that it



CHURNING MADE EASY.

can be quickly detached when it is necessary to look at the butter. Handles are provided at the bottom of the box for turning in the right direction of the wind. When not in use, the fans can be taken off and the remainder of the crude machine can be left. Anyone can make one, and so help the work of the women who have to churn by hand.—Clement Grover.

The Great Country of the North.

The resources of Canada are hardly yet appreciated by her nearest neighbors. Figures were recently quoted by a prominent Canadian speaker, Mr. Edgar Judge, showing that the homestead holdings in Northwestern Canada since 1896 have increased from 297,799 acres to 2,229,120 acres. "If fifty thousand farmers could raise seventy million bushels of wheat in 1902 in Manitoba, then 250,000 could raise 350,000,000 bushels, enough to supply the total import requirements of Great Britain, besides feeding the people of Canada." The speaker asserted that the freight on wheat shipped from Ft. William, Canada, to London, England, was less than that on shipments from English midlands, only one hundred miles from London. He concluded that the possibilities of Canada as a grower and exporter of fruit products were greater than those of either Russia or the United States.

Average Stock Prices.

There was a time when the man that received an average price for the cattle, horse, or sheep he sent to market made money on it, but that time is not now. Then land was cheap, labor was cheap, and grain was cheap. Now all of these are high, and the average price of an animal does not

often equal the cost of the labor and feed that have gone into him. This condition has grown upon us till we find ourselves facing the necessity of working out of it by producing animals that will sell for more than they do at present or discovering some combination of feeds and care that will lessen the cost of production. It is well to work along both lines.—Exchange.

Watering Trees.

Unless the owner of trees understands some of the more important principles of growth, there is danger that he will, when applying water, do more harm than good. To apply water in small quantities through the droughty season is to cause the roots in the ground to turn toward the surface and grow in that direction. Then when watering is discontinued for any reason the roots dry out much more quickly than if they had not been watered at all. When water is applied to trees it should be in sufficient abundance to soak the ground to a depth of several feet. The roots will then not turn up to get moisture. If it is necessary to apply but little water at a time it should not be put on the surface of the ground. Dig a hole and put in a large piece of drain pipe so that the water being thrown into this pipe or piece of tile will soak deep into the ground. In case of not having a drain pipe or piece of tile, a hole can be made sufficiently deep to act as a reservoir. Let the water soak into the ground from this hole. The idea is to get the water to the roots from some other direction rather than from the surface of the ground.

Food for Work Horses.

A number of writers in agricultural papers are urging the abandonment of oats and timothy hay for horses that work on the farm, because of the high price of these foods. As a substitute, these writers suggest clover hay and corn. It is best to be a little careful about making such a change. It may work out all right provided it is not carried to an excess—that is, try it for a month, then go back to oats and timothy, and then back to corn and clover. By the end of the third month one will know pretty well if the plan was a good one. There can be no doubt that oats are by far the best grain to feed horses, and it is at least doubtful if one can safely change to any other grain as a regular ration and make it pay in the long run. There may be little difference noted for a long time with some horses, and the saving will amount to considerable, but the experiment is a doubtful one. Remember there is such a thing as false economy, and this may come under that head.

Can Control Swarms.

An expert beekeeper can manage two or three hundred colonies without help when he has them in hives where he can see what they are doing, whereas if they were in box hives he would be unable to do anything with such a number. A very little reading and study will give the farmer all necessary knowledge for the management of a few hives, so that he can have his swarming (the bugbear of the farmer-beekeeper) when it is most convenient for him or not at all if he doesn't want any increase. With box hives there can be no control of swarming—the bees have it entirely in their own hands (or wings), and come out when they are ready, regardless of the fact that their owner may be half a mile away in a hayfield, hustling to get ahead of approaching rain.

The Poultry Yard.

If there are any hollows in your poultry runs that are liable to hold water after heavy showers, fill them up or drain so that the birds will not be compelled to wade through muddy water half way up to their knees, so to speak, says Commercial Poultry. Otherwise some of those valuable and highly prized early hatched birds will likely lie down and die. And you will wonder what is the matter with them. They will be dead, of course, but you might have saved them.

For Dry Hoofs.

A soaking tub may be made by cutting off about one foot from the end of a stout, tight barrel. The short end is filled with water and placed in the stall so that the forefeet will come in the tub. An hour or two of soaking daily is good for dry, hard hoofs.

The Stable and Pasture.

Put fresh hay in the stables. Ventilate the buildings. Clean the hoofs and clip the overgrowth. Put lighter shoes on the horses.

Curry the horses while they are shedding their winter coat and wash them often.

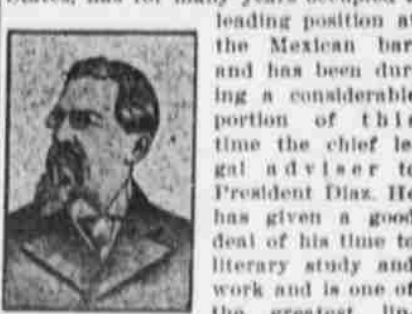
Cut down the grain allowance of the horses in pasture and see that all the animals get plenty of fresh water. The colt can safely be allowed in the pasture with the other animals, and at a very early age should be broken to gentle habits.

Turn the cows out to pasture gradually, diminishing the grain. See that there is shade for the cows—either natural or artificial.

When the horses are hot and sweaty after a long drive or a day's work, sponge them with cold water so that they will not catch cold.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Senor Joaquin D. Casaus, the new Mexican ambassador to the United States, has for many years occupied a leading position at the Mexican bar, and has been during a considerable portion of this time the chief legal adviser to President Diaz. He has given a good deal of his time to literary study and work and is one of the greatest linguists in the entire republic, being a master of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian and English. He has an excellent translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline" into Spanish and has also translated extensively from the classic Latin. In 1880 he entered the Mexican Congress as a deputy and has been successively re-elected ever since. In Mexico City he and his wife occupied the highest position in social affairs and their home, one of the finest in that city, was the scene of many elaborate functions. It is expected they will be equally prominent in the diplomatic social circles of Washington. They have seven children and are wealthy.



SENOR CASAU.

Prince Michael Chilkoff, Imperial minister of railways for Russia, has had a varied experience in life. He was born heir to an immense estate and as a youth was reared in the luxury which is so characteristic of the Russian nobility. He had a taste for mechanical engineering, and in 1867 he came to America and spent a year in the study of railroads. Soon after his return home the Czar issued the proclamation freeing the serfs. This resulted in great financial loss to the prince's father, and the old man became very bitter against the reform. Michael was enthusiastic in its support, and the upshot of the matter was a quarrel. The young man renounced his title and came to America. He worked for a dollar a day in a Philadelphia machine shop until he had learned the business and then went to South America. Thence he returned to Russia under the name of John Magill.

Rev. Dr. Francis Landey Patton, who says one can do just as much good with tainted money as with any other kind, but who particularly objects to the "cold-blooded, right-living, fascist faces of the poor under the cloak of the law," is famous as an educator and theologian. He has been President of Princeton Theological Seminary since 1862, and previously, for fourteen years, had been at the head of Princeton University. Among other pastorates that Dr. Patton has held was that of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church in Chicago, and he also held a professorship in the McCormick Theological Seminary. He was born in Bermuda in 1833, and is a graduate of the University of Toronto and of Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1865 he was ordained to the ministry. He has written several volumes, most of them being of a religious character, and has served as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.



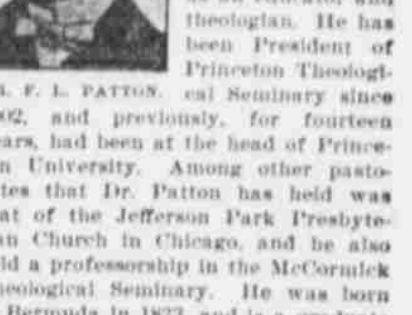
FRANCIS CHILKOFF.

John W. Hutchinson, 85 years old, sole survivor of the famous family of singers of slavery days, dispatches say, has been threatened with a suit for breach of promise of marriage by Miss Ellen F. Wetherell, 70 years old, of Lynn, Mass. During the anti-slavery movement before the war they appeared on the same platform, when she lectured for the slaves and he sang. During his lifetime he claims to have sung at 11,457 public meetings—anti-slavery, religious and temperance. Hutchinson is well known in the Northwest. Part of the time he makes his headquarters in Hutchinson, Minn., which derived its name from this once famous family of singers.

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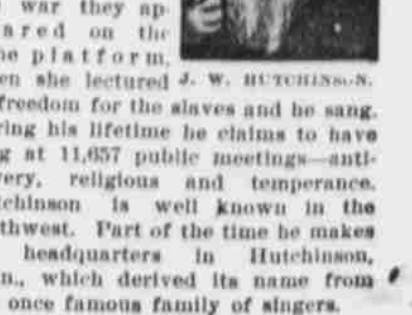
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"HAVE YOU TOLD ME EVERYTHING?"

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Then she began to form the suspicion that her father and John Shortlands were concealing something from her. Had it anything to do with the Master? Had it anything to do with the singular circumstance that not even the most formal visiting relationship had been established between Lynn Towers and the lodge? Why had her father seemed disturbed when she proposed to send a hunch of venison to the Towers—the most common act of civility?

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"It's no long way to send a wee bit flash o' fire, or whatever it is, that sets a bell ringing up there," said the old dame. "It's wonderful, his devices. Sometimes I think it's mair than natural. Over there, in the laboratory, he has got a kind o' ear trumpet; and if you take out the stopper, and listen in quietness, you'll hear every word that's going on in the school."

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"The very thing!" said Mrs. Bell, as she left the room to send a message to him.

When she came back she was jubilant.

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