YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"What I want to know, first of all," Mr. Winterbourne said, with a kind of despair in his voice, "is whether you are certain that the Master will insist? Why should he? How could it matter to him? I thought we had done everything when we let him know. Why should Yolande know? Why make her miserable to no end? Look what has been done to keep this knowledge from her all through these years; and you can see the result in the gayety of her heart. Would she have been like that if she had known—if she had always been thinking of one who ought to be near her, and perhaps blaming herself for holding aloof from her? She would have been quite different; she would have been old in sadness by this time; whereas, she has never known what a care was. Mr. Melville, you are his friend; you know him better than any of us; don't you think there is some chance of reasoning with him and inducing him to forego this demand? It seems so hard."

The suffering that this man was undergoing was terrible. His question formed almost a cry of entreaty; and Jack Melville could scarcely bring himself to answer in what he well knew to be the truth.

"I cannot deceive you," he said, after a second. "There is no doubt that Leslie's mind is made up on that point. When I undertook to carry this message, he more than once repeated his clear decision——"

"But why? What end will it serve? How could it matter to them—living away from London? How could they be harmed?"

"Mr. Winterbourne," said the other, with something of a clear emphasis, "when I reported Leslie's decision to Mr. Shortlands, as I was asked to do, I refused to defend it—or to attack it, for that matter—and I would rather not do so now. What I might think right in the same case—what you might think right—does not much matter. I told Mr. Shortlands that perhaps we did not know everything that might lead to such a decision; Leslie has not been on good terms with his father and aunt; and he thinks he is being badly used. There may be other things; I do not know."

"And how do we know that it will suffice?" the other said. "How do we know that it will satisfy him and his people? Are we to inflict all this pain and sorrow on the girl; and then wait to see whether that is enough?"

"It is not what I would do," said Jack Melville, who had not come here for nothing.

"What would you do then? Can you suggest anything?" her father said eagerly. "Ah, you little know how we should value any one who could remove this thing from us!"

"What I would do? Well, I will tell you. I would go to that girl, and I would see how much of the woman is in her; I think you will find enough. I would say to her, 'There is your mother; that is the condition she has sunk into through those accursed drugs. Every means have been tried to save her, without avail—every means save one. It is for you to go to her—you yourself—alone. Who knows what resurrection of will and purpose may not arise within her, when it is her own daughter who stands before her and appeals to her—when it is her own daughter who will be by her side during the long struggle? That is your duty as a daughter; will you do it? If I know the girl, you will not have to say more!"

The wretched man opposite seemed almost to recoil from him in his dismay. There was a sort of blank, vague terror in his face.

"Oh, it is impossible—impossible!" he cried, at length. "It is inhuman. You have not thought of it sufficiently. My girl to go through that—have you considered what you are proposing to subject her to?"

"I have considered," Jack Melville said. "And I have thought of it sufficiently, I hope. I would not have dared to make the suggestion without the most anxious consideration. I would put the case before her, and I know what her own answer would be."

"And to go alone——"

"She will not be afraid!"

"But why alone?" pleaded the father—he seemed to be imagining all kinds of things with those haggard eyes. "She could not! My girl to go away by herself—she could not! It is too terrible!"

"Try her."

"She has never traveled alone. Why, even to go to London by herself——"

"Oh, but that has nothing to do with it. That is not what I mean at all. As for that, her maid would go with her as a matter of course; and Mr. Shortlands might see her as far as London if he is going south shortly, as I hear. She could put up at one or other of the hotels that she has already stayed at with you. Then you would give her the address, and leave the rest to her."

"You have been thinking over this," Mr. Winterbourne said. "I have not. I am rather bewildered about it. Shall we ask Shortlands?"

"If you wish. But first let me explain, Mr. Winterbourne. As I understand, several arrangements have been made with this poor woman—only, unhappily, to be broken by her. Well, now, why I want Yolande to go alone is to prevent suspicion in the poor woman's mind. I would have no third person. It should be a matter between the two women themselves; and Yolande must insist on seeing her mother alone."

"You have thought of everything—you have thought of everything," the father murmured. "Well, let us see what Shortlands says. It is a terrible risk. I am not hopeful myself. The thing is—is it fair to bring all this distress and suffering on the girl on such a remote chance?"

"You must judge of that," said Melville. "You asked me what I would do. I have told you."

When they got to the other side they found John Shortlands seated on a boulder of granite. He was not much startled by the proposal. Now, as they talked the matter over, it appeared that he stood midway between these two, having neither the eager enthusiasm of Jack Melville nor the utter hopelessness of his friend Winterbourne.

"If you think it is worth trying, try it," said he coolly. "It can't do much harm. If Yolande is to know, she may as well know to some end. Other things have been tried, and failed; this might not. The shock might bring her to her senses. Anyhow, don't you see, if you once tell Yolande all about it, I rather fancy she will be dissatisfied until she has made a trial."

"And who would undertake to tell her?" her father said. "Who could face the suffering, shame, you would see in her eyes? Who would dare to suggest to her that she, so tenderly cared for all her life, should go away and encounter these horrors?"

"If it comes to that," said Melville, "I will do it. If you think it right—if it will give you pain to speak to her—let me speak to her."

"You?" said her father. "Why should you undertake what cannot be but a dreadful task? Why should you have to bear that?"

"Oh," said he, "my share in the common trouble would be slight. Besides, I have not many friends; and when one has the chance of lending a hand, don't you understand, it is a kind of gratification. I know it will not be pleasant—except for one thing. I am looking forward to her answer; and I know what it will be. I am quite at your service, either on Tuesday or any other day, whenever you let me know what you have decided."

He would not go on to the house with them, despite all their solicitations; on the other hand, he begged them not to say to Yolande that they had seen him. So they went on their way down to the little lodge, while he went back and over the hills.

"He's a fine fellow that, and no mistake," said the plain spoken John Shortlands. "There is a sort of broad human nature about him. And I should think, Winterbourne, you were very much obliged to him."

"Obliged?" said Yolande's father. "It is scarcely the word."

CHAPTER XII.

All had been arranged. Early one morning Jack Melville walked slowly and thoughtfully up to Allt-nam-ba. He knew she was at home; for the dog-cart had gone by with only Sandy in it. Perhaps she might be indoors—working at the microscope he had lent her, or arranging her plants. She had seen him come up the strath; she was at the door awaiting him, her face radiant.

"Ah, but why are you so late?" she cried. "They are all away. Shepherds and gillies and all, two hours ago."

"I did not mean to go with them. I have come to have a chat with you, Yolande, if you will let me."

He spoke carelessly; but there was something in his look that she noticed; and when she had preceded him into the little drawing room, she turned and regarded him.

"What is it? Is it serious?" she said, scanning his face.

Well, he had carefully planned how he would approach the subject; but at this moment all his elaborate designs went clear away from his brain. A far more happy expedient than any he had thought of had that instant occurred to him. He would tell her this story as of some one else.

"It is serious in a way," said he, "for I am troubled about an unfortunate plight that a friend of mine is in. Why should I bother you about it?—but still you might give me your advice."

"My advice?" she said. "If it would be of any service to you, yes, yes! But how could it be? What experience of the world have I had?"

He did not wish to be too serious; and, indeed, he managed to tell her the whole story in a fashion so plain, matter of fact, and unconcerned, that she never for an instant dreamed of its referring to herself. Of course he left out all details and circumstances that might positively have given her a clew; and only described the central situation as between mother and daughter. And Yolande had a great compassion for that poor debased woman; and some pity, too, for the girl who was kept in ignorance of her mother being alive; and she sat with her hands clasped on her knees, regarding these two imaginary figures as it were, and too much interested in them to remember that her counsel was being asked concerning them.

"Now, you see, Yolande," he continued, "it appears that one of the results of using those poisonous drugs, is that the will entirely goes. The poor wretches have no command over themselves; they live in a dream; they will promise anything—they will make the most solemn vows of abstinence—and be quite unable to resist the temptation. And the law practically puts no check on the use of these fiendish things; even when the public houses are closed the chemist's shop is open. Now, Yolande, I have a kind of theory or project with regard to that poor woman—I don't know whether the doctors would approve of it—but it is a fancy I have; let us suppose that that poor wretch of a mother does not quite understand that her daughter has grown up to be a woman—most likely she still regards her as a child—that is a very common thing—at all events she is not likely to know anything as to what her daughter is like. And suppose that this daughter were to go to her mother and declare herself, do you not think that that would be enough to startle her out of her dream? and do you not think that in the bewilderment of finding her relations reversed—the child grown to be a woman assuming a kind of protection and authority and command over the broken-down creature—she might be got to rely on that help and encouraged and strengthened by constant care and affection to retrieve herself? Don't you think it is possible? To be startled out of that dream by shame and horror; then the wonder of having that beautiful daughter her companion and protectress; then the continual reward of her championship—don't you think it is possible?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes, surely!" said the girl. "Surely you are right!"

"But then, Yolande, I am afraid you don't understand what a terrible business it will be. It will demand the most constant watchfulness; for these drugs are easy to get; and people who use them are very cunning. And it will require a long time—perhaps years—before one could be certain that the woman was saved. Now look at it from the other side. Might not one say, 'That poor woman's life is gone, is done for; why should you destroy this other young life in trying to save a wreck? Why should you destroy one happy human existence in trying to rescue the mere remnant of another human existence that would be worthless and useless even if you succeed? Why should not the girl live her own life in peace and happiness?'"

"But that is not what you would say; that is not what you think," she said, confidently. "And do you ask what the girl would think?—for I can tell you that. Oh, yes, I can tell you—she would despise any one who offered her such a choice!"

"But she would be in ignorance, Yolande; she would know nothing about it."

"She ought not be in ignorance, then! Why do they not tell her? Why not ask herself what she will do? Ah, and all this time the poor woman left to herself—it was not right—it was not just!"

"But she has not been left to herself, Yolande. Everything has been tried—everything but this. And that is why I have come to ask you what you think a girl in that position would naturally do. What would she do if she were told?"

"There cannot be a doubt," she exclaimed. "Oh, there cannot be a doubt! You—I know what your feeling is—what your opinion is. And yet you hesitate! Why? Go; and you will see what her answer will be!"

"Do you mean to say, Yolande," he said, deliberately, and regarding her at the same time, "that you have no doubt whatever? You say I am to go and ask this young girl to sacrifice her life—or it may be only a part, but that the best part, of her life—on this chance of rescuing a poor broken-down creature——"

"Her mother," said Yolande. "If she is the girl that you say, oh, I know how she will be grateful to you. She will bless you. She will look on you as the best and dearest of her friends, who had courage when the others were afraid, who had faith in her."

"Yolande," said he, almost solemnly, "you have decided for yourself."

"I?" she said, in amazement.

"Your mother is alive."

She uttered a sharp cry—of pain, it seemed.

"My mother—my mother—like that!"

For a time this agony of shame and horror deprived her of all power of utterance; the blow had fallen heavily. Her most cherished and beautiful ideals lay broken at her feet; in their place was this stern and ghastly picture that he had placed before her mental eyes. He had not softened down any of the details; it was necessary that she should know the truth. And she had been so much interested in the story, as he patiently put it before her, that now she had but little difficulty—alas!—she had no difficulty at all—in placing herself in the position of that imaginary daughter, and realizing what she had to face.

He waited. He had faith in her courage; but he would give her time. This was a sudden thing to happen to a girl of nineteen.

"Well," she said, at length, in a low voice, "I will go. I will go at once. Does papa know you were coming here to-day to tell me?"

"Yes. He could not do it himself, Yolande. He has suffered fearfully during these long years in order to hide this from you; he thought it would only pain you to know—that you could do no good."

"What induced him to change his mind?"

He was embarrassed; he had not expected the question. She glanced at his face.

"Was that the objection at Lynn Towers?" she said, calmly.

"No, Yolande, no; it was not. I dare say Lord Lynn does not quite approve of your father's politics; but that has nothing to do with you."

"Then it was your idea that I should be told?"

(To be continued.)

Helping Employes to Succeed.

The modern American department-store employer is at his wit's end to devise new methods to help the employe to succeed. In the smaller cities and towns, the public has little knowledge of the free medical attendance and drug stores the employer has established for the overworked and poor young women and men; of the exceedingly cheap and wholesome food served to employes; of the relief benefit associations; of the savings-bank features; or of the airy and comfortable retiring, resting and reading rooms. The food furnished to the employes is provided at an expense to the employer, not a profit. These departments of help are what we term "dead departments. By that is meant that they bring the employer no income.

I should really hesitate to say exactly what these things cost the department-store employer.

So far as help of this kind is concerned, the end is not yet in sight. The employer realizes that to help the employe is to help himself. It would not surprise me, in the near future, to see all employes of the great department stores stockholders in the business of their employers. The profit-sharing plan is as yet a new and untried thing.—Helen Siegel in Success Magazine.

Don't stay away from church on account of your clothes. The Lord is too busy to notice the handiwork of tailors and dressmakers.

The censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evremond.

Don't forget that a man never earns half as much as his wife thinks him capable of earning.

INDEMNITY LEVIED ON UNCLE SAM.

"Insects levy a yearly tax on American farm, orchard and forest products of $700,000,000," says C. L. Mariatt, United States entomologist, in a recent report. This does not include the cost of fighting these pests, which costs $100,000,000 more.

Every crop grown in the United States suffers from insects. The cereals are injured to the extent of $200,000,000; hay, $53,000,000; cotton, $60,000,000; truck crops, $53,000,000; fruits, $27,000,000; animal products, $175,000,000; forest trees and forest products, $100,000,000, and products in storage, $100,000,000.

The star performer of all the insect pests is the Hessian fly. In 1900, it injured the wheat crop at least $100,000,000 worth, and the loss any one year from it is rarely less than $20,000,000. Only a little behind this wheat fly are five $20,000,000 bugs. These are the corn root worm, corn boll worm, chinch bug, cotton boll worm and codling moth. Then follows a numerous array of third and fourth raters whose annual levies run from five to fifteen millions each, and hosts of little fellows who eat up and destroy annually two or three millions' worth of farm and forest products.

Besides these direct losses, insects cause other serious disturbances. A large shortage of any crop, such as is often caused by some insect, causes a greatly increased price for same to the consumer. It may cause commercial disturbance and thus affect large communities very seriously. Another disturbance chargeable to insects is the spreading of disease. Malaria and yellow fever are dependent solely on mosquitoes, typhoid fever is carried by house flies, and Texas fever, which causes an annual loss of $100,000,000, is directly traceable to the cattle tick.

Little Lessons in Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

The event of the battle of Manila bay is so recent in the minds of the American people that no recountal is necessary to recall the deeds of Admiral Dewey. Poems have been written and songs have been sung; volumes have appeared concerning the man who directed the American ships in the far-off foreign waters during the Spanish-American war.

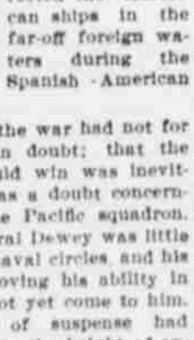
GEORGE DEWEY.

The outcome of the war had not for a moment been in doubt; that the United States would win was inevitable; but there was a doubt concerning the fate of the Pacific squadron. The name of Admiral Dewey was little known outside of naval circles and his opportunity for proving his ability in emergencies had not yet come to him.

But the element of suspense had raised the country to the height of expectancy, awaiting the occurrence of a battle that should settle the war decisively on the sea, when the news of the battle of Manila bay came to the American public. The two qualities of Dewey that were brought out before the public in connection with the battle were his decisiveness and his quickness of action.

It is the man who has no quibblings about duty, the soldier, or the sailor, or the civilian, who obeys orders, who stands ready for the fight for country and right, whatever the cause may be, who is the patriot of to-day, just as he was the patriot of yesterday. It is the man who strikes out from the shoulder and who hits the mark straight who wins the fight.

Probably no President of the United States ever suffered more from personal unpopularity than did Andrew Johnson. Elected as Vice President, and called upon to assume the reins of government at the death of Lincoln, Johnson found that he must complete the difficult task of the reconstruction of the Southern States.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

Johnson had been senator from Tennessee and a war democrat. Many believed that he would be even more severe on the South than if he had been a Northerner, but many others believed that he would not adopt decided measures to meet the serious situation. Johnson pushed forward the work of reconstruction when Congress was not in session. The blockade was raised and the Southern ports opened once more to the commerce of the world.

Congress attributed to Johnson's hasty reconstruction the bills that were passed by so many Southern legislatures that sought to regulate the conditions of the negroes in the reconstructed States. There ensued a demand for the impeachment of the President. That he was not impeached is to the credit of the American senate, for such a measure of obloquy would be but inglorious return for a man who did his duty in a difficult position and served his country in a way that now reflects renown on Andrew Johnson.

NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.

Elihu Root, who has accepted the portfolio of secretary of state, was war secretary under President McKinley after the retirement of Russell A. Alger. He is a warm friend and companion of President Roosevelt. He was born in 1845, the son of a professor at Hamilton college. He was first a school teacher and then a lawyer. In personality Mr. Root is inclined to be austere and very much under self-control. Since March, 1883, when he was appointed by President Arthur United States attorney for the southern district of New York, Mr. Root has been almost continuously

ELIHU ROOT.

concerned in public affairs. He occupied that position until 1885. In 1894 he was delegate to the state constitutional convention and chairman of the judiciary committee. August 1, 1899, he was appointed secretary of war by President McKinley and was reappointed March 5, 1901. He resigned in August, 1903, to take effect January 1, 1904. Mr. Root was one of the leading members of the Alaskan commission.

Not Mere Curiosity.

The world has a store of pleasure in waiting for the unaccustomed traveler. Sometimes, indeed, they may be mostly in anticipation, as was the case with Amos Riggs, of Plumtown.

"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Riggs, cordially, to the stern-visaged man who was his seatmate in the car on the occasion of Mr. Riggs' first trip to Boston. "Now what might your name be? Do you live in Nashuy or beyond?"

"I should like to know what business it is of yours where I live or who I am?" said his companion, crossly.

"Well, now, it ain't any partic'lar business o' mine, strictly speaking," said Mr. Riggs, mildly, "but it's jest like this: I've got a cousin up in Canady that I've never seen, and I've always thought I might come upon him some time jest by asking folks their name and so on."

Meaning of a Mexican Word.

The word "pec," found in so many Mexican names, means hill. Chapultepec means grasshopper hill; Ocotepec, pitch pine hill, and so forth. It is an Aztec word and its use is almost entirely confined to that part of the Mexican republic that was once ruled by Montezuma.

Two Professional Opinions.

"Will it be possible for Wadleigh to recover from that railroad accident?"

"Well, the doctors say no, but the lawyers say yes."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Most of us are like the average card player: imagine we could do a lot if we could ever get a good hand.

ISLAND OF SAKHALIN.

Russia's Penal Colony Which Has Been Taken by the Japanese.

The island of Sakhalin, Russia's penal colony in the Far East, which Japan has captured, is 590 miles long and from 17 to 150 broad and has a population of 30,000.

For the most part the land is covered with primeval forest, so dense that the rivers are the chief native highways, navigated by dugouts in summer and crossed in dog or reindeer sledges in winter. With the opening of winter the narrow Straits of Tartary, dividing Sakhalin from the Siberian coast, are frozen over, and so far as water communication is concerned the island is cut off from the world, and the mails are brought across from Nicolaievsk on the mainland by nartas or sledges harnessed with long teams of arctic dogs.

In addition to the Russians five different peoples are to be found on the island, these including the Orochons, Ainus, Gilyaks, Tungus and Yakuts. There are altogether about 5,000 natives, of whom the largest number are Gilyaks.

The Russian occupation is practically confined to a radius of thirty miles around Alexandrovsk on the west

ISLAND OF SAKHALIN.

coast and another smaller area around Korsakovsk in the south of the island. Alexandrovsk is the biggest prison center.

The stockade prison is the center of Alexandrovsk, which place seems to exist for the prison. The few merchants' stores and the iron foundry are for the prisoners; the wooden houses are the residences of the officials. Besides the prison, the church in the main street and the market place there is not much to call for attention.

According to Mr. De Windt, who visited the southern portion of Sakhalin, there are 5,000 criminal convicts located at Korsakovsk, only about 1,200 of whom are actually under lock and key. The town consists of one long, straggling thoroughfare, beginning at the landing stage and abruptly terminating at the huge prison.

The conditions existing in the island are almost beyond description. Almost everyone is a criminal and the worst type of Russian criminals at that. Besides convicts, ex-convicts, their wives and children, and the officials and troops of the garrison, there probably are not a dozen free-born individuals on the island. It has been estimated that at least 8,000 murderers are held there.

The whole of Sakhalin is under martial law. In one of the prisons, out of a total of 600 prisoners, 500, mostly chained, are kept in enforced idleness, so that many go mad. The convict's term of confinement in Sakhalin is followed by six years' enforced residence in the island as "exile settlers," and a further six years in Siberia as "peasants," after which they are free to return to Russia, but as a matter of fact nine-tenths of the convicts never leave the island. Insanity is very common. Crime is rampant, even under the very eyes of the officials.

The island is heavily wooded, vast forests sweeping away for hundreds of miles. These forests are the home of great bands of bears, wolves and escaped convicts, of which the latter are not least dangerous.

John Moore's Busy Evening.

The family of John Moore, in northern Comanche county, went to a place of refuge from a tornado the other night only to find that they had gotten into a cave barefooted with a rattlesnake. The interior of the cave was in complete darkness when the inmates were startled by hearing the unmistakable sound made by a rattler. Mr. Moore hastily struck a match and by its faint glimmer saw the snake in the attitude of striking. The match went out and the family began to scream. Another match was lighted and the snake was still visible, and rattling furiously. Then Mr. Moore made a flying leap for the steps, jumping over the snake, opened the door and secured a pitchfork. Then while his wife held a match he killed the rattler, which measured over three feet long.—Kansas City Journal.

Strange, Indeed.

A woman from Sault Ste. Marie
Said: "Painters who dault pte the sie
Don't tint the waves blue,
As I think they should do;
They use green, or they seem tault tault mie."

Cab Horse Wins Races.

Found in the ranks of London night cab horses and purchased for $25, a fine old animal, Lottery, has won eight point-to-point races for its new owner.

It is mighty hard to do business for people who don't know what they want.