

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Well," said he, uneasily, "possibly your father imagined that Archie Leslie might think that he had been unfairly treated if he were not told—and then, I was his friend, don't you see, and I mentioned the matter to me—and—and being an outsider, I was reluctant to interfere at first—but then, when they spoke of telling you, I said to myself that I knew, or I fancied I knew, what a girl like Yolande Winterbourne would be sure to do in such circumstances—and so I thought I would venture the suggestion to them, and—and if it turned out to be so, then I might be of some little help to you."

That was cleverly done; he had not told her it was the Master of Lynn who had insisted on that disclosure. And now she was gathering her courage to her; though still she maintained a curious sort of constrained reserve, as though she were keeping a tight hold of her feelings.

"I suppose," she said, slowly, "it is your idea I should go there—alone?" "If you are not afraid, Yolande, if you are not afraid," he said, anxiously, "I am going to-morrow," she said, "if Mrs. Bell will be so kind as to come and take my place."

"Don't be so precipitate, Yolande," he said, with some anxiety. "I have put all this before you for your consideration; and I should feel I was burdened with a terrible responsibility if you were to do anything you might afterward regret. Will you consult Mr. Shortlands? Will you take a week to think over it?"

"No; why?" she said, simply. "Did I not consider when you were telling me the story of this imaginary girl? Had I any doubt? No. I knew what she would decide. I know what I have decided. What use is there in delay? Ah, if there is to be the good come out of it that you have imagined for me, should I not haste? When one is perishing, you do not think twice if you can hold out your hand. Do you think that I regret—that I am sorry to have a little comfort behind—that I am afraid to take a little trouble? Surely you do not think that of me. Why I am anxious to go now is to see at once what can be done; to know the worst or the best; to try. And now—I shall not be speaking to my papa about it; that would only give pain—will you tell me what I should do, in all the small particulars? I am not likely to forget."

That he could do easily; for he had thought enough over the matter. He gave her the most minute instructions; guarding against this or that possibility; and she listened dutifully and attentively, with scarcely the interruption of a question. Then, at length, he rose to say good-by; and she rose too. He did not notice that as she did so her lips quivered for the briefest second.

"If you are going to-morrow, Yolande," said he, "I will see you as you pass. I will look out for you, I should like to say good-by to you; it may be for a long time."

"It may be for always," she said, with her eyes cast down; "perhaps I shall never be back here again."

"And I am sending you away into all this trouble and grief. How can I help knowing that it is I who am doing it? And perhaps, day after day, and night after night, I shall be trying to justify myself—when I am thinking over it, and wondering where you are; and perhaps I shall not succeed very well."

"But it is I who justify you—that is enough," she said in a low voice. "Did I not decide for myself? And I know that in your heart you think I am doing right; and if you are afraid for me, well, that is only kindness—such as that you have always shown to me."

Here she stopped; and he did not see that her hands were clenched firm, as she stood there opposite him, with her eyes cast down.

"And whatever happens, Yolande—you may be in pain and grief—and perhaps all you may endure may only end in bitter disappointment—well, I hope you will not imagine that I came to you with my proposal unthinkingly. I have thought over it night and day. I did not come to you off-hand."

"Ah, then," she said, quickly, "and you think it is necessary to justify yourself—you, to me, as if I did not know you as well as I know myself! Do you think I do not know you and do not understand you—because I am only a girl? Her forced composure was breaking down altogether; she was trembling somewhat; and now there were tears running down her cheeks, despite herself; though she regarded him bravely, as if she would not acknowledge that. "And now, just as you and I are about to say good-by, perhaps forever, you think it necessary for you to justify yourself to me—you, my best friend—my more than friend—"

And then—ah, who can tell how such things happen, or which is to bear the blame?—his arms were round her trembling figure, and she was sobbing violently on his breast. And what was this wild thing she said in the bewilderment of her grief. "Oh, why, why was my life given away before I ever saw you?" "Yolande," said he, with his face very pale, "I am going to say something; for this is our last meeting. What can a few words matter, my darling, if we are never to see each other again? I love you. I shall love you while I have life. Why should I not say it for this once? I blinded myself; I tried to think it friendship—friendship, and the world was just filled with light whenever I saw you! It is our last meeting; you will let me say this for once—how can it harm you?"

She shrank out of his embrace; she sank down on the couch there; and turned away her head and hid her face in her hands.

"Go, go," she murmured. "What have I done? For pity's sake, go, and forget! Forget!"

He knelt down by the side of the couch; and he was paler than ever now.

"Yolande, it is for you to forget and

forgive. I have been a traitor to my friend; I have been a traitor to you. You shall never see me again. God bless you! and good-by."

He kissed her hair, and rose, and got himself out of the house. As he went down that wide stair, his eyes fixed on nothing, like one demented; and his mind whirling this way and that amid clouds of remorse and reproach and immeasurable pity, it seemed to him that he felt on his brow the weight of the brand of Cain.

CHAPTER XIII.

And as for her; she was stunned almost into unconsciousness by this shock of self-abasement and distress. She lay on the sofa, her face covered with her hands; she could not face the light. What was she, then?—she who hitherto had been so fearless and so proud. A flirt, a flirt, a light-o'-love—that was how she saw herself; and then there was a kind of despair over the misery she had wrought, and a yearning to have him back to implore his pity and his forgiveness; and then sudden resolves to free herself in another direction, at any cost of penitence and humiliation. She began to compose hurried brief messages, though the throbbing brain and the shame-stricken soul could scarce decide between the fitness of them. These were some of them:

"Dear Papa—I have gone away. Tell Archie not to think any more about me. "YOLANDE."

And then again: "Dear Archie—I send you back the engagement ring; I am not worthy to be your wife. I am sorry if I have caused you any disappointment, but you have less to regret than I have."

And then again—to one not named at all: "To-day I go away. Never think of me again, or of what has happened. Forgive me; that is all."

And then she began to think—if this wild torture of suggestions could be called thinking—of the undertaking that lay before her, and the thought of it was something of a relief. There would be an occupation, urgent, continuous, demanding all her attention; in time, and in a measure, she might school herself to forget. Perhaps, if this duty turned out to be a very sad and painful one, it might be taken by those whom she had wronged as a sort of penance. She was prepared to suffer. She thought she deserved to suffer. Had she not proved a traitor to the man whom she had promised to marry? Had she not brought misery to this best and dearest of all her friends, to this fine and noble nature that she had learned to know, and that by her idleness and carelessness—the carelessness of a vain coquette, heedless of consequences? What would he think of her? She could only vaguely recall the reproaches he had heaped upon himself; but she knew that he was in distress, and that she was the cause of it. And perhaps if there were trials in store for her, perhaps he would never know that she rather welcomed that, and was content to receive her punishment. Perhaps he would never know how grieved she was. It was over and done, and past recall. And she knew that henceforth her life would be quite different to her.

Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands were on their way back from the hill.

"I scarcely know what has happened to-day," Mr. Winterbourne was saying. "All the time I have been thinking of our going back. And I know what I shall find when I go back—the wreck of the happiness that I have so carefully nursed all through these years. It is like hedging round a garden, and growing flowers there, and all at once, some morning, you find the place trampled down and a wilderness. I hope I am not unjust, Shortlands, but I think he might have spared her."

"Who?"

"Young Leslie. I think he might have spared her. It was not much. Don't you think—out of consideration—"

"Nonsense, man. What Young Leslie has done seems to me on reflection, perfectly just, and right, and reasonable," said John Shortlands, telling a lie in the calmest manner possible. "The young couple ought not to be hampered in starting life. A little trouble now—what is that? And it will be better for you too, Winterbourne. You would have kept on worrying yourself. You would have been always apprehensive about something. You would have reproached yourself for not telling him."

When they reached the lodge, Yolande was not, as usual, standing in the porch to welcome them home from the hill.

"Please, sir," said the maid, "Miss Winterbourne has a headache, and says would you excuse her coming down to dinner."

He stood irresolute for a second or two, obviously greatly disturbed, then he slowly and thoughtfully went up the stairs, and gently knocked at the door of her room.

"May I come in, Yolande?"

She had just time to untie the wet towel from her head, to smooth her hair, and sit up in bed.

"Yes, papa."

He entered, went over and drew a chair near to her, and sat down.

"I am sorry for you, Yolande," he said, in a low voice, and his eyes were nervously bent on the ground.

"Why, papa?"

She spoke in quite a cheerful way; and as he had not suffered his eyes to meet hers, he was unaware how that cheerful expression was belied by the strange expression in them. She was forcing herself to make light of this matter; she would not have him troubled. And perhaps, indeed, to her this was in truth a light matter, as compared with that tragic disclosure and its consequences, which seemed to have cut away from her at once and forever the shining and rose-colored years of her youth.

"If I erred, Yolande," said he, "in

keeping all this back from you, I did it for the best."

"Do you need to say that to me, papa?" she answered, with some touch of reproach.

"You are going, Yolande?" he said, with a sinking of the heart.

"That, again, it is unnecessary for you to ask me," the girl said, simply.

"But not at once, Yolande?" said he, glancing at an open trunk. "Not at once?"

"To-morrow morning, papa," she answered. "Oh, but I assure you, you will be put to no trouble—no trouble at all. Mrs. Bell is coming from Gress to see everything right. And I have made out lists for her, it is all arranged, you will not know any difference."

"Listen now, Yolande. I don't disapprove of your going. We have tried everything, and failed; if there is a chance of your succeeding—well, perhaps one might say it is your duty to go. Poor child, I would rather have you know nothing about it; but that is all over now. Well, you see, Yolande, if you go, there must be no unnecessary risk or trouble about your going. I have been thinking that perhaps Mr. Melville may be a little too imaginative. He sees things strongly. And in insisting that you should go alone, why, there may be danger that he has been carried away by a—by a—well, I don't know how to put it, except that he may be so anxious to have this striking appeal made to your poor mother as to be indifferent to ordinary precautions. Why should you go friendless and alone? Why should I remain amusing myself here?"

"Because you would be of no use to me, papa," said she, calmly. "I know what I have to do."

"Yolande, you cannot be left in London with absolutely no one to whom you can appeal. The least you must do is to take a letter to Lawrence & Lang. They will do anything you want; they will let you have what you want; if there is any hiring of lodgings or anything of that kind, they will send one of their clerks. You cannot be stranded in London without the chance of assistance. You must go to Lawrence & Lang."

"I may have to go to them—that also is arranged. But they must not interfere; they must not come with me; that was not Mr. Melville's idea," she said; though the pale face turned still paler as she forced herself to utter the name.

"Mr. Melville!" he said, angrily. "You seem to think the whole wisdom of the world is centered in Mr. Melville! I don't at all know that he has right in coming to put all this trouble on you. Perhaps he would not have been so quick if it had been his own sister or his own daughter."

Then a strange thing occurred. She had flung herself down on the pillow again, her face buried, her whole frame shaken by the sudden violence of her crying.

"Don't—don't—don't!" she sobbed, pitifully. "Don't speak like that, papa! there is enough trouble—there is enough."

"What is it, Yolande?" said he. "Well, no wonder your nerves have been upset. I wonder you have taken it so bravely. I will leave you now, Yolande; but you must try and come down to dinner."

Dinner was put on the table; but she did not make her appearance. A message was sent up to her; the answer was that she merely wished to have a cup of tea by and by. Jane on being questioned, said that everything had been got ready for their departure the following morning, even to the ordering of the dog-cart for a particular hour.

(To be continued.)

\$7,000 FOR A KEY.
A Connoisseur Paid This Price for a Historic Relic.

It may not be generally known that there are many key collectors in this big world of curios hunters. Some of the keys of bygone ages are veritable triumphs of the locksmith's art. In Rome the bridegroom's presentation of a bunch of keys to the bride as she crossed his threshold, to invest her with the authority of the matron, was one of the most solemn rites of the wedding ceremony. Moreover, these symbolic keys had to be returned by the wife, who, when proving herself unworthy of the trust, was expelled forever from the home she had disgraced. On the other hand, the French widow of the middle ages, if left destitute, had the right to tear away the sacred keys of the house from her girle and throw them in the grave of her deceased husband. By this action, commonly known as "throwing the keys in the pit," she publicly renounced all further ties and disclaimed the debts of the man who had left her unprotected. From that moment she was left unmolested, for in those superstitious days no one would have dared to interfere with a woman who had thus freed herself from any marriage responsibility.

We cannot but admire the work of the old locksmiths, who manipulated with all brass, iron and steel, so as to delineate the delicate traceries and fretwork of gulfure and church windows. This metal craft had evidently a great fascination, since it can boast not only of several masters of renown, notably the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini and Antoine Jacquart, but also of a royal amateur, Louis XVI. himself, renowned for his mechanical hobby, and who has left to posterity several keys peculiar for their double L's surmounted with a crown, in great demand among collectors. Their reputation, greatly due, no doubt, to the position of the worker, pales before that of the master who executed the heraldic chief d'oeuvres, bearing the arms of the Strozzi family, recently bought for a wealthy connoisseur at the huge price of \$7,000.—Newark News.

Willing to Promise.
"If I tell you something," said Dobbs, mysteriously, "will you promise not to repeat it?"

"Sure thing, old man," replied Bobbs. "I've never heard you say anything worth repeating."—Detroit Tribune.

In massaging ordinary salad or olive oil may be used in place of cold cream.



Tank for Dipping Sheep.

There are several plans for making a tank in which to dip sheep, and if one has a flock of considerable size it is wise to obtain some of the plans that are offered by manufacturers. If, however, the flock is not large, a home-made affair is easily built and at comparatively small cost. A tank of this kind is made as follows: A convenient size is ten feet long, four feet wide and two and one-half feet deep. It should be made so that the tank containing the dip is reached by a slatted walkway leading down to it, and another slatted walk leading up to the landing from which they go down into the tank.

There should be sufficient of the dip mixture placed in the tank to cover the back of the animal, which should be immersed for about one minute, then allowed to come up on the land-



HOME-MADE DIPPING TANK.

ing, where the dip is squeezed out of the wool and the animal allowed to stand to drain. The illustration shows how this tank is built. B indicates the slatted walkway and A shows the exact shape of the side portion of the box; the little drawing above the tank shows a walk down from the end of the drainage box which will prevent the sheep from injuring their legs, which they would be likely to do in jumping.

A Fighting Cow.

No fewer than six persons are at present suffering from injuries inflicted by a cow, evidently of Texas fighting stock, which broke loose in the streets of an English town, a few days ago, creating extraordinary scenes. The animal was being led by a halter, but when near the slaughter house it suddenly rushed at the man under whose charge it was, and tossed him high in the air. Extraordinary excitement at once arose, as the animal bolted from street to street, attacking or frightening all it saw. A little girl, aged seven, was wounded in the thigh with its horns, and a man knocked down. Leaving the town the animal directed its course towards the village, whence it had been brought. A farmer who attempted to capture it was gored in the thigh, and finally the "casualty list" was brought to a close by a man in Norden yard, which it had left two hours previously, having one of his hands run through by a horn.—New England Homestead.

Shade for Poultry.

It is easy to give the poultry the needed shade when the range is fairly well covered with trees or even small brush, but where it is entirely open poultry suffer so much from the heat of the sun that the freedom does them little good; indeed, it would be better for them to be confined in large yards, where they might have shade



SHADE-COOP FOR POULTRY.

during the day and a run on the grass after the sun goes down. However, it is not an expensive plan to arrange a number of tents on the open range by erecting a frame of light strips of wood and covering this frame with unbleached muslin. By sharpening the ends of the posts the frame may be secured to the ground, yet easily lifted and removed to another portion of the range when desired. The plan is worth the attention of all poultrymen.

Rich Milk Gave Lower Cost Butter.

The results obtained with 172 dairy herds in Denmark, aggregating 3,723 cows, were recently studied. The cows were arranged in eight classes according to the average per cent of fat in their milk, each class having about the same number of cows. In the case of Class 1 (richest milk), 70.8 food units were required for the production of one hundred pounds of milk, against 65.0 units in the case of Class 8 (poorest milk). One pound of butter required 16.83 food units in Class 1, and 19.52 in Class 8. The skim milk obtained per pound of butter was 22.3 and 28.4 pounds respectively for the two classes. At ordinary prices of feeds and products it was found that a pound of butter was produced 2.8 cents cheaper by the cows producing rich milk than by those yielding milk low in butter fat.—American Cultivator.

Prizes for Trade.

Merchants in some towns are trying the prize system to induce trade and are making it pay. They give

prizes to the farmer's wife bringing the most eggs, etc., and recently the plan was introduced of giving a prize to the farmer who brought the most women to town. When the women come in business picks up at all the stores. The plan worked, one farmer putting cushions on a hay rack and bringing over a hundred in the course of a day.—Denver Field and Farm.

Investigating the Soils.

For the sake of supplying definite and absolutely reliable information in regard to every square mile of land in the 3,622,033 which compose the area of the United States of America, Uncle Sam, through the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture, will spend eighteen years and at least \$6,000,000. When the work of the Bureau of soils has been completed, it will be possible for a man intending to purchase a farm to write to the Department of Agriculture, and secure from that department a detailed map of the section in which his farm is located, together with a description of the section. Then by looking up his intended purchase on the map and consulting the descriptive booklet, he can determine to a nicety its value. The map will show by different colors the nature of the soil, while the descriptive booklet will tell its value which has been determined by examination of the soil, study of the railroad facilities, and the examination of the markets and other qualifying conditions. The soil maps and booklets will enable many farmers, who have been only partially successful, to learn wherein they have failed by trying to raise crops unsuited to the nature of their lands, and will instruct them as to what crops are best suited to their farms. It will instruct them also as to the best methods of cultivating soils of different kinds.

While the examination of soils has been carried on for perhaps a hundred years by laboratory methods, the present investigation is along entirely different and far more practicable lines. The soils division was established as a separate bureau of the Department of Agriculture on July 1, 1901, and since that time its force has been increased more than twofold. Up to December 31, 1904, the bureau has mapped 88,855 square miles, in small patches scattered over the whole United States, and it is estimated that eighteen years more will be required to complete the work.

Flavor of Butter.

To a very large extent the flavor of butter depends on the kind of bacteria working in the cream. It is desired to have all of these of the species that produce lactic acid ferment, for then the flavor will be both clean and pleasant. But in too many cases the bacteria belong to the putrefactive order and set up putrefaction in the cream. There is generally a little casein left in the butter, in spite of the work of the best buttermaker, and this casein forms a base for the work of the putrefactive bacteria. There are other bacteria that cause decomposition of the fat itself, and if these are present the work of developing bad flavor goes on rapidly. Pasteurization can do little to remedy this, if the undesirable bacteria have been at work for a few hours. The problem is to keep them out altogether.

Eggs by the Million.

The western part of Virginia has been known for years as a great section for raising poultry. And the industry is increasing at a rapid rate. The shipment of Thanksgiving turkeys and chickens for all seasons brings in a considerable revenue. In Rockingham county last year, 30,000 crates were shipped to market, a total of 10,800,000 eggs sold from one county in a single year. This does not include many thousands consumed on the farms where they were laid. The lowest price of the year was 14 to 15 cents a dozen, and in December 32 cents was paid. The average for the last year was 22 cents. The profit from eggs alone to Rockingham county farmers was nearly \$200,000.

Pure Air in Stable.

Is the air in the stable pure and free from dust during milking? Would he be willing and glad to eat a plate of soup while he is milking a cow? If not, why not? Isn't milk a human food and isn't the milk pail that is under the cow being filled with food for his table?—Prairie Farmer.

The Growing Pigs.

The growing pigs may be helped along in two ways; one is by feeding sows liberally on those feeds that tend to produce milk; the other is by giving the pigs clean food of the right kind, such as clover and alfalfa.

Dressing for Tomatoes.

A tomato fertilizer very popular on the Pacific coast is made as follows: Nitrate of soda, one part; dried blood, two parts; superphosphate of bone meal, four parts; kainit, three parts, all by weight.

Barn and Pasture.

Put the idle mare on the pasture. Wide tires save much horse power. A sandy or muddy road doubles the work.

Axle grease pays 1,000 per cent profit.

The best drivers talk much to their animals.

Aluminum horseshoes have been thoroughly tested by the Russian army. They have proved quite satisfactory, saving the horses' feet more than iron shoes do.

Good ventilation, clean bedding and plenty of light and comfortable stalls are also necessary in the cow stable. Dusty bedding and any feed that is dusty will seed it with millions of germs and these will develop taints and defects that are not desirable.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

Has Nevada always been an arid and desert region? Its geological records, as indelibly carved in sandstone and granite, showing the shore lines of ancient lakes, proclaim that it has not, but that at one time a vast body of water, as great in area as Lake Erie, covered a portion of the State. Today, however, the aridity of the country is unquestioned and the 350,000 acres, to part of which Uncle Sam is to apply water, will practically double its well irrigated area and its agricultural population.

Nevada's ancient inland sea is known as Lake La Hontan; it was one of several great prehistoric lakes distributed over the Great Basin of the arid region, among them Lake Bonneville, of which the Great Salt Lake was the deepest portion. Its area was nine times greater than the Great Salt, or almost as large as Lake Michigan, and much deeper.

The contracted remains of Lake La Hontan in Nevada are found in Pyramid Lake and a number of other small enclosed lakes which were the deepest portions of the ancient lake. Since these large prehistoric lakes were landlocked and did not overflow, it follows that the rainfall which fed them was much heavier than it is to-day.

Should conditions revert, many of the important points situated in the Great Basin would be hopelessly flooded, such, for instance, as the Mormon Temple, which would stand in fifty feet of water, while 700 miles of railroad would be submerged.

These prehistoric lakes are said to be of very recent origin—that is, recent by the geologists' count—perhaps 30,000 or 40,000 years old. Fossils have been found showing the presence of primitive man along their ancient shores and embankments, which in many instances are as perfect in contour and as distinct as if the waters had receded only a few years since. These lakes included such arid and fear-inspiring localities of today as the Black Rock Desert, Skull Valley, Death Valley, and a score of other places where the bleached bones of man and animal attest to an awful lack of water.

When the State was admitted to the Union, in place of receiving the usual donation of alternate school sections—16 and 32 in each township—she secured a flat grant from the government of two million acres of public land to be located wherever her lawmakers saw fit. The State Legislature passed as much as desired of this great and valuable resource into private ownership of stockmen, at as low a figure as 25 cents an acre. These lands have been located up and down the sides of every river and stream and around every spring and water hole in the State, so that while Nevada has to-day some 60,000,000 acres of public land, there is not a quarter section of it upon which a homesteader could make a living. The land granted to the State for school purposes—disposed of by the State for a mess of pottage—controls the lands of the State.

The government's irrigation, when worked out, will immediately double Nevada's population; it will provide a new lifeblood of settlement and citizenship for a region of unsurpassed agriculture.

Irrigation in the East.

That irrigation may be employed as usefully in the humid portion of the United States as in the arid section is announced by the Department of Agriculture. A bulletin has been issued, showing the results of many experiments in this field, in which a steady water source was drawn on as an auxiliary to an irregular rain supply.

Near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where rain is ordinarily bountiful for the crops, a grower of strawberries has found that the addition of a plant for irrigation enables him to insure a perfect stand and rapid growth of new plants. Spraying and irrigation between the rows, put in fine condition for marketing a crop of berries which for lack of rain at the critical moment had colored and hardened without sweetening.

Market gardeners in many other parts of the East are having similar results. The experts at Washington believe that as the country becomes more compactly settled and more intense gardening is required it will be found necessary to depend more and more upon irrigation as an insurance against drought and consequent crop failure.

By Leased Cable.

The anarchist had just hurled the bomb.

Simultaneously the democratic head of President Loubet and the royal pate of Alfonso XIII. ducked to avoid the flying fragments.

"M. le President," muttered the boy king, "which one of us do you think that fellow was after?"

With true Gallic politeness, Loubet disclaimed the honor.

"After you, my dear Alfonso," he murmured, bowing deeply.—Cleveland Leader.

He Spoke Thoughtlessly.

"He said he'd never marry a woman for her money."

"That was before he knew what it was to need it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.