

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XIV.

The pale, clear glow of the dawn was telling on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose, and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgetfulness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. In the silence of this pale, clear morning she sat down and wrote a message of farewell, the terms of which she had carefully, and not without some smittings of conscience, studied during the long wakeful hours:

"All-nam-ba, Wednesday Morning.
"Dear Archie—A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the meantime at least, all our other plans and arrangements must yield to it. Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Foyers, I may not see you this message; and so I send you this message. From your affectionate YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation, and perhaps, as the days and the months and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation. Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside, Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress' portmanteaus. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went downstairs to the dining room, she was surprised to find her father there. "Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-bye?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande—but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days, accustom yourself to think of it, and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now."

It was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog cart. He himself would fasten the rug round her knees, the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away he stood there for a long time regarding them, until the dog cart disappeared at the turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end of that peaceful security that he had hoped to find at All-nam-ba!

Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch, she told Sandy to stop and took the reins.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Leslie," she said. "You need not take it up to the house; put it in the letter box at the gate."
Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill she looked over to Lynn Towers, but she could not make out any one at any of the windows. There were one or two stable lads about the out-houses, but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that. If he had waved his handkerchief to her, could she have answered that signal without further hypocrisy and shame? Little did he know what traitress was passing by. But indeed she was gradually ceasing to reproach herself in this way, for the reason that she was ceasing to think about herself at all. It was of another that she was thinking. It was his future that concerned her. What would all his after-life be like? Would there be some reparation? Would time heal that as it healed all things?

When she got to Gress she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale, but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying on to get a few bit flowers for ye. 'Deed, ye're early this morning."
"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please do not trouble. You expected me, then?" Mr. Melville told you?"

"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to All-nam-ba by midday; and I'm thinking I'll take one of the young lassies w' me, in case there's any necessity for a helping hand. The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away."
"But it is going—is he going away?" said Yolande, with a sudden alarm.

"I think he is; though it's no my place to say," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order in the house. And I jalousie he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught a glint of him going out before any of us was up. I dare say he was off to one of the moorland lochs to have a last day at the trout belike."

"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes. "Mrs. Bell, I must see him! Indeed, I cannot go until I have seen him."
She looked at her watch. Well, she had nearly half an hour to spare, and she was determined to stay till the last minute if it were needful. But there was no figure coming along the road, no living thing visible on these vacant hillsides, nor a sign of life along the wide moorland of the village. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to listen in a measure.

"Perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville com-

ing down the hill. I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully. "I'm just going indoors to put a bit string round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket, too, ye maun take; I made a few sweets, and comfits, and such things for ye last night, that'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he approached. His features were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her he stood before her with his eyes cast down like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I—I could not go away without a word of good-bye."
Here she stopped, fearful that her self-possession would desert her. Her hands were tightly clenched, and unconsciously she was nervously fingering her engagement ring.

"I do not see why the truth should not be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know, you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself; it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter, it is you that I am sorry for—"

"Yolande, I cannot have you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honor to me that you were my friend, and an education also; you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world; I had not known it before; you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do. Do not think that I shall forget what I owe you; whatever happens, I will try to think of what you would expect of me, and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away," said she, and her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. "And also that—that, if one cannot retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on—"

"Yolande, Yolande," said he earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before you; whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If any one is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind. Do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly, though still his face was of a ghastly paleness. She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to—give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."
"No," he said at once. "No. Forget everything that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."

"That I have deserved," she said, in a low voice. "Good-bye."
She held out her hand. He took it and held it, and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a saint, full of a sad and yearning pity.

"Yolande," said he, and the tones of his voice seemed to reach her very heart. "I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you and good-bye."
"Adieu—adieu!" she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog cart.

When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and perhaps rather regretfully, too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he, and he seemed in an unusual hurry; "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the waterproof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat or something of the kind, and half a loaf, in a little parcel."
"Dear me, sir, I will do that myself; but where are ye going, sir, if I may ask?"

The fact that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions of this kind—even when he was starting for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland loch—that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was bent on some very desperate excursion.

"Where am I going?" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night train to London."

CHAPTER XV.

The train roared and jangled through the long black night; and always before Yolande's shut but sleepless eyes rose vision after vision of that which she was leaving forever behind—her girlhood. So quiet and beautiful, so rich in affection and kindness, that appeared to her now; she could scarce believe that it was herself she saw in those recurrent scenes, so glad and joyous and light-hearted. That was all over. Already it seemed far away.

Toward morning she slept a little, but not much; however, on the first occasion of her opening her eyes, she found that the gray light of the new day was around her. For an instant a shock of fear overcame her—a sudden sense of helplessness and affliction. She was so strangely situated; she was drawing near the great, dread city; she knew not what lay before her; and she felt so much

alone. Despite herself, tears began to trickle down her face, and her lips were tremulous. This new day seemed terrible, and she was helpless—and alone.

"Dear me, miss," said Jane, happening to wake up at this moment, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," her young mistress said. "I—I have scarcely slept at all these two nights, and I feel rather weak and—and—not very well. It is no matter."

But the tears fell faster now; and this sense of weakness and helplessness completely overpowered her. She fairly broke down.

Yolande had resolved, among other things, that, while she would implicitly obey Mr. Melville's instructions about making that appeal to her mother entirely unaided and unaccompanied, she might also prudently follow her father's advice and get such help as was necessary, with regard to preliminary arrangements, from his solicitors; more especially as she had met one of those gentlemen two or three times, and so far was on friendly terms with him. Accordingly, one of the first things she did was to get into a cab, accompanied by her maid, and drive to the offices of Lawrence & Lang in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She asked for Mr. Lang; and by and by was shown into that gentleman's room. He was a tall, elderly person, with white hair, a shrewd, thin face, and humorous, good-natured smile.

"Take a seat, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Very lucky you came now. In another ten minutes I should have been off to seek you."

"But how did you know?"
"Oh, we lawyers are supposed to know everything," he answered, good-naturedly. "And I may tell you that I know of the business that has brought you to London; and that we shall be most happy to give you all the assistance in our power."

"But how can you know?" the girl said, bewildered. "It was only the day before yesterday I decided to go; and it was only this morning I reached London. Did my papa write to you, then, without telling me?"

"My dear young lady, if I were to answer your questions, you would no longer believe in the omniscience of lawyers," he said, with his grave smile. "No, no; you must assume that we know everything. And let me tell you that the step you are taking, though it is a bold one, deserves to be successful; perhaps it will be successful because it is a bold one. I hope so. But you must be prepared for a shock. Your mother has been ill."

"Ah!" said Yolande—but no more. She held her hands clasped.

"I say she has been ill," said this elderly suave person, who seemed to regard the girl with a very kindly interest. "Now she is better. Three weeks ago my clerk found her unable to sign the receipt that he usually brings away with him; and I was about to write to your father, when I thought I would wait a day or two and see; and fortunately, she got a little better. However, you must be prepared to find her looking ill; and—and—well, I was going to say she might be incapable of recognizing you; but I forgot. In the meantime we shall be pleased to be of every assistance to you in our power, in fact, we have been instructed to consider you as under our protection. As for your personal safety, that need not alarm you. Your friends may be anxious about you, no doubt; but the very worst that can happen will be a little impertinence. You won't mind that. I shall have a policeman in plain clothes standing by; if your maid should consider it necessary, she can easily summon him to you. She will be inside; he outside; so you have nothing to fear."

"Then you know all how it has been arranged?" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes; it is our business here to know everything," said he, laughing, "though we are not allowed sometimes to say how we came by the information. Now what else can we do for you? Let me see. If your poor mother will go with you, you might wish to take her to some quiet seaside place, perhaps, for her health?"

"Oh, yes; I wish to take her away from London at once!" Yolande said, eagerly.

"Well, a client of ours has just left some lodgings at Worthing—in fact, we have recommended them, on one or two occasions, and we have been told that they gave satisfaction."

"Will you give me the address, if you please?"

He wrote the address on a card, and gave it to her.

(To be continued.)

CONNECT-CUT'S HAPPY LOT.

State Has No Debt and Never Had One Except During the War.

Connecticut has about as many distinctive peculiarities, in relation to Massachusetts, as if it were situated in another part of the country and had been settled by people of different origin, says the Springfield Republican. One of these peculiarities is its freedom from a State debt. We in this State have a large public debt, direct as well as contingent, and would not be able to reorganize ourselves without one. It is accepted here as an indication of progress. Every energetic, wide-awake, progressive State, we are apt to reason with ourselves, has a debt and usually a large and growing one, and the same is generally to be said of municipalities and private business corporations.

But Connecticut is peculiar. It may be said not to know what a State debt is. It never had such a debt at all, apparently, until the civil war, when one of some \$10,000,000 was contributed in aid of suppressing the rebellion. How the good old commonwealth ever came, even then, to be shaken out of its steady, debtless habits is a question—one testifying to the profound upheaving influences of that conflict as no other single bit of evidence is able to. But Connecticut did borrow some money then, and issue some bonds. However, it has never done so since, and it never had done so before, and now that debt is practically extinguished. It amounted only to about \$200,000 net several months ago, and the treasury now has cash on hand sufficient to offset that amount.

If you reach a green old age beware of the bunko steerer.

ONE OF THIS SUMMER'S MOST PICTURESQUE CREATIONS.



"In the good, old summer time" the mighty problem of how to look cool and dainty is studied by fair women day and night. This year the summer fabrics seem more sheer and colorings more satisfying to the eye and the styles more charming than during any previous hot season. My lady may, for very reasonable prices, revel in the most artistic creations, if she be handy with her needle—and, by the way, has nothing else to do, for these apparently simple, clinging little gowns represent whole days of steady work.

In our illustration is shown a pretty girl from gay Paris, who certainly appears cool and comfortable, whether she feels that way or not. All over embroidery forms the chief parts of her costume, which is a marvel of style and certainly lovely enough to delight the heart of the most fastidious woman. The soft silk grille is a feature not to be forgotten and lends character to the make-up of the gown. Roses and foliage form the decorations for the pretty hat and for a girlish face no style in headgear could be more becoming.

LAST OF THE WAR GOVERNORS.

Hon. William Sprague, of Rhode Island, Has This Distinction.

The death of Francis R. Lubbock in Austin, recently, removed the last of the Civil War Governors of the Confederate States, he having presided over the commonwealth of Texas during two years of the conflict of the '60's. He also served in the army, was a member of Jefferson Davis' staff and was by his side when he was taken prisoner in 1865. The Governor was born in Beaufort, S. C., and was 90 years old.

The passing of Gov. Lubbock leaves among us only one of all the men who served as head of their respective commonwealths during this trying period



HON. WILLIAM SPRAGUE.

of the country's history. He is Hon. William Sprague, of Rhode Island, one of the most famous of the war Governors and one of the ablest. He comes of distinguished ancestry. His uncle, William Sprague, served as Governor of Rhode Island as a Democrat in 1838-39 and later was United States Senator. The family name for a century has been prominent and, more than any other in the State, is known beyond its borders. The Spragues have contributed handsomely to the industrial and political life of this sturdy little subdivision of the Union and have a pardonable pride in its advancement and enrichment.

The Governor is remarkably active and keen of intellect for one who stands alone of a class who distinguished themselves in the '60's. He is in his 75th year, but as agile as the well-preserved man of 50. In 1890 he was elected Governor and was, when Sumner fell, the largest manufacturer in the country. He cheerfully relinquished the supervision of his numerous factories and foundries to fight in the ranks of the nation's defenders. He raised a regiment, the First Rhode Island Volunteers, and a battery of artillery, uniformed and equipped them at his own expense and in other ways testified to his splendid devotion to his imperiled country. He hurried his men to the defense of Washington and his regiment was one of the earliest commands to reach the capital. In the first forward movement in Virginia the regiment was assigned place and in the fighting at Bull Run suffered severely but bore itself with the greatest gallantry. Its intrepid commander won his spurs that day by the courage, coolness and indifference to danger he displayed on that fateful field and which made him the idol of his men. He had his horse shot from under him

and had narrow escapes in plenty. For his heroic conduct he was offered a brigadier general's commission, which he declined. He was the only Governor in the battle and Rhode Island re-elected him to the position twice after he had taken the field. During the Peninsular campaign and the siege of Yorktown he also took part and added to his reputation as a fearless and able officer. He served in the United States Senate after the war and is now passing the evening of his days at Narragansett Pier in his native State, which he has served in so many ways and always to its honor and glory.

ODD TRAIT OF MANKIND.

Human Nature Ever Prone to Get Something for Nothing.

Human nature may be more productively worked than a gold mine if you know a right method.

General Manager Chipman, of the Indianapolis and Eastern Electric Railway, recently utilized his knowledge of human nature in a novel way. His company had a park, the soil of which it wanted to plow up and pulverize thoroughly at small cost, at the same time attracting some traffic to the park. It therefore buried \$500 in gold coin in various parts of the park and threw the place open to any patron of the street cars that wished to dig, prescribing only that none but small hand implements should be used.

The plan worked admirably. The cars were thronged with amateur miners and by the time all the coin was found the entire surface of the park had been loosened up and reduced to powder to an extent that no landscape gardener ever saw equaled. The street car company got its \$500 back in fares and at the same time got its park thoroughly plowed for nothing.

Many will tenderly recall the old school reader story of the dying father who called his sons to his bedside and informed them that, though the old farm he was about to leave them was worn out and had become unproductive, there was buried somewhere upon it a great treasure and if they would persistently dig for it they would surely find rich reward. The sons dug and dug and dug, turning the old farm upside down and inside out, and, though they found no sign of the gold they expected, their harvests of grain became enormous and their reward was richer than they knew.

Through some peculiarity in our construction we are willing to work ten times as hard "to get something for nothing" as to earn it in ordinary ways.—Atlanta Journal.

A La Cleveland.

"There are two new peculiarities I have noticed in you of late. You use extraordinarily long words and you profess a fondness for fishing. What is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, I have hopes of being made a trustee of the next life insurance company that gets involved in a scandal."—Tacoma Daily News.

A True Genius.

"Failed, did he?"

"Yes. Liabilities were half a million."

"Goodness! What are his assets?"

"Not a cent."

"And yet you denied that he possessed true financial genius?"—Cleveland Leader.

If you would convince others that you are a fool boast of your wisdom.

WHITE CHIEF OF PONCAS.

Joe Miller, Part Owner of a Ranch of 87,000 Acres.

The largest and most famous ranch in Indian Territory is "101," owned by the Miller brothers. It includes



87,000 acres of lands leased from the Ponca Indians by the late George Miller, a big-hearted Kentuckian and typical cowman. He migrated to Kansas twenty-five or thirty years ago, and made his home at Winfield, where he traded cattle. Before Oklahoma was opened he saw a chance to lease the Ponca lands for fattening Texas cattle, and sixteen or seventeen years ago got 25,000 acres, established headquarters near the town of Bliss, and added to it from time to time by purchase and lease until at his death, three years ago, he left his sons the control of 87,000 acres, with 40,000 in a single tract.

The Ponca reservation, comprising about 225,000 acres, is practically under their control. "Joe" Miller, the president of the corporation which the five heirs of the late George Miller formed, is called "the white chief" of the Poncas, and he plays the part. The Indians go to him for advice on every subject. He looks after their crops and stock and implements, keeps their money for them and attends to their shipments and collections. He is the adviser of the Otoe Indians, also, on the adjoining reservation.

There are about 600 Poncas and 400 Otoes surviving. Their lands are now being allotted in severalty and the tribal relations will be broken up this year. Most of the families are already settled upon farms and are doing quite well in civilization, although every Indian is a prey to speculators, who would rob him of all his property if he was allowed to part with it. But when the tribal relations are dissolved each member of the tribe must keep his share of land until his death. He is not allowed to part with it without the consent of the Secretary of the interior, but when he dies his heirs may sell the property and divide the proceeds—and that is why one hears people down there talking about the prospect of securing "dead Indian land." A considerable part of ranch 101 is dead Indian land.

The Poncas have peculiar tribal customs, like other Indians, and one of them is for each warrior at the annual sun dance to give away to his neighbors everything he has. The biggest man in the tribe is he who gives away the most. They present each other their horses and cattle, their saddles and implements, and even the garments they wear, but at the close of the ceremony each has received from the others about as much as he has given away, so that they all come out about even. The only difference is that Running Water will next year have the shirt that Swift Antelope wore last year, and vice versa.

Miller and his brothers own about 15,000 head of cattle, as well as a herd of thirty-five buffalo, which they are crossing with Galloway cattle.



One shall onion eaten at night will often induce sleep, as onions have a particularly soothing effect upon the nerves, without any of the ill effects that are produced by the taking of drugs. To remove the taste, a little parsley may be eaten, or a few drops of eau de Cologne on a lump of sugar. A few drops of eau de Cologne on sugar, before going out in the evening, is a good eye-brightener.

Homeopaths are said to have discovered a certain remedy for seasickness in apomorphia, a very small dose of which taken once an hour in water, will remove the quins. They are so certain of its success that they are going to procure a gratuitous circulation of it among vessels that carry passengers. It is also useful for heaves, the sufferings of which are often severe.

A lady writes as follows: "I see from a paragraph that a farmer died from the effects of a wasp sting. It cannot be too widely known that turpentine applied to the place where a wasp has stung will reduce the swelling immediately. If the sting be in the mouth or throat, some turpentine should be swallowed, and the effect produced will be almost instantaneous."

The Real Thing.

"I understand that new business venture of his is quite a marked success."

"Yes, a dollar-marked success, I believe."—Philadelphia Press.

How si Popped the Question.

Silas—Mandy.
Mandy—What is it, Sil?

Silas—I'd like to see your picture in our family album.—Brooklyn Life.

Money is naturally tight with the man who is shy of loose change.

A decided blonde may be a brunette who has decided to be a blonde.