

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

By and by they were hurrying onward through the solitudes where the youthful Clyde draws its waters from the banks that trickle and tumble down the slopes of "Tintock Tap."

"I wonder whether we stop at Heat-tock Junction?" she asked.

"I am sure I don't know," she answered.

"Has it occurred to you, Shena," said he, with a peculiar sort of smile, "that if any one who knew both of us happened to be at one of those stations, they might make a curious surmise about us?"

"I do not understand you," Miss Stewart observed.

"Did you ever hear of Allison's Bank Toll-house?" he asked.

"No."

"That was where they made the Greta Green marriages—it is just on this side the Border. I think it is rather a pity the Greta Green marriages were done away with; it was an effectual way of telling your friends to mind their own business. There was no trouble about it. But it is just about as easy now, if you don't mind paying for a special license; and I do believe it is the best way. Your friends can get reconciled to it afterward, if they like; if they don't like, they can do the other thing. That was what I was thinking, Shena—if some of our friends were to see us in this carriage, it wouldn't surprise me if they imagined we were on a venture of that kind."

Shena blushed deeply, and was ashamed of her embarrassment; and said, with some touch of anger:

"They could not think of such nonsense."

"Shena," said he, eagerly—"Shena, have you been as far south as this before?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I have never been further south than Edinburgh and Glasgow. But Mary Vincent is to be at the station waiting for me."

"I did not mean that. Don't you know that soon you will be at Greta? Don't you know you will soon be crossing the Border? Why, you should be interested in that! It is your first entrance into England. Shall I tell you the moment you are in England?"

"Oh, yes, if you please," said Miss Stewart, condescending to look out and regard the not very picturesque features of the surrounding scenery.

"Look! look!" said he, jumping up, and involuntarily putting his hand on her arm. "Look, Shena! The village is over there—here is the river, see!—it is the Sark—and the bridge is down there, to the left of that house—that house is an inn, the last in England on the old coach road—"

She took away her arm.

"Ah," said he, as he sat down, "many a happy couple were glad to find their great big George the Fourth phaeton clattering over the bridge there—the triumph after all the risk—"

Then he reflected that in a few minutes' time they would be in Carlisle; and this made him rather desperate; for when again should he see Shena Van—and Shena Van alone!

"Can you imagine yourself living at that time, Shena; and if I were to ask you to make off for Greta with me and get married, what would you say?"

"You—you have no right to ask me such a question," said Shena Van, rather breathlessly.

"There would have been no chance of your saying 'yes?' he asked, gently.

"I don't know what you mean," said she, and she was nervously twisting the magazine in her hand. "I—I think you are forgetting. You are forgetting who you are—who I am, and everything that—that once happened—I mean, that nothing happened—for how could it? And to ask such a question—even in joke—well, I think you have no right to ask me such a question, and the absurdity of it is enough answer."

"I did not mean it as a joke at all, Shena," said he, quite humbly, and yet trying to catch sight of her eyes. "I asked you if you could imagine other circumstances—other circumstances in which I might ask you such a question. Of course, I am very sorry if I have offended you—"

"I think that there has been enough said," said Miss Stewart, quietly, and indeed with a good deal of natural dignity.

Just before they were going into Carlisle station, she said:

"I hope, Mr. Leslie, you won't misunderstand me, but—but of course Miss Vincent and her friends won't know who you are, and I would rather they did not know. There is always a silly talk going on; it begins in amusement, and then people repeat it and believe it."

"I shall be quite a stranger to you when we get into the station," said he. "And in the meantime I will say good-by to you; and you must tell me that we part good friends, although you do seem to care so little about those by-gone days, Shena."

"Good-by," said she, holding out her hand. "And perhaps I care for them as much as I ought; but one acquires a little common sense as one grows up. I hope you will have a pleasant trip, Mr. Leslie."

At the station he got out first and assisted her to alight; then he got a porter for her, and raised his hat to her with the air of a perfect stranger, as she disappeared with her friends. Then he had his own things shifted into a first-class smoking compartment, and the journey was resumed.

It was a lonely journey. There was something wrong. Why had he not asked Janet Stewart plump and plain? Why had he not asked her to stop at Carstairs Junction and go back with him to Edinburgh or Glasgow, where he could easily have found friends to take care of her until the special license had been obtained? Why had he not dared his fate? Sometimes women were captured by the very suddenness of the proposal. Things did not look altogether serene

for the Right Honorable Lord Dartmouth of Dartown, County Limerick, and Ashwood Manor, Berks.

CHAPTER XXII.

It is quite impossible to describe the gladness and gratitude with which Yolande read the letter from the Master of Lynn, which not only gave her her freedom, but said good-by in such a friendly fashion. For once a ray of sunlight fell on a life which of late had not been of the brightest.

"Yolande, what is the matter? You have had good news this morning?" said the mother, coming into the room, and noticing the radiant face of the girl.

"Yes, indeed, mother—the best I have had for many a way," said she, and she led her mother to the window, and put her in the easy chair, and patted her shoulder affectionately. "The best news I have had for many a day."

"What is it? May I ask?"

For an instant Yolande hesitated; then she laughed, and put the letter in her pocket.

"No; it would be too long to explain. But shortly I will tell you what it is, mother—why, only that one of the friends I know in the Highlands has been generous and kind to me. Is it a wonderful thing? Is it new—unexpected?"

"Ah, you ought to be with them, Yolande; not here, throwing away your time on me."

"Ridiculous! ridiculous!" said she, in her French way, and then with a light step and bright face she went off to get writing materials.

"Dear Archier," she wrote, "it is so good of you. I do not deserve it. You have made me very happy; and I hope you also will soon be reconciled at home, and everything go well. It is a great pleasure you offer me that we should all

see you again, and also your sister, and Col. Graham. But that will be a long time, if at all, for my mother, though she is much better, does not get strong as I wish, and naturally, I remain with her—perhaps forever."

The alteration in the girl's manner after the receipt of that letter was most marked. Gladness dwelt in her eyes, and spoke in her voice. She grew hopeful, too, about her mother's health, that now, when they went out for a morning stroll among the shops, she would buy this or the other small article likely to be of use to them in traveling. That was partly why she presented Jane with that winter cloak; Jane was to be their sole attendant. And now all her talk was about orange groves and palms, and marble terraces, shaded from the sun, and the summer blue waters of the south.

Yolande now set herself all the more assiduously to the service of her mother, who, poor woman! though she could not fail to see the greater cheerfulness and content of the girl, and probably herself derived some favorable influence from that, still remained in a weak and invalid condition which prevented their migration to the south. However, something now occurred which stopped, once and for all, her recurrent entreaties that Yolande should go away to her own friends and leave her by herself. One day, as she was seated in her accustomed easy chair looking at the people and the sea and the ships, she suddenly uttered a slight exclamation, and then quickly rose and withdrew from the window.

"Yolande, dear!" she exclaimed in a voice of terror—"Yolande!"

"Yes, mother," the girl answered, looking calmly up from her sewing.

"I have seen that man that you know of—Romford."

"Well, what of it?" the girl said, quietly.

"But he was looking up at the house, Yolande," said she, obviously in great alarm. "He must know that we are here. He must have sought us out."

"Very well, and what of that?" said Yolande. And she added, with a gentle touch of scorn: "Does he wish to be asked to have some tea with us? I think we are not at home just now."

"But you don't understand, child—you don't understand," said the mother, with a kind of shiver. "To see him was to recall everything. I was in a dream, and now it looks hideous to me; and the thought of his coming here, and wishing to take me back to that life, when I did not care whether each day was to be the last—"

"My dear mother," said Yolande, "is it of much consequence what the gentleman wishes? It is of more consequence what I wish; and that is that you are to remain with me."

"Oh, yes, with you, Yolande, with you!" she exclaimed, and she eagerly caught both hands of the girl and held them tight. "Always with you—always, always! I am not going away from you—I dare not go away. I have asked you to go to your friends, and leave me by myself; but I will not ask it again; I am afraid; if I were alone, he might come and speak to me—and—and persuade me that his wife was the one who best knew how to take care of me. Oh, when I think of it, Yolande, it maddens me!"

"Then you need not think of it, mother dear," said the girl, pressing her to sit down. "Leave Mr. Romford to me. Oh, I will make him content with me, if he chooses to be troublesome. Do not fear."

Yolande professed to treat this Mr. Romford as a person of little account; but she was in her inmost heart a trifle more disquieted than outwardly she made believe. She shrewdly suspected that he was not the sort of gentleman to be desporting himself at a watering place merely for amusement; and she made no doubt that, somehow or other, he had found out their address and had followed them hither in the hope of getting her mother once more under his control. As to that, she had no fear; but to make sure that she had no monetary or other

claim that could warrant his even knocking at the door of the house, she resolved to write at once to Lawrence and Lang. The answer was prompt; she got it by the first post next morning, and it said that as "our Mr. Lang," by a fortunate accident happened to be at the moment in Brighton, they had telegraphed him to go along and see her; consequently Miss Winterbourne might expect him to call on her during the course of the day.

This was far from being in accordance with Yolande's wish, but she could now help it; and so she went to her mother, and said that a gentleman would probably call that day with whom she wanted to have a few minutes' private talk; and would the mother kindly remain in her room for that time?

"Not—not Romford?" she said, in alarm.

"I said a gentleman, mother," Yolande answered.

Mr. Lang called about half past 12. "I am very sorry you should have taken so much trouble about so small an affair," said Yolande.

"But you must understand, Miss Winterbourne," said the tall, white-haired man, with the humorous smile and good-natured eyes, "that our firm are under the strictest injunctions to pay instant heed to the smallest things you ask of us. You have no idea how we have been lectured and admonished. But I grant you this is nothing. The man is a worthless fellow, who is probably disappointed, and he may hang about, but you have nothing to fear from him. Everything has been paid; we have a formal acquittance. I dare say the scoundrel got three times what was really owing to him, but it was not a prodigious sum. Now what do you want me to do? I can't prosecute him for being in Woking."

"No; but what am I to do if he persists in speaking to my mother when we are out walking?"

"Give him in charge. He'll depart quick enough. But I should say you had little to fear in that direction. Unless he has a chance of speaking to your mother alone, he is not likely to attempt it at all."

"And that he shall not have; I can take care of that," said Yolande, with decision.

"You really need not trouble about it. Of course if he found your mother in the hands of a stranger, what happened before might happen now; that is to say, he would go and try to talk her over; would say that she was never so happy as when he and his wife were waiting on her, that they were her real friends, and all that stuff. But I don't think he will tackle you," he added, with a friendly sort of smile.

"He shall not find my mother alone, at any rate," said Yolande.

"I hear everything is going on well?" he ventured to say.

"I hope so—I think so," she answered. "It was risky—I may say, it was a courageous thing for you to do, but you had warm friends looking on," said he, with a smile, as he took up his hat and opened the door.

She did not ring the bell, however, for the maid servant; she said she would herself see him out, and she followed him downstairs. In the passage she said:

"I want you to tell me something, Mr. Lang. I want you to tell me who explained to you what you were to do for me when I arrived in London, for I think I know."

"Then there can be no harm in telling you, my dear young lady. He called again on us, about a couple of weeks ago, on his way north, and laid us under more stringent orders than ever. Mr. John Melville. Was that your guess?"

"Yes," said Yolande, with her eyes downcast, but in perfectly calm tones. "I thought it was he. I suppose he was quite well when you saw him?"

"Good-by, Mr. Lang. It is so kind of you to have taken all this trouble."

"Good-morning," said Mr. Lang, as he opened the door and went his way. And he also had his guess.

(To be continued.)

Senator Cullom's One Song.

Senator Cullom told the Saturday Evening Post there were not more than half a dozen persons in the world who had ever heard him sing. He had been relating an incident connected with a commission upon which he served. "At the end," he said, "we gave ourselves a parting dinner, and before we parted some one said we ought to sing *Auld Lang Syne*; so we stood up and held hands and one fellow started us going.

"But he started so high that at the end of the first line nobody had anything to say. We let go to get a better hold, and another fellow started so low that at the end of the second line I got lost under the table. Well, we stood still and waited. Nobody seemed ready to take the responsibility.

"I thought it was too bad to have the bill lost just for want of a leader when the whole house stood ready to back it, so I drew a long breath and called in. We got through first rate that time, clean to the end without a break, but I've never sung a note in my life before nor since."

His Advantage.

Harris—Money isn't everything in this world, I can tell you that, my boy.

Harris, Jr.—You think so, dad, because you had to work for your money. If you were in my place, and had money that you didn't have to "wear yourself out to get, you wouldn't be so blamed cynical.—Boston Transcript.

Golf is greatly indulged in by the naval officers and European residents in China. In consequence the Chinese boys have grasped some idea of the game, and they are frequently to be seen amusing themselves with an old stick converted into a club and a real golf ball which some golfer has lost.

A performance at the Municipal Theater at Halle, Switzerland, had to be suspended the other night while the policeman on duty was ejected. He had fallen asleep at his post, and his loud snoring disturbed the audience.

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be both hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear.—South.

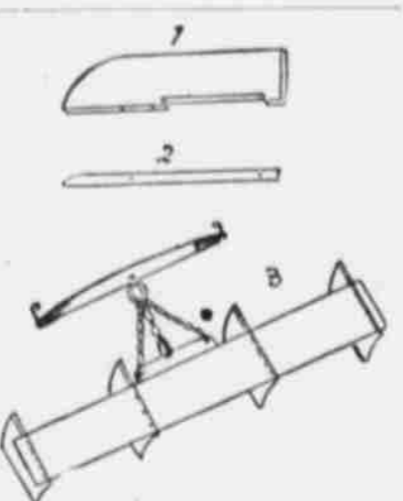


Home-Made Marker.

The marker shown is a handy tool on any farm and while it is especially useful in the garden, it may be operated for larger areas. The marker is shown complete at figure three in the cut. Cut a plank twelve inches wide by two inches thick, the desired length. The runners are cut from plank in the form shown at figure one.

By cutting a groove as shown in the runner just wide enough to let in the plank greater strength is secured than would be possible if the runners were simply nailed to the plank. As the horse pulls forward the notch offers considerable resistance which prevents the runners from being knocked off should the marker strike some obstruction.

At figure two is shown a piece of hoop iron which is designed to nail over the top of the runner and plank thus giving additional strength. A marker



HOME-MADE LAND MARKER.

made as directed will last for years and do excellent work. It is so simple in construction that any man who can handle tools can make it.—Indianapolis News.

The Effect of Nitro-Culture.

Erroneous statements which have recently been appearing in the public press regarding the free and unlimited distribution of inoculating material for leguminous crops is likely to cause those who apply for these cultures to be disappointed. A circular of the department of agriculture now announces that the results obtained with pure cultures in inoculating leguminous plants has resulted in such a demand for this material that the facilities of the department have been taxed to their utmost, and for some time it has been impossible to meet the demand.

The patent which the department holds upon the method of growing and distributing these organisms was taken out in such a way that no one can maintain a monopoly of the manufacture of such cultures and so as to permit of its being taken up and handled commercially. The commercial product is being handled quite generally by seedsmen. Upon application the department has furnished all necessary information to the bacteriologists representing properly equipped concerns, but it cannot assume to make any statement which could in any way be regarded as a guarantee of the commercial product, nor is it prepared to endorse each and all of the somewhat extravagant claims occasionally made for this discovery. The latest of the department's authorized statements may be found in farmers' bulletin 214.

Well Houses and Pulleys.

A tourist in the West has published the accompanying illustrations of



METHODS OF HOUSING WELLS.

houses and pulleys on wells which he saw in Colorado.

Of course, these are familiar objects to almost all country people; but nevertheless there are many wells that go uncovered. It is not a great matter, it is true, but still it is worth the cost and trouble to put a neat roof, closed in, over the well, for the protection of the rope, if one is used and also for keeping dirt from falling into the water, not to speak of preventing danger to life.

The old-fashioned open well is no longer used to any great extent, but when it is, using a bucket and pulley or windlass to draw the water has the advantages of economy and simplicity, not to speak of picturesqueness, but the water is not made any better by the well being open.

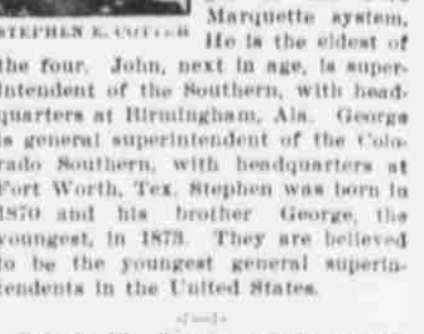
Feeding of Injured Horses.

Feeding plays a more prominent part in the healing of wounds in farm animals than is commonly supposed. This applies in particular in the case of horses. It is a well-established fact that liberal feeding with grain is very injudicious when animals are suffering from severe wounds. Such feeding is found to "inflammate" the system, and



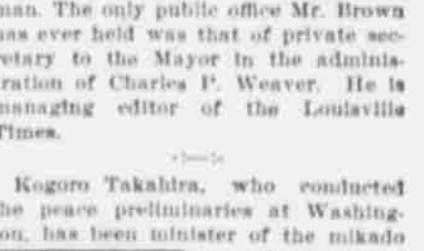
Stephen E. Cotter, recently appointed general superintendent of the Wash system, was born in Blooming-

ton and received his early education in railroad engineering. He is one of four brothers, all of whom have attained distinction in the railway world. The case is unique. William Cotter is now general manager of the Pere Marquette system. He is the eldest of the four. John, next in age, is superintendent of the Southern, with headquarters at Birmingham, Ala. George is general superintendent of the Colorado Southern, with headquarters at Fort Worth, Tex. Stephen was born in 1870 and his brother George, the youngest, in 1873. They are believed to be the youngest general superintendents in the United States.



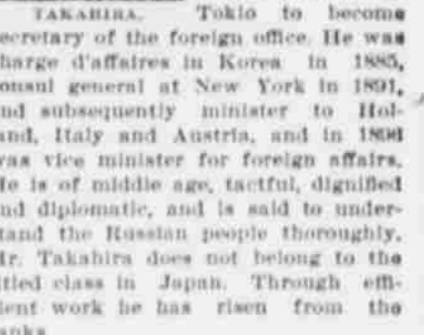
STEPHEN E. COTTER.

Robert W. Brown, newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, was affiliated with Louisville Lodge No. 8 of that order since 1887, and it has been through his efforts that the fraternity was enabled to build a magnificent home in that city costing upward of \$20,000. He is a Kentuckian by birth, about 40 years old, and for twenty years has been a newspaper man. The only public office Mr. Brown has ever held was that of private secretary to the Mayor in the administration of Charles P. Weaver. He is managing editor of the Louisville Times.



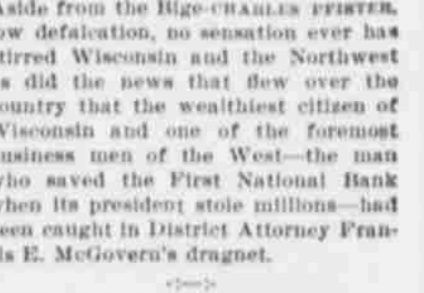
ROBERT W. BROWN.

Kogoro Takahira, who conducted the peace preliminaries at Washington, has been minister of the mission at the national capital since 1900. He began his diplomatic career in this country, first coming here in 1878 as attaché. In 1881 he was appointed secretary of legation, and after two years' service returned to Tokio to become secretary of the foreign office. He was charge d'affaires in Korea in 1885, consul general at New York in 1891, and subsequently minister to Holland, Italy and Austria, and in 1898 was vice minister for foreign affairs. He is of middle age, tactful, dignified and diplomatic, and is said to understand the Russian people thoroughly. Mr. Takahira does not belong to the titled class in Japan. Through efficient work he has risen from the ranks.



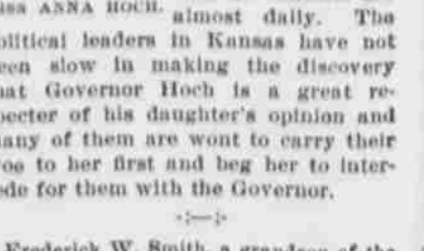
TAKAHIRA.

Charles F. Pfister, Milwaukee's leading capitalist, manufacturer, banker, street railway magnate, newspaper owner, hotel man and head and front of the stalwart or anti-La Follette faction in Wisconsin politics, was indicted by the grand jury together with four other victims of the graft investigation. Aside from the *Big-Charles Pfister*, low defalcation, no sensation ever stirred Wisconsin and the Northwest as did the news that few over the country that the wealthiest citizen of Wisconsin and one of the foremost business men of the West—the man who saved the First National Bank when its president stole millions—had been caught in District Attorney Francis E. McGovern's dragnet.



CHARLES F. PFISTER.

Miss Anna Hoch, daughter of Governor Hoch, of Kansas, who christened the new battleship Kansas, is looked upon by the politicians of that State as one of the strongest gubernatorial influences. Although she is only just past her majority she is close to her father in all of his administrative duties, and it is said that he consults her almost daily. The political leaders in Kansas have not been slow in making the discovery that Governor Hoch is a great respecter of his daughter's opinion and many of them are wont to carry their woe to her first and beg her to intercede for them with the Governor.



MISS ANNA HOCH.

Frederick W. Smith, a grandson of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith and son of the present head of the Latter Day Saints, has started a propaganda to convert the Mormons of Utah to the former principles of the church as expounded by the prophet.

Hilton Perry, the sculptor of the bronze fountain of the library of Congress, is modeling an equestrian statue of Gen. G. S. Green for the Gettysburg battlefield.