

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Yolande was a strict and faithful guardian; and Mr. Romford, no doubt finding it impossible to get speech of her mother alone, had probably left the place, for they saw no more of him. Indeed, they were thinking of other matters. Yolande was anxious to get away to the south, and yet afraid to risk the fatigue of traveling on a system obviously so frail as her mother's was. She kept lingering on and on in the hope of seeing some improvement taking place, but her mother, though much more cheerful in spirits, did not seem to gain in strength; indeed, she seemed physically so weak that again and again Yolande postponed their departure. This also had its drawbacks, for the weather was becoming more and more wintry, and out-of-door exercise was being restricted. It was too cold for driving; Yolande had sent back the pony carriage. Then she dared not expose her mother to northerly or easterly winds. Frequently now she had to go out for her morning walk by herself, a brisk promenade once or twice up and down the pier being enough to send her home with pink cheeks. At last she said to her mother, with some timidity: "I have been thinking, mother, that we might take some one's advice as to whether you are strong enough to bear the journey."

"I think I could go," the mother said. "Oh, yes, I should like to try, Yolande, for you seem so anxious about it, and of course Worthing must be dull for you."

The girl went and stood by her mother's side, and put her hand gently on her shoulder.

"Mother, my father is fretting that he can be of no service to us."

"Oh, no, no, no, Yolande," the other

would hurry on the smoke-colored pall to the horizon; and there would be glimpses of a pale blue sky flecked with streaks of white; and the brilliant sunlight would be all around them once more on the boats and the shingle and railings and the snow-whitened streets.

Now Yolande's mother was strangely excited by the scene, for it confirmed her in a curious fancy she had formed that during all the time she had been under the influence of those drugs she had been living in a dream, and that she was now making the acquaintance again of the familiar features of the world as she once had known them.

"It seems years and years since I saw the snow," she said, looking on the shining white world in a mill entrancement of delight. "Oh, Yolande, I should like to see the falling snow—I should like to feel it on my hands."

"You are likely to see it soon enough, mother," said the girl, who had noticed how from time to time the thick clouds going over shrouded everything in an ominous gloom. "In the meantime I shall go round after breakfast and tell Mr. Watherston not to send the carriage; we can't start in a snowstorm."

"But why not send Jane, Yolande? It will be bitterly cold outside."

"I suppose it would be no colder for me than for her," Yolande said. And then she added, with a smile of confession, "besides, I want to see what everything looks like."

"Will you let me go with you? May I?" said the mother, wistfully.

"You?" said Yolande, laughing. "Yes, that is likely—that is very likely! You are in good condition to face a gale from the northeast, and walk through snow at the same time."

mother!" the girl said, when she had got breath. "And without a shawl! Where was Jane? To stand out in the snow—"

"It was only for a minute, Yolande," said she, while the girl was dusting the snow from her mother's shoulders and arms with her pocket handkerchief. "It was only a minute—and it was so strange to see snow again."

"But why do you go out? why did you go out?" the girl repeated. "On a bitterly cold morning like this, and bare-headed and bare-necked."

"Well, yes, it is cold outside," she said, with an involuntary shiver. "I did not think it would be so cold. There, that will do, Yolande; I will sit down by the fire and get warm again."

During that evening Yolande's mother seemed somewhat depressed, and also a little bit feverish and uncomfortable.

"I should not wonder if you were going to have a very bad cold, mother," girl said. "I should not wonder if you had caught a chill by going out on the balcony."

"Nonsense, nonsense, child; it was only for a minute or so. But I am a little tired. I think I will go to bed now; and perhaps Jane could ask for an extra blanket for me. You need not be alarmed. If I have caught a slight cold—well, you say we ought not to start in such weather in any case."

"Shall I come and read to you, mother?"

"No, no; why should you trouble? Most likely I shall go to sleep. No, I will leave you to your novel; and you must draw in your chair to the fire; and soon you will have forgotten that there is such a thing as snow."

And so they bade good night to each other, and Yolande was not seriously disturbed.

(To be continued.)

## AS TO KITCHEN PERQUISITES.

### Cooks and Stewards Who Get Commissions on Purchases.

Perquisites for the head of the kitchen are matters to be mentioned with bated breath. They are something that neither the cook, chef nor market man will allow, yet it is a well-known fact that in most large households the steward of the establishment, whoever that may be, makes a comfortable income in commissions. It was the dealer, undoubtedly, who began this, but the custom has developed as it has grown, and demands for commissions have multiplied and occasionally a little information crops out through some one who feels aggrieved.

"It was all right," groaned the market man the other day, "when I allowed them 5 or 10 per cent on the bills, but when they begin to demand 15 and 20 it looks serious."

At some of the bureaus where high-priced domestics register they will not take one whom they know exacts commissions. There are few who are referred on that account, however, for, as stated, it is not a subject that is usually mentioned. One high-priced cook, however, has waited for several months for a position because she refused to take one where a housekeeper was employed, and she was conscientiously kept from others on the ground that she was looking for perquisites.

One family in New York absolutely refuses to allow any one in its employ to receive commissions on household supplies purchased. They look into the matter carefully and none is given. However, if the shopman is so minded or the cook sends a letter saying that times are hard and money scarce and he then sends out a little present of \$20 or \$25 who can object? That is a simple way to get around the matter and no one is the wiser.

There may be an understanding with the family that a commission is to be received and the subject is then on as legitimate a basis as that of any other business. As a rule, however, it is generally understood, and the mistress of the house, though she may have objections, closes her eyes and puts the whole thing comfortably out of mind. If she doesn't, it makes no difference; she can do little to prevent it.

"I know my house employes receive commissions," said the mistress of one wealthy family the other day, "but what can one do? If I should allow myself to be worried by such things I should be perfectly miserable and if I watched the domestics all the time I could do nothing else."

### Dog Met an Odd Death.

There was mourning in the house of engine company No. 12 in Manayunk last night, says the Philadelphia North American. Percy, the collie dog, the pet of the company, is dead.

Percy came to No. 12's house four years ago in a big snowstorm. The firemen took him in, fed him and gave him a bed. He never left.

The firemen taught him tricks, and he learned to know as well as the horses what the sound of the gong meant. He was always on hand and raced ahead of the horses to the fire.

Yesterday evening Percy spied a pigeon on the roof of the firehouse. He ran up the steps and out on the roof to chase the intruder away. The pigeon dodged into the drain pipe. Percy put his head in after it but he couldn't reach the pigeon and his collar became wedged so that he couldn't withdraw it.

If he barked one of the men heard him, and no one saw him on the roof. After a while it began to rain. The firemen below noticed that the water was falling down over the ledge instead of coming through the pipe and one of them went up to investigate.

The water had run down about Percy's head in the pipe and drowned him. When his body was pulled away the pigeon flew out unharmed.

### Getting Younger.

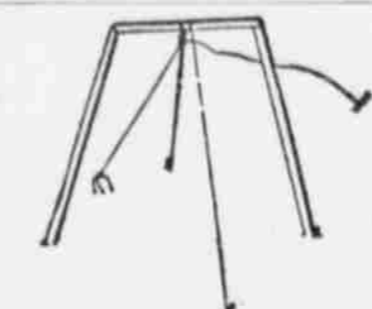
"I heard Mrs. Giddy say yesterday that she was only 32. You've known her for a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes. When I first knew her she was 34."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



## Good, Simple Hay Stacker.

An Iowa farmer writes that in his part of the country, where a large amount of hay is raised, but few farmers have barn room enough to hold it, so are compelled to stack it. In stacking hay out of doors some loss is unavoidable, but an effort should be made to reduce this loss to the minimum. One of the greatest mistakes is making the stack too small. The smaller the stack is, the larger the proportion of hay is spoiled by being on the top, bottom or sides. In making a large stack, a stacker of some kind is a necessity, and the one illustrated here seems to be the best all-around device for the purpose. The device stands straddle of the stack and is held in place by brace



SIMPLE HAY STACKER.

ropes. The hay rope runs through a pulley in the cross-piece. Drive the load of hay up to one end of the stack to unload. After you have tried this method, says the farmer correspondent, you will never stack another load of hay by hand.

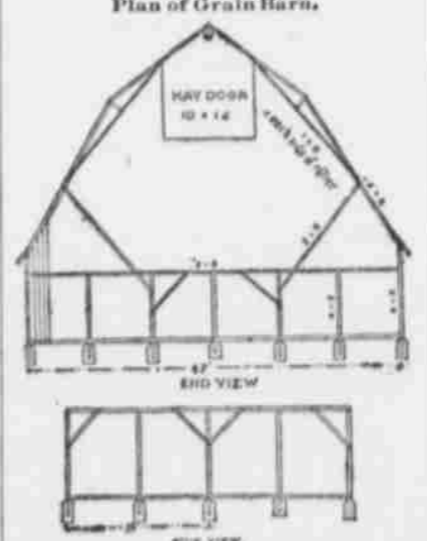
## Capacity of Wells.

A ready rule for arriving approximately at the number of gallons per foot of water: From the square of the bottom diameter of the well, in inches, cut off one figure and divide by three. Thus: If the well is sixty inches in diameter, 60x60 equals 3,600; cut off one figure it leaves 360. This, divided by three gives 120, which is the number of gallons for each foot of depth. If, therefore, the depth of water were found to be ten feet, the available supply in the well would be 1,200 gallons. As the bottom diameter of a well is sometimes less than the top diameter, care must be taken, in ascertaining the volume, as above, to adopt, for the purpose of calculation, the diameter of the part where the water is: A lighted candle lowered down the well will serve to show any breaks of diameter above water-level.—American Cultivator.

## When the Cow Chokes.

A neighbor turned his cows into his orchard with fallen apples. One cow became badly choked with an apple. We took a piece of rubber hose three feet long, rather stiff; we greased this with lard, held the cow's head up and shoved the hose down her throat, pushing the apple down in the stomach. A piece of rubber about 1 1/2 inches in diameter is the proper size. Cow all right. Another plan I have tried with good success. Soon as the cow is choked lose no time in getting her into the stanchion, draw the head up with a rope and fasten. Melt one pint lard, put in a long-necked bottle; while warm pour down throat. She will struggle to throw lard out; the throat being well greased will cause the apple or potato to slip out easily.—Exchange.

## Plan of Grain Barn.



The cut shows the plan of a barn, which combines capacity with cheapness. The upright supports may be either 4x6 posts, or round poles, and where large flat stones are not available may be set in holes with concrete in the bottom and all around the posts well up and beveled at top, so as to shed the water. The barn is 42 feet wide by any desired length, the side posts to be set 8 feet apart. On account of the double angle of the roof purline posts are not required. As there are no timbers in the center there is plenty of room for hay.

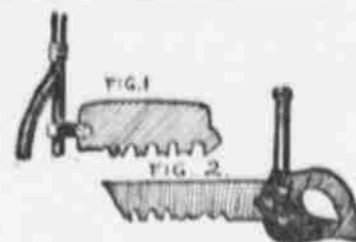
## Cows for the Dairy.

Before the dairyman can be successful in either branch he must draw the line between the breeds that excel in yield of milk and those that give milk rich in cream. The first thing the scientific dairyman does is to select the breed for the purpose he may have in view. The next will be to feed in such a manner as to secure the largest yield of either milk or butter in proportion to the cost of food, and the

cost of the food depends upon its adaptability for conversion into the ingredients entering into the composition of milk.

## One Man Crosscut Saw.

Most crosscut saws are made with two handles and are intended to be used by two men, but it is frequently desirable on the farm to have the saw available for use by a single man. Logs to be sawed may be too large for the bucksaw, and a sharp one man crosscut will saw almost if not fully as fast as a bucksaw and without the back breaking effect. In any



TWO-HANDED HANDLE ON CROSSCUT SAW.

event, whether a saw is to be used by one or two men, it is an advantage, says an Ohio Farmer writer, to have one end of it furnished with a two-handed handle. Some small crosscuts are made with such a handle at one end (Fig. 1), but, if not, the ordinary handle can be removed from any broad bladed saw and a homemade handle inserted (Fig. 2). In use, the sawyer will, of course, hold the main stem with his left hand while with his right he will grasp the lower and forked part of the handle. He will be surprised at his increased command over the working of the implement.

## Life on Cattle or Hogs.

Prof. Thomas Shaw, of St. Paul, recommends the following preparation for disposing of lice on cattle or hogs:

Take one-half pound of soft soap, or common soap if the soft cannot be obtained, put this in one gallon of water and boil slowly until the soap is dissolved; then remove from the stove and add two gallons of coal oil, then heat until the soapy water and oil are thoroughly mixed, stirring it gently in the meanwhile.

When you wish to apply it, take what is necessary for this stock and add from eight to ten times its bulk of water and apply with a cloth or brush. Make a second application when the nits hatch out, usually about ten days after, to destroy this second crop.

## Handles for Large Baskets.

To make handles for bushel baskets, save the hand pieces of all the worn-out water buckets, or else make others like them, and passing a wire through, bend it down at right angles to the hand piece. Clipping the wire off at



HANDLES FOR BASKETS.

a proper length which is about 6 or 7 inches, bend the ends up into hoops. Taking two of these handles hoop them in between the splits, under the rim of the basket, on opposite sides, and quickly have two good handles for carrying a basket filled with potatoes, or any heavy article. The handles can remain on the basket, or be removed at will.

## The Barnyard.

There is nothing so repulsive as a wet and filthy barnyard, in which the animals are compelled to walk knee deep in filth. Such a condition is not necessary, and can be prevented if the barnyard is kept well supplied with absorbent material. Throwing whole cornstalks into the barnyard is the old method, but cornstalks do not absorb until they are trampled to pieces, and in the meantime much of the liquids are carried off by the rains. It will pay to shred the cornstalks or cut the straw for bedding, while leaves and dry earth may also be used in the barnyard with advantage.

## A New Fruit.

The belle of the ball just now horticulturally speaking is the peach tomato! This lovely fruit-vegetable is of a glowing deep watermelon-red color. It is exhibited by a fruiter in the shape of one fine cluster. On this cluster are eight fine examples, all clustered thickly together and beautified by means of laurel leaves. One of the clusters is yet a deep red. They are said to be of an exquisite flavor and to contain few seeds.

## Feeding Hens.

Hens like a variety of food, and they should be given as much in that line as possible. On the off mornings give a feed of equal parts corn and oatmeal, wet with milk, or boiled turnips or potatoes mixed with a little wheat bran. All scraps from the table and refuse from the kitchen should be mixed with the morning feed. A daily allowance of a small quantity of meat, ground bone and oyster shells should not be overlooked.

Our old and often recommended preventive of lice in nests is a big handful of dry slaked lime in the bottom of nest boxes. A little carbolic acid is put on the lime before it is slaked. Every time the hen steps in that nest she stirs up the carbolated lime dust.



Dr. Doyen, the noted French physician, whose much-heralded cure for cancer has been pronounced a failure



by a committee from the Paris Academy of Medicine, has been the recipient of much criticism and some laudation during the past six months. He came to the notice of the American public in November last, when George Crocker, of New York brought suit against him for the return of a medical fee of \$20,000, alleged to have been paid him on a guarantee of a cure of Mrs. Crocker, a victim of cancer. Mrs. Crocker died, and her husband brought suit and made some sensational charges, which were so grave that the French academy, of which the doctor was a member, appointed a committee to investigate his alleged cure. That committee has now reported that it has been unable to find a case which Dr. Doyen has even relieved.

Brigadier General William Harding Carter, who has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Lakes, is a distinguished soldier

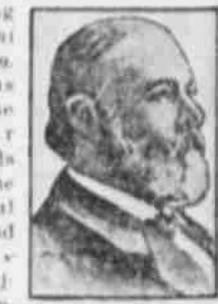


whose book "Horses, Saddles and Bridles" is the text-book for mounted officers in the army. He was born at Nashville, Tenn., and was graduated from the military academy in 1871, in time to take part in the expedition against the Sioux. Later for sixteen years he saw arduous service in Arizona, and for bravery in the battle against Apaches at Cibola Creek, Aug. 30, 1881, he received a medal of honor. During the Spanish war General Carter rendered efficient service in the War Department.

Will Cumback, well known as an author, politician and lecturer, died recently at his home in Greensburg, Ind. He was born in Indiana in 1829 and practiced law in Greensburg the greater part of his life. He was elected to Congress in 1854, defeating W. S. Holman, his first race. He headed the Indiana electoral ticket in 1890, was a paymaster in the United States Army during the war, declined the position of Minister to Portugal under President Grant, came within two votes of being elected United States Senator in 1890, served in the State Senate and was formerly Lieutenant Governor of Indiana.



One of the speakers at the commemorative exercises held at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in honor of the semi-centennial of the opening of the Soo Canal was Peter White, who is known as the "father of the Lake Superior country." He is the president of the Semi-centennial Association and was the promoter in the project to hold a celebration. He was born in Rome, N. Y., in 1830, and located in Green Bay, Wis., with his father in 1839. He has been in the lake country ever since, removing to Marquette, Mich., soon after the town's founding. He has been successful as a merchant and a lawyer and has also been connected with mining and railway interests.



Judge William R. Curran, who has been sued by the Santa Fe Railroad Company for 5 cents, storage charges for one day on a safe door shipped from Chicago, is one of the most conspicuous attorneys in Taxewell county, Ill. For thirty years he has been a resident of Pekin, and has employed a lucrative legal practice. He is a leader in the councils of the Republican party, and for four years was judge of the County Court.



Rufus Chorate once tried to get a Boston witness to define absentmindedness, with the following result: "I should say that a man who thought that he'd left his watch to him and took it out'n't see if he had time to go him and get it was a little absent minded."

Reginald Ward, American millionaire, society man, friend of King Edward, and once a Boston broker, has abandoned the title of "count," conferred on him by Pope Leo XIII., on account of adverse criticism.



HER MOTHER WAS STANDING IN THE BALCONY.

cried, with a sudden terror. "Don't think of it, Yolande—it would kill me—he will never forgive me."

"There is no forgiveness needed, mother; all that is over and forgotten. Mother—"

But the mere mention of this proposal seemed to have driven the poor woman into a kind of frenzy. She clung to her daughter's arm, and said in a wild sort of way:

"If I saw him, Yolande, I should think he was coming to take you away from me—to take you away from me! It would be the old days come back again—and—and the lawyers—"

She was all trembling now, and clinging to the girl's arm.

"Stay with me, Yolande—stay with me. I know I have done great harm and injury, and I cannot ask him to forgive me; but you, I have not harmed you, I can look into your face without reproach."

"I will stay with you, mother, don't be afraid. Now pray calm yourself; I won't speak of that again if it troubles you; we shall be just by our two selves for as long as ever you like, and as for lawyers, and doctors, or anybody else, why, you shall not be allowed to know that they exist."

So she gradually got her mother calmed again; and by and by, when she got the opportunity, she sat down and wrote to her father, saying that at present it was impossible he should come and see them, for that the mere suggestion of such a thing had violently alarmed and excited her mother, and that excitement of any kind did her most serious mischief. She added that she feared she would have to take the responsibility of deciding whether they should attempt the journey; that most likely they would proceed by short stages, and that, in that case, she would write to him again for directions as to where they should go on arriving in Paris.

They had fixed definitely the day of their departure, when on the very night before, the varying northerly winds that had been blowing with more or less bitterness for some time, culminated in a gale. It was an unusual quarter—most of the gales on that part of the coast coming from the south and the southwest; but all the same the wind during the night blew with the force of a hurricane, and the whole house shook and trembled. Then, in the morning, what was their astonishment to find the sunlight pouring in at the parlor windows; and outside, the world white and hushed under a sheet of dazzling snow! That is to say, as much of the world as was visible—the pavement, and the street, and the promenade, and the beach; beyond that the wind-ruffled bosom of the sea was dark and sullen in comparison with this brilliant white wonder lying all around. And still the northerly gale blew hard; and one after another strangely dark clouds were blown across the sky, until, as they got far enough to the south, the sun would shine through them with a strange coppery luster, and then would disappear altogether, and the dark sea would become almost black. And then again the fierce wind

When Yolande went out she found it was bitterly cold, even though the terrace houses sheltered her from the north-easterly wind. She walked quickly—and even with a kind of exhilaration, for this new thing in the world was a kind of excitement; and when she had gone and delivered her message, she thought she would have a turn or two up and down the pier, for there the snow had been in a measure swept from the planks, and there was freer walking. Moreover, she had the whole promenade to herself; and when she got to the end she could turn to find before her the spectacle of the long line of coast and the hills inland all whitened with the snow, while around her the sullen-hued sea seemed to shiver under the gusts of wind that swept down on it. Walking back was not so comfortable as walking out; nevertheless, she took another turn or two, for she knew that if the snow began to fall she might be imprisoned for the day; and she enjoyed all the natural delight of a sound constitution in brisk exercise. She had to walk smartly to withstand the cold, and the fight against the wind was something; altogether, she remained on the pier longer than she had intended.

Then something touched her cheek, and stung her, as it were. She turned and looked; soft white flakes—a few of them only, but they were large—were coming fluttering along and past her; and here and there one alighted on her dress like a moth, and hung there. It was strange, for the sunlight was shining all around her, and there were no very threatening clouds visible over the land. But they grew more and more frequent; they lit on her hair, and she took them off; they lit on her eyelashes, and melted moist and cold into her eyes; at length they had given a fairly white coating to the front of her dress, and so she made up her mind to make for home, through this bewildering of snow and sunlight. It was a kind of fairy thing as yet, and wonderful and beautiful; but she knew very well that as soon as the clouds had drifted over far enough to obscure the sun, it would look much less wonderful and supernatural, and she would merely be making her way through an ordinary and somewhat heavy fall of snow.

But when she got near to the house something caught her eyes there that filled her with a sudden dismay. Her mother was standing in the balcony, and she had her hands outstretched as if she were taking a childish delight in feeling the flakes fall on her fingers, and when she saw Yolande she waved a pleasant recognition to her. Yolande—sick at heart with dread—hurried to the door, ran upstairs when she got in, and rushed to the balcony. She was breathless, she could not speak, she could only seize her mother by the arm and drag her into the room.

"Why, what is it, Yolande?" the mother said. "I saw you coming through the snow. Isn't it beautiful—beautiful! It looks like dreams and pictures of long ago—I have not felt snow on my hands and my hair for so many and many years—"

"How could you be so imprudent,