

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

And at last Yolande grew to fear the worst. One evening she had sent for her father, and she went downstairs and found him in the sitting room.

"Yolande, you are as white as a sheet."

"Papa," she said, keeping a tight guard over herself, "I want you to come upstairs with me. I have told my mother you were coming. She will see you; she is grateful to you for the kind messages I have taken to her. I—I have not asked the doctors—but I wish you to come with me. Do not speak to her—it is only to see you that she wants."

He followed her up the stairs; but he entered first into the room, and he went over to the bedside and took his wife's hand, without a word. The memories of a lifetime were before him as he regarded the emaciated cheek, and the strangely large and brilliant eyes; but all the bitterness was over and gone.

"George," said she, "I wish to make sure you have forgiven me, and to say good-by. You have been mother as well as father to Yolande—she loves you—You—you will take care of her."

She closed her eyes, as if the effort to speak had overcome her; but he still held his wife's hand in his; and perhaps he was thinking of what had been, and of what—far otherwise—might have been.

CHAPTER XXV.

Now, it is not possible to wind up this history in the approved fashion, because the events chronicled in it are of somewhat recent occurrence—indeed, at the present writing the Winterbournes and John Shortlands are still looking for-

ward to their flight to All-nam-ba, when Parliament has ceased talking for the year. But at least the story may be brought as far as possible "up to date."

And first, as regards the Master of Lynn. He is in a hotel in Princes street, Edinburgh, in a sitting room on the first floor, lying extended on a sofa, and smoking a big cigar, while a cup of coffee that had been brought him by affectionate hands stood on a small table just beside him. And Shena Van, having in vain endeavored her brains for fitting terms of explanation and apology, which she wished to send to her brother, the professor, had risen from the writing desk and gone to the window; and was now standing there contemplating the wonderful panorama without—the Scott monument, touched with the moonlight, the deep shadows in the valley, the ranges of red windows in the tall houses beyond, and the giant bulk of the Castle Hill reaching away up into the clear skies.

"Shena," says he, "what o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past nine," she answers, dutifully, with a glance at the clock on the chimney piece.

"Capital!" he says, with a kind of sardonic laugh. "Excellent! A quarter past nine. Don't you feel a slight vibration, Shena, as if the earth were trembling to blow up? I wonder you don't tremble to think of the explosion!"

"Oh, yes, there will be plenty of noise," says Shena Van, contentedly.

"And what a stroke of luck to have the Graham at Lynn! Bagging the whole covet with one cartridge? It will soon be twenty past. I can see the whole thing. They haven't left the dining room yet; his lordship must always open the newspapers himself; and the women-folk keep on to hear whether Queen Anne has come alive or not. Twenty past, isn't it? Hang that fellow, Lammer!" his lordship growls. "He's always late. I'll send him about his business—that's what it'll come to." Then Polly thinks she'll run upstairs for a minute to see that the blessed baby is all right; and we'll say she's at the door when they hear wheels outside, and so she stands and waits for the letters and papers. All right; don't be in a hurry, Polly; you'll get something to talk about presently."

He raised himself and sat up on the sofa, so as to get a glimpse of the clock opposite; and Shena Van—whose proper title by this time was Janet Leslie—came and stood by him, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Will they be very angry, Archie?" she says.

"My dear girl," said he, "I don't care the fifteenth part of a brass farthing which of them, or whether any one of them, is on our side. Not a bit. It's done. Indeed, I hope they'll howl and

world of London, and when they were in Palace yard Yolande said she would just as soon walk up to the hotel where her father and herself were staying, for it was no further away than Albemarle street.

"Did you hear what Mr. Shortlands said?" she asked, brightly. "Perhaps, after all, then, there is to be no romance? I am not to be like the heroine of a book, who is approved because she marries a poor man. I am not to make any such noble sacrifice."

"Don't be too sure, Yolande," said he, good-naturedly. "Companies are little cattle to deal with; and an inventor's business is still more uncertain. There is a chance, as I say; but it is only a chance. However, if that fails, there will be something else. I am not afraid."

"And I—I am afraid?" she said, lightly. "No! Because I know more than you. And perhaps I should not speak for it is a secret—no, no, it is not a secret, for you have guessed it—do you not know that you have Monaglen?"

He glanced at her to see whether she was merely making fun; but he saw in her eyes that she was making an actual, if not amused, inquiry.

"Well, Yolande," said he, "of course I know of Mrs. Bell's fantasy; but I don't choose to build my calculations for the future on a fantasy."

"She has bought Monaglen," Yolande said, without looking up.

"Very well, I thought she would do that—if she heard it was in the market. Very well, why shouldn't she go there—and send for her relatives, if she has any—and be a grand lady there? I have met more than one grand lady, who hadn't half her natural grace of manner, nor half her kindness of heart."

"It is very sad then," said Yolande, who was afraid to drive him into a more decided and definite opposition. "Here is a poor woman who has the one noble ideal—the dream of her life—it has been her hope and her pleasure for many and many a year; and when it comes near to completion, no, there is an obstacle, and the last obstacle that one could have imagined. Ah, the ingratitude of it! It has been her romance, it has been the charm of her life. She has no husband, no children. She has, I think, not any relation left. And because you are proud you do not care that you disappoint her of the one hope of her life—that you break her heart?"

"Ah, Yolande," said he, with a smile, "Mrs. Bell has got hold of you with her old Scotch song—she has been walking you through fairyland, and your reason has got perverted. What do you think people would say if I were to take away this poor woman's money from her relatives—or from her friends and acquaintances, if she has no relatives? It is too absurd. If I were the promoter of a swindling company, now, I could sharp it out of her that way; that would be all right, and I should remain an honored member of society; but this won't do—this won't do at all. You may as well be as dishonest as you like, and so long as you don't give the law a grip on you, and so long as you keep rich enough, you can have plenty of public respect; but you can't afford to become ridiculous. No, no, Yolande, if Mrs. Bell has bought Monaglen, let her keep it. I hope she will install herself there, and play Lady Bonnyfoul—she can do that naturally enough; and when she has had her will of it, then, if she likes to leave it to me at her death, I shall be her obliged and humble servant. But in the meantime, my dearest Yolande, you and I have got to face the world together."

When they got to the hotel they paused outside the glass door to say good-by.

"Good-night, dearest Yolande."

"Good-night, dear Jack."

And then she looked up at this broad-shouldered, pale, dark man, and there was a curious smile in her beautiful, sweet and serious face.

"Is it true," she asked, "that a woman always has her own way?"

"They say so, at all events," was the answer.

"And if two women have the same wish and the same hope and only one man to say no, then it is still more likely he will be defeated?"

"I shouldn't say he had much chance myself," Jack Melville said. "But what's your own opinion, now, sweetheart?"

"Then I foresee something," she said. "Yes, I see that we shall have to ask Mr. Leslie to be very kind, and to lend us Dunlop Macdonald for an evening. Oh, not so very far away—not so far away as you imagine; because, you know, when we have all gone up to Monaglen House, and we are all inside, perhaps seated in the dining room, having a little chat together—then what will you say if all at once you heard the pipes outside, and what do you think Duncan will play, on such an evening as that, if not Melville's Welcome Home?"

(The end.)

Circus Now Degenerate.

Once the circus consisted of a magic inclosure under a tent, in which trained animals, clowns, and wondrous ladies and gentlemen jumping through tissue-paper hoops created the whole atmosphere of the enchanted place, says a writer in Collier's Weekly. Now these elements are almost sunk in the grandeur and complexity of the spectacle which the circuses offer in the larger cities. Personal relations between the clown and his audience are impossible—for he is legion and the place is great.

As adults are now most catered to, difficulty in what is done is sought more than simple charm, and danger, real or apparent, is exploited in aerial leaps on bicycles or automobiles. A little of the exhibition is catalogued as special children's features. Once the whole circus was for the children. The result of the new system on a youthful mind is confusion.

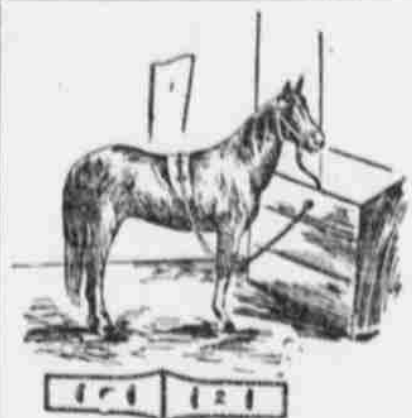
Unless we are mistaken the children of to-day will not look back upon the circus with the same feelings of romance that most of us have in memory. The change is probably inevitable and due not to a preference in anybody for the newer kind of circus, but to the same economic laws that lead to big combinations in every line. Individuality disappears in the circus for the same causes that are putting an end to the little shopkeeper and manufacturer all over the country and replacing him with the impersonal octopus.

Some horses have the bad habit of pulling at their halters when fastened at the manger and always breaking them. While it is generally considered that the horse gets along much better in the box stall where he is not fastened at all it is not always possible to arrange such a plan, so that something must be done to break the halter-breaking habit. The following plan is admitted to work nicely and to break any horse of the habit after a few weeks' trial. Take a strong rope long enough for the purpose and, after



For Halter-Breaking Horses.

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PREVENTS HALTER-BREAKING.

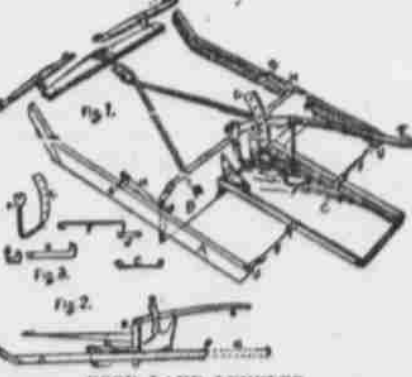
doubling it, pass an end each side of the horse about midway between the front and hind legs. Pass the ends through a ring, then through the hole in the manger and then tie the ends in the halter ring. When the horse pulls back the rope tightens around the body and pulls him back, so that after a few trials he gives up the plan. To prevent the rope from making the back of the horse sore, make a soft pad of several thicknesses of new unbleached muslin, covered on the outside with a piece of denim or any equally strong, clean material. Make small straps of some of the material and sew to the pad, the rope passing underneath these loops. The illustration shows the idea plainly. Figure 1 indicating the shaping of the pad at the center seam.—Indianapolis News.

Road Building.

The importance of the new office of public roads, which is the official designation of the division of the bureau of agriculture devoted to the study of roads and road-building materials, has been recognized in a larger financial appropriation than was accorded the old office of public road inquiries. The scope of the new division has been materially enlarged, now taking cognizance of the chemical and physical character of road materials, work which was formerly done, where possible, by the bureau of chemistry. One of the features of the new office, aside from its enlargement and the authority which has been given it to confer with prospective builders and offer them expert advice, is the post-graduate course in highway engineering, which has just been inaugurated, with a view of giving young civil engineers theoretical and practical training in road-building.

Practical Land Leveler.

Fig. 1, prospective sketch; Fig. 2, side view; leveler, E, extends back directly over right side of boat, C; short end of iron, H, bolts to rear side of B, in middle, and long end is hinged by bolt to top end of G, which is bolted on top of runner with upturned end flush with inner side of runner. Operator stands on boat, C, and by using lever, E, raises or lowers scraper, B, which is hinged on runners by bolts between G, G and H, H. Boat, C, is



GOOD LAND LEVELER.

hinged to back of scraper with bottom 2 inches above lower edge of scraper. Iron, D, is 1 1/2-inch wagon tire and has half twist at x, x.—Chancey Avery, in Ohio Farmer.

Stopped the Crowing.

Those who live in crowded neighborhoods in town or city are often debarred from keeping chickens because of complaints of neighbors of the early morning crowing of the cocks. The authorities in an English town have devised a remedy for this trouble, consisting of placing the perch where the cock roosts so high that when he stands up to crow he knocks his head against the roof and desists. It is claimed that a swinging board over his head answers the same purpose.

Sheep as Scavengers.

A sheep is not a scavenger in the sense that the pig is. They will pass through a pasture or a field filled with all kinds of weeds, eating of this and that by way of variety, or as a tonic to their systems. The dandelion, which is so abundant in our pasture, is rel-

ished by sheep, and they will scarcely let any of it go to seed, so diligent are they in eating it down. Most weeds are somewhat bitter to the taste, and the liking for what is bitter seems to be a peculiarity of the sheep, which often leads it to eat plants that are poisonous if allowed to run where poisonous weeds grow. It has been stated upon pretty good authority that sheep have been poisoned by an overdose of cherry, peach and almond leaves, all of which contain prussic acid, and are poisonous when eaten in any considerable quantity.

Eggs in Commerce.

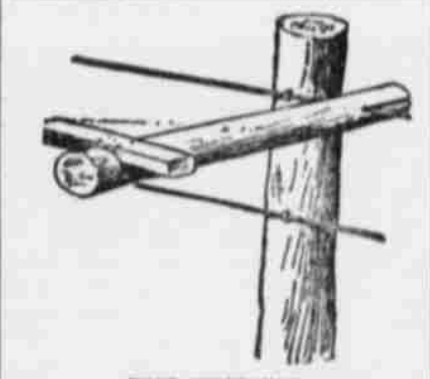
A poultry farm, whether ducks, geese, chickens or turkeys be the specialty, accumulates a large and maldorous surplus of eggs that refused to develop into fowl. The average person would suppose that if there is anything on earth that is utterly worthless it is a stale egg. Millions of stale eggs are used every year in preparing leather dressing for gloves and book-binding—an industry that is largely carried on in the foreign tenement houses of New York and other large cities. They are also used in manufacturing disinfectants and in the preparation of shoeblackening, and even the shells are made into fertilizers. The eggs that have not yet lost their virtue also have other uses besides the more common ones for culinary purposes. It is estimated that fully 55,000,000 dozen are used by wine clarifiers, dye manufacturers, and in the preparation of photographers' dry plates.—Exchange.

How to Make a Hay Sweep.

A. E. Shreffler, of South Dakota, says: "The following is what I believe to be a cheap and practical way to make a bucker, or hay sweep. All the materials required for this purpose are two 1x8's, 14 feet long; one 2x12, 14 feet long; three 2x4's, 18 feet long; one 2x4, 12 feet long, and 30 feet of 1-inch rope. Cut the 18-foot 2x4 into pieces 9 feet long and point them at both ends with a sharp hand ax. Next spike these 9-foot pieces on the 2x12 plank, 4 1/2 feet from each end, placing the 2x4's 2 feet and 4 inches apart. Cut the 12-foot 2x4 into four equal pieces, place upright on the edge of the 2x12, 3 feet 8 inches apart, and brace them solid by nailing the 1x8 on the stakes. Cut rope to 15 feet length and put one on each end of the 2x12 and you have a reversible bucker, or sweep-rake, better than you can buy for twice the cost."

Homemade Wire Stretcher.

Take a round stick 2 1/2 feet long and 2 1/2 or 3 inches in diameter. Make opening in end 6 inches long and large enough to allow wire to slip in. Put handle on the other end and then with stick at right angles to post and wire next to post twist as tight as wanted. Any wire can be broken with this device.



WIRE STRETCHER.

vice and you don't have to have anything to fasten stretcher to.—Exchange.

The Uruguay Potato.

Fresh investigation regarding the new Uruguay potato indicates that the plant will probably not prove of much practical value where the common potato or the sweet potato can be grown with success. It is a tropical plant which will not thrive in cool weather, and even where it has succeeded it is of such a weedy character that it is liable to become a nuisance when it escapes from cultivation. Those who are experimenting with the new potato express some hopes that it may yet be improved to such an extent that its vigorous productive character may bring it into use to a limited extent. At present it is not recommended for commercial uses.

To Combat Flies on Cattle.

The following formula, which was originally prepared by the Entomological Department of the Kansas Agricultural College, has been found very effectual and also economical with the college herd, and is being sent out by the Dairy Department in response to inquiries for fly mixture:

Resin, 1 1/2 pounds; laundry soap, 2 cakes; fish oil, one-half pint; water to make three gallons. Dissolve the resin in solution of soap and water by boiling together. Add fish oil and the rest of the water. Apply with a brush.

Fattening the Horse.

The cheapest and quickest way to put fat on a thin horse is to give little exercise and feed freely of buckwheat bran and middlings. This makes a soft fat which will work off in a few days at hard work. Plenty of good, sweet clover hay, a limited amount of exercise and a green ration made up of one part by weight of linseed meal, two parts oats and five parts corn, will put a horse in much better condition.

Shelter the Youngsters.

If the calf is allowed to run out of doors in the summer it must have a good shelter from the hot sunshine and flies. It will not cost much to build a little house for this purpose. It will pay good interest on the investment.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

Were all of arid America fit for the living it could be occupied by a third of the entire population of the United States. Go into the foothills of Colorado and Nevada. There the sagebrush springs from the sand as it does on the sun-baked mesas of Arizona and New Mexico away to the south. The statisticians estimate that even in Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas fully 75,000,000 acres will produce only a scanty herbage—just enough to keep range cattle alive a few weeks during the grazing season—yet these states are not considered a part of the desert.

Already a modern miracle has been wrought. The one who has not visited the oasis created by irrigation may scout this assertion, but should he chance into the valley through which the Rio Pecos flows, or in Colorado along the Poudre river, the landscape of field, orchard and garden which nature has created in a liberal wilderness will convince him beyond the shadow of a doubt. In the southwest fruits and grains both of the tropic and temperate zones are to be seen growing in luxuriance where yesterday only greasewood, sagebrush and cactus existed.

Yet the soil is unchanged, save for the application of water. It is that of the desert—without moisture, most incapable of supporting life. When moistened, however, these particles of sand, even alkali rock, contain properties so fertile that from them springs vegetation more abundant and luxuriant than the crops that are gathered from the rich loam of Indiana and Illinois and the fertile valleys of New York itself.

Though less than 10 per cent of the available area for irrigation has thus far been reached, in Colorado itself no less than 75 per cent of the lands available for cultivation depends upon the artificial water supply. These farms aggregate 750,000 acres. The South Platte valley, the most extensively irrigated region in the United States, including portions of Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, has 2,000,000 acres which are artificially watered. Farms in Utah thus supplied aggregate 300,000 acres; Arizona contains 100,000 acres, New Mexico 150,000 acres, Nebraska 100,000, while some of the most productive valleys of California, which send their fruit and vegetables by the railroad to all parts of the United States, as well as the principal cities of Europe, are nurtured entirely by wells and canals. Yet the average size of an irrigated farm is not over 40 acres, which gives an idea of the millions of people who to-day depend upon these great water works for their livelihood.

FRANK W. PALMER.

Long Public Printer Recently Dismissed from the Service.

Events at the government printing office in Washington have recently turned attention to Frank W. Palmer, the veteran printer who was dismissed from the service. He has for years seen a prominent public figure. In youth he located in Iowa and as a young man owned the Dubuque Times. He was elected State printer of Iowa and resigned to become owner and editor of the Iowa State Register, one of the leading papers of the West. In 1868 he was elected to Congress and served two terms. Afterward he moved to Chicago and was one of the owners of the Inter Ocean. President Grant appointed him postmaster of Chicago and he served eight years. When Harrison assumed office in 1889 he made Palmer public printer. This position carries with it large salary and influence. The public printer directs the greatest printing plant in the country, with 4,000 employees and a mammoth building. He selects the officers of this department and makes all the purchases of machinery and material. With the advent of the second Cleveland administration Palmer retired, but President McKinley reappointed him in 1897 and he served until President Roosevelt ordered his removal last week.

"Berried," Indeed.

A new way in which animals may benefit the human race without yielding their bodies for food is suggested, says the Boston Transcript, by a letter recently received by the secretary of a rural English agricultural society. It is as follows:

Sir—I particularly wish the satiety to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it might be made transactionable in the next Reports. My wife had a Tomcat that dyd. Being a tortoise shell and a grate favit, we had him berried in the Guardian for the sake of the enrichment of the mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gotsberry Bush (The Frute being up till then of a smooth kind). But the next Season Frute after the Cat was berried, the Gombes were all hairy, and more Remarkable the Catpillers of the same Bush was Al of the same Hairy Description.

We are a believer in the sweet voice of a woman, but don't often find it that way during business hours.



DUNCAN WILL PLAY "MELVILLE'S WELCOME HOME."

ward to their flight to All-nam-ba, when Parliament has ceased talking for the year. But at least the story may be brought as far as possible "up to date."

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