

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

It was a beautiful, clear, mild night; and seated on the benches on the terrace there were several groups of people—among them two or three ladies. As Winterbourne passed them, he could not but think of Yolande's complaint that she had never even once been in the House of Commons. These were, no doubt, the daughters or wives or sisters of members; why should Yolande also be sitting there? John Shortlands had sharp eyes; and he instantly guessed from his friend's manner that something had happened.

"More trouble?" said he, regarding him.

"Yes," said the other. "Well, I don't mind—I don't mind, as far as I am concerned. It is no new thing."

"I have told you all along, Winterbourne, that you brought it on yourself. You should have taken the bull by the horns."

"It is too late to talk of it—never mind that now," he said, impatiently. "It is about Yolande I want to speak to you."

"Yes?"

"You won't guess what I am anxious for now," he said with a sort of uncertain laugh. "You won't guess it in a month, Shortlands. I am anxious to see Yolande married."

"Faith, that needn't trouble you," said the big ironmaster bluntly. "There'll be no difficulty about that. Yolande has grown into a thundering handsome girl. And they say," he added, jocosely, "that her father is pretty well off."

"She cannot remain longer at any school, and I don't like leaving her to herself at Oatlands Park or any similar place. Poor child! Do you know what her own plans are? She wants to be my private secretary."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. Of course a girl like Yolande will get married. Your private secretary! How long would it last? Does she look like the sort of a girl who ought to be smothered up in correspondence or listening to debates? And if you're in such a mighty hurry to get rid of her—if you want to get her married at once, I'll tell you a safe and sure way—send her for a voyage on a steamer."

"I think I shall take Yolande away for another long trip somewhere, I don't care where; but the moment I find myself on the deck of a ship, and Yolande beside me, then I feel as if all care had dropped away from me. I feel safe; I can breathe freely. Oh, by the way, I meant to ask if you knew anything of a Col. Graham? You have been so often to Scotland shooting. I thought you might know. Inverstry, I think, is the name of his place."

"Oh, that Graham. Yes, I should think so—a lucky beggar. Inverstry fell plump into his hands some three or four years ago—quite unexpectedly—one of the finest estates in Invernesshire. I don't think India will see him again."

"His wife seems a nice sort of woman," said Mr. Winterbourne, with the slightest touch of interrogation.

"I don't know her. She is his second wife. She is a daughter of Lord Lynn."

"They are down at Oatlands just now. Yolande has made their acquaintance, and they have been very kind to her. Well, this Col. Graham was saying the other evening that he felt as though he had been long enough in the old country, and would like to take a trip, as far as Malta or Suez or Aden, just to renew his acquaintance with the old route. In fact, they propose that Yolande and I should join them."

"The very thing!" said John Shortlands, facetiously. "What did I say? A voyage will marry off anybody who is willing to marry."

"I meant nothing of the kind," said the other, somewhat out of temper. "Yolande may not marry at all. If I went with these friends of hers, it would not be to get rid of her."

"I hope she'll find a young fellow who is worthy of her, for she is a thundering good girl, that's what I think, and whoever he is he'll get a prize—though I don't imagine you will be over-well disposed toward him, old chap."

"If Yolande is happy, that will be enough for me."

By this time the terrace was quite deserted; and after some little further chat they turned into the House, where they separated, Winterbourne taking his seat below the gangway on the government side, John Shortland depositing his magnificent bulk on one of the opposition benches.

There was a general hum of conversation. There was also some laborious discourse going forward.

What dreams visited the member for Slagpool, as he sat with his eyes distraught? His getting up some fateful evening to move a vote of want of confidence in the government? His appearance on the platform of the Slagpool Mechanics' Institute, with the great mass of people rising and cheering and waving their handkerchiefs? Or perhaps some day—for who could tell what changes the years might bring?—his taking his place on the Treasury bench there?

He had got hold of a blue book. It was the Report of a Royal Commission; but of course all the cover of the folio volume was not printed over—there were blank spaces. And the member for Slagpool began idly and yet thoughtfully to pencil certain letters up at one corner of the blue cover. He was a long time about it; perhaps he saw pictures as he slowly and contemplatively formed each letter; perhaps no one but himself could have made out what the uncertain pen-

cing meant. But it was not of politics he was thinking. The letters that he had faintly penciled there—that he was still wistfully regarding as though they could show him things far away—formed the word YOLANDE. It was like a lover.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning Mr. Winterbourne's nervous anxiety to get Yolande away at once out of London was almost pitiable to witness. Yolande was greatly disappointed. She had been secretly nursing the hope that at last she might be allowed to remain in London, in some capacity or another, as the constant companion of her father. Yet, when once they were really on their way from London her father's manner seemed to gain so much in cheerfulness that she could hardly be sorry they had left. She had not noticed that he had been more anxious and nervous that morning than usual; but she could not fail to remark how much brighter his look was now they were out in the clear air.

"Yolande," said he, "I had a talk with John Shortlands last night. I half threatened to throw up my place in Parliament, and then the arrangement would be that you and I, Yolande, should start away together and roam all over the world, amusing ourselves—going just where we liked—you and I all by ourselves."

"You would become tired of being amused. You could not always travel," she said. She put her hand on his hand. "Ah, I see what it is," she said, with a little laugh. "You are concealing. That is your kindness, papa. You think I am too much alone; it is not enough that you sacrifice to-day, to-morrow, next day, to me; but you wish to make a sacrifice together; and you pretend you are tired of politics. But you cannot make me blind to it. I see—oh, quite clearly I can see through your pretense!"

A new suggestion entered his mind. He glanced at the girl opposite him—timidly and anxiously.

"Yolande," said he, "I—I wonder now—I suppose at your age—well, have you ever thought of getting married?"

She looked up at him with her clear, frank eyes, and when she was startled like that her mouth had a slight pathetic droop, that made her face sensitive and charming.

"Why, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of times!" she exclaimed, still with her soft clear eyes wondering. "Of course, when I say I have thought hundreds of times it is about not getting married that I mean. No. That is my resolution. Oh, many a time I have said that to myself. I shall not marry—never—no one."

"Oh, but, Yolande, that is absurd. Of course you will marry. Of course you must marry."

"When you put me away, papa. Yes," she continued quite simply. "That was what madam used to say. She used to say, 'If your papa marries again, that is what you must expect. It will be better for you to leave the house. But your papa is rich; you will have a good portion; then you will find some one to marry you, and give you also an establishment.' 'Very well,' I said, 'but that is going too far, madam; and until my papa tells me to go away I shall not go away, and there is not any necessity that I shall marry any one.'"

"I wish madam had minded her own affairs," Mr. Winterbourne said, angrily. "I am not likely to marry again. I shall not marry again. But as for you—well, don't you see, child—I—I can't live forever; and you have got no very near relatives; and besides, living with relatives isn't always the pleasantest of things; and I should like to see your future quite settled."

He found it was no use trying to talk to her seriously about this matter. She laughed it aside. She did not believe there was any fear about her future. She was all content with the world as it existed.

The Grahams were the very first people they saw when they reached Oatlands. Col. Graham—a tall, stout, grizzled, good-natured looking man—was lying back in a garden seat, while his wife was standing close by, calling to her baby, which plump small person was vainly trying to walk to her, under the guidance of an ayah, whose dusky skin and silver ornaments and flowing garments of Indian red looked picturesque enough on an English lawn. Mrs. Graham was a pretty woman, of middle height, and professed herself overjoyed when Mr. Winterbourne said there was a chance of his daughter and himself joining her and her husband on their suggested trip; but the lazy, good-humored looking soldier glanced up from his paper and said:

"Look here, Polly, it's too absurd. What would people say? It's all very well for you and me; we are old Indians and don't mind; but if Mr. Winterbourne is coming with us—and you, Miss Winterbourne—we must do something more reasonable and Christian-like than sail out to Suez or Aden and back, all for nothing."

"But nothing could suit us better," Yolande's father said—indeed, he did not mind where or why he went, so long as he got away from England, and Yolande with him.

"Oh, but we must do something," Col. Graham said. "Look here. When we were at Peshawar a young fellow came up there—you remember young Imam, Polly?—well, I was of some little assistance to him, and he said any time we

wanted to see something of the Nile I could have his father's dahabeah—or rather one of them, for his father is Governor of Merhadj, and a bit of a swell, I fancy. There you are, now. That would be something to do. People wouldn't think we were idiots. We could have our sail all the same to Suez, and see the old faces at Gib. and Malta; then we could have a skim up the Nile a bit—and, by the way, we shall have it all to ourselves just now."

"The very thing," exclaimed Mr. Winterbourne, eagerly, for his imagination seemed easily captured by the suggestion of anything remote. "Nothing could be more admirable. Yolande, what do you say?"

Indeed, she seemed greatly pleased; and when they went in to lunch, they had a table to themselves, so as to secure a full and free discussion of plan. Mrs. Graham talked in the most motherly way to Yolande, and petted her. But she was a shrewd-headed little woman. Very soon after lunch she found an opportunity of talking with her husband alone.

"I think Yolande Winterbourne prettier and prettier the longer I see her," she said, carelessly.

"She is a good-looking girl. You'll have to look out, Polly. You won't have the whole ship waiting on you this time."

"And very rich—quite an heiress, they say."

"I suppose Winterbourne is pretty well off. Making engines is quite respectable. Nobody could complain of that."

"Oh," she said blithely, "I haven't heard from Archie for a long time. I wonder what he is about—watching the nesting of the grouse, I suppose. Jim, I wish you'd let me ask him to go with us. It's rather dull for him up there; my father isn't easy to live with. May I ask him?"

"He'll have to pay his own fare to Suez and back, then," her husband answered rather roughly.

"Oh, yes; why not?" she said, with great innocence; "I am sure poor Archie is always willing to pay when he can; and I do wish my father would be a little more liberal."

These Mrs. Graham, smoothing her pretty short curls, and with much pleasure visible in her pretty dark-gray eyes, went to her own room and sat down, and wrote as follows:

"Dear Archie—Jim's good nature is beyond anything. We are going to have a look at Malta, just for auld lang syne; and then Jim talks of taking us up the Nile a bit; and he says you ought to go with us, and you will only have to pay your passage to Suez and back—which you could easily save out of your hats and boots if you would only be a little less extravagant. Mr. Winterbourne, the member for Slagpool, is going with us; and he and Jim will have the expenses of the Nile voyage. Mr. Winterbourne's daughter makes up the party. She is rather nice, I think; but only a child. Let me know at once. Your loving sister,

POLLY."

She folded up the letter, put it in an envelope; and addressed it so:

The Hon. the Master of Lynn,
Lynn Towers.

CHAPTER IV.

The usual small crowd of passengers was assembled in Liverpool street station—hurrying, talking, laughing and scanning possible ship companions with an eager curiosity; and in the midst of them, Yolande found herself for the moment alone. A woman came into this wide, hollow-sounding station, and timidly and yet anxiously scanned the faces of the various people who were on the platform adjoining the special train. She carried a small basket. After an anxious scrutiny she went up to Yolande.

"I beg your pardon, miss—" And with that her trembling hands opened the basket, which was filled with flowers.

"No, thank you; I don't want any," said Yolande, civilly. But there was something in the woman's imploring eyes that said something to her. She was startled; and stood still.

"Are—are you going further than Gibraltar, miss?"

"Yes, Yes, I think so," said Yolande, wondering.

There were tears running down the woman's face. For a second or two she tried to speak, ineffectually, then she said:

"Two days out from—from Gibraltar—would you be so kind, miss, as to put—these flowers—on the water? My little girl was buried at sea—two days out."

"Oh, I understand you," said Yolande, quickly—with a big lump in her throat. "Oh, yes, I will! I am so sorry for you."

She took the basket. The woman burst out crying; and hid her face in her hands; and then turned to go away. She was so distracted with her grief that she had forgotten even to say "Thank you." At the same moment Mr. Winterbourne came up—hastily and angrily.

"What is this?"

"Hush, papa! The poor woman had a little girl buried at sea—these are some flowers."

Yolande went quickly after her, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Tell me," she said, "what was your daughter's name?"

The woman raised her tear-stained face.

"Jane. We called her Janie; she was only three years old; she would have been ten by now. You won't forget, miss—it was—two days beyond Gibraltar—that—that we buried her."

"Oh, no; do you think I could forget?" Yolande said, and she offered her hand. The woman took her hand, and pressed it; and said, "God bless you, miss—I thought I could trust your face;" then she hurried away.

(To be continued.)

A Doubtful State.

"Your wife is doing some baking to-day," said Mrs. Nabor. "What is it, bread or cake?"

"She doesn't know," replied Newilwed. "She hasn't finished yet."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The world's navies number 2,291 warships.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

TAX LAND IN RESERVATION.

One Hundred Thousand Acres in Klamath Subject to Ruling.

Salem—The right of Klamath county to tax 100,000 acres of land owned by the California & Oregon Land company inside the Klamath Indian reservation has been sustained in an opinion rendered by Attorney General Crawford. The land in question was formerly owned by the Oregon Central Military Wagon Road company, having been acquired by that company through a Federal grant to the state of Oregon for aid in building a military road. The owners of the land objected to having it assessed and taxed, giving as a reason for their position that the land is in the possession of the Indians and thereby of the United States, and is thereby exempt from taxation.

In his opinion Attorney General Crawford quotes from two decisions of the United States Supreme court in cases involving title to this land. In each case the government was trying to defeat the company's title, but in both cases the company won. The Supreme court held that the company's title is perfect and beyond challenge. Authorities are also cited to show that private property inside an Indian reservation is subject to the jurisdiction of the state for the serving of process and for taxation. In view of these adjudications upon the subject, the attorney general holds that the conclusion is irresistible that the lands are subject to taxation the same as any other private property. The opinion was rendered in response to a request from County Judge Baldwin, of Klamath county.

HOOD RIVER CHERRY CROP.

Shipments Will Reach Between 5,000 and 7,000 Boxes.

Hood River—The Hood River cherry crop, which is now being gathered and shipped, will amount to between 5,000 and 7,000 boxes. The crop is of good quality. The greater part of the crop has been bought up by a California buyer, who is paying 5c a pound for the fruit. He is putting up a strictly fancy pack, and is making shipments for the New York market.

The berry crop is nearing the final wind-up. Over 100,000 cases were shipped from Hood River this season, returning to the growers \$140,000. The yield exceeded the early estimates by at least 40 per cent. It is believed by the shipping associations that as much money would have been realized with a crop of only 75,000 cases.

City Files on Water.

Eugene—A committee from the city council drove to Vida, 20 miles up the McKenzie river last week to file on the waters of that river for power to operate a municipal electric light plant. At the city election in April, 1904, the voters decided that the city should own its electric light and water plants, and the council is now preparing to secure a site for the light plant. The franchise of the Lane County Electric company, which now supplies the city with lights, expires in about four years, when the city will enter the field.

Belmont Group Reported Sold.

Sumpter—It is reported that Gilkey and Kershaw, owners of the Belmont group, in the Greenhorn district, have sold their property at a snug sum. The amount said to be realized is \$30,000, with a holding still in the group on a share proposition. Neither Mr. Gilkey nor Mr. Kershaw could be seen, therefore the report could not be verified by them. This is the same property for which such phenomenal clean-ups have been made during the past three months.

Cut Fir When Line is Finished.

Dallas—The Dallas Oak mills are now running on full time. The mills will continue to cut oak lumber until the extension on the Dallas & Falls City railroad is finished, when it is understood the mill will be enlarged and will cut fir on a large scale. This mill is on the Falls City road and is already supplied with switching facilities and yard accommodations for a 50,000-foot mill.

Susanville's Good Crop Prospect.

Susanville—Prospects for a good harvest this year in the immediate vicinity were never better and farmers are all making preparations for an unusually big yield of hay and grain. All the stock on the ranges is doing finely and from present outlook there will be enough grass to last till far in the winter. It has rained constantly here since early in March.

Coal Find Near Cottage Grove.

Cottage Grove—Cottage Grove men have discovered a good vein of coal somewhere near town, but are very backward about telling the location. The specimens they brought in will burn with the best, and have the appearance of poking coal. A small per cent of the specimens brought in are slate, but not enough to cause much trouble.

LAND FRAUD CASES IN MARION.

Jury List Has Been Drawn, Composed Mostly of Farmers.

Salem—The jurymen who will serve at the July term of the Circuit court in this county, when the land fraud cases will probably be tried, have been drawn from the jury list by Sheriff Culver, and Clerk Rowland. The panel is composed chiefly of farmers, comparatively few business men being on the list.

No arrests have yet been made in the land fraud cases, nor have the names of the indicted men been made public. It is understood, however, that the men charged with complicity in the state land frauds are well known operators residing in Oregon and in the East, and that they can be easily taken into custody when wanted. Some of them have indicated their willingness to come to Oregon whenever called upon to do so, but it may be necessary to issue requisition papers in order to bring others to the jurisdiction of the Oregon courts.

The jury at this term will also try Wright and Monte on the charge of passing rifles over the prison walls in 1902 for the aid of Tracy and Merrill in making their escape.

MERLIN PEACH YIELD.

Crop Both Heavy and Early, Reports Arthur Hussey.

Grants Pass—Arthur Hussey, of Merlin, reports the peach crop in that vicinity as heavier than it has been for a number of years past, and says several of the larger growers have had men employed for several days thinning out the crop. The Merlin district is a very favored locality for peaches, frost seldom catching them, and the soil being of a very productive nature. The largest peach growers of that district are A. C. Ford and Charles Dorey, although Henry E. Booth has a splendid orchard coming into bearing this year. The early spring all through the Southern Oregon country makes the crop an exceedingly early one this year, and Mr. Hussey reports that the Early Crawford's will be ready for market about August 1 this year.

Cottage Grove Crops.

Cottage Grove—The crops around town are in fine condition and some of the grain will outclass most yields heretofore made. Much of the fruit was damaged by the late frosts, however, and in some cases entirely ruined. Cherries are scarce. Strawberries are three boxes for 25c, and about off the market. There will be a good crop of pears and apples on the uplands, but the valley fruit here is almost ruined. The warm weather has brought garden stuff to a fine growth. Some of the corn in town is three feet high.

Sawmill and Electric Drills.

Sumpter—A crew of men is now engaged at the Standard mine on the erection of a sawmill recently shipped there. The installation of the electric drills will also be made immediately. The Standard expects to be a heavy shipper of smelting ores to the smelter here during the present summer. Roads are now in pretty good shape again, and the result is that shipments are constantly being made to this place from the outlying mines.

Motorists Need Licenses.

Salem—A number of owners of motor cycles and probably several owners of automobiles are liable to a fine of \$25 for failure to take out state licenses, as required by the act of 1905 for the regulation of the use of automobiles, etc. Thus far licenses have been issued by Secretary of State Dunbar to 144 owners of automobiles and 11 motor cycles. Of the 11 motor cycles five are owned in Salem and five in Roseburg.

Open New Timber Tract.

Rainier—George Rockey has built a railroad to his camp, about one and a half miles from Rainier, and his engine has arrived. Mr. Rockey will open about 300 acres of choice timber land.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 83@85c per bushel; bluestem, 90@91c; valley, 85c.

Oats—No. 1 white, feed, \$30 per ton; gray, \$30.

Hay—Timothy, \$14@16 per ton; clover, \$11@12; grain, \$11@12; cheat, \$11@12.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 20c per dozen. Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@21¼c per pound.

Strawberries—\$1.50@2.25 per crate. Apples—Table, \$1.50@2.50 per box.

Potatoes—Oregon fancy, old, \$1@1.20; Oregon, new, \$1.50.

Hops—Choice, 1904, 19@21c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, best, 19@23c; valley, 26@27c per pound; mohair, choice, \$1@32¼c per pound.