

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Yolande went back to her father, who, though closely watching her, was standing with the Grahams; and she told them of the mission with which she had been intrusted. At last the crowd began to resolve itself into those who were going and those who were remaining behind. Mrs. Graham was in despair because of the non-appearance of her brother.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Col. Graham, "I believe that he has never heard that the ships don't stop at Southampton now. Never mind, Polly; he can go overland if he wants to catch us up at Cairo."

At Tilbury there was the usual scramble of getting the luggage transferred to the noisy little tender. When, after long delays, the tender was drawing near the side of the huge steamer, of course all eyes were turned to the decks above, where the picturesque costumes of the lascar crew were the most conspicuous points of color.

"There he is—I can make him out," observed Col. Graham, as he regarded a group of young men who were up on the hurricane deck, leaning over the rail, and watching the approach of the tender. There is Jack Douglas—and young Mackenzie of Sleat—oh, there's Ogilvy's brother-in-law—what do you call him?—the long fellow who broke his leg at Bombay—there's young Fraser, too, eye-glass and all—a regular gathering of the clans."

By this time everybody was scrambling on the paddle boxes of the tender, and from thence ascending to the deck of the steamer. The Master of Lynn was standing by the gangway, awaiting his sister. He was a young man of four or five and twenty, slim, well built, with a pale, olive complexion and a perfectly clean-shaven face; and he had the square forehead, the well-marked eyebrows, and the pleasant gray eyes with dark lashes that his sister had.

"How are you, Graham? How are you, Polly?" he said.

"Well, I like your coolness!" his sister said, angrily. "Why were you not

Yolande was hungry, and they were all anxious to help her at once, though the silent dusky stewards knew their duties well enough.

By and by, when they were talking about anything or nothing, it occurred to the Master of Lynn to say:

"I suppose you don't know that we are off?"

Mr. Winterbourne quickly got up and went to one of the ports; there, undoubtedly, were the river banks slowly, slowly going astern. He went back to his seat, putting his hand on Yolande's shoulder as he sat down.

"Yolande," said he, "do you know that we are off—really and truly going away from England—altogether quit from its shores?"

His manner had almost instantly changed. His spirits quickly brightened up. He made himself most agreeable to Mrs. Graham; and was humorous in his quiet, half-sardonic way, and was altogether pleased with the appearance and the appointments of the ship. To fancy this great mass of metal moving away like that and the throbbing of the screw scarcely to be detected!

And at dinner, too, in the evening it was a delight to Yolande to sit next him and listen to his chuckles and his little jokes. Care seemed to have left him altogether. The night, when they went on deck again, was dark; but a dark night pleased him as much as anything. Yolande was walking with him.

And then they sat down with their friends; and Mrs. Graham had much to talk about. Yolande sat silent. Far away in the darkness a long, thin, dull line of gold was visible; she had been told that these were the lights of Hastings. It is a strange thing to sail past a country in the night time and to think of all the beating human hearts it contains—of the griefs, and despairs, and hushed joys, all hidden away there in the silence. And perhaps Yolande was thinking most of all of the poor mother—whose name she did not know, whom she should never see again—but whose heart she knew right well was heavy that night with its aching sorrow. It

perhaps she was merely gratuitously malicious—she said: "I'll tell you what it is—I should not be at all surprised to hear that she was engaged, and has been engaged for any length of time."

He was struck silent by this fierce suggestion; it bewildered him for a second or two. Then he exclaimed:

"Oh, that is absurd—perfectly absurd! I know she is not."

"It would be a joke," continued his sister, with a sardonic smile, "if that were the explanation of the wonderful friendliness that puzzles you so much. If she is engaged, of course she has no further care or embarrassment. Everything is settled. She is as frank with Dick as with Tom and Harry. Oh, Archie, that would be a joke!"

They were away from the land—perhaps even forgetful that such a thing existed. It seemed quite natural to get up-morning after morning to find around them the same bright, brilliant monotony of white-crested blue seas and sunlit decks and fair skies; and each day passed with the usual amusements; and then came the still moonlight night, with all its mysterious charm and loneliness. It was a delightful life—especially for the Grahams and Winterbournes, who were going nowhere in particular, but had come chiefly for the voyage itself. And it was a life the very small incidents of which excited interest, simply because people had plenty of time to consider them—and each other.

There was no doubt that Yolande had become a pretty general favorite; for she found herself very much at home; and she put aside a good deal of that reserve which she assumed in traveling on land. These people could in no sense be considered strangers; they were all too kind to her. The ship's officers brought her the charts out of the chart room, to show her how far the vessel had got on her course. (The captain allowed her to go on the bridge, and gave her his own glass when a distant sail was to be seen. And the young soldiers, when they were not in the smoking room, and when they were not picking up rope quoits for Mrs. Graham, had an eye on the many starved birds fluttering about, and when they could they caught one and brought it to Miss Winterbourne, who was glad to take the wild-eyed, fluttering wanderer down into the saloon and put its beak for a second or two into a glass of fresh water. Once or twice Yolande caught one of these swallows.

Day after day passed without change. The young Master of Lynn very diligently, and with a Jacob-like modesty and patience, strove to win Yolande's regard; but although she was always most friendly toward him and pleased to chat with him, or walk the hurricane deck with him, she seemed to treat him precisely as she treated any of the others. If there was one whom she especially favored, it was Col. Graham, whose curt, sardonic speeches amused her.

At last they arrived at Port Said, that curious, rectangular-streets, shanty-built place, that looks like Cheyenne painted pink and white; and of course there was much wonder and interest in beholding land again, and green water, and the swarming boats with their Greeks and Maltese and Negroes and Arabs, all in their various costumes. But it was with a far greater interest that they regarded the picture round them when the vessel had started again, and was slowly and silently stealing away into the wide and lonely desert land, by means of this water highway. The Suez canal had been rather a commonplace phrase to Yolande; mixed up with monetary affairs mostly; and suggestive of machinery. But all this was strange and new; and the vessel was going so slowly that the engines were scarcely heard; she seemed to glide into this dream-world of silver sky and far-reaching wastes of yellow sand. It was so silent, and so wide, and so lonely. For the most part the horizon line was a mirage; and they watched the continual undulations of the silver-white waves; and even the strange reflections of what appeared to be islands; but here there was not even a palm to break the monotony of the desert—only the little tamarisk bushes dotting the sand. From a marsh a red-legged flamingo rose, slowly winging it way to the south. Then a string of camels came along, with forward-stretching heads and broad, slow-pacing feet; the Bedouins either perched on the backs of the animals or striding through the sand by their side, their faces looking black in contrast to their white wide-flowing garments. And so they glided through the silent, gray, silver world.

The night saw another scene. They were anchored in another part of the canal, where the banks were high and steep; and the moonlight was surpassingly vivid. On one of these banks—it seemed a great mountain as it rose to the dark-blue vault where the stars were—the moonlight threw the shadow of the rigging of the ship so sharply that every spar and rope was traced on the silvery clear sand. There was an almost oppressive silence in this desert solitude; a dark animal that came along through the tamarisk bushes—some said it was a jackal—disappeared up and over the sand-mountain like a ghost. And in the midst of this weird cold moonlight and silence these people began to get up a dance after dinner. The piano was brought on deck from the saloon. The women folk had put on their prettiest costumes. There had been perhaps a little begging and half promising going on beforehand. The smoking room was deserted. From the supports of the awnings a number of large lanterns had been slung; so that when the ladies began to appear and when the first notes of the music were heard, the scene was a very animated and pretty one; but so strange with the moonlit desert around. The Master of Lynn had got hold of Yolande—he had been watching for her appearance.

(To be continued.)

Blessed is the influence of one true, loving human soul on another.—George Eliot.

We cannot be just unless we are kindhearted.—Vanvenargues.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY HOPS.

Atreage Has Been Doubled and Yield Promises Well.

Grants Pass—Hop prospects in the Rogue River valley are superb this year, and this district is rapidly getting to be one of the steadiest and best hop producers on the Pacific coast. It is too early yet to say what prices will be, but they stand at present at 24 to 25 cents, without buyers, and little or none offered by growers. The "English cluster" is a little "off" in some sections of the valley this year, but the natives are reported very strong. The crop of 1906 will nearly double the acreage of that of 1904, which was in the neighborhood of 300 acres, or about 300,000 pounds; the average yield being 1,000 pounds per acre.

Hop growers have at last been aroused from their long sleep, and many of them have given their yards splendid fertilization and cultivation this year. John Rausan, who has the largest yards in the county, comprising 87 acres, and several others in his vicinity, whose yards lie along the bank of Rogue river, have installed splendid gasoline engines and pumps, so that their yards will be finely irrigated.

The total acreage of yards in the county at the present time is 708 acres, of which the new yards planted this year and which will not be in full bearing until next year, comprise 160 acres, leaving 548 acres of yards which will be in full bearing the present year. A great many parties have purchased land in the far famed Rogue river valley with a view to putting in yards next year, and should the price of hops go up, the Rogue river valley will become one of the big hop districts of the coast.

Get Rival Phone Line.

Albany—The city council of Albany has granted the oft requested franchise to the independent telephone people, and in the near future construction will be commenced on the exchange of the independent people in Albany. All the independent lines in Linn and Benton counties are included in the company that has secured the franchise in Albany, and when the system is completed there will be a free exchange between the principal towns of these counties. It is expected that spirited competition will secure a needed better service in Albany.

File Petitions Wrongly.

Salem—Unless the friends of the woman suffrage amendment exercise more care than they have been doing, their initiative petitions for the submission of the proposed amendment will be fatally defective. Secretary of State Dunbar has received several petitions on the blanks prepared by the advocates of woman suffrage, but in his opinion the signatures on these petitions cannot be counted in making up the total number of signatures for the initiative. He holds that the separate sheets upon which the signatures are written should be gathered together and filed at one time.

Road May Go Into the Nehalem.

Rainier—A logging railroad into Rainier is practically assured. The Hammond interests have secured a right of way from Dean Blanchard, the Deerdorf estate, and the Western Cedar company. W. E. Newsome has proven the only obstacle so far. The company owns 1,200 acres of heavily timbered land about three miles from this place. It is surmised that it is the intention to push on to the Nehalem, as the same parties were negotiating with S. Benson for his Clatskanie road. It is possible that Mr. Rockie's railroad will be absorbed by the new company.

Big Canal at Gold Hill.

Salem—The largest private water filings that have been made under the new water right law, were received by State Engineer Lewis when the Gold Hill Canal company filed on seven streams to secure feeders for their immense canal system leading from the mountains to the town of Gold Hill, in Jackson county. The filing notices and the accompanying notices show that the company will have 76 miles of main canals, besides several miles of feeders. The notices are signed by Daniel Lesley.

Wool-Clipping Delayed.

Enterprise—Sheep shearing in this county has been greatly handicapped by the heavy rains of the past week. Unless better weather prevails the wool clip of this county will not be disposed of until the latter part of July.

Refuse to Sign Lands.

Klamath Falls—The Shook brothers, of Dairy, B. B. Beekman, of Jacksonville, and Mrs. D. E. Ralston, of Ashland, are holding up government irrigation by refusing to sign their lands.

HOP GROWERS IN POOL.

Lane County Lines Up Under Krebs' Management.

Eugene—A large number of hop growers of Lane county met in Eugene last week to take preliminary steps to help form a gignatic corporation to handle the crop of the Pacific coast and to control prices. Conrad Krebs, of Salem, president of the Krebs Hop company, which has 624 acres of hops at Independence and Brooks, is at the head of this big movement.

A general convention will be held at Salem some time in July attended by delegates elected from the several hop districts. At this convention the corporation will be formed. After its formation the crop of each grower will be transferred to the corporation, which will do all the selling. A board of directors will be elected and the directors will appoint a selling committee which will meet in Salem every Saturday for the purpose of making sales and report on the condition of the markets, etc. Hop experts will be called in to ascertain the quality of each crop and keep it in its proper grade.

Mr. Krebs is encouraged over his project, and stated that he believes that 90 per cent of the 1905 crop will be turned into this corporation. After he gets Oregon thoroughly organized he will go to Washington, and then to New York state, and expects to have the entire crop of the United States under control of the corporation.

BANKS COME TO AID.

Take Up Asylum Employees' Certificates of Allowance.

Salem—Arrangements have been made by which all employees of state institutions at Salem will receive the face value of their salary claims each month. Portland banks have agreed to take up the certificates of allowance issued by Secretary of State Dunbar for the amount of the pay-roll of each institution, and hold these certificates until an appropriation becomes available. They will depend upon the next legislature to allow interest on the money, and Governor Chamberlain has said that he will recommend that interest be allowed. The amount of the salary claims will probably be \$180,000 up to the adjournment of the next legislature. There will be no more discounting of salary claims, but claims for supplies will be shaved as heretofore.

Land Office in Portland.

Oregon City—At the close of business June 30 the business, together with the records and archives of the Oregon City Land office, were transferred to Portland and installed in the Blazier building, corner of West Park and Washington streets. Simultaneous with the removal of the land office from this city, takes place a change in the name of the office, which will now be officially designated as the Portland Land office. Register Dresser and Receiver Bibee will remove with their families to Portland this summer.

Fields Lie Flat.

Enterprise—Recent heavy rains in this section have caused much of the heavy grain and first crop of hay to fall. The grain which has fallen will necessarily have to be cut for hay, as it cannot be harvested with a binder or header.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, \$2@83c per bushel; bluestem, 89@90; valley, nominal. Barley—Feed, \$22@22.50 per ton; rolled, \$23.50.

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

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

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 20@21c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@21½c.

Poultry—Fancy hens, 12½@13c; mixed chickens, 11@12c; turkeys, live, 18@19c per lb.

Fruits—Strawberries, \$2@2.25 per crate; apples, table, \$1.50@2.50 per box; apricots, 85c@1 per crate; peaches, 75@85c; plums, 60c@1; Logan berries, \$1.25; blackberries, 75c; cherries, 5@8c per lb; prunes, 90c@1 per crate; raspberries, \$1.75.

Fresh Vegetables—Corn, 30@40c per dozen; cucumbers, 40c@1; lettuce, head, 10c; parsley, 25c; peas, 2@5c per lb; radishes, 10@12c per dozen; tomatoes, \$1.75@3 per crate; turnips, \$1.25@1.40 per sack; carrots, \$1.25@1.50; beets, \$1@1.25.

Potatoes—Oregon fancy, old, \$1@1.10; Oregon, new, \$1@1.25.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 1@2c per lb; cows, 3½@4½c.

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 5c per lb.

Hops—Choice, 1904, 19@21c per lb.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, best, 19@23c; valley, 26@27c; mohair, choice, \$1@32½c per lb.



ONCE OR TWICE YOLANDE CAUGHT ONE OF THE SWALLOWS.

at the station? Why did you not tell us? Of course, we thought you had missed the train! I wish you would take the trouble to let people know what you are about. Let me introduce you to Miss Winterbourne—Yolande, dear, this is my brother Archie—Mr. Winterbourne, my brother, Mr. Leslie. Well, now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much," he said, smiling good-naturedly, and taking some wraps and things from her which her husband had selfishly allowed her to carry. "I went down to see some fellows at Chatham last night; and of course I stayed there and came over in the morning. Sorry I vexed you. You see, Miss Winterbourne, my sister likes platform parade; she likes to have people round her for half an hour before the train starts; and she likes to walk up and down, for it shows off her figure and her dress; isn't that so, Polly?"

There was a great bustle and confusion on board; friends giving farewell messages, passengers seeking out their cabins; the bare-armed and bare-footed lascars, with their blue blouses and red turbans, hoisting luggage on to their shoulders and carrying it along the passages.

Yolande stole away to her own cabin, and carefully and religiously opened the little basket that held the flowers, to see whether they might not be the better for a sprinkling of water. They were rather expensive flowers for a poor woman to have bought. Yolande poured some water into the wash-hand basin, and dipped her fingers into it; and very carefully and tenderly sprinkled the flowers over. And then she considered what was likely to be the coolest and safest place in the cabin for them; and hung the basket there; and then came out again—shutting the door, involuntarily, with quietness.

She passed through the saloon and went up on deck. Her father was still there. He went down with her to the saloon, and took his place in silence. Yolande sat next to Mrs. Graham, who was very talkative and merry. Young Archie Leslie was opposite; so was Col. Graham. They were mostly idling; but

was her first actual contact with human misery.

It was the third evening out that she had to put the flowers overboard—on the wide and sad and uncertain grave. She did not wish anyone to see her, somehow; she could not make it a public ceremony—this compliance with the pathetic, futile wishes of the poor mother. She had most carefully kept the flowers sprinkled with water, and, despite of that, they were sadly faded and shriveled; but she had purchased another basketful at Malta, and these were fresh enough. What mattered? The time was too vague; the vessel's course too uncertain; the trifles of flowers would soon be swallowed up in the solitary sea. But it was the remembrance of the mother she was thinking of.

She chose a moment when everyone was down below at dinner, and the deck was quite deserted. She took the two little baskets to the rail; and there, very slowly and reverently, she took out handful after handful of the flowers and dropped them down on the waves, and watched them go floating and floating out and out on the swaying waters. The tears were running down her face; and she had forgotten whether there was anybody by or not. She was thinking of the poor woman in England. Would she know? Could she see? Was she sure that her request would not be forgotten? And indeed she had not gone so far wrong when she had trusted to the look of Yolande's face.

CHAPTER V.

"I don't believe in any such simplicity. Men may; women don't. It seems to me more the simplicity of an accomplished flirt."

The speaker was Mrs. Graham, and she spoke with an air of resentment.

"You don't know her," said the Master of Lynn, with involuntary admiration.

"I suppose you think you do," his sister said, with a "superior" smile. And then—perhaps she was tired of hearing so much in praise of Yolande, or perhaps she wished her brother to be cautious; or