

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I hope you will give me a dance, Miss Winterbourne," said he.

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," said she, in the most friendly way.

"There are no programs, of course," said he. "And one can't make engagements; but I think a very good rule in a thing like this is that one should dance with one's friends. For myself, I don't care to dance with strangers. It doesn't interest me. I think when people form a party among themselves on board ship—well, I think they should keep to themselves."

"Oh, but that is very selfish, is it not?" Yolande said. "We are not supposed to be strangers with any one after being on board ship so long together."

"Miss Winterbourne, may I have the pleasure of dancing this waltz with you?" said a tall, solemn man, with an eyeglass, and the next minute the Master of Lynn beheld Yolande walking toward that cleared space with Major MacKinnon of the Seaforth Highlanders; and as to what he thought of the Seaforth Highlanders, and what he hoped would happen to them, from their colonel down to their pipe major, it is unnecessary to say anything here.

But Yolande did give him the next dance, which mollified him a little—not altogether, however, for it was only a square. The next was a Highland schottische; and by ill luck he took it for granted that Yolande, having been brought up in France, would know nothing about it, so he went away and sought out his sister. Their performance was the feature of the evening. No one else thought of interfering. And it was very cleverly, and prettily, and artistically done; inasmuch that a round of applause greeted them at the end—even from the Highland officers, who considered that young Leslie might just as well have sought a partner elsewhere, instead of claiming his own sister. Immediately after the Master of Lynn returned to Yolande.

"Ah, that is very pretty," she said. "No wonder they approved you and clapped their hands. It is the most picturesque of all the dances—especially when they are only two and you have the whole deck for display. In a ball room, perhaps not."

"You must learn it, Miss Winterbourne, before you come north," said he. "We always dance it in the north."

"Oh, but I know it very well," said Yolande, quietly.

"You?" said he, in an injured way. "Why didn't you tell me? Do you think I wanted to dance with my sister and leave you here?"

"But Mrs. Graham and you danced it so prettily—oh, very well, indeed."

There was somebody else approaching them now—for the lady at the piano had that instant begun another waltz. This was Captain Douglas, also of the Seaforth Highlanders.

"Miss Winterbourne, if you are not engaged, will you give me this waltz?" Yolande did not hesitate. Why should she? She was not engaged.

"Oh, yes, thanks," said she, with much friendliness, and she rose and took Captain Douglas' arm.

But young Leslie could not bear this perfidy, as he judged it. He would have no more to do with the dance or with her. Without a word to any one, he went away to the smoking room, and sat down there savage and alone.

"Polly talks of men being aloneboozed by women," he was thinking bitterly. "She knows nothing about it. It is women who know nothing about women; they hide themselves from each other. But she was right on one point. That girl is the greatest flirt that ever stepped the earth."

And still, far away, he could hear the sound of the music; and also the stranger sound—like a whispering of silken wings—of feet on the deck. He was angry and indignant. Yolande could not be blind to his constant devotion to her; and yet she treated him exactly as if he were a stranger—going off with the first comer! Simplicity! His sister was right—it was the simplicity of a first-class flirt.

And still the waltz went on; and he heard the winnowing sound of the dancers' feet; and his thoughts were bitter enough. He was only five-and-twenty; at that age, hopes and fears and disappointments are emphatic and near; probably it never occurred to him to turn from the vanities of the hour, and from the petty throbbing anxieties and commonplaces of every day life, to think of the awful solitudes all around him there—the voiceless, world-old desert, lying so dim and strange under the moonlight and the stars, its vast and mysterious heart quite pulseless and calm.

CHAPTER VI.

One morning there was much hurrying to and fro on board the dahabeah, in anticipation of the visit of the Governor; so that Mrs. Graham had no chance of having an extended talk with her brother. Nevertheless she managed to convey to him a few covert words of information and counsel.

"Archie," said she, "I have spoken to Yolande—I have hinted something to her."

"No!" he said, looking rather frightened.

"Oh, you need not be much alarmed," she said, with a significant smile. "Rather the other way. She seems quite to know how you have wished to be kind and attentive to her—quite sensible of it, in fact; and when I hinted something—"

"She did not say 'no' outright?" he interrupted, eagerly; and there was a flush of gladness on his face.

His sister glanced around.

"I thought there could be no harm if I told her that Jim and I would like to have her for a sister," she answered, demurely.

"And she did not say 'no' outright?" he repeated.

"Well," Mrs. Graham said, after a second, "I am not going to tell you anything more. It would not be fair. It is your business, not mine. I'm out of it now. I have intermeddled quite enough. But I don't think she hates you. And she seems rather pleased to think of living in the Highlands, with her father having plenty of amusement there, you know; and perhaps she might be brought to consider a permanent arrangement of that kind not so undesirable; and—and, well, you'd better see for yourself."

She could not say more then, at all events; for at this moment Col. Graham appeared on the upper deck with the intelligence that the Governor's barge was just then coming down the river. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande were instantly summoned from below; some further disposition of chairs and divans was made; some boxes of cigarettes were sent for; and presently the sound of oars alongside announced the arrival of the chief of notables of Merhadj.

The Master of Lynn saw and heard little of what followed; he was far too busy with the glad and bewildering prospects that his sister's obscure hints had placed before him. And again and again he glanced at Yolande, timidly, and yet with an increasing wonder. He began to ask himself whether it was really true that his sister had spoken to her. The girl betrayed no consciousness, no embarrassment; she had greeted him on that morning just as on other mornings; at this moment she was regarding the arrival of those grave officials with an interest which seemed quite oblivious to his presence. As for him he looked on impatiently. He wished it was all over. He wished to have some private speech with her; to have some inquiry of her eyes—surely her eyes would make some tell-tale confession?

After the dignitaries were gone, Yolande betrayed not the slightest embarrassment at his sitting quite near her; it was he who was nervous and awkward in his speech. She was engaged in some delicate needlework; from time to time she spread it out on her lap to regard it; and all the time she was chatting freely with Mrs. Graham about the recent visitors and their grave demeanor, their almost European costume, their wonderfully small feet, and so forth.

"Why do you not go ashore?" she said, turning her frank eyes to the Master of Lynn. "It is so interesting to see the strange birds, the strange plants."

"It is cooler on the river," said he.

The midday went by, and he found no chance of addressing her. His sister and she sat together, and sewed and chatted, or stopped to watch some passing boat and listen to the boatmen singing a long and melancholy chorus to the clanking of the oars. At lunch time, Mr. Winterbourne and Col. Graham turned up. Then, in the afternoon, the whole of them got into a boat and were rowed away to a long and flat and sandy island on the other side of the Nile, which they explored in a leisurely way.

It was not until the end of the day that the long-looked-for opportunity arrived; indeed, nearly every one had gone below to get ready for dinner; but Yolande had lingered above, to watch the coming over of the twilight. It was a strange enough sight in its way. For after the yellow color had died out of the bank of bearded corn above the river's edge, and while the strip of acacia-trees over that again had grown solemn and dark against the clear, pallid, blue-gray sky of the south, far away in the northwestern heavens there still lingered a glow of warmer light, and a few clouds high up had caught a saffron tinge from the sinking sun. It seemed as if they were shut in with the dark, while far away in the north—over the Surrey lanes, and up among the Westmoreland waters, and out amid the distant Hebridean Isles, the summer evening was still fair and shining. It led one to dream of home. The imagination took wings. It was pleasant to think of those beautiful and glowing scenes, here where the gloom of the silent desert was gathering all around.

She was standing by the rail of the deck, and when the others had gone he quietly went over to her and began talking to her—about the Highlands mostly, and of the long, clear twilights there, and how he hoped she would accept his sister's invitation to go back home with them when they returned to England. And when she said something very pretty about the kindness of all of them to her, he spoke a little more warmly, and asked if there was any wonder? People got to know one another intimately through a constant companionship like this, and got to know and admire and love beautiful qualities of disposition and mind. And then he told her it would not be honest if he did not confess to her that he was aware that his sister had spoken to her—it was best to be frank; and he knew she was so kind she would not be angry if there had been any indiscretion; and he begged for her forgiveness if she had been in any way offended. Then she managed to say, rather hurriedly and breathlessly:

"Oh, no, I am not offended. Why? It is—a great honor—I knew it was

your sister's kindness and friendship that made her speak to me—please let me go away now—"

He put his hand on her arm, unwittingly.

"But may I hope, Yolande? May I hope?" he said, and he stooped down to listen for the faintest word. "I don't want you to pledge yourself altogether now. Give me time. May I try to win you? Do you think some time—some time of your own choosing—as far ahead as you may wish—you will consent? May I hope for it? May I look forward to it—some day?"

"Oh, but I cannot tell you—I cannot tell you now," she said, in the same breathless way. "I am sorry if I have given any pain—any anxiety—but—some time I will try to talk to you—or my papa will tell you—but not now—you have always been so kind to me that I ask it from you—"

She stole away in the gathering darkness, her head bent down; she had not once turned her eyes to him. And he remained there for a time, scarcely knowing what he had said or what she had answered; but vaguely and happily conscious that she had not, at all events, refused him.

Yolande's self-confidence seemed to have strangely forsaken her that evening. When they were all up on deck, taking their coffee in the red glow shed by the lanterns, she got hold of her father and drew him aside into the darkness.

"What is it, Yolande?" said he, in surprise.

She took hold of his hand; both hers were trembling.

"I have something to tell you, papa—something serious."

Then he knew; and for a moment his heart sank; but he maintained a gay demeanor. Had he not reasoned the whole matter out with himself? He had foreseen this crisis; he had nerved himself by anticipation.

"Oh, I know. I know already, Yolande," said he, very cheerfully. "Do you think I can't spy secrets? And of course you come to me, with your hands trembling; and you think you have something dreadful to confess; whereas it is but the most ordinary and commonplace thing in the world. You need not make any confession. Young Leslie has spoken to me—quite right; very right; I like frankness; I consider him a very fine young fellow. Now, what have you got to say—only I won't listen if you are going to make a fuss about it and destroy my nervous system, for I tell you it is the simplest and most ordinary affair in the world."

"Then you know everything—you approve of it, papa—it is your wish?" she said bravely.

"My wish?" he said; "what has my wish to do with it, you stupid creature!" But then, he added, more gently: "Of course you know, Yolande, I should like to see you married and settled. Yes, I should like to see that; I should like to see you in a fixed home, and not liable to all the changes and chances of the life that you and I have been living. It would be a great relief to my mind. And then it is natural and right. It is not for a young girl to be a rolling stone like that; and, besides, it couldn't last; that idea about our always going on traveling wouldn't answer. So whenever you think of marrying; whenever you think you will be happy in choosing a husband—just now, to-morrow, or any time—don't come to me with a breathless voice, and with trembling hands as if you had done some wrong, or as if I was going to object, for to see you happy would be happiness enough for me; and as for our society together, well, you know, I could pay the people of Slagpool a little more attention, and have some more occupation that way; and then you, instead of having an old and frail and feeble person like me to take care of you, you would have some one whose years would make him a fitter companion for you, as is quite right and proper and natural. And now do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I think so, papa," said she, quite brightly; and she regarded him with grateful, loving eyes. "And you would be quite happy, then?"

"If you were, I should be," said he.

During the rest of the evening, the Master of Lynn, seeing that Yolande seemed no longer in any trouble, kept near her, with some vague hope that she would herself speak, or that he might have some chance of reopening the subject that engrossed his mind. And indeed, when the chance arrived, and he timidly asked her if she had not a word of hope for him, she spoke very frankly, though with some little nervousness, no doubt. She made a little apology, in very pretty and stammering phrases, for not having been able to give him an answer; but since then, she said, she had spoken to her father, without whose approval she could not have decided.

"Then you consent, Yolande—you will be my wife?" he said, in a low and eager tone, upsetting in his haste all the continuity of those hesitating sentences.

"But is it wise?" said she, still with her eyes cast down. "Perhaps you will regret—"

He took her hand into his, and held it tight.

"This has been a lucky voyage for me," said he, and that was all that he had a chance of saying just then; but it was enough.

(To be continued.)

Literally Speaking.

Ascum—What did you find out about that new magazine?

De Ritter—Well, all the poets and novelists are crazy to write for it.

Ascum—I didn't suppose it would pay so very well.

De Ritter—It doesn't pay at all. That's what I mean.—Philadelphia Press.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the speed arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—Hazzlit.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sir P. Sidney.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

FRUIT IN GOOD CONDITION.

Yield Will Not Be Large, But Quality Will Be Above Average.

Fruit conditions are now favorable throughout Oregon. While as a general thing no fruit will yield a record breaking crop, the quality of the fruit bids fair to be good and the yield will be satisfactory from the market standpoint. Apples in all parts of the state will yield only half a crop, but on account of this very fact the fruit will be of much better quality and a more marketable product than were it a full crop and the trees heavily loaded.

In the eastern part of the state, peaches, pears, prunes and plums will all yield a crop full. In Southern Oregon and the Willamette valley, either of which sections produces more fruit than Eastern Oregon, prunes and plums will yield 70 per cent of a crop, peaches about 60 per cent, and pears half a crop. These figures are based upon careful estimates and are reliable. Cherries are everywhere yielding about 75 per cent of a full yield, while small fruits are yielding a full crop in all parts of the state.

Growers and dealers figure on 120,000 bales as Oregon's probable hop yield for 1905. This is an increase of one-third over last year's yield. A part of this estimated increase is due to a larger acreage, but the crop is at least 50 per cent better in amount of growth now than at this time last year. The foliage is very heavy, and the hops are blossoming out now in splendid shape. Of course, everything hinges on climatic conditions, and the estimate of 120,000 bales, which will be the largest crop Oregon has ever produced, is based upon the supposition that weather conditions will be favorable until the crop is safely harvested.

BLOODED STOCK FROM FRANCE

A. C. Ruby, of Pendleton, Receives a Carload of Imported Horses.

Pendleton—A. C. Ruby & Co. have received the first carload of imported horses from France by express. The next carload is in transit by freight with an attendant in charge, and will arrive in a few days. The third car will be dropped off in Nebraska and the horse disposed of to the farmers in the Middle West.

Mr. Ruby himself has also arrived. He is direct from Europe, where he purchased in all 48 horses, consisting of Shires, Percherons and coach horses. The horses arrived in splendid condition in spite of the fact that they had been traveling constantly for three weeks by water and rail.

Mr. Ruby will put them in good condition and in September, when the Lewis and Clark horse show comes off, will exhibit a number of the best animals. He has a large number which can be got into splendid condition, as they are already almost fit to exhibit. All of the horses are young animals and will take on flesh readily and will make a good showing for the blooded horse industry for Eastern Oregon.

Engine Sparks Start Fires.

Pendleton—Many farmers who have lands adjoining the railroad, especially the Pendleton-Spokane branch, are plowing and clearing the weeds from the right of way along their fields to protect their grain from fires started by sparks from passing locomotives. The dry grass along the track is already beginning to burn and the ripening wheat fields are in imminent danger from fires. The farmers are also benefiting themselves by plowing along the fences other than protecting themselves from fire as the numerous ground squirrels burrow along the fences under the weeds and trash that accumulate.

Two Patients Cured.

Portland—Portland's Open-Air Sanitarium has discharged two more patients in the past two weeks, Miss Cason and Andrew Johnson, the latter a logger working on the lower Columbia. Mr. Johnson was in the first stage of consumption, while Miss Cason was in the second stage. It was understood between the two patients and the management of the sanitarium that while no physical signs of the disease could be detected in either case, the treatment as administered there was to be continued.

Fruit Inspector in Clackamas.

Oregon City—C. J. Reid, a prominent fruitgrower of Milwaukie, has been appointed county fruit inspector for Clackamas county under an act of the last state legislature. Mr. Reid was the only candidate for the office and had the endorsement of a large number of the horticulturists of the county. As inspector, Mr. Reid will receive compensation per diem for the time he is actually engaged at his work.

Cutting Second Alfalfa Crop.

Pendleton—Farmers on McKay creek south of here are cutting their second crop of alfalfa. This crop is yielding approximately two tons to the acre, which is a little better than the first crop.

MADE A GOVERNMENT OFFICER.

State Engineer Lewis to Have Charge of Survey Work.

Salem—State Engineer John H. Lewis will be appointed United States hydrographer for Oregon, thus being given charge of the government hydrographic work conducted in co-operation with the state of Oregon. This means that all state work will be government work and the work done with the United States appropriation will be state work. Consequently the reports of the hydrographic work done by the state engineer will be published in the government reports.

The same will be true of topographic work, for State Engineer Lewis will appoint a government topographer to direct the work of the field parties employed by the state. The state engineer will serve as United States hydrographer without pay, and the United States topographer will serve the state without pay.

This arrangement is of great importance to the state, for it not only secures the publication of the state reports by the government, but gives the state work the same standing as that of the government. There will be complete harmony between state and United States surveys.

UMATILLA HARVEST ON.

Grain Being Cut North and East of Pendleton.

Pendleton—Harvest has commenced in Umatilla county, and within a short time headers will be at work everywhere, those now started being only in the early portions of the county. The section north and east of Pendleton, in which a large part of the Umatilla reservation is located, is more advanced than other places, and by the first of next week heading will be on quite generally there. However, one header has already been started in the Cold Springs country, northwest of here, on a fall wheat field.

From all indications a good yield is in prospect all over the county, the weather during the past few months having been very favorable. Especially is the spring grain, of which there is an unusually large amount seeded this year, doing well. The only danger than may yet befall is to hot weather and warm winds, which might cause the grain to shrivel.

Indian Children Have Measles.

Pendleton—The Indian school on the Umatilla reservation has been closed, as an epidemic of measles threatened to sweep the reservation. Six girls who were ill with the disease are still in quarantine at the school, but will be turned out in a few days, upon recovery. Superintendent McKoin at first thought he would extend the school term well into July, but the threatened epidemic caused the dismissal. All of the scholars were more than pleased, as they were inclined to be rebellious at the prolonged term.

Improvements at Chemawa.

Chemawa—The material for extensive improvements at the school dining hall and kitchen are being delivered. The contract for these supplies have been given to Salem and Portland firms.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 81@82c per bushel; bluestem, 87@88c; valley, 86c.

Barley—Feed, \$21.50@22 per ton; rolled, \$23@24.

Oats—No. 1 white, feed, \$29 per ton; gray, \$29.

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

Fruits—Strawberries, \$2@2.50 per crate; apples, table, \$1.50@2.50 per box; apricots, 90c@1 per crate; plums, 50@60c; Logan berries, \$1.15@1.25; blackberries, 8c per pound; cherries, 5@10c; currants, 8c; prunes 50@90c; raspberries, 6c.

Fresh Vegetables—Beans, 1@4c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c; cauliflower, \$1 per dozen; celery, 90c; corn, 20@25c; cucumbers, 40@60c; lettuce, head, 10c; peas, 2@6c per pound; radishes, 10@12c per dozen; rhubarb, 1½@2½c per pound; turnips, \$1.25@1.40 per sack; carrots, \$1.25@1.50; beets, \$1@1.25.

Potatoes—Oregon, old, \$1.15@1.25; Oregon, new, 90c@1.10.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@21½c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 20@21c per dozen.

Poultry—Fancy hens, 13@13½c; mixed chickens, 12@12½c; turkeys, live, 18@19c; geese, live, 7½@8c; ducks, old, \$4@5; ducks, young, as to size, \$2@5.

Hops—Choice, 1904, 17@20c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, best, 19@23c; valley, 20@27c; mohair, 31@32½c per pound for choice.

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

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 5c per pound.

Veal—3@6½c per pound, according to size.

Pork—6@7½c per pound.