

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER VII.

Far up in the wild and lonely hills that form the backbone of eastern Inverness-shire, and the desert solitudes draw their waters from the thousand mystic-named or nameless rills, stands the lodge of All-nam-ba. The plain little double-gabled building occupies a promontory formed by the confluence of two brawling streams, and faces a long, wide, beautiful valley, which terminates in the winding waters of a loch. It is the only sign of habitation in the strangely silent district; and it is the last. The rough hill road leading to it terminates there.

At the door of this solitary little lodge, on a morning toward the end of July, Yolande Winterbourne was standing engaged in buttoning on her driving gloves, but occasionally glancing out at the bewildering, changeable, flashing and gleaming day around her. For, indeed, since she had come to live at All-nam-ba, she had acquired the conviction that the place seemed very close up to the sky; and that this broad valley, walled in by those great and silent hills, formed a sort of caldron, in which the elements were in the habit of mixing up weather for transference to the wide world beyond. At this very moment a continual phantasmagoria of cloud effects was passing before her eyes. Far mountain tops grew blacker and blacker in shadow; then the gray mist of the rain stole slowly across and hid them from view; then they reappeared again, and a sudden shaft of sunlight would strike on the yellow-green slopes, and on the boulders of wet and glittering granite.

However, she was not much dismayed. When the dog cart was brought round, she stepped into it lightly, took the reins as if to the manner born, though she had never handled a whip until Mrs. Graham had put her in training at Inverstroy. Then there was a strict charge to Jane to see that brisk fires were kept burning in all the rooms. And then the youthful and fair-haired Sandy having got up behind—she released the brake; and presently they were making their way, slowly and cautiously down the stony path, and over the loud-sounding wooden bridge that here spans the roaring red-brown waters of the All-nam-ba.

But when once they were over the bridge and into the road they quickly mended their pace. There was an unusual eagerness and brightness in her look. Sandy the groom knew that the stout and serviceable cob in the shafts was a sure-footed beast; but the road was of the roughest; and he could not understand how the young English lady, who was generally very cautious, should drive so fast. Was it to get away from the black thunder masses of cloud that lay over the mountains behind them? Here, at least, there seemed no danger of any storm. The sunlight was brilliant on the wide, green pastures and on the flashing waters of the stream. Yolande's face soon showed the influence of the warm sunlight and of the fresh, keen air; and her eyes were glad, though they seemed busy with other things.

When they reached the end of the valley and got on to the road that wound along the wooded shores of the loch, there was much easier going. It was a pretty loch, this stretch of wind-stirred blue water, for the hills surrounding it were somewhat less sterile than those of All-nam-ba; here and there the banks were fringed with hazel; and at the lower end of it were the dark-green plantations surrounding Lynn Towers. They had driven for about a mile and a half or so by the shores of the lake, when Yolande fancied she heard some clanking noise proceeding from the other side; and thereupon she instantly asked Sandy what that could be. The young Highland lad strained his eyes in the direction of the distant hillside; and at last he said:

"Oh, yes, I see them now. They will be the men taking up more fencing to the forest. Duncan was speaking about that, madam. If Miss Winterbourne would be looking about half way up the hill—they are by the side of the gray corrie now. I am thinking that will be the Master at the top."

"Do you mean the Master of Lynn?" she said, quickly. "Well, your eyes are sharper than mine, Sandy. I can see that black speck on the skyline; but that is all."

"He is waving a handkerchief now," said Sandy, with much coolness.

"Oh, that is impossible. How could he make us out at this distance?"

"The master will know there is no other carriage than this one coming from All-nam-ba."

"Very well, then," said she, taking out her handkerchief and giving it a little shake or two in the sunlight. "I will take the chance; but you know, Sandy, it is more likely to be one of the keepers waving his hand to you."

When they had crossed the wooden bridge over the river and ascended a bit of the hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers—a large, modern building, which, with its numerous conservatories, stood on a level piece of ground on the other side of the ravine. As they drove on and down into that smiling and shining country, the day grew more and more brilliant. Wild flowers grew more luxuriantly. Here and there a farm house appeared—with fields of grain encroaching on the moorland. And at last, after some miles of this gradual descent, Yolande arrived at a little sprinkling of houses sufficient in number, though

much scattered among the fields—to be called a village; and drew up at the small wooden gate of a modest little mansion, very prettily situated in the midst of a garden of roses.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than instantly the door was opened by a smiling and comely dame, with silver-gray hair, and pleasant, shrewd gray eyes, who came down the garden path. She was neatly and plainly dressed, in a housekeeper-looking kind of costume; but her face was refined and intelligent and there was a sort of motherliness in the look with which she regarded the young English lady.

"Do you know that I meant to scold you, Mrs. Bell, for robbing your garden again?" said Yolande. "But this time—no—I am not going to scold you; I can only thank you for my papa is coming to-day. I am going now to meet him at the steamer."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Bell, "that is just a most extraordinary piece of good luck; for I happen to have a pair of the very finest and plumpest young ducklings that ever I set eyes on—"

"No, no; no!" Yolande cried, laughing; "I cannot have any more excuses for these kindnesses and kindnesses. Every day since I came here—every day a fresh excuse—and always the boy coming with Mrs. Bell's compliments. Wouldn't it be simpler for you to give me the garden and the house and everything all at once?" said Yolande. "Well, now, I wish to see Mr. Melville."

"He is at his work," said the elderly dame, glancing at a small building that stood at right angles with the house.

"Do you think I would disturb him when he is at his work? Do you think I want him to send me about my business?"

"There is a tyrant!" exclaimed Yolande. "Never mind, then; I wanted to thank him for sending me the trout. Now I will not. Well, good-by, Mrs. Bell; I will take the vegetables, and be very grateful to you; but not the ducklings—"

"Ye'll just take the ducklings, as I say, like a sensible young lady," said Mrs. Bell, with emphasis; "and there is not to be another word about it."

So on she drove again, on this bright and beautiful July day, through a picturesque and rocky and rugged country, until in time she reached the end of her journey—the charming little hotel that is perched high amid the woods overlooking Loch Ness, within sound of the thundering Foyers Water. And then, at last, she heard the throbbing of paddle wheels in the intense silence; and made her way down through the bracken and the bushes, and went right out to the end of the little pier.

She made him out at once, even at that distance; for though he was not a tall man, his sharp-featured, sun-reddened face and silver-white hair made him easily recognizable. And of course she was greatly delighted when he came ashore, and excited, too; and she herself would have carried gun cases, fishing baskets, and what not, to the dog cart, had not the boots from the hotel interfered. And she had a hundred eager questions and assurances, but would pay no heed to his remonstrance about the risks of her driving.

"Why, papa, I drove every day at Inverstroy!" she exclaimed, as they briskly set out for All-nam-ba.

"I suppose the Grahams were very kind to you?" he said. "And the Master, how is he?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Of course I have not seen him since Mrs. Graham left. But he has made all the arrangements for you—ponies, panniers, everything; and there is no want of provision, for Mr. Melville sends me plenty of trout, and Duncan goes up the hill now and again for a hare."

"Oh, that will be all right," said he, good-humoredly. "I want to hear about yourself, Yolande. What do you think of Lord Lynn and his sister, now that you have seen something more of them?"

This question checked her volubility, and for a second a very odd expression came over her face.

"They are very serious people, papa," said she, with some caution. "And—and very pious, I think."

"And those other people—the old woman who pretends to be a housekeeper and is a sort of Good Fairy in disguise—and the penniless young laird, who has no land—"

Instantly her face brightened up.

"Oh, he is the most extraordinary person, papa—a magician! I cannot describe it; you must see for yourself; but really it is wonderful. He has a stream to work for him—yes—for Mrs. Graham and I went and visited it—climbing away up the hills—and there was the water, wheel at work in the water, and a hut close by, and there were copper wires to take the electricity away down to the house, where he has a store of it. It is a genie for him; he makes it light the lamps for him; it works a lathe for turning wood—oh, I can't tell you all about it. And he has been so kind to me; but mostly in secret, so that I could not catch him to thank him. How could I know? I complain to Mrs. Bell that it is a trouble to send to Inverness for some one to set the clock going; the next morning—it is all right! It goes; nothing wrong at all! Then the broken window in the drawing room; Mrs. Graham and I drive away to Fort Augustus; when I come back in the evening there is a new pane put in."

"But what on earth is this wonderful Jack-of-all-trades doing here? Why, you yourself wrote to me, Yolande, that he had taken the Snell Exhibition and the Ferguson Scholarship, and blazed like a comet through Balliol; and now I find him tinkering at window panes—"

"I think he works very hard; he says he is very lazy. He is very fond of fishing; he is not well off; and here he is permitted to fish in the lakes far away among the hills that few people will take the trouble to go to. Then naturally he has much interest in this neighborhood, where once his people were the great family; and those living there have great respect for him; and he has built a school, and teaches in it—it is a free school, no charge at all," Yolande added, hastily. "That is Mrs. Bell's kindness, the building of the school. Then he made experiments and discoveries; is it not enough of an occupation when every one is talking about the electric light? Also he is a great botanist; and when it is not school time, he is away up in the hills, after rare plants, or to fish. Oh, it is terrible the loneliness of the small lakes in the hills. Mr. Leslie has told me; no road, no track, no life anywhere. And the long hours of climbing; oh, I am sure I have been sorry sometimes—many times—when day after day I receive a present of trout and a message, to think of the long climbing and the labor—"

"But why doesn't he fish in the loch at All-nam-ba?" her father exclaimed. "That can't be so difficult to get at."

"He thought it would be more correct to wait for you to give permission."

"Waiting for permission to fish in a loch like that!" her father said, more good-naturedly. "Leslie told me the loch would be infinitely improved if five-sixths of the fish were netted out of it; the trout would run to a better size. However, Miss Yolande, since you've treated him badly, you must make amends. You must ask him to dinner."

"Oh, yes, papa; I shall be glad to do that," she said, blithely.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Winterbourne, Yolande and the Master were standing outside the lodge, looking down the wide glen, which was flooded with sunset light. Young Leslie's eyes were the eyes of a deer-stalker; the slightest movement anywhere instantly attracted them; and when two sheep—little dots they were, at the far edge of the hill just above the lodge—suddenly ceased grazing and lifted their heads, he knew there must be some one there. The next moment a figure appeared on the sky line.

"I suppose that is Jack Melville," he said, peevishly. "I wish he wouldn't come across the forest when he is up at electric boxes."

"But does he do harm?" said Yolande. "He cannot shoot deer with copper wires."

"Oh, he's all over the place," said the Master of Lynn. "And there isn't a keeper or a watcher who will remonstrate with him; and of course I can't. He's always after his botany, or his fishing, or something. The best thing about it is that he is a capital hand to have with you if there are any stray deer about, and you want to have a shot without disturbing the herd. He knows their ways most wonderfully, and can tell you the track they are certain to take."

Meanwhile the object of these remarks was coming down the hillside at a swinging pace; and very soon he had crossed the little bridge, and was coming up the path—heralding his arrival with a frank and careless greeting to his friends. He was a rather tall, lean, large-boned and powerful looking man of about eight-and-twenty; somewhat pale in face, seeing that he lived so much out of doors; his hair a raven black; his eyes gray, penetrating and steadfast; his mouth firm, and yet mobile and expressive at times; his forehead square rather than lofty; voice, a chest voice, was heard in pleasant and well-modulated English.

"Here, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Is the little vasculum I spoke to you about; it has seen some service, but it may do well enough. And here is Bentley's Manual, and a Flora. The Flora is an old one; I brought an old one purposely, for at the beginning there is a synopsis of the Linnaean system of classification, and you will find that the easiest way of making out the names of a new plant. Of course," he added, "I have told Mrs. Bell you are to have access to my herbarium, whether I am there or not."

"Oh, yes, that is so probable!" said she. "Mrs. Bell allowing me to go into your study?"

"Mrs. Bell and I understand each other very well, I assure you," he said, gravely. "We are only two augurs, who wink at each other; or rather we shut our eyes to each other's humbug—"

"Why, Jack, she means to buy back Mongalen for you!" the Master of Lynn exclaimed.

"I know she has some romantic scheme of that sort in her head," he said, frankly. "It is quite absurd. What should I do with Mongalen? However, in the meantime, I have made pretty free use of the old lady's money at Gress, and she is highly pleased, for she was fond of my father's family, and she likes to hear me spoken well of, and you can easily purchase gratitude—especially with somebody else's money. You see it works well all round. Mrs. Bell, who is an honest, shrewd; good, kindly woman, sees that her charity is administered with some care; the people around—but especially the children—are benefited; I have leisure for my little experiments and my idle rambles; and if Mrs. Bell and I hoodwink each other, it is done very openly, and there is no great harm."

(To be continued.)

Mexican mints turn out more silver money than those of any other country in the world. Last year Mexico shipped several million silver dollars to China.

## OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

### BIG CROPS IN LINN COUNTY.

Hay, Wheat, Oats and Hops Giving Great Promise.

Albany—The hay crop of Linn county is greater this year than ever before, and thousands of tons of hay will be shipped away. In addition to the extra acreage is the yield. It is unusually good. Hay is selling for \$4 and \$5 loose, and \$6 and \$7 baled—low prices even for the opening market. Haying has been in progress for some time, and this week will see the crop cut and in the cock. Most of it will also be in the barn or stack ere the end of the week.

Never did wheat in Linn county look better. Binders will begin moving the yellow grain this week, much of it being now fully ripe and ready for cutting. The aphids mentioned early in the summer during the rains have all disappeared, leaving no mark behind. The output of the county will not be much larger than in the past, for the acreage is not much larger than usual, but the yield is the greatest in years.

Threshing will begin the last of July or the first of August, on the fall sown grain. Three or four weeks later work will begin on the spring grain, which is looking fine where sowed early enough, but that sown late will ripen very close to the ground, making binding difficult.

Oats are looking fine, and will be a fairly heavy crop. The acreage is not as large as in some years, but the yield is excellent.

One of the bumper crops of the county will be hops. There is every indication of a full crop—better than last year. No damage has been done by the lice, the hot weather coming in time to put an end to the ravages of the little pest. The few yards that were infested with lice have been sprayed, and the crop is not affected in the least. If we have warm weather until picking season is over, the crop will be a full one. A prominent Albany hopgrower estimates the output of Linn county at about 150,000 bales.

### Indians Go Into Law.

Chemawa—Among the 32 young men who were recently admitted to practice law before the Supreme court of Oregon were two Indians, graduates of the Chemawa Indian school. Both young men were successful, and give great promise of a creditable career. They were Oscar Norton, of California, who graduated in 1898, and George Bernier, of Oregon, of the class of 1900. Word has also reached here that Richard Graham, another California Indian, who was a student of Chemawa in 1897, has been admitted to practice law in the courts of Washington City. Mr. Graham has been a government department clerk for a number of years, and has attended and graduated from the Columbia law school.

### Frozen Wheat Short.

The Dalles—Through the High Ridge and Fifteen-Mile country, the section of Wasco county where grain was most seriously damaged by the freeze of February, and where much reseeded was necessary, crops are looking fairly well. Some of the spring sown wheat is short and rather thin, but is of good color, and with favorable weather will make a comparatively good crop. Farmers in that section estimate that their spring grain will average 15 bushels to the acre. In that section the fall grain that was not frozen out will yield from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre. Everywhere throughout the county fall grain is ripening rapidly, and heading has already begun.

### Bohemia Men Want Smelter.

Bohemia—At an important meeting of the Bohemia Mineowners' association this week steps were taken to interest some smelters in Bohemia camp. One mining man stated that in case interested parties put up a smelter, he would sign a contract to deliver 50 tons of ore per day. With this amount of ore from one man, it is considered an assured fact that a smelter would pay if once put in operation. Men who are now doing nothing with their properties would proceed to active development.

### Albany Summer Normal.

Albany—A summer normal school for the benefit of public school teachers is being conducted in Albany this summer by County School Superintendent W. L. Jackson, City School Superintendent Hayes and I. E. Richardson. A large number of the teachers in the public schools of Linn county are attending this summer school, where instruction in practical pedagogy is given.

### State Land in Klamath.

Salem—State Land Agent Oswald West has returned from a trip to Swan Lake, Klamath county, where he inspected a large tract of land believed to be swamp in character, and therefore the property of the state. He found 5,000 acres to which he believes the state is entitled to a patent, and he will take steps immediately to perfect title.

### RAILROAD FOR WALLOWA.

Independent Capitalists Will Build a Branch to Joseph.

La Grande—A corps of engineers are at work establishing a line for a new railroad down Grand Ronde river to the mouth of the Willamette river, thence up the Wallowa to Wallowa valley. The right of way has been secured to the mouth of the Wallowa river. The new road will be independent of all other lines and is backed by New York capital.

A construction company is ready to begin grading as soon as part of the line is established, and will be at work within the next 30 days, and it is stated the road will be completed to the Wallowa bridge this year and will be extended to Joseph next year.

This activity has caused agents for the O. R. & N. to go to Elgin this week and busy themselves securing rights of way on all deeded land through which their final survey was established about five years ago.

The probable purpose of the new promoters is to get the right of way in the Grand Ronde and Wallowa canyons away from the O. R. & N., which it is supposed has already expired or soon will expire by limitation.

The outcome will likely be the forcing of the O. R. & N. Co. to build on its proposed line. If it does not in some way renew its pre-emption of the surveys already made, it will lose its rights, and this the O. R. & N. Co. is not expected to do. In any case, Wallowa county has a better prospect for a railroad than ever before.

### Ready to Start Cut-Off.

Eugene—C. S. Freeland, construction engineer of the Southern Pacific company, is in Eugene with a force of men preparatory to the construction of the bridge across the Willamette river at Springfield for the Henderson-Springfield cutoff branch line, which will be built immediately. The people of Eugene herald the news of the beginning of the work on this line with great satisfaction. They have looked for it long and earnestly. It means the making of Eugene a terminus for all trains on the Woodburn-Natron and Springfield-Wendling branches, increasing the population of the city considerably by the addition of the trainmen and their families, and affording the people residing along the aforesaid branches a quicker and better means of reaching this city to do their trading.

### Platinum on Santiam.

Lebanon—George B. Whitcomb, who lives about 30 miles above Lebanon on the South Santiam river reports having discovered platinum in paying quantities. A quantity of black river sand was sent to the government assay office at Washington, D. C., and partly concentrated sand went \$50 to the ton, while reconcentrated sand went as high as \$175 to the ton. Mr. Whitcomb has sent other samples to the government assayer at the Lewis and Clark fair. He expects an expert in a few days who will make a thorough examination.

### PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 82@83c per bushel; bluestem, 89@90c; valley, 85c.

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—Apples, new, \$1.50@1.85 per box; apricots, \$1.15 per crate; peaches, 80@90c per crate; plums, 85c @ \$1 per crate; Loganberries, \$1.25 per crate; blackberries, 10c per pound; cherries, 7@12½c per pound; currants, 8c per pound; prunes, 85c@91c; raspberries, \$1.25@1.50 per crate.

Vegetables—Beans, 1@4c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c per pound; cauliflower, 75@90c per dozen; celery, 90c per dozen; corn, 20@27½c per dozen; cucumbers, 40@75c per dozen; lettuce, head, 10c per dozen; parsley, 25c per dozen; peas, 2@5c per pound; tomatoes, \$1.25@3 per crate; turnips, \$1.25 @1.40 per sack; carrots, \$1.25@1.50 per sack; beets, \$1@1.25 per sack. Potatoes—Oregon, new, 75c@81c per sack.

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

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 21@22c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 12½@13c; mixed chickens, 12@12½c; old roosters, 9@10c; young roosters, 11@12c; turkeys, live, 18@19; geese, live, 7½@8c; ducks, old, 13c; ducks, young, 15c per pound.

Hops—Choice 1904, 16@19c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 19@21c; lower grades down to 15c, according to shrinkage; valley, 25@27c per pound; mohair, choice, 31c per pound.

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

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 5c per pound; ordinary, 4c.

Veal—Dressed, 3@7c per pound.

Pork—Dressed 6@7½c per pound.