

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"She was very indignant," said young Leslie, laughing, "when you wouldn't have your name put on the tablet in the school house."

"What tablet?" said Yolande.

"Oh, a tablet saying that Mr. Melville had built the school and presented it to the people of Gress."

"And I never contributed a farthing!" he said. "She did the whole thing. Well, now, that shows how artificial the position is; and, necessarily, it won't last. We have for so long been hypocrites for the public good—let us say it was for the public good; but there must come an end."

It was really a most enjoyable, confidential, pleasant evening; but it had come to an end; and when the two young men left, both Yolande and her father accompanied them to the door. The moon was risen now; and the long, wide glen looked beautiful enough.

"Well, now, Mr. Melville," said Winterbourne, as they were going away, "whenever you have an idle evening, I hope you will remember us and take pity on us."

"You may see too much of me."

"That is impossible," said Yolande, quickly; and then she added, very prettily: "You know, Mr. Melville, if you come often enough you will find it quite natural that Duncan should play for you Melville's Welcome Home."

He stood for a moment uncertain; it was the first sign of embarrassment he had shown that night.

"Well," said he, "that is the most friendly thing that has been said to me for many a day. Who could resist such an invitation? Good night—good night!"

CHAPTER IX.

One evening John Shortlands and Jack Melville were together standing at the door of the lodge, looking down the glen. The big, burly M. P. looked vexed, perturbed, impatient.

"Mr. Melville," he said, abruptly, in his broad Northumbrian intonation, "will

ought to be told, whether he would consent to keep this knowledge back from Yolande, who would only be shocked and horrified by it. Do ye understand?"

"But, surely," exclaimed Melville, with wide-open eyes, "surely the best thing—the natural thing would be to tell the girl herself, first of all!"

"Man alive, Winterbourne would rather cut his throat! Don't you see that his affection for the girl is quite extraordinary? It is the sole passion of his life; a needle-scratch on Yolande's finger is like a knife to his heart. I assure you the misery he has endured in keeping this secret is beyond anything I can tell you; and I do believe he would go through the whole thing again just that Yolande's mind should be free, happy, careless. When he goes about with her he forgets all worry—thank goodness for that; and certainly she is high-spirited enough for anything; you would think she had never known a care or a trouble in all her existence; and I suppose that's about the truth."

"I suppose there is no necessity that I should know why the girl has been kept in ignorance of her mother's existence?"

"Oh, I will tell you the story—miserable as it is. You cannot imagine a pleasanter creature than that was when Winterbourne married her. He was older than she was; but not much. It was neuralgia that began it; she suffered horribly. Then some idiot advised her to drink port wine—I suppose the very worst thing she could have tried, for if it had for good, it must be bad for rheumatism and neuralgia, and such things. However, it soothed her at first, I suppose; and no doubt she took refuge in it whenever a bad attack came on. But, mind you, it was not that that played the mischief with her. She herself became aware that she was being tempted to take too much; for quite suddenly she went to her husband, told him frankly that the habit was growing on her, and declared her resolution to break the thing off at once."

thing—that the Romfords are not aware of the terror in which he lives of Yolande getting to know the truth, or else they would put the screw on a good deal more forcibly, I reckon."

"But that terrorism is perfectly frightful—"

"How are you to avoid it?" said Shortlands, coolly. "There is the one way, of course. There is the heroic remedy. Tell Yolande the whole story; and then, the next time the stone is thrown, summon the police, give the woman in charge, bind her over in recognizances, and have all your names in the next day's paper. Some men could do that. Winterbourne couldn't; he hasn't the nerve."

The answer to that was a strange one. It was a remark, or rather an exclamation, that Melville seemed to make almost to himself.

"And not one of them appears to see what ought to be done?"

"What would you do, then?"

"I?" said Melville—and John Shortlands did not observe that the refined, intellectual face of his companion grew a shade paler as he spoke; "I? I would go straight to the girl herself, and I would say: 'That is the condition in which your mother is; go and save her!'"

"Then let me tell you this, Mr. Melville," said Shortlands, "rather than bring such shame and horror and suffering on his daughter, George Winterbourne would cut off his fingers one by one."

CHAPTER X.

"He might have spared her—he might have spared her!" was Mr. Winterbourne's piteous cry, as he sat in his friend's room, and gazed out through the streaming window panes on the dismal landscape beyond.

And who was to tell her? Who was to bring grief and humiliation on that fair young life? Who was to rob her of the beautiful dream and vision that her mother had always been to her? Not he, for one. He could not do it.

And then might she not misunderstand all this that had been done to keep her in ignorance. Might she not be angry at having all her life been surrounded by an atmosphere of concealment? If she were to mistake the reason of her father having stooped to subterfuge and deceit? Was Yolande going to despise him, then—she, the only being in the world whose opinion he cared for? And always his speculations, and fears, and anxious conjectures came back to this one point:

"He might have spared her—he might have spared her."

"Now, look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, in his plain-spoken way. "If I were you, before I would say a word of this story to Yolande, I would make sure that that would be sufficient for Leslie. He says that Yolande must be told; but will that suffice? Is that all he wants? If I were in your place I would have a clear understanding. Do you know, I can't help thinking there is something behind all this that hasn't come out. If this young fellow is really in earnest about Yolande—if he is really fond of her—I don't think he would put this stumbling block in the way—I don't think he would exact this sacrifice from you—unless there was some other reason. Yesterday afternoon Melville said as little as he could. He didn't like the job. But he hinted something about the disagreement between young Leslie and his family over this marriage."

"I guessed as much," said Winterbourne. "Yes, I have suspected it for some time. Otherwise I suppose his father and aunt would have called on Yolande. They knew each other. Yolande stayed a night at the Towers when Mrs. Graham first brought her here—until the lodge was got ready."

"Of course, if the fellow has any pluck, he won't let that stand in his way. In the meantime, a domestic row isn't pleasant; and I dare say he is impatient and angry. Why should he revenge himself on Yolande, one might ask? But that is not the fair way of putting it. I can see one explanation. I didn't see it yesterday; and the fact was I got pretty wild when I learned how matters stood; and my own impression was that kicking was a sight too good for him. I have been thinking over it since, though; the rain last night kept me awake. And now I can understand his saying, 'Well, I mean to marry in spite of them; but I will take care, before I marry, to guard against any risk of their being able to taunt me afterward.'"

"When I took this shooting," Winterbourne said, absently, "when the place was described to me, on the voyage out, I thought to myself that surely there Yolande and I would be safe from all anxiety and trouble. And then again, up the Nile, day after day I used to think of her being married and settled in this remote place, and used to say to myself that then, at least, everything would be right. And here we are, face to face with more trouble than ever! And who is to tell her? The shock will be terrible—it may kill her."

"Nonsense—nonsense! Whoever is to tell her, it must not be you. It will turn out all right. And you, for one, should be very glad that the Master, as you call him, now knows the whole story; for after the marriage, whatever happens, he cannot come back on you and say you had deceived him."

"After the marriage! And what sort of a happy life is Yolande likely to lead when his relatives object to her already?"

"There you are off again! Why, man, these things must be taken as they come. You don't know that they object—and I don't believe they can object to her, though the old gentleman mayn't quite like the color of your politics. But suppose they do, what's the odds? They can't interfere. You will settle enough on Yolande to let the young couple live comfortably enough. I don't see any difficulty about it."

(To be continued.)

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, highly favorable to the discoveries and progress of genius.—Shaftesbury.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

TO BROADEN ENGINEER COURSE

Increased Attendance at Agricultural College Forces Enlargement.

Corvallis—The proposed expansion of the department of mechanical engineering at the college, determined on at the annual board meeting, is in part made essential by the largely increased attendance of students, which last year nearly touched 700. The present plan was installed when the attendance was less than half that number.

While the change is being made, it is planned to broaden and perfect the course of instruction. The matter is in the hands of a committee that, with President Gatch, is to perfect plans. One feature in contemplation is the addition of a graduate year to the course, so that many students now going abroad for further instruction, such as Cornell, Berkeley, Stanford, and so on, can get it at their home college. President Gatch's recommendations on the subject embody the establishment of a foundry and pattern making course.

Action taken for the improvement of the mining department embodies the purchase of addition equipment. The old chemical laboratory now houses the department and there is already fair equipment for laboratory work, but it is proposed to perfect the work in this line. Chester Proebstel, who was elected as instructor in the enlarged department, is a graduate of the college, who spent last year in the mining department at the University of California. He is a Portland boy.

Plan Big Vinegar Output.

Eugene—The Ingham & Zimmer Cider and Vinegar company, a well known manufacturing concern of Eugene, has just filed supplementary articles of incorporation with the Lane county clerk changing the name to the Ingham Vinegar Co. The owners of the Northwest Conserving Co.'s big plant at Tacoma, have purchased an interest in the local plant and the one at Medford, operated by the same company. The contract has just been let for the erection of new buildings for the Medford plant, the capacity of which is 4,000 barrels per year. The Eugene plant will be enlarged to the same capacity.

Miners Less Hostile.

Sumpter—Quite a number of sheepmen have driven their flocks into the Sumpter district this season, and all state that grass conditions were never better than at present. A more peaceful understanding seems to exist between miners and stockmen, as less threats are heard against the latter than in former seasons. This is accounted for from the fact that the ranges are in better condition and that there is plenty of feed to go round without sheepmen encroaching on the domain of the miners. No reports are received that the sheep are being ranged on the government reserve in this vicinity.

Fair Grounds Are Improved.

Salem—When improvements now under way are completed ten days hence, Oregon will have the best state fair grounds on the Pacific coast. California is making improvements which may possibly bring the exposition grounds of that state up to the same standard as those in Oregon, but for the present it is declared that Oregon fair grounds will be the best. The improvements made here were paid for with the appropriation which would have been used for the premiums if the annual state fair had been held.

Healthy People at Sumpter.

Sumpter—From investigations made here during the past month it is learned that Sumpter is without doubt the most healthful town in the state. At present there is not a case of sickness in the town that can be considered dangerous. Nor has there been a death from disease during the last six months. Accidents at the mines have furnished several funerals at the city cemetery during that time, but none of these can be considered as belonging to the town.

Many Threshers Are Running.

The Dalles—The past few days have been the longest continuous hot spell recorded in Wasco county for several years. The hot spell is not doing any damage to grain, as everywhere it is too far advanced to be injured by heat. However, it is hastening harvesting, as spring grain is now ripe and must be harvested along with fall grain. Most of the threshers are now running, and good yields are reported.

Smelter Has Big Run Ahead.

Sumpter—Concentrates are being received here daily for the smelter from the big producers of the Cracker creek district. The ore bins at the smelter are rapidly filling up and a large supply will be received this season from other sections near by, thus insuring steady operation of the plant for an indefinite period.

FARMERS HOLD THEIR WHEAT

Are Offered 70 Cents at Pendleton, but Expect Higher Price.

Pendleton—W. S. Byres, the miller, has purchased a few small lots of wheat in the vicinity of Pendleton for 65 cents, part of the wheat being club and part bluestem. He is offering 70 cents for No. 1 bluestem, with few farmers willing to accept this price, believing that a short time hence will bring them an advance over the present prices. The farmers who sold early last year missed the popular prices by nearly 12 cents a bushel, as the price rose from 55 to 77 cents a bushel. For fear of being in the wrong this year, many will hold until the market is established at a solid mark.

Mr. Byres has also purchased a lot of barley from E. L. Smith, paying 85 cents a hundred, with the understanding that all Mr. Smith wished to turn in would be taken at that price. The amount sold in the transaction is not known.

Schools of Baker County.

Baker City—The annual report of County School Superintendent John A. Payton, just filed, shows there are 5,348 persons between the age of 4 and 20 years in Baker county, 4,046 of whom are enrolled in the different schools. The number of teachers employed is 102, with an average salary for males of \$62.50 per month; females, \$48.47. The receipts for the past year to the county school were \$99,757.25, while the expenses amounted to \$77,187.89, leaving a balance of \$22,574.32. The estimated value of school houses, grounds, etc., is \$154,805. The average district tax is 8.1 mills.

Hop Yards on the Market.

Salem—Krebs Bros., reputed the most extensive hopgrowers on the coast, are said to be in the market for the sale of their hop ranches in this and Polk counties, aggregating 1,053 acres, of which 624 acres are set to hops. It is reported that the price set upon the Independence yards, consisting of 400 acres of hops, which will come in full bearing this season, is \$150,000, and that two offers have been received upon them, neither of which has as yet been accepted. The price fixed on the Brooks yard of 224 acres is not given.

Building for Medical Department.

Salem—Plans have been completed for the erection of a \$15,000 building for the medical department of Willamette university. The building will be located on the northwest corner of the college campus and will be of brick and three stories high. Money for the construction of the building has already been subscribed.

O. A. C. Regents' Election.

Corvallis—J. K. Weatherford was re-elected president, John D. Daly secretary and B. F. Irvine treasurer at the annual meeting of the board of regents of the Oregon Agricultural college held here. Their terms are for two years each.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, new, 71½¢@72¢ per bushel; bluestem, new, 75¢@76¢; valley, new, 75¢.

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

Oats—No 1 white, feed, \$29@30 per ton; gray, \$29.

Hay—Timothy, \$13@15 per ton; clover, \$8.

Fruits—Apples, new, \$1.50@1.85 per box; apricots, 90¢@1 per crate; peaches, 50¢@90¢ per crate; plums, 25¢@90¢ per crate; Loganberries, \$1.25 per crate; blackberries, 40¢@50¢; cherries, 7¢@12½¢ per pound; currants, 8¢ per pound; prunes, 85¢@1; raspberries, \$1.25 per crate.

Vegetables—Beans, 1¢@4¢ per pound; cabbage, 1¢@1½¢ per pound; cauliflower, 75¢@90¢ per dozen; celery, \$1 per dozen; corn, 15¢@25¢ per dozen; cucumbers, 40¢@50¢ per dozen; lettuce, head, 10¢ per dozen; parsley, 25¢ per dozen; peas, 2¢@5¢ per pound; tomatoes, 90¢@1 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, 75¢@1 per sack.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20¢@22½¢ per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 21½¢@22¢ doz.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13¢@14¢; mixed chickens, 12¢@12½¢; old roosters, 9¢@10¢; young roosters, 11¢@12¢; turkeys, live, 18¢@19¢; geese, live, 6¢@7¢; ducks, old, 13¢; ducks, young, 10¢@14¢ per pound.

Hops—Choice 1904, 17¢@19¢ per pound.

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

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

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

Veal—Dressed, 3½¢@7½¢ per pound.

Pork—Dressed 6¢@7½¢ per pound.



NOT ONE OF THEM APPEARS TO SEE WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE.

you walk down the glen for a bit?"

"Yes; but we should fetch Miss Winterbourne to show her the skies on fire."

"No; it's about her I want to speak to you. Or, rather," said his companion, when they had got as far as the bridge, "about her father. Winterbourne is an old friend of mine; but the way he is going on at present, shilly-shallying, frightened to say this, frightened to say that, is enough to worry a stronger man than he is into his grave. Well, if he won't speak I will. I have a mystery! My motto is—out with it! And he would never have got into this precious mess if he had taken my advice all through."

Melville was surprised; but he did not interrupt. John Shortlands seemed a trifle angry.

"The immediate trouble with him is this: Ought he, or ought he not, to confide certain matters to you as a friend of young Leslie? Well, I am going to take that into my own hand. I am going to tell you the whole story—and a miserable business it is."

"Do you think that is wise?" the younger man said, calmly. "If there is anything disagreeable, shouldn't the knowledge of it be kept to as few people as possible? I would rather have my illusions left. The Winterbournes have been kind to me since they came here; and it has been delightful to me to look at these two—the spectacle of father and daughter—"

"Oh, but I have nothing to say against either of them. I suppose you know that your friend Leslie and Yolande are engaged?"

"I have understood as much."

"But did he not tell ye?" said Shortlands, with a stare.

"Well, yes," the other said, in rather a cold way. "But we did not have much talk about it. Archie Leslie is a very fine fellow; but he and I don't always agree in our ways of looking at things."

"Then, at all events, in order to disagree you must know what his way of looking at things is; and that is just the point I'm coming to," said Shortlands, in his blunt, dogmatic way. "Yolande Winterbourne has been brought up all her life to believe that her mother died when she was a child; whereas the mother is not dead, but very much alive—worse luck; and the point is whether he

"She did that. I firmly believe she did keep her resolution to the letter. But then the poor wretch had worse and worse agony to bear; and then it was that somebody or other recommended her to try some of those patent medicines they make up from opium or morphia. I dare say it was harmless at first. No doubt she began with small doses. But it seems that those drugs are twenty times worse than brandy or whisky in destroying the power of the will; and so I suppose the poor creature went on and on, increasing the doses and destroying her brain at the same time, until in the end she was simply a hopeless drunkard. It seems miraculous how women can go on destroying themselves with those infernal drugs without being found out. I don't know whether Winterbourne would ever have found it out; for he is an indulgent sort of chap, and he was very fond of her; but one night there was a scene at dinner. Then he discovered the whole thing. The child was sent away, for fear of further scenes; and this so terrified the mother that she made the most solemn promises never to touch the poison again. But by this time her power of self-control had gone. Man alive, I can't tell ye what Winterbourne had to go through. His patience with her was superhuman; and always the promise held out to her was that Yolande was to be restored to her; and sometimes she succeeded so well that every one was hopeful, and she seemed to have quite recovered. Then again there would be another relapse; and a wild struggle to conceal it from the friends of the family; and all the rest of it."

"What a life he has led all those years—trying to get her to live in some safe retreat or other; and then suddenly finding that she had broken out again, and gone to some people, Romneys or Romfords, the name is, who have a most pernicious influence over her, and can do anything with her when she is in that semi-maundin state. Of course, they use her to extort money from Winterbourne; and she has drugged half her wits away; and it is easy for them to persuade her that she has been ill-treated about Yolande. Then she will go down to the house, or hunt him out at his lodgings. There is only one fortunate