

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

This was all that was said at the time; and it must be admitted that it left Mr. Winterbourne pretty much in the same mood of anxious perturbation. His careworn face instantly attracted Yolande's notice. She became aware that there was trouble somewhere; there was a kind of restraint in the social atmosphere of the house; she even found the honest and hearty John Shortlands given to moody staring into the fire. So she went to her own room, and sat down, and wrote the following note:

"Allt-nam-ba, Friday.

"My Dear Archie—We are all in a state of dreadful depression here on account of the bad weather, and the gentlemen shut up with nothing to do. Please, please, take pity on us, and come along to dinner at seven. Do you know that Monagien is for sale? What a joy it will be if Mr. Melville should get it back again, after all—that will indeed be Melville's Welcome Home! You will make us all very happy if you will come and spend the evening with us.

"Yours affectionately,

"YOLANDE."

She sent this out to be taken to Lynn Towers by one of the gillies who was to wait for an answer; and in something more than an hour the lad on the sturdy little black pony brought back this note:

"Lynn Towers, Friday Afternoon.

"Dear Yolande—I regret very much that I cannot dine with you to-night; and as for Tuesday, I am afraid that will be impossible, as I go to Inverness to-morrow. I hope they will have a good day. Yours sincerely,

"A. LESLIE."

She regarded this answer at first with astonishment, then she felt inclined to laugh.

"Look at this, then, for a love letter!" she said to herself.

But by and by she began to attach

more importance to it. The coldness of it seemed studied; yet she had done nothing that she knew of to offend him. What was amiss? Could he be dissatisfied with her conduct in any direction? She had tried to be more kind to him, as was her duty; and until quite recently they had been on most friendly terms. What had she done?

Then she began to form the suspicion that her father and John Shortlands were concealing something from her. Had it anything to do with the Master? Had it anything to do with the singular circumstance that not even the most formal visiting relationship had been established between Lynn Towers and the lodge? Why had her father seemed disturbed when she proposed to send a haunch of venison to the Towers—the most common act of civility?

Next morning had an evil and threatening look about it; but fortunately there was a brisk breeze; and toward noon that had so effectually swept the clouds over that the long, wide valley was filled with bright, warm sunshine. Yolande resolved to drive in to Gress. On arriving, however, she found that Mr. Melville had gone off to his electric storehouse away up in the hills; and so she sent on the dog-cart to Whitebridge, and was content to wait awhile with Mrs. Bell.

"I'll just send him a message, and he'll come down presently."

"Oh, no, please don't; it is a long way to send any one," Yolande protested.

"It's no a long way to send a wee bit flash o' fire, or whatever it is, that sets a bell ringing up there," said the old dame. "It's wonderful, his devices. Sometimes I think it's mair than natural. Over there, in the laboratory, he has got a kind o' ear trumpet; and if you take out the stopper, and listen in quietness, you'll hear every word that's going on in the school."

"That is what they call a telephone, I suppose?"

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Bell, as she left the room to send a message to him.

When she came back she was jubilant.

"My dear young leddy, I am glad to see ye! I've sent the letter to the lawyers. I just told them that I did not want Monagien for myself, but that they happened to hear what was the lowest price that would be taken, they might send me word, in case I should come

across a customer for them. It doesn't do to be too eager about a bargain, especially w' they lawyers; it's just inviting them to commit a highway robbery on ye."

"If Mr. Melville," said Yolande, quickly, "were to have Monagien, he would still remain in this neighborhood?"

"They kept on talking with much interest, until a step outside on the gravel caused the color to rush to the girl's face. She did not know that, when she rose on his entrance. She did not know that she looked embarrassed, because she did not feel embarrassed. Always she had a sense of safety in his presence. She had not to watch her words, or think of what he was thinking of what she was saying. She apologized for having brought him down from his electric works; and asked him if he would take a turn in the garden for a minute or two, as she had something to say to him; and then went out, he following. She did not notice that when she made this last remark his face looked rather grave.

"Mr. Leslie went to Inverness this morning?" she said, when they were out in the garden. "Do you know why he went?"

"Well," said he, "I believe they have been having some dispute about the marches of the forest; but I am told it is all amicably settled. I fancy Archie is going to have the matter squared up in Inverness."

She hesitated then. She took up a flower; regarded it for a second, and then looked him fair in the face.

"Mr. Melville," said she, "do you think it strange that I ask you this question?—you are Mr. Leslie's friend; is he offended with me?"

"I have not the slightest reason to suppose that he is," was the answer, given with some earnestness, for he was glad to find the question so simple.

"None? I have not done anything

He looked and waited, however, in vain; and he was coming to the conclusion that they must have already passed and gone on to the lodge, when he fancied he saw something move behind some birch bushes on the hillside beyond the glen. Presently he made out a pony grazing, and gradually coming more and more into view. Then he reflected that probably the attendant gillie and the panniers were hidden from sight behind these birches; and that, if it were so, the shooting party had not returned, and were bound to come back that way. A very few minutes of further waiting proved his conjectures to be right; a scattered group of people, with dogs in their heels, appearing on the crest of the hill opposite. Then he had no further doubt. Down this slope he went at headlong speed; crossed the rushing burn by springing from boulder to boulder, and very soon encountered the returning party, who were now watching the panniers being put on the pony's back.

Now that he had intercepted Mr. Winterbourne, there was no need for hurry. He could take time to recover his breath; and also to bethink himself as to how he should approach this difficult matter. The conversation was all about the day's sport.

Then they set out for home; Duncan and the gillies making away for a sort of ford by which they could get the pony across the Dum Water; while the three others took a nearer way to the lodge by getting down through a gulle, where there was a swing bridge across the burn. When they had got to the bridge, Melville stopped them.

"I am not going on with you to the lodge," said he. "Mr. Winterbourne, I have seen your daughter this afternoon. She is troubled and anxious; and I thought I'd come along and have a word with you. I hope you will forgive me for thrusting myself in where I may not be wanted; but—but it is not always the right thing to 'pass by on the other side.' I couldn't in this case."

"I am sure we are most thankful to you for what you have done already," Yolande's father said, promptly; and then he added, with a weary look in his face, "and what is to be done now, I don't know. I cannot bring myself to this that Leslie demands. It is too terrible. I look at the girl—well, it does not bear speaking of."

"Look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, "I am going to leave you two together. I will wait for you at the other side. But I would advise you to listen well to anything that Mr. Melville has to say; I have my own guess."

With that he proceeded to make his way across the narrow and awaying bridge, leaving these two alone.

(To be continued.)

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been my friend since ever we came to this place."

"Yolande," said he, and he took her hand to emphasize his words, "there is more; but it is not I who must tell you. What I can tell you, and what I hope you will believe, is that you are in no way the cause of anything that may have happened. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. And any little trouble there may be will be removed in time, no doubt. When you have done your best, what more can you do?"

It is just possible that she might have begged him to make a candid confession of all that he knew, but at this moment the cart drove up to the front gate, and she had to go. She bade him, and also Mrs. Bell, good-by almost in silence; she went away thoughtfully. And as he watched her disappear along the high road—the warm westerling light touching the gold of her hair—he was thoughtful, too; and his heart yearned toward her with a great pity; and there was not much that this man would not have done to save her from the shadow that was about to fall on her young life.

CHAPTER XI.

He could not rest somehow. He went into the laboratory, and looked vacantly around; the objects there seemed to have no interest for him. Then he went back to the house—into the room where he had found her standing; and that had more of a charm for him; the atmosphere still seemed to bear the perfume of her presence, the music of her voice still seemed to hang in the air. She had left on the table—she had forgotten, indeed—a couple of boards inclosing specimens of some flowers. These he turned over, regarding with some attention; but still his mind was absent; he was following in imagination the girl herself, going away along the road there, alone, to meet the revelation that was to alter her life. And was he going to stand by, idle? Was he going to limit himself to the part he had been asked to play—that of mere messenger-bearer? Could he not do something? Was he to be dominated by the coward fear of being called an intermeddler?

He snatched up his hat and went quickly out and through the little front garden into the road; there he paused. Of course, he could not follow her; she must needs see him coming up the wide strath; and in that case what excuse could he give? But what if the shooting party had not yet come down from the hill? Might he not intercept them somewhere? He held along by the hilltop, until, far below him, he came in sight of Lynn Towers, and the bridge, and the stream, and the loch; and onward still he kept his way, until the strath came in view, with Allt-nam-ba, and a pale blue smoke rising from the chimneys into the still evening air. Probably Yolande had got home by that time. So he kept rather back from the edge of the hilltop so that he should not be descried; and in due time arrived at a point overlooking the junction of the three glens, down one of which the shooting party were almost certain to come.

He looked and waited, however, in vain; and he was coming to the conclusion that they must have already passed and gone on to the lodge, when he fancied he saw something move behind some birch bushes on the hillside beyond the glen. Presently he made out a pony grazing, and gradually coming more and more into view. Then he reflected that probably the attendant gillie and the panniers were hidden from sight behind these birches; and that, if it were so, the shooting party had not returned, and were bound to come back that way. A very few minutes of further waiting proved his conjectures to be right; a scattered group of people, with dogs in their heels, appearing on the crest of the hill opposite. Then he had no further doubt. Down this slope he went at headlong speed; crossed the rushing burn by springing from boulder to boulder, and very soon encountered the returning party, who were now watching the panniers being put on the pony's back.

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OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

NEW MINING TOWN.

Borealis Falls Established at End of Calapooia Road.

Brownsville—Borealis Falls is the name of a new mining town which has just sprung into existence on the Calapooia side of the Blue river mining district, 40 miles southeast of Brownsville.

The camp consists at present of four loghouses and boasts a population of 13 souls, but this will be added to soon by the addition of at least ten more people. The town is located practically in the heart of the district, on the south bank of the Calapooia river, near the falls of the Calapooia, and is an ideal site for a modern mining town. The site is at the end of the Calapooia river wagon road, now building into the district from Brownsville, from which joint roads will branch off to the many mines of the district. This road is now under construction by Linn county, and when finished will give access to the district by a direct route of considerably less distance than any other. Already the road is completed 28 miles above Brownsville, and the county is lending every effort to complete it this year. A small portion of the road passes through a section of Lane county, and this will be built by the citizens of Linn county and mineowners.

Irrigation Congress Delegates.

Salem—The following persons have been appointed by Governor Chamberlain to represent Oregon at the National Irrigation congress in Portland, August 21-24: W. P. Campbell, Chama; T. G. Hailey, J. H. Raley, A. D. Stillman, Walter M. Pierce, Pendleton; W. E. King, A. N. Soliss, C. W. Mallett, Ontario; J. A. Woolery, Ione; Lee McCartney, E. A. McDaniel, Baker City; E. J. Frazier, E. J. Young, Henry Ankeny, Eugene; A. King Wilson, R. C. Judson, M. A. Drake, Portland; F. Holbrook, A. Bennett, Irrigon; S. A. Lowell, S. A. Hartman, Pendleton; F. S. Bramwell, La Grande; J. R. Eetch, Echo; R. M. Veatch, Cottage Grove; John W. Gates, Hillsboro.

Oregon Delegates to Congress.

Salem—Governor Chamberlain has appointed the following delegates to the Trans-Mississippi congress at Portland August 16-19: W. A. Munly, J. M. Moon, H. M. Brunson, C. H. Meurdorffer, M. H. McMonies, Joseph Friedenthal, Sol Harris, D. C. Burns, M. A. Raymond, Leo Peterson, F. A. Watts, Daniel McAllen, William Foley, E. B. Duffy, A. W. Cauthorn, and Tom Richardson, Portland; E. Hofer, George Collins, A. M. Cannon and S. T. Richardson, Salem; Bert Huffman, Pendleton; W. A. Nash, Dallas; E. J. Frazier, Eugene; F. A. Seufert, The Dalles; E. J. Kaiser, Ashland.

For Bridge at Milwaukie.

Salem—Governor Chamberlain has appointed State Senator C. W. Nottingham and Representative S. B. Linthicum and J. N. Bramhall as commissioners to investigate the project of building a bridge across the Willamette river near what is known as the White House, in the vicinity of Milwaukie. The appointments were made under the authority of the house concurrent resolution 2, of the last legislative session. The plan is to have a bridge built by Multnomah and Clackamas counties. The commissioners will serve without expense to the state, and will report to the next legislature.

Take Out \$860 in Five Days.

Sumpter—Another clean-up from the Belmont group, Greenhorn district, has been placed on display here. It represented in value \$860 and resulted from five days' operation of the small mill on the property. The ore from which the clean-up was made was taken from the upper workings on the rich ledge opened up some time ago and which has made such a wonderful output since that time. A shaft is now being sunk on this ore body, and the output is expected to be much larger when a depth has been reached.

S. P. Puts Out Rangers.

Grants Pass—To prevent the outbreak of forest fires in its timber domain, the Southern Pacific company has put out a number of rangers in addition to those appointed by the government. By reason of the unusual dryness fires will spread easily in the timber this year, and extra precautions are being taken. Violators of forest reserve rules and careless hunters and campers who leave camp fires burning will be more severely dealt with this summer, that the ravages of past seasons may not be repeated.

Grading Active on Tillamook Road.

Hillsboro—Superintendent L. R. Fields and Resident Engineer Donald, of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon, were here a few days ago conferring with Engineer George L. Davis, of the Portland, Nehalem & Tillamook railway, relative to the junction to be formed in this city between the two roads. Active grading has already commenced on the Tillamook road, and the contracts for the bridge timbers and ties have been signed.

BUYS TWO DITCHES.

Government Rapidly Clearing Way for Klamath Irrigation.

Washington—The secretary of the interior has authorized the purchase of the Little Klamath Water Ditch company's rights and property, known generally as the Adams ditch, for use in connection with the Klamath Falls irrigation project in Southern Oregon. This ditch system is to be used as part of the project and the agreement to sell includes also certain color of rights to land now under water and which are to be drained and used for irrigation purposes.

The secretary has also approved the purchase of certain rights and property of the Jesse D. Carr Land and Livestock company from S. L. Akins. This purchase involves a large area of land for the Clear Lake reservoir site, also rights of way for ditches to be constructed by the United States over these lands and certain color of right to lands now under water which will be drained and irrigated.

The former purchase is to be made for \$100,000, less certain deductions stipulated in the agreement, and the latter for \$197,500.

SLUMP IN CHITTAM BARK.

Product Goes from 20 Cents Down to 3 Cents a Pound.

Albany—This is an off year with the chittam bark people. For the last two years a great amount of money has been put in circulation through the medium of this medicinal bark, hundreds of people spending their outing in the woods peeling the bark. The price of the commodity soared up past the 20-cent mark, and those who were fortunate enough to secure a valuable belt of chittam timber netted a neat income. Little boys who had never earned a dollar in their life lined their pockets last year and the year before at the rate of from \$3 to \$7 per day.

As the result of the great increase in price, many tons of the cascara, or chittam, bark were gathered and sacked, only to lie in some warehouse unsold. This overproduction caused a slump in the market, and this year the bark is going for 3 to 3½ cents per pound.

Forest Fire in Clackamas.

Oregon City—A forest fire, one-half mile in width and already having covered an area one mile in length, is raging at the head of Canyon creek, in the foothills east of Wilhoit, this county, and in the vicinity of James. Report of the fire was brought to this city by Dee Wright, of Liberal. The fire started presumably from a campfire, on the Hungate homestead, owned by Helvie & Jones. Only underbrush and second growth timber are being consumed, the flames not having reached any of the valuable heavy timber.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—New club, 73½¢ per bushel; new bluestem, 78½¢ per bushel; new valley, 78¢.

Barley—Old feed, \$21.50@22 per ton; new feed, \$20; rolled, \$23@24.

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

Hay—Timothy, old, \$13@15 per ton; new, \$11@12.50; clover, \$8@9.

Fruits—Apples, new, 90¢@1.75 per box; apricots, 90¢ per crate; peaches, 75¢@1 per crate; plums, 75¢ per crate; blackberries, 5@6¢ per pound; cherries, 90¢@1 per box; pears, \$2.25 per box; prunes, 85¢@1; raspberries, \$1.25 per crate; watermelons, \$1@1½¢ per pound; crabapples, 50¢ per box.

Vegetables—Beans, 1@4¢ per pound; cabbage, 1@1½¢ per pound; cauliflower, 75¢@90¢ per dozen; celery, 75¢@85¢ per dozen; corn, 75¢@1.25 per bag; cucumbers, 15@25¢ per box; lettuce, head, 10¢ per dozen; parsley, 25¢ per dozen; peas, 2@5¢ per pound; tomatoes, 75¢@85¢ per crate; squash, 5¢ per pound; turnips, \$1.25@1.40 per sack; carrots, \$1.25@1.50 per sack; beets, \$1@1.25 per sack.

Onions—Red, \$1.25 per hundred; yellow, \$1.25.

Potatoes—Oregon new, 50¢@1.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 21½@25¢.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 22@22½¢ per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13@14¢; mixed chickens, 12@12½¢; old roosters, 10@10½¢; young roosters, 11@12½¢; springs, 1½ to 2 pounds, 16½@17¢; 1 to 1½ pounds, 16@17¢; turkeys, live, 18@19¢; geese, live, per pound, 6@7¢; ducks, old, 13¢; ducks, young, 10@14¢.

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.



"HAVE YOU TOLD ME EVERYTHING?"

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