

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XIV.

The pale, clear glow of the dawn was telling on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose, and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgetfulness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. In the silence of this pale, clear morning she sat down and wrote a message of farewell, the terms of which she had carefully, and not without some smilings of conscience, studied during the long wakeful hours:

"All-nam-ba, Wednesday Morning.
"Dear Archie—A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the meantime at least, all our other plans and arrangements must yield to... Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Foyers, I may not see you to say good-bye; and so I send you this message. From your affectionate YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation? And perhaps, as the days and the months and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation. Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside, Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress's portmanteau. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went downstairs to the dining room, she was surprised to find her father there. "Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-bye?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande—but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days, accustom yourself to think of it, and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now."

It was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog cart. He himself would fasten the rug round her knees, the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away he stood there for a long time regarding them, until the dog cart disappeared at the turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end of that peaceful security that he had hoped to find at All-nam-ba!

Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch, she told Sandy to stop and took the reins.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Leslie," she said. "You need not take it up to the house; put it in the letter box at the gate."

Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill she looked over to Lynn Towers, but she could not make out any one at any of the windows. There were one or two stable lads about the out-houses, but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that. If he had waved his handkerchief to her, could she have answered that signal without further hypocrisy and shame? Little did he know what traitress was passing by. But indeed she was gradually ceasing to reproach herself in this way, for the reason that she was ceasing to think about herself at all. It was of another that she was thinking. It was his future that concerned her. What would all his after-life be like? Would there be some reparation? Would time heal that as it healed all things?

When she got to Gress she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale, but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying on to get a few bit flowers for ye. 'Deed, ye're early this morning."

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please do not trouble. You expected me, then? Mr. Melville told you?"

"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to All-nam-ba by midday; and I'm thinking I'll take one of the young lassies w' me, in case there's any neediness for a helping hand. The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away."

"But is he going—is he going away?" said Yolande, with a sudden alarm.

"I think he is; though it's no my place to ask," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order in the house. And I jalousie he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught a glint o' him going out before any o' us was up. I dare say he was off to one of the moorland lochs to have a last day at the trout bellie."

"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes. "Mrs. Bell, I must see him!—Indeed, I cannot go until I have seen him."

She looked at her watch. Well, she had nearly half an hour to spare, and she was determined to stay till the last minute if it were needful. But there was no figure coming along the road, no living thing visible on these vacant hillsides, nor a sign of life along the wide moorland of the village. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to listen in a measure.

"Perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville coming down the hill. I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully. "I'm just going indoors to put a bit string round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket, too, ye maun take; I made a few sweets, and comfits, and such things for ye last night, that'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he approached. His features were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her he stood before her with his eyes cast down like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I—I could not go away without a word of good-bye."

Here she stopped, fearful that her self-possession would desert her. Her hands were tightly clinched, and unconsciously she was nervously fingering her engagement ring.

"I do not see why the truth should not be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know, you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself; it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter, it is you that I am sorry for."

"Yolande, I cannot have you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honor to me that you were my friend, and an education also; you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world! I had not known it before; you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do. Do not think that I shall forget what I owe you; whatever happens, I will try to think of what you would expect of me, and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away," said she, and her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. "And also that—that, if one cannot retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on—"

"Yolande, Yolande," said he earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before you. Whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If any one is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind. Do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly, though still his face was of a ghastly paleness. She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to—give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."

"No," he said at once. "No. Forget everything that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."

"That I have deserved," she said, in a low voice. "Good-bye."

She held out her hand. He took it and held it, and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a saint, full of a sad and yearning pity.

"Yolande," said he, and the tones of his voice seemed to reach her very heart, "I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you and good-bye."

"Adieu—adieu!" she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog cart.

When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and perhaps rather regretfully, too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he, and he seemed in an unusual hurry; "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the waterproof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat or something of the kind, and half a loaf, in a little parcel."

"Dear me, sir, I will do that myself; but where are ye going, sir, if I may ask?"

The fact that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions

of this kind—even when he was staying for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland loch—that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was bent on some very desperate excursion. "Where am I going?" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night train to London."

CHAPTER XV.

The train roared and jangled through the long black night; and always before Yolande's shut but sleepless eyes rose vision after vision of that which she was leaving forever behind—her girlhood. So quiet and beautiful, so rich in affection and kindness, that appeared to her now; she could scarce believe that it was herself she saw in those recurrent scenes, so glad and joyous and light-hearted. That was all over. Already it seemed far away.

Toward morning she slept a little, but not much; however, on the first occasion of her opening her eyes, she found that the gray light of the new day was around her. For an instant a shock of fear overcame her—a sudden sense of helplessness and affright. She was so strangely situated; she was drawing near the great, dread city; she knew not what lay before her; and she felt so much alone. Despite herself, tears began to trickle down her face, and her lips were tremulous. This new day seemed terrible, and she was helpless—and alone.

"Dear me, miss," said Jane, happening to wake up at this moment, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," her young mistress said. "I—I have scarcely slept at all these two nights, and I feel rather weak and—and—not very well. It is no matter."

But the tears fell faster now; and this sense of weakness and helplessness completely overpowered her. She fairly broke down.

Yolande had resolved, among other things, that, while she would implicitly obey Mr. Melville's instructions about making that appeal to her mother entirely unaided and unaccompanied, she might also prudently follow her father's advice and get such help as was necessary, with regard to preliminary arrangements, from his solicitors; more especially as she had met one of those gentlemen two or three times, and so far was on friendly terms with him. Accordingly, one of the first things she did was to get into a cab, accompanied by her maid, and drive to the offices of Lawrence & Lang in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She asked for Mr. Lang; and by and by was shown into that gentleman's room. He was a tall, elderly person, with white hair, a shrewd, thin face, and humorous, good-natured smile.

"Take a seat, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Very lucky you came now. In another ten minutes I should have been off to seek you."

"But how did you know?"

"Oh, we lawyers are supposed to know everything," he answered, good-naturedly. "And I may tell you that I know of the business that has brought you to London; and that we shall be most happy to give you all the assistance in our power."

"But how can you know?" the girl said, bewildered. "It was only the day before yesterday I decided to go; and it was only this morning I reached London. Did my papa write to you, then, without telling me?"

"My dear young lady, if I were to answer your questions, you would no longer believe in the omniscience of lawyers," he said, with his grave smile. "No, no; you must assume that we know everything. And let me tell you that the step you are taking, though it is a bold one, deserves to be successful; perhaps it will be successful because it is a bold one. I hope so. But you must be prepared for a shock. Your mother has been ill."

"Ah!" said Yolande—but no more. She held her hands clasped.

"I say she has been ill," said this elderly suave person, who seemed to regard the girl with a very kindly interest. "Now she is better. Three weeks ago my clerk found her unable to sign the receipt that he usually brings away with him; and I was about to write to your father, when I thought I would wait a day or two and see; and fortunately, she got a little better. However, you must be prepared to find her looking ill; and—and—well, I was going to say she might be incapable of recognizing you; but I forgot. In the meantime we shall be pleased to be of every assistance to you in our power, in fact, we have been instructed to consider you as under our protection. As for your personal safety, that need not alarm you. Your friends may be anxious about you, no doubt; but the very worst that can happen will be a little impertinence. You won't mind that. I shall have a policeman in plain clothes standing by; if your maid should consider it necessary, she can easily summon him to you. She will be inside; he outside; so you have nothing to fear."

"Then you know all how it has been arranged!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes; it is our business here to know everything," said he, laughing, "though we are not allowed sometimes to say how we came by the information. Now what else can we do for you? Let me see. If your poor mother will go with you, you might wish to take her to some quiet seaside place, perhaps, for her health?"

"Oh, yes; I wish to take her away from London at once!" Yolande said, eagerly.

"Well, a client of ours has just left some lodgings at Worthing—in fact, we have recommended them, on one or two occasions, and we have been told that they gave satisfaction."

"Will you give me the address, if you please?"

He wrote the address on a card, and gave it to her.

(To be continued.)

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Irving.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

NEW SYSTEM BEST.

State Saves Much in Transporting Insane Patients.

Salem—After almost three months' operation under the new law governing the transportation of insane, it is found that the new system costs practically one-half as much as the old. Under the former system the sheriff or a deputy brought insane persons to the asylum, receiving a per diem of \$3 and all traveling expenses. Under the new system the insane asylum authorities send an attendant from the asylum to the county seat to bring the patient to Salem.

In some instances the cost of transportation has been reduced to one-third of what it was formerly, while in other cases the reduction is less than one-half. Thus it cost under the former laws \$18.73 to bring a patient from Portland, but now it costs only \$6.79. From Clatsop county, which furnishes a large number of patients, the former cost was about \$45, but now it is only \$15. Marion county, which also supplies a large number of insane, formerly cost the state \$6.69 for transporting patients, but this has been reduced to \$1. In the case of patients from distant counties, like Baker, Coos, Tillamook and others, where the railroad or stage expenses are heavy, the saving is not so great.

The figures given are not exact, for no exact account can be kept of the time of attendants who are sent out after patients. The attendants who are employed in that work render some service at the institution, and spend some time bringing back patients who have escaped. The saving, however, when all allowances are made, will be from 40 to 50 per cent.

Winter Wheat Good.

La Grande—Harvesting in the Grand Ronde valley is now well under way, and so far the yield of fall and winter sown wheat is good, the average being 40 bushels per acre of an excellent quality, many fields yielding 50 bushels. Spring sown grain is very light and will not yield more than half a crop. The hay crop is very good, and the same condition prevails in Wallowa county as to hay and grain as in this valley. The sugar beet crop is much better than at any previous season, and the sugar factory is expecting a much longer and more profitable run than last season.

Goes Fifty Bushels.

Pendleton—Mr. Hughes, of Helix, states that wheat just harvested and threshed on his ranch and that of his brother in the vicinity of that place will yield on an average of 50 bushels to the acre. There are also a number of fields of oats which will nearly if not quite come up to this figure. Late reports from either direction in this vicinity seem to indicate that the estimates given out earlier in the season understated rather than overstated the yield, as in no case is the yield falling short of the estimate given.

Blaze Starts From Slashings.

Woodburn—Starting from burning slashings on the Mrs. P. L. Kennedy place, east of Woodburn, fire has burned over that farm and the Snyder and Moreland farms. Strenuous efforts of firefighters saved the buildings, although Moreland's house is encircled by fire, and not yet out of danger. The course of the flames is now toward Butte creek, and may do considerable damage before the fire is under control.

Josephine Farmers' Institute.

Grant's Pass—From September 9 to 15 three sessions of farmers' institutes will be held in Josephine county, under the directions of Dr. James Withcombe, director of the State Experiment station, accompanied by a staff of professors and directors from the Oregon Agricultural college. The meetings will be held at Provolt, Grants Pass and Kerby.

Few Sales of Wheat.

Pendleton—There has been little doing in the wheat market here during the present week, and few sales have been made since Saturday, when about 200,000 bushels were sold in Pendleton. The quality of the wheat in this district this year is exceptionally good, all grading No. 1, with the exception of now and then a little smut.

Monmouth School to Open.

Independence—The Oregon State Normal school at Monmouth will continue as though the appropriation asked for at the last session of the legislature had been granted. The lack of appropriation must, of course, inconvenience somebody, but it has not given rise to the question as to whether or not the school would continue.

Slaughter of Lane Pheasants.

Eugene—County Clerk Lee has issued 70 fire permits and 290 hunters' licenses since the new laws went into effect. From all reports pheasants are being slaughtered in all directions and the license money is doing nothing in the way of protecting game.

EUGENE MILL TO START.

Will Be Operated in Connection With Plant at Union.

Eugene—John P. Wilbur, purchaser of the Eugene woolen mill, is here arranging to reopen the mill October 1. He will install considerable new machinery, and elevators, better to carry on the work and transport goods from one department to another. He announces that this mill will be operated in connection with his mill at Union.

A large scouring mill will be erected at Union, and scoured wool from there will be shipped to Eugene and mixed with the coarser valley product. The Union mill will make a specialty of white goods, for which it is particularly adapted, while the Eugene mill will be devoted to the manufacture of flowered dress goods, blankets and robes.

About 100 hands will be employed here, making a payroll of something like \$4,000 per month. Mr. Wilbur states that the two mills will have a combined capacity of about \$20,000 worth of finished goods per month.

Linn Wheat Is Short.

Albany—Wheat is a short crop in Linn county this year owing to the long continued dry weather. A few days of rain just at the right time would have made this year's crop the bumper product for the county, but the rain failed to come. As it is, the wheat in most sections runs about 16 bushels per acre. The heads are not well filled, and the grain is a little light. Some of the harvesting machines are unable to make expenses for the owners at the agreed prices for threshing, and threshing-machine men have in many instances been compelled to give up the rating agreed upon and charge for their work by the hour.

20,000 Cars Yearly.

Klamath Falls—Twenty thousand cars of export freight per annum is what Consulting Engineer Jacobs, of the Reclamation service, estimates as the possibilities of the Klamath country for a railroad company, when the government irrigation project has been completed and the lands under it developed, together with the rise of concomitant industries. Mr. Jacobs included shipments of general farm and dairy products, stock, timber, and perhaps sugar beets.

Can't Buy Many Good Sheep.

Pendleton—Sheep buyers from the east are experiencing great difficulty in finding in the market here the class of sheep demanded in the eastern market, and when they have the good luck occasionally to find a few, the owners are indifferent about selling, and in many cases absolutely refuse to set a price on them. This condition is said to be due to the fact that sheepmen sold up very close last year, and also to the substantial advance in the price of wool this season, with the prospect of a still further advance the coming season.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 69@70c per bushel; bluestem, 74@75c; valley, 75c.

Barley—Feed, \$20.50 per ton; brewing, \$21.

Oats—No. 1 white feed, old, \$28 per ton; gray, old, \$27; white, new, \$23@23.50; gray, new, \$22 per ton.

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

Fruits—Apples, 90c@1.75 per box; peaches, 65@85c crate; plums, 75c@1.10 per crate; blackberries, 5@6c per pound; cantaloupes, \$1@2.50 per crate; pears, \$1.50 per box; watermelons, 1@1.50 per pound; crabapples, 50c per box; grapes, \$1@1.50.

Vegetables—Beans, 1@4c per pound; cabbage, 1@1.50c per pound; cauliflower, 75@90c per dozen; celery, 75@85c per dozen; corn, 8@9c per dozen; cucumbers, 10@15c per dozen; tomatoes, 50@60c per crate; squash, 5c per pound; turnips, \$1.25@1.50 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, 75@80c per sack; Merced sweets, 3 1/2c per pound.

Butter—Oregon creamery, 27 1/2@30c.

Eggs—Fancy ranch, 22 1/2c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13@13 1/2c; mixed chickens, 12@13c; old roosters, 10c; young roosters, 11@11 1/2c; springs, 1 1/2 to 2 pounds, 14@14 1/2c; 1 to 1 1/2 pounds, 14 1/2@15c; turkeys, live 18@22c; geese, live, per pound, 8@9c; ducks, old, 13c; ducks gray 13c; white 14c.

Hops—Choice 1904, 17@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, 3 1/2@4 1/2c; country steers, 4@5c.

Veal—Dressed, 3@7 1/2c.

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 6 1/2@7c per pound; ordinary, 4@5c; lambs, 7@7 1/2c.

Pork—Dressed, 6@8c per pound.