

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

And at last Yolande grew to fear the worst. One evening she had sent for her father, and she went downstairs and found him in the sitting room.

"Yolande, you are as white as a ghost."

"Papa," she said, keeping a tight guard over herself, "I want you to come upstairs with me. I have told my mother you were coming. She will see you; she is grateful to you for the kind messages I have taken to her. I—I have not asked the doctors—but I wish you to come with me. Do not speak to her—it is only to see you that she wants."

He followed her up the stairs; but he entered first into the room, and he went over to the bedside and took his wife's hand, without a word. The memories of a lifetime were before him as he regarded the emaciated cheek, and the strangely large and brilliant eyes; but all the bitterness was over and gone now.

"George," said she, "I wish to make sure you have forgiven me, and to say good-by. You have been mother as well as father to Yolande—she loves you—You—you will take care of her."

She closed her eyes, as if the effort to speak had overcome her; but he still held his wife's hand in his; and perhaps he was thinking of what had been, and of what—far otherwise—might have been.

CHAPTER XXV.

Now, it is not possible to wind up this history in the approved fashion, because the events chronicled in it are of somewhat recent occurrence—indeed, at the present writing the Winterbournes and John Shortlands are still looking for-

presently."

He raised himself and sat up on the sofa, so as to get a glimpse of the clock opposite; and Shena Van—whose proper title by this time was Janet Leslie—came and stood by him, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Will they be very angry, Archie?" she says.

"My dear girl," said he, "I don't care the fifteen part of a brass farthing which of them, or whether any one of them, is on our side. Not a bit. It's done. Indeed, I hope they'll howl and squawk to their hearts' content. I should be sorry if they didn't."

"But you know, Archie," said Shena Van—who had her own little share of worldly wisdom—"If you don't get reconciled to your friends, people will say that you only got married out of spite."

"Well, let them," said he cheerfully. "You and I know better, Shena—what matters it what they say? I know what Jack Melville will say. They won't get much comfort out of him. No one has got two lives; why shouldn't he marry the girl he's fond of?—that's about all they'll get out of him."

And so at this point we may bid good-by to these adventurers and come along to another couple who, a few weeks later, were walking one evening on the terrace of the House of Commons. It was a dusky and misty night, though it was mild for that time of year; the heavens were overclouded; the lights on Westminster Bridge did little to dispel the pervading gloom, though the quivering golden reflections on the black river looked picturesque enough; and in this dense obscurity such members and their friends as had come out from the heated atmos-

"It's lively enough sometimes, I can assure you," he said. "However, your father thinks it's no use your waiting any longer. He's determined to wait until the division is taken; and no one knows now when it will be. He says you'd better go back to your hotel—I suppose Mr. Melville will see you so far. Well," said he, addressing Jack Melville, "what do you think of the dinner Winterbourne got for you?"

"I wasn't thinking of it much," Jack Melville said. "I was more interested in the members. I haven't been near the House of Commons since I used to come up from Oxford for the boat race."

"How's the company going?" "Pretty well, I think; but of course I've nothing to do with that. I have no capital to invest."

"Except brains; and sometimes that's as good as bank notes. Well," said Shortlands, probably remembering an adage about the proper number for company, "I'll bid ye good-night, for I'm going back to the mangle—I may take a turn at it myself."

So Jack Melville and Yolande together set out to find their way through the corridors of the House out into the night world of London, and when they were in Palace yard Yolande said she would just as soon walk up to the hotel where her father and herself were staying, for it was no further away than Albemarle street.

"Did you hear what Mr. Shortlands said?" she asked, brightly. "Perhaps, after all, then, there is to be no romance? I am not to be like the heroine of a book, who is approved because she marries a poor man. I am not to make any such noble sacrifice."

"Don't be too sure, Yolande," said he, good-naturedly. "Companies are little cattle to deal with; and an inventor's business is still more uncertain. There is a chance, as I say; but it is only a chance. However, if that fails, there will be something else. I am not afraid."

"And I—am I afraid?" she said, lightly. "No! Because I know more than you. And perhaps I should not speak; for it is a secret—no, no, it is not a secret, for you have guessed it—do you not know that you have Monaglen?"

He glanced at her to see whether she was merely making fun; but he saw in her eyes that she was making an actual, if not amused, inquiry.

"Well, Yolande," said he, "of course I know of Mrs. Bell's fantasy; but I don't choose to build my calculations for the future on a fantasy."

"She has bought Monaglen," Yolande said, without looking up.

"Very well. I thought she would do that—if she heard it was in the market. Very well, why shouldn't she go there—and send for her relatives, if she has any—and be a grand lady there? I have met more than one grand lady, who hadn't half her natural grace of manner, nor half her kindness of heart."

"It is very sad then," said Yolande, who was afraid to drive him into a more decided and definite opposition. "Here is a poor woman who has the one noble ideal—the dream of her life—it has been her hope and her pleasure for many and many a year; and when it comes near to completion, no, there is an obstacle, and the last obstacle that one could have imagined. Ah, the ingratitude of it! It has been her romance, it has been the charm of her life. She has no husband, no children. She has, I think, not any relation left. And because you are proud you do not care that you disappoint her of the one hope of her life—that you break her heart?"

"Ah, Yolande," said he, with a smile. "Mrs. Bell has got hold of you with her old Scotch songs—she has been walking you through fairyland, and your reason has got perverted. What do you think people would say if I were to take away this poor woman's money from her relatives—or from her friends and acquaintances, if she has no relatives? It is too absurd. If I were the promoter of a swindling company, now, I could sharp it out of her that way; that would be all right, and I should remain an honored member of society; but this won't do—this won't do at all. You may be as dishonest as you like, and so long as you don't give the law a grip on you, and so long as you keep rich enough, you can have plenty of public respect; but you can't afford to become ridiculous. No, no, Yolande; if Mrs. Bell has bought Monaglen, let her keep it. I hope she will install herself there, and play Lady Bountiful—she can do that naturally enough; and when she has had her will of it, then, if she likes to leave it to me at her death, I shall be her obliged and humble servant. But in the meantime, my dearest Yolande, you and I have got to face the world together."

When they got to the hotel they paused outside the glass door to say good-by.

"Good-night, dearest Yolande."

"Good-night, dear Jack."

And then she looked up at this broad-shouldered, pale, dark man, and there was a curious smile in her beautiful, sweet and serious face.

"Is it true," she asked, "that a woman always has her own way?"

"They say so, at all events," was the answer.

"And if two women have the same wish and the same hope and only one man to say no, then it is still more likely he will be defeated?"

"I shouldn't say he had much chance myself," Jack Melville said. "But what's your conundrum, now, sweetheart?"

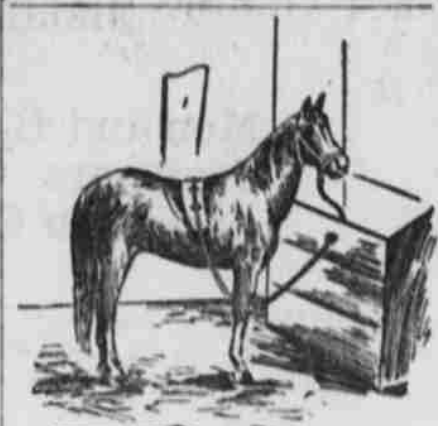
"Then I foresee something," she said. "Yes, I see that we shall have to ask Mr. Leslie to be very kind, and to lend us Duncan Macdonald for an evening. Oh, not so very far away—not so far away as you imagine; because, you know, when we have all gone up to Monaglen House, and we are all inside, perhaps seated in the dining room, having a little chat together—then what will you say if all at once you heard the pipes outside, and what do you think Duncan will play, on such an evening as that, if not Melville's Welcome Home?"

(The end.)



For Halter-Breaking Horses.

Some horses have the bad habit of pulling at their halters when fastened at the manger and always breaking them. While it is generally considered that the horse gets along much better in the box stall where he is not fastened at all it is not always possible to arrange such a plan, so that something must be done to break the halter-breaking habit. The following plan is admitted to work nicely and to break any horse of the habit after a few weeks' trial. Take a strong rope long enough for the purpose and, after

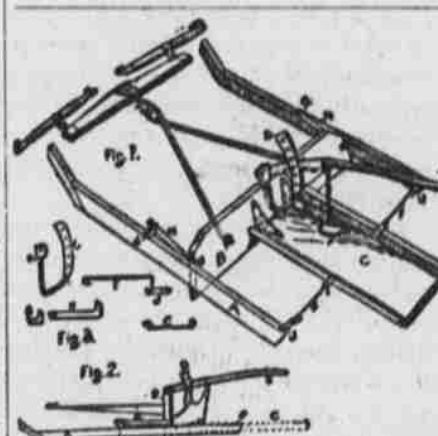


PREVENTS HALTER-BREAKING.

doubling it, pass an end each side of the horse about midway between the front and hind legs. Pass the ends through a ring, then through the hole in the manger and then tie the ends in the halter ring. When the horse pulls back the rope tightens around the body and pulls him back, so that after a few trials he gives up the plan. To prevent the rope from making the back of the horse sore, make a soft pad of several thicknesses of new unbleached muslin, covered on the outside with a piece of denim or any equally strong, clean material. Make small straps of some of the material and sew to the pad, the rope passing underneath these loops. The illustration shows the idea plainly. Figure 1 indicates the shaping of the pad at the center seam.—Indianapolis News.

Practical Land Leveler.

Fig. 1, prospective sketch; Fig. 2, side view; leveler, E, extends back directly over right side of boat, C; short end of iron, H, bolts to rear side of B, in middle, and long end is hinged by bolt to top end of G, which is bolted on top of runner with upturned end flush with inner side of runner. Operator stands on boat, C, and by using lever, E, raises or lowers scraper, B, which is hinged on runners by bolts between G, G and H, H. Boat, C, is



GOOD LAND LEVELER.

hinged to back of scraper with bottom 2 inches above lower edge of scraper. Iron, D, is 1 1/2-inch wagon tire and has half twist at x, x.—Chancey Avery, in Ohio Farmer.

The Uruguay Potato.

Fresh investigation regarding the new Uruguay potato indicates that the plant will probably not prove of much practical value where the common potato or the sweet potato can be grown with success. It is a tropical plant which will not thrive in cool weather, and even where it has succeeded it is of such a weedy character that it is liable to become a nuisance when it escapes from cultivation. Those who are experimenting with the new potato express some hopes that it may yet be improved to such an extent that its vigorous productive character may bring it into use to a limited extent. At present it is not recommended for commercial uses.

Spreading Manure.

Calculate the amount of manure on hand and estimate the expected amount next spring. Then measure off or estimate the area of land that the manure will probably cover. Do not waste the manure by spreading it over too much space. A small plot that is well manured will give larger proportionate crops, and at a lower cost, than a large field that is manured insufficiently. Homeopathic doses of manure do not give good results. Concentrate your manure on the least space possible for a fair return.

Eggs in Commerce.

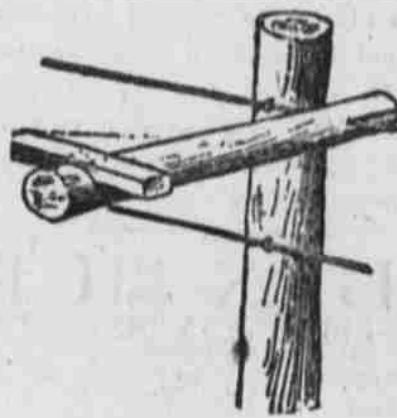
A poultry farm, whether ducks, geese, chickens or turkeys be the specialty, accumulates a large and maldorous surplus of eggs that refused to develop into fowl. The average person would suppose that if there is anything on earth that is utterly worthless it is a stale egg. Millions of stale eggs are used every year in preparing leather dressing for gloves and book-binding—an industry that is largely carried on in the foreign tenement houses of New York and other large cities. They are also used in manufacturing disinfectants and in the preparation of shoeblackening, and even the shells are made into fertilizers. The eggs that have not yet lost their virtue also have other uses besides the more common ones for culinary purposes. It is estimated that fully 55,000,000 dozen are used by wine clarifiers, dye manufacturers, and in the preparation of photographers' dry plates.—Exchange.

Road Building.

The importance of the new office of public roads, which is the official designation of the division of the bureau of agriculture devoted to the study of roads and road-building materials, has been recognized in a larger financial appropriation than was accorded the old office of public road inquiries. The scope of the new division has been materially enlarged, now taking cognizance of the chemical and physical character of road materials, work which was formerly done, where possible, by the bureau of chemistry. One of the features of the new office, aside from its enlargement and the authority which has been given it to confer with prospective builders and offer them expert advice, is the post-graduate course in highway engineering, which has just been inaugurated, with a view of giving young civil engineers theoretical and practical training in road-building.

Homemade Wire Stretcher.

Take a round stick 2 1/2 feet long and 2 1/2 or 3 inches in diameter. Make opening in end 6 inches long and large



WIRE STRETCHER.

enough to allow wire to slip in. Put handle on the other end and then with stick at right angles to post and wire next to post twist as tight as wanted. Any wire can be broken with this device and you don't have to have anything to fasten stretcher to.—Exchange.

How to Make a Hay Sweep.

A. E. Shreffler, of South Dakota, says: "The following is what I believe to be a cheap and practical way to make a bucker, or hay sweep. All the materials required for this purpose are two 1x8's, 14 feet long; one 2x12, 14 feet long; three 2x4's, 18 feet long; one 2x4, 12 feet long, and 30 feet of 1-inch rope. Cut the 18-foot 2x4 into pieces 9 feet long and point them at both ends with a sharp hand ax. Next spike these 9-foot pieces on the 2x12 plank, 4 1/2 feet from each end, placing the 2x4's 2 feet and 4 inches apart. Cut the 12-foot 2x4 into four equal pieces, place upright on the edge of the 2x12, 3 feet 8 inches apart, and brace them solid by nailing the 1x8 on the stakes. Cut rope to 15 feet length and put one on each end of the 2x12 and you have a reversible bucker, or sweep-rake, better than you can buy for twice the cost."

Preventing Scab and Rust.

The results of various methods of treatment to prevent apple scab are given in bulletin No. 88 of the Nebraska Experiment Station. Removing cedar trees from the vicinity of the orchard and destroying the cedar apples is the customary way to control the cedar rust, which is closely related to applescab. Thorough spraying with Bordeaux is effectual against both scab and rust, and the spray should be applied in a fine mist and with considerable force. All parts of the tree must be wet thoroughly in order to prevent the rust securing a start.

Stopped the Crowing.

Those who live in crowded neighborhoods in town or city are often debarred from keeping chickens because of complaints of neighbors of the early morning crowing of the cocks. The authorities in an English town have devised a remedy for this trouble, consisting of placing the perch where the cock roosts so high that when he stands up to crow he knocks his head against the roof and desists. It is claimed that a swinging board over his head answers the same purpose.



DUNCAN WILL PLAY "MELVILLE'S WELCOME HOME."

ward to their flight to Alt-nam-ba, when Parliament has ceased talking for the year. But at least the story may be brought as far as possible "up to date." And first, as regards the Master of Lynn. He is in a hotel in Princes street, Edinburgh, in a sitting room on the first floor, lying extended on a sofa, and smoking a big cigar, while a cup of coffee that had been brought him by affectionate hands stood on a small table just beside him. And Shena Van, having in vain cudgeled her brains for fitting terms of explanation and apology, which she wished to send to her brother, the professor, had risen from the writing desk and gone to the window; and was now standing there contemplating the wonderful panorama without—the Scott monument, touched with the moonlight, the deep shadows in the valley, the ranges of red windows in the tall houses beyond, and the giant bulk of the Castle Hill reaching away up into the clear skies.

"Shena," says he, "what o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past nine," she answers, "Capital!" he says, with a kind of sardonic laugh. "Excellent! A quarter past nine. Don't you feel a slight vibration, Shena, as if the earth were going to blow up? I wonder you don't tremble to think of the explosion!"

"Oh, yes, there will be plenty of noise," says Shena Van, contentedly.

"And what a stroke of luck to have the Grahams at Lynn! Bagging the whole covey with one cartridge? It will soon be twenty past. I can see the whole thing. They haven't left the dining room yet; his lordship must always open the newspapers himself; and the women-folk keep on, to hear whether Queen Anne has come alive or not. Twenty past, isn't it? 'Hang that fellow, Lammer!' his lordship growls. 'He's always late. I'll send him about his business—that's what it'll come to.' Then Polly thinks she'll run upstairs for a minute to see that the blessed baby is all right; and we'll say she's at the door when they hear wheels outside, and so she stands and waits for the letters and papers. All right; don't be in a hurry, Polly; you'll get something to talk about

phere of the House to have a chat on the terrace were only indistinguishable figures who could not easily be recognized. They, for the most part, were seated on one or other of the benches, standing about, or idly leaning against the parapet; but these two kept walking up and down in front of the vast and shadowy building and the gloomy windows, and they were arm-in-arm.

"A generation hence," said one of them, looking at the murky scene all around them, "Londoners won't believe that their city could have ever been as black a pit as this is."

"But this generation will see the change, will it not?" said his companion, whose voice had just a trace of a foreign accent in it. "You are going to make the transformation, are you not?"

"I?" said he, laughing. "I don't know how many are all trying at it; and whoever succeeds in getting what is really wanted will be a wonder worker, I can tell you. What's more, he will be a very rich man. You don't seem to think about that, Yolande."

"About what, then?"

"Why, that you are going to marry a very poor man."

"No, I do not care at all," she said.

"That is because you don't understand what it means," said he, in a kindly way. "You have had no possibility of knowing. You can't have any knowledge of what it is to have a limited income—to have to watch small economies, and the like."

"Ah, indeed, then?" said she. "And my papa always angry with me for my economies, and the care and the thrift that the ladies at the Chateau exercised always! 'Miser,' he says to me—'miser that you are!' Oh, I am not afraid of being poor."

At this moment John Shortlands made his appearance.

"Look here, Yolande," he said. "I suppose you don't want to hear any more of the debate?"

"No, no," she said, quickly. "It is stupid—stupid. Why do they not say what they mean at once—not stumbling here, stumbling there, and all the others talking among themselves, and as if everybody were going asleep?"