YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Shandon Bells," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," "Sunrise," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

IN THE NIGHT.

He had at last discovered an easy way of gaining her favor. She was so anxious to prove to her father that she was a capable house-mistress that she was profoundly grateful for any hint that might help; and she spared neither time nor trouble in acquiring the most information. Then all this had to be done in a more or less secret fashion. She wished the arrangements at the shooting lodge to be something of a surprise. Her father, on getting up to Inverness-shire, was to find everything in perfect order; then he would see whether or not she was fit to manage a house. She had even decided (after serious consultation with the Master of Lynn) that when the gillies went up the hill with the shooting party, she would give them their lunch rather than the meaner alternative of a shilling apiece; and when the Master suggested that oatcake and cheese were quite sufficient for that, she said no—that as her father, she knew, would not have either whiskey or beer about the place, she would make it up to the men in giving them a good meal.

This decision was arrived at, of all places in the world, in the gimcrack wooden building that Ismail had put up at the foot of the Great Pyramid for the reception of his guests. The Grahams and Winterbournes had, as a matter of course, driven out to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx; but when there was a talk of their climbing to the top of the Great Pyramid, Yolande flatly refused to be hauled about by the Arabs; so that Mrs. Graham (who had her little ambitions) and her husband and Mr. Winterbourne started by themselves, leaving the Master of Lynn, who eagerly accepted the duty, to keep Yolande company. And so these two were now sitting well content in this big, bare, cool apartment, the chief ornament of which was a series of pictures on the wall—landscapes, in fact, so large and wild and vehement in color that one momentarily expected to hear a sharp whistle, followed by carpenters rushing in to run them off the stage.

"I suppose, Miss Winterbourne," said he (it was an odd kind of conversation to take place at the foot of the Great Pyramid), "your father would like to kill a few red deer while he is at Allt-nam-ba?"

"Oh yes, I know he is looking forward to that."

"Do you think," said he, with a peculiar smile, "that it would be very wicked and monstrous if I were to sacrifice my father's interests to your father's interests? I should think not myself. There are two fathers in the case; what one loses the other gains."

"I do not understand you," Yolande said.

"Well, this is the point. What deer may be found in the Allt-nam-ba gullies will most likely go in from our forest. Sometimes they cross from St. John's; but I fancy our forest contributes most of them; they like to nibble a little at the bushes for a change, and indeed in very wild weather they are sometimes driven down from the forest to get shelter among the trees. Oh, don't you know?" he broke in, noticing some expression of her eyes. "There are no trees in a deer forest—none at all—except perhaps a few stunted birches down in the corries. Well, you see, as the deer go in from our forest into your gullies, it is our interest that they should be driven out again, and it is your interest that they should stay.—And I don't think they will stay if there is not a glass of whiskey about the place. That was the hint I meant to give you, Miss Winterbourne."

"But I don't understand yet," said Yolande. "Whiskey?"

"All your father's chances at the deer will depend on the good-will of the shepherds. The fact is, we put some sheep on Allt-nam-ba, mostly as a fence to the forest; there is no pasturage to speak of; but of course the coming and going of the shepherds and the dogs drive the deer back. Now supposing—just listen to me betraying my father's interests and my own!—supposing there is an occasional glass of whiskey about, and that the shepherds are on very friendly terms with you; then not only are they the first to know when a good stag has come about, but they might keep themselves and their dogs down in the bothy until your father had gone out with his rifle. Now do you see?"

"Oh yes! oh yes!" said Yolande, eagerly. "It is very kind of you. But what am I to do? My father would not have whiskey in the house—oh, never, never—not for all the deer in the country. Yet it is sad—it is provoking! I should be so proud if he were to get some beautiful fine horns to be hung up in the hall when we take a house some day. It is very, very, very provoking."

"There is another way," said he, quietly, "as the cookery book says. You need not have whiskey in the house. You might order a gallon or two in Inverness, and give it in charge to Duncan, the keeper. He would have it in his bothy, and would know what to do with it."

Out came her note-book in a second. *Two gallons of whiskey addressed to Mr. Duncan Macdonald, gamekeeper, Allt-nam-ba, with note explaining.* At the same moment the dragoman entered the room to prepare lunch, and a glance out of the window showed them the other members of the party at the foot of that great blazing mass of ruddy yellow that rose away into the pale blue Egyptian sky.

"Mind you don't say I have had anything to do with it," said he (and he was quite pleased that this little secret existed between them). "My father would think I was mad in giving you these hints. But yet I don't think it is good policy to be so niggardly. If your father kills three or four stags this year, the forest will be none the worse, and Allt-nam-ba will let all the more easily another season. And I hope it is not the last time we shall have you as neighbors."

She did not answer the implied question; for now the other members of the party entered the room, breathless and hot and fatigued, but glad to be able to shut back at last the clamoring horde of Arabs who were still heard protesting and vociferating without.

That same evening they left Cairo by the night train for Asyoot, where the dahabeeyah of the Governor of Merhadj was awaiting them; and for their greater convenience they took their dinner with them. That scrambled meal in the railway carriage was something of an amusement, and in the midst of it all the young Master of Lynn would insist on Yolande's having a little wine. She refused at first, merely as her ordinary habit was; but when he learned that she had never tasted wine at all, of any kind whatever he begged of her still more urgently to have the smallest possible quantity.

"It will make you sleep, Miss Winterbourne," said he, "and you know how distressing a wakeful night journey is."

"Oh no!" she said, with a smile, "not at all. There is to be moonlight, and why should not one lie awake? My papa wished me not to drink wine, and so I have not; and I have never thought about it. The ladies at the Chateau scarcely took any; they said it was not any better than water."

"But fancy you never having tasted it at all!" he said, and then he turned to her father. "Mr. Winterbourne, will you give Miss Yolande permission to take a very little wine—to taste it?"

The reply of her father was singular:

"I would sooner see her drink Prussic acid—then the end would be at once," said he.

Now this answer was so abrupt, and apparently so unnecessarily harsh, that the Master of Lynn, not knowing what blunder he had made, immediately strove to change the subject, and the most agreeable thing he could think of to mention to Yolande's father was the slaying of stags.

"While you were going up the Great Pyramid this morning, Mr. Winterbourne," said he, "we were talking about what you were likely to do at Allt-nam-ba, and I was telling your daughter I hoped you would get a stag or two."

"Yes?—oh yes," said Mr. Winterbourne, apparently recalling himself from some reverie by an effort of will. "A stag? I hope so. Oh yes, I hope so. We will keep a sharp lookout."

"Miss Winterbourne," said the younger man, with a significant glance at her which seemed to remind her that they had a secret in common, "was surprised to hear that there were no trees in a deer forest. But her ignorance was very excusable. How could she know? It wasn't half as bad as the talk of those fellows in Parliament and the newspapers who howl because the deer forests are not given over to sheep, or to cattle, or turned into small crofts. Goodness gracious! I wonder if any one of them ever saw a deer forest? Miss Winterbourne, that will be something for you to see—the solitude and desolation of the forest—mile after mile of the same moorland and hill without a sound, or the sight of a living thing—"

"But is not that their complaint—that so much land is taken away, and not for people to live on?" said Yolande, who had stumbled on this subject somewhere in following her father's Parliamentary career.

"Yes," said he, ironically. "I wonder what they'd find there to live on.—They'd find granite bowlders, and withered moss, and a hard grass that sheep won't touch, and that cattle won't touch, and that even mountain hares would starve on. The deer is the only living animal that can make anything of it, and even he is fond of getting into the gullies to have a nibble at the birch-trees. I wish those Radical fellows knew something of what they were talking about before making all that fuss about the Game Laws. The Game Laws won't hurt you if you choose to keep from thieving."

"But you are a Liberal, are you not?" said Yolande with wide-open eyes. Of course she concluded that any one claiming the friendship of her father and herself must needs be a Liberal. Travelling in the same party too: why—

Well, it was fortunate for the Master that he found himself absolved from replying; for Mr. Winterbourne broke in, with a sardonic kind of smile on his face.

"That is a very good remark of yours, Mr. Leslie," said he; "a very good remark indeed. I have something of the same belief myself, though I shock some of my friends by saying so. I am for having pretty stringent laws all round, and the best defense for them is this—that you need not break them unless you choose. It may be morally wrong to hang a man for stealing a sheep; but all you have got to do is not to steal the sheep. Well, if I pay seven hundred and fifty pounds for a shooting, and you come on my land and steal my birds, I don't care what may happen to you. The laws may be a little severe; but your best plan would have been to earn your living in a decent way, instead of becoming an idle, sneaking, lying, and thieving poacher—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the younger man, with great warmth.

"That is my belief, at all events," said Mr. Winterbourne, with the same curious sort of smile; "and it answers two ends: it enables me to approve my gamekeeper for the time being, when otherwise I might think he was just a little zealous; and also it serves to make some friends of mine in the House very wild; and you know there is nothing so deplorable as lethargy."

"But you are a Liberal, Mr. Leslie, are you not?" repeated Yolande.

And here again he was saved—by the ready wit of his sister.

"My dearest Yolande, what are you talking about?" she said. "What these two have been saying would make a Liberal or a Radical jump out of his five senses—or is it seven? Is it seven, Jim?"

"I don't know," her husband said, lazily. "Five are quite enough for a Radical."

"I know I used to have a great sympathy with poachers," continued pretty Mrs. Graham. "It always seemed to me romantic—I mean when you read about the poacher in poems—his love of sport, you know—"

"His love of sport!" her husband growled, contemptuously. "A miserable sneaking fellow loafing about the public-house all day, and then stealing out at night with his ferrets and his nets to snare rabbits for the market.—A love of sport!"

"Oh, but I can remember," said she, stoutly, "when I was a girl, there were other stories than that. That is the English poacher. I can remember when it was quite well known that the Badenoch young fellows were coming into the forest for a deer, and it was winked at by everybody when they did not come more than twice or thrice in the year. And that was not for the market. Anybody could have a bit of venison who wanted; and I have heard that there was a fine odor of cooking in the shepherds' bothies just about that time."

"That has nothing to do with the Game Laws," her husband said, curtly. "I doubt whether deer are protected by the Game Laws at all. I think it is only a question of trespass. But I quite agree with Mr. Winterbourne: if laws are too severe, your best plan is not to break them."

"Well, I was cured of my sympathy on one occasion," said Mrs. Graham, cheerfully (having warded off danger from her brother). Do you remember, Jim? You and I were driving down Glenstroy, and we came on some gypsies. They had a tent by the roadside; and you know dear Yolande, I wasn't an old married woman in those days, and grown suspicious; and I thought it would be nice to stop and speak to the poor people, and give them some money to get proper food when they reached a village. Do you know what Jim said?—'Money for food? Most likely they are plucking a brace of my uncle's black game.' Well, they were not. We got down from the trap, and went into the little tent; and they weren't plucking a brace of black game, but they were cooking two hen pheasants on a spit as comfortable as might be. I suppose a gypsy wouldn't do much good as a deer-stalker, though?"

And while they thus sat and chatted about the far northern wilds (Yolande was deeply interested, and the Master of Lynn perceived that; and he had himself an abundance of experience about deer) the sunset went, and presently, and almost suddenly, they found themselves in the intense blackness of the tropical night. When from time to time they looked out of the window they could see nothing at all of the world around, though Jupiter and Venus were shining clear and high in the western heavens, and Orion's jewels were paling as they sank; and away in the south, near the horizon, the solitary Sirius gleamed. But as the night went on (and they were still talking of Scotland (a pale light—a sort of faint yellow smoke—appeared in the southeast, and then a sharp, keen glint of gold revealed the edge of the moon. The light grew and spread up into the sky, and now the world around them was no longer an indistinguishable mass of black; its various features became distinct as the soft radiance became fuller and fuller; and by-and-by they could make out the walls of the sleeping villages, with their strange shadows, and the tall palms that threw reflections down on the smooth and ghostly water. Can anything be more solemn than moonlight on a grove of palms—the weird darkness of them, the silence, the consciousness that all around lies the white, still desert? Yolande's fancies were no longer far away; this silent, moon-lit world out there was a strange thing.

Then, one by one, the occupants of the railway carriage dropped off to sleep; and Yolande slept too, turning her face into the window corner somewhat, and letting her hands sink placidly into her lap. He did not sleep; how could he? He had some vague idea that he ought to be guardian over her; and then—as he timidly regarded the perfect lines of her forehead and chin and throat, and the delicacy of the small ear, and the sweep of the soft lashes—he wondered that this beautiful creature should have been so long in the world and he wasting the years in ignorance; and then (for with youth there is little diffidence; it is always, "I have chosen; you are mine; you can not be any other than mine") he thought of her as the mistress of Lynn Towers. In black velvet would she not look handsome, seated at the head of the dinner table; or in a tall backed chair by the fire-place, with the red glow from the birch logs and the peat making glimmerings on her hair? He thought of her driving down the glen; on the steamboat Quay; on board the steamboat; in the streets of Inverness; and he knew that nowhere could she have any rival.

And then it occurred to him that what air was made by the motion of the train must be blowing in upon her face, and that the sand-blinds of the windows were not sufficient protection, and he thought he could rig up something that would more effectually shield her. So, in the silence and the semi-darkness, he stealthily got hold of a light shawl of his sister's, and set to work to fasten one end to the top of the carriage door and the other to the netting for the hand-bags, to form some kind of screen. This manœuvre took some time, for he was anxious not to waken anyone, and as he was standing up, he had to balance himself carefully, for the railway carriage jolted considerably. But at last he got it fixed, and he was just moving the lower corner of the screen, so that it should not be too close to her head, when, by some wild and fearful accident, the back of his hand happened to touch her hair. It was the lightest of touches, but it was like an electric shock; he paused, breathless; he was quite unnerved; he did not know whether to retreat or wait; it was as if something had stung him and benumbed his senses. And light as the touch was, it awoke her. Her eyes opened, and there was a sudden fear and bewilderment in them when she saw him standing over her; but the next second she perceived what he had been doing for her, and kindness and thanks were instantly his reward.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said, with smiling eyes. And he was glad to get back into his own corner, and to wonder at the sudden fear that had paralyzed him. At all events, he had not offended her.

The dawn arose in the east, the cold clear blue giving way to a mystic gray; but still the moon shone palely on the palms and on the water and the silent plains. And still she slept; and he was wondering whether she was dreaming of the far north, and of the place that she longed to make a home of, if only for the briefest space. And what if this new day that was spreading up and up, and fighting the pallid moonlight, and bringing with it color and life to brighten the awakening world—what if this new day were to bring with it a new courage, and he were to hint to her, or even to tell her plainly that this pathetic hope of hers was of easy accomplishment, and that, after their stay at Allt-nam-ba, if it grieved her to think of leaving the place that she had first thought to make a home of, there was another home there that would be proud and glad to welcome her, not for two months or for three months, but for the length of her life? Why should not Mr. Winterbourne be free to follow out his political career? He had gathered from Yolande that she considered herself a most unfortunate drag and incumbrance on her father; was not this a happy solution of all possible difficulties? In black velvet, more especially, Yolande would look so handsome in the dining-room at Lynn Towers.

(To be continued.)

Calf-Stealing.

A few years ago, a butcher who had purchased a calf not far from Lewes, in Sussex, sat with it on a horse at a public-house door; a shoemaker, remarkable for his drollery knowing that the butcher had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to carry off the calf, provided he would treat him with sixpennyworth of grog. The landlord agreed; and the shoemaker setting off, dropped one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood, and another near a quarter of a mile from it. The butcher saw the first shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, but when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the meantime unstrapped the calf, and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it in his barn. The butcher missing his calf, went back to the inn, and told his misfortune; at the same time observing, that he must have another calf, cost what it would, as the veal was bespoke. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn, which he would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price. The landlord replied, "Give me the same as you did for the calf you lost, as this, I think, is full as large." The butcher would by no means allow the calf to be so good, but agreed to give him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time on his horse. Crispin, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf again for another sixpennyworth; which being agreed on, he posted to the wood, and there hid himself. When the butcher came along, he bellowed so like a calf, that the butcher, conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried out in joy, "Ah! are you there? Have I found you at last?" and immediately dismounting, ran into the wood. Crispin, taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf and actually got back with it to the publican, before the butcher arrived to tell the mournful tale, and attribute the whole to witchcraft. The publican unravelled the mystery; and the butcher, after paying for, and partaking of, a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke.

Spring Come Again.

The weather here is now at last Spring-like, but away down South the Crescent City journalists are complaining of excessive heat, and the buzz of the mosquito compels them to admit that Summer is at hand. The leading affair discussed there is who was the winner in the last, and who will be the fortunate man in the next Monthly (the 155th) Grand Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, on April 10th, when $265,500 will be scattered among the holders of the 100.000 tickets, costing Five Dollars each, of which all information may be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, in New Orleans, La. The sole supervision is under Gen'ls G. T. Beauregard of La., and Jubal A. Early of Va. In June the First Capital Prize will be $150,000, which should satisfy the avarice of any moderate person.

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Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
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100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

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A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

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ENTIRE FURNISHINGS FOR
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Keeping none but first class workmen in my employ, I can safely affirm my goods to be equal to any in the market.
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☞ PRICES REASONABLE! ☜
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READY-MADE CLOTHING.
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Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,
IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.
Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

KELLY and MURPHY
Manufacturers of
SINGLE & DOUBLE SLEIGHS & PUNGS,
SIDE BARS—OPEN & TOP,
OPEN PHAETONS,
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TOP PHAETONS,
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☞ Old Carriages bought and sold and exchanged for new.
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George Hook writes, St. Anns, Ontario, June 17 1879, regarding his 16 h.p. power Champion Saw Mill: "Last year, on Monday morning I commenced to tear up wood to make it. We tore up, sawed, split and stacked three cords, set it up and on Tuesday at three o'clock sawed a log with it. Not quite two days. In one week we sawed and set it up 2 cords more, and sawed in only thirteen days. I will write full particulars soon. We sawed six hundred feet in twenty-nine minutes—dark lumber. I have built—1871, 1 saw, capacity 4 to 5,000 per day; 1872, 2 saws, capacity 8 to 10,000 per day; 1873, 2 saws, capacity 10 to 12,000 per day; 16 H. P. 1 saw, capacity 4 to 5,000 per day. 20 H. P. using 56 lb. coal, 1 saw, capacity 6 to 8,000 per day."
Most simple, efficient and powerful mill of its size in the world.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD CANADA

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Over 250 Fire Proof Champion Engines sold in 3 years. Only perfect Threshing Engine is the world.
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MILLINERY
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Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English
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ROUND MACHINE STEEL
Manufacture of Spear & Jackson.
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Sheet Iron,
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☞ A special lot of Galvanized sheet Iron —
6 ft x 39 in. x 20 gauge.
7 " x " x " "
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First class make (Davies') and well adapted for LOBSTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship "Alfarin:" 11,224 Bars, 2,569 Bdls. } Refined Iron. 265 " Hoop Iron.
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50,000 BRICKS.
50,000 Face and Common Bricks.
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HARVEY FLETT,
NELSON, N. B.
Nelson, Sept. 15, 1882.

CHAMPAGNE.
Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax.
20 baskets Finest Champagne,
Pints and Quarts;
10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.
JOHN W. NICHOLSON.
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MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.
Plain,
Polished and
Nickle-plated.
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TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of self-abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave.
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