







YOLANDE

By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "The Mystery of the 'Dank,'" "The Mystery of the 'Dank,'" "The Mystery of the 'Dank,'" etc.

CHAPTER X

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. There in 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 meager allowance of a shilling apiece; and when the Master suggested that oysters 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 Great Pyramid and Winterbourne 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 finally refused to be hauled about by the Arab; 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 in 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 see 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 deer while he is at All-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 All-nam-ba gullies will most likely go 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 seek shelter among the trees. Oh, don't you know?" he broke in, noticing some expression of her eyes.

"They find game in the woods, and indeed 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 I have a step 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 get some sheep on All-nam-ba, mostly as a fence to the forest; there is no pasture 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—barring my father's interests and my own—supposing there is an occasional glass of whiskey about, and that the shepherds are not 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 body until your father had gone out with his rifle. Not 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—for all the deer in the country. Yet it is not so provoking! I should be so proud if he were to get some beautiful fine horns to hang up in the hall when he took a house some day. It is very, very, very provoking."

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"My dearest Yolande, what are you talking about?" she said. "What these two have been saying would make a very good remark for the time being, but 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 lechery."

"But you are a Liberal, Mr. Leslie, are you not?" repeated Yolande, who had been 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 lechery."

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"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' cottages just about that time."

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"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."

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Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate, and all sold at moderate rates. LONDON HOUSE, CHATHAM, N. B.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during ALSO ON HAND GROCERIES, PICKLES, SALADS, CANNED GOODS, SPICES, CITRONS and LEMON PEEL, etc. etc. IN STORE. FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, CANDLES, TOBACCO, Lowest Wholesale and Retail Prices; also 20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

Chatham, N. B. Dec. 13, '82. R. HOCKEN.

GENERAL BUSINESS. NEW GOODS!

J. B. SNOWBALL'S. Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths, For Gents Ladies and Children: Boys' Woolen Knickerbocker Hose, Very Heavy. A very large stock of German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls, 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, Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinos, Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords, Colored