







YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "SHADOWS OF THE PAST," "WIFE WISDOM," "SCENES," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Graham watched for a chance of speaking to Yolande, and soon found it. She went to the girl, who was standing by the rail on the hurricane-deck, and put her arm most affectionately round her, and said:

"My dear child, what are you staring into the sea for? Do you expect to see dolphins?"

"I was wondering what made the water so blue," said she, raising herself somewhat. "It is not the sea. If you look at the water for a while, and turn to the sky, the sky is a pale washed-out purple. What a wonderful blue it is, too; it seems to me twenty times more intense than the blue of the water along the River."

"You have been along the River?"

"Oh, two or three times," said Yolande. "We always go that way in Italy."

"You must have travelled a great deal, from what I hear."

"Yes," said Yolande, with a slight sigh, "I am afraid it is a great misfortune. It is papa's kindness, and not I, but I am sorry. It takes him away—"

"At one time he said it was his education; but now he both laughs at that—for a pretence. Oh, I assure you we are such bad travellers—we never go to see anything that we ought to see."

"When we go to Venice, we go to the Lido and the sands, but to the churches—no. In Egypt you will have to do all the sight-seeing; you will find us, oh, so very lazy that you can not imagine it; you will go and see the tombs and the inscriptions, and papa and I, we will take a walk and look at the river until you come back."

"What a strange life to have led!" said her friend, who had her own point of view. "And among all your wanderings you never meet the one who is to be nearer and dearer?"

"Nearer and dearer?" said Yolande, looking puzzled. "Papa is nearer and dearer to me than anyone or anything—naturally. That is why we are always satisfied to be together; that is what makes our travelling so consoling—no so—so contented."

"But what I mean is—now forgive me, dear Yolande; you know I'm a very impatient woman—I mean, in all your travels, have you never come across some one whom you would care to marry? Indeed, indeed, you must have met many a one who would have been glad to carry you off—that I can tell you without flattery."

"Indeed, not any one," said Yolande, with a perfectly frank laugh. "That is not what I would ever think of. That is not what I wish." And then she added, with all the address of a young girl who is not quite old enough to act as a mother to you, for all that Jim says."

"Oh, it is simple enough; it does not sound difficult," Yolande said. "Come, we will sit down, and I will tell you."

"What is it, then, dear Yolande? In your father's position I don't see what there is in the world that he could not get for you. You see I am curious; I am very impatient; but I should like to treat you as my own sister; I am not quite old enough to act as a mother to you, for all that Jim says."

"Oh, it is simple enough; it does not sound difficult," Yolande said. "Come, we will sit down, and I will tell you."

"They sat down in two deck-chairs that happened to be handy, and Mrs. Graham took the girl's hand in hers, because she really liked her, although at times human nature broke down, and she thought her husband was carrying his prizes of Yolande just a trifle too far."

"When I have met English ladies abroad," said Yolande, "and the one or two families I know in London, it was so nice to hear them talk of their home—perhaps in the country, where every one seemed to know them, and they had so many interests, so many affections. They were proud of that. It was a tie. They were not merely wanderers. Even your brother dear, Mrs. Graham, he has filled me with envy of him when he has told me of the district around Lynn Towers, and coming to know every one, and always settled there, and capable to make friends for a lifetime, not for a few hours in a hotel. What place do I really know in the world; what place do they really know me? A little village in France that you never heard of, and I am English. I am not French. Ah, yes, that is what I have many a time wished—that my papa would have a home like others—in the country—yes—or in the town—yes—what does that matter to me! And I should make it pretty for him, and he would have a home—out of a hotel; also I have thought of being a secretary to him, but perhaps that is too much beyond what is possible. Do you think I can imagine anything about marrying when this far from serious thing is what I wish? Do you think that any one can be nearer and dearer to me than the one who has given to me all his affection, all his love, who thinks only of me, who has sacrificed already far too much for me! Who else has done that, for me! And who would not have me miserable? Besides, also, it is selfish. I do not like the society of any one nearly so much; why should I change for a stranger? But it is not necessary to speak of that; it is a stupidity. But now I have told you what I wish for, for if I were possible."

Mrs. Graham was convinced. There was no affection here. The Master of Lynn had no rival, at all events.

"Do you know, my dear child, you talk very sensibly," said she, patting her hand. "And I don't see why your papa should not give you two homes—one in the country and one in town—for I am sure every one says he is wealthy. But perhaps this is the reason. Of course you will marry—no, stay a minute—I tell you, you are sure to marry. Why, the idea! Well, then, in that case, it might be better for you not to have a household to break up; he could tend to his Parliamentary duties very well if he lived in the Westminster Palace Hotel, for example and be free from care."

Yolande's mouth went very far down this time.

"Yes, that may be," she said. "Perhaps that will happen. I know I

have taken away too much of his time and, twice perhaps, we have had jokes about my getting married; but this was the end, that when my papa tells me to marry, then I will marry. I must go somewhere. If I am too much of a burden—and sometimes I am very sad, and think that I am—then he must go and bring some one to me, and say, 'Marry him.' And I will marry him—and hate him."

"Gracious heavens, child, what are you saying! Of course if ever you should marry, you will choose for yourself."

"It is not my affair," said Yolande, coldly. "If I am to go away, I will go away; but I shall hate the one that takes me away."

"Yolande," said her friend, seriously "you are making it rather hard for your father. Perhaps I have no right to interfere; but you have no mother to guide you; and really you talk such—such absurdities—"

"But how do I make it hard for your papa?" said Yolande, quickly looking up with an anxious glance. "Am I a constraint? Do you think there is something he would do? Am I in his way—a burden to him?"

"No, no, no," said the other, good-humoredly. "Why should you think any such thing! I was only referring to the madness of your own fancy. The idea that your father is to choose a husband for you—whom you will hate. Now suppose that you are a burden—I believe I informed you that I was a very impatient woman, and now I am an intermeddler as well—suppose that your father would like to take a more active part in public affairs, and that he knows you are opposed to the very notion of getting married. He is in a very painful dilemma. He will tell you that you are rather interfering with his Parliamentary work. And most assuredly he won't recommend you to marry any one, if you are going to marry with a deadly grudge against your husband."

Yolande thought over this for some minutes.

"I suppose it is true," she said, rather sadly. "He would not tell me. He has said I kept him away from the House of Commons; but then it was only amusement and joking. And I—I also—have many a time been fearing it was not right he should waste so much care on me, when no one else does that with their daughters. Why does he go to the House? Partly because it is his duty to work for the people, and partly because it is his ambition. And then I interfere, which is a noble ambition. And then I interfere, which is a noble ambition. And then I interfere, which is a noble ambition."

"Oh, but that is a very selfish, it is not!" Yolande said. "We are not supposed to be strangers with any one after being on board ship so long together."

"Miss Winterbourne, why I have the pleasure of dancing this waltz with you!" said a tall, solemn man with an eye-glass; and the next moment he was gone. Yolande looked at him with a certain amount of surprise. He was a young man, and she had never seen him before. He was a young man, and she had never seen him before. He was a young man, and she had never seen him before.

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gray silver world.

The night saw another scene. They were anchored in a narrow part of the canal, where the banks were high and steep, and the moonlight was surprisingly vivid. On one of these banks—it seemed a great mountain as it rose to the dark blue vault where the stars were the moonlight threw the shadow of the rigging of the ship so sharply that every spar and rope was traced on the silver clear sand. There was an almost oppressive silence in this desert solitude; a dark animal that came along through the tamarisk bushes—some said it was a jackal—disappeared up and over the sand mountain like a ghost. And in the midst of this weird cold moonlight and silence these people began to get up a dance after dinner. The piano was brought on deck from the saloon. The women-folk had put on their evening dresses. There had been perhaps (so it was said) a little begging and half-protesting going on beforehand. The smoking-room was deserted. From the supports of the awnings a number of large lanterns had been hung, so that when the ladies began to dance, and when the very notes of the music were heard, the scene was a very animated and pretty one, but so strange with the moonlight desert around.

The Master of Lynn had got hold of Yolande; he had been watching for her appearance.

"I hope you will give me a dance, Miss Winterbourne," said he.

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," said she, in the most friendly way.

"There are no programmes, of course," said he. "And one can't make engagements; but when the very good rule in a thing like this is that one should dance with one's friends. For myself, I don't care to dance with strangers. It doesn't interest me. I think when people form a party among themselves on board ship—well, I think they should keep to themselves."

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