YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER L.

VENICE.

John Shortlands, however, was delayed by some business in Paris, and the Winterbournes arrived in Venice first. They went to Danieli's, and secured the rooms which were familiar to them in former days. But Yolande found that the pigeons had forgotten all that she had ever taught them; and she had to begin again at the beginning—coaxing them first by sprinkling maize on the balustrade of the balcony; then inveigling them down into the balcony itself; then leaving the large windows open, and enticing them into the room; and, finally, educating them so that they would peck at any half-folded packet they found on the stone floor, and get at the grain inside. The weather happened to be fine, and father and daughter contentedly set about their water pilgrimages through the wonderful and strange city that never seems to lose its interest and charm for even those who know it most familiarly, while it is the one thing in the world that is safe never to disappoint the new-comer, if he has an imagination superior to that of a hedgehog. There were several of Mr. Winterbourne's parliamentary friends in Venice at this time, and Yolande was very eager to make their acquaintance; for now, with the prospect before her of being allowed to go down occasionally and listen to the debates, she wished to become as familiar as was possible with the *personnel* of the House. She could not honestly say that these legislators impressed her as being persons of extraordinary intellectual force, but they were pleasant enough companions. Some of them had a vein of facetiousness, while all of them showed a deep interest—and even sometimes a hot-headed partisanship—when the subject of cookery and the various *tables d'hote* happened to come forward.

Then, one night when they had, as usual after dinner, gone round in their gondola to the hotel where Mr. Shortlands was expected, they found that that bulky North-countryman had arrived, and was now in the saloon, quite by himself, and engaged in attacking a substantial supper. A solid beefsteak and a large bottle of Bass did not seem quite in consonance with a moonlight night in Venice; but John Shortlands held to the "cœlum, non animum" theory; and when he could get Dalescroft fare, in Venice or anywhere else, he preferred that to any other. He received the Winterbournes with great cordiality; and instantly they began a discussion of their plans for filling in the time before the opening of Parliament.

"But what is the great project you were so mysterious about?" Mr. Winterbourne asked.

"Ay, there's something, now," said he, pouring out another tumblerful of the clear amber fluid. "There's something worth talking about. I've taken a moor in Scotland for this next season; and Yolande and you are to be my guests. Tit for tat's fair play. I got it settled just before I left London."

"Whereabouts is it?" Mr. Winterbourne asked again.

"Well, when it's at home they call it Allt-nam-ba."

"You don't mean to say you've taken Allt-nam-ba for this year?"

"But indeed I have. Tit for tat's fair play; and, although the house won't be as well managed as it was last year—still, I hope we'll have as pleasant a time of it. Ay, my lass," said he, regarding Yolande, "you look as if a breath of mountain air would do ye some good—better than wandering about foreign towns, I'll be bound."

Yolande did not answer; nor did she express any gratitude for so kind an invitation; nor any gladness at the thought of returning to that home in the far mountain wilderness. She sat silent—perhaps also a trifle paler than usual—while the two men discussed the prospects of the coming season.

"I'll have to send Edwards and some of them up to Dalescroft; though where they are to get beds for themselves I can't imagine," John Shortlands said. "Wont my fine gentleman turn up his nose if he has to take a room in the bothy! By-the-way, my neighbor Walkley—you remember him, Winterbourne, don't ye?—has one of those portable zinc houses that he bought some two or three years ago when he leased a salmon-river in Sutherlandshire. I know he hasn't used it since, and I dare say he'd lend it to me. It could easily be put up behind the lodge at Allt-nam-ba; and then they'd have no excuse for grumbling and growling."

"But why should you send up a lot of English servants, who don't know what roughing it in a small shooting-box is like?" said Mr. Winterbourne. "Why should you bother? Why shouldn't you have exactly the same people—an here is Yolande, who can set the machine going again.—"

"There you've exactly hit it," said Shortlands. "For that is precisely what Yolande is not going to do, and not going to be allowed to do. It's all very well for an inhuman father to let his daughter slave away at grocers' accounts. My guest is going to be my guest, and must have a clear, full holiday as well as any of us. I don't say that she didn't do it very well—for I never saw a house better managed—everything punctual—everything well done—no breaking down—just what you wanted always to your hand; but I say that, this year, she must have her holiday like the rest. Perhaps she needs it more than any of us," he added, almost to himself.

It was strange that Yolande made no offer—however formal—of her services, and did not even thank him for his consideration. No; she sat mute, her eyes averted; she let these two discuss the matter between themselves.

"I am paying an additional £80," said Shortlands, "to have the sheep kept off, so that we may have a better chance at the deer. Fancy all that stretch of land only able to provide £80 of grazing! I wonder what some of the fellows on your side of the House, Winterbourne, would say to that? Gad, I'll tell you, now, what I'd like to see: I'd like to see the six hundred and sixty-six members of the House of Commons put on to Allt-nam-ba, and compelled to get their living off it for five years."

"They wouldn't try," said his friend, contemptously. "They'd only talk. One honorable member would make a speech three columns long to prove that it was the duty of the right honorable gentleman opposite to begin rolling off a few granite bowlders; and the right honorable gentleman opposite would make a speech six columns long to show that there was no parliamentary precedent for such a motion; and an Irishman would get up to show that any labor at all expended on a Scotch moor was an injury done to the Irish fisheries, and another reason why the Irish revenues should be managed by a committee of his countrymen meeting in Dublin. They'd talk the heather bare before they'd grow an ear of corn."

"By the way," said John Shortlands, who had now finished his supper and was ready to go outside and smoke a pipe in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal, "I wonder if I shall be able to curry favor with that excellent person, Mrs. Bell?"

"But why?" said Yolande, speaking for the first time since that Allt-nam-ba project was mentioned.

"Oh, that she might perhaps give Edwards and them a few directions when they go to get the place ready for us. I dare say they will find it awkward at first."

"I am sure Mrs. Bell will be very glad to do that," Yolande said at once. "If you like I will write to her when the time comes."

"She would do it for your sake, anyway," he said. "Well, it would be odd if we should have just the same party in the evenings that we used to have last year. They were very snug, those evenings—I suppose because we knew we were so far out of the world, and a small community by ourselves. I hope Jack Melville will still be there—my heart warmed to that fellow; he's got the right stuff in him, as we say in the North. And the Master—we must give the Master a turn on the hill—I have never seen his smart shooting that you talked so much about, Winterbourne. Wonder if he ever takes a walk up the lodge? Should think it must be pretty cold up there just now; and cold enough at Lynn, for the matter of that."

"But Mr. Leslie isn't at Lynn, is he?" said Yolande, suddenly.

"Where is he, then?"

"He had started on a yachting cruise when I last heard from him," Yolande said. "Why, we had half hoped to find him in Venice; and then it would have been strange—the Allt-nam-ba party all together again in Venice. But perhaps he is still at Naples—he spoke of going to Naples."

"I don't know about Naples," said Shortlands, "but he was in Inverness last week."

"In Inverness! No, it is impossible!"

"Oh, but it is certain. He wrote to me from Inverness about the taking of the shooting."

"Not from Lynn?" said Yolande, rather wonderingly.

"No. He said in his letter that he had happened to call in at Macpherson's office—that is their agent, you know—and had seen the correspondence about the shooting; and it was then that he suggested the advisability of keeping the sheep off Allt-nam-ba."

"It is strange," Yolande said, thoughtfully. "But he was not well satisfied with his companion—no—not at all comfortable in the yacht—and perhaps he went back suddenly." And then she added—for she was obviously puzzled about this matter—"Was he staying in Inverness?"

"Indeed I don't know," was the answer.

"Did he write from the Station Hotel?" she asked again, glancing at him.

"No; he wrote from Macpherson's office, I think. You know he used often to go up to Inverness, to look after affairs."

"Yes," said Yolande, absently; she was wondering whether it was possible that he still kept up that aimless feud with his relatives—aimless, now that the occasion of it was forever removed.

And then they went out on to the wide balcony, where the people were sitting at little tables, smoking their cigarettes and sipping their coffee; and all around was a cluster of gondolas that had been stopped by their occupants in going by, for in one of the gondolas, moored to the front of the balcony, was a party of three minstrels, and the clear, penetrating, fine-toned voice of a woman rose above the sounds of the violins, and the guitar, with the old familiar

"Mare si placido,
Vento si caro
Scordar fa i triboli
Al marinaro."

—and beyond this dense cluster of boats—out on the pale waters of the Canal—here and there a gondola glided noiselessly along, the golden star of its lamp moving swiftly; and on the other side of the Canal the Church of Santa Maria della Salute thrust its heavy masses of shadow out into the white moonlight. They were well acquainted with this scene; and yet the wonder and charm of it never seemed to fade. There are certain things that repetition and familiarity do not affect—the strangeness of the dawn, for example, or the appearance of the first primrose in the woods; and the sight of Venice in moonlight is another of these things—for it is the most mysterious and the most beautiful picture that the world can show.

By-and-by the music ceased; there was a little collection of money for the performers; and then the golden stars of the gondolas stole away in their several directions over the placid waters. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande summoned theirs also, for it was getting late; and presently they were gliding swiftly and silently through the still moonlight night.

"Papa," said Yolande, gently, "I hope you will go with Mr. Shortlands in the autumn, for it is very kind of him to ask you, but I would rather not go. Indeed, you must not ask me to go. But it will not matter to you; I shall not weary until you come back; I will stay in London, or wherever you like."

"Why don't you wish to go to Allt-nam-ba, Yolande?" said he.

There was no answer.

"I thought you were very happy up there," he said, regarding her.

But, though the moonlight touched her face, her eyes were cast down, and he could not make out what she was thinking—perhaps even if her lips were tremulous he might have failed to notice.

"Yes," said she, at length, and in a rather low voice, "perhaps I was. But I do not wish to go again. You will be kind and not ask me to go again, papa?"

"My, dear child," said he, "I know more than you think—a great deal more than you think. Now I am going to ask you a question; if John Melville were to ask you to be his wife, would you then have any objection to going to Allt-nam-ba?"

She started back, and looked at him for a second, with an alarmed expression in her face; but the next moment she had dropped her eyes.

"You know you can not expect me to answer such a question as that," she said, not without some touch of wounded pride.

"But he has asked you, Yolande," her father said, quietly. "There is a letter for you at the hotel. It is in my writing-case; it has been there for a month or six weeks; it was to be given you whenever—well, whenever I thought it most expedient to give it to you. And I don't see why you should not have it now—as soon as we go back to the hotel. And if you don't want to go to the Highlands, for fear of meeting Jack Melville, as I imagine, here is a proposal that may put matters straight. Will it?"

Her head was still held down, and she said, in almost an inaudible voice,

"Would you approve, papa?"

"Nay, I'm not going to interfere again!" said he, with a laugh. "Choose for yourself. I know more now than I did. I have had some matters explained to me, and I have guessed at others; and I have a letter, too, from the Master—a very frank and honest letter, and saying all sorts of nice things about you, too, Yolande—yes, and about Melville, too, for the matter of that. I am glad there will be no ill-feeling, whatever happens. So you must choose for yourself, child, without let or hinderance—whatever you think is most for your happiness—what you most wish for yourself—that is what I approve of—"

"But would you not rather that I remained with you, papa?" she said, though she had not yet courage to raise her eyes.

"Oh, I have had enough of you, you baggage!" he said, good-naturedly. "Do you expect me always to keep dragging you with me about Europe? Haven't we discussed all that before? Nay, but, Yolande," he added, in another manner, "follow what your own heart tells you to do. That will be your safest guide."

They reached the hotel, and when they ascended to their suite of rooms he brought her the letter. She read it—carefully and yet eagerly, and with a flushed forehead and a beating heart—while he lit a cigarette and went to the window, to look over at the moonlit walls and massive shadows of San Giorgio. There was a kind of joy in her face; but she did not look up. She read the letter again—and again; studying the phrases of it; and always with a warmth at her heart—of pride, and gratitude, and a desire to say something to some one who was far away.

"Well?" her father said, coming back from the window, and appearing to take matters very coolly.

She went to him, and kissed him, and hid her face in his breast.

"I think, papa," said she, "I—I think I will go with you to Allt-nam-ba."

To be Continued.

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It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

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With gratitude and best wishes for your success,
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Silks, Velvets,
Hosiery, Gloves,
Laces, Ribbons,
Flowers, Feathers,
Trimmings, Buttons,
Embroidery,
Straw and Felt Hats and Caps,
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings,
Parasols, Sunshades, Umbriellas, Carpets, Trunks, Room Paperings, Fancy Wools and Working Canvas, Small Wares and Nick-Nacks.
Agency for Butterick Patterns.
CALL AND ASK FOR
ANYTHING in ABOVE LINES
AND BE SURE OF GETTING IT.
W. B. HOWARD.
Chatham, Aug. 16.

JOHN McDONALD,
UNDERTAKER.
CASKETS & COFFINS
of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.
Metallic and Patent Coffins,
furnished when required.
Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.
Burial Robes also Supplied.
Prompt attention to all Orders day or night.

Law.

Johnson & Murray
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Notaries' Public, Insurance Agents,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM, N. B.
A. H. JOHNSON. ROBT. MURRAY.

D. G. MACLAUCHLAN,
Barrister-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
BATHURST, N. B.

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,
BARRISTERS,
Attorneys Notaries. Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:
St. Patrick Street, - - - Bathurst, N. B.
THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY, Q. C.
T. SWAYNE DESBRISAY

E. P. Williston,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

R. B. ADAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,
Water Street. Chatham.

WM. A. PARK,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq
CASTLE STREET;
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

E. A. STRANG
Offers for sale to Consumers and the Trade
CHOICE BRANDS OF
FLOUR AND MEAL,
LABRADOR & SHORE HERRINGS,
BEEF AND PORK,
LARGE TABLE CODFISH
MERCHANTABLE DO.
SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
We are also constantly receiving supplies of POULTRY, GAME, Etc., and keep on hand a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
E. A. STRANG, - - Cunnard Street, Chatham.

NEW GOODS
—AT—
J. B. SNOWBALL'S.
Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers
New Ulster Cloths
For Gents Ladies and Children:
Boys' Woollen 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 Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,
100 pairs Best White
ENGLISH BLANKETS,
50 pairs Best Twilled
Canadian White Blankets
A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price
ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!
Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

South West Boom Co.
NOTICE is hereby given that the South West Boom Company have deposited the plans of their booms on the South West Branch of the Miramichi River, and a description of the site thereof with the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa for approval, as required by law.
Dated 7th December, 1883
W. A. PARK, Secretary. ALEX. MORRISON President.

NOTICE.
J. T. Dow who has been representing himself as Traveller for us, has no connection with us, and we will not be responsible for any bills contracted by him.
1y24 PROVINCIAL OIL CO. St. John, N. B.

Estate Notice.
All persons having claims against the Heirs of the Loban Estate and all persons having claims against the estate of the late William Loban are requested to fyle the same with the subscriber forthwith, he having received powers of Attorney from the Heirs and the Executors of Wm. Loban.
L. J. TWEEDIE.
Chatham, Nov. 21st. 1886

IRON, OAKUM,
BOILER PLATES.
SLED SHOE STEEL,
Sheet Zinc,
Sheet Iron.
RECEIVED THIS MONTH,—EX. BARQUE "PARAMATTA," and S.S. "HIBERNIAN" and "CASPIAN,"—17,762 Bars Refined and Spike IRON, 580 Bundles Plating and Hoops, various sizes and guages; 210 Bundles Navy and Hand-Picked Oakum; 310 Bundles Nos. 20, 22, 23, 24, and 26. 310 Sheets, Nos. 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18, SHEET IRON; 3 Cases GALVANIZED SHEET IRON.
250 BOILER PLATES, Best B. B., B. B. B., and Lowmoor;
Boiler Tubes and Rivets;
471 Bdls. Sled Shoe Steel;
47 Bdls. Toe Calk Steel;
37 Bdls. and 15 Bars Round Machine Steel—5-16 to 3-in.
To Arrive, per "Phœnix," from Antwerp:
15 Casks SHEET ZINC Nos. 6 to 10.
I. & F. Burpee & Co.
St. John.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

TEA.
259 Half Chests Tea direct importation now landing.
GEO. S. DeFOREST,
St. John N. B., 1 Nov. '83 13 South Wharf

LANDING,
60 Barrels Mess PORK,
200 Tubs Best LARD,
25 Cases Do. in Tins,
10 Barrels, } New CURRANTS,
15 Cases }
20 Barrels Dried APPLES,
2000 Bags SALT.
Geo. S. DeForest,
St. John, N. B., 1 13 South Wharf, St. John Nov, 1883.

RESTAURANT.
OYSTERS by the PINT, QUART or GALLON
OYSTERS served at short notice in all the Ordinary styles.
Also: Hot Coffee, Bread, Tarts, Pies, Fruit Cake, plain, fine quality.
T. H. FOUNTAIN.
Chatham

WILLIAM RAE,
Upper Water Street, Chatham, N. B.,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Italian, Sutherland Falls and Rutland Marbles.
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Grave Stones and Monumental Memorials, in Foreign or Native Stone.
A good selection on hand

SAMPLE ROOMS.
For Commercial Men
THE demand for Sample Rooms to accommodate the commercial travellers being so great, and the supply being inadequate, causing the travellers in some instance to remain three or four days awaiting their turn, has induced the subscriber to build two Sample Rooms, well lighted, aired and warm. Commercial men can depend on obtaining just what they require, being situated in the central part of the business community, namely, corner Main and Wesley Streets, they will be found to be far more suitable, comfortable and convenient. Should a horse and sleigh be required it will be furnished without additional expense. Rooms secured either by letter or telegram
HENRY G. MARR,
Main Street, Moncton, N B

FOR SALE.
The Property near the fish breeding Establishment on the South Side of the North West River in the Parish of South Esk lately occupied by J. G. Peabody, consisting of one hundred acres.
Apply to
R. HUTCHISON.
Douglastown, Nov. 3 '83. 8. 7 8

Farm for Sale.
The Subscriber will sell the Farm owned and occupied by him, situated on the west side of Taxis River in the Parish of Hardwick, containing 100 Acres, 40 acres of which are cleared and well fenced with new Cedar Rails, produced this past season 12 Tons Hay, &c; Good Dwelling House and Barn on the premises.
Possession given this fall if required.
ROBERT A. WILLISTON
Oct 23rd, 883.

NOTICE TO MAGISTRATES.
JUSTICES will be supplied with copies of the Dominion Statutes for 1883 on application at this office.
Office of the Clerk of the Peace.
SAM'L THOMSON,
December 4, 1883.