YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

ROME.

It was in the month of January following, when the white thoroughfares of Rome were all shining clear in the morning sunlight, that Yolande Winterbourne stood in the spacious vestibule of the Hotel du Quirinal waiting while her father read a letter that had just been given him. She was dressed in deep mourning; and perhaps that only heightened the contrast between the clearness and brightness of her English-looking complexion and ruddy-golden hair, and the sallow, foreign-looking faces around. And if the ordeal through which she had passed had altered her complexion somewhat—if it had robbed her forever of the light laughter and the carelessness of her girlhood—it had left in their stead a sweet seriousness of womanhood that some people found lovable enough. It was not her father only who saw and was charmed by this grave gentleness of look, as an odd incident in this very hotel proved. At the time of the Winterbournes' arrival in Rome there happened to be there—and also staying at the Quirinal Hotel—a famous French painter. Of course every one in the hotel knew who he was, and every one pretended not to know, for he seemed to wish to be alone; and he was so hard at work, that when he came in for his mid-day meal—which was of the most frugal kind—he rarely spent more than ten or twelve minutes over it, and then he was off again, only pausing to light a cigarette in the corridor. Well, one day the Winterbournes went as usual into the winter-garden saloon of the hotel to have a bit of lunch, for they were going for a drive somewhere in the afternoon, and they were just about to sit down at their accustomed table, when the famous artist rose from his table and approached them. He was a little man, with a boyish face, but with careworn eyes; his manner was grave, and yet pleasant.

"Pardon me, sir, the liberty; but may I present myself to you?" said he, in the queerest of pronunciations—and he held a card between his finger and thumb.

"You do me a great honor, monsieur" said Mr. Winterbourne, with a low bow, and addressing him in his own tongue; and he managed dexterously to hint that Monsieur —— had no need of a visiting-card with which to introduce himself.

Meanwhile Yolande had turned aside, under pretence of taking off her bonnet; and the great artist, without any circumlocution, told her father what was the object of his thus desiring to make their acquaintance. He was painting a religious subject, he said, which had great difficulties for him. He had observed mademoiselle from time to time. She had so noble an air, an expression so tender, so Madonna-like! All that he wanted, if the father would grant the request, was to be permitted to sit at their table for a few minutes—to observe more closely, to find out what was the peculiar charm of expression. Would monsieur forgive a painter, who could only plead that it was in the interest of his art that he made so bold a request?

Mr. Winterbourne not only gladly assented, but was greatly flattered to hear such praise of Yolande from so distinguished a man; and so she was immediately summoned, and introduced and they all three sat down to the little table and had their lunch together. Yolande was in happy ignorance that she was being studied or examined in any way whatever; and he took good care not to let her know. This little sad-eyed man proved a cheerful enough companion. He talked about anything and everything; and on one occasion Yolande had the happiness of being able to add to his knowledge. He was saying how the realistic decorations on the walls of this saloon—the blue skies, the crystal globes filled with swimming fish and suspended in mid-air, the painted balconies, and shrubs, and what not—would shock the severe theorists who maintain that in decoration natural objects should be represented only in a conventional manner; and he was saying that nevertheless this literal copying of things for the purpose of decoration had a respectable antiquity—as doubtless mademoiselle had observed in the houses of Pompeii, where all kinds of tricks in perspective appeared on flat surfaces—and that it had a respectable authority—as doubtless mademoiselle had observed in the Loggie, where Raphael had painted birds, beasts or fishes, anything that came ready to his hand or his head, as faithfully and minutely as drawing and color could reproduce them.

"I saw another thing than that at Pompeii," said she, with a slight smile.

"Yes?" he said: and she did not know that all the time he was regarding the beautiful curve of the short upper lip, and observing how easily the slight pensive droop of it could be modulated into a more cheerful expression.

"I had always imagined," said she, "that veneering and wickedness like that were quite modern inventions. Don't they say so? Don't they say that it is modern depravity that paints common wood to make it like oak, and paints plaster to resemble marble? But in Pompeii you will also find that wickedness—yes, I assure you, I found in more than one house beautiful black marble with yellow or white veins—so like real marble that one would not suspect—but if you examined it where it was broken you would find it was only plaster, or a soft gray stone painted over."

"Indeed, mademoiselle," said he, laughing, "they were a wicked people who lived in Pompeii; but I did not know they did anything so dreadful as that."

This was the beginning of an acquaintanceship that lasted during their stay in Rome, but was limited to this brief chat in the middle of the day; for the famous Frenchman was the most devoted of workers. And then, when he heard that the Winterbournes were likely to leave Rome, he besought the father to allow Yolande to give two or three sittings to a young American artist, a friend of his, who was clever at pastels, and had a happy knack in catching a likeness. As it turned out that Monsieur —— did not wish merely to procure a commission for his brother-artist, but wanted to have the sketch of the beautiful young English lady for himself, Mr. Winterbourne hesitated, but Yolande volunteered at once, and cheerfully; for they had already visited the young American's studio, and been allowed to hunt through his very considerable collection of *bric-a-brac*—Eastern costumes, old armor, musical instruments, Moorish tiles, and the like. It was an amusement added to the occupations of the day. Besides, there was one of the most picturesque views in Rome from the windows of that lofty garret. And so Yolande sat contentedly, trying the strings of this or that fifteenth-century lute, while the young American was working away with his colored chalks: and Mr. Winterbourne, having by accident discovered the existence, hitherto unsuspected, of a curious stiletto in the hollow candle of a Persian war-axe, now found an additional interest in rummaging among the old weapons which lay or hung everywhere about the studio.

And so we come back to the morning on which Yolande was standing at the entrance to the hotel, waiting for her father to read his letter. When he had ended he came along briskly to her, and put his arm within hers.

"Now, Yolande," said he, "do you think Mr. Meteyard could get that portrait of you finished off to-day? Bless my soul, it wasn't to have been a portrait a all!—it was only to have been a sketch. And he has kept on niggling and niggling away at it—why? Well, I don't know why—unless—"

But he did not utter the suspicion that had crossed his mind once or twice. It was to the effect that Mr. Meteyard did not particularly want to finish the sketch, but would rather have the young English lady continue her visits to his studio—where he always had a little nosegay of the choicest flowers awaiting her.

"What is the hurry, papa?" she said, lightly.

"Well, here is a letter from Shortlands. He has just started for Venice. If we are to meet him there we should start to-morrow for Florence. There isn't much time left now before the opening of Parliament."

"Then let us start to-morrow morning," said she, promptly, "even if I have to sit the whole day to Mr. Meteyard. But I think this is the only time we have ever been in Rome without having driven out to the Baths of Caracalla."

"I have no doubt," said he, "that the Baths of Caracalla will last until our next visit. So come away, Yolande, and let's hurry up Mr. Meteyard—'yank him along,' I believe, is the proper phrase."

So they went out together into the clear white sunlight.

"And here," said he, discontentedly, as they were going along the street of the Quattro Fontaine, "is Shortlands, appointing to meet us in Venice at the —— Hotel. I'm not going to the —— Hotel; not a bit of it!"

"Why, papa, you know that is where Desdemona was buried!" she exclaimed.

"Don't I know!" said he, with a gloomy sarcasm. "Can you be three minutes in the place without being perfectly convinced of the fact? Oh yes, she was buried there, no doubt. But there was a little too much of the lady the last time we were there."

"Papa, how can you say that!" she remonstrated. "It is no worse than the other ones. And the parapet along the Canal is so nice."

"I am going to Danieli's," he said, doggedly.

"I hope we shall get the same rooms we used to have, with the balcony," said she; "and then we shall see whether the pigeons have forgotten all I taught them. Do you remember how cunning they became in opening the paper-bags—and in searching for them all about the room? Then I shouldn't wonder if we were to see Mr. Leslie at Venice. In the last note I had from him he said they were going there; but he seemed dissatisfied with his companion, and I do not know whether they are still together."

"Would you like to meet the Master at Venice?" said he, regarding her.

A trifle of color appeared in her cheeks, but she answered, cheerfully,

"Oh yes, very much. It would be like a party of old times—Mr. Shortlands, and he, and ourselves, all together."

"Shortlands has some wonderful project on hand—so he hints—but he does not say what it is. But we must not attempt too much. I am afraid you and I are very lazy and idle travellers, Yolande."

"I am afraid so, papa."

"At all events, said he, as they were going down the steps of the Piazza di Spagna—which are no longer, alas! adorned by picturesque groups of artists' models—"at all events, I must be back at the beginning of the session. They say the Queen is going to open Parliament in person this year. Now, there would be a sight for you! That is a spectacle worth going to see."

"Ah!" she said, with a quick interest, "am I to be allowed to go to the House of Commons after all? Shall I hear you make a speech? Shall I be in the grill—is it the grill they call it?"

"No, no, you don't understand, Yolande!" said he. "It is the ceremony of opening Parliament. It is in the House of Lords; and the Queen is in her robes; and everybody you ever heard of in England is there—all in grand state. I should get you a ticket, by hook or by crook, if I failed at the ballot; I heard that one was sold for £40 the last time—but maybe that was romance. But I remember this for fact, that when Lord —— returned from abroad, and found every available ticket disposed of, and couldn't get one anyhow, he was in a desperate state because his wife insisted on seeing the show; and when he went to an official, and said that, no matter how, Lady—— must and should be admitted, that blunt-spoken person told him that he might as well try to get her ladyship into the kingdom of Heaven. But we'll manage it for you, Yolande. We'll take it in time. And if we can't secure it any other way, we'll get you into the Reporters' Gallery, as the representative of a ladies' newspaper.

When they had climbed up to the altitudes of the young artist's studio, which was situated in one of the narrower streets between the Piazza di Spagna and the Corso, they found Mr. Meteyard rather dismayed at the prospect of their leaving Rome so soon. It was not entirely a question of finishing the portrait. Oh yes, he said, he could get the sketch finished well enough—that is, as well as he was likely to be able to do it. But he had no idea that Mr. and Miss Winterbourne were going away so soon. Would they dine with him at his hotel that evening? He was coming to England soon; might he call and see them? And would Mr. Winterbourne take with him that Persian axe in the handle of which he had discovered the stiletto? And would Miss Winterbourne allow him to paint for her a replica of a study of a Roman girl's head that she seemed rather to like, and he would have it forwarded to England, and be very proud if she would accept it?

Alas! alas! this youth had been dreaming dreams; and no doubt that was the reason of his having dawdled so long over a mere sketch in crayons. But he was not wounded unto death. It is true, he covered himself with reproaches over the insufficiency of the portrait—although it was very cleverly done and an incontestably good likeness; and he gave them at his hotel that evening a banquet considerably beyond what a young painter is ordinarily supposed to be able to afford; and the next morning, although the train for Florence leaves early, there he was, with such a beautiful bouquet for the young lady! And he had brought her eau-de-Cologne, too, for the journey, and fruit, and sweets (all this was ostensibly because he was grateful to her for having allowed him to make a sketch of her for his friend the famous French painter); and when at last the train went away out of the station he looked after it sadly enough. But he was not inconsolable, as events proved; for within three months of this sad parting he had married a rather middle-aged contessa, who had estates near Terracina, and a family of four daughter by a former husband; and when the Winterbournes next saw him he was travelling *en garcon* through the Southern English counties, along with two Scotch artists, who also—in order that nothing should interfere with their impassioned study of Nature—had left their wives behind them.

To be Continued.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words. 'It just seems to touch the spot effected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

At Leeds lately Mr. Arthur Nicols delivered a lecture on "Snakes and Snake charming," in which he gave an instance of the appearance of the sea serpent which occurred in his own experience. It turned out to be the body of a dead whale, around which were collected thousands of gulls and albatrosses, and which simulated the shape and form of a monster with a mane and long tail. It is a pity that every master of a vessel from which the sea serpent is seen has not courage enough to steer close to it so that its real nature may be made evident.

. A. Maybee, Merchant, Warkworth, writes; I have sold some hundreds of bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and it is pronounced by the public" one of the best medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, &c., and is worthy of the greatest confidence.

A country merchant visited the city a few days ago, and purchased from a dollar store a table castor which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked $14, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it and examined its contents. The next day he tood the castor (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a castor on my table, and, if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take $14 worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.—*Watch Tower.*

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In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

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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.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well forge that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings, lameness, and is just as safely applied to men, women and children as it is to horses. We know that there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL, & Co., Gents:—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, it has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you.

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.
P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1882.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success, I am faithfully yours, J. H. GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents: Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

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Highly recommended for Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 2 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

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1 UPRIGHT Flue Steam Boiler 5½ feet high, 3 feet diameter, with a Cast Metal Stand and Ash Pit. This boiler is in good condition, has Safety Valve, Gauge Cock and Water Gauge Glass and will be sold cheap.

1y17 J. B. SNOWBALL.

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DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

CHATHAM, - - - - - N. B.

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.

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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.

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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 REARAIL

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 Tweed

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.

G. A. BLAIR,

has on hand, a superior assortment

READY - MADE CLOTHING,

—COMPRISING—

Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

CHAMPAGNE.

Just arrived per steamer "Hiberaian" via Halifax.

20 baskets Finest Champagne, Pints and Quarts;

10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

Victoria Wharf, Smyth Street

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.

230 BOILER PLATES, Best B. B., B. B. B., nd 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,

80 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,

13 South Wharf, St. John

St. John, N. B., 1 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.

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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 Eel 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.

SPIRITS AND RYE WHISKEY.—Arrived from Toronto: 15 barrels Goderham & Worts' Pure pirits, 65 per cent o. p.; 35 barrels Goderham & Worts' finest Rye Whiskey.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

St. John.