

# Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER II.

The eventful Friday at length arrived, and with it the unwelcome Younges. They came by the late train, which enabled them to reach King's Abbott just one hour before the dinner bell rang, and so gave them sufficient time to dress. Sir George met them warmly, feeling some old, half-forgotten sensations cropping up within his heart as he grasped between his own hands the hard, brown one of his Cleveland school friend. The old man he now met, however, was widely different from the fair-haired boy and light active youth he could just barely remember both at Eton and Oxford. Indeed, Mr. Young, oddly enough, did strangely resemble the fanciful picture drawn of him by Miss Trevanion, being fat, "pursy," jolly, and altogether decidedly after the style of the farming gentry.

But, however right about him, Miss Trevanion's prognostications with regard to the others were entirely wrong. Mrs. Young, far from being fat, red and cookish, was remarkably slight, fragile, and very lady-like in appearance. Her daughter, Miss Rachel, resembled her mother strongly, though lacking her gentle expression and the quiet air of self-possession that sat so pleasantly on her.

But in her description of Denzil Miss Trevanion had been very much at fault indeed. Any one more unlike a "boor" could not be well imagined. Denzil Young was a very handsome young man. Tall, fair and distinguished looking, with just the faintest resemblance to his mother, he might have taken his place with honor in any society in Christendom. He wore neither beard nor whiskers, simply a heavy, golden mustache, which covered, but scarcely concealed, the almost feminine sweetness of his mouth.

Miss Trevanion, having made up her mind that there would be plenty of time just before dinner to get through the introductions, stayed in her own room until exactly five minutes to seven o'clock, the usual hour for dining at King's Abbott, when she swept downstairs and into the drawing room in her beautiful, graceful fashion, clad in pure white from head to foot, with the exception of a single scarlet rose, fresh from the conservatory, in the middle of her golden hair. And certainly Mildred looked as exquisite a creature that evening, as she walked up the long drawing room to where her father was standing, as any one could wish to see.

"This is my eldest daughter—unmarried," said Sir George, evidently with great pride, taking the girl's hand and presenting her to his guest, who had been gazing at her with open, honest admiration ever since her entrance.

"Is it indeed?" the old man answered; and then he met her with both hands extended, and, looking kindly at her, declared out loud, for the benefit of the assembled company, "She is the bonniest lass I have seen for many a day."

At this Mabel laughed out loud, merrily, without even an attempt at the concealment of her amusement, to Lady Caroline's intense horror and old Young's intense delight. He turned to Mabel instantly.

"You like to hear your sister admired?" he said.

And Mabel answered:

"Yes, always, when the admiration is sincere—as in your case—because I, too, think she is the bonniest lass in all the world."

"Right, right!" cried old Young, approvingly; and these two became friends on the spot, the girl chattering to him pleasantly the greater part of the evening afterward, although the old man's eyes followed Mildred's rather haughty movements with more earnest attention than he bestowed upon those of her more light-hearted sister.

Miss Trevanion, when Mr. Young had called her a "bonny lass," merely flushed a little and flashed a quick glance toward her mother which said plainly, "There, did I not tell you so—Yorkshire farmer, pure and simple, and all that?" and moved on to be introduced to the other members of the unwelcome family. She could not forget, even for a moment, how intrusive their visit was, and how unpleasant in every sense of the word. She was only three or four years Mabel's senior, but in mind and feeling she might, so to speak, have been her mother. When she remembered how Eddie always required money, and how difficult they found it to send Charles regularly his allowance and still to keep up the old respectable appearance in the county, she almost hated the newcomers for the expenses their coming would entail.

Miss Trevanion raised her head half an inch higher, and went through her inclinations to the others with a mixture of grace and extreme hauteur that made her appear even more than commonly lovely, and caused Denzil Young to lose his place in the languid conversation he had been holding with Eddie Trevanion. She had not so much as deigned to raise her eyes when bowing to him, so he had been fully at liberty to make free use of his own, and he decided, without hesitation, that nothing in the wide earth could be more exquisite than this girl who he could not fail to see treated them all with open coolness.

He took her in to dinner presently, but not until soup had been removed

did Miss Trevanion think it worth her while to look up and discover what style of man sat beside her. Glancing then suddenly and superciliously at him, she found that he was the very handsomest fellow she had ever seen—well-bred looking, too, and, in appearance at least, just such a one as she had been accustomed to go down to dinner with even in the very best houses.

He was staring across the table now to where Mabel sat, laughing and conversing merrily with old Young, and seemed slightly amused with the girl's gaiety. Was he going to fall in love with Mabel? Very likely, she thought. It would be just the very thing for an aspiring cotton man to do—to go and lose his heart ambitiously to their beautiful "queen."

Then Denzil turned to her and said: "You were not in town this season, Miss Trevanion?"

"No; mamma did not care to go," she answered, reddening a little at the pious fib.

"I do not think you missed much," Denzil went on, pleasantly; "it was the slowest thing imaginable; and the operas were very poor. You are fond of music, of course? I need hardly ask you that."

"I like good music, when I hear it," Miss Trevanion said; "but I would rather be deaf to all sweet sounds than to have to listen to the usual run of so-called singers—private singers, I mean."

"One does now and then hear a good private singer, though," Denzil returned. "There were several in town last year."

"Lady Constance Dingwall was greatly spoken of," Mildred said; "I have heard her sing several times."

"So have I, and admire her voice immensely; her pet song this season was Sullivan's 'Looking Back,' and it suited her wonderfully. Lots of fellows raved about her, and old Douglas of the Blues was said to have proposed to her on the strength of it. She refused him, however. Odd man, Douglas; you know him, of course—every body does. He is slightly crazy, I fancy. By the bye, you have not told me what you think of Lady Constance's singing."

"I would quite as soon listen to a barrel-organ, I think," Miss Trevanion answered, ungraciously; "there is just as much expression in one as in the other. She has good notes, I grant you, but she does not know in the very least how to use them."

"Poor Lady Constance," he said; "well, I am not a judge of music, I confess, but for my part I would go any distance to hear her sing. Her brother has managed about that appointment—I suppose you know?"

"Has he? I am glad of that. No, I have not heard. But what a disagreeable man he is! What a comfort it must be to his friends—or relatives, rather—to get him out of the country!"

"Is not that a little severe?" asked Denzil. "Poor James has an unfortunate way of not getting on with people, but I put that down more to the wretchedness of his early training than to his natural disposition, which I believe to be good, though warped and injured by his peculiar position when a boy. It was lucky for Lady Constance that the countess adopted her. May I give you some of these?"

"No, thank you," Mildred answered, and then fell to wondering by what right this cotton merchant's son called Lord James Dingwall by his Christian name—"James." She again recollected that "this sort of person" generally boasted outrageously about any intimacy with the aristocracy. Miss Trevanion's "hearings" upon this subject had been numerous and profound.

"I think Lord James a very unpleasant man," she said, feeling curious to learn how much more Denzil Young had to say about him.

"Most ladies do," her companion answered, coolly; "but then I do not consider ladies always the best judges. They form their ideas from the outward man generally, which in many cases prevents fairness. Unless the person on trial be a lover or a relative, they seldom do him the justice to look within. You think Dingwall very obnoxious because he has red hair and rough manners, and yet I have known him to do acts of kindness which most men would have shrunk from performing. In the same way you would consider a fellow down near us the greatest boor you ever met in your life, I dare say, because he has nothing to recommend him but his innate goodness of heart."

"I dare say," responded Miss Trevanion.

"But would you not be civil to a man whom you knew to be beyond expression estimable, if only for the sake of his goodness, no matter how rough a diamond he might be?" asked Denzil Young, feeling somewhat eager in his argument, and turning slightly, so as more to face his adversary.

"Surely you would; any woman—most women would, I fancy. One could not fail to appreciate the man I speak of."

"I might appreciate him—at a distance," Miss Trevanion returned, obstinately; "but I would not be civil to him; and I should think him a boor just the same, whether he were a black sheep or a white."

"Oh!" exclaimed Denzil, and stared curiously at her beautiful, now rather bored face.

Was she really as worthless as she declared herself to be? Could those handsome, cold blue eyes and faultless features never soften into tenderness and womanly feeling?

He quite forgot how earnestly he was gazing until Miss Trevanion raised her eyes, and meeting his steady stare, blushed warmly—angrily. He recollected himself then, and the admiration his look must have conveyed, and colored almost as deeply as she had.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly; "do not think me rude, but I am strangely forgetful at times, and was just then wondering whether you really meant all you said."

"Do not wonder any longer then," she retorted, still resenting the expression of his eyes, "as I did perfectly mean what I said. I detest with all my heart boors and ill-bred people, and parvenus, and want of birth generally."

And then Lady Caroline made the usual mysterious sign, and they all rose to leave the room, and Miss Trevanion became conscious that she had made a cruelly rude speech.

She felt rather guilty and disinclined for conversation when she had reached the drawing room; so she sat down and tried to find excuses for her conduct in the remembrance of that last unwarrantable glance he had bestowed upon her. A man should be taught manners if he did not possess them; and the idea of his turning deliberately to stare at her—Mildred Trevanion—publicly, was more than any woman could endure. So she argued, endeavoring to persuade her conscience—but unsuccessfully—that her unceremonious remark had been justly provoked, and then Mabel came over and sat down beside her.

"I liked your man at dinner very much," she said; "at least what I could see of him."

"He seemed to like you very much, at all events," Mildred returned; "he watched your retreating figure just now as though he had never before seen a pretty girl or a white-worked grenadier."

"He is awfully handsome," went on Mabel, who always indulged in the strongest terms of speech.

"He is good-looking."

"More than that; he is as rich as Croesus, I am told."

"What a good thing for the young woman who gets him," Miss Trevanion remarked, and smiled down a yawn very happily indeed.

"Look here, Mildred; you may just as well begin by being civil to him," counseled Mabel, wisely, "because, as he is going to inhabit the same house as yourself for the next six weeks or so, it will be better for you to put up with him quietly. You were looking all through dinner as though you were bored to death—and, after all, what good can that do?"

"I rather think you will have the doing of the civility," observed Miss Trevanion, "as he is evidently greatly struck by your numerous charms."

"I shouldn't mind it in the least, if he can talk plenty of nonsense, and look as he looked at dinner," Mabel returned. "There is always something so interesting about a superlatively rich man, don't you think?"

"Not when the rich man owns to cotton."

"Why not? Cotton is a nice clean thing, I should fancy; and money is money, however procured. I am a thoroughly unbiased person, thank heaven, and a warm admirer of honest industry."

"You had better marry Mr. Young, then, and you will be able to admire the fruits of it from this day until your death," Mildred said.

"Not at all a bad idea," returned "the queen"; "thanks for the suggestion. I shall certainly think about it. If I like him sufficiently well on a nearer acquaintance, and if he is good enough to ask me, I will positively go and help him to squander that cotton money."

(To be continued.)

**Picturesque Old Castle.**

Tourists who wish to see the castle which Victor Cherbuliez, the famous French academician, has pictured in one of the most popular novels, "Paule Mere," ought to visit Fossard. An electric train runs from Geneva to Chene. Thence it is only a few minutes' walk through a shady lane to the Chateau des Terreaux, situated on the border of the little river which separates Switzerland from France. The old building is highly picturesque. Nothing has been changed since the celebrated author wrote the description. At sunset the mountain is a mass of changing color, and visitors are subject to a spell which will prevent them from ever forgetting the little hamlet of Fossard and its castle.—Phillip Jamin in Chicago Record.

**Easter in the New Century.**

In the century just begun there will be 5,217 Sundays. In that which we have hardly yet learned to speak of as last Easter Sunday has occurred once on its earliest possible date—March 22, 1818—but this will not recur till the twenty-third century. The earliest Easter in the new century will be March 23, 1913. Easter Sunday will fall once on its latest day—April 25, in 1943. This also occurred once in May, but on three occasions in the past century it occurred in June, and in the new century this will happen four times.

**How Niagara is Receding.**

The falls of Niagara eat back the cliff at the rate of about one foot a year. In this way a deep cleft has been cut right back from Queenstown for a distance of seven miles to the place where the falls now are. At this rate it has taken more than 35,000 years for the seven-mile channel to be made.

## State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

The republicans of Lincoln have every reason for congratulating themselves and the city over the result of the primary election. The nominees were selected by the direct vote of the rank and file of the members of the party, and an absolutely unassailable ticket has been put in the field in consequence. In the old days when men were allowed to name delegations from their own wards with the understanding that they might trade them in any way they wished, the party was humiliated by some of the nominations made by almost every convention.

The Lincoln system has shown itself to be the cleanest and best means yet devised for selecting the nominees of a political party. It has revolutionized the municipal government of this city in less than five years. It has driven out boassism and installed the individual citizen and taxpayer in his rightful position as dictator of the management of the party. The Lincoln system is now firmly entrenched in the city, for it would be a bold ward politician to even suggest a return to the convention plan. If the members of the county central committee wish to assist in the growth of the party they may do so by providing for the extension of the Lincoln system to the entire county.

Senator Miller of Buffalo having been delegated by his committee to visit the reform schools at Kearney and Geneva submitted a voluminous report. In his report on the Kearney school he says:

"The school consists of seven substantial brick buildings, very much out of repair, situated on a high bluff overlooking the great Platte valley. The view is one of the grandest in the state. A change in the administration has recently been made. Hon. J. N. Campbell retiring from the superintendency and Prof. J. T. Mallahan assumes the duties; the latter speaks well of the efficient work of his predecessor. The present superintendent comes in thoroughly equipped for efficient work, having served in this capacity with credit, for eight years, and has lately visited similar institutions in other states for the purpose of studying their methods."

"There are at present 129 inmates, divided into four families, with one teacher and one matron for each family."

"The boys are called up at 6:15 in the morning, prepared for breakfast which is served in a large hall of the mechanic building at 7:00. Five hours each day are devoted to study in school, and five hours to work in the various industrial departments. During the summer months the boys have from 6:30 p. m. to 8 p. m. for recreation while during the winter months they have play rooms in the buildings."

"We consider this school of vast importance to the state; designed as it is to greatly reduce the criminal class, taking the boys who are so unfortunately as to without proper home training and instill within them habits of industry, self-reliance and noble aspirations."

Representative Hanks offered the following resolution in the house last week:

"Whereas, it has pleased Him who is infinite in wisdom and controls all things in His divine power, to remove one who was a member of the Twenty-seventh session of the Nebraska legislature, the Hon. David Brown, of Otoe county, by death, therefore be it

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the joint bodies of the legislature to mourn the loss of one who has served his people so many times in public office with honor to himself and credit to the great state of Nebraska; be it further

"Resolved, That we honor the memory of the Hon. David Brown. We, his neighbors, and all persons acquainted with him, honored and respected him during life. He was a good citizen, a correct man, and a loving and faithful husband and father. He represented in himself the best citizenship of the state, and in his death we have sustained a great loss, and the state is deprived of a good citizen; be it further

"Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of both bodies of the legislature, and a copy be forwarded to his widow and son, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy in their hour of grief. And also one be sent to the local newspapers of Nebraska City."

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation with Secretary of State Marsh: Uinta Petroleum company of Omaha and Uinta county, Wyoming, with a capital of \$10,000; Paxton Mitchell company of Omaha, with a capital of \$60,000; Puritan Cigar company of Grand Island with a capital of \$5,000; Seward Dry Goods and Millinery company of Seward with a capital of \$15,000.

The legislature must cut the garment according to the cloth. Nebraska is prosperous and rich, but her assessed valuation is quite low and the constitution limits the state levy to five mills and there you are. Let not the appropriations overrun the probable revenue for the coming biennium. That is one of the bounden duties of a legislative body to perform. Overlaps should be left entirely to the sapient municipal governments. They do not become a sovereign state.

The new battleship "Nebraska" will be constructed, according to the decision just made by the secretary of the navy, by Moran Bros. of Seattle. The bid of this firm was above the limit set by the government, but the people of Seattle were so anxious to establish the ship building industry in their city that they raised a fund of \$100,000 to enable the firm to take the contract at the government price without losing money. The new ship will be an object of interest to all citizens of Nebraska who visit the chief city of Washington during the period of its construction.

Well informed citizens of Lincoln predict that the proposition to vote bonds for a city lighting plant will carry. It is feared by the friends of this scheme that if the bonds carry they will be tied up by injunction and that this will delay the work seriously, if it does not defeat the object of those who have interested themselves in cheaper municipal lighting.

The death of Representative Brown increases the difficulty of securing an election with republican votes. The full number of members of the legislature at the beginning was 133.

## A CASE OF LAW.

Basuto Decision Gives Reward to Barking Dog's Owner.

Law is a complicated thing, and some of its decisions seem not to be founded in equity. Probably most readers will pass that criticism upon the case recorded below. Basutoland, being broken and mountainous, was until recently the resort of lions, leopards and other wild animals. Now, however, the hillsides which were once the resort of these savage creatures are the pasture-grounds of tens of thousands of cattle. Nearly all dangerous animals have been driven away from Basutoland, but not long ago a leopard appeared on the outskirts of a village. The animal soon became badly frightened as the villagers, and sought safety in flight. The next morning the inhabitants turned out for a hunt. One of the hunters was climbing a steep rock when he suddenly found himself face to face with the leopard, whose retreat was cut off by the rock itself. Neither the animal nor the man could escape the encounter. The dilemma was an awkward one, for the climber was unarmed. Recognizing his danger, he put forth his hands and in desperation caught hold of the leopard on each side of its jaws, holding it at arm's length and calling for help. The leopard clawed and tore his captor, but the man held on till help arrived and the beast was speared. Now came a question of law. By Basuto law the skin belonged to the chief who must reward one of three claimants—either the man who speared the leopard, or the man who held it so that it was possible to spear it, or the man who, being warned by the barking of his dog, first discovered the animal in the village. The Basuto Solomon decided the case as follows: The man who speared it could not have done so but for the man who held it, and the man who held it could not have known of its existence if the dog had not first warned the village; therefore the credit for the killing belonged to the dog, whose owner was entitled to the reward.

## WHERE AMERICA LEADS.

Our Colleges Are More Available for Women than England's.

A writer in the London Daily Mail states that popular sentiment in America has done its greatest work in giving the poor girl a desire to go to college and in giving her a college where she can go. The girl who wants to go on £50 a year can do it. Unless she lives in a secluded village or a very small town she can go on half that sum. There are few towns of any size without a college of some kind, privately endowed and publicly maintained. Next to this almost universality of opportunity, the American college girl values most the social trust given her in it all and the knowledge of men which she receives. The typical American girl studied side by side with her brother in the lower grades; she went to college naturally with him. It never occurred to her that she could not. It never occurred to him that she should not. Every American girl is trusted socially and the typical American college girl—the co-educational girl—receives this trust to the greatest degree. She thinks the English college girl is capable, even more so, of having this same social trust. "Does not England need now the American type of the college woman?" asks the American. "And, in making higher education so popular that most girls, whether rich or poor, would want it, and so cheap that most girls could get it; in raising the intellectual standard of English womanhood in general, as would be done by the former; in giving discipline of mind to hundreds who need it in the fight for bread, as would be done by the latter—in these is there not a mission as great and as vital as woman's education need have?"

**Army Surgeon, Was a Woman.**

"Murray Hall's" case has brought to mind the case of "Dr. James Barry," once inspector general of hospitals in the British army and a "C. B." This individual presented the appearance of a slightly built, dark-complexioned man, beardless and with abrupt manners. The doctor had a marked impatience with anything like contradiction, and his temper led to several duels, in which he came off best. The courage of the person was beyond question, but the voice was thin and feminine in tone. When "James Barry" died "he" left explicit directions that he should be buried "all standing" as he was when death came. These directions were disregarded, and it was learned that the medical schools had duly qualified and the British government had decorated and pensioned a distinguished medical officer who was a woman.—New York Press.

**Blistering Dead Bodies.**

The fear of being buried alive has always been strong in Germany, and many precautions are usually taken to ascertain that death has occurred before resorting to burial. Germans are, consequently, much interested in the experiments being made by Parisian doctors to determine the absence of life. It is said the raising of a blister on the cuticle of a corpse by means of a candle speedily shows the presence or absence of the vital spark. In living bodies the blister is full of serum; in dead bodies it contains only steam.—Emil Henzel in Chicago Record.

**Anti-Vice Crusade in Japan.**

Through missionary influences in Japan new police regulations now make it possible for inmates of houses of legalized vice, hitherto hopeless slaves, to leave at their option. Christian reformers have freed at least 40 such unfortunates during the past two months.