

Mildred A Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)
"I suppose it must be that I do not care to do so," she answered coldly, almost insolently, with an intonation that cut him to the quick; and then he stepped aside and she passed through.

As the last of her dress disappeared through an opposite door, the young man turned away, clinched his hands, and muttered to himself:
"What a fool I am—what a mad fool—to wait all my life up to this, only to fall in love with a woman who scarcely cares to remember my existence!"

With this self-congratulatory address, he strode down the steps and into the pony carriage, in which shortly afterward he drove his sister and "the queen" to the Grange.

All things considered, the poor ponies would have preferred any other driver that day, and the girls a more lively companion; but she, sara, sara, and so all parties had to put up with Denzil. Once applying the whip too sharply to the well-cared-for back of Gill, the far-off pony, she thought proper to make a bolt of it for half a mile or so, and persuaded Jack to accompany her, until a steep hill and Denzil's firm hand had once more reduced them to a kindly frame of mind.

During this rather trying half mile, Miss Young, as loudly as she well could, had taken particular pains to express her consternation at and her disapproval of her brother's mode of driving, until Denzil, provoked beyond bounds by more than one cause that day, turned and advised her, in no very tender terms, to restrain her excitement; after which Rachael set her thin lips tightly together, and determined to have her revenge as speedily as possible; so when the Grange round the phaeton, waiting for Eddie's knock at the door to be answered, she said, sweetly:

"What is the matter with you today, Denzil, dear? You are a little out of sorts, are you not?"
"Am I?" asked Denzil. "I don't know—most people are at times, I suppose. Why do you ask?"
"Oh, for nothing, sweetly—If possible, spoken more sweetly still—I was only anxious; and, by the bye, your persuasive powers failed to bring Miss Trevanion with us, did they not?"

"Oh, you serpent!" thought Frances Sylverton, indignantly, as she saw Denzil's handsome face contract and flush painfully; but all she said was, "Mr. Young, will you come here and see what Eddie has done to my stirrup? The boy grows more intolerably stupid every day. What—is there nothing really the matter with it? Well, I wonder then what makes it feel so queer;" and then the door was opened, and Denzil helping her from her saddle, they all went into the house.

Here they spent a long half hour with the master of the Grange—a half hour that worked wonders, as Frances obtained her request, and a ball was promised within a fortnight to celebrate her delivery from Uncle Carden's grasp—"strictly on the condition," said old Dick Blount, "that you give me the first quadrille, Miss Frank;" and she having promised the desired dance willingly enough, they all turned once more homeward.

Frances Sylverton discovered two things during her ride that morning. One was, that the chestnut thoroughbred she rode that day went easier in its stride than the little gray mare, her more constant companion; the other, that Denzil Young was, without doubt, very desperately in love with beautiful Mildred Trevanion.

CHAPTER IV.
When the Deverills made their appearance at King's Abbott on Monday evening, just ten minutes before the dinner-bell rang, they brought in their train, uninvited, a cousin of their own, a certain Lord Lyndon, who had most unexpectedly arrived at their place that morning.

"I knew you would make him welcome, my dear," the honorable Mrs. Deverill whispered to her old friend, Lady Caroline, as they seated themselves on the soft cushions of a lounge; "and really we did not know in the least what to do with him."

After which little introduction the young lord was made welcome and civilly entertained forthwith. He was a middle-sized young man of from twenty-six to thirty, rather stout than otherwise, with nondescript features, and hair slightly inclined toward the "celestial rosy." His mouth, too, was an inch, more or less, too large for his face, and his eyes might have been a degree bluer, but, for all that, they had a pleasant, genial expression lurking in their light depths, while his smile alone would have redeemed an uglier man.

He was a general favorite with most of his acquaintances, and a particular one with his cousins, the Deverills, who looked upon him fondly enough in the light of a brotherly relation, time having convinced them that their chances were not of that order that would change his position from friend to husband. The elder Miss Deverill was a tall girl, gawkily inclined, possessed of a very pronounced nose, a talent for listening, and a bright, clever expression, while her sister was particularly ugly. There were no two opinions on the latter point, either in Clifton or elsewhere; and indeed Char-

night is somewhat chilly for such romantic nonsense. However, you have shown me my folly, so there is little danger of my repeating it. Shall we return to the drawing-room?"
"In one moment," he answered, hurriedly; whereupon Miss Trevanion turned back once more, and, pausing with wondering eyes, laid her hand again on the balustrade.

Denzil appeared a little pale—a little nervous perhaps—in the moonlight, but that was all; and his voice, when he spoke, though low, was quite distinct.
"Why will you not be friends with me?" he asked.

"Friends with you?" Mildred repeated, with calmest, most open-eyed astonishment, raising her face to his.
"Why, what can you mean? Have I offended you in any way? If so, I am sorry, and, believe me, I did not mean to do so. I fancied I was treating you as I treat all my other acquaintances."

"No, you do not," he rejoined, with an odd repressed vehemence asserting itself in his tone; "you treat me very differently, as it seems to me. Why, on all others you bestow a few smiles, a few kind words at least, while on me—Miss Trevanion, I wonder—I wonder, if you could only guess how much your simplest words are to me, would the revelation make you a little less chary of them?"

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly, closing and unclosing her hand with angry rapidity; "and I believe you yourself do not know of what you are speaking."
"Yes, I do," he affirmed, passionately. "I know I would rather have your most careless friendship than the love of any other woman. I would almost rather have your hatred than what I now fear—your indifference."

The moon had disappeared behind a sullen dark gray cloud, and for a few moments they were left in comparative darkness. Miss Trevanion's heart was beating loud and fast; the cloudy drapery that partially concealed, but scarcely hid her delicate neck and shoulders was strangely agitated. She could not see her companion's face, but felt that he was trying to pierce the momentary gloom to gain some insight into her soul. He should read no thoughts of hers, she told herself, with proud reliance on her own strength; he should not learn from her face how deeply his words had vexed her.

When once more the moon asserted herself and shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, Denzil gazed only on a calm statuesque figure and haughty unmoved features that gave no index to the heart beneath. She seemed a beautiful being, a piece of nature's most perfect work—but a being hard, unsympathetic, incapable of any divine feeling.

He gazed at her in silence, wondering how so fair a creature could be so devoid of all tender characteristics, and, as he gazed, a man's step sounded lightly on the gravel beneath them. As she heard it, Miss Trevanion's whole expression changed, her face was lit up with sudden animation, and took an eager expectant look that rendered her ten times more lovely than he had ever seen her. She moved lightly to the top of the stone steps that led to the grounds, and watched with pretty impatience until a gray-colored figure emerged from the darkness, and, seeing her, took her gladly in his arms.

"Charlie!" she said, rapturously, and, when he had half pushed her from his embrace, she put up her hands and smoothed back his sunny brown hair from his forehead, and kissed him three times fondly; after which she suddenly recollected Denzil's presence, and, drawing back, pushed Charlie gently toward him.

(To be Continued.)

Business Before Pleasure.
An English commercial traveler, for whose pushing Americanism a Liverpool paper vouches with great enthusiasm, started out after a country order. Happening to arrive at the village on the day of a festival, he found the shop of his customer closed, and learned that the man himself was at the celebration a mile out of town. At once he set out for the spot, and reached the ground just in time to see his shopkeeper climb into a balloon procured for special ascensions. The man of trade was equal to the occasion. He stepped forward, paid his fare and climbed into the car. Away went the balloon, and was hardly above the tree-tops when the commercial traveler turned to his astonished victim, and said persuasively but triumphantly: "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"—Youth's Companion.

Ricciotti Garibaldi.
Ricciotti Garibaldi, who will attend the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument in Chicago on September 20, is a lieutenant in the Italian navy. In 1856, when his father commanded a body of volunteers, Ricciotti had a minor commission. He marched against Rome with the soldiers who won the battle of Monterotondo, took part in the battle of Mentona, and was captured. He fought with France against Germany in 1870 and after that war made his home in Rome, where he has been a member of the Italian parliament.—Chicago Tribune.

Vast Industries at the "Soo."
Vast industries are rapidly developing at Sault Ste. Marie. Millions have already been invested, and the projects already under way will, it is said, cost \$20,000,000 to complete. These include blast furnaces, pulp mills, rolling mills, etc. But not the least of the great undertakings at this point is the construction of a railroad from the Soo to Hudson bay, a distance of 500 miles north. The road is already chartered and subsidized, and 150 miles will be completed next year.

Belief in Revivals.
In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in 24 hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out. As long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up. But as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-reaching will be the execution.

Gathering in the Young.
It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is likely he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at 10 years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at 9 years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at 7 years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at 7 years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING,
THE SUBJECT ON SUNDAY.

Preached from Luke V: 6 as follows:
"They Enclosed a Great Multitude of Fishes, and Their Net Broke"—Strong Plea for the Old-Fashioned Revival.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kleppel, N. Y.)
Washington, March 24.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is most pertinent at this time when a widespread effort for religious awakening is being made; text, Luke v, 6, "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fishes was taken that the hardy men began to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when, snap, goes a thread of the net, and, snap, goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

"Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! Bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah," says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore and fished with a hook and line and taken one at a time instead of having this great excitement and the boat almost upset and the net broken and having to call for help and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The church is the boat, the gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat and a large crew and a net a mile long and swift oars and stout sails and a stiff breeze and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

Coldness of the Objector.
Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case, a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it and take a pall of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it. The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pall of cold water there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

An Unconverted Ministry.
But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated, but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by grace. They are all antagonistic to revivals. How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a means of livelihood. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching the gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety, this land will never be enveloped in revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hands. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believes in a revival in trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude cannot understand revival in matters of religion. Depend upon it, where you find man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he

needs to be regenerated by the grace of God.

More Troops Wanted.
During our civil war the president of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the universe today asks for twelve hundred million more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, no excitement, one by one. You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1,000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you, I'll send you 1,000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you 20 yards today, and 20 tomorrow, and 20 the next day, and if it takes me six months, I'll send you the whole thousand yards. You will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit, and besides that, 1,000 yards of cloth is too much to sell all at once?" No; you do not say that. You take me into the counting room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion.

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years instead of bolting in at one service.

We talk a good deal about the good times that are coming and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says 500 years. Here is a man who says 200 years. Here is some one more confident who says in 50 years. What, 50 years? Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted? Suppose by prolongation of human life at the end of the next 50 years you should walk the length of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or the length of Broadway, New York. In all those walks you would not find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead or so changed that you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for 50 years you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life part.

The Coming Great Revival.
It seems as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightning are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightning rods are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian, Cyrus W. Field, and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old fashioned Christian, William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down or which horse won the race at the Derby or which marksman beat at the latest contest. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindness. But until late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotism. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up on the dry docks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service, or fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Talking Shop in the Woods.
Mr. Blank, a busy and successful oculist, spent his summer vacation in the woods with his new shotgun. Noticing one day that when using the left-hand barrel he generally brought down his game, and when using the other barrel he invariably missed, he tacked a small target to a tree and fired at it several times with each barrel, in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his suspicions. One barrel was all right, or nearly so, and the other was all wrong. "Well," he said, "as nearly as I can make out, this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms of astigmatism."—Youth's Companion.

He who sows peas on the highway does not get all the pods into his barn.