

# Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Don't be alarmed," said the newcomer, "it's only me, and not the long-expected come at last in the shape of the 'midnight marauder'—I like my krammar, don't you, Mildred? How are you old boy? Glad to see you. Had no idea I should first come upon you spooning with my sister in the moonlight, but accidents will happen. Are they all quite well, Milly?"

"Quite well," Miss Trevanion answered, feeling rather disgusted and sore about the moonlight innuendo, and indignant that Denzil should stand there silent and allow it to pass for granted; "but you need not accuse me of flirting so soon, Charlie. I am not given that way, as you know, and Mr. Younge came out merely because he felt the night warm."

"Just so," said Charlie. "Odd how one always does feel the night warm when there's a girl on the balcony! And so," glancing through the bright red curtains that concealed the room, "you have been going in heavily for society tonight. I can see Mrs. Deverill, and a fat young man, and your father, Younge, and 'my pretty Jane,' and Sir George eloquent on South-downs, and here, to excite my curiosity, the end of a blue silk dress, and there—say, Mildred—come here. Who is the young person in tights?"

"That's young Mason of the 10th," said Miss Trevanion, "and though he doesn't intend it, his clothes always seem too small for him. The blue dress you see belongs to Frances Sylverton."

"Oh, does it?" exclaimed Charlie, turning away abruptly.

"Come in and show yourself" suggested Denzil. "You can't think how awfully glad they will be to see you. It was only yesterday your mother was complaining about the short leaves of absence you get, and your coming now so unexpectedly, will enhance your value doubly."

"My dear fellow, consider—I'm in morning costume," protested Charlie, gayly. "Would you have me throw discredit on the house of my father? Why, these Deverills are so nice they would not know exactly how to treat a fellow who could so far discard appearances as to turn up at half-past nine in a gray tweed. Mildred, I will bid you a fond good-night, and be visible again some time tomorrow, when you have gently broken the news of my arrival. Is my old room appropriated by anyone? Can I have it?"

"Never mind your room yet," said Mildred, "do you think I can let you go again so easily? No, come in this moment when I desire you, and show yourself to the company in general. I would not miss mamma's look of surprise and delight for anything; so I must insist on your obeying me—and, besides, you look charming in gray. Come, darling—do."

"Well, on your head be it, if Mrs. Deverill retires in confusion," Charlie murmured, and followed his sister obediently into the warm, handsomely furnished drawing-room.

Miss Sylverton, sitting just inside the window, looked up with a sudden start as he passed her, and, crossing the room to where his mother sat, laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

He was not a handsome young man—was, in fact, the plainest Trevanion of them all—but the action he used toward his mother was full of such tender, beautiful grace as might have belonged to the most polished courtier of the olden days.

Lady Caroline turned, and half-cried aloud in her intense surprise and joy. He was her eldest-born, the beloved of her heart, and she welcomed him accordingly; indeed, every one seemed only too glad to see once more Charles Trevanion's fair, sunburnt face, and hear his honest, happy voice, unless perhaps Miss Sylverton, who, once her astonishment at his sudden appearance was at an end, appeared to lose all interest in his presence, and went back to the rather one-sided flirtation she was holding with "the man in tights."

"How d'ye do, Miss Sylverton?" Charles said presently, and Frances put her hand coldly into his. "Have you been getting on pretty well? You cannot think how happy it makes a fellow to be heartily welcomed after a long absence, as I have been welcomed by you."

"I cannot say how long or how short your absence has been," Frances retorted, "as I have had no means of remembering when it was when you went."

"Whose fault was that?" he said, gently.

"Was it mine?" There was just a suspicion of tears under the long dark lashes. "I don't think I ever forbid you to come and say good-by at Sylverton, did I?"

"No, not exactly, perhaps; but there are more ways of forbidding than those expressed in words. I have a dim recollection, a faint idea, that somebody told me, a few months ago that she hated me."

"And I dare say she will tell you so again before she dies," returned Frances, with a little, low, happy laugh; "meantime I am very, very glad indeed, Charlie, to see you home again."

"Are you, Frances?" said Charles, softly.

After that, the young man in close

sitting raiment got very little of Miss Sylverton's society.

CHAPTER V.

It was just at this period that Miss Trevanion became aware of a certain falling of Eddie's about which she had hitherto been ignorant. It came to her knowledge in this wise: One hunting morning during the chilly early breakfast, at which she always presided, her father having a prejudice in favor of the coffee administered by her fair hands, it so happened that the post-arrived rather more than twenty minutes before the usual hour, and consequently the various letters were handed to the assembled men to peruse at their pleasure, while getting through the agreeable task of devouring cold game-pie.

"Two for you," said Sir George, and he flung Eddie a brace of missives that fell a little short of his coffee-cup, and lay with the black sides turned up-wards. One had a large square envelope, and a crimson splashing crest and coronet, singularly unfeminine, which attracted general attention for a moment.

Mildred, idly toying with a teaspoon, looked up a minute later and noticed that the lad's face had grown wonderfully dull and pale for him, and that he was staring at the now open letter with a pained gravity unusual in his case.

"Has she bowled you out, Trevanion?" asked young Cairns, with a gay, thoughtless laugh, from the far end of the table, where he sat near two other men of his regiment staying at King's Abbott for a few days' hunting. "Regularly knocked over, eh? You look like it."

"Not quite so bad as that," Eddie answered, the dejected expression disappearing altogether from his countenance with such rapidity that Miss Trevanion, still watching, concluded her fears had been groundless and dismissed the incident, as meaning nothing, from her mind.

Later on, toward the evening, however, wandering leisurely up-stairs to dress for dinner, and having occasion to pass through the picture gallery, beyond which lay many of the bedrooms, her own amongst the number, she beheld Eddie at a distant window, his head pressed against the painted glass, his entire attitude suggestive of despair. Even as she looked there arose before her a vision of broken bread and half-cut pasties, with much plate and china, and a gaudily-created envelope lying in their midst.

She went up to him and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Anything the matter?" she asked, lightly enough, not anticipating any real trouble.

He turned and faced her, thereby displaying a countenance betokening anything but that inward peacefulness commonly supposed to come from the possession of a quiet conscience.

"Why, Eddie," Miss Trevanion exclaimed, "what is it? What has happened? Why are you standing here alone?"

"Nothing has happened," returned Eddie, in a voice that perfectly suited his face, and so was lugubrious in the extreme; after which he most ungratefully turned his back to her.

"Surely you will tell me," she expostulated. "It can be nothing so dreadful as your manner seems to imply. Come, Eddie, speak to me; perhaps—who knows?—I shall be able to help you."

"Nobody can help me," said Eddie. "Nonsense! It isn't like you to be so down-hearted—is it? and I can generally assist everybody, you know; so let me try with you. You will confide in me, dearest, will you not? Indeed I cannot be happy while you look so miserable."

"Just so," broke out Eddie at last, with the reckless scorn people generally indulge in when conversing with their best friends—that is when their best friends have succeeded in driving them into a corner—"and of course you will have no difficulty in putting your hand in your pocket now this moment and giving me three hundred pounds on the spot."

"Oh, Eddie, what is it you mean?" Miss Trevanion asked, now thoroughly frightened, ready money being an article very scarce and difficult of attainment in the Trevanion household, and Sir George's private affairs and general "hard-upplishness" being well known to the elder members of the family.

"I mean that I have been gambling and have lost three hundred pounds," Eddie said.

And then Miss Trevanion felt that the trouble was a very real trouble, indeed. She could not speak to him for a moment, and so kept silence. Presently he spoke again.

"There is nothing to be done, Mildred, that I can see," he went on—nothing, I have no means of paying this money, and so I suppose the sooner I proclaim myself a blackguard and get out of the country the better for you all."

"Do not say that," Mildred said, in a low voice. "Is there no way of managing it? Let us think well before we give up in despair."

"There is no way," he said, "none. I have long overdrawn my years al-

lowance, and the governor is too hard up to advance, even if he would, another fifty—to say nothing of what I want. Besides, Mildred, I—I could not bear to tell him of it; he has so often warned me against gambling on account of that wretched old story about Willoughby Trevanion. I think it would almost break his heart if he fancied the family curse had broken out again in me, and—oh, Milly, I swear to you I never meant it; it all came about so suddenly, so miserably. I had always been proverbial for my luck, until that evening at the vicar's rooms, and then I lost my head, I think; and the worst of it is Poyntz is just now so deucedly used up himself that he can't afford to wait."

"For how long has this—this gambling been going on?" Miss Trevanion asked.

"About a year and a half."

"And how have you managed to pay your debts during all that time?"

"I never lost much before, and when I did, was always sure to win it back again the following night. That was the evil of the thing, you see; it drew me on, encouraged me, until I felt I couldn't lose, and then in the end, as I have told you, my luck deserted me, and left me as I am now, hopelessly in debt, and dishonored, and so on," wound up the poor boy with a miserable choking sensation in his throat.

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" sung bony Mabel, at the top of her clear, sweet voice, the words, singularly appropriate, albeit unbecoming as they were, echoing merrily through the chamber as she came swiftly toward them through the gathering gloom.

Her advent, unexpected as it was, left Eddie and Miss Trevanion speechless.

"Why, you two," she said—"are you struck dumb that you both stand there so silent in the twilight? Has the 'holy friar' of our establishment appeared unto you and deprived you of the organs of speech? Mildred, you remind me of some stricken saint, leaning in that position, with the painted light of that window falling full upon you in such a dim religious ghostly sort of manner; while Eddie—Good gracious, Eddie, what's the matter with you?"

Miss Trevanion glanced at her brother, and he said:

"Oh, tell her—there is little good in keeping it secret now, when every one will know it soon, and so 'the queen' was enlightened forthwith and, contrary to all expectations—as she was generally the most easy-going of the Trevanions—was supremely indignant on the spot.

"Well, I have never heard anything so disgraceful," declared that august young personage, when the recital was finished to the last word—"never!" And, if anyone but you had told me of it, Mildred, I should not have believed them. I think—to Eddie—"you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, when you know poor papa is in such difficulties, and no earthly way of getting out of them. No, Mildred, I won't stop; it is useless to shake your head at me behind his back; I mean to say just what is on my mind—and I think too much could never be said on such a subject. You may spend your life glossing over other people's faults, but I am not an angel, and cannot; besides what is to be done? How the money is to be paid I cannot imagine, I'm sure; and, in fact, I have no patience with him!" concluded Mabel, slightly out of breath, but with a finishing touch of scorn that would have done credit to a parliamentarian.

(To be Continued.)

Farms Can Be Made to Pay.

A professor in Cornell university has been discussing in print the question whether a farm can be made to pay. He thinks it can, but with some mental reservations on the subject of what it means to have a farm "pay."

He says of one of his early experiences with his farm: "Half of country life is in the living. It is in the point of view. It is in the way in which we look at things. Thoreau rejoiced when it rained because he knew that his beans were happy. One day my man was agitated because the woodchucks were eating the beans. He would go to town at once and buy a gun. I asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of \$3 or \$4. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. If he had a gun he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the beans would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the woodchucks, and at daylight morning after morning I had watched the animals as they stole from the bushes, sniffed the soft morning air and nibbled the crisp young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice \$4 for much less entertainment. My neighbor thought that I ought to cut out the briars in the fence corner. I told him that I liked to see the briars there. He remarked that some folks are fools. I replied that it is fun to be a fool."

Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it; overpay them if you will, but let them get some idea of the equivalents; if they get distorted notions of values at the start they will never be righted.—Talmage.

The tooth often bites the tongue, and yet they keep together.

Despite not a small wound, a poor kinsman or a humble enemy.

## TARIFF IMBROGLIO

### SOME EFFECTS OF RUSSIA'S RETALIATORY POLICY.

Secretary Gage's Action Regarding Countervailing Duties Seems to Have Emboldened Free-Traders and Frightened Some Timid Protectionists.

In the vast quantity of comment called forth by the decision of Secretary Gage regarding the enforcement of the Dingley law relating to countervailing duties and the retaliatory action of the Russian government in connection with that decision, it is gratifying to encounter the cool common sense, the level-headed logic, with which this question is treated editorially by the Cincinnati "Times-Star." This is all the more refreshing in view of the contrast which it presents to the attitude of a considerable portion of the newspaper press of the United States on the same subject. With one accord and actuated by the common impulse of discrediting the protection policy, the free-trade democratic journals have sprung to the front with imperative demands for the repeal of the Dingley tariff. Nothing short of wiping this law from the federal statute books will satisfy them. To these superior minds it does not matter that the decision of Secretary Gage was rendered in obedience to a mandatory provision which left him no discretion or option; it is of no consequence that the decision serves and was intended as the shortest possible route to a judicial determination of the question whether Russia has been evading the sugar bounty provision of our laws by roundabout methods; not of the least importance is, in their judgment, the plain fact that the neglect of our government to enforce countervailing duties on Russian bounty-fed sugars would have been construed and resented by other bounty paying countries as discrimination against them and undue favoritism toward Russia.

None of these considerations affect the free-trade democratic newspapers. They denounce the secretary's decision as provocative of a continental combine for the purpose of shutting out all imports of American products, and they demand the repeal of the Dingley law and the abandonment of the American system of protection as the only way out of the difficulty. Here and there a weak kneed, half hearted protectionist newspaper expresses a similar alarm and in effect counsels a similar surrender. To the latter class of shivers, as well as to the considerable element of domestic producers to whom the programme of European retaliation presents itself as something so terrible in its consequences as to justify any and all sorts of concessions for the sake of effecting a compromise—to all such comes with peculiar pertinency this pointed interrogation of the "Times-Star":

"Do the manufacturers who are protesting against the present Russian tariff imbroglio ever stop to consider this proposition: 'If the American tariff is to be altered every time some European nation finds its provisions objectionable, what will ultimately become of the protective policy?'"

"Oh!" says the free-trade democratic propagandist, "it is easy enough to answer that question!" So it is, from that point of view. The answer is as easy and simple as was that of the eminent Tammany office holder when he disposed of a great issue with the famous exclamation: "To hell with reform, and you have in a very brief phrase the free-trade democratic solution of the Russian tariff imbroglio. But is that the answer to be given by our industrial captains and by the doubting Thomases of the half-breed protectionist press? Says the 'Times-Star':"

"They must not forget that there is in existence in this country a party which is wrapped up in the free trade idea, and which in every speck on the horizon sees a tariff war which will justify them in shouting their disastrous doctrine. They must not forget that this party is desperate for a new issue to present to the people, and that if it could take up the tariff issue in new form would willingly do so, though their underlying hatred to the protective principle would be but illy concealed."

"It is probably true that the present situation is disastrous to some individual enterprises; but not in the degree which it was at first sought to impress upon the public. Don't let European nations get the idea that when Russia, to whom we sell less than one-half of one per cent of our total exports, threatens to cut off that infinitesimal trade, we are prepared to bow down and alter our tariff laws, or other governments of more moment to us as customers may decide that it is possible for them to secure like changes."

"Don't forget all commercial Europe is alarmed at the aggressive commercial and industrial growth of America, and that the leading economists of the continent are urging just such a policy. Don't forget that these features are not to be overlooked and that they involve questions of more moment to the American manufacturer than the trade with Russia."

Talk of this kind is good for weak knees and lame backs. If taken promptly and in liberal doses its effect as a tonic and a nerve stimulant cannot fail to be beneficial in all cases where diagnosis clearly indicates the need of something to brace up with. We commend it to all those who perceive in the displeasure of any foreign country or of all foreign countries, if it

## OPERATIONS FOR CANCER.

### If Taken in Time This Disease Can Be Cured.

Dr. Herbert Snow, an eminent English authority on cancer, notes the increased number of deaths from cancer (from 8,117 in 1864 to 22,845 in 1895 in England), and urges a more scientific study of cancer. He said recently: "It must be borne in mind that the majority of the sufferers are perfectly curable by a surgical operation within certain limits of time. In 90 per cent, or nine out of every ten cancer cases, the organ attacked is amenable to the resources of practical surgery, applied not merely to palliate, but to eradicate permanently. The bogle of heredity, i. e., of a transmitted constitutional taint, has been extinguished by the past twenty years' research and experience. No one conversant with those investigations now entertains the smallest doubt on the fact that cancer is primarily a purely local malady; that it differs only, say, from a carious tooth, in its peculiar properties of emitting cells which carry infection to distant parts of the organism. Hence, if it be wisely dealt with by the operating surgeon within that pre-infective period, a stage of several weeks or even months, it is just as easily extirpated as is an offending molar or incisor. The only really ab initio incurable cases of cancer are those wherein an internal organ essential to life is the primary site, and such constitute a very small minority of the whole. The popular idea is that 'cancer' is 'something in the system,' a mysterious entity, which when cut out in one place is certain to show itself sooner or later again, either there or in some other locality. That impression is by no means limited to the uneducated. Not long since I heard a very highly placed dignitary of the Established Church remark at a public function: 'Everyone knows that who once has cancer always has cancer.' Nothing could well be more remote from the truth."

### WHAT "V" MEANT.

The Mysterious Emblem Adopted by a Boy at Amherst College.

Many years ago a young fellow entered the freshman class at Amherst College—a lad with a square jaw, a steady eye, a pleasant smile and a capacity for hard and persistent work. One day, after he had been in college about a week, he took a chair from his room into the hall, mounted it and nailed over the door a large square of cardboard on which was painted a big black letter V, and nothing else. College boys do not like mysteries, and the young man's neighbors tried to make him tell what the big V meant. Was it "for luck"? Was it a joke? What was it? The sophomores took it up and treated the freshman to some hazing; but he would make no answer to the questions they put. At last he was let alone and his V remained over the door, merely a mark of the eccentricity of the occupant. Four years passed. On commencement day Horace Maynard delivered the valedictory of his class, the highest honor the college bestowed. After he had left the platform, amid the applause of his fellow students and of the audience, one of his classmates accosted him: "Was that what your 'V' meant? Were you after the valedictory when you tacked up that card?" "Of course," Maynard replied. "What else could it have been? How else could I have got it?" Maynard needed to tack no other letters over his door. The impetus he had gained carried him through life. He became a member of Congress, attorney-general of Tennessee, minister to Turkey and postmaster-general, and adorned every position to which he was called.—Youths' Companion.

### SHOULD BE STOPPED.

Use of Foreign Labels on American Products to Be Prohibited by Law.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that it is a violation of law meriting severe punishment to put foreign labels upon American wines. That is a good thing for American wines. Most of our best wines are disguised by foreign labels, and the country gets no credit for them.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican.

The "Republican" probably overstates the case in asserting that "most of our best wines are disguised by foreign labels." Deception of this kind is practiced to a considerable extent, and it should be stopped with all the vigor and severity which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue can bring to bear upon the subject. By far the greater portion, however, of the domestic wine product of the United States is sold under true labels and is making headway on the basis of intrinsic merit and quality. But these wines continue to be handicapped by the foolish prejudice entertained by so many Americans in favor of foreign labels. There were served at the Tariff League banquet of February 16 the finest array of domestic still wines and champagnes ever seen upon a table at any important festival function—wines of unquestioned purity and of such excellent quality that, had their bottles borne foreign labels they would have been instantly accepted as equal to anything the world can produce. This un-American prejudice in favor of foreign labels on wine bottles will in time be overcome, just as American common sense has overcome the prejudice which formerly existed in favor of foreign-made fabrics and commodities of various kinds. The Tariff League dinner served a good purpose as an entering wedge in behalf of American estates, drinkables and smokables, and the strict enforcement of the law prohibiting the sale of American wines under foreign labels will be an additional step in the right direction.



Free Trade Argument Travels Around in a Circle, Like a Dog Chasing His Own Tail.

### TRANSPANTING RACES IMPROVES PHYSIQUE.

It is asserted by ethnologists that the transplantation of the European races to newer countries results in the improvement of the physique. The French Canadian, for example, is of more hardy frame than the Frenchman in his own country, and the colonial-born Englishman, whether in Canada, South Africa or Australasia, is, on the average, slightly taller, though not heavier, than the natives of those islands. But, probably, the most striking example of increased stature is to be found in the South African Dutchmen, and especially in the Boers of the Transvaal. All travelers agree that not only are the Boers, physically, a much finer race than either the French or the Dutch, from whom they are descended, but that they are probably the tallest race of white men in the world. Two reasons for this remarkable increase in stature naturally suggest themselves. First, the almost perfect climate, which makes the open-air life of the South African uplands the healthiest in the world, and secondly, the struggle for existence which the emigrants had to fight with the wilderness and the natives, which must have rapidly weeded out all but the strongest and most enduring.

### MDCCLCC or MDCC or MCM?

How shall we express the century in Roman numerals? Shall it be MDCCCL or MDCC or MCM? If we adopt the first style we lay up for those of us who survive till 1988 the following overpowering combination: MDCCCLXXXVIII. The second style is a sort of hybrid. The Times-Herald is in favor of style number three, which in the matter of simplicity, euphony and brevity certainly has the advantage over its rivals. It paves the way for the double M, which many children now living will live to witness the sign of the twenty-first century.—Chicago Times-Herald.