Mildred La Grevanion

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

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scapegoat, very submissively, being so suddenly. far "down on his luck" just now as to the treatment hotiy; only he turned everything in the meantime to me." away from Mabel, and addressed him-

only what I deserve." away from the side of the oaken win- with colors flying. dow frame, against which she had been leaning, and went up to where he was standing, rather apart. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Poor old fellow!" she said, softly; whereupon Eddie Trevanion, in spite of his twenty years, fairly broke down, and buried his face on his arms, and burst out crying.

This was too much even for "the queen's" stolcism; she repented her righteous anger immediately, and, putting her arms around his neck, proceeded to press her lips lovingly to the only portion of his ear at all visible, while Mildred, with tears in her soft, blue eyes, told him to cheer up and have courage, and "maybe they'd manage it somehow, you know," with a good deal more to the same purpose.

As the girls hung round him in this fashion, and patted the sinning Eddie, until a looker-on would have deemed him a suffering angel at least, Denzil Younge sauntered upstairs in his mudstained, scarlet coat. Entering the picture gallery on his way toward his dressing room, and not seeing very clearly, in consequence of the fastapproaching darkness, he came upon the tableau at the end of the apartment almost before he had time to collect his senses.

The three figures looked gray and ghost-like to his bewildered eyes, but one thing was distinctly evident, and that was Eddie Trevanion's unmistakable distress.

"I beg your pardon," Denzil said hastily. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Trevanion, to have intruded in this rough manner, but unfortunately I did not perceive you until I was quite close. However, as I have committed my blunder, can I-may I-try to be of some assistance?"

Mabel looked up eagerly. Here was a golden-opportunity. Here was a rich young man with nothing on earth to do with his money, and unquestionably good-natured!

"Could he be of some assistance?" Of course he could-the greatest-if Mildred would only look up and answer him. Mildred did look up and answered him-answered him very distinctly indeed, though scarcely in the spirit that Mabel had hoped for, having intercepted "the queen's" glance and interpreted it correctly.

"You are very kind," she said, steadly-"very kind indeed; but this is a matter in which, I fear, you can be of no help to us."

"Let me try," he implored, eagerly, "Impossible," she returned, coldly; "you do not understand; it is a case in which no stranger can take part. Thanks very much all the same.'

When Miss Trevanion said that, of course there was nothing left for the young man to do but to bow and go on his way, which he accordingly did, with a bitterly hurt feeling in his breast, engendered by that one word "stranger."

"What a stress she laid on it! How obnoxiously it had sounded as applied by her to him. How coldly distinct had been her voice when speaking it! Well, it wasn't her fault, he supposed, she was gifted with neither heart nor gracious manner, nor anything else tender and womanly-only with a glorious face and figure, which of course did no good to any one and only made one- Where the deuce had Connor put his brushes? That fellow was brute of a horse he had given one hundred and fifty pounds for last week, had taken that last water jump this morning, just when the entire field was looking on, too! On the whole, it hadn't been so very pleasant a day, as he had fancied in the first heat of the moment, when it was all over and he was discussing it during the homeward ride with old Appleby. Hanged old nuisance that old Appleby was, by the bye!" And so on and on indefinitely sped Denzil's reflections, while the cause of them all stood still in the thing," she said, with quivering lipsgallery where he had left her, with her kind little white hand on Eddie's

"Hadn't you better go and get yourself ready for dinner, dear?" Mildred suggested, tenderly.

And then Eddie told her that it was of little use for him to go and clothe himself in broadcloth and fine linen when he knew that the first bit he ate would infallibly choke him.

This seemed dreadful to Miss Trevanion. He must be far gone, indeed, in his misery when he could refuse to accept the goods the gods down stairs were preparing for his delectation, and she was just bginning to argue with

him on the subject of that presupposed "I don't suppose you have," said the strangulation, when Mabel broke in

"Mildred," she said, "I have an render him patient toward any indig- idea." And Mildred appearing sufficinity, even when administered by a ently struck with the novelty of this younger sister. So he took his scold- announcement, Mabel went on: "I ing with meekness, and made no open have a plan to say nothing further show of resistance or disapproval, either of you about this matter to any though in his inmost soul he resented one until tomorrow evening, and leave

"But won't you tell us your plan, self once more to his first confessor. whatever it is?" Miss Trevanion ask-"Why don't you abuse me, Mildred?" ed anxiously, rather taken aback by he said. "Am I beyond even your cen- this unexpected prospect of rescue sure, that you refuse to say anything from their slough of despond. "I think harsh to me? Have you given me up | it will be wiser of you to let us hear altogether? If you have, I know it is | it." Upon which "the queen" said:

"No, I won't' very emphatically, in-Miss Trevanion moved abruptly deed, and marched out of the room

CHAPTER VI.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Mabel Trevanion said to Wilmot, the

"Tell Jenkins to bring my horse round."

And Wilmot the footman, having scrupulously and on the instant delivered that message to Jenkins the groom, it so happened that ten minutes later "the queen" of King's Abbott was riding away on the high road to Blount Grange, with her sister's little nondescript, black-coated dog at her heels.

When at length she had reached the wished-for massive iron gates, and had traveled all down the long line of stately elms that in the summer time proved the glory and comfort of the Grange avenue, and had evoked a servant in answer to her impatient summons, she asked, eagerly:

"Is Mr. Blount at home?"

Yes-the master was at home just then, the man told her; whereupon Mabel jumped from her horse, desired to breaking just at present, so sweet a groom., summoned by the butler, to she seemed to him, so fair past all extake her horse round to the stables, and gathering up her skirts, entered er to reach. the spacious hall, her little brighteyed follower close behind her. Dick Blount, or "old Dick," as he

was more commonly called by his friends and acquaintances-whose name was legion-was a man somewhere in the "fifties," tall, strong athletic, and the master of an income close upon six or eight thousand a year. The Grange was one of the loveliest estates in the county, situated about two miles or so from King's Abbott, and why the owner of it had never taken to himself a wife was a question often asked in Cliston, but never satisfactorily answered. No woman's name had ever been connected with his -in the matrimonial line at leastsince on his uncle's death he had come to take possession of his property. How and where he had lived previously was little known to anyone, beyond the

certainty that he had spent much of his time abroad, wandering in a desultory pleasure-seeking fashion from city to city, with probably no ulterior designs, except those of enjoying the present hour to the uppermost. Far and near there was no man

more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial advice, always so gently given, and his ready assistance. while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick Blount.

"Mr. Blount," said Mabel, as the old gentleman advanced to meet her, "I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I am going to ask something dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had felt her courage oozing rapidly away-"something that I feel sure no woman should ask,, but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all that."

"I promsie you." "Well, then,"-desperately-"I want you to give me three hundred pounds.'

Blount laughed. "Is that all?" he said. "Why I thought you were about to confess to growing more confoundedly careless half a dozen murders at least. Sit every day; and how abominably that down, Miss Mabel, and tell me all that is on your mind."

And Mabel, sitting down, told him all her trouble-all about Eddie's evil married. One daughter is nae less SHOULD STAND TO ITS GUNS. behavior, and her father's ignorance of than married to the Duke o' Argyll's it, together with his inability to pay so much ready money just then, and no believe it, but I ance saw the her own determination to come over queen. I did. It was when I took to him, as the only person she could my auld broon coo to Perth show. I think of likely to help her in her calamity. When she had finished she hair?" looked up at him wistfully out of her

beautiful hazel eyes. "I know I have done a very wrong "a hateful, unfeminine thing that will coo. However, as to the queen. Somemake you despise me forever. But what could I do? You were the only Perth station, and there she was, one I could think of to help me, and smart and tidy-like, and says I to myso I came."

"I consider you have done me a very great honor," answered old Dick, another hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, promptly, "and I feel proud and glad | the whusky's good, the night is lang, of it. To whom indeed should you come, if not to your oldest friend? I'll saft and will harm naebody that comes tell you what, Miss Mabel-I'll write to grief. So aff wi' yer drink to the you out the check now on the spot, and you can take it at once to your naughty brother with your love; and we will never tell any one-you and I-

one word about it." Mabel's eyes filled with tears. She \$1,864,642.

stooped suddenly, and kissed the kindly large brown hand that lay on the table near her.

"Nonsense, child," said Blount, hastily; "what did you do that for? Why, the money is lying idle at my bankers, not doing the slightest good to any one and I am only too pleased to be able to oblige you so easily."

"Thank you," returned Mab, "thank you again, Mr. Blount, for all your goodness to me."

"I have done nothing for you," protested old Dick, "and I shall be seriously angry, Miss Mabel, if you ever men-

tion my 'goodness' to me again." They were crossing the hall at this time, and presently gained the outer porch, where he put her on her horse

and gathered up the reins for her hand. "Well, good-by, and take care of yourself; and be sure you look your very loveliest on Thursday evening."

"Good-by," Mabel cried, and rode on beneath the elms once more to the high road on her way home to King's Abbott. When she reached it she found the house deserted-the two elder ladies.

accompanied by Miss Younge, having gone a distance of five miles to return some visits, while the gentlemen had been shooting since early dawn. "And Miss Mildred-where is she?"

"Miss Trevanion has just gone down by the copse way, toward Grant's farm, to see Kate Dempsey, whose 'man' has 'been in trouble,' " Jenkins, the footman, informed her.

And so there was nothing left for Mabel but to wait patiently until such time as any of the members of the household should take it into their heads to return.

. . . Mildred at that moment was returning from Mrs. Dempsey's dwelling house, and Denzil Younge was at her side.

Slight and tall though she was, she scarcely reached her companion's shoulder as they walked along side by side, very silently at first. The chill breeze sent a bright warm glow to her cheeks, and played with and flung about her hair, until she seemed transfigured into one of the ancient sirens, come back once more to break the hearts of men. The heart of the man beside her was very fairly on the way pression, so hopelessly beyond his pow-

'And of what are you thinking, Jenny?' "

Mildred hummed gayly, glancing up at Denzil with laughing violet eyes. "Of you," he answered simply, "and

of something else." "Very explanatory," said Miss Trevanion-"only I want very much to know what the 'something else is. I hold it as my due to tell me, because affoat and cannot be landed until after I am your Bradshaw just now, and you the proposed advance on the part of certainly owe me a return for my ser- Russia has gone into effect."

vices.' "If I told you, it would not interest you in the least."

"I can quite believe that-few things do; but we have a good long walk before us, with no earthly subject to discuss, as I conclude you hardly feel equal to the weather. Do you?

"Of course I do; surely you cannot suppose that this little gust of wind possesses the power to upset me?" "I don't mean in that way-how

stupid you are! I spoke of being 'equal to,' or as you would say, 'up to' discussing the weather. "Oh, that indeed! I beg your pardon; the cobwebs thicken on my brain of late, I fancy. I only hope this live-

ly breeze will blow them all away before Mr. Blount's ball, or I shall find no one there to take pity on me." "Remove your hat, then, and give your head a chance; the result will

probably be a severe cold in it-but that doesn't matter compared with the clearness of intellect. Are you thinking much about the ball?"

(To be continued.)

SCOTS TOAST THE QUEEN.

Audience Was in Doubt Whether Cow or Sovereign Was Meant. About five months ago I clipped the

following from the Glasgow Weekly Mail. It occurred in the report of an agricultural show dinner. The chairman spoke thus: "Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I am about to bring forrit 'the Queen.' Our queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae Whigmaleeries or falderals about her, but a douce descent lady. She's reepcetable beyond a doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' well faured lads and lasses, her oldest son being a credit to any mither, and they're a' weel son and heir. Gentlemen, ye'll may no remember her weel-such color, such

Interruption and cries of "Is it the

coo or the queen ye're proposing?" "The queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talkin' about the body pointed her out to me at the self, 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa', ye need na remain a widow the weather is wet and the roads are bottom? 'The Queen?'

The number of saloons in Ohio last over 1899. The license receipts were that the plight of the United States litical campaign.-Cleveland Leader,

PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF RUS-SIA'S INCREASED TARIFF.

Instead of \$30,000,000, as Alleged, the Additional Rates of Duty Applies to Only About \$2,500,000 of Our Exports -Agricultural Machinery Not Affected

The tendency to exaggerate the effects of Russian tariff retaliation for Secretary Gage's action in reference to countervailing duties on Russian beet sugar was strikingly illustrated on the occasion of the recent visit to Washington of a delegation from the Illinois Manufacturers' association. First the delegation called upon the president and placed before him arguments to show that the discrimination against Russian sugars might seriously injure the export trade to Russia if retaliatory measures were insisted upon, and that a general trade war against the United States might arise. The president expressed the hope that no such war should be precipitated, but explained that the law was plain. He suggested that the only solution of the question would be a test case such as was contemplated by Secretary Gage when he issued the order imposing the countervailing duties.

The delegation then called on the secretary of the treasury and submitted a formal protest against his action in directing that countervailing duties be laid upon imports of Russian beet sugar pending a judicial determination of the disputed question whether the Russian exporters do or do not receive an indirect bounty upon sugar shipped to the United States.

The protest concludes as follows: "It is our belief that the decision recently rendered by this department against the Russian government will seriously affect all the great agricultural and manufacturing interests of the United States. In view of this belief we feel that we are not only justified in requesting a reversal of the decision rendered, but that we would be false to the interests of the country if we did not demand its immediate repeal."

This protest in general terms was made more specific by the representative of one of the large harvesting machine companies, who, in a supplementary statement to Secretary Gage said:

"For your information I desire to point out that on one single item in our shipments to Russia this season the proposed extra duty will amount to \$8,000. This item represents but a quarter of our total shipments to Russia this year. But a very small portion of our machines has as yet reached that country; the mass is still

When asked by Secretary Gage to specify the items of shipment on which the exporters would be compelled to pay \$8,000 in additional duties by reason of Russia's action, the harvesting machine representative stated that the articles in question were mowing machines. Thereupon Secretary Gage replied: "I am inclined to the opinion that they are not touched at all. Mowers are not included in the order. In fact, there are a very large number of articles in the United States not included in the orders of advance. Agricultural implements of all kinds are specially excepted from the operations of the Russian order."

The secretary also explained at some length that it was perfectly useless for any association of manufacturers or any one else to demand of the treasury department the repeal of the countervailing duty order. The duty in question, he said, was imposed in obedience to the law of congress, and was a matter over which the treasury department had no control except to carry out the law.

Thus the Russian tariff imbroglio dwindles from a mountain to a molehill. In the first instance it was asserted that export trade to the amount of \$30,000,000 a year would be cut off. The fact, however, is that our total exports to Russia during 1900 amounted to rather less than \$10,000,000. Later investigation proves that only about \$2,500,000 of our yearly sales to Russia come under the increased tariff rate, and that agricultural implements are not affected at all. Upon so slender a basis as this rests the proposition of free-traders and half-breed protectionists to rip up our entire scheme of protection to American labor and industry. The facts in the case have a tendency to make some people look extremely silly.

United States Need Not Be Influenced

by Threats of Retallation. Never was there a more ludicrous exhibition of the timidity of commerce than in the appeal of certain manufacturing interests for a repeal of the countervailing duties that provoked the unfriendly ruling of Russia against American products. To judge from the c'amor of consternation the entire export trade of the United States was threatened with disaster because the Muscovite bear was annoyed at being found out sending bounty fostered sugar to America. This exhibition of fright by a protected industry before it was hurt gave infinite comfort to the free-trade press, which mistook the flurry for a general demand for the abandonment of protection to Ameri-

can industries. But the basis of the fight was too insubstantial to permit of its surviving a calm survey of the facts of our trade with Russia. This quickly convinced

ITWAS EXAGGERATED | would not be desperate even if Russia should prohibit American imports altogether. It was seen that while any such action would be severely felt in the czar's dominions its effect upon the trade of the United States would be

practically nil. As 1.116 millions to 9 millions, so is

port trade to Russia. mors of all other continental Europe factories, fourteen of which are locatcombining in a retaliatory tariff ed in New York. The latter city is

against the United States. Nothing will or can come of any such threat. We can get along without con- tween it and London is very close. tinental Europe and continental Europe cannot get along without our exports. and New York about 3,850,000 packs More than half of our exports to Eu- annually. The cards made in the Unitrope are natural products, breadstuffs, provisions and cotton. Without these the handsomest, the most durable and the mills of continental Europe would convenient known in the trade. The be idle and the people of continental European makers are satisfied with old Europe would be living on husks.

to Europe is beyond the touch of the continental nations. The United King- same today as it was in the beginning dom buys more from us than all continental Europe combined. And if con- this country show slight improvement tinental Europe were to enter into a from year to year. American manutariff war with us we could retaliate in facturers were the first to introduce a fashion that would give to British products such an advantage in our and also the elaborately designed card markets that the commerce of conti- backs and the elastic satin glaze nental Europe would receive such a which makes new cards so handsome blow that it would not recover its lost and increases their durability. The ground in a century, if ever.

all talk of a retaliatory combination for the cheapest grades wood pulp is of continental Europe against the United States is a bluff. All the United cut on rapid-running machines, and States has to do is to stand by its own policy of business with all and dis- silver leaf are used to color and deccrimination against none and defy the orate the faces and backs of the goods. envy and jealousy of less favored nations.-Chicago Times-Herald.



MORE SCARED THAN HURT. Manufacturers Mistaken About Russian

Tariff Retaliation. A sharp illustration of the sort of misstatements which have appeared in the discussion of the Russian tariff controversy was given by the delegation of the Illinois Manufacturers' association which called on Secretary Gage to protest against his rule imposing a countervailing duty on Russian beet sugar. When the Russian minister of finance, M. de Wite, promulgated his order putting an extra duty on certain iron and steel manufactures from the United States there was a great outcry. At least \$30,000,-000 of our trade was threatened with destruction, it was declared, and Mr. Gage was roundly denounced for arbitrary action calculated to ruin a large portion of our foreign trade. Presently it appeared that our exports of iron and steel manufactures to Russia last year were worth only about \$5,000,000, of which only a part was composed of articles affected by the new duties. The spokesman of the delegation made the point that on a single item of his firm's shipments to Russia the new duty would be \$8,000. This he said he mentioned for the information of the secretary of the treasury. The latter was interested and asked what the item was, "Mowers," was the reply. The effect which this delegate produced may be inferred from the fact, which he learned from Mr. Gage. that mowers do not come under the new Russian order, which specifically exempts agricultural implements. The secretary improved the opportunity to acquaint his vistors with the provisions of the law under which he acted. which it is his duty merely to obey .-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Getting Their Reward. Commercial travelers throughout

the country, according to the Troy Record, are making the same report, all agreeing that trade was never better, and that orders are uniformly large. The Bryanites made a desperate effort to win over the commercial travelers during the last campaign, with direful prophecies of the evils that would befall them in the event of the re-election of President McKinley. Most of the traveling men were too busy taking orders from customers who had been made prosperous by Dingley law protection to pay much attention to the Bryanite enticements. Most of those who did take time to listen were altogether too good business men not to see through the "tariff and trusts" fallacy, and consequently Bryanite traveling men were about as scarce as hen's teeth during the last campaign. The overwhelming majority of them voted for McKinley and protection, and they are now getting their reward.

Nothing to Complain About.

Even the political enemies of President McKinley are unable to find anything in his message to complain about. Perhaps it would be different if year was 10,348, an increase of 476 the public, if not the manufacturers, the country were on the eve of a po-

TRADE IN PLAYING CARDS.

Twelve Million Packs Are Used in the United States Annually.

"The number of playing cards used in the United States is something wonderful, there being as many as 12,-000,000 packs sold throughout the our export trade to Europe to our ex- country last year," remarked a large manufacturer the other day. "These And now we are hearing direful ru- cards were made in some thirty-five the second, if not the greatest, card center in the world. The rivalry be-London produces about 4,000,000 packs ed States, especially in New York, are styles and methods. The average pack The largest part of our export trade of cards in London, Paris, Madrid. Vienna and Berlin is very much the of the last century. Those made in the rounded corners and the squeezer, material used for making the best Therefore, it may be assumed that cards is the finest linen paper, while used. All the cards are printed and costly printing ink, dye and gold and Playing cards range in price from 10 cents to \$1 and more per pack. The American market is a curious one. Very few people care to buy the cheapest kind of cards. It is the 25 and 50 cent qualities which sell the best. There is a limited but constant demand for very handsome cards, especially when they are intended as a present or a holiday gift. There is a heavy tax or tariff on cards in every European country, which prevents our invading their markets. Otherwise \$ think we could undersell them at least 50 per cent. In this country the product is a large source of revenue to the government, as there is a tax of 2 cents collected on every pack sold here."

LUNCHEON ON WHEELS.

Distributing Kitchens Now Supply the Wants of Busy Londoners.

This is an age of luxury. The "Distributing Kitchens, Limited," has made it possible for the busy city man or his typist-or both-to sit down in the office to a luxurious luncheon or for the budding barrister to give a banquet in his own chambers. That is, if the lunchers are prepared to be satisfied with an entirely vegetarian meal. "Busy men and women," says the prospectus, insinuatingly, "who do not wish to leave their office, can have dainty, light luncheons sent to them in well-appointed trays, in which cutlery, tablecloths, etc., are included. Dwellers in flats who find a difficulty in procuring good cooks will find a solution in the system herein advocated." Suppose that you have chambers at Charing Cross or Westminster, or anywhere within a four-mile circle of Victoria street. Your maiden aunt has come up from the country, or a friend has looked in. The day is wet, and you do not wish to go out. Drop an order form, filled in, to the company. You can order "a la carte," or you can trust to the establishment and call for 'table d'hote;" the price list comprises a choice of over a thousand dishes. In any case, at the time appointed a conspicuous yellow cart will drive up to your door. At the rear end of the van is a stove, heated by trays of charcoal. From the interior of the van the atteidant will draw forth spotless napery of the most attractive kind, dishes and cutlery of electroplate, and your luncheon or dinner carefully reposing in its component parts in dishes placed in a black tin case covered with green baize. The man will call back for the dishes later in the day.-London Daily Mail.

Hoodoo Hook and Ladder.

Firemen are not more superstitious as a class, than other men. But the firemen of New York have long believed that hook and ladder truck No. 2 was a hoodoo. It has been in many collisions, and a number of firemen have been injured on it. But it will not hurt any one else. It was smashed to pieces recently in a collision with a street car, and is only good for kindling wood. Unfortunately, in destroying itself it took a man with it. John Geary, a fireman, who was riding on the truck, was thrown under it in the smash-up and killed almost instantly. All the other firemen on the truck were thrown into the air, and the motorman on the street car was pitched out on his head. The firemen mourn the death of a popular comrade, for such John Geary was, but they have the consolation that the unruly truck will not kill any more good men.

Fashion's Decree in Flowers. There are fashions in flowers as well

as fashions in dress. The English papers tell us that it has been decided by the leaders of floral taste, that the incurved chrysanthemum has to go. Truly, there was no great beauty in flowers that simply showed the back of their heads instead of their faces; but novelties are generally welcome, though uncouth they be.-Gunton's Magazine.

In some parts of western Pennsylvania rabbits are doing much damage to orchard trees.