

# Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER XI.

Lady Eagleton rejoiced exceedingly at Roy's departure, while Mabel mourned, and Mildred with her mother expressed trust sympathy. But, as there comes to every grief some grain of comfort, so the third morning there came to Mabel a letter directed in an unknown handwriting, which she took with falsely assumed indifference that talked but badly with her brightened eyes, and carried away to her own room, there to read and re-read it.

Her grand-aunt, who seldom came down to breakfast, and who on this particular occasion had been prompted by some evil genius so to do, had witnessed the arrival of the post-bag, the distribution of the letters, and Mabel's conscious smile and blush as she received hers. As her ladyship never forgot an injury—always making it a point to repay it, if possible fourfold—and as the late skirmish in the drawing-room was still fresh in her mind, she felt this was an opportunity not to be neglected, so she spoke as follows:

"I did not imagine it possible, Caroline, that you would allow your daughters to receive and open letters from gentlemen without first handing them to you for inspection."

"My dear Aunt Harriet, what do you mean?" asked her niece anxiously who knew her meaning well enough, but was afraid to say so.

"I may have been mistaken," said her ladyship, with heavy accentuation, and considerable severity; "but I certainly did think I saw Mabel receive a letter just now, addressed in the handwriting of a gentleman."

Hearing this Lady Caroline grew suddenly unhappy, and, half believing her aunt to be in the right, and half fearing she herself was acting with impudence toward her daughters, asked Mildred privately to find out from her sister whether the letter in question was everything it ought to be.

"Not that I wish to force myself into her confidence," Lady Caroline said—"you understand that, Mildred—I have the fullest faith in Mabel, and I know the dear child would show me her letter sooner or later—but merely to satisfy your grandaunt; she is so hard on Mabel—that I want her to see how dutiful in reality she can be."

"I understand," said Mildred, who never despised her mother's weakness, however strong she might feel herself to be, and went up-stairs to Mabel's room, which she found locked against all intruders.

"Mabel, open the door, dearest," she said, knocking gently on the outside; whereupon, after a minute's interval, Mabel did open the door, and stood on the threshold slightly defiant in appearance.

"Oh, it is you, Mildred!" she said, with an assumption of surprise.

"May I not come in darling?" inquired Miss Trevanion, reproachfully.

"Of course you can come in," the queen answered ungraciously moving a little to one side.

Mildred went a few steps into the room, and closed the door.

"Mabel, will you not show it to me?" she said.

"So that is it!" cried Mabel. "I thought so. Aunt Harriet's revengeful expression when the post came in was not thrown away upon me. She has been dictating to mamma, and saying of me all sorts of things as unjust as they are untrue; and mamma, in turn, has been dictating to you. Now there is no use in your trying to gloss over matters, Mildred; I can understand it all as distinctly as though I had been present. I have never before been asked to deliver up my letters for public inspection, and I don't intend to do so now. It is easy in such case to draw conclusions, and if Aunt Harriet imagines she can control my actions, she makes a very great mistake—and so you may tell her. He did not write for her eyes—he wrote solely for mine."

She had worked herself into a high state of indignation by this time.

"Of course he did," said Mildred; "do you think I cannot understand that? Mamma said distinctly you were not to be asked to show your letter even to her, until you wished to do so of your own accord." Then, sympathetically—"Is it a love letter, Mabel?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," acknowledged the queen, demurely, her whole pretty, green face breaking into smiles of inexpressible happiness, as she thought of all the love the letter contained.

Then there came the unconquerable longing to share her secret with somebody—to let some other eyes besides her own see how dearly she was beloved—to her some other voice declare how sweet and true and perfect a letter was.

"If—if you will promise faithfully, Mildred, not to tell any one, I will let you see it."

"I promise faithfully," said Mildred. And then Mabel went over to her drawer, and, having opened it, slowly and tenderly drew from it the harmless letter that had caused all the disturbance down-stairs.

"Now read," she said; and Mildred taking it, she drew back behind her sister, lest by any chance the flush that brightened her cheeks during the reading might be seen.

"My darling queen," it began, and, after the usual run of information relative to the passage, reception, climate, and suchlike uninteresting matters

went on to say how much the writer missed it—how well he loved her—how entirely every thought of his was centered upon her alone, and how he had that day written to her father explaining how affairs stood between them, and asking permission to make her his wife as soon as things should have arranged themselves.

It was very like all other love letters, and wound up with an earnest, loving entreaty that she would not forget him—that whatever happened she would be true to him.

"I would rather be dead than hear that you had been untrue to me," were his words. "Remember this! Not that I feel anything but the utmost faith in you. Ever, my own darling, your affectionate Roy Blount."

So it ended. Miss Trevanion, as she folded it, felt a sensation of sudden tightening at her throat. How good a thing it seemed to her just then to be loved—to have tender words on paper folded up and sent to one with the certain knowledge in one's breast that somebody was waiting with impatient heart for other tender words in return.

Meanwhile "the queen" was standing gazing into her face with eager, longing eyes.

"Is it not the very sweetest letter?" she said, innocently.

"The very sweetest letter I ever read," returned her sister, kissing the upturned lips.

Then she went back to the cherished production, and read it again with a fresh warm interest that went straight to Mabel's heart.

"Well, perhaps you had better take it down and show it to mamma," she said, relenting; "but do not let Aunt Harriet see you, Mildred."

So Mildred, having given the desired assurance, carried the letter away with her to Lady Caroline, who read it with eyes tenderly suffused. Sir George, coming in at the moment with the companion epistle in his hand, containing a manly straightforward proposal for Mabel, read it also, and signified his intense satisfaction in and approbation of the entire affair. But the engagement must of necessity be a long one, so he decided, the young man—though with great expectations on all sides—having little at the present time beyond his pay. They were both only just as the commencement of their lives, so could afford to wait until a year or two had gone over their heads; and when once Roy could sign himself "Captain" they might begin to look at things in a nearer light.

So it was arranged, to the delight of all concerned, except Lady Eagleton, who objected to every argument that could be produced in their favor, protesting obstinately to the very last that the girl was throwing herself away.

It so happened that by mutual consent they had all maintained strict taciturnity on the subject of the Younges—their antecedents as merchants pur et simple not being considered such as would meet the views of Lady Eagleton. She had wonderfully relieved their minds by letting them know of her intention to spend Christmas with some more fortunate relatives farther south, and indeed had named a day in the ensuing week as that on which she would deprive them of her society.

The whole house instantly brightened up, and began to look more like itself, while it was thought with confidence that the Younges' visit might now indeed forever be kept in the dark, so far as their grand-aunt was concerned. But Eddie, unluckily, as it appeared afterward, had been the only one not warned on the matter, and therefore it was he who, on the Sunday before her departure, brought down her ladyship's wrath upon the family.

Lord Lyndon was a great favorite with her, he having a certain placid deferential way with him that never failed to propitiate even the most obdurate of old ladies. She characterized him as well-bred, courteous and gentlemanly, looking upon him as a young man who had happily escaped all the contaminations of the period.

"I consider it a most fortunate thing, in this out-of-the-way place, your having as a constant visitor a young man so distinguished," she said; and then she asked again, for about the hundredth time, "And where did you first become acquainted with him?"

"Well, just about the time the Younges were here as well as I can recollect," answered Eddie promptly, who was unhappily present.

"The Younges? Who are they that I have never heard their names mentioned?"

"Old Young went in for cotton some years ago," answered Eddie, frankly, and without a moment's hesitation—"a mode of making money that I fear your ladyship will scarcely appreciate; but it paid uncommonly well in his case, if we are to believe all the accounts we hear. Strange to say, too, the trade mark is not so apparent on them as it might have been. The son, Deniz Young, is one of the nicest fellows you could possibly meet, while the daughter—you should just ask the girls about her, Aunt Harriet; they will tell you about her—what a 'perfect treasure' she is."

Her ladyship was above understanding "chaff."

"Oh, indeed," said she, in such a con-

strained, stiff tone that Eddie looked up amazed, and, catching sight of his mother's despairing, and Mabel's dismayed expression, discovered for the first time that he had been the cause of much disturbance in the bosom of his family for the past five minutes.

Lady Eagleton maintained a staid, not to say ominous, silence during the remainder of the meal, giving no vent to her outraged feelings until the ladies rose to return to the drawing-room, leaving the happier sex to discuss their wine in peace.

When the former were seated round the fire—for it was more than ordinarily cold even for November—and the old lady had comfortably ensconced herself in the snug arm-chair specially brought down from the upper regions to meet her wants, she began:

"Caroline, is this thing true that I have been hearing?" she said, solemnly.

"What thing, Aunt Harriet?" asked her niece, faintly.

"Don't prevaricate," said Lady Eagleton. "I warn you it is best to be open and above-board with me. Speak the truth—is it possible that you have had a cotton merchant's family on terms of intimacy at King's Abbot, enjoying free association with your daughters, your sons?"

Poor Lady Caroline felt herself a child once more, in hopeless bondage to her aunt, and crossing her soft, white hands helplessly upon her lap, looked with imploring eyes at Mildred, and Mildred looked straight into the fire.

"They were friends of George's Aunt Harriet," she ventured to murmur.

"Then they were here?" ejaculated the old woman, in an awful voice.

"Yes, they were here, confessed Lady Caroline, in a nervous whisper.

"Mabel, my smelling salts," said the dowager; and Mabel rose to comply with her demand.

"Would you wish for some eau-de-cologne, Aunt Harriet?" she asked, meekly. "It might do you good."

"I always felt George was a radical," she said, in an aggrieved voice; "I always knew his tendencies were low. But that he should go to the length of introducing to his private circle people connected with trade never for an instant occurred to me as possible, even in my wildest flights of imagination. How could you, Caroline, stand tamely by and permit such proceedings to be consummated in your house? How could you allow low, vulgar persons to associate with the members of your household?"

"But they were not at all vulgar," Lady Caroline ventured to remonstrate.

"Do not tell me," interrupted her aunt, warmly, "and do not try to excuse your conduct by endeavoring to throw a halo of respectability round such people. Edward spoke of a son; was he the sort of person to be thrown in your daughters' way—to aspire to the hand of one perhaps? Mildred, I appeal to you, as the most rightly-judging individual in this house, what was your opinion of this Mr. Young?"

Mildred's long dark eyelashes quivered slightly, and her color rose a degree as for a moment she hesitated, but, when at length she did speak, it was with perfect composure.

"I think that in bearing, look, and manner he was an unmistakable gentleman," she said—"the warmest-hearted and the truest I have ever met."

Lady Eagleton was struck dumb. She was astounded. She had so entirely depended upon Mildred for support; and now she found herself with no language ready in which to express her just indignation.

"You have made me acquainted with a new phase in your character," she said to Mildred, in what was meant to be a withering tone—"one with which I have been hitherto totally unacquainted. And, as I have not an idea in common with anybody in this house—now that you have declared yourself—I think the sooner I leave it the better. I shall therefore hasten my departure even more than I have done, and beg you all to understand that I depart on Wednesday."

(To be continued.)

### WHERE COFFEE CAME FROM.

Legend Gives the Lethian Berry a Romantic Origin and History.

There is extant a tale of the discovery of coffee, a story which might have suggested to Charles Lamb the idea for his "Dissertation on Roast Pig." This is the legend: Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree, which happened to be full of red berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. Collecting a number of these and crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma had increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained a scant supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Arden, in Arabia, he informed the mult of his discovery. This worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the effects of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that, in gratitude to the tree he called it cabah, which in Arabic signifies force.—Chicago Chronicle.

## NATURAL PRODUCTS.

SHALL WE LIMIT OURSELVES TO THESE ONLY.

If So, Which Ones Shall We Abandon, and How Shall We Face if We Follow the Free Traders' Prescription for the Increase of Our Foreign Trade.

One of the first canons of free trade is that each country should produce only that commodity in which it excels in quality and cheapness, buying from abroad everything that can be made cheaper there. In other words, we should not strive to establish and maintain an industry that is not a natural one, but devote our whole energy to one with the product of which we can beat all other nations.

On the other hand, protectionists maintain that we should diversify our industries to the largest degree possible, making and producing everything that the soil and climate will allow and that genius and diligence encourage. The best theoretical exposition of this question is given by Sir Edward Sullivan in his "Protection to Native Industry," but the best exposition of this, as of any other question, is the practical one of experience.

There is no country on earth where industry is so diversified as in the United States. In fact, one of the principal objects of our first and every succeeding protective tariff was to create and maintain new industries, and today we can make everything that can be made anywhere, and we can raise everything needed by man, except tea and coffee and a few minor products.

This is what has given us so much employment, such high wages and such an unparalleled home market.

In spite of all this, however, the free traders of today are again urging that we open our ports to the cheaper products of other countries and devote ourselves to gaining other markets, by centering our energies on a few "natural" productions. In other words, we are urged to abandon a sure market of many times the value of any that we could have if we were to gain all there is to be gained.

But for the sake of argument, let us suppose the free trader to be right, for the further one examines a free trade theory the more absurd it appears. Let us cease producing some things and buy them abroad, paying for them with increased productions of other things. The questions now confront us: Where shall we begin? What shall we give up? Surely not any of the staple agricultural products. If our farmers should abandon their land and go to the factory and make plows, for instance, who would sell the plows? We raise and shall sell more grain and provisions than any other people, so perhaps it would be better to close the factory and for all to go on the farm. But there is a surplus of farm products now, and where could we sell double or triple the present production? This again is absurd. Shall our miners leave the mines and make picks and shovels, with which the market is already fully supplied? Could a million iron and steel workers turn to making boots and shoes? No; it is all ridiculous, turn which way we will.

Fully 95 per cent of our products are sold at home. Are we to believe that half of this or any part of it can be carried thousands of miles and sold at a greater net profit than when sold within a few miles distant from the place of production? The whole free trade contention is one natural, physical, economical impossibility.

The Cobdenite obscures his theory somewhat by saying that we should admit the "raw material" free and increase our production and sales of the finished product. The "raw material" fallacy has been laid bare so often that it is useless to argue it at the beginning of the twentieth century. But suppose we were to import the partly finished material, that, perfected and combined, makes the last finished product, what would be the result? It will be found that the value of our manufactures in 1900 approximates \$15,000,000,000. On the basis of the census of 1890 somewhat over \$8,000,000,000 worth of this is what the free trader calls "raw material." At least three persons are engaged in making this so-called raw material to one engaged in producing the last finished product. Shall we then throw three men out of employment to benefit one?

The contention that "if we do not buy we cannot sell" is refuted by the fact that we are, and have been for years, selling much more than we buy.

The free trader cannot, in the light of experience, with actual facts and figures confronting him, point to a single industry that we can safely abandon. Every added industry means increased employment and an increased home market and larger profits.

No; instead of abandoning a single industry, we should constantly seek to enlarge and diversify, in order to employ every possible acre of land and every possible human arm and mind. In the words of Henry C. Carey, "With every increase in the power of production, consumption grows, and the laborer receives larger returns for his labor."

Great American Cargoes.

The steamer Colenso pulled out from New York a week ago loaded with 8,000 tons of American agricultural machinery, bound for Southern Russia. The ship was loaded with reapers, binders, thrashers, cleaners, stackers, binding twine and everything else used on the modern farm. There was not a thing else in her cargo except Ameri-

## OUR GIANT FATHERS.

HOW TALL WERE MEN OF ANCIENT TIMES?

One Authority Figures Out That Adam Was a Man 123 Feet in Height, Eve 118 Feet—Proof of Man's Decline in Stature.

At various times within the last century assertions have been made that Adam and the antediluvian people were of extraordinary height, but the assertions have always been laughed down by scoffers who never think for themselves. In 1718 Henrion, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, published a pamphlet in which he asserted that these personages of the Bible were of the following height: Adam, 123 feet 9 inches; Eve, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet, Abram, 29 feet, and Moses, 13 feet. I, too, said a scientific student of the Bible, in speaking of this matter recently, am confirmed in the belief that the prehistoric races were gigantic, but figure out their statures, by a process of reasoning different from that promulgated by Henrion. According to the Old Testament "there were giants on earth in those days whose daughters were married to the sons of God, and whose sons became mighty men. Also, the sons of Anak, in whose sight men were said to be but grasshoppers. (Grasshoppers of that period were as large as the twentieth century dog.) The Emmins and Zamzummins were giant nations. Og, the king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants; Goliath, of Gath, was a giant." According to Genesis, Noah lived 950 years and then died. The average life of man today is about 70 years. It is a well defined rule in nature that animals, bipeds and quadrupeds live about three and one-half times the number of years required for individual maturity. Thus man in this century matures in twenty years and dies at the age of 70 years. Dividing the age of Noah by three and one-half we find that he matured in about 270 years. The average man of today at maturity measures about 5 feet and weighs 125 pounds. Five feet in twenty years is equivalent to 3 inches in one year. Applying the same rule to Noah's maturing years, we find that at his maturity he was 67 feet tall and weighed 1,375 pounds. It stands to reason that if Noah was so great in body, Adam must have been equally as large. The mere fact that Adam was never born evidences that he was a gigantic man. Everything created during the formation ages was according to a very large standard. The trees were skyscrapers, the animals immense and all other things in proportion. Why should Adam have been a freak in this array of colossal nature? Civilization and multiplication of the races diminish the lives of individuals as well as the statures. Why? Possibly because our civilization is an unnatural perversion of the life contemplated by our Creator for us, and as free agents we are gradually destroying the race as a penalty for our wrong interpretation of our mission. The power to multiply having been given us, death is a natural consequence, but death by natural decay, instead of death by disease, crime, war, pestilence, results of civilization, was contemplated. Hence our civilization and all other civilizations are more or less responsible for the inevitable extinction of the race. A curious mathematical coincidence lay in the above proof of man's decline in stature and age. Thus the stature of man in a few more than 6,000 years, according to Hale's chronology being the age of the human race, and according to my deductions, has decreased from 65 to 5 feet, at which rate of decrease the world will be depopulated in 461 years, or the year 2362. The age of man has likewise decreased from 900 to 70 years in the same time, at which rate the race will become extinct in about 461 years, or the year 2362. As you observe, both deductions reach the same conclusion. There may be an element of truth in this theory, at least it is worth probing. The great trouble with us today is that we are too easily satisfied; we lack the ability and energy to "figure out" or "search for evidences of truth," and instead, accept all kinds of theories and dogmas as they are presented to us, surrounded mostly by a halo of fanaticism, impossible and absurd.

"Crazy" Crocker's California Dream.

When the late Charlie Crocker of Central Pacific railway fame crossed the plains in the '40s by ox team over the old emigrant trail from Council Bluffs to San Francisco, he predicted that, within a comparatively few years, a steam railroad would be running across the continent, following substantially the same course traveled by him. His prediction was considered so absurd by his associates that he was nicknamed "Crazy Crocker." Mr. Crocker had the satisfaction of not only seeing his prediction come true, but of being one of the leading spirits in the construction of the first transcontinental railroad. Since Mr. Crocker's dream was realized and the first transcontinental line was completed, five other distinct and separate lines have been built to the Pacific coast.—National Magazine.

More Supplies for South Africa.

It does not appear that the English are ready to withdraw from South Africa. British agents are in this country asking bids on 20,000 bags of feeding oats, 20,000 bags of seed oats, 20,000 bales of alfalfa hay and 20,000 bags of bran. It is understood that these supplies are for the troops in South Africa.

## ONLY ONE.

The only business that does not thrive under protective tariff laws.

## UNCLE HORACE ONCE MORE.

His Plan to Annihilate Trusts and Their Independent Competitors.

The latest syndicated tirade against Protection sent out by the New England Free Trade League is from the pen of our old-time friend, Uncle Horace Boies. One searches in vain for a single figure or fact to be applied to argument and comparison, for a single truth on which to base a conclusion. The ex-governor is mad clear through because there are American as well as foreign trusts, and in order that the foreign trusts may thrive the more he would destroy the American industries so that the products of the foreign trusts could come, and come free of duty, to flood our markets.

Uncle Horace would not be satisfied with removing the duties from the so-called raw material used in trust made goods, for he says:

"No tariff whatever, for revenue or otherwise, should be levied upon foreign articles competing with American trust-made goods. The makers of these have destroyed competition at home. They should be made to meet the competition of the outside world until they are dissolved and assume their original component parts. Then, and not till then, give them the Protection a wisely framed revenue tariff will afford."

And when they are "dissolved and assume their original and component parts," then—there will be no industries left to give Protection to, even for revenue. Just why our Free Traders love the foreign trusts so much is not apparent. And if Protection is the real cause of trusts, how is it that Free Trade England is plastered over with them? The good or evil of trusts, so-called, at home or abroad, is a question in no way connected with the Tariff, and the forced connection made by Free Traders shows to what extremes their hatred of American industry and prosperity drives them.

It is the so-called trusts that do not fear Free Trade; it is the thousand and one small competitors that do. That is why we shall not promote monopoly by taking away the only chance for continued competition. Free Trade would first destroy our weaker and smaller industries, then our larger ones, because of the destruction of the home market.

An ex-Governor Boies or any other member of the New England Free Trade League show that they are any the worse off because of so-called trusts? That is the question to answer.

An Incentive to Theft.

A Free Trade tariff always proves an incentive to theft by robbing bread winners of work and wages; then they must be either humiliated by becoming objects of charity or go to the poor house. Never were our prisons so crowded with men forced to starve, beg or steal as under the infernal robber Wilson tariff. Nevertheless, it was hard work under the Wilson tariff swindle to find anything to steal.

Double Our Commerce.

Since the Spanish war and the blessings which have come thereby and through annexation, our commerce with Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines has been doubled. When Uncle Sam does any job it is always a splendid success, provided Free Traders are not allowed to spoil the work.