

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
"Mildred, what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"The day after tomorrow you shall have the fifteen thousand pounds," she said; "and I—I am engaged to be married to Lord Lyndon."

Her mother arose, flushed and triumphant. Here indeed was a match worthy of her darling. All recollection of the relief to be gained through the promised money faded in comparison with this wonderful piece of news. At last Mildred had made her choice, and it was a most wise one.

"Oh, Mildred, is it true? How glad I am!" she began. "I think—"

But the girl put up her hands to her ears and recoiled from her touch.

"Not now—not now!" she exclaimed almost roughly.

How could she endure congratulations and good wishes about what seemed to her the cruellest event in all her life? How submit to questionings and kindly problings, when she felt her heart was breaking? Surely in such a case congratulations were a mockery.

She left them, and hurrying to her own room, strove hard to quiet the storm that raged within her; while they, remaining behind, asked each other in whispers how it had all happened, and half feared to believe the welcome news was true.

But Lady Caroline's heart smote her when she remembered the look in Mildred's eyes when they had met hers—the great unhappy light that had shone in them, revealing so much that she would gladly have kept unaided.

But the mother's eyes had seen it, and so she followed Mildred to her room, only to find the poor child pacing up and down with restless, feverish hands and face grown old with passionate care. She stopped as her mother entered, sighing heavily. Lady Caroline stretched out her hands.

"Mildred, tell me what it is," she entreated, wistfully, with sorrowful, longing sympathy in her tone. "Am I not your mother?"

And Mildred cried, "Oh, mother!" and, falling on her knees, with arms round the mother's waist, and eyes hidden, sobbed a little of her grief away.

All in vain. The next morning brought a letter from Lady Eggleton's solicitor, containing the news of her ladyship's sudden death, and stating that, on her will being opened, it was discovered that she had bequeathed to her "beautiful and well-beloved grand-niece, Mildred Trevanion," the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XIV.
Christmas was at hand, and with it came Denzil Young.

"I hear you are to be congratulated," he said to Mildred, whom he met in the grounds immediately upon his arrival—"is it true?"

"Yes, it is quite true," answered Miss Trevanion, steadily, disdaining to put off the evil hour by equivocation or pretended ignorance.

"Then you are going to marry him after all?" said Denzil.

"I am engaged to be married to Lord Lyndon," returned Miss Trevanion.

Then, very abruptly, Denzil asked: "Are you happy?"

"Of course, I am happy," she answered, with a faint accession of color—"why do you ask me such a strange question? Do I look unhappy?"

"I think you do," he said, gently; "your face seems changed to me; it does not wear its old expression; and just now, as I was passing by the village church, I glanced in for a moment—she raised her eyes anxiously—and saw you. You were kneeling at the altar rails, and, as I watched—forgive me, it was but for an instant—I thought I heard—Mildred, were you crying?"

"And so," observed Mildred pettishly, giving no heed to his question, "because one happens to feel a little fretted about some trifling matter, and cries a few silly tears, one is to be considered in the lowest depths of despair? It is absurd. I will not listen to such folly; Lord Lyndon, I am sure, would not wish me to do so, and—"

"And as he is everything to you now, while I and all the rest of the world count nothing," interrupted Denzil, bitterly—"is that so? Do you expect me to believe that? Because, if you do, I tell you plainly, that I do not believe it, and never shall. He is unsuited to you in every way, having not an idea in common with you. Oh, Mildred!—passionately—why have you done this thing? Why have you sacrificed your whole long, sweet life so miserably? Was there some great reason for it of which I have never heard? Could you not have waited? My love, my darling, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"There is nothing I would have done," she answered, half angrily. "Why will you persist in thinking I have done something worthy of repentance? I am happy. Do you hear me?—perfectly happy. I have accepted my position willingly and of my own free choice, and I do not wish it altered or undone in any single way. I have quite made up my mind; and although you once told me you considered me unworthy to be the wife of any honest man, still I am vain enough to believe that at all events I can make this most honest man fairly contented."

"I was mad when I said that," re-

joined Denzil, slowly. "Many a time since have I recollected my words and felt how brutal they must have sounded. But surely you will forgive me now—at this moment when I am learning for the first time how miserable and bare and cold a place this world is. Let me bid good-by to all my hope with the certainty that at least you bear me no ill-will."

He held out his hand as he spoke and took hers. Mildred's voice failed her, but she managed to whisper faintly:

"Give me your forgiveness also."
"If you think it necessary," he said, "you have it; but I can remember no wrong you ever did me."

They were standing with hands clasped and eyes reading each other's hearts. Denzil drew his breath quickly.

"Good-by," he murmured, despairingly, and, turning away, abruptly, passed rapidly out of her sight.

When all the people at King's Abbott met to dine Denzil was among them, and very welcome he found himself. Charlie alone of all the family was absent; but even he had written word to say he would be with them for a day or two in the course of the following week.

"We ought to get up a party and go to the lake tomorrow," suggested Eddie, during a pause in the conversation.

Lyndon, who was also dining with them, and who generally agreed with everybody, said he thought it was a "capital plan," and appealed to Miss Trevanion, who sat beside him. She thought she had lost her skates or misplaced them, or something; but Frances Sylverton overruled all such opposition by declaring that she had several pairs to lend, and that a day on the ice would be delicious.

"But perhaps it will be hardly safe enough this week," she added, somewhat anxiously. "Shall we wait until Tuesday next?"

"Charlie said he would be down on Monday night," put in Eddie, innocently, apropos of nothing, and without lifting his eyes from the cream on which he was seemingly intent; whereupon Miss Sylverton blushed furiously, and declined any further investigation of the subject.

Finally, however—chiefly through the instrumentality of Mildred—the expedition was arranged to take place on the Tuesday following, so that Frances, in her inmost heart, was satisfied.

In process of time the day arrived—as also did Charlie the night before, very much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned in the excursion—and, after a considerable amount of harmless and utterly unavoidable squabbling, the party—which had become rather a large one, in consequence of numerous invitations issued later on—divided into twos and threes, as circumstances or inclinations dictated—Lady Caroline, Mrs. Deverill, and one other married lady occupying the first open carriage; while Charlie, Miss Sylverton, Jane Deverill, and Captain Harvey took possession of the second.

Mabel, seeing Denzil looking slightly dejected, with her usual sweetness had entreated him in the prettiest manner to drive her in the dog cart; and Eddie, who, at this period was hopelessly and finally in love—for about the fifteenth time—with an extremely pretty, but decidedly idiotic little girl, staying with the Deverills, had managed to vanish in some mysterious way, in company with others, similarly heart-broken; while Mildred, whom nobody seemed to want, and with whom none of the opposite sex in these days attempted to interfere, fell to Lord Lyndon's lot.

When fairly started the skaters made as picturesque a group as any eye could wish to rest on, the girls, in their soft, luxurious furs and brilliant satin petticoats, striking out oddly on the glassy surface of the lake. Frances and Mildred were accomplished skaters, Mabel was not quite so good; still the latter could hold her own and certainly beside the Deverill girls—who were generally clumsy—looked everything that could be desired.

"You will help me, Mr. Young," she had whispered to Denzil, as he assisted her down from the dog-cart.

So when he had fastened her skates and pronounced her "fit," she started bravely enough on the slippery promenade. At one end there rose a post marked "Dangerous," of which as usual those whom it should have warned remained profoundly ignorant. Denzil alone had observed it; others, if they observed, attached little importance to it.

Miss Trevanion and Frances Sylverton, with merry, gay laughter that rang through the crisp air, were trying to outdo each other in grace and agility. Frances decidedly having the best of it, she being one of those girls who do anything they set their hearts on "better than anybody else."

As Denzil turned from watching them, he perceived Lord Lyndon, at a distance, leisurely, but surely, making for the forbidden spot; and, as he saw this, an almost savage desire to see this man, who had robbed him of his all, humiliated before the eyes of his betrothed, took possession of him.

A minute later, however, and—having deposited Mabel on the bank—he was skating hurriedly toward his unsuspecting lordship.

"Lyndon!" he shouted, when still some way from him, and shortly afterward laid his hand upon his arm.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Lyndon, trying to keep his balance, and succeeding with much difficulty. "What is the matter? You have nearly thrown me! Anything wrong, eh?"

"Don't you see where you are going?" cried Denzil, angrily and ungraciously, being considerably out of breath and temper. "Have you no eyes? Unless you want to be drowned, or, at all events, wet to the skin, you will get away from this place. Can't you see it marked 'Dangerous'?"

"Never saw it until this very moment, I give you my honor," said Lyndon, solemnly gazing at the warning as though lost in amazement at his own want of observation. "I should have gone straight on, and in another moment—I am awfully obliged to you, Young—indeed, more grateful than I can tell you."

Mildred had been looking on, and, having witnessed the whole scene, had understood it thoroughly—had seen her future lord and master gliding to his doom, and had half started up to call out or warn him in some way of his danger, when Denzil's figure, flashing before her eyes, showed her that he, too, had recognized Lyndon's peril, and was on his way to tell him of it.

As Denzil returned from his mission and cast his eyes upon her, she appeared unconscious of everything but the dainty little pair of skates she was in the act of unfastening. He stopped.

"Can I help you?" he asked; and she answered promptly, without lifting her eyes:

"No, thank you. I am quite accustomed to do this sort of thing for myself"—whereupon she drew off her skates, in confirmation of her words, and Denzil went on to Mabel.

An hour crept by, and then Lady Caroline, feeling that she had suffered enough for her friends for that one day, declared her intention of returning without further delay, and forthwith departed, carrying with her Mabel, who was anxious to reach home before the post-hour arrived.

The eldest Miss Deverill was afflicted with nervousness, and, having been driven to the lake by "Sonny" Summerton—who was in a bad temper, and knew as much about driving as the "man in the moon"—had endured such agonies on the journey as determined her, whatever came of it, to drive back in different company. So, going up to her cousin, Lord Lyndon, who was an undoubted "whip," she entreated him as follows:

"Promise me," she said, "that you will drive me home."

"My dear Margaret," said Lyndon, "do not ask me to do that. You know I have Mildred under my care."

"My dear Henry," returned Miss Deverill, desperately, "you must drive me, or you will have my death to answer for. I will not trust myself again to that hare-brained boy, who sulks the entire way here, and knows nothing whatever of driving. Indeed, my nerves are at present in such a state that I can go home with nobody but you; besides, anybody can see that the horse is positively dangerous."

Lyndon glanced toward the animal in question, and saw that it was unquestionably skittish, displaying an evident desire to bolt, and seeming to take particular delight in taxing the patience of the small groom who stood on tiptoe to hold him, after which he looked once more at his cousin's dolorous countenance and relented.

"Well, somebody must take care of Mildred," he said, with hesitation, "and—where is Mildred?"

"She went toward the wood about half an hour ago—somebody ought to find her and say that we are on the move," responded Harvey, from beneath a horse, where he was hastily arranging a twisted strap.

"Eddie, go and find her," said his lordship, distractedly.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELERS' DOG BAGS.

Theatrical People Carry Pet Dogs from Place to Place.

A novel thing in travelers' equipment is the dog bag. It is produced by a trunk and bag maker who makes a specialty of things for theatrical people, and it is used chiefly by theatrical people for the convenient carrying of pet dogs from place to place in their constant traveling when on the road. The pets carried about the country by theatrical people, mainly women, include dogs of various kinds and sizes. It may be that the dog owners are on the road eight or ten months in a year and constantly moving as they are, some means of getting the dogs about easily is especially desirable. The dog bag is made in the form of what is called in the trade a cabin bag. It has a box-shaped body with vertical sides and ends and with the top sloping. Obviously the cabin bag was the most desirable for this use, because with its straight sides it afforded the most room inside, and so gave the greatest comfort to the dog. Made up as a dog bag one end of the bag is taken out entirely, and in place is set a wire screen. Sometimes both ends for greater ventilation are thus equipped. Over the grating is a leather curtain, which may be opened or closed.—Chicago Journal.

Studying Criminal Records.

H. B. Irving, second son of Sir Henry Irving, is busy on a unique work, in which he has analyzed the cynicism, refined cruelty and sheer brutality shown by such criminals as Lacenaire, Troppmann, Prado and Ravachol. Mr. Irving has selected those criminals whose individualities and misdeeds remove them from the category of ordinary malefactors. It may be interesting to know that long before Mr. Irving became an actor he was interested in the study of crime. His rooms at Oxford were piled high with criminal records.

OPPOSE REVISION.

TARIFF QUESTION MUST NOT BE REOPENED.

The Babcock Program for Dealing with the Iron and Steel Combine Would Result in Wrecking Many Concerns Not Connected with the Big Trust.

"I was much interested in the clear and emphatic interview with Mr. Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, published in the 'Mail and Express,' concerning Representative Babcock's proposition to revise the Dingley Tariff law," said Charles A. Moore. "As president of the American Protective Tariff League, I was naturally somewhat surprised when Mr. Babcock announced last February his idea that manufactured products of steel should be placed upon the free list. Soon after Mr. Babcock presented that bill in the house he was a guest at the annual dinner here in New York of The Protective Tariff League. But he did not discuss his bill at that time, either in his after-dinner speech or in private conversation.

"It is reassuring to learn, from such an authority as the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, that Mr. Babcock's revival of the topic of Tariff revision meets with no sympathy from his Republican colleagues, at least along the line that he proposes."

"Do you agree with Chairman Payne that Mr. Babcock cannot excite an agitation at this time for a revision of the Tariff?"

"Yes, I agree with Mr. Payne and with other Republican members of that committee and with several Senators who are in the Finance Committee with whom I have consulted," replied Mr. Moore. "I have also received the opinions of many manufacturers, business men and of those acquainted with the feeling of workmen, and I am convinced that there can be no reopening of the general Tariff question, either this summer or when the next Congress convenes. Any student of trade conditions and of their relations to customs duties and the national revenue will admit that there might be made some changes in the Tariff schedules that would be of advantage to both producer and consumer. No system of Tariff schedules was ever constructed that would not bear amendment from time to time.

"It is that recognized fact that causes the periodic discussion of the wisdom of creating a permanent Tariff commission. But the genius of our institutions is against even the semblance of government by commissions; and, moreover, a Tariff commission could do nothing more than make recommendations, upon which the Congress could act, under the Constitution, as it pleased. The usefulness, therefore, of a commission to consider questions affecting Federal revenue is doubtful. But, aside from that, the changes that might be made to advantage in the present Tariff law are both too few in number and too unimportant to warrant a reopening of the subject. Agitation of the Tariff question is inevitably disturbing to trade, causing uncertainty and halting new enterprises. It should occur, therefore, at as widely separated intervals as possible."

"Mr. Babcock asserts that his proposition is to strike at the so-called steel trust, and that it is, therefore, a politic step for the Republican party to take."

"I do not agree with Mr. Babcock in that idea," replied Mr. Moore. "He is chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and I am afraid that his intimate knowledge of local party and factional conditions in many Congressional districts has distorted his perspective, so to speak, of the general question. I would say that neither his bill nor any other legislation can destroy the United States Steel Corporation without first destroying every smaller and individual concern engaged in the same business. These smaller makers of steel products have their specialties in manufacturing. Some of them probably will sell their output to other concerns that have been amalgamated in the steel trust. Others will continue to retain their own customers, at home and abroad. But if steel goods were placed on the free list, these individual manufacturers would be forced to the wall, because the steel trusts of Great Britain, France and Germany, if our tariff barrier were removed, would dump their surplus product upon our market at prices that the smaller manufacturers could not meet. Only the big corporation could survive; and that combination of men, who are kings in the several branches of their business, being united, could compete successfully, I believe, at home or abroad, in any part of the world, with any foreign trust—provided foreign governments do not erect prohibitive tariff barriers against us."

"In other words, the proposition of Mr. Babcock would in the end play into the hands of the so-called American Steel Trust, which he thinks would be a good political play to attack."

"But Mr. Babcock asserts that protected American manufacturers sell their goods abroad more cheaply than at home."

"That is an old and worn-out Democratic argument," said Mr. Moore. "It is an argument that has the specious allurements of a half-truth. It appeals to many minds when first heard because it carries the implication that a Protective Tariff operates to the advantage of the foreign consumer and discriminates against the home buyer."

But we have to consider in this connection that, in the first place, the assertion is true only in a few cases; second, that it applies to foreign manufacturers as well as our own, and, third, and most important, that it is labor that receives the benefit of protection.

For example, suppose that a manufacturer finds that by employing a thousand additional men he can reduce the total cost of his product by 10 per cent. If he does that he will make more goods than the home market can absorb, even at a reduced price. So that it will pay him, and afford additional employment to labor, if he sells his surplus product to a foreign market at a greater reduction than at home, or even at cost of production.

"Then, again, foreign combinations of capital, which are real trusts—and there are no trusts, in the legal sense, in the United States, although there are hundreds abroad, even in Free-Trade England—are constantly sending their surplus product to this country at prices ruinous to competition. They do this by the device of billing their goods, not to American importers, but to their own agencies in this country. This is an abuse upon which I could dilate at length. But every manufacturer, every wholesale and retail merchant, understands how the Protective intent of our tariff is thus evaded.

"It seems to me," concluded Mr. Moore, "that any survey of our recent commercial history must convince any candid mind that the country will not consent to enter into any such revision of the tariff as Mr. Babcock suggests. Only twenty-five years ago the United States was fourth in the list of exporting nations. Today the United States holds first place. In that time the United States has increased its exports 192 per cent. Our tariff has made us the most prosperous nation on earth. Labor commands here the highest wages. It is labor that would suffer most from a radical change in our policy of a sanely Protective Tariff."—New York Mail and Express.

THREE FLOURISHING PLANTS.



MUCH ADO ABOUT LITTLE.

As the Pioneer Press pointed out some time ago, the excitement over the Russian tariff was much ado about little. Illinois manufacturers and other associations sent grave and reverend deputations to Washington to protest against the countervailing sugar duty which they argued would shut out of the Russian market some \$30,000,000 of exports yearly. Secretary Gage informed them in the first place he could not unmake the law requiring a countervailing duty, and that he had no option in the matter. In the second place, he told the deputations, what they could have learned in any government report, that the annual exports of our products to Russia did not amount to \$30,000,000, but to \$10,000,000 only. When they told him that they were particularly troubled about the trade in agricultural machinery they were told, what they could have learned in any reliable newspaper, that agricultural implements and machinery were exempt under the Russian retaliatory order. It now appears that not only our agricultural machinery is exempt, but almost all our iron and steel, which is the most important item on our list of exports to Russia, will not be affected by the order. These two classes of exports are a large part of the total sent to all Russian ports. And when it is considered that some other articles are also exempt, it appears that the intense excitement of the country was as premature as it was useless.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Bitter Enemy of the Trusts.

"Those outrageous trusts ought to be wiped out of existence if it takes every gun and every gallows in the land to do it."
"What's your special grievance against them?"
"Why, the scoundrels refused to buy up our plant!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saved from Injurious Competition.

In consequence of the injurious competition of American and other industries the wages of finished iron workers in the north of England have been reduced seven and one-half per cent. Protection saves the workmen of America from injurious competition of other countries.—Hornellsville (N. Y.) Times.

SELF-IGNITING FIRES.

Cracked Pane of Glass Started Celluloid Collar Into a Blaze.

Fires that start themselves are much more common than people generally suppose. There is a mysterious property in dust which, under certain conditions, produces violent explosions. There have been instances in postoffices where the dust from the mail bags, suspended in the air of a closed room, has exploded with terrific force, the explosion being followed by flames. Dust explosions and fire are of frequent occurrence in drug stores and flour mills. The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so-called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag that has been dipped in any one of the fluids commonly used by cleaners is thrown in a corner and when the shop is cleaned up and closed, thus confining the air, the rag will frequently of itself generate fire. Not long ago there passed along Eastern avenue, in this city, a load of hay, which suddenly became enveloped in flame. The driver was about to horse-whip a boy whom he saw near by smoking a cigarette. People who had been watching the load of hay driven along were certain that the boy was no time within 25 feet of the hay. The fire was clearly shown to have been caused by the tire of the wheel rubbing against an iron on the side of the wagon, thus producing sparks. In all manufacturing establishments a frequent cause of fire is the rubbing of leather belting against the edges of the opening through which it passes form place to place. One of the most stubborn fires that ever occurred in New York city was started by a plate glass window focusing the rays of the winter sun upon a celluloid collar, which burst into a blaze. Metal goods had been shown in the window before, and therefore the peculiar formation of this particular pane of glass never had been discovered. It was on Sunday, and almost before the fire was noticed half the block was in flames. Defective electric wiring has many sins to answer for in these days. Electricians who are supposed to be competent will cross wires and violate every principle of common sense, to say nothing of electrical science. Some of them lead strands of wire through wooden boxes, which, in the event of fire, become roaring flues. Many of our most destructive fires have been due to carelessness in electric wiring. Chicago News.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

Nikola Tesla Believes It Can Be Done by an Electrical Process.

Nikola Tesla, who is here arranging for the manufacture of apparatus for his wireless telegraph system, has interesting ideas about many things. Undoubtedly he is a brilliant electrician, capable of much useful achievement. He is highly imaginative, as all original investigators are of necessity, for there could be no creation without the creative mind. It does not follow that his imaginings are all vain, not by any means, though it is natural that his fancy might take unwarranted flights to Mars or other objects in remote space. Mr. Tesla is especially interested in an electrical process for purifying water, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The project is feasible—at least from a scientific point of view—and it is to be hoped he will be able to make it practicable in both the mechanical and economical senses. If the thing can be done on a large scale as cheaply as water can be filtered it will prove a boon to all mankind. In respect to the water supply of Pittsburgh, however, Mr. Tesla's idea is not of immediate import. He is engrossed in perfecting the wireless telegraph—an undertaking that will tax his resources, material and mental, for some time. Pittsburgh must be content with filtration for the present. It will be glad to get rid of 93 per cent of impurities after a long experience in taking its water unrefined, though the people will live in the hope that some day Mr. Tesla will take away the other 2 per cent of microbes and give them water pure and vivified.

Nature's Storehouse the Mountains.

The mountain dweller lives apart from the world. The present is the past when it reaches him. For centuries the Highlander has had his plaid and kilt; the peasant of Norway and the mountaineer of the German and Austrian Alps each a habit of his own, and every Swiss canton a distinctive dress. Mountains preserve the Gaelic tongue in which the scholar may read the refuge of Celt from Saxon, and in turn Saxon from the Norman French, just as they keep alive remnants like the Rhaeto-Roman, the Basque and a number of Caucasian dialects. The Carpathians protected Christianity against the Moors, and in Java the Brahmin faith took refuge on the sides of the volcano Gunung Lawa and there outlived the ban of Buddha.—Scribner's Magazine.

Hence Tommy Atkins.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the "exquisite humor" displayed in the name Tommy Atkins belongs rather to the war office than to the public. That institution used to issue little pocket manuals, in which each soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, etc., were entered, and the method of filling in the form was explained by the use of a hypothetical name, not the John Doe of the legal profession, but—Thomas Atkins. The books were first so called, and then the soldiers.—The Academy.

Not Many Voters in Mississippi.

Mississippi has a total population of over 1,500,000 and yet the total vote of the state last November was under 50,000.