

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Can't my dear fellow, don't you see how engaged I am?" answered Eddie, casting an expressive glance at Silvia Lisle, who blushed and simpered, and lowered her white lids in acknowledgment of the most bewildering manner. "Denzil, you are doing nothing—go and succor the lost damsel, and restore her to the bosom of her bereaved family."

"Yes, do go, and explain things to her, Younge," implored the unsuspecting Lyndon, "and just say how it was I was put in for my cousin. It is an awful bore," confided his lordship in a heartbroken whisper, "but what can a man do when a girl comes crying to him about some miserable boy's stupidity? You bring Mildred home safely, there's a good fellow; remember, I leave her to you;" and, without waiting for a reply, Lyndon bustled off, greatly to his cousin's relief, who dreaded lest some inopportune chance should again consign her to young Summerton's care.

Both Lady Caroline and Mabel, who alone there knew his secret, had gone long since, so Denzil was left with no one to assist him in this hour of perplexity—with no one to aid him in escaping the tete-a-tete drive that apparently lay before him. Ever since his arrival at King's Abbott he and Mildred had scarcely spoken to each other—had shown, indeed, a mutual, though unspoken determination to avoid each other in every possible way.

Then came the thought that she—knowing nothing of the circumstances—would perhaps imagine that he had connived at this arrangement, and had made the most of the opportunity offered to gain undisputed possession of her society for the long homeward drive.

Mildred was in a sadder plight than Denzil dreamed. Having wandered rather farther than she had had any intention of doing on first setting out, and discovering that a wood in January is by no means the same thing that it is in July, she began to retrace her steps with the design of returning home with her mother. Dreading that she might be late, and feeling besides intensely cold she commenced to run, and as she ran her foot came upon a frozen pool, slipping upon which she came heavily to the ground.

Raising herself up again directly and thinking nothing of it she hurried on once more, but presently an intense pain in her foot startled her, which in a few minutes increased to such a degree that she was obliged to seat herself on the trunk of a fallen tree and acknowledge herself disabled, considering how best to acquaint her friends with her mishap.

Fully half an hour passed thus, and she was almost upon the verge of despair, when footsteps coming hurriedly toward her from a side direction roused her, and raising her eyes, she beheld Denzil. She blushed crimson.

"What has brought him?" she wondered. "Surely Lyndon—"

"At last I have found you," said Denzil in his coldest tone, and as though he were politely bored at having been put to so much inconvenience. "I have come to tell you that the others are all gone."

"Gone!" echoed Mildred, with astonishment. "Then where is Lord Lyndon?"

"His cousin, Miss Deverill, was so nervous that she insisted on his driving her home, so he commissioned me to find you, and bear you his apologies," returned Denzil, repeating his lesson with prompt decision.

"I do not understand his treating me in such a manner," said Miss Trevanion, very pale and proud; "and where were Eddie and Charlie?"

"They also were fully occupied," Denzil said bitterly; "but your sister, preferring to return home with Lady Caroline, unfortunately left me free."

Mildred bit her lip.

"I regret very much that you should have given yourself this trouble," she said slowly—"I am sorry you have come."

"And so am I," returned Denzil, haughtily; "but it is not my doing. I beg you to believe, Miss Trevanion that if I could have avoided it I would have done so." Then, seeing she made no attempt to move, he added, "Had you better not come? It is getting very late."

I could do it without breaking down, as it is not very far."

"No," she answered indignantly—"certainly not. I can walk quite well." But she took his arm for all that, and for a while hobbled along, miserably, beside him, her face white with pain.

"This is madness!" cried Denzil, and forthwith, not asking any further leave, took her up in his arms, and walked on again, so burdened, with a frowning brow and a set, displeased expression about his lips.

Miss Trevanion was so taken by surprise and so utterly prostrated with pain, that at first she made no protest, but presently began to cry quietly in a broken, wretched sort of way. Denzil stopped.

"Shall I put you down?" he asked, sternly.

The situation, being unsought by him, and extremely distasteful—with his heart beating passionately, as if to warn him how insufficiently under control it was—compelled him to assume an ill-temper he was very far from really feeling. Miss Trevanion sobbed on, but made no reply, knowing she had none to make, and so wisely refraining from speech of any kind; whereupon Denzil marched on as before not addressing another word to her.

He was a strong man; but a full-grown, healthy young woman was no light weight—so it was no disgrace to his manhood to confess that when at length he had her safely deposited in the carriage, he was rather glad than regretful. Taking the reins from the boy and throwing him some silver, he drove away without a single glance at his companion, as she lay back exhausted among the cushions he had carefully, but sulkily arranged for her.

Mildred's foot having been examined and pronounced "likely to be tedious but not serious," she was comfortably ensconced on a sofa in her mother's sitting-room, whence, after dinner, she sent word that she would be very glad to see them all if they would come and sit with her. So consequently about nine o'clock, considerable noise and laughter might have been heard issuing from the boudoir, where they had all assembled obedient to her commands—all, that is, save Eddie, Miss Lisle and Denzil Younge, with one or two others who had lingered in the billiard-room. Lord Lyndon had, of course, been the first to approach Mildred to inquire how she was and express his tender, loving regrets that she should have no injured herself; but finding her, though sweet and gracious as usual, somewhat disinclined for conversation, he had left her presently with the entreaty that she would try to sleep, and so subdue all feverish symptoms. But she was flushed and restless, and could not compose herself, so lay open-eyed, though silent, with her gaze fixed upon the door.

CHAPTER XV.

"Mildred," said Sir George, one night about a fortnight later on, "if you really mean hunting tomorrow, you will have to be up betimes, as we shall have to start more than usually early on account of the distance we have to go."

"I shall be ready," answered Mildred.

Accordingly, the next morning, true to her word, she was down-stairs equipped, even to the dainty little whip she carried in her hand, before any one but Denzil had put in an appearance.

Lyndon giving shortly afterward in time for breakfast, they hastily dispatched that meal, and started directly after for the meet, which was at some considerable distance—Miss Trevanion and the acknowledged lover in front, Sir George with the discarded in the background.

On their way they fell in with Frances Sylverton, attended only by a groom—Charlie having gone to rejoin his regiment some days before—who called out gayly that she had come this route on the mere chance of meeting them, and was therefore, for once in her life, unfeignedly glad to see them.

"And what has happened to you, O knight of the rueful countenance?" she asked, merrily, of Denzil, reining in her horse beside his.

"I had no idea I was looking so lugubrious," he said laughing, "and I don't believe I am either. It is the morning mist that has got into your usually bright eyes."

"No, it is not," persisted Miss Sylverton, emphatically, shaking her head; "the signs of woe upon your face are unmistakable. I suppose you have a presentiment that you will be slain today, and naturally don't relish it."

along to the occasional music of the forward hounds. A little in front, Sir George and Lyndon gave her the lead, while behind there were none; for of all those who had met that morning but few now remained to be in at the "death." Some finding the pace to hot in the beginning had wisely drawn rein and solemnly plodded home again; others, more adventurously but scarcely so well judging, trusting to sly little fortune to favor the brave, had come to a violent end and now sat or stood lamenting their fate and abusing their goddess in no very measured terms; while of those who still held on—among whom was Frances Sylverton—most of them rode to Mildred's left, down deep in the hollow of Hart's Chase, leaving to her right but one, and that was Denzil.

A passionate lover of riding and devoted to sport, Younge's keenest enjoyment was to feel a good horse under him, with the certainty of a hard day's run in view; and today, his mount being undeniable, he was growing almost happy again.

Having made a false move about half an hour before he was now crashing through or over everything that came in his way, to make up for lost time, and gain on Sir George and Lyndon, who—clever and wary sportsmen both—had sailed along from the beginning straight in the line of victory, without a moment's swerve.

Just as Denzil at last caught sight of them and knew himself to be once more in the right way, he found he was on the same ground with Mildred Trevanion, only considerably higher up. It was a lengthy meadow, straggling and untidy in form, and Mildred, entering at the lower end, could scarcely distinguish her companion above, but succeeded in making a shrewd conjecture nevertheless.

From where she was it was easy enough to get into the adjoining field, but with Denzil it was far different. A short ugly wall rose before him, surmounted by a hedge of some sort, thick and prickly, which effectually concealed from view the heavy fall on the other side. Still, it was not exactly an impossible thing to take, though decidedly a "facer," and Denzil, understanding the danger and trusting to his horse to carry him through, determined to risk it, come what might.

Miss Trevanion, slightly ahead of him now—having managed her last jump satisfactorily—turned nervously in her saddle to see how it would end. She wondered breathlessly whether—whoever he was—she knew of the—And then she saw the horse rise, land at the other side, stagger, and then, plunging helplessly forward, bring itself and its rider heavily to the ground.

Mildred shut her eyes and pressed her teeth cruelly on her under lip to suppress the scream that rose so naturally from her heart, and when she summoned courage to look up she found the horse had risen and stood trembling at some little distance off, while on the grass lay motionless a mass of brilliant scarlet cloth and a gleam of golden hair.

(To be continued.)

Poll Taxes in A. D. 122.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow, vice-president of the Egypt exploration fund, says that in addition to the papyrus recently presented by the society to several universities there is a valuable lot of forty-three papyrus which have been received for distribution, largely treating of business and civil matters in the first centuries of our era. Among the seven papyrus from Columbia university is a tax collector's return showing items and how the collectors' made returns in A. D. 122. The rise of the Nile was the greatest annual event, and upon it taxes were calculated. Hence one of the six papyrus sent to Johns Hopkins, treating of the unwatered land filled by Protoparas, A. D. 123, is peculiarly interesting. She declares that her field at Euhemeria did not get the water. Her plea, in a word, is: "No crops, no taxes."

How London Could Be Defended.

If the Dutch ever sail up the Thames again, or a Norman force land, London will not be unprepared. In the archives of Pall Mall repose musty schemes for the defense of the metropolis which it was thought would be undisturbed until the war department commenced to move into its new palace. But there are busy men about and as a result new schemes will be forthcoming for the defense of London. Something like 60 batteries of artillery will be allotted to the defense, including guns of heavy caliber, 4.7 and 6 inches, which will be mounted in commanding positions, covering a wide, sweeping arc. The mobile force for defense will include nearly 100 15-pounder field guns, and an army corps of three divisions of regular infantry and 100 volunteers.—London Express.

Beating Gladstone in Argument.

Mr. Eden Eddis, a famous English portrait painter in his day, who was once nearly elected an R. A., has just died within a few days of his 89th birthday. He once was discussing with Mr. Gladstone what was the brightest color in nature. The statesman claimed that red was; the artist said that even in the dark you could see the blue flowers in a garden. Mr. Eddis showed Mr. Gladstone a photograph where the red flowers remained dead, undetached from the leaves, but the blue flowers were light and visible in all their forms. Then the controversy terminated abruptly with "Good-night, Mr. Eddis!"

OF MOHAWK INDIANS.

TO HAVE NEWSPAPER IN THEIR OWN TONGUE.

The Editor is the Son of a Mohawk Chief Who Was Educated at Government Schools—Specimen Paragraph from the Paper.

The Mohawks of Canada and New York state are to have a newspaper. It will be edited by Charles A. Cooke, a full-blooded Indian employed in the department of Indian affairs at Ottawa, says an Ottawa correspondent of the New York Sun. Some time ago Cooke began publishing the *Onkweonwe*, a semi-monthly magazine, printed in the Mohawk language, and it was so successful that he has decided to turn it into a newspaper, the first of its kind in Canada and the second in America. There are other Indian publications not newspapers, but the majority of them are issued by missionary societies and they are edited by white men. The Cherokee Advocate, published in Indian Territory, is the only other Indian newspaper in North America. The *Onkweonwe* will publish some telegraphic news from different parts of the world, market news and reports of prices of furs, skins, fish, etc., and will have an inquiry department, which will be one of its leading features. Editor Cooke is the son of a Mohawk chief and was educated at government schools and afterward took a course in a Canadian college. When he had been graduated he got a clerkship in the Indian department. He is a dark-skinned young man, with pronounced Indian features. He is a good singer and is a member of the choir of the leading Methodist church in Ottawa. Two other Mohawk Indians, Miss Maracle and Joseph Delisle, are employed in the same room with Mr. Cooke. All are well educated. Few of the Indians can read English, but about 10,000 are able to read anything printed in the Mohawk dialect. The Mohawk alphabet consists of twelve letters and n and k are used much oftener than any of the others. An ordinary eight-page issue of the *Onkweonwe* contains about one-quarter n's and k's. For this reason the editor has had some difficulty in getting his copy set up, as the printer soon runs out of n's and k's. English characters are used. Here is a specimen paragraph from the *Onkweonwe*: "KONONKWE AOTIRIVASONHA. Iakonnewata lakoseke enska netens tekit 'minit' jnikariwes ononwajerakerike tionkonties enska me jialaksera tenwatalaseren senah jienwakatsteko jiontonste."

When the *Onkweonwe* came out first many of the old chiefs objected to it. "The great Spirit, Gitchee Manitou the Mighty, says good Indians never read newspapers," said they to the younger braves, but the paper became popular. Indians like to hear about the doings of the white men. When Editor Cooke started the paper he published incidents about the Indians, and soon letters were sent to him from his fellow braves saying, "Stop publishing news about the Indians; tell us about Laurier and others." They did not object to the name *Onkweonwe*, which means in the Mohawk tongue, "the only human being," or "the real human being," in contradistinction to others who are looked upon as being less worthy of the name of man, or as lacking in qualities of manhood. "Onkwe" means a human being and would be applied to a pale-face or to an Indian of another tribe. The addition of "onwe" is Mohawk for "the real thing." The Mohawks are inquisitive. Among the questions Editor Cooke has had to answer are the following: "Why does the government try to control Indians?" "What is electricity?" "Who was Papineau? and what did he do?" "What is an Indian?" To the last question Mr. Cooke answered "An Indian is an Indian who has native blood in his veins, and who is on the reserved lands under the protection of the government." The *Onkweonwe* recently published the following story about an Indian living near Eganville, not many miles from Ottawa: "Indian John, a celebrated Mohawk guide, who is now 80 years old, has been sleeping in his coffin for some months. John, although still a vigorous man, knows that he must soon leave for the happy hunting grounds, so some time ago he made himself a coffin and began sleeping in it. Since then he has used no other bed, and he has told his family that if death comes to him while he is lying in his coffin they are to put on the lid and bury him. Until the call comes John will continue to hunt in the land of the Mississaugus.

Odd Sizes in Envelopes.

German postmasters have been so annoyed by eccentricities in the shapes and sizes of the envelopes inclosing mail matter that a bill is to be introduced in the Reichstag prescribing the size and shape of envelopes. The chief annoyance is the delay in stamping the letters with postmark and canceling stamps, for these odd-shaped and odd-sized missives will not pass through the stamping machine in such a way as to receive the stamp properly, and have to be gone over again by hand.

A Gigantic Knitting Proposition.

The information of the large size of the government budget, which the members of Lord Salisbury's cabinet are imparting to the Britons as gently as possible, indicates that the Old Lady of Threadneedle street will have to do a little extra knitting.—Baltimore Herald.

FISH THAT CLIMB STAIRS.

In Traveling to Summer Haunts They Display Acrobatic Ability.

It is not an uncommon thing to see on pleasant days, when the fish are running at East Taunton, hundreds of men, women and children clustered around the fishway watching the fish struggling up against the strong current and trying to get into the smoother waters above the dam, where they may shoot off at leisure to the spawning place in the Nemasket, says the Boston Herald. The fishway is so constructed that it is impossible for the fish to make a clear swim from top to bottom or vice versa. They must work up the river in the eddies, for the tide is also very strong there near the dam and until they reach the lower part of the fishway. Thence they struggle and wriggle into the lower entrance of the fishway, thus making sure of at least a chance to rub up against the boards and rest before they begin their wearisome fight for the top and smoother water. It is in the fishway that the interest of the average spectator is centered, since here the fish can be seen plainly in bunches almost thick enough for one to walk across on their backs, and where one may easily reach down and pull them out of the water. They are generally packed in so thick that they cannot escape the quick-moving hand of man or boy. From right to left and from left to right, steadily, slowly, they keep on in the effort to get out of the fishway, and it is one of the prettiest sights imaginable to watch the little fellows, plucky and game to the last, as they almost imperceptibly work out of one passage-way into another and crowd each other against the corner. No matter how many people are close to them, so close that they could be touched with the hand or cane, they appear to pay no attention to their interested audience, but keep right on about their business. A watchman is on duty at the fishway all of the time to see that no one disturbs them, but when his attention is taken up by questions that are asked frequently, those who like the fish right out of the water smuggle them out and are away before they have been apprehended. It is understood that there are thousands of these herrings stolen in this way and other ways before they get to the clear water but there doesn't seem to be any help for it.

TALLOW DIPS IN MEXICO.

Old Commercial Houses Adhere to Primitive Method of Lighting.

Electric lights are coming into more general use all the time in the City of Mexico as the various companies add to the capacities of their plants. Three companies are now furnishing electric light and power. An American company is preparing to erect a modern gas plant. Several gasoline lamp companies are operating in the republic through local agents. Candles, however, remain in very general use among all classes. Petroleum costs from 60 to 70 cents a gallon, while tallow candles of local manufacture can be purchased as low as one cent each, this price naturally for a small taper. Mexican workmen can get along with less light, apparently, than any other class. In some of the old fashioned offices of important commercial houses no other light than tallow dips is ever known. A bookkeeper may be seen making his entries in a great ledger with the light of a single candle, and the wealthy proprietor may be found bending over his big mahogany desk flanked by two tall and stately candelabra. A Mexican printer can work with a candle stuck carelessly into one of his boxes, and two tailors in the small shops can be seen sharing the rays of a single dip. The opportunities for the sale of better lighting apparatus in Mexico will be great when it can be provided cheaply and of simple construction. The great difficulty experienced with most of the gasoline lights that are on the market here is that they require careful attention, and in the hands of ignorant Mexican servants they soon get out of order.—Pennsylvania Grip.

Artificial Silk Is Valuable.

Artificial silk apparently can be made, but it answers to the real thing as oleomargarine answers to butter. Going the rounds of the papers of Continental Europe is an item that three factories for the production of artificial silk are in operation; that one, in Wolston, England, produces 6,600 pounds a week; one in Besancon, France, 12,000 pounds, and one in Spreitenbach, Germany, 3,500 pounds. It is stated, furthermore, that other factories will soon be built in Belgium and in Germany. Before the Frankfort Society of Natural Philosophy Dr. Freund, in a recent lecture on the subject, said that though artificial silk can compete with natural silk, it is not as valuable. Artificial silk has been used as a covering for cables and as a substitute for horsehair, but it has a tendency to break if wetted, and, therefore, it must usually be mixed with natural silk and cotton. The artificial silk is cheaper than the natural, and more brilliant effects can be produced with it. This industry, which is said to be purely chemical, is expected to be developed to its fullest extent in a few years.—New York Press.

Millions Invested in Texas Oil.

Since the big Lucas oil geyser was struck in the Texas oil fields last January nearly 100 companies have been organized to sink wells, with aggregate capital of nearly \$30,000,000. Six of the companies are capitalized at \$1,000,000 each.

Many a stylish hat covers an empty head.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, JUNE 9—ACTS 22: 6-16.

Golden Text: I Was Not Disobedient Unto the Heavenly Vision—Acts 26: 19—Jesus Appears to Paul—The Work of the Living Christ.

6. And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me.

7. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

8. And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.

9. And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.

10. And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus, and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do.

11. And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus.

12. And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews which dwell there,

13. Came unto me, and stood, and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour I looked up upon him.

14. And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of his mouth.

15. For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard.

16. And why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.

There are many ways in which men become disciples of Christ. Note the great variety shown in the New Testament history, as in the case of the early apostles, Nicodemus, Cornelius, the Ethiopian, the three thousand on the day of Pentecost. The New Jerusalem has twelve gates, and people can come into it from every direction, and in many ways. They may ride or walk, they may go swiftly or slowly. The one question is whether they enter at all.

Illustration.—Men come into the Kingdom of God in as many different ways as plants come to flower. Some come right up out of the earth to blossom; some come up and grow the whole summer, and then blossom; some grow a year, and then blossom the second year; some grow up like trees, and do not blossom till they are three or six years old; some put the leaves out first, and some put out the blossoms first and the leaves afterward. There is every possible mode of inflorescence.—Beecher.

Paul's experience brings out in distinct outlines and vivid coloring the great essentials which underlie the common experience of conversion, but which are not always distinctly recognized. It is a noble example of what Jesus is continually working on earth in the redemption of the human race.

The vision of Jesus, coming to Paul prepared "as the soil" for the seed, to the eye for the light," convinced him of his sin and need. It showed him his own heart. He saw that he was far from God; that even in his conceit of goodness he was doing wrong; all his life for the past twelve years, his purposes, his aims, his conduct, his character, his life, were all soiled and stained with the pollution of his own sin.

It is the vision of Christ, so holy and loving; it is the perception of the goodness of God that leads men to see themselves as they are, and converts them of sin.

Illustrations.—(1) We go into a room, and the air seems pure and clear from dust, but if one bright ray of sunshine is let in, we see that the air is full of particles of dust. (2) During the discussions on spontaneous generation, many scientific men thought they had purified the air used in their experiments, entirely free from every germ. They passed it through the fire and sulphuric acid, and felt sure of its purity; and yet in time growth took place in it which they thought must be spontaneous. But Prof. Tyndall put some of this purified air in a glass tube, and sent a ray of sunshine through it, and lo! the germs were still there. The light showed evil where none had seemed to be.

4. Paul saw in Jesus his rightful Lord and Savior; a glorious Savior, the Son of God, whom he ought to love and trust and obey.

5. Paul repented of his sins, his self-righteousness, his pride, his error, as the result of his seeing in Jesus his Lord and Teacher and Savior. He believed in him with his whole heart.

7. He confessed Christ before men. He took sides for him, at great cost of money and the loss of his life. The ship had changed its course and was sailing for another port, under a different captain, but the voyage was only begun.

8. This was the beginning of a new life. The ship had changed its course and was sailing for another port, under a different captain, but the voyage was only begun.

Illustration.—Goethe, in his "Tale of Tales," speaks of a fisherman's rough log hut, which by virtue of a lamp within was gradually transformed into solid silver, and the ancient but became an exquisite temple of finest workmanship. However suddenly the light first shone, the process of transformation was lifelong.

Bush Fires in Australia.

The bush fires in Australia, one of the common terrors of the life of the early settlers, have apparently lost none of their horror. A correspondent states that recently a great part of four states was a mass of flame and smoke, rising from leagues of flaming forest and burning grass. Thousands of miles of fencing, hundreds of farms and orchards, disappeared in this fiery furnace. Huge flocks of sheep, mobs of cattle, tens of thousands of kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, parrots and lorries were burned alive. Tales of terrible races for life in coaches, carts and even by mounted men filled the papers.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A great mind is always a generous one.

Economy supplies old age with an easy chair.

Only a mother can understand the language of an infant.

The blacksmith puts a horse on his metal by shoeing him.

Poor men should be polished, for they receive many hard rubs.

Every man sets himself up as a standard by which he measures others.