# Mildred Jo & Grevanion

CHAPTER XVI.

accident Mildred was beside Denzil, wintry wind-but to her it seemed touched by the cold hand of Death.

A terrible feeling took possession of expectation. her. Was he dead? Was he speechless, deaf, blind, beyond love, life, hope, for evermore?

Lifting his head onto her lap and pushing back the hair from his beautiful forehead, she murmured to him turning away sick at heart and miseratenderly, almost reproachfully, half ble, its joys and promises were but as believing the cruel voice he had leved rotten fruit, ending in bitterness and so well on earth would recall him even | mockery. from the grave. But there was no an-

She looked up wildly. Would nobody ever come? How long they werehow long! And, when they did come, would it, perchance, be only to tell her that help was needless-that he was indeed dead, as he appearedlifeless within her very arms.

Oh, to speak with him once more, if only for a moment-just for so long as it would take to let him know how well she loved him, and to beg on her knees for his forgiveness!

Why did he lie so silent at her feet? Surely that calm, half smile had no sympathy with death. Was she never to hear his voice again-never to see the loving tenderness that grew in his eyes for her alone?

Was all the world dead or insensible that none would come to her call, while perhaps each precious moment was stealing another chance from his life? This thought was maddening; she glanced all round her, but as yet no one was in sight. And then she began to cry and wring her hands.

"Denzil, speak to me!" she sobbed. "Denzil-darling-darling!"

Lord Lyndon, shortly after the accident had occurred, turning round in his saddle to discover whether Miss Trevanion was coming up with them, and not seeing her, raised himself in his stirrups to survey the ground behind. and beheld two horses riderless, and upon the grass.

"Sir George, look!" he called to his companion. "What is it-what has

happened? Can you see Mildred? He waited for nothing more, but putting spurs to the astonished animal under him, rode furiously back, leaving Sir George to follow him almost

as swiftly. And this was what they saw.

Lying apparently lifeless, with one arm twisted under him, in that horrible, formless way a broken limb will sometimes take, lay Denzil Younge, with Miss Trevanion holding his head upon her lap and smoothing back his hair, while she mouned over him words and entreaties that made Lyndon's heart grow cold.

"Mildred!" he cried sharply, putting his hand on her arm with the intention of raising her from the ground, but she shook him off roughly.

"Let me alone," she said; "what have you to do with us? I loved him. Oh, Denzil, my darling speak to me-speak to me."

"What is the meaning of this?" Lyndon asked hoarsely. "Trevanion, you should know." Sir George, who was bending over

the prostrate man, raised his eyes for a moment.

"I suppose, as she says it, it is true," he answered simply. "But I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, I was unaware of it. All I know is that she refused him long before you proposed for her-for what reason I am as ignorant as yourself. It has been her own secret from first to last." As Sir George spoke, Mildred looked

up for the first time.

"Is he dead?" she asked with terrible calmness.

"No, no-I hope not; a broken arm seldom kills," answered her father, hurriedly, drawing the broken limb from beneath the wounded man with great gentleness. "Lyndon, the bran-

Lyndon, who was almost as white as Denzil at the moment, resolutely putting his own grievances behind him for the time being, knelt down beside Sir George, and, giving him his flask, began to help in the task of resuscitation.

"How will it be?' he asked in a whisper.

"I cannot tell," answered Sir George; "we can only hope for the best. But I don't like the look on the poor lad's face. I have seen such a look before. Do you remember little Polly Stuart of the Guards? I was on the ground when he was killed very much in the same manner and saw him lying there with just that sort of strange, calm, half smile upon his face as though defying death. But he was stone dead at the time, poor boy."

"How shall we get him home?" asked Lyndon. "I wish some doctor arm. could be found to see him. Was not Stubber on the field this morning?" "Yes, but was called off early in the

day, I think."

"His heart!" cried Miss Trevanion, In but few minutes' time after the suddenly. "His heart! It's beating!" She raised her eyes to her father's

and down upon her knees, her horse as she gave utterance to the sweet idly wandering away. She stooped words, and Lyndon saw all the glorious and placed her hand upon his heart, light of the hope that had kindled in but failed to detect the faintest beat. them. Her white fingers were pressed She drew her fingers across his fore- closely against Denzil's chest; her head-cold and damp with the chilling | breath was coming and going rapturwhole face was full of passionate, glad

"So it is," said Sir George, excitedly. "Lyndon, more brandy."

So life, struggling slowly back into Denzil's frame, began its swift course once more for him: while for Lyndon,

#### CHAPTER XVII.

It was late the same evening, and Mildred sitting in her mother's room, with one hand clasped in Lady Caroline's, was gazing idly into the fire, seeming pale and dejected in the red light of the flame, that ever and anon blazed up and sunk, and almost died, and brightened up again. Yet in her heart there was a great well of thankfulness, of joy unutterable-for had not the doctor, fully an hour before, declared Denzil out of any immediate danger?

Up to that moment Miss Trevanion had remained in her own apartment, not caring to encounter the gaze of curious observers-now walking feverishly backward and forward with unspoken prayers within her breast, now sitting stunned and wretched, waiting for the tidings she yet dreaded to hear.

But, when Lady Caroline came to tell her all was well for the present, she could say nothing; she only followed her mother back to her own room where she fell upon her knees and cried as if her heart would break. Suddenly the door opened and a ser-

vant stood revealed. "Lord Lyndon's compliments to Miss Trevanion, and he would be glad to see her for a few minutes in the north drawing room," he said, and lin-

gered for a reply. "I will be down directly," Mildred answered tremulously, and when he had withdrawn turned nervously tosomething he could not discern clearly | ward Lady Caroline. "Oh, mother," she said, "what can I say to him?

What must be think of me?" "Have courage, my darling," pered Lady Caroline, "and own the truth-plain speaking is ever the best and wisest. Afterward he will forgive you. Remember how impatiently I shall be waiting here for your return."

"Of course he will understand that it is now all over between us?" Mildred asked, half anxiously, as she reached the door.

"Of course he will," said Lady Caroline, with a suppressed sigh. How could she help regretting this good thing that was passing away from her daughter. "Now go, and do not keep him in suspense any longer."

So Mildred went; but, as she passed the threshold of the room that contained Lord Lyndon, a sudden rush of memory almost overpowered her, carrying her back, as it did, to that other night, a few short weeks ago, when she had similarly stood, but in how different a position in the sight of the man now standing opposite to her. Then she had come to offer him all that was dearest to him on earth, now she was come to deprive him of that boon-was standing before him, judged and condemned as having given away that which in nowise belonged to her.

She scarcely dared to raise her head, but waited, shame-stricken, for him to accuse her, with eyes bent sorrowfully downward.

"I have very little to say to you," said Lyndon, hoarsely, in a voice that was strange and cold, all the youth being gone out of it, "but I thought it better to get it over at once-to end this farce that has been playing so long."

No answer from Miss Trevanionno movement-no sound even, beyond a slight catching of the breath.

"Why you should have treated me as you have is altogether beyond my fathoming," he went on. "Surely I could never have deserved it at your hands. When I gave you that paltry money a few weeks ago, I little thought it was accepted as the price of your affection. Affection! Nay, rather toleration. Had I known it I would have flung it into the sea before it should have so degraded both yourself and me. Had you no compassionno thought of the dreary future you were so coldly planning out for us both-I ever striving to gain a love that was not to be gained-you perpetually remembering past days that contained all the sweetness of your life?. There-it is of small use my reproaching you now; the thing is done, and cannot be undone. You have only acted as hundreds of women have act- miles, and that at a distance of sixty ed before you-ruined one man's happiness completely, and very nearly wrecked another's, all for the want of a little honesty.'

He made a few steps forward, as though to pass her, but she arrested interfere with the propagation of the him by laying both her hands on his sound.-New York Post.

"Oh, Henry, forgive me!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion. "You can who were questioned as to their relinot leave me like this. I know I have gious beliefs no fewer than 472 called been bad, wicked, deceitful, in every | themselves atheists.

mistake me. I know well you would never marry me now; and" lowering her voice-"neither could I ever marry you, having once shown you my heart; so there can be no misconception about that. But if you knew everything-how wretched I was, how hopeless, how essential it was that the money should be procured, how terrible it was to me to have to borrow it, and how just and right a thing it seemed to give you myself in exchange, having no other means of repayment-you might perhaps pity me. Could you only have seen into my heart, you would have read there how real was my determination to be true to you, to make you a good wife, and love you eventually as well as I loved -that other."

She broke down here and covered ously at quick, short intervals; her her face with her hands. And Lyndon who had never learned the art of being consistently unkind to anything, felt his wrath and wrongs melt away altogether, while a choking sensation arose in his throat.

He forgot all his own deep injuries, and, taking the pretty golden head between his hands, he drew it down upon his breast, where she began to cry right heartily.

"Mildred, how could you do it?" he whispered, presently, in a broken voice. "Had you hated me you could have done nothing more cruel. Child, did you never think of the consequences?

"I know I have behaved basely to you," sobbed Mildred. "But I never thought that this would be the end. All might have turned out so differently, had-had this day never been."

"I shall never cease to be thankful that this day did come," he answered, earnestly. "Better to wake from a happy dream in time than rest unconscious until the waking is too late. Bitter as it is to lose you now, and no one but myself can guess how bitter that is, would it not be far worse to discover that my wife had no sympathy with me, no thought akin to mine?" He paused for a moment and then he said, sadly, "It seems a hard thing for me to say, but yet-oh, Mildred, I wish we had never met!"

"Is there nothing I can do to make it up to you?" she asked, despairing-

ly. "No, there is nothing," he answered, regretfully; "all that could be said or done would not obliterate the past. You are crying still, Mildred," raising her face, and regarding it mournfully; "are you so very sorry then, for your work? And yet a few plain words you insisted on doing after your not that a good opportunity?"

"Oh, how could I do it then?" she asked, turning away her head, with a little shiver of distaste; "that would have appeared so detestable in your eyes. What!"she exclaimed, "accept your kindness gratefully when I was in sore need of it, and then when I had no further want of it, throw you off without the slightest compunction? Surely you would have thought that a very unworthy action?"

"Still it would have been better than this," he answered, gloomily, beginning to walk slowly up and down the room, while she stood weaving her fingers restlessly in and out, watching

Poor Mildred, the bitterness of her remorse just then made half atonement for her sin. With a heart at once affectionate and deeply feeling. it was to her the intensest agony to see Lyndon so crushed and heartbroken, and know it was her own handiwork.

For a few minutes there was silence except for the faint sound of Lyndon's footsteps as he paced heavily to and fro on the thick carpet. At length she could bear it no longer.

(To be continued.)

Preaches for Her Husband.

Wearied and almost ready to collapse from overwork, Rev. Mr. Clegg of Tannersville, Pa., on a recent Sunday evening permitted his wife to occupy his pulpit, and the congregation that listened to the discourse was greatly pleased. "Sin came into the world by my sex, and it is my duty to get all the sin out of the world I can," said Mrs. Clegg in her sermon. She conducted her entire service for her husband and her sermon was interesting from beginning to end. The announcement that the minister's wife was to preach brought out a very large congregation and late comers stood two deep in the corridor. Rev. D. W. Lecrone, the Lutherau pastor of the village, dismissed his evening service in order to hear Mrs. Clegg. He was invited to a seat on the platform and accepted. Pastor Clegg, who is an Englishman, introduced his wife to the congregation.

Limits of the Audibility of Sound. An interesting matter, from a scientific point of view, in connection with the death of Queen Victoria, is the distance at which the sound of firing was heard when the fleet saluted as the body was conveyed from Cowes to Portsmouth. Letters in the English journals of science show that the sounds of the guns were heard in several places at a distance of eighty-four miles the concussions were sufficiently intense to shake windows and to set cock pheasants to crowing as they do during a thunderstorm. There ap-

Of 555 Japanese university students

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE DIS-COURAGED, THE SUBJECT.

From the Text, Matthew XXV: 15-"To Another One"-The Duty and the Joy of the Christian Is to Carry Good Cheer-Talent of Persuasion.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) right under adverse circumstances will course by Dr. Talmage for those given about what is right. The census has to depreciate themselves and who have an idea that their best attempts amount to little or nothing. Text, Matthew xxv., 15: "To another one."

Expel first from this parable of the talents the word "usury." It ought to their soothing words, by their hopefulhave been translated "interest." "Usury" is finding a man in a tight place I cannot see how heaven could make and compelling him to pay an unreasonable sum to get out. "Interest" is a righteous - payment for the use of money. When the capitalist of this parable went off from home, he gave to his stewards certain sums of money, wishing to have them profitably invested. Change also your idea as to the value of one talent. You remember the capitalist gave to one of his men for business purposes five talents, to another two, to another one. What a small amount to this last, you think, and how could he be expected to do anything with only one talent? I have family bears all of the peevishness and to tell you that one talent was about \$7,200, so that when my text says, "To another one," it implies that those who have the least have much.

### Wasting the Talents.

We bother ourselves a great deal about those who are highly gifted or have large financial resource or exalted official position or wide reaching opportunity. We are anxious that their wealth, their eloquence, their wit, be employed on the right side. One of them makes a mistake, and we say. "What an awful disaster." When one of them devotes all his great ability to useful purposes, we celebrate it; we enlarge upon it; we speak of it as something for gratitude to God. Meanwhile we give no time at all to consider what people are doing with their one talent, not realizing that ten people of one talent each are quite as important as one man with ten talents. In the one case the advantage or opportunity is concentrated in a single personality, while in another it is divided among ten individuals. Now what we want to do in this sermon is would have prevented all this. Tell to waken people of only one talent to today from the tasseled cushion of the me-when returning the money, which appreciation of their duty. Only a few people have five talents or ten talents, grand-aunt's death, why did you not while millions have one. My short then honestly speak the truth? Was text is like a galvanic shock. "To another one."

## Carry Good Cheer.

Is it a cheerful look? Carry that look wherever you go. It must come inane smile which we sometimes see which is an irritation. In other words, it must be a light within us so bright that it illumines eye, cheek, nostril and mouth. Let ten men who are accustomed to walking a certain street every day resolve upon a cheerful countenance as a result of a cheerful heart, and the influence of such a facial irradiation would be felt not only in that street, but throughout the town. Cheerfulness is catching. But a cheerful look is exceptional. Examine the first twenty faces that you meet going through Pennsylvania avenue or Chestnut street or Broadway or State street or La Salle street or Euclid avenue, and nineteen out of the twenty faces have either an anxious look or a severe look or a depressing look or an avaricious look or a sneering look or a vacant look. Here is a missionary work for those who have trouble. Arm yourself with gospel comfort. Let the God who comforted Mary and Martha at the loss of their brother, the God who soothed Abraham at the loss of Sarah and the God of David, who consoled his bereft spirit at the loss of his boy by saying, "I shall go to him;" the God who filled St. John with doxology when an exile on barren Patmos and the God who has given happiness to thousands of the bankrupted and persecuted, filling them with heavenly riches which were more than the earthly advantages that are wiped out-let that God help them. if he takes full possession of your nature, then you will go down the street a benediction to all who see you, and as big as mine, and he goes down the heaven. What am I groaning about? thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?

New Race of Ministers. More people go now to church than ever in the world's history, and the reason is in all our denominations there is a new race of ministers stepping into the pulpits which are not the we want in the Lord's army the heavy who, like Burns, a farmer at Gettysburg, took a musket and went out on his own account to do a little shooting church of God is dying of the proprie-

cery? Has it never occurred to you that you have a mission to execute with that bright faculty? Do you employ it only in idle conundrum or low farce or hariequinade or humiliating banter? Quit that and swing that flashing scimiter which God has put in your hand for the slaying of sin and the triumph of righteousness. Or is your talent an opportunity to set a good example? One person doing Washington, June 2.- This is a dis- accomplish more than many treatises never been taken of lovely old folks. Most of us, if we have not such a one in our own house now, have in our memory such a saint. We went to those old people with all our troubles. They were perpetual evangelists, by ness of spirit, and inexpressible help. were. But there are exceptions. There is a daughter in that family whose querulous. The passage of many years does not always improve the disposition, and there are a great many disagreeable old folks. Some of them forget that they were ever young themselves, and they become untidy in their habits and wonder how, when their asthma or rheumatism is so bad, other people can laugh or sing and go on as they do. The daughter in that unreasonable behavior of senility without answering back or making any kind of complaint. If you should ask her what her five talents are or her one talent is, she would answer old as well as she treats the childishswing a croquet mallet or golf stick. she can do with a ladle and a broom plements. She is the personification of patience and her reward will be as ine, though at present she may receive nothing but scolding and depreciation. will do more good than many morocco covered sermons on patience preached

mistaken is she. Her one talent is to ness of the young. She is no musician, and besides there may not be a plano Indeed, she seems shut up to see what and a brush and other household imbrightest domesticity. She is a hero-Her one talent of patience under trial pulpit. "To another one." The Talent of Honesty. There is a man in business life

whose one talent is honesty. He has not the genius or the force to organize a company or plan what is called a "corner in wheat" or "a corner in stocks" or "a corner" in anything. He from a cheerful heart. It is not that goes to business at a reasonable hour siesta for the listening class of young as a clean, upright, industrious, con- long years did nothing but suffer, yet sistent Christian man. Ask him how suffered with so much cheerful pamany talents he has and he will not | tience that it became a helpful lesson claim even one. He cannot make a to all who heard of it; those who servspeech, he cannot buy a market, he ed God faithfully all their lives and cannot afford an outshining equipage, whose name never but once appeared but what an example he is to the in print and that time in three lines of young, what an honor to his house- the death column which some survivor hold, what a pillar to the church of paid for, sailors who perished in the God, what a specimen of truth and integrity and all roundness of character! Is there any comparison in usefulness between that man with the one talent of honesty and the dashing operators of the money market, who startle the world first with a "boom" and then with a "slump?" I tell you that the one man with the one talent will live a

happier life and die a more peaceful death and go to a better place than his brilliant but reckless contemporary. "To another one." The chief work of the people with many talents is to excite wonderment and to startle and electrify the world. What use is there in all that? No use at all. I have not so much interest in the one man out of a million as I have in the million. Get the great masses of the world right and it does not make much difference about what the exceptional people are doing. Have all the people with the one talent en- lack of politeness in our intercourse listed for God and righteousness, and with them. Their possessions are let all those with five or ten talents those who are in the tough places of migrate to the north star or the moon, that? They are ridiculous trifles; life and are run upon and belied and and this world would get on splendidly. they are worthless and in our way, yet had their homes destroyed will say: The hard working, industrious classes "If that man can be happy, I can be of America are all right and would happy. He has been through troubles give no trouble, but it is the genius who gives up work and on a big salary street with a face in every lineament goes around to excite dissatisfaction of which there are joy and peace and and embroilment, the genius who quits work and steps on the stage or politi-From the same place that man got his cal platform, eats beefsteak and quail cheerfulness I can get mine. 'Why art on toast and causes the common laborers, compelled to idleness, to put their hands into empty pockets and eat would be mightily improved if it could will be gained over to what he sees gristle and gnaw bones. The world slough off about 5,000 geniuses, for there are more than that on our planet. Then the man or woman of one talent would take possession of the world and rule it in a common sense proper way to ask leave to apostles of humdrum. Sure enough, and Christian way. There would be touch and handle. While mothers are less to amaze and startle, but more to artillery, but we want also more men give equipoise to church and state and duties, it often happens that to an

world. "To another one." The Talent of Persuasion.

Is your talent that of persuasion? different from the other soldiers. The Make good use of it. We all have it lightful chance to help them to acto some extent, yet none of us thinks quire the attractive manner which is ties. People who in every other kind of it as a talent. But it is the such a help in future life, and give of audience show their emotions in mightiest of talents: Do you know them practical demonstration of the pears to have been but little wind to their countenances in religious assemthat this one talent will fetch the comfort and joy of a home governed blies while we are discussing coming | world back to God? Do you know it is | by courtesy to old and young alike .release and the joys of heaven look the mightiest talent of the high heav- Ledger Monthly. as doleful as though they were attend- ens? Do you know that it is the one ing their own funeral. My friends, if talentchiefly employed by all theangels you have the one talent of wit or hu- of God when they descend to our world | inadequate, and it is the practice to mor are you using it merely to make |-the talent of persuasion? Do youreal- hire cabs whenever one desires to go a tew people laugh winter nights ize that the rough lumber lifted into a any distance in the city.

way, but, ch, forgive me! No-do not | TALMAGE'S | SERMON. around the stove in the corner growas in persuasion as well as sacrifice? That is the only, absolutely the only; persuasion that will ever induce the human race to stop its march toward the city of destruction and wheel around and start for the city of light. Now may the Lord this moment show each one of us that to a greater or less extent we have that one talent of persuasion and impel us to the right use of it. You say you cannot preach a sermon, but cannot you persuade someone to go and hear a sermon? You say you cannot sing, but cannot you persuade some one to go and hear the choir chant on Christmas or Easter morning? Send a bunch of flowers to that invalid in the hospital, with a message about the land where the inhabitants never say "I am sick." There is a child of the street. Invite him into the mission school. There is a man who has lost his fortune in speculation. Instead of jeering at his fall go and them any lovelier than they are or tell him of riches that never take wings and fly away. Buckle on that one talent of persuasion, O man, O wofather is impatient and the mother man, and you will do a work that heaven will celebrate 10,000 years.

#### The Final Review. After the resurrection day and all heaven is made up, resurrected bodies

joined to ransomed souls, and the gates

which were so long open are shut thera may be some day when all the redeemed may pass in review before the great white throne. If so, I think the hosts passing before the King will move in different divisions. With the first division will pass the mighty ones of earth who were as good and useful as they were great. In this division will pass before the throne all the Martin Luthers, the John Knoxes, the Wesleys, that she has no talent at all. Greatly the Richard Cecils, the Miltons, the Chrysostoms, the Herschells, the Lenforbear and treat the childishness of the oxes, the George Peabodys, the Abbot Lawrences, and all the consecrated Christian men and women who were great in literature, in law, in medicine, in the house. She cannot skillfully in philosophy, in commerce. Their genius never spoiled them. They were as humble as they were gifted or opulent. They were great on earth and now they are great in heaven. Their surpassing and magnificent talents were all used for the world's betterment. As long as heaven. Indeed, much of her they pass in review before the King on reward may be given on earth. She is the great white throne to higher and in a rough college, from which she higher rewards, it makes me think of may after a while graduate into the parable of the talents, "To another ten." I stand and watch the other divisions as they go by, division after division, until the largest of all the divisions comes in sight. It is a hundred to one, a thousand to one, ten thousand to one, larger than the other divisions. It is made up of men who never did anything but support their families and give whatever of their limited means they could spare for the relief of poverty and sickness and the salvation of the world, mothers who took good care of children by example and precept, starting them on the road to heaven, millions of Sabbath school teachers who sacrificed an afternoon's and returns when it is time to lock up. immortals, women who declined the He never gave a check for \$20,000 in making of homes for themselves that all his life, but he is known on the they might take care of father and street and in the church and in many mother in the weaknesses of old age, honorable circles as an honest man. ministers of the gospel who on nig-His word is as good as his bond. He gardly stipend preached in the backhas for thirty years been referred to woods meeting houses, souls who for storm while trying to get the life line out to the drowning, persecuted and tried souls who endured without complaint malignity and abuse, those who had only ordinary equipment for body and ordinary endowment of intellect, yet devoted all they had to holy purposes and spiritual achievement. As see this, the largest of all the divisions, from all lands and from all ages, pass in review before the King on the great white throne I am reminded of the wonderful parable of the talents and more especially of my text, "To another one."

# COURTESYT OWARD CHILDREN.

Lack of Politeness in Our Intercourse with Them Is Injurious.

Great injury is done not only to the present happiness of children, but to their future character and conduct by their own. How often do we forget we have no right to throw them out and burn them without warning or consultation. A sister's or an aunt's gentle persuasion will do much to gain pleasant consent to yielding up the treasures which encumber too much space or are laid down in improper places. A box or basket provided to hold these priceless sticks and stones and once or twice a little pleasant aid in gathering them, and the collector will surely preserve his property and at the same time the little fellow will have learned respect for other people's property and the busy with their often overwhelming elder sister much care of the children who are able to amuse themselves is given, and here she will have a de-

The street car system in Manila is