Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Why do you not reproach me?" she cried, passionately. "Abuse me, speak harshly to me—do anything but act toward me as you are doing; your kindness is killing me. Not all the epithets you could heap upon me would punish me sufficiently for all I have made you suffer. Have you forgotten that I actually thrust myself upon you—that it was I who offered myself to you that fatal night, not you who asked for me? Why do you not taunt me with all this? Have I to put these cruel thoughts into your head, or is it that you are too noble to use them against a woman? If you would only be unkind to me, I think I should not feel quite so wretched."

Lyndon smiled, though rather sadly.

"I am afraid you will have to go on being wretched forever if you are waiting for me to be unkind to you," he said. "Do you know, strange as it may seem all the displeasure I felt in my heart against you has somehow disappeared, leaving only love and forgiveness in its place. I am not angry with you now, my darling; I am only sad, and a little lonely perhaps," he concluded, turning abruptly away.

After a short interval he came back to her side again, and went on with a forced cheerfulness that in nowise deceived her.

"However," he said, "of course this state of affairs will not last forever. Time, they say, cures all things. In the meantime I will get through a little traveling, I think, and refresh my memory about certain foreign cities, so good-bye for awhile, and do not quite forget me during my absence. And"—in a low tone—"remember, Mildred, that whatever you do, or whomsoever you marry, I wish you all the happiness that can possibly befall you."

"Are you sure you forgive me?" whispered Mildred, tremulously. "Think of all that has happened."

"I do, indeed," he said.

"Will you not kiss me then?" whispered Mildred.

So he kissed her once again, for the last time, upon her lips; and it was thus they parted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Denzil did not appear to recover quite so rapidly as had been at first confidently expected, the inward injuries he had received—though slight—telling on him more seriously than the doctors had anticipated.

Mrs. Younge had been telegraphed for on the evening of the accident, and had arrived at King's Abbott early the following morning, having elected to travel all night rather than endure the agonies of suspense, though the telegram had been very reassuring.

The third day showed their patient apparently better than on the preceding one. There had been more decided symptoms of amendment, and he had gone through the dressing of his wounds with wonderful composure and stoicism. But toward evening he grew depressed and irritable, and evinced a faint inclination to wander; whereupon the doctor looked grave, shook his head and made certain changes in his medicine—but all to no purpose. The next day he was in a raging fever.

The fifth day after the fever first declared itself Lady Caroline, having insisted on the poor mother's lying down for an hour or two, was sitting in Denzil's room as the time wore on toward evening. Bending over his bed, she noticed a certain change in his face.

"What is it?" she asked, tenderly.

"Mildred," he whispered, with deep entreaty in his tone, and holding out his hand.

"I am not Mildred, dear Denzil," said Lady Caroline, thinking that he still raved; but he said:

"I know you are not," quite distinctly; and then again, "I want her—why does she never come to me?"

Poor Lady Caroline was greatly perplexed; she knew not what to do. Had things been different she would have followed the dictates of her own kind heart and sent for Mildred on the spot; but, as it was, she remembered former scenes and Lyndon's recent sad departure and did not care to take the responsibility on herself of bringing her daughter and Denzil together.

"Mildred, Mildred!" called the sick man, impatiently; and then the little ray of reason that had come to him in connection with her face vanished, and he wandered off once more into the terrible feverland, bearing with him the name of her he loved.

For two hours he lay thus, calling, sometimes wildly, sometimes feebly, but always for her, until his loving nurse's heart was smitten to the core.

At length came Stubber, the family doctor, and, seeing Denzil in this state, he regarded him silently for several minutes.

"Lady Caroline," said he, with decision, "Miss Trevanion must be sent for, be it right or wrong."

For which Lady Caroline blessed him secretly, and sent for Mildred forthwith.

She came without a moment's delay, and, even as her foot crossed the threshold of the door, a sudden silence fell on Denzil. He turned—the fever for a time sank conquered—while his beautiful eyes lit up with passionate expectation and fond hope.

Slowly and with hesitation Mildred advanced to the side of the bed, and then Lady Caroline went over to the window, followed hurriedly by the doctor.

What happened after that nobody ever knew, for Lady Caroline and Stubber, standing with their backs to the bed, and their faces turned to the chilly outer world, could tell nothing.

When at length they returned to the bed they found Mildred pale and trembling, the heavy tears coursing each other down her cheeks in rapid succession, which she hastily brushed away as they drew nearer her, her hand tightly clasped in Denzil's. He had even made an effort to hold her with the poor injured fingers, and had brought them so far that the tips touched hers.

He was quite sane now. His face, slightly flushed, was looking upward; his eyes, glad and happy, were fixed on hers, while she answered back the gaze, forgetful of all else but that he lay before her sick, it might be, unto death.

"Denzil, you are exciting yourself," said Lady Caroline, nervously.

"No, I am not," answered Denzil, his voice clear and distinct, but without removing his eyes from Mildred's; "leave me for a moment."

He waved them back impatiently to the window, and neither Lady Caroline nor the doctor could bring themselves to disobey the command.

But Stubber, who was becoming seriously uneasy about his patient, glancing round at him cautiously and surreptitiously, saw what followed. He said that when he and Lady Caroline had again withdrawn, Denzil looked at Miss Trevanion, and that then Miss Trevanion stooped and kissed him, not once, but twice.

This was what Stubber said, but he also added that it was his firm belief that she did it out of pure humanity and nothing more. When two minutes later, he again approached Younge, he found that Mildred had disappeared, and that Denzil was lying perfectly composed, his face turned toward the half-open door. He sighed heavily but contentedly, and then came back to the realities of life.

"Doctor Stubber," said he, "do you know that I am better?"

"Time will tell," answered the little doctor, sententiously; "and now you must go to sleep if you wish to keep in that much-to-be-desired condition. Lady Caroline, I trust to you to let no more young ladies into the room this evening."

Denzil laughed quite rationally, and, changing over to the other side, in a few minutes, fell into a sound, refreshing slumber.

* * * * * *

Not once again during all the remainder of his illness did Miss Trevanion enter Denzil's room; neither did he ask for nor allude to her in any way, although Lady Caroline noticed the intense look of interest that came into his face whenever her name was casually mentioned.

After a week or two, the remembrance of her visit faded, or came to him only as a shadow from the fevered past he had gone through, and not until the doctor had given him permission to quit his bed for an hour or so every day, to lie on a lounge in the adjoining apartment, did he venture to speak of it and try to discover the truth.

It was one morning, when he was feeling considerably stronger, and had Mabel beside his couch, reading to him scraps of poetry that every now and then struck her fancy as she glanced through the volume in her hand, that he approached the subject.

"Is your sister away from home?" he asked, in the middle of a most pathetic passage.

And Mabel answered "No," reddening a little.

"Then I think she might have come to see me before this," he said, with all the fretfulness of an invalid.

"Well, you see, she has all the housekeeping to attend to, now mamma is so much your slave," returned Mabel, smiling; "that keeps her away. She always asks for you, though, and is so glad to hear of your getting on so rapidly."

This sounded rather lame, and Mabel, feeling it to be so, tried once more to resort to her book.

"I suppose it would give her too much trouble to make her inquiries in person," he said, bitterly; "everyone else comes to see me except herself. Surely Lyndon could not object to that?"

"Have you not heard, then?" asked Mabel, hesitatingly. "I fancied you would have known before this. Her engagement with Lord Lyndon is at an end. He has been abroad for the last four weeks."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Mildred's engagement is at an end with Lord Lyndon!" Denzil's pale, haggard face flushed crimson; he put up his uninjured hand and brushed back his hair impetuously, fixing his eyes on Mabel the while. "What caused it?" he asked with surpressed agitation. "It must have been very sudden. Four weeks ago, you say—why, that was just after——" He paused.

"Just after your accident occurred," said Mabel, slowly; and she grew frightened, fearing that Mildred would condemn the remark if she heard of it, and determined to make no more admissions, whatever happened. "You are talking too much," she went on, hurriedly; "you are looking very pale. Your mother will say it is all my fault when she comes in. Lie back amongst your cushions comfortably, and I will go on with my reading."

"No," interrupted Denzil, putting his hand hastily over the open page. "I am tired of reading." Then, with a short laugh—"I am afraid you think me a savage—do you?—and are wondering whether I have sadly deteriorated during this illness, or whether I am now, for the first time, showing myself in my real character. The fact is, I like talking to you better than listening to the most perfect poetry that could be written. Now you cannot call that uncomplimentary, at all events, can you? I feel as though I had left the world for years, and, having come unexpectedly back to it, am now hearing all the strange things that have happened during my absence—a sort of Rip Van Winklish feeling, I suppose; so I want you to educate me before I make my way down-tairs. Miss Sylverton was with me yesterday, and told me of Charlie's promotion. She said nothing of her marriage, however; but no doubt that will follow, as a matter of course."

"It is almost arranged to take place next month," observed Mabel.

"Queenie," said Denzil, in a low voice, "tell me this—when did I last see Mildred?"

"It was she that saw you fall and went to your assistance, you know," returned "the queen" evasively.

"I know that," said Denzil—"your mother told me the whole story. But have I never seen her since—in any way?"

"Oh, where could you have seen her?" asked Mabel, jesuitically, and with considerable confusion, turning to arrange some flowers on the small table near her.

"It was only a dream then," murmured Denzil, disappointedly, and said no more on the subject to his companion's great relief. But the next day he tormented little Stubber to allow him to go down-stairs.

(To be continued.)

DISTANT 30,000,000 MILES.

Eros Is That Far from Us Most of the Time.

Late last December the asteroid Eros, which was discovered about three years ago, came within 30,000,000 miles of the earth. This is not the nearest it gets to us, for at one point in its orbit it is, or would be if the earth was in the corresponding position in its orbit, within about 13,000,000 miles, but unfortunately this only occurs once in about forty-five years. Consequently the astronomers took advantage of the conditions prevailing in December to take innumerable photographs of it and a few stars in its vicinity in connection with the sun from all points possible, with the object of using them as a basis for the computation of the sun's distance from the earth, which, though known approximately, has never been determined with precision. As the earth and the star are now speeding away from each other and further photographing, therefore, of no avail for the purpose, the astronomers have begun the task of measuring the photographs some 5,000 or 6,000 in number, to ascertain the distance in minutes and seconds of an arc between Enos and the neighboring stars. After this is done the intricate mathematical calculations will be entered into. These will occupy many months, or perhaps a year or more, before anything like a definite result can be reached.

Children's Friendships.

From about the fifth or sixth year children are apt to make firm friendships with their small contemporaries. This should be a watchful period for mothers, for these early friendships have a marked influence on the mind, morals and manners of a child. Nearly every character is moulded very largely by early companionship and surroundings. Every mother should take care to be her children's companion as far as possible, for she may be quite sure that if they are left to the care of servants they will at the best only attain the ideal manners and customs of the nursery or servants' hall, which are not quite those of the cultured classes, says the Evening Star. Children require the companionship of little folks their own age, and a mother should be so much her children's friend that she knows all their associates and is able to nip in the bud any acquaintance which she thinks undesirable. The mother who, to save herself fatigue, lets her children seek companions among their schoolmates and neighbors without troubling herself to find out whether their influence is likely to be good has only herself to blame if the manners and morals of her offspring are corrupted.

Dickens' Love Letters.

Charles Dickens' love letters exist—a boxful of them. So states a writer in a London weekly: "I had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Dickens and had the privilege of receiving her at my house in my earliest London days. Without ever for a moment hinting at their contents, she would smile in a half-amused and yet pathetic way at the suggestion of a mutual friend that her famous husband's love letters would make a popular volume, after being edited, of course."

King Edward Likes Society.

King Edward much prefers congenial society to solitary state and so has introduced the custom of having a good-sized dinner party every evening at the royal table. The members of his own family, all guests and several members of the suite are always in attendance.

AIDS SMALL DEALER.

PROTECTIVE TARIFF A DISTINCT ENEMY OF TRUSTS.

The Future of Protection—Its Real Concern Is for the Well Being of Smaller and Weaker Enterprises—A Chill for English Free Traders.

Charles A. Moore, president of The American Protective Tariff League, in a recent interview published in the New York Mail and Express made some statements regarding the tariff situation which will have a tendency to chill the ardor of those Free-Traders who have hoped to make a diversion in favor of their "ism" by girding at trusts. Mr. Moore, who has an incisive mode of expression and who thoroughly understands the subjects he discusses, points out what every American who has the interest of his country at heart should continually keep in mind, that it would be impossible to devise any legislation which could destroy the steel trust that would not at the same time destroy every smaller and individual concern engaged in the same business.

"These smaller makers of steel products, he says, "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 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 and abroad, in any part of the world, with any foreign trust—provided foreign governments do not erect prohibitive tariff barriers against us."

There is no one in the United States better qualified to express an opinion on this point than Mr. Moore. He has long been a student of the workings of our protective system, and brings to his studies the experience gained in the conduct of a great manufacturing industry. His opportunities to get at the true inwardness of the situation are unrivaled; therefore when he warns the country that an assault on the steel and other great trusts would be an attack on the weaker concerns his warning should not go unheeded. No one will doubt what he says regarding the ability of the steel trust to compete with the manufacturers in the same line in the old world. That has been made clear to us in many ways, not the least significant of which is the changed attitude of such men as Carnegie and others toward protection. They openly say they do not need it longer, and the free traders have seized upon their admissions with joy, regarding them as an indication of a coming division in the ranks of American protectionists.

Mr. Moore, therefore, has rendered a distinct service to his countrymen by pointing out to them the danger to which the minor industries of the nation would be subjected by abandoning protection. That policy was never adopted, as free traders charge, for the purpose of benefiting "robber barons," by which title they are pleased to designate the manufacturers of the United States, but to build up an American industry, the workers in which would not be subjected to a fierce world-wide competition in which the standard of living of the masses would be reduced to the level of that of the toilers of less favored lands. It is because this is true that it may be asserted with confidence that Mr. Moore's argument will carry weight. If protection only considered the interests of the great establishments which can stand alone it would have precious little support in this country; but as its real concern is the well-being of the small and weaker concerns, whose aggregate productions really exceed those of the combinations, it is sure to retain the support of the people, who are not willing to jeopardize their chances of future comfort by assisting in the promotion of an industrial rivalry, the outcome of which would inevitably be the lowering of the American workingman's standard of living.—San Francisco Chronicle.

FAULTY MEMORIES.

Curious Tendency to Forget What the National Republican Platform Says About Reciprocity.

Habitual disregard—suppression, it might be called—of central principles and facts seem to be a uniform characteristic of the votaries of tariff tinkering by means of special trade treaties secretly negotiated and secretly confirmed. They argue along general lines that, if we are to sell more to foreigners, we must buy more from foreigners, unmindful of the complete negation of this theory by the enormous increase in the export of our agricultural and manufactured products in the past four years of adequate protection. They urge that our trade balances are too large and must be cut down by an increased acceptance of foreign commodities to take the place of articles which are now produced at home; but when they are asked to specify the extent to which this industrial harikari shall be carried into effect, where it is to stop and what lines of domestic production shall be driven out of business in order that we may buy as much as we sell, or thereabouts, they make no answer; they dodge the point.

A conspicuous instance of this tendency to ignore leading questions and disregard inconvenient facts is exhibited by the Philadelphia Ledger of recent date in commenting upon the attitude of the American Economist in its controversy with Hon. George E. Roberts, director of the mint. Mr. Roberts, says the Ledger, was asked by the Economist "to what extent fair trade and reciprocity would introduce foreign merchandise and supplant production in the United States." A fair question, was it not? Yet the Ledger in defending the position of Mr. Roberts utterly fails to make note of the fact that that gentleman did not answer the question, but applauds him for evading it by a quotation from the Republican platform of 1896, while suppressing the more recent, and therefore more binding, declaration of the national Republican platform of 1900, which limits reciprocity "to what we do not ourselves produce." It is a convenient memory which can forget 1900 and remembers 1896, but it is a mental eccentricity absolutely peculiar to the strenuous advocates of "fair trade and reciprocity."

The St. Paul Pioneer-Press exhibits the same idiosyncrasy when it says:

"To designate the failure of the treaties as shameful is hardly too severe. The reciprocity clauses of the Dingley law were included in response to a very general demand for reciprocity and as the first step in the redemption of a pledge in the Republican platform."

Again the platform of five years ago, but not the platform of eleven months ago! The official proceedings of the twelfth Republican National Convention, held at Philadelphia in June, 1900, are incorporated in a neatly bound volume, which is, or should be, in the library of every newspaper office. The little book is undoubtedly on the shelves of the Ledger and the Pioneer-Press. Presumably its existence has been forgotten. So we venture to refresh the editorial memory by directing attention to the paragraph which begins at the bottom of page 105 and ends at the top of page 106. It should be read over and over again by some people, for it possesses a peculiar pertinency to the question of "fair trade and reciprocity."

GOOD TRADE MOTTO.

Keep All You Get and Make No Foolish Concessions to Rival Foreign Producers.

One of the ever-vigilant Free Trade journals thinks that now, "when we are selling a half billion dollars' worth more than we are buying, our customers are entirely justified in thinking that we ought to make it as easy as possible instead of as hard as possible to pay that enormous annual bill," and it suggests that, to make it easy for them, we should remove our Protective tariff from foreign products, and thus allow our foreign customers to replenish their depleted pocketbooks through the sale of their goods in this country. This may be philanthropy, but it is not business and it is not sense. Why, in the name of all that's reasonable, we should impoverish our own people in order to supply our foreign customers with the wherewithal of life may be comprehensible to the strangely constructed brain of a Free Trader, but it certainly is not comprehensible to any one else. Even though we should give them only so much of the American market as we now possess of foreign markets, where would be the gain? There isn't any reason why we should prefer foreigners to Americans for customers, and, if we are to sacrifice any market now held by us, it would be better to sacrifice the foreign rather than the home market. But the plan proposed is much more foolish than a mere exchange of markets would be, for, by the removal of our protective tariff barriers and the consequent turning over of the American market to foreign producers, we would give at least fifty dollars for one, for the American market is more than fifty times as valuable as all the foreign markets which we possess. That may be a way of trading which appeals to the free trade mind, but hardly to that of the successful American business man. And why should we give up anything to pay for what we can get for nothing? We seem to be doing very well with our foreign trade just as things are. In the old child's game of "Button" we used to be told, "Keep all you get and catch what you can." That makes a very good trade motto and one which it is the part of wisdom to follow.

Suez Canal Traffic Figures.

Statistics of Suez canal traffic in 1899 and 1900 indicate a remarkable shrinkage of British and American tonnage using the canal in 1900 and growth in Austrian, Dutch, French, German, Japanese and Russian. The total tonnage using the canal in 1899 was 13,815,991, and in 1900 13,699,238. Over half the tonnage in the latter year, or 7,771,346 tons, was British, the other large figures being German, French and Dutch. American tonnage declined doubtless because of the smaller number of warships going to the Philippines and China via the Suez canal. The wars in South Africa and China have doubtless diverted much British merchant shipping from the Eastern trade and caused many vessels to go east by the way of the Cape, instead of the canal. The growth of German tonnage from 1,492,657 in 1899 to 2,040,299, is explained by the part Germany has taken in the Chinese war, the transportation of men and supplies for a large army requiring much shipping. The other increases are largely due to like causes. The British army in China was drawn chiefly from India and, of course, did not traverse the canal.

MACLAREN IN THE SLUMS.

Extracting Back-Rents and Giving to Foreign Missions.

The author of "The Bonnie Brier-Bush" tells a slum story in the Century. It is called "Jasmine Court and a 'High Ranger.'" Jasmine Court, Chestnut Street, belonged to an excellent maiden lady who supported mission work among the women of India with all of her spare means, and did not know whence her income was gathered, and would have been very much horrified if any one had told her that her own tenants needed her help very much more than the women in the zenanas. Her estate, with others of the same kind, was managed by an agent, who was not any worse by nature than other men, but who considered it to be his duty to spend as little as possible upon the property, and to get as much out of it as he was able, by unrelenting energy in securing the rent, and imperturbable callousness to the misery of the tenant. Very likely he was a deacon in a chapel somewhere, and not only paid his own bills with regularity, but also gave liberally to the hospital collection, and was very much beloved in his own family; for half our sins are done vicariously or ignorantly, and we may be as cruel as Herod the Great, and all the time consider ourselves to be kind-hearted, open-handed Christian people. The agent would have been very much ashamed if any one had accused him of sentiment, and his policy might well justify him from such a charge; but even this austere man had his lapses into poetry, although he endeavored to make the muses serve the purposes of business. So long as the street, to which his property clung like a child to the skirts of a very unsympathetic mother, was called Back Hooley Lane, he was quite content that his court should be known as No. 11, and, indeed, except for police sheets and coroners' inquests, it did not really require any name. Chestnut Street quickened the imagination of the agent, and as occasionally he had been told that his property was a moral disgrace to the city—this from the philanthropic visitors,—and also that it was a sanguinary pigsty—this (slightly translated) from the inhabitants—he felt that something must be done; and instead of cleaning and repairing it, he covered all its faults as with a garment by painting up in black letters on a white ground—the only whiteness in the place: "Jasmine Court."

A PRESIDENTIAL KISS.

Head of French Republic Kisses His Mother Before Thousands.

Baron Perre de Coubertin writes in the Century of Emile Loubet, president of the French Republic, recording incidentally one of the little occurrences that have made the chief executive a popular man: What was it that Emile Loubet did to cause him to be so highly thought of by those who gave him their votes? If you should ask the general public or interrogate current opinion or the press you would be answered with the commonplace which one hears so often in similar cases. "Oh," they would say to you, "he didn't do anything." At the famous Parisian tavern, the "Black Cat," where all the men of the day are touched off in popular ballads, the answer was somewhat different. The refrain of a political song that met with great success a year ago was this: "Loubet. . . . oh, how much he loved his mother!" And from stanza to stanza we find the good people of Montelimar, and even the entire French people, represented as overcome by the affection which Emile Loubet showed for his mother, that most respectable peasant woman, who lives in Montelimar. The explanation of this song is an episode in the life of the president, which redounds completely to his honor. On the day that he entered his native town for the first time as president of the republic he saw his mother seated on one of the tribunes, watching the procession pass. At once he caused his carriage to be stopped, and, without the slightest regard for the pomp and officialdom with which he was surrounded, he got out of the carriage and ran over to kiss the old lady, being unwilling to wait to the end of the ceremonies. Such a spontaniety of feeling as his, and such simplicity of manners, far from shocking, were sure to gain for him the hearts of Frenchmen. But by putting this little episode in relief the ballad-maker wished to impress his hearers with the idea that there was nothing in the political career of Emile Loubet which was more interesting to note than this family scene.

Examinations of German Recruits.

An inquiry made among recruits for the German army showed the existence of great ignorance in the majority of those examined regarding public personages and events. Out of 78 recruits from various parts of Prussia 21 were unable to give any answer when questioned as to who was the Emperor of Germany. Twenty-two designated the emperor as a great general, nine called him a renowned field marshal, six thought him to be the minister of war, while fourteen of the replies were approximately correct. Several thought the late Prince Bismarck was emperor, a great poet and a translator of the Bible.

The Coke Oven Industry.

The coke oven industry, unknown in 1860, turned out a product in the United States last year valued at $34,633,418, an increase since 1889 of 110 per cent. The by-products added nearly $1,000,000 more.

Some men have penny wisdom and dollar foolishness.