Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"You should not hit a man when he is down," he said, reproachfully.

"I don't think you will be long down," returned Blount with an encouraging nod that somehow made Denzil's heart beat high, though he did not dare to take the words in their under meaning. "And now I must be off. No, thank you, my dear—I can not stay to dinner; I have so many things to attend to before seven. But tell Sir George I will look him up again in the morning. And give my love to the girls; and tell Mildred that I know, and she knows, there is but one man in the world can ever make her happy."

He looked kindly at Denzil as he spoke, but the latter would not accept the insinuation conveyed in his words. Mrs. Younge, however, noticed both the glance and the significant tone, and a light broke in upon her.

When Lady Caroline had followed Dick Blount out of the room she went over and knelt down by her son.

"Denzil," she said, lovingly, "I know it all now. But am I never to speak of it?"

And he answered as he kissed her: "Do not let us ever mention it again—there's a darling mother."

But all that night Mrs. Younge gazed at the girl and wondered, pondering many things and blaming, woman-like, yet feeling in her heart the while that the choice her son had made was indeed a perfect one.

After this Denzil made rapid strides toward recovery, growing stronger, gayer and more like the Denzil they had known in the first days of their acquaintance than he had been for some time before his illness. He could now walk from room to room and take long drives, though Stubber still insisted on some hours in the day being spent on the sofa. Miss Trevanion Denzil saw daily, though seldom alone—and who shall say how much this conducted toward the renewing of his strength?

It wanted but a fortnight of Charlie's wedding day, and Denzil, who was feeling a little tired, and was anxious to attain perfect health before the event came off—having promised to attend in the character of "best man"—was lying on the lounge in the library when Mildred came in.

"I did not know you were in from your drive," she said. There was less constraint between them now than there had ever been. "Did you enjoy it?"

"Very much indeed."

"So you ought," she said. "Could there be a more beautiful day?" She threw up the low window as she spoke and leaned out. "The air reminds me of summer, and the flowers are becoming quite plentiful, instead of being sought longingly one by one."

"Yes," returned Denzil, vaguely, thinking all the time what an exquisite picture she made, framed in by the window and its wreaths of hanging ivy.

"By the bye, did you like the bunch I gathered for you this morning? See—there they are over there."

"Were they for me?" asked Denzil, looking pleased. "I did not flatter myself that they were."

"Well, yes, I think they were chiefly meant for you," returned Mildred, carelessly. "Invalids are supposed to get every choice thing going—are they not?—though indeed you can scarcely come under that head now."

She threw down the window again, and came back toward the center of the room.

"Mildred," said Denzil suddenly—he had risen on her first entering, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece—"there is something connected with my illness, a dream it must have been, that, whenever I see you, preys upon my mind. May I tell it to you? The vivid impression it made might perhaps leave me if I did."

"Of course you may," answered Mildred, growing a shade paler.

"Come over here then and sit down; I can not speak to you so far away."

She approached the hearth rug and stood there.

"I will warm my hands while you tell me," she said, determined that, should it prove to be what she half-dreaded to hear, he should not see her face during the recital.

"Well, then," he began, "I thought that, as I lay in bed one evening, the door opened, and you came into the room, and, walking softly over to my bedside, stood there very sorrowfully looking down upon me. We were alone, I think"—passing his hand in a puzzled manner over his forehead, as though endeavoring vainly to recollect something—"at least I can remember no one else but us two, and it seemed to me that presently you began to cry and stooped over me, whispering something, I forget what, and I took your hands like this"—suiting the action to the word—"and then some figures came between us, but I waved them back, holding you tightly all the time; and"—here he paused, his eyes fixed earnestly upon the opposite wall, as though there he saw reacting all that was struggling for clearness in his brain—"and I asked you to do something for me then—something that would aid my recovery more than all the doctor's stuff—and you——"

"No, no, I did not!" cried Mildred, vehemently, unable longer to restrain her fear of his next words, and trying passionately to withdraw her hands.

"Yes, you did!" exclaimed Denzil, excitedly; "I know it now. It was not fancy—how could I ever think it was?—it was reality. Oh, Mildred, you kissed me."

"How dare you?" cried Miss Trevanion, bursting into tears. "You know I did not; it is untrue—a fevered dream—anything but the truth."

"Do you say that?" he said, releasing her. "Of course, then, it was mere imagination. Forgive me; I should not have said it, but the remembrance of it haunts me night and day. This room, too, fosters all memories. Here for the first time I told you how I loved you; and here, too, you refused me, letting me see how wild and unfounded had been my hope that you also loved me in return. Do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," Mildred answered, faintly, turning her face away.

"Over there"—pointing to a distant couch—"we met again, after weeks of separation and oblivion—since you say that past thought of mine was but a dream—and I felt when you entered the room how undying a thing is love. You see this place is fraught with pain to me, and yet I like it. I like to sit here and think, and picture to myself those old scenes again, only giving them a kindlier ending."

"Do you still care to recall them?" she asked in a low, broken voice.

"I shall always care to recall anything connected with you," he answered, simply; then—"Did I ever thank you, Mildred, for coming to my assistance on that last hunting day? I think not. I have no recollection of all that occurred, but they told me how good to me you were."

"It was the very commonest humanity," she said.

"Of course that was all. You would have done the same for anyone. I know that. Still I am grateful to you." Then suddenly, "Why did you break off with Lyndon?"

"You have asked me that question before," she said.

"I know I have, and I know also how rude a question it is to ask; and still I cannot help wishing to learn the answer. Will you tell me?"

She hesitated and then said, slowly: "He discovered, or fancied, that I did not care sufficiently for him; and he was too honorable to marry a woman who did not accept him willingly of her own accord."

"When did he make that discovery?"

"We ended our engagement the evening of your accident," she answered, evasively, and with evident reluctance.

"Mildred, if I thought," he began, passionately, trying to read her face, "if I dared to believe what your words appear to imply I might be mad enough again to say to you words that have ever fallen coldly on your ear. I would again confess how fondly I love you—how faithfully during all those wretched months I have clung to the sweet memories of you that ever linger in my heart."

She shrunk away a little and covered her face with her hands.

"Do you still turn from me, Mildred? Am I distressing you? Darling, I will say no more. It is indeed for the last time in all my life that I have now spoken. Forgive me, Mildred; I am less than a man to pain you in this way; but, oh, my dearest, do not shrink from me, whatever you do; do not let me think I have taught you to hate me by my persistence. See, I am going, and for the future do not be afraid that I shall ever again allude to this subject." He drew near her and gently kissed her hair. "Good-by," he said, once more, and then, slowly almost feebly, walked down the room toward the door.

Miss Trevanion stood gazing after him, her blue eyes large and bright with fear; she had an intense longing to say she knew not what. Oh, for words to express all that was in her heart!

Her hands were closely clasped together; her lips, pale and still, refused to move. It was the last time—he had said so; if she let him go now it was a parting that must be forever; and yet she could not speak. Her love, her life was going, and she could not utter the word that would recall him. Already he had turned the handle of the door; the last moment had indeed come—would he not turn?

"Denzil!" she cried, desperately, breaking down by one passionate effort the barrier that had stood so long between them, and held out her hands to him.

"My love!" he said, turning. And then in another moment she was in his arms and all the world was forgotten.

(The End.)

A Good Cook.

To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balms and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves, and savory in meats. It means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance. It means the economy of our great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists. It means much tasting and no wasting. It means English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality. It means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (loafgivers), and are to see that everybody has something nice to eat.—Ruskin.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FOXES.

Maine Man Rears Animals in Order to Study Varieties.

After eight years of experimenting and study in rearing young foxes, Dr. Samuel Watson of Lincoln, Me., is of the opinion that the silver gray variety is the fox of the future, and that the common red breed is running out, to be replaced by the worthless cross foxes and the almost priceless gray ones. It has been his custom to catch female foxes in traps in March and to keep them in easy confinement until they give birth to pups. As a rule a mother fox will produce seven young at a litter, of which two or three will be silver grays. Until the eyes of the pups are opened and they are able to go about the pen the mother treats all of her offspring alike, giving them food and protecting them from danger with a strict impartiality. After that the motherly instinct centers on the red pups and the grays have a hard struggle to live. The mother will not only deny food them, but also take pains to bite them without any apparent provocation. In course of a few weeks the grays become emaciated and weak from lack of nourishment and care and lie down to die from starvation. In some cases the mother gets so disgusted with the young grays that she falls upon them and bites them to death by nipping them in the neck back of the ears. In the time he has been studying the habits of these animals Dr. Watson has kept more than 300 young foxes in custody, and though nearly 70 gray pups were born into the world in good health he has succeeded in raising only six to maturity. While the experiments of Dr. Watson have not been conducted over a period long enough to arrive at accurate conclusions, it is his belief that the proportion of gray pups in an average litter is slowly growing. In every instance under his supervision the gray pups are larger and more vigorous than the reds at the time of birth, and continue to hold the lead until their parents begin their peculiar method of weeding out undesirable progeny.—Chicago Journal.

WAS CUT OUT FOR A CRITIC.

Handy Man to Have About a Newspaper Office in an Emergency.

The musical critic was unable to attend the pianoforte recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough, says the Boston Transcript. And this is how he did it: "Herr Diapson's recital last evening at Acoustic hall was the most recherche event of the musical season. Herr Diapson is a master in cantilever, and both in his automobilla and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonic stimulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo crescendo appoggiatura he displayed a technological skill that was simply wonderful. There was also a marvelous musicianly abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante capriscioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience. Herr Diapson, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity of utabaga and again in a too lambent lustsplel; but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabilious intermezzo. The recital, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of poca hontas instrumentation and incandescent cavatina." Slug four, who takes lessons, said there was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what, and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over, was free to admit that it was all Greek to him; still he said that it seemed to read all right, so far as he could discover to the contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's composition—more luminous, indeed, and he didn't see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-around writer on the staff.

This Princess Binds Books.

Princess Victoria of England, the unmarried daughter of Edward VII., has the most curious hobby of any in a family that has several unusual fads. She is deeply interested in book binding. A few months ago several book covers sent to an exhibition in the name of "Miss Matthews" were favorably noticed by the judges and received several prizes. Nobody knew who the exhibitor was until the prizes were awarded. Then it was discovered that it was the Princess Victoria. The princess takes her hobbies very seriously. Following the lead of her mother, Queen Alexandra, who is deeply interested in medicine and hospital work, Princess Victoria began to study nursing some years ago. She took an examination in theoretical work and when she passed announced her intention of becoming a hospital nurse. It was current gossip in London at the time that the Prince and Princess of Wales had great difficulty in convincing her that it wouldn't be wise for her to do it and that Victoria submitted only after many tears.

The World's Longest Mile.

The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world. A traveler in Sweden when told that he is only about a mile from a desired point would better hire a horse, for the distance he will have to walk if he chose in his ignorance to adopt that mode of travel is exactly 11,700 yards.

Thieves Stole the Watch Dog.

A florist of Newark, N. J., kept what he believed to be a valuable watchdog chained in his greenhouse in Elizabeth avenue as a protection against thieves. One morning thieves not only carried off valuable plants, but also stole the watchdog, chain, collar and all.

PRODUCER AND USER.

THEY ARE INTERDEPENDENT UPON EACH OTHER.

How the Practical Operation of the Protective Principle Meets the Requirement of Legislation for the Greatest Good of the Greatest Number.

J. D. Wilson of Randolph, Mo., recently addressed the following to the editor of the American Economist: Conceding that the tariff on wool makes the grower money, who pays it in the end, the man who wears the wool, or who? Seems to me that legislation should be for the greatest good to the greatest number. In other words, don't more people wear wool than grow it?"

Answer: Questions of this sort the Free Traders have been asking for many, many years, always answering them to their own complete satisfaction. In their way of looking at it protection benefits the few at the expense of the many. Our western friend has got it all figured out in the same way. Pity it is that his talents should be wasted away out in "Darkest Mizzoury!" He should have been a college professor. But we shall take him as he is and endeavor to solve his conundrum.

Conceding, as he says—and this is an important concession—that the tariff on wool makes money for the wool grower, who pays it? Principally the foreign wool grower, who is compelled to accept a lower price for his product in order to sell it in the United States after the duty has been added. Possibly the man who wears clothing made of wool pays some of the tariff, but not much. Clothing is little or no higher in price than it was in days of non-Protected wool under the Wilson tariff law. If a suit of clothes could be bought a trifle cheaper, then the wage earner and the farmer were none the better off on that account, because neither the wage earner nor the farmer had nearly so much money to buy clothes with as they have now. If you could buy an overcoat for a dollar and didn't have the dollar to pay for it, you wouldn't be anything like so well off as though overcoats were selling at $10 apiece and you had $15 in your pocket with which to buy.

But the pivotal thought—the great Free Trade conception—of our Missouri friend is to be found in his concluding proposition that

"Legislation should be for the greatest good of the greatest number. In other words, don't more people wear wool than grow it?"

Most assuredly legislation should be for the greatest good of the greatest number. Most assuredly more wear wool than grow it. Right here is the strength of protection and weakness of Free Trade. Not only does protection call for legislation that involves the greatest good to the greatest number; it legislates for the greatest good of the whole number. There is today in this country no individual—not one—who is not in some way distinctly the gainer by the policy of protection. Even the importer or the American agent for foreign merchandise is the beneficiary of a state of prosperity which has increased the demand and likewise the purchasing power of the most liberal body of purchasers and consumers the world has ever known. The use in the United States of foreign made articles of art, luxury and fashion was never so great as now, while the production and consumption of domestic articles of all sorts (that is to say, the gross volume of internal trade) and the sales to foreigners of articles of domestic production are so much greater than ever before that for the first time in its history the United States has become the leading nation of the world alike in domestic and foreign trade, and, instead of being in debt to the money centers of Europe, is now a creditor nation. The economic policy that has brought all this to pass may surely be considered as productive of the greatest good to the greatest number.

But our Missouri friend needs some light on the question, "Don't more people wear wool than grow it?" As we have said, this question must be answered in the affirmative. So do more people eat wheat and corn and beef and mutton and pork than raise those articles. A thousand times more people use nails than those who make nails. So with every article of use and consumption. The users and consumers outnumber the producers many times over. Protection takes account of this condition and by diversifying production alike in the factory and on the farm calls into being a tremendous army whose needs and requirements are mutual and interdependent. It insures to the American farmer a profitable market for his wool by insuring a steady demand on the part of persons who wear but do not grow wool, and by taking care that the cheaper wools of foreign countries shall not come in and break down the price of home grown wools. Otherwise the American wool grower would have to go out of business, as so many thousands did when wool was deprived of protection in the Free Trade tariff law of 1894-1897. It is not a wise tariff policy that diversifies industry in agriculture and enables the farmer to profitably produce articles which he could not otherwise produce except at a loss, and that by creating and furnishing employment for a vast aggregate of busy and well paid wage earners insures to the farmer a near by, close-to-home demand at profitable prices for his products?

OUTLOOK FOR FLAX AND LINEN

Last year there were 2,300,000 acres given over to the raising of flax in the three states of North and South Dakota and Minnesota; and it is reported that this year's sowing will show an increase of 200,000 acres over the figures for last year. The flax industry is one more to be added to the list of industries which owe their establishment in this country directly to our protective tariff policy. It, along with the silk industry, the tin plate industry, the steel industry, and a host of others in their turn, has been belittled and sneered at by the free traders and the protection given to it has been opposed with violence. It is in a fair way now, however, toward attaining such proportions that these followers of Cobden will be obliged, in order to retain any reputation, even a somewhat shaky one, for truthfulness, to drop their cry of "bogus industry," so far as flax-raising is concerned; and the time is not very far distant when the United States will be able to entirely supply its people with linen of home manufacture, as well as with native woolens and cottons and silks.

HIS ATTITUDE.

President McKinley Not in Sympathy with Free-Trade Innovations.

There is good reason to believe that the well-informed Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press speaks with knowledge and authority when he asserts that President McKinley is opposed alike to tariff revision and to the Kasson plan of reducing tariff rates by special trade treaties. The president, it is said, deprecates the opening up of the tariff question as disturbing and injurious to business interests, and the Babcock folly of slaughtering the minor concerns by removing all protective duties from foreign products competing with the products of the steel trust will receive no encouragement from the administration.

With equal positiveness it is affirmed that President McKinley has not only exerted no pressure for the ratification of the French reciprocity treaty, but, on the contrary, has been in full sympathy with the protectionist opposition to that ill-advised and mischievous instrument. According to the Press correspondent the president did not examine the French treaty before submitting it to the senate for approval, and hence was not aware that Commissioner Kasson had agreed upon a draft distinctly designed to benefit certain industries by withdrawing needed protection from other industries.

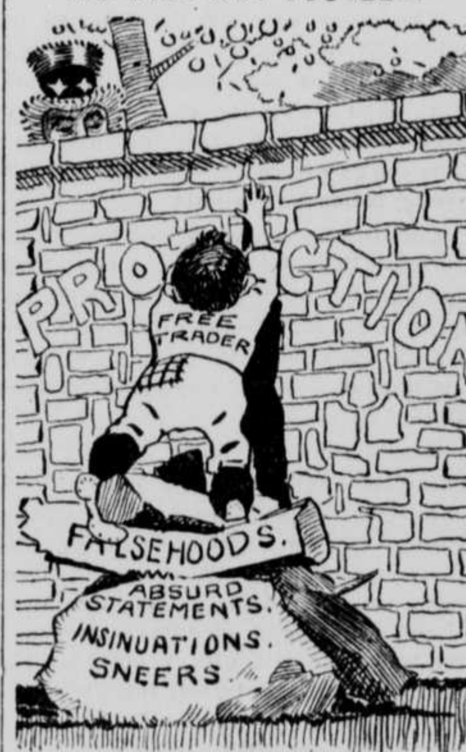
With equal reason it may be taken for granted that the president had not investigated the scope and operation of the proposed Argentina treaty, which provided for a reduction of 20 per cent from the duties on wool provided for in the Dingley tariff law.

Undoubtedly the president is in favor of reciprocal trade arrangements that shall enlarge the foreign demand for American products, but it is real and not bogus reciprocity that he favors—the reciprocity authorized by the Republican national platform of 1900, in "what we do not ourselves produce." Those who imagine that President McKinley is today anything less than a sound and consistent protectionist that he always was are nursing a vain delusion. The president is a friend of American labor and industry. Make no mistake about that!

They Never Reflect.

Philadelphia Record managers and other free traders, whose main political policy is, "Anything to deprive American wage earners of employment and wages and enrich foreign monopoly by giving them our home market while we pay the taxes," are still battling for a return to the robber Wilson tariff which disemployed, according to Samuel Gompers, two and one-half millions breadwinners out of their jobs. Do these enemies of the common people ever reflect that the Ruler of nations is also the God of the poor, and that His justice is merely delayed?

HE WILL NOT SUCCEED.



Reciprocity the Wrong Way.

Let us have no tampering in the way of reciprocating treaties that do reciprocating the wrong way. To be sure such treaties carefully constructed assist American industries but they do so, as the patterns rejected show, at the expense of certain other American industries. This, then, is not reciprocity, but simply nothing more or less than the English tariff idea of fair trade.—Racine (Wis.) Journal.

What Does He Want?

Babcock, of Wisconsin, continues to remark that the Republicans of the West are in favor of a reduction of duties on articles which can be produced here more cheaply than elsewhere, and his listeners continue to wonder whether he wants the Republican party to be a party of tariff reform.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

THE DRAWING OF LOTS.

Department's Plan for Allotting Land to Settlers Generally Approved.

Thousands of communications concerning the opening of the Kiowa and other lands in Oklahoma pour in upon the acting secretary of the interior, the assistant attorney general for the Department of the Interior and the commissioner of the general land office, says the Washington Star. The letters indicate that, as a rule, interested persons approve of the plan tentatively agreed upon by the Department of the Interior, and which will be presented to the President as a suggestion, for his guidance, that the lands be selected by settlers by drawing or casting of lots. A minister of the gospel is among those who advocate a drawing. He prefers it to a horse race, especially where the race has no better umpire than the discarded idea that "might makes right." It was desired by the officials to note how this minister anticipates and answers a criticism which might be made in some quarters to the effect that a drawing would be a sort of lottery and objectionable to those who do not believe in anything which savors of chance. After pointing out that by this plan the unsuccessful applicant pays nothing and the successful applicant only gets an opportunity to earn the land by fully complying with the law in the matter of payment, residence, cultivation and improvement, the minister summons the Bible to his support and shows that the casting or drawing of lots was resorted to in distributing the land of Canaan, in determining whether Mathias or Joseph, called Barsabus, should become an apostle. Willis Van Devanter, assistant attorney general for the Interior Department, points out that in other instances the drawing of lots as a means of decision or selection is given high recognition. Two candidates receiving an equal number of votes at an election are often required to cast lots for the office. A tie vote was recently decided in this manner in Massachusetts. By the constitutions of Arkansas, Colorado, Missouri and Ohio the judges of the Supreme Court first elected were required to cast lots to determine which should be chief justice and to determine each judge's term of office. Upon the admission of a new State a drawing is had in the United States Senate to determine to which class each of the new senators shall be assigned.

TRAVEL BY RAIL IN RUSSIA.

From Irkutsk to Moscow Runs Famous Train De Luxe.

A train de luxe starts from Irkutsk for Moscow, every Friday afternoon. The train, without a change of cars, runs a distance considerably greater than from Boston to San Francisco. The Paris Exposition has made famous this Siberian train de luxe, with its moving panorama, its terminal stations at St. Petersburg and Pekin, and its dinners at seven francs per head. The newspaper correspondent, too, has done his share to advertise it, until the world has been led to think it is a veritable Waldorf-Astoria on wheels. We read of library cars, and both cars, gymnasium cars, where one can make a century run on a stationary bicycle, elegant dinners, barber shops, pianos, and other luxuries too numerous to mention. As a matter of fact, the train as it started from Irkutsk on the 29th day of June, 1900, was a rather shabby vestibuled train of three sleepers, a diner and a baggage car. It was luxurious, indeed, compared with the fourth-class emigrant train on which we had been journeying, but it is still many degrees behind the best American trains. It should be remarked, however, that the best cars had been sent to Paris for the exposition.

One curiosity on this particular train de luxe was that the first and second class cars were precisely alike in every particular, while the difference of price was nearly forty roubles in favor of the second-class. One would think that the second-class cars would be overcrowded and the first-class would be empty. Such was not the case, for I found every cabin in the first-class taken, and was able to get a large four-berth stateroom in one of the second-class cars for little more than I would pay for two berths in the first-class car. The fares in Siberia are remarkably cheap. For the whole stateroom I paid less than $120 from Irkutsk to Moscow, a distance of 350 miles; this included four fares and the supplementary price of the train de luxe.—Harper's Weekly.

Growing Nuisance.

"The tipping habit is a nuisance," said a young Philadelphia man who makes $40 a week and spends $50. "After breakfast I want a glass of beer and it is necessary for me to toss the bartender a dime and tell him to keep the other nickel. I get shaved and hand a quarter to the barber, who retains the change. While the shaving is going on an attendant has been polishing my boots, and though his charge is only a nickel I have to give him a dime to keep him in good humor. At luncheon the waiter must have a half-dollar, and in the evening I sit in a cafe, a dime or two must be handed out with every round of drinks.

Bismarck's Philosophy of Life.

With dutiful trust in God, dig in the spurs and let life, like a wild horse, take you flying over hedge and ditch, resolved to break your neck, and yet fearless, inasmuch as you must some time part from all that is dear to you on earth—though not forever. If grief is near, well, let him come on, but if he arrives do not merely look bright and blessed, but be it, too; and when sorrow comes upon you bear it with dignity—that is to say, with submission and hope.—From the "Love Letters of Prince Bismarck."