

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Frances Sylverton, only daughter and heiress of Lionel Sylverton, Esq., of Sylverton Park, was the most intimate friend that the Trevanions possessed. She was about Mildred's height, and was not altogether unlike that young lady in respect of features, though differing widely from her both in expression and general demeanor. She had handsome eyes and fair brown hair, a good-humored mouth, and a beautiful manner of holding herself. She was quick-witted, clever and affectionate, could talk a good deal of slang without appearing in the least vulgar, and was rather fast and independent, according to the usual rules laid down for the proper guidance of young women.

She was a staunch friend to all the Trevanions, from Sir George down, except, indeed, Charles, between whom and herself there seemed to exist a perpetual warfare, a guerrilla sort of entertainment that smoldered occasionally only to break out again with redoubled energy. Just now the contest was at its height, and Charles Trevanion had left home the last time to join his regiment without so much as riding over to Sylverton to touch his enemy's hand before his departure. This was an unheard-of piece of indignity, and proved clearly that something more even than common had occurred between the belligerents, though what that something was history reported not.

Eddie was a prime favorite of Miss Sylverton's; his affected insolence just suited her rather excitable temperament, and so they argued, and quarreled, and abused, and liked each other persistently from year to year.

She had gone, a week before Younges' arrival at King's Abbott, to spend a month with an uncle of her's in an adjoining county and so was not expected back for some time—a great source of regret to the Trevanions.

Said Lady Caroline to her daughter Mildred about a week after the Younges' advent:

"Mildred, my dear, whom shall we ask to meet them the day after tomorrow?"

"You mean Monday," said Mildred, "well, let me see. We have shown them to the Grants and the Blounts, so I suppose we had better say the Deverills, and perhaps the Stanleys, and—oh, two or three of those men from the barracks, and that will be enough."

"Yes, quite enough," her mother returned, though rather dejectedly. "The only thing is, Mildred, those Deverill girls are so provokingly stupid. Mary is well enough if her mother would let her alone; but Jane is—Oh, how I do wish Frances Sylverton was at home!"

"So do I," said Mildred, "with all my heart. But where is the use of wishing? We all know Frances is worth half a dozen of them put together; but saying that won't bring her."

"Won't it?" cried Frances Sylverton's own voice, and then the door was pushed further open, and Frances herself entered joyously, dressed in blue cloth from shoulder to foot, with the daintiest riding-hat imaginable, and proceeded to kiss them both immediately.

"So I am worth half a dozen of them," she exclaimed. "Poor creatures! How I do wonder who they are!"

"Good gracious, Frances," cried Mildred, "who could have expected you?"

"My dear," said Lady Caroline, "I am so very glad to see you. You have come just at the very time we most wanted you, and were beginning to feel your loss most severely. But how is it that you are here? I fancied your uncle had you safely for a month to come."

"Oh, we quarreled, as usual," explained Miss Sylverton, "all but came to blows, you know, and separated by mutual consent, which was a great relief for all parties concerned. I cannot think why he asks me down there to his musty old Grange—as he persists in doing once a year regularly—as it always ends in the same way. We are at daggers-drawn now, but, bless you, I shall get a long, affectionate invitation from him, if he is alive, this time next year precisely. I suppose he feels that a downright good 'blowing-up' such as he gets from me, is beneficial to his constitution—something like a tonic, or a douche bath—and that is why he continues his obstinate hospitality."

"I am afraid you are a terrible child," laughed Lady Caroline; "but I am sufficiently interested in your return to make all manner of excuses for you, as I want your help next Monday night to entertain some friends we have staying with us."

"Oh, yes—papa was telling me of them," said Frances; "and then she stopped."

"They are cotton merchants, old friends of papa's, and of no family whatever," Mildred explained, calmly; "and, though she neither blushed nor looked confused, Miss Sylverton could see plainly that it was a sore subject."

"What a comfort," said she, briskly. "I am seasick of all this cold, good blood that surrounds us. You need not look shocked, Mildred, because I am, and feel quite gay and festive at the mere idea of being in company of anybody who cannot remind me of

me," Denzil said, turning to where Mildred was standing.

"Certainly. I will even put in two for you on this occasion—it is such an important one," Miss Trevanion returned, smiling on him her sweet old smile, which somehow had the effect of sending the blood throbbing back into his heart; and then the conversation changed.

"Where is Mabel?" Frances asked presently. "I have seen nothing of either her or Sir George."

"Papa went to Pinchley Common an hour ago," Mildred answered; "but I cannot imagine where Mabel has hidden herself so effectually."

"I think she went with Rachael into the garden," Denzil said, "at least they were talking of examining some flowers when I last saw them."

She came in a few moments later with Rachael Younge, and, seeing Frances, dropped all her flowers upon the floor.

"Frances!" she exclaimed, and ran forward and kissed her friend with honest, undisguised delight; after which Miss Younge was introduced, and made the faintest, stiffest little inclination in return for Frances, careless, graceful bow.

"It does seem a long time since last he gave one," Miss Trevanion answered, assentingly.

"A dreadful time," declared Frances, who was in the habit of adorning her conversation with innumerable notes of admiration, mingled with startling adjectives—"so long a time that I have quite forgotten what I wore at the last! I say, Eddie, have you finished the ruin of that desk? Because, if so, I should like you to get a horse and ride over with me to the Grange, when we will find old Dick, and make him give us a dance before next week is ended. What do you say to my plan?"

"I am willing," Eddie said, and left the room to order his horse.

"I vote that we all go," exclaimed Mabel. Why not order the pony phaeton and accompany them? It is a charming drive."

"Charming—and so is your idea," Mildred said; "only I don't think I will go, Mab, my dear."

"Oh, why not, Mildred, when there will be plenty of room?" cried Mabel. "You and Mr. Younge can sit in front, and Rachael and I behind. Do come, my dearest."

"Not today, thank you," Miss Trevanion returned, blushing faintly. "An if she won't she won't," quoted Mabel. "Mr. Younge, I have failed, so I leave you to try the power of your persuasions while we go and dress—I dare say you will be more successful. Come Rachael—and then she and Miss Younge went out of the room."

Mildred prepared to follow.

"Miss Trevanion, I wish you would come with us," Denzil said, softly, eagerly, as he held the door open for her. "The drive will not be the same thing without you. Will you come?"

"It is very good of you to wish it," she answered, bestowing upon him for the second time that morning, her beautiful, indifferent smile, "but I do not think I will—thanks."

"Why not?" he asked, impatiently, still standing before her, and gazing almost angrily down into her calm, unutterably lovely face. "Why not? Tell me."

Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and looked full at him.

(To be continued.)

"Waterfalls" Are Threatened.

A few attempts are being made to lower the chignon, to bring the back hair into a low coil. In full evening toilette certain types of women, those who are tall, wide of shoulder, and having well formed, but small heads, look their best in this manner.

And with a single large rose worn low on the left, this style of hair dressing is fairly ideal in grace. But folly would it be for every woman to follow this lead, as the majority of them lose all cachet with their hair worn low on the neck. Surely for day wear nothing could be devised so unbecoming, as it is not difficult to recall the Langtry days, and the untidy coils of hair resting upon the necks of bodies.—Vogue.

Fresh Air for Consumptives.

The fresh air cure for consumption is to be tried in Scotland. A specially built house has been opened at Banchory, on Deeside, for the treatment of consumption and other diseases of the lungs. The institution is to be conducted on the same principle as the Nordach institution in Germany, and months were spent in selecting a site that will give the best air all the year round. Banchory has a fine, dry, bracing air, and its winters are mild compared with the rest of the country. The house is constructed to hold forty patients, and it has thirty already. The cost has been £21,000.

Air the Closets.

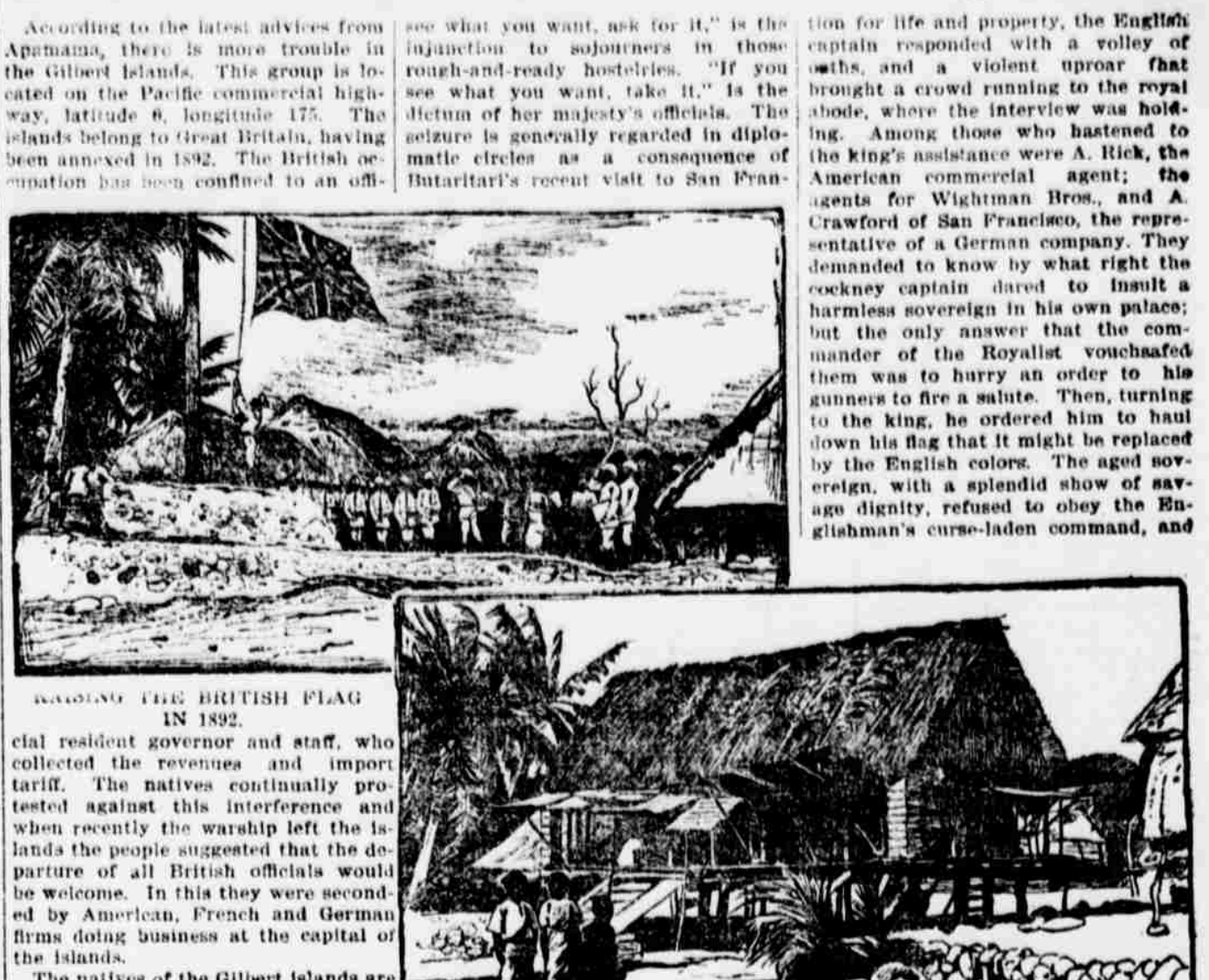
Closets should be aired the same as bedrooms, and the coming architect, if a woman, will see to it that closets in which clothes are hung are provided with a window, be it ever so small, going out to the yard. This window will be so protected that in nearly all weathers it may remain open and supply the closet with fresh air and light.

Empty compliments and senseless abuse are on equal footing.

THE GILBERT ISLANDS

According to the latest advices from Apamama, there is more trouble in the Gilbert Islands. This group is located on the Pacific commercial highway, latitude 6, longitude 175. The islands belong to Great Britain, having been annexed in 1892. The British occupation has been confined to an official resident governor and staff, who collected the revenues and import tariff. The natives continually protested against this interference, and when recently the warship left the islands the people suggested that the departure of all British officials would be welcome. In this they were seconded by American, French and German firms doing business at the capital of the islands.

The natives of the Gilbert Islands are probably of Japanese origin. They are intelligent and have a representative council to advise the king. All seemed peace before the British occupation in 1892. The Illustrated American of Oct. 8, that year, tells of how the islands came into British possession. It said: "The Englishmen seem to have adopted a paraphrase of the motto that hangs over the dining-table of rudeness of the west. In the conduct of their schemes of acquisition. 'If you don't



ROYAL PALACE AT APAMAMA.

tion for life and property, the English captain responded with a volley of oaths, and a violent uproar that brought a crowd running to the royal abode, where the interview was holding. Among those who hastened to the king's assistance were A. Rick, the American commercial agent; the agents for Wightman Bros., and A. Crawford of San Francisco, the representative of a German company. They demanded to know by what right the cockney captain dared to insult a harmless sovereign in his own palace; but the only answer that the commander of the Royalist vouchsafed them was to hurry an order to his gunners to fire a salute. Then, turning to the king, he ordered him to haul down his flag that it might be replaced by the English colors. The aged sovereign, with a splendid show of savage dignity, refused to obey the Englishman's curse-laden command, and

he further hinted that if his flag were touched, he would not be responsible for the consequences.

"The commander of the Royalist, after a parley with his drunken colleagues, decided that it would answer every purpose to raise the English flag on some other island than that presided over by the king of Butaritari; so re-entering their launch they steamed to the island of Apamama, which is governed by a 16-year-old boy named Paul. Here, where the population all told is only 700 persons, the invaders met with no terrifying threats of punishment, and in short order had erected a pole from whose top flew the flag of Great Britain. During the ceremony the youthful monarch appeared quite at his ease, except as regards his shoes, which he preferred to carry in his hands, in spite of the remonstrances of some thirty or forty aunts who stood about him. Paul is now almost a full-grown man, and is said to be at the head of the present revolt."



KING PAUL.

ed a paraphrase of the motto that hangs over the dining-table of rudeness of the west. In the conduct of their schemes of acquisition. "If you don't

Has Sued an English Duke.



Paris August, the American actress who has sued the duke of Manchester for breach of promise, was born in Salem, Ore., and is a daughter of Col. N. B. Knight, a lawyer, well known there for many years, but now a resident of Baker City. Gen. John F. Miller, who died at Salem a short time ago, is her grandfather. Miss Knight visited in Salem in June, two years ago, leaving for London by way of New York in the early part of July following. In her girlhood days she displayed considerable talent as an elocutionist and developed a strong desire to enter "stage" life. She was educated at the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Salem, as was also her mother, who died when Miss Knight was just entering her teens. She studied elocution in San Francisco and New York. She was last in Salem a year ago and when she left it was reported she had an engagement with Frohman to play in London. She owns considerable property in this country. She played one season with Frederick Warde as leading lady, another season with E. H. Sothern in a small part, and a third with the Kendall-Weston Stock company.

Tsoltoei Excommunicated.

The Greek church has carried out its threat to excommunicate Count Leo Tsoltoei. The organ of the Holy Synod has published the official notice placing on record the novelist's apostasy and casting him into outer darkness so far as the orthodox church is concerned. The sentence of spiritual death thus pronounced upon him is not likely to trouble Count Tsoltoei to any great extent. As the circular of excommunication says, he has "by speech and writing unceasingly striven to separate himself from all communication with the orthodox church." His whole intellectual life has been lived outside the forms and creed of that church, so he will not feel the excommunication as others might. Happily the physical and material sufferings that once accompanied the displeasure of a church can no longer

be inflicted in Russia or elsewhere. The social ostracism that once followed the victim of such a decree hardly exists, and it is not likely that Count Tsoltoei will be severely shunned by the peasants to whom he has devoted so much of his life and his money. For the favors of the society world he cares nothing. So long as an excommunication does not carry with it any torture or imprisonment, a man like Tsoltoei can afford to smile at it. In the eyes of the world he is a larger figure than all the members of the Greek hierarchy combined.

Mud as a Life Saver.

In London it was noticed that when the streets were muddy there was a marked diminution of diseases that were prevalent when dust is blowing. Bowel troubles are plentiful when people are compelled to inhale dust. Consumption, too, often gets its start from the dust. Other illnesses almost equally grave follow from the breathing of flying particles of filth. Add sufficient water to transform the dust into mud, and the power for harm is gone, for mud is not inhaled. The germs that infest dry dust become inert in mud, because these germs, vicious as they are, are too lazy to go anywhere unless they are carried. Moreover, mud is very likely to get ultimately in the drain pipe, and the germs are carried off where they can do no harm. Even when mud dries on the clothing and is brushed off the dust that arises therefrom does not appear to be as dangerous as that which has not been recently wet.

Headless and Tailless Fish.

Near Goshen, N. Y., a few days ago a quantity of a high explosive was set off at the bottom of a 250-foot drilled well, and a column of water eight inches in diameter was thrown to a height of 300 feet. Many curious things came up from the bottom of the well, including three curious fish. They were about eight inches long, and had neither head nor tail, both ends being alike. They could swim as easily backward as forward and were not provided with eyes or mouth. There were several small orifices at each end of these curious fish. When they came down with a shower of stones from the top of the column of water they bounded repeatedly many feet in the air. One was captured by a Polisher, who, curious to see its interior, struck it with a dull hatchet, but made no impression whatever upon the fish, although he killed it. One is still alive in captivity.

The Castle of Bute.

The young marquis of Bute, by arrangement with his father's trustees, has resumed the restoration of Rothborough castle. He intends to have the banquet hall ready against the celebration in the summer of the fifth centenary of the "erection" of Rothborough into a royal burgh.