

Mildred A Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

"Of course, my dear George, if you wish very much to have these people here, they must be asked," said Lady Caroline, regarding her husband attentively through the handle of the tea-urn. The children had just left the room, so she thought it a good opportunity of finally learning his wishes on this subject without the intervention of Mildred's rather vehement opinions. "It is a dreadful nuisance," she said—"and I don't suppose they are the very nicest people in the world for the girls to know; but, if you see no way out of the difficulty, of course there is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing; it cannot be helped now at all events," Sir George returned, running his eyes ruefully over a letter which he held in his hand. "He was an old schoolfellow of mine, you know; and when he expresses a wish to come and see me, what can I do but write and say how welcome he and his family will be?"

"Exactly so," assented Lady Caroline, "but it is a horrible bore for all that. And how they are to be amused is more than I can tell you. There is a son, is there not, and a daughter?"

"Yes, a son and a daughter. As to amusing them, the young gentleman will hunt, I suppose, and probably ruin one of my best hunters before he leaves; and the girl—oh, I should think she will do very well!" said Sir George, cavalierly. "Mildred will manage about that, and will get some fellows to meet her."

"How did he make his money?" Lady Caroline asked presently, and then began to think with dismay of what the whole countryside would say. It was eminently aristocratic, the countryside, and never had as yet introduced within the sacred boundaries of its circle such a horror as a family polluted by trade.

"Cotton," answered Sir George briefly; and then indeed his wife felt that the cup of her affliction was full.

"If it only had been wine," she said, hopefully, "I am sure I don't know of the Deverills will think; and of course the girl will be unbearable. Besides—with a sigh—"it will be such an additional expense."

"True," returned her husband, and the lines laid by care upon his face became more clearly defined; "but, as I said before, darling, it can not be helped, so we must only make the best of it."

But Lady Caroline could not "make the best of it" just then, and so went out of the room to consult with Mildred, of whose sympathy she was certain, the girl being more opposed to the coming of their visitors than even she could be.

Seven children had blessed the marriage of Sir George Trevanion and Lady Caroline. First, there was Charles, the heir, a great, tall, good-looking fellow, with a careless, sweet temper—"as like his father at that age," said his mother, "as ever a boy could be." He was about twenty-six at this time, and held a commission in a cavalry regiment. After him came Florence, who resembled nobody in particular, and had married during her first season—very desirably indeed—a Mr. Talbot, of very prepossessing appearance—when he had any expression in his face, which was seldom—and the owner of considerable property about twelve miles from King's Abbott.

It was always a great source of comfort to Lady Caroline's anxious mind that Florence had "got off" so well before Mildred was old enough to make her bid to the world. Had Harry Talbot dallied in his love-making for two years longer—as some young men are in the habit of dallying—instead of coming to the point at once—like a much-to-be-applauded gentleman, as he was—Lady Caroline would not have answered for the consequences. Mildred, her father's darling, was so much more beautiful—such a slight, exquisite girl she appeared, with the darkest violet eyes and the most enviable golden hair imaginable.

And yet, in spite of all her beauty, she had not half the number of lovers her sister Mabel could count, who was barely eighteen, and not nearly so handsome, Mildred being cold and proud, and almost haughty in her manner to strangers. Pride of birth was the rock on which she stumbled. Any family without a pedigree, no matter how rich and how well received by society in general, was as an abomination in her sight.

In between these two came Eddie, who was about nineteen at this time, a merry, reckless fellow, handsome as an Apollo, and the acknowledged pet amongst all the women in the county, far and near, old and young.

Eddie and Mabel were something like each other, both being much darker than the rest of the family, who were rather Saxon in their general appearance. Mabel, or "Queen Mab," or "the queen," as she was indiscriminately called, on account of a little stately walk she had that contrasted funnily with her face and manner, which were gay in the extreme, had dark eyes of a soft hazel, and hair nut-brown to match. She was quite as tall as her sister, and, though by no means as beautiful, was pretty enough to create a sensation anywhere. At eighteen she was an incorrigible flirt, but amiable and sweet enough to prevent her from

about it!" Miss Trevanion said; and then they both laughed.

"How can you be so absurd?" Lady Caroline exclaimed; afterward changing her tone to one of entreaty, she said, "But, really, you know, darling, we must be very civil to them, if only to please your papa. You will promise to be that, Mildred, will you not?"

"I suppose I could not go to Aunt Agnes for the next two months, could I?" Mildred asked, irreverently.

"Oh, Mildred!" cried poor Lady Caroline, tears coming into her eyes at the mere idea of being thus deserted in her need.

"I am a selfish wretch," declared Miss Trevanion, caressing her mother's hand and becoming penitent on the spot. "Of course, mamma, I will not leave you on any account in the hands of these terrible barbarians. I only said it half out of mischief and bad temper; why, you might be devoured by the time I got back! Have you told Mabel?"

"No, I came to see you first about it. What rooms do you like them? The blue rooms, shall we think, or the rooms in the western wing?"

"The blue rooms; they are the farthest off," said Miss Trevanion.

"Very good. I will tell Holland. Do you know they are coming on Friday, if—as Mr. Younge says in his letter—we can conveniently receive them on that day? Dear me, Mildred, I wonder what they will be like, and how long they will stay?"

"Oh, as to what they will be like," said Mildred, toasting her pretty feet comfortably before the fire, and looking as wise as Solomon, "I can tell you that. The old man will be like a Yorkshire farmer, only worse, because he will have a strong dash of Manchester mixed with his turnips, and he will be always using horribly old-fashioned words, and he will be very attentive to you, and will probably call you 'ma'am.' And Mrs. Younge will be large and fat and red, like the cook; and Miss Younge will be a mincing, silly schoolgirl, ready to die with laughter at everything Mabel says; and 'Brigham' will be—a boor, of course."

"What will the county say?" ejaculated poor Lady Caroline, elevating her hands and eyes, perfectly aghast at the pretty picture her daughter had drawn. "Really, Mildred, I shall die of shame."

"That will not do a bit of good," returned Miss Trevanion; "and of course you must be prepared to hear the county say all manner of unpleasant things—that they do not know what Sir George could be thinking of to invite such people to his house, and that the said people are extremely disgusting, and so on."

"But for all that you will be kind and civil to them—will you not, Mildred, my love?" her mother asked again, anxiously watching the girl's proud, beautiful face.

"Oh, yes, I will be civil to them," Miss Trevanion said; and then she kissed her mother and went out of the room.

(To be continued.)

Sidney Smith's Sneer.
If Sidney Smith were alive today he would realize that in the last eighty years of the century just closed considerable progress had been made in this country—more perhaps than in any country in the civilized world. It was only in 1829 that, in one of his savage attacks on our people, in the Edinburgh Review, he sneeringly asked: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? Or goes to an American play? Or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of America? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? Or eats from American plates? Or wears American coats or gowns? Or sleeps in American blankets?" The records of the nineteenth century show that these questions have been answered pretty conclusively to the British mind, if not always satisfactorily to the British pocket, remarks the Washington Star. Perhaps some snarler of the present period would like to submit another lot!

Markings on Mars.
Astronomers now agree that the markings on the surface of Mars form a complete network of narrow, straight lines crossing the entire face of the planet in all directions, and are always visible. The narrowest are thirty to forty miles wide. Two hundred of these so-called canals have been charted. Many observers believe them to be stretches of land darkened annually by vegetation and laid out in strips to facilitate irrigation. It is supposed from the unity in the design of the network that the inhabitants of Mars are under one government and are highly skilled in the engineering demanded by the fact that the planet is entirely without rainfall. Students in hydraulics expect great things from the continued study of Mars.

Tenant Swindled Children.
A man living in a tenement in Brixton, London, told the children of the neighborhood that the penny-in-the-slot gas meter was a new and resplendent bright red money box, specially designed to accommodate the savings of economical youngsters. On this assumption they cheerfully dropped their copper savings into the slot, and the ingenious deceiver burned the gas which cost him nothing. When the collector came and cleared away all the pennies the chagrin of the children was intense.

A SETTLED QUESTION.

IS THE TARIFF NO LONGER OPENED TO CONTROVERSY?

Dangers of Too Much Confidence Demonstrated by the Fact That Protection's Enemies Are Only Biding Their Time for Another Attack.

Overconfidence is a more subtle but a scarcely less dangerous evil than is lack of confidence. It has betrayed the American people more than once. Because the country has been prosperous so long, because its prosperity had grown continually greater, the majority of us got to imagining that we would go on being prosperous, no matter what we did or what policy we adopted. The people began really to believe that business and politics had little or nothing to do with each other, and so they voted for a change in 1892. We have gotten over that folly now and are not likely to make the same mistake again. But our overconfidence is laying another trap for us. This time it takes the form of saying that the tariff question is settled, that there is no need of counting that as an issue any more. Only a few days ago the New York Sun said editorially:

"The tariff question has been removed from controversy, and practically has settled itself. * * * This policy of developing American industry has received a practical vindication so complete that there remains only feeble academic opposition to it. Politically it is accepted by all parties. It did not provoke controversy in either of the two last national campaigns."

The Sun forgets, apparently, that the platform of the Democratic party adopted at Kansas City last July denounced the Dingley tariff law. It forgets, apparently, that Mr. Bryan, the late Democratic candidate for the presidency, is still on record as declaring that a protective tariff is vicious in principle, or it would not say that politically protection has been "accepted by all parties." The editor of the Sun must have been curiously unobservant of the words and writings of many political writers besides Mr. Bryan; he must have skipped many things in recent editions of many papers which must be on his exchange table, his neighbor, the Times, among the number, if he thinks that the only opposition to protection is either feeble or academic.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any person of sense or judgment of the fact that the American people are, by an overwhelming majority, in favor of the system of protection. So far as belief goes, the tariff is settled; but not all the free traders are by any means convinced. They are only biding their time, and not until denunciations of protection are eliminated from all political platforms, both state and national; not until the leaders of all the political parties are men who stand on a protection record will the tariff question be no longer a political issue. The policy of protection is safe enough if a little guarding is done, but no policy and no principle is safe if its friends forget it. Its enemies will not be so forgetful, and the Sun and every other protectionist paper which is inclined to think that the tariff is no longer an issue in politics and needs no further defending will do well to remember that the enemies of protection are always watchful. The tariff is settled for all time in favor of protection only if the protectionists of the country see to it that they are equally watchful.

IT HAS STOOD THE TEST.

Englishmen Beginning to Recognize the Value of Protection.

Not the least important among the results of the recent election is the emphatic indorsement of protection as a national policy. After the two trials of a different policy under Mr. Cleveland, the first election of Mr. McKinley was a distinct verdict in favor of a return to protection. His re-election emphasized that verdict, for while the tariff was not the paramount issue it cut an important figure. This second verdict of the people means that for many years to come protection will be the fixed policy of this government.

It will be strange if the extraordinary prosperity of the United States under this policy does not have an effect abroad. It used to be the fashion of British statesmen, followed by their American free trade imitators, to deem protection as unscientific, opposed to sound economic laws, crude in theory and hurtful in practice. They said it would surely give way before advancing intelligence and a better understanding of true economic principles. The present position of this country is an effective answer to those claims. A policy that has made the United States the most prosperous country on earth, the most dreaded rival of all other commercial countries and the prospective mistress of the world's markets cannot be disposed of by calling it unscientific or crude. The success of protection as demonstrated in the United States is one of the great commercial facts of the nineteenth century and likely to become still more prominent in the twentieth century.

There are special reasons why the success of the policy is likely to set British statesmen and the English people to thinking. The United States began the war with Spain with a full treasury, prosecuted it to a successful conclusion with the greatest ease financially, and is now about to make a large reduction in taxes. On the other hand, England had serious difficulty in financing the war in South Africa, and her chancellor of the exchequer is now recommending an increase of taxes. There is no resort as yet to new tariff duties, even for revenue. The proposed increase of taxes is on free trade lines,

being an increase of income tax, stamp duties, taxes on wines, tobacco, tea, etc. But there is a limit to this kind of taxation, and some Englishmen are beginning to wonder why parliament does not try the method of raising revenue that has proved so easy and successful in this country. A writer in the "National Review," referring to the coming needs of the government for naval armaments, etc., asks, "Whence are we to get the millions that will be needed if our national position is to be rendered secure?" He characterizes free trade as a political fad of the past and says: "A tariff offers us at once a means of raising funds or naval armaments, or obtaining allies and of weakening the enemies who are plotting our fall." It will be hard to overcome British conservatism to the extent of substituting protection for free trade as a government policy, but stranger things have happened. England has condescended to learn a good many things from America in recent years and it may be the unexampled prosperity of this country under protection will finally convince them that it is not such a crude and unscientific theory after all. Meanwhile the United States will adhere to it and continue to make its splendid results an object lesson to other nations.—Indianapolis Journal.

A REPUBLICAN TRIUMPH.

What Sound Principles Have Done for American Trade.

The present era of American prosperity, which has attracted general attention throughout the world, is identified with a Republican tariff. American manufactures are going forth to every continent, and those who purchase them are not troubled in the least about the Dingley law. Under a system of moderate protection our manufacturers and artisans have advanced until they are able to supply to foreign markets a better article at more favorable prices than can be obtained elsewhere. Our goods go to old manufacturing centers abroad. Formerly a few American specialties were disposed of in Europe, but the demand has greatly broadened. This is the third year of the Dingley law. Our exports in 1900 were double those of 1888 and five times those of 1862. Exports per capita are \$19.42, against \$10.46 in 1870. Imports per capita are \$10.90, against \$11.96 in 1870. With total foreign exports in 1900 amounting to \$1,470,000,000 and exports of manufactures of \$440,000,000 a year, the whole list of free trade arguments is damaged beyond repair.

Supporters of a wise protective tariff meet the same old weapons whenever it is proposed to apply the principle to a new industry. The Democratic assault upon the beginnings of the tin plate industry was especially savage. Yet that branch of manufacture in the United States today is of immense extent and value. At the present time Democratic invective and ridicule are directed at the ship subsidy bill intended to revive and build up our merchant marine. The industry in Europe is subsidized and encouraged in every possible material way, yet the Democratic party contends that it is public robbery and favoritism to aid our own shipping, though it has been cut down by protected competition to an insignificant total. The methods that have developed our enormous foreign trade and our manufactures will be equally effective when applied to our merchant shipping.—Port Townsend (Wash.) Leader.

GERMANY AND PROTECTION.

The fact of American prosperity under the protective policy of the Republican party is causing much talk in other countries. But the economic conditions existing in other or in old European countries are entirely diverse from those existing here. The German government has decided to yield to the demands of the Agrarians and to impose a protective tariff. The agitation has been long and persistent and the government yielded only with great reluctance. It is probable that a protective tariff will be imposed in the near future, which will put Germany theoretically upon the same plane as the United States in regard to foreign nations. Of course the Germans cannot expect the same benefits from a protective tariff as those enjoyed by this country. Germany does not produce enough meat and enough foodstuffs for her own population. The imposition of a protective tariff will, therefore, raise the price of meat and of breadstuffs to such an extent that the general public will suffer for the sake of increasing the profits of the Agrarians.—Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.

RACHEL STILL MOURNS.

The deposits of wage earners in our savings banks, under Cleveland and the robber Wilson tariff and free soap, decreased \$37,000,000 in 1894. During the last four years under McKinley, the Dingley protective tariff and the full dinner pail, their savings have increased \$500,000,000. And during these four years of McKinley has gone up the piteous wail of Fifty-Cent Dollar Bryan, Anarchist Altgeld, Shotgun Tillman, Boss Williams and Gentle Blackmail Croker: "Oh, wage earners, wage earners, how often would we have relieved you of the grievous burdens of full dinner pails and savings for a rainy day, and ye would not. Behold, ye must bear these heavy loads as long as McKinley and vile protection piles them upon you!" Then George Fred further weepeth and mureth, "It is plain that Republican voters do not understand the dangers of the situation." And George refuseth to be comforted.

A good bale of cotton is worth \$60, against the former \$20, and the cotton seed, once a waste product, brings \$8 or \$10 to the bale.

MENTAL STATURE.

Direction of Power is an Element in Greatness.

As a powerful man is one who can lift a great weight, so power of mind may be said to be that quality which enables people to do with comparative ease what others find it impossible or difficult to do at all. Its principal elements are the power of attention and that of application, which is passive in the active and not in the attentive shape. To be able to direct the thoughts to a given subject and according to that most expressive of metaphors, to "turn it over" in the mind, is one thing—to be able to submit the mind passively to that which is presented to it is another. Where the two co-exist in unusual vigor they may be said to constitute power of mind. In many cases the mere possession and exertion of this power makes a man great—in others the possession and exertion of an equal power has not the same effect, or at least is not acknowledged to have it. It probably took at least as much mental labor—as much application and attention to compose Comyn's Digest as to compose Gibbon's History. Yet while everyone acknowledges the greatness of the historian, few people would ascribe greatness to the judge. The most curious illustration of this, however, is to be found in the case of mathematicians. Newton is acknowledged to have been one of the greatest men that ever lived, and Mr. Adam's discovery of the new planet is universally looked upon as a splendid achievement; but the mere intellectual labor—the mental force necessary to reduce the discoveries from which these remarkable men derived their title to greatness from their original condition of conjectures to their ultimate condition of truths scientifically ascertained, probably did not exceed that which many men have put forth in the same branch of learning whose names are remembered principally by being labeled on some formula, like Taylor's theorem. Part of the explanation of these cases is that it is not the power alone, but the direction of the power also, by which the question of greatness is determined; and this direction is hardly an intellectual process. The real greatness of Newton's achievement was not that he did a very hard sum, and did it right, but that he had an imagination so powerful that he could conceive the possibility of devising a classification which should fit the motions of all heavy bodies whatever, from a sun to an apple.—James Fitzjames Stephen.

LORD BYRON RELICS.

Visitors' Book Kept at His Tomb Now Owned by a Georgian.

It is not generally known that one of the most valuable literary treasures in the world is owned in Augusta, and it is not improbable that these lines will fall under the eyes of some who for half a century have been looking for the lost relics. The "travelers' book," or, rather, books, kept at the tomb of Lord Byron for the first twenty years after his death, and containing the autographs of all the distinguished visitors who made a pilgrimage to the shrine of his genius during that time, are in this city. There are two volumes and they contain a rich treasure of autographs and original tributes to the great English poet by those who visited his tomb during the period beginning immediately after his death. An inscription in the front of each volume sets forth that they were "given to Fred'k Ward, Hucknall, by George Green, late parish clerk, as a mark of friendship and a recompense for favors." They were afterward sold perhaps. Though all their windings cannot be traced, it is known that they were brought to this country by the brother of George A. Oates, afterward became the property of the latter, and since his death have come into the possession of his two sons, George and Harry Oates. The second volume is larger than the first, but contains fewer illustrious names. Pilgrims had begun to come from all over the world at this time. Some of them describe themselves as having known the poet personally.—Augusta, Ga., Herald.

King Who Was Made a Scullion.

Here is an obscure little story from that very large book, the history of England: In 1487, during the reign of Henry VII., a young man appeared in Ireland, announced himself as Edward Plantagenet and claimed the right to the English throne. Some discontented noblemen took up his cause, formally crowned him, proclaimed his "King Edward VI." and set out toward London with 8,000 followers to make good his heirship. The rebellion lasted until the rebel forces met an army sent out against them by King Henry, opposed it and were defeated and scattered. "King Edward VI.," with a priest named Simons, was caught and taken to London, where it was found that his real name was Lambert Simnel. King Henry, who had a keen sense of economy—and perhaps of the ridiculous—cast Simons, the true conspirator, into prison, and set his pretending brother monarch to scouring pots in the royal kitchen.

Restaurant in U. S. House.

The restaurant in the house at Washington is in the basement, and compares in its service and appointments with some of the best cafes of the big cities of the country. The prices do not suffer either in the first-class comparison. It's the best place in the capitol to get a talk with a member. He don't come to the restaurant until he has learned something about how matters are going on the floor of the house, and he usually is in a good humor while he eats.—Washington Letter.