

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Just then the door opened and Mildred entered. She came in swiftly, and advanced so rapidly toward the chimney-piece that, until she was within a foot of him, she was not aware of his presence there, and acknowledged her surprise by a sudden start and exclamation of alarm.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I did not mean to frighten you."

Even as he spoke a wild determination to know the worst from her own lips without loss of time seized upon him.

"I came for a book," explained Mildred, hurriedly. "Ah, here it is! In confusion I hardly remembered where I had left it."

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" asked Denzil, without giving himself liberty to think further.

"Certainly," answered Mildred, in a tone of marked surprise. "But do you not think that another time would be more convenient? You see—glancing at the clock—how late it is? The ball will commence in less than half an hour, and we shall not be ready."

"I will not detain you long," he said—two or three minutes at the furthest. Indeed, a few words will comprise all that I have to say. You must have seen—desperately—you must know for yourself—"

"Stay," cried Mildred, faintly—"do not go on! You have said enough—believe me—"

"It is too late now to stop me," interrupted Denzil, passionately. "I must go on and tell you the one thought that occupies me day and night. Reject me—despise me, if you will, only hear me."

To this, although he answered as if in expectation, she made no answer. Perhaps, had she then once more forbidden him, he might forever have held his peace. But she kept complete silence.

They formed a curious picture, standing there in the old-fashioned dresses they had not had time to remove; Denzil in white satin breeches and rich ruffles and carefully-powdered hair, Miss Trevanion as "La Valliere," with her trailing embroidered satin robe, her fair hair also thinly powdered, and her soft white arms half bared.

Encouraged by her speechlessness, Denzil spoke again—

"I love you," he said, simply. "I am only telling you what you have known all along—am I not? And yet, even to myself, when put into language, it seems quite different—the words sound so poor and cold. Is it altogether hopeless, Mildred? Is there any chance for me?"

She had moved a few steps backward as he began speaking, and now stood supporting herself by one hand resting on the table. She had lowered her eyes and fixed them on the ground, and appeared calm enough though she made no response to his last appeal.

"Give me my answer," he said.

"You should not have gone on," she observed at length, her tone low but angry. "I forbade you to do so. It was unfair to compel me to listen when you knew I wished neither to hear nor to understand."

"Give me my answer," he said again.

"What answer can I give?" she asked, with a slight impatient movement of the hand near him. "Better would it be to ask for none. I warned you before. Be satisfied now, and leave me."

"Give me my answer," he said for the third time, sternly. "I will take it from your own lips now."

"Then, as you will have it," she cried, losing all moderation, "take from my own lips 'No.'"

There was a long pause. Denzil's face was as white as death. Miss Trevanion's scarcely less so; while the hand that lay upon the table appeared bloodless from the intensity with which she leaned upon it.

"Do you say that because my father earned his money by trade?" asked Denzil, slowly.

"It cannot matter now," she answered, coldly.

"Yes, it does," he went on, excitedly; "and I believe, from my heart, that that is the reason. I believe that, loving you as I do, I could in time have made you return my love had not your wretched pride stepped in to prevent it. Or can it be true what I have heard said—that you would at any risk, willingly sell yourself to gain a title? If I could bring myself to think that of you—if that were possible—Tell me, Mildred—is it the truth?"

"I do not understand you," said Mildred, haughtily. "I will listen to no more of your questioning, sir. Let me pass."

"It is true, then!" he exclaimed, passionately, seizing her hand to detain her. "You do not deny it! And you will sacrifice yourself to obtain possession of a mere position? I imagined you incapable of such a thing; but see how mistaken we all are in the idols we set up! I am thankful I was disillusioned in time. I am glad—yes, glad—you have refused me; as a woman who could so barter away her heart is not worthy to be the wife of any honest man."

Mildred was trembling with anger. "That will do," she said. "You need not say another word. If you were to think forever, you could never say anything worse than that."

Indignant she drew away her fingers from his clasp as she spoke, and with the action a small turquoise bracelet fell to the ground. Involuntarily Denzil stooped to pick it up, and, as she held out her hand to repossess herself of it, he slipped it round her arm and fastened it there once more. Then, a reckless feeling coming over him, and the small white hand he loved with such hopeless fondness being so well within his reach, he bent his head, and pressed a tender, despairing, lingering kiss upon it, after which he almost flung it from him and walked away.

What a sad, final farewell it seemed to him! As for Mildred, she made no further sign, but left the room as noiselessly as she had entered it.

In the hall she encountered Mabel, radiant and white-robed, who said: "What—not yet dressed, Mildred?"

And Mildred answered, "I shall be down presently," quite calmly, and then went on to her room.

But, when the door was closed, and securely fastened, an awful sense of desolation fell upon her. For the first time in her life she felt what it was to be alone. What had she done? What was it she had thrown away forever and ever? She sunk upon her knees by her bed, and, burying her head in the clothes, cried as if her heart would break.

When Mildred came downstairs, the ball was at its height. Denzil was there, as calm as ever, and apparently in excellent spirits, at the end of the room, conversing with her mother and old Blount. He was laughing, but his mirth was not unrestrained, neither was his manner in any wise different from what it usually was; and, indeed, only one intimately acquainted with him would have noticed a certain bright gleam and glitter in his eyes which betokened feverishness. He did not look toward the door, or in any way falter in his conversation when Mildred entered. Lady Caroline saw her, however.

"Ah, there is Mildred at last!" she said. "What a time the child has taken to dress; and how white she looks! I hope she has not been over-exercising herself."

"Tableaux are about the most fatiguing things I know," said Denzil, quietly, looking not where Mildred stood, while somebody was inscribing his name upon her card, but straight into Lady Caroline's eyes.

"So they are," returned her ladyship to Denzil, in all good faith; "and Mildred is not too strong. Now that I see Mildred," she went on a little later, "I began to wonder where Mabel can be. I have not noticed her amongst the dancers since first she came in."

Here she elevated her glasses to take an anxious maternal survey of the room. Mabel was nowhere in sight.

"Where can she have gone to?" exclaimed her mother; and just at that moment her glance fell on the curtains that draped the window at the lower end of the apartment. They were slightly parted, and through the opening could be seen the balcony beyond, and on the balcony a glimpse of a white dress.

"That must be Mabel," decided her ladyship impatiently. "How extremely foolish of her thus to expose herself in a thin light dress to the winter air! Who is with her?"

"My nephew, I fancy," said old Blount.

"Mabel is behaving most imprudently," observed Lady Caroline with as much austerity in her tone as she was capable of. "She will have half the county talking of her presently; and there is old Lady Atherleigh at this very instant with her spectacles on, peering in their direction. Mr. Younge will go and tell Mabel that I want to speak to her directly."

"My dear Lady Caroline," returned Denzil, "it goes to my heart to refuse you anything, even the smallest trifling; but just consider what you have asked me to do. Were I to interfere as you wish me, I should call down so many secret bad wishes and indignant looks upon my head that I have no doubt in the world the consequences would be fatal."

He laughed pleasantly as he spoke; but old Blount, who had been listening, did not laugh at all, keeping prematurely grave.

"My dear madam," he said, "why interfere at all? The lad is a good lad and a handsome lad, and will come in for all I have when I am gone. Let them alone."

So Mabel and Roy were left alone to follow their own devices, and consequently enjoyed their evening to the utmost.

Miss Sylverton, having danced seven times consecutively with Charles Trevanion, was feeling perfectly contented and at peace with herself and all the rest of the world; while Mildred, pale and beautiful, with a disturbed heart and restless mind, danced and laughed half the night with Lord Lyndon only to return to her room, when the ball had terminated, dissatisfied, weary and unsettled.

longer, in consideration of a hunt declared to be coming off within that period at some particularly affected "meet."

It had come off, and it was now indeed Denzil's last night at King's Abbot for some time to come. He had been shooting steadily all the morning, with the vigorous intention of warding off all cares and vexations that might arise to harass and disturb his mind; but as the night drew on, and the hour of departure approached more closely, his self-imposed sternness gave way, and he began painfully to understand how bitterly he should miss the sight of the cold, exquisite face of Mildred Trevanion during the two months that must elapse before he could avail himself of the pressing invitation he had received from Sir George and Lady Caroline, to come and stay with them again as soon as ever Christmas should be over their heads.

"So you are really about to leave us to-morrow?" said Frances Sylverton. "I can scarcely bring myself to believe it. You have made yourself so completely one of us that I do not know how we are to get on until we see you again."

"Is that from your heart?" asked Denzil, lightly, but with an understratum of extreme earnestness. "When I am far away I shall like to believe it was." Then, changing his tone to one somewhat lower, he added, "For myself I cannot bear to think of this time to-morrow evening; all will be so changed, so different."

"And so you have actually made up your mind to go by the early train, Mr. Younge?" called out Miss Deverill from an opposite sofa.

"Yes," answered Denzil; "I must start early, whether I like it or not, as I have particular business to transact in London to-morrow, and have let it run to the very last day."

"Well, the best of such decisions is," went on Miss Deverill, "one gets over one's last speeches and adieux the night before, and so can commence the journey in the morning free and unfettered."

"I should call that the worst of it, not the best," said Miss Sylverton, softly. "I could not bear to leave a house with no one ready to bid me 'good-by,' or to wish me a pleasant journey."

"There are two sides to every question," answered Denzil, somewhat sadly. "Taking Miss Deverill's view of the matter, you see you escape bidding final adieux, that might perhaps in many cases wring the heart."

"But still, as final farewells must be said one time or the other, I think I should prefer them at the very last moment," said Frances. "Confess now, that you would always like some one to give you your breakfast, and say a kindly word to you before starting."

"Well, yes, I confess I should like it," responded Denzil; "but, when one chooses to get up at such an unreasonable hour as half-past six, one must suffer the attendant penalties."

"I will give you your breakfast to-morrow morning, Mr. Younge, if you wish it," broke in Mildred's voice, calm and sweet.

Denzil started—an expression of intense doubt and astonishment passed over his face. He raised his eyes, and gazed steadfastly at her.

Mildred herself appeared perfectly unmoved, her features being as composed as though no such unexpected words had fallen from her lips. Her fingers steadily unpicked the stitch that had somehow gone wrong in her woolwork, and did not even tremble in the act.

Denzil tried hard to find some suitable words in which to clothe his appreciation of her unwonted graciousness, and to beg that, for his sake, she would not put herself to such an inconvenience—but in vain; his brain seemed in confusion, and he could only mutter "Thank you" in a hurried, unnatural manner, quite foreign to his usual courteous self.

(To be continued.)

TARIFF RETALIATION

ALARMS CONJURED UP BY FREE TRADERS.

No Basis in Fact or Probability for Their Predictions Regarding the Formation of a European Trade Alliance Against the United States.

Those who so confidently prophesy foreign tariff combinations against the United States may be rightly suspected of allowing their wishes to influence their judgment. Apparently they would like to see what they expect to see. The dire possibilities of international trade war are conjured up by free-traders and former protectionists as the strongest possible argument—indeed, the only possible argument—in favor of the abandonment by the United States of the protective policy. So we are told nearly every day that European countries are conducting secret negotiations looking toward a trade combine against this country, and that our only safety in this emergency is to repeal the Dingley law and get right down to an unrestricted trade basis.

First of all, there is no evidence whatsoever of the existence of a plot to form a continental tariff alliance against the United States. Still less evidence is there of the contemplation of a European alliance. If a European combine should be attempted, Great Britain would have to be left out of it, and Great Britain is very much the best customer the United States has among European countries. England must have our foodstuffs and raw materials, and she is not going to join anybody in a scheme whose object is to make these commodities cost more in the British market.

Coming to the possibility of a continental combine, we find little more likelihood of it on the continent than in Great Britain. Germany has been making some experiments along the line of discrimination against American products, and her experience is instructive. Consul Dierich writes from Bremen to our state department some pertinent facts relative to the operation of the inspection law whereby importations of American corned beef and other beef products are prohibited.

Not long ago Dr. Karl Frankel, professor of hygiene in the University of Halle, declared that this law is nothing more than a cloak, faded and worn, hung over the agrarian idol. He showed that while the government had declared that the passage of the law was required in the interests of public health, "nothing suffered more from said law than did the public health of the nation. The prevailing high prices of meat necessarily lessened its consumption, while the health of the nation demanded an increase." As a matter of fact, fully one-half of Germany's population is to-day suffering hardships by reason of such tariff discrimination as Germany has thus far seen fit to impose against American foodstuffs in obedience to the demands of the German agricultural interests, and it does not seem probable that the situation will be subjected to any additional strain of the same sort.

Excepting Russia, all the continental countries of Europe are more or less dependent upon the United States for their food supplies and certain raw materials; while Russia, albeit independent of us in the matter of subsistence, must either buy a considerable line of manufactured products from us, or else pay a higher price for them elsewhere. The situation and outlook as to a European trade alliance of any kind against the United States are well summed up by the Baltimore Herald, as follows:

"When it comes to building universal tariff walls, this country might suffer a depression in trade, a slackening in industrial progress; but Europe would sustain from such a course not stagnation alone, but utter prostration. In any case, we would have an abundance of all things for the home supply. Another result would soon ensue—the underfed millions of Europe would begin to swarm to our shores in an increasing ratio, looking for relief from unbearable home conditions. If any nation can stand alone and depend entirely upon her own resources, this nation can. Most surely in the squeeze of a tariff war we should not be the first to cry quits."


ATLANTIC SOUNDINGS

DISCOVERIES OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION OF 1899.

Beneath the Ocean Nature Is "Sowing the Dust of Continents to Be"—The Azores Are Said to Be Volcanic Islands.

Mr. Peake's account of a deep-sea sounding expedition in 1899, published by John Murray the other day, is a substantial addition to our knowledge of the North Atlantic ocean. The object of this enterprise was mainly commercial, being connected with the laying of telegraph cables, but the author has collated the results of several other undertakings which had no purpose but the advancement of science, such as the voyage of the Challenger, in which Sir John Murray, who contributes notes to the present paper, took so active a part. These new soundings have enabled Mr. Peake to construct a map of the bed of the North Atlantic, which is very valuable especially in regard to the vicinity of the Azores. It was known that these islands rise from a submarine plateau, generally about 2,000 fathoms below the surface, and that between it and the slopes leading up, on the one side to the American, on the other to the European shores, lie two yet broader valleys the beds of which are about 500 fathoms deeper. The plateau itself is a less distinct from that which, at a less distance with the surface, links Great Britain with the Shetlands, the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland, and in which the broad valleys have their heads, deepening as they proceed southward. The Azores are volcanic islands, piled up masses of lava. But the sea bed around is now proved to be far more irregular than was formerly supposed. If the ocean were lowered by 1,000 fathoms, they would form two distinct groups; but a further sinking of 500 fathoms would unite them into one. The great islands thus revealed, of which the present Azores are the culminating summits, would, however, be largely extended toward the north, and on this mass also several conspicuous hills would be seen to rise. Even among the existing islands the surface is diversified, as the map shows, by submarine eminences and rather deep basins. But everywhere beneath the ocean the process of rock building is going on. Slowly but surely nature is "sowing the dust of continents to be," not only with the material of Aeolian hills, but also with that which has once been alive. In every part of the North Atlantic this work is proceeding. The large map issued with Mr. Peake's paper brings the operation graphically before our eyes. A deposit of a bluish-colored clay forms a broad fringe around the margin of the continental masses, and covers the plateau linking Britain with Greenland. It is the finer detritus of the land, borne by the currents into the ocean. To what depth it extends depends on circumstances; the zone is broader when the sea bed sinks gradually, narrower where it steepens more quickly. Around the Azores a volcanic mud is found, while at the Bermudas, the deposit is pounded-up coral—as might be expected. In a few places green grains are numerous, the casts of minute organisms—a material like our green sands. South of the Azores, and in one or two isolated spots, is a bed formed almost entirely of small shells of mollusks, called pteropods. But beyond the limit of all these, down to the depths of 2,500 fathoms, the ocean floor is covered with calcareous mud, composed of the relics of minute living creatures, such as algae and foraminifera—the so-called globigerina ooze—material similar to that of the chalk; and this passes at yet greater depths into a reddish clay, as to the exact origin of which different opinions have been entertained.—London Standard.

WORLD A GOOD CUSTOMER.



Reciprocity vs. Protection.

The mental attitude of American free-traders on the subject of tariffs and reciprocity treaties is clearly defined by the Milwaukee News. With a degree of candor more commendable than common in the discussion of this question the News says:

"Protection and reciprocity will not and cannot mix. Reciprocity will be framed when our tariff laws are framed with the distinct understanding that they are intended for trading purposes and not to give to American producers a monopoly of the home market. To make reciprocity a success, the republican party must abandon protection."

This is why our domestic free-traders with one accord yearn for reciprocity. They perfectly well understand, what some protectionists seem to overlook, that if a protective tariff law can be nullified, a little at a time, by means of reciprocity treaties, it will not take long to repeal, abrogate and entirely destroy the effectiveness of that law. The kind of reciprocity that takes away from American producers the control of the home market is the kind free-traders favor. Well and truly do they maintain that to make that kind of reciprocity a success the republican party must abandon protection.

The Scepter of Power.

Over and above the excess of exports which our own country shows in comparison with Great Britain and Germany, it has this great advantage—namely, a large balance of trade in its favor, as against a small balance for Germany and a balance the other way for the British islands. The great American trade balance stimulates home industry, protects its money supplies and is steadily making the world its debtor. The scepter of commercial and financial power, so long in the hands of England, is being transferred to this nation, which, from all present indications, will hold it for generations to come.—Topeka Capital.

A Colossal Failure.

The talk, during the campaign of 1900, about the danger of imperialism in the event of McKinley's election, was the worst kind of political demagoguery. Some people may have believed such silly twaddle, but men possessing the intelligence and information of William J. Bryan knew it to be merely a fabrication, a scheme to deceive the people, but, as such, it was a colossal failure.—Hermitage (Mo.) Index Gazette.

EATING AND BODILY HEALTH.

Two French Medical Investigators Believe We Eat to Die.

Doubt as to whether we eat to live or eat to die has been dispelled by certain French medical investigators, who have proved to their own satisfaction that we eat to die. One of these scientists recently read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, in which he advanced the theory that appendicitis is often the result of intestinal poisoning caused by influenza. Another investigator in discussing the same subject, declared that the disease is caused by worms or other parasites that are swallowed with raw fruits and vegetables and in impure water. Two other French investigators have discovered by test that rabbits which have been compelled to fast for a week are proof against the attacks of bacilli injected into their systems, while rabbits that have received their regular rations quickly succumb to disease. This is probably explained by the theory that the digestive agents of the body when not employed in the assimilation of nourishment from food will be in fighting trim for the "sack of 'doing up' any microbes that may enter their ballistics. Prophylactic action in line with this theory would destroy the business of the butchers, grocers and bakers during times of epidemic, but it would also destroy the fasters in the course of time, and thus prove the converse of the dictum that we eat to die. There is no doubt as to the ill-effects of over-eating; and opinion is general that humanity is inclined to eat too much. The investigations of the French scientists have neither removed doubt as to the real cause of appendicitis nor made it clear that humanity can escape the omnipresent microbe by habitual fasting.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

There is But One Way.

Only by Reducing Wages Can Free Trade Engage Most American Competition.

The pressure of the industrial competition which Great Britain feels is indicated by the reduction of the wages of 225,000 workmen a few days ago. The average reduction was only about 50 cents a week, but to men who have been earning not more than \$5 to \$7 a week that is a serious item. It is, however, the British method of meeting the competition of the best paid labor in the world, whose pay is twice the figures here quoted.

The question naturally arises, how can the manufacturers in the United States compete with those of Great Britain when paying double the wages? Several elements must enter into the answer. First, the British workman, having been for years the best in the world, has assumed that under no conditions can there be a better. He has obstinately clung to methods that are worn out. He will not yield to new inventions and processes. The result is that from being the best workman a third of a century ago he is now inferior to his American and German competitor. Again, good wages, with the prospect of better things, has appealed to the ambition of the workman, consequently he is more intelligent and more energetic.

Catering to the West.

For many years New York refused to recognize the west as worthy of the slightest metropolitan consideration, and no effort was made to cater to the wants of the visiting swarms of rough diamonds and unlicked cubs from the boundless prairies. Our hotels and restaurants no longer look to Boston and Philadelphia for support. Where the Hub and the Quaker City spend one dollar Chicago spends five. Examine the registers of the leading hotels and see where the patrons come from. The west is "running things" here. In Broadway, not far from Forty-second street, there will be opened on or about April 1 a stylish restaurant with special attractions for the rich German element of Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Kansas City, etc., and I venture to predict that it will be packed at all hours with the "ton" of the west.—New York Press.

Mosquitoes, Frost and Fever.

If the frost is the effective agent against the continuance of yellow fever, how has it happened that the fever has ceased in its time at Key West, St. Kitts, Vera Cruz and elsewhere to the south of us, where there is never a frost? As for the mosquito going out of business with the appearance of the frost, that is surely a mistake. The winter following the last appearance of fever here was so mild that the mosquitoes remained in commission until March. The fever, however, disappeared the last week in December.—Mobile (Ala.) Register.

Are trousers purchased on credit breeches of trust?