

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XII.

This terrible announcement she uttered as though it could not fail to strike despair and remorse into the hearts of her hearers; and, indeed, in Lady Caroline's breast it awoke mingled feelings of joy and terror, though in those of Mildred and Mabel the joy reigned supreme.

Lady Caroline attempted a faint remonstrance, but was sternly silenced; and on Wednesday, two days earlier than that on which she had originally decided, the old lady, bag and baggage, swept out of King's Abbott, very much to the relief of those she left behind.

And now came the most trying time in all poor Mildred's life. During all of the past weeks that she had been suffering violence at the hands of her relatives, Lord Lyndon had become a constant, untiring visitor at King's Abbott, taking no rebuffs, nor open slights, nor petulant actions to heart, but, as might a faithful animal, attending all the more assiduously to her wants who was his acknowledged mistress.

Patience, assisted by perseverance, has ever been known to work wonders, so it followed that in process of time he became—though so imperceptibly that it was without her knowledge—necessary to Mildred; so much so indeed that fewer and fewer grew the slights and unkindnesses on her part, while in their place a certain winning friendliness came and increased, raising false hopes in Lyndon's breast that should never have been there.

The end of all this was that close upon Christmas-time, somewhere about the middle of December, while all their minds were fully occupied with Lady Eagleton's sayings and doings, Lord Lyndon proposed for Miss Trevanion, and was rejected. This blow might perhaps have effectually daunted another man; but Lyndon, still following up his trusty instincts, determined to bide his time and never surrender hope until a more favored suitor took his place.

Mildred, having lively recollections of the treatment she had received on a similar occasion, thought well to keep her own counsel in this matter; and so it was agreed upon between them to hold the entire circumstance a secret from the rest of the family—to insure which, things of course went on in the usual way, he calling every other day and she accepting his attentions—which were never of the obtrusive description—in the same manner as formerly. So well did they sustain their several parts that even Lady Harriet's keen old eyes failed to detect that anything was amiss.

Sir George's affairs at this time were going from bad to worse. He had been hard at work for the past two months trying to find the ways and means to ward off the inevitable day of reckoning, and had suggested plans and pursued theories, all of which his man of business had frowned at and pooched as utterly impracticable. Nothing but the possession of a large sum of money—and that to be written in five figures—stood between him and complete ruin; and how to secure the money was the difficulty—a difficulty beyond all surmounting unless somebody could be found who for pure friendship's sake would lend it for an indefinite period, trusting to time and chance for repayment. Such a friend was hard to find.

One evening Mildred, on her way to her mother's room, was stopped by a servant with the intelligence that Lord Lyndon had just called, and was in the drawing-room.

"Would Miss Trevanion go down and receive him, while she informed her ladyship of his arrival?"

To which Mildred made answer that she would tell Lady Caroline herself, and went on to her mother's apartment.

When she came to the bedroom she found the door closed, but opening it passed on toward an inner room beyond, where Lady Caroline usually sat, and whence voices, suppressed yet distinct, reached her. As she approached still nearer, they rose still higher, and words became intelligible to her ears.

"If I do not get this money without delay we are simply ruined," said Sir George, irritably.

"Then I suppose there is nothing left you but to ask Mr. Young for it," returned Lady Caroline, in a reluctant tone.

"I suppose not," said Sir George.

"Ask Mr. Young! Ask the father of the man whom she had not considered good enough to marry for money! What could it all mean?"

Mildred stopped short and pressed her hands tightly together. Surely she had not heard aright. They could not mean—She drew her breath hard and swept like a whirlwind into the room.

"Papa," she said, "what are you thinking of? What have you been saying? I heard you as I came along. By what right do you intend to ask money of Mr. Young—of him of all men? What claim have you on him?"

"Mildred, you do not understand," began her father. "I speak of a loan."

"Yes, I do understand," broke in the girl passionately—"only too well. You speak of a loan; when, then, do you intend to return it—in months, in

years? Why, you yourself told me only the other day you could not hope to see the time the estate would relieve itself. I ask you, therefore, is it honorable to borrow?"

"Something must be done," Sir George urged feebly, "else we must starve."

"Then let us starve," cried Mildred, vehemently; "far better do that, or work for our daily bread as others have done before us, than live comfortably on other people's money. Let us be honest, whatever we are; and surely to borrow without hope of being able to repay is the very acme of all dishonesty."

Lady Caroline rose, pale and trembling.

"Mildred," she said, "how dare you speak so to your father? You have altogether forgotten yourself, I think. How can you presume to dictate to him what is right or wrong? Is he not your father? Are you not his child? Ah, it is because he has been so good to you that you now fall in love and obedience to him!"

It was the first time she had ever rebuked Mildred within her memory, and her voice shook with the unwonted agitation.

"Do not speak to her like that," interrupted Sir George, gently. "She is right; she has but spoken the truth. I can now see for myself that my intention was dishonorable and dishonest."

But Lady Caroline was still stung to the quick.

"And you, ungrateful girl," she went on, taking no notice of her husband's speech, "how can you claim to have any voice in the matter at all—who could have saved us all by putting out your hands and would not?"

"Hush, Carry!" interposed Sir George, authoritatively. "We have had enough of that subject. I will hear no more of it. Thinking it over of late, I can see no just reason why Mildred should sacrifice herself to please her family. If I am to be beggared in my old age," he said, with a wretched attempt at a smile, "the sooner it comes to pass the better."

An awful pain arose in Mildred's heart; her mother's words had sunk deep into it. Was she indeed the cause of all this cruel suffering? Was it through her fault that sorrow had fallen upon the closing years of her father and mother?

CHAPTER XIII.

Mildred descended the stairs and hurried across the hall, giving herself no time to think or meditate on what lay before her, and, going into the drawing-room, found Lord Lyndon standing with his back to the fire. She went up to him, and held out her hand.

"I want you to do something for me," she said, in a low, choked voice—"will you do it?"

"Of course, I will," he responded in his pleasant, cheery way. "Why do you ask me that? Have you yet to learn that there is nothing in the world I would not do for you if I could?"

"Hush!" she said. "I would rather you did not promise just yet. Wait until you have heard my request, for it is no ordinary one. I do not think you can grant it. I shall not think it in the least strange if you tell me you cannot."

"At least let me hear what it is," he requested, gently.

"I want you to lend me, for an indefinite period, fifteen thousand pounds."

Lord Lyndon was so taken aback that at first he scarcely recognized the importance of an immediate reply. He was rich, certainly—richer far than many men who were accounted well possessed of this world's goods; but fifteen thousand pounds was a sum that few could put their hands on at a moment's notice. He hesitated, therefore, for a little, and then recovering himself said quietly:

"What day shall I bring it to you? Or would you prefer paying it in any where?"

"You will give it to me, then? You really mean it? Are you sure—certain? Think what a large sum it is, and how small is your hope of repayment, and do not speak in too great a hurry."

"I am sure," he said. "I promise you."

"And about securities?" questioned Mildred, trying anxiously to recollect all that she had ever heard about money matters, and not succeeding at all.

"We will not speak about securities," answered Lyndon, gently. "Let it be an arrangement between you and me alone; I shall trust to you to repay me the moment you are able."

The utter kindness and nobility of his nature touched her to the heart.

"What shall I say to you?" she said, in a low tone, while a strange trembling pervaded her voice. "How shall I thank you?"

"Say nothing—do not thank me at all," he answered, in a hurried, pained manner, moving back a few steps from her.

Meanwhile time was flying. One, two, three minutes passed, marked by nothing except the small ormolu ornament on the chimney piece, as it ticked away its little monotonous existence. He, gazing absent in the fire, be-

thought him of what all this might portend; she thought of nothing—remembered nothing—beyond the fact that, for her, life's sweetness, liberty and tender sympathy were no.

At length, rousing herself with an effort, she went up to Leydon and placed her hand on his. Her heart was beating wildly, her face was ashen.

"Do you remember a question you asked me about two weeks ago?" she said. "Do you still care to remember it? Because, if so, I have a different answer to make you now."

"Two weeks ago I asked you to marry me," he replied, in a forced, unnatural manner.

"And then I said 'No,'" she murmured faintly; "now—now—I would say 'Yes.'" She covered her face with her hands; a thick, dry, tearless sob escaped her.

"But I have not asked you to say it," observed his lordship, coldly, still keeping down with firm hand the rising hope that was consuming him. "What, Mildred, do you imagine that, because I have been able to help you in this little matter, I have a claim on you? You are doing both yourself and me a great injustice."

"You are too good for me," said Miss Trevanion; "and yet I know you love me. If you still care to marry me, I will gladly be your wife."

"Mildred, Mildred, what are you saying?" he cried, all the icy brave reserve breaking down in an instant. "Think what your thoughtless words must mean to me—life, hope, happiness greater than I have ever dared to dream of—and beware lest I take advantage of them. If you are saying all this—as I feel you are—from a mistaken sense of gratitude or pity I implore you to desist and leave me as I was before."

"Listen to me," entreated Mildred, determined honestly to advocate her own doom, and holding out to him her hands, which he gently took and held. "If I tell you that I do not love you with that passionate love with which some women love the men they marry, but that I respect you above all living men, will it content you—will you take me as I am?"

"If I were quite sure you would be happy," he began, reluctantly.

"I am quite sure I should be happy," she interposed, and burst into bitter tears as she spoke.

After a little she recovered herself. "I feel nervous," she declared, trying bravely to appear her usual self, and smiling a wan, faint smile, though heavy drops were on her lashes; "you should have come to my rescue—it is not every day the proposal is made by the woman."

"My darling," he said, tenderly caressing the small hands, of which he had again possessed himself, "I hope—I think—you will never regret it. Mildred, if I were quite certain that this was for your good, and that you would never wish unsaid the words you have uttered, I believe I might feel satisfied."

"Be satisfied, then," she returned, but there was a terrible, dull aching pain at her heart, as she gave the expected assurance.

When he was gone she went upstairs again to the room where she had left her father and mother, and found them still there—Sir George standing at the window gazing out upon the snow-covered ground, Lady Caroline before the fire, as though in the act of warming herself. The traces of tears were still upon her mother's cheeks, and even as Mildred gazed a heavy drop fell upon her lap.

"Mamma, be comforted," cried Mildred, coming suddenly forward from where she had been standing unnoticed, in the shadow of the door; "I have done what you wished me to do—I have got the money for you."

Lady Caroline started and turned toward her; so did Sir George.

WILL NOT LEND THE BOOKS.

Collectors of Rare Volumes Have a Horror of the Borrowers.

A noted book collector of New York, one whose library is filled with some of the rarest treasures of the bibliophile's heart, recently complained of the total lack of the collector's spirit among literary men. "I was recently asked by a literary man to send him a copy of an extremely rare book that I have on my shelves to aid him in some work that he is doing. Now, I want to help him all I can, and if he will come to my house he can have the use of the book as long as he wants it, under the most favorable circumstances. But send him the book—no, under no circumstances! It is not the fact that it is worth hundreds of dollars anywhere in the market, but the fact that if damaged or lost it would be utterly irreplaceable that makes the collector shudder. If it were lost or spoiled Mr. Literary Man would send an abject letter expressing his deep contrition at an untoward accident, perhaps with a check enclosed, but of the real horror of the situation I think he and his tribe could have no inkling."

Improvements Upon National Capitol.

About \$300,000 will be expended upon the capitol at Washington during the congressional recess. Many desirable improvements will be made, and the architect of the capitol has been authorized to prepare and submit plans for the reconstruction and fireproofing of the central portion of the building and the renovation and redecoration of the rotunda. Plans are also to be prepared for a new fireproof building adjacent to the capitol grounds to be used for additional committee rooms, storage and power plant.

ECONOMIC ASPECT.

RECIPROcity CONSIDERED FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW.

The Forcing Out Process of Extending Foreign Trade Has Invariably Been Attended with Serious Depression of Domestic Industries.

Such is the suggestive title of a lecture delivered before the students of the College of Commerce in the University of California, on the evening of April 4, by Mr. John P. Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. Young is the author of "Protection and Progress," a work of great strength and importance, which made its appearance last year and attracted very wide attention. Ranking, as he does, among the ablest economic writers of the day, Mr. Young's views regarding "The Economic Aspects of Reciprocity" are sure to command respectful consideration. Inquiring into the causes of the rise and fall of nations, Mr. Young makes the terse comment that "the cause of decay in most instances was due to the failure of the defunct to mind their own business." There is pertinent sense in the remark that in almost every case "nations which engaged in the work of empire building pursued the economic course of neglecting the development of their home resources." Economic backing is essential to permanency of government, and solidarity is best promoted by developing domestic industry. Advocates of reciprocity ignore or fail to comprehend the wastefulness of trade artificially promoted. They see a chance to sell larger quantities of machinery to Russia by taking Russia's sugar on terms more advantageous than those granted to other countries; but they do not see that sound economics require that Russia shall make her own machinery; that we shall produce all the sugar we need, and that hauling machinery and sugar back and forth is, therefore, an unnecessary waste. They fall into the Cobdenite error of thinking that present cheapness is the only thing to be considered and that the people of today owe nothing to the generations to come.

The wane of Egypt's power and prestige is traced by Mr. Young directly to the mistaken policy of Ramses III. In opening up reciprocal trade relations with Phoenicia and Syria. Egypt fell a prey to her more vigorous rivals, and became a heterogeneous population without a national aspiration, "a condition which inevitably ensues when the solidarity of interests which a prosperous domestic industry promotes is impaired by exchanging commercial independence for a state of dependence upon foreigners." The manufacturers of Egypt and of Rome, says Mr. Young, were constantly trying to push their surplus wares on other peoples, and, like some moderns who are clamoring for an "open door," they overlooked the fact that when a door is opened it permits egress as well as ingress. In short, they suffered the experience through which Great Britain is now passing, the destruction of domestic industry through the flood of rival products that followed the forcing open of the trade doors of foreigners.

The interests of individuals will always prompt them to adopt methods which consider their own advancement at the expense of the community. It should be the aim of statesmen to restrain and not promote this tendency. It is a powerful enough factor when unaided, and influences the destinies of men sufficiently without the direct help of lawmakers.

In conclusion Mr. Young says it may be urged that a national policy such as here outlined is narrow and selfish, but reflection will convince any unbiased person that in the long run its operation will prove universally beneficial. Certainly it is no great economic achievement for a nation to flourish in brilliancy for a short period and then decay. But that is the fate which has overtaken many commercial nations, and it seems to be the destiny of Great Britain to share it. When a writer like Mallock coolly tells his countrymen that they must consider the propriety of emigrating as soon as their coal mines are worked out, he indicts the system he extols, for he virtually advises a reversion to nomadic conditions. That is what the forcing-out process tends to. Throughout the ages it has resulted in the shifting about of commercial centers, and is responsible for the attendant evils. It has made industrial people campers by the side of raw materials. Today they are exerting themselves to get rid of the bounties of nature as speedily as possible; at some future day they will be compelled to abandon the field of their operations because it is worked out, and resort to other countries, perhaps the very ones upon which they lavished the surplus they should have conserved. This is not intelligent, nor is it economic. There ought to be a more rational scheme, but it will not develop until economists begin to teach that synchronous universal development promises better results than those attained by pursuing a course which operates to prevent the advancement of backward peoples. If the world were created for the enjoyment of the existing generation, the forcing-out process might have some justification. But it has not been. Other generations are to come after us, and we owe an obligation to them. Economists must keep this in mind. They cannot, they dare not, take for their motto, "After me the deluge."

A GOOD MAN TO HAVE PLEASSED

census year more than one-third of the domestic sugar production was obtained from the beet. This quantity of sugar, 70 per cent of which was suitable for immediate consumption, was produced in a year of extremely unfavorable agricultural conditions in the beet districts. The yield of beets per acre was less than half that of an average season. The factories could readily manufacture more than two and one-half times the quantity of sugar produced, if supplied with sufficient raw material.—Pittsburg Times.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Federal Court Decision Which Strikes a Blow at Undervaluation.

A legal question of extraordinary interest and importance in its varied bearings and its remarkable possibilities has just been decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. In the year 1898 the treasury department learned through reliable sources that a system of large undervaluations existed in connection with the importation of embroideries from Switzerland and other countries. By the instructions of the department different customs officers took up the subject for customs investigation, and during the following year this class of merchandise coming especially from Switzerland was advanced from 30 to 40 per cent by the appraiser at New York, and this action by the appraiser was appealed by the importers to the United States Board of General Appraisers, where the cases were heard by General Appraiser Sharretts, who promptly reduced the advances referred to above to 4 1/2 per cent.

One appeal was left to the government, namely, from one general appraiser to the full board of general appraisers, and it was expected and believed that the collector at New York would promptly appeal the case. He not only did not appeal, but refused to take this action, and was finally overruled by the treasury department and ordered to appeal the cases to the full board of general appraisers for final adjudication. The full board of general appraisers sustained the original advances referred to of 30 and 40 per cent. The case was taken before the classification branch of the General Board of Appraisers on the purely technical question of jurisdiction, and this branch of the board decided in favor of the importer, thus invalidating the action of the full board of appraisers. The treasury department then took the case to the United States Circuit Court, and Judge Townsend, following his usual inclination, turned down the government, thus sustaining the action of the collector of the port and of General Appraiser Sharretts.

The treasury department again appealed the case to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second District of New York. The decision has just been handed down from this court, which reverses Judge Townsend, Collector Bidwell, General Appraiser Sharretts and the Classification Board and sustains the position taken by the government.

In legal points and stripped of confusing technicalities, the case is this: Enormous undervaluations existed. This was proved and confirmed by the highest court, but the collector of the port claimed and actually exercised the absolute right of final judgment as to whether the government should or should not appeal from an unsatisfactory appraisal by a single member of the Board of General Appraisers. Had the decision of Collector Bidwell been sustained the government would have been compelled to rebate \$154,000 to the very undervaluers who now are paying duties based upon the final appraisal made in this case. It would have had the effect of practically placing the appraising department of the government in the hands of the collectors of customs throughout the country, and of stripping the treasury department of the power to compel the collection of revenues to which the government was entitled under the law. It would have made a subordinate officer of the secretary of the treasury himself, superior to the courts, superior to the law. It would have made the local collector "the whole thing," as regards valuation, appraisement and the collection of hundreds of millions of revenue. Fortunately the United States Circuit Court of Appeals saw the danger and the illegality of such a state of things and smashed it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, MAY 26—ACTS 11: 1-11.

Golden Text: When He, the Spirit of Truth is Come, He Will Guide You Into All Truth—John 16: 13—The Holy Spirit Given.

1. And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.
2. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.
3. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.
4. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with one another, as the Spirit gave them utterance.
5. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.
6. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language.
7. And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?
8. And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?
9. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia.
10. Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes.
11. Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

The apostles, filled with the Holy Ghost, and speaking divers languages, are admired by some, and derided by others. Whom Peter disproving, and showing that the apostles spoke by the power of the Holy Ghost, that Jesus was risen from the dead, ascended into heaven, had poured down the same Holy Ghost, and was the Messiah, a man known to them to be approved of God by his miracles, wonders, and signs, and not crucified without his determinate counsel, and foreknowledge; he baptized a great number that were converted. Who afterwards devoutly and charitably converse together; the apostles working many miracles, and God daily increasing his church.

What Was the Gift of Tongues? The apostles at this time actually spoke in the languages mentioned, but many, comparing this account with I Cor. 14, think that the gift was of ecstatic utterances of God's praises in various languages as mouthpieces of the Spirit, but without any permanent knowledge of the languages for use in preaching to all the world; others, that it was a permanent gift to help the disciples in their missionary work. Little is known for certain. But there is no trace of anyone being compelled to spend a long time in learning languages. Paul, who traveled most, declares that he speaks of "with tongues more than ye all" (I Cor. 14: 18), nor is it said that even at Lystra he did not understand the Lycaonian dialect. Professor Ramsey, in his late book, "The Church in the Roman Empire," says that in Asia Minor, while most books were written in Greek, and Greek and Latin were used by the officials and the educated, the great body of the people, to whom Paul preached, knew only their own dialect. Twelve unlearned men, chiefly Galilean peasants, could not well evangelize the world without the gift of tongues. As Greek then, so "English now will carry a man over the world, but the English will not enable him to preach to the people of India or of China."—Professor Stokes.

Illustration, Professor Stokes makes use of the scientific fact of hypnotism, which shows that "it is impossible to assign any limits to the influence of the mind over the body," to show that such an impartation of the gift of speech is certainly possible.

Illustrations. The great forces of the world are invisible, as spirit, which is powerful enough to do work, as electricity, as chemical forces, the X-rays, gravitation. We recognize them by special manifestations. We know electricity is everywhere, by the lightning; and know it is in the wire by its light, or motor work. There is need of these special manifestations.

- The Greek word for spirit is used in both senses—wind and spirit. It is an invisible power of which no one knows "whence it cometh or whither it goeth." No weather bureau can predict the wind beforehand, but only when it recognizes it in one place, can judge the direction whether it will go to another.
2. It is very powerful. The air is so powerful that even free dynamite smiting against it on one side crushes the rocks on the other.
 3. Yet it is very gentle and delicate, breathing around the rose, and gently touching the little child.
 4. It comes pure from heaven.
 5. The air is all-pervasive. It penetrates the hardest rock.
 6. It is the breath of life. No one can live without it.
- "We are but organs mute, till a master touches the keys—
Verily, vessels of earth into which God poureth the wine;
Harps are we, silent harps that have hung on the withered tree,
Dumb till our heartstrings swell and break with a pulse divine."
- John the Baptist had said that "Jesus shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." Fire is one of the most expressive symbols of the Holy Spirit. Fire, shining in light, is mysterious in nature, ineffably bright and glorious, everywhere present, swift-winged, undefiled, and undefeatable.

1. It represents the revealing power of the Holy Spirit, shining into each soul, and illuminating it as a house when the lamps are lighted within; as a twilight scene when the sun rises upon it.

Mining Exhibition for Bendigo.

Bendigo, perhaps the most famous of Australian gold fields, is preparing to celebrate its jubilee by holding a mining exhibition. It was in October, 1851, that the first nuggets were found by an old shepherd on the spot where Golden square now stands. Since then Bendigo has contributed 17,169,680 ounces to the gold output of the world. The old shepherd was a pugnacious and quarrelsome person, hence he was christened by his comrades "Bendigo," the name of the most renowned English prize fighter of that period.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

- Confidence is the champion of success.
- A blush on the face is better than a blot on the heart.
- Ignorance shuts its eyes and imagines it is right.
- Lots of busy people never seem to accomplish anything.
- The more promises a man makes the more he doesn't keep.
- The harder it is to acquire anything the longer we retain it.



American Farmer—Yes, protection is all right. All my crops sold, all my mortgages paid off, and everything I can raise this year sold ahead.