

# Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER II.

The eventful Friday at length arrived, and with it the unwelcome Younges. They came by the late train, which enabled them to reach King's Abbott just one hour before the dinner bell rang, and so gave them sufficient time to dress. Sir George met them warmly, feeling some old, half-forgotten sensations cropping up within his heart as he grasped between his own hands the hard, brown one of his old servant school friend. The old man he now met, however, was widely different from the fair-haired boy and light active youth he could just barely remember both at Eton and Oxford. Indeed, Mr. Young, oddly enough, did strangely resemble the fanciful picture drawn of him by Miss Trevanion, being fat, "puffy," jolly, and altogether decidedly after the style of the farming gentry.

But, however right about him, Miss Trevanion's prognostications with regard to the others were entirely wrong. Mrs. Young, far from being fat, red and cookish, was remarkably slight, fragile, and very lady-like in appearance. Her daughter, Miss Rachel, resembled her mother strongly, though lacking her gentle expression and the quiet air of self-possession that sat so pleasantly on her.

But in her description of Denzil Miss Trevanion had been very much at fault indeed. Any one more unlike a "boor" could not be well imagined. Denzil Young was a very handsome young man. Tall, fair and distinguished looking, with just the faintest resemblance to his mother, he might have taken his place with honor in any society in Christendom. He wore neither beard nor whiskers, simply a heavy, golden mustache, which covered, but scarcely concealed, the almost feminine sweetness of his mouth.

Miss Trevanion, having made up her mind that there would be plenty of time just before dinner to get through the introductions, stayed in her own room until exactly five minutes to seven o'clock, the usual hour for dining at King's Abbott, when she swept downstairs and into the drawing room in her beautiful, graceful fashion, clad in pure white from head to foot, with the exception of a single scarlet rose, fresh from the conservatory, in the middle of her golden hair. And certainly Mildred looked as exquisite a creature that evening, as she walked up the long drawing room to where her father was standing, as any one could wish to see.

"This is my eldest daughter—unmarried," said Sir George, evidently with great pride, taking the girl's hand and presenting her to his guest, who had been gazing at her with open, honest admiration ever since her entrance.

"Is it indeed?" the old man answered; and then he met her with both hands extended, and, looking kindly at her, declared out loud, for the benefit of the assembled company, "She is the bonniest lass I have seen for many a day."

At this Mabel laughed out loud, merrily, without even an attempt at the concealment of her amusement, to Lady Caroline's intense horror and old Young's intense delight. He turned to Mabel instantly.

"You like to hear your sister admired?" he said.

And Mabel answered:

"Yes, always, when the admiration is sincere—as in your case—because I, too, think she is the bonniest lass in all the world."

"Right, right!" cried old Young, approvingly; and these two became friends on the spot, the girl chattering to him pleasantly the greater part of the evening afterward, although the old man's eyes followed Mildred's rather haughty movements with more earnest attention than he bestowed upon those of her more light-hearted sister.

Miss Trevanion, when Mr. Young had called her a "bonny lass," merely flushed a little and flashed a quick glance toward her mother which said plainly, "There, did I not tell you so—Yorkshire farmer, pure and simple, and all that?" and moved on to be introduced to the other members of the unwelcome family. She could not forget, even for a moment, how intrusive their visit was, and how unpleasant in every sense of the word. She was only three or four years Mabel's senior, but in mind and feeling she might, so to speak, have been her mother. When she remembered how Eddie always required money, and how difficult they found it to send Charles regularly his allowance and still to keep up the old respectable appearance in the county, she almost hated the newcomers for the expenses their coming would entail.

Miss Trevanion raised her head half an inch higher, and went through her inclinations to the others with a mixture of grace and extreme hauteur that made her appear even more than commonly lovely, and caused Denzil Young to lose his place in the languid conversation he had been holding with Eddie Trevanion. She had not so much as deigned to raise her eyes when bowing to him, so he had been fully at liberty to make free use of his own, and he decided, without hesitation, that nothing in the wide earth could be more exquisite than this girl who he could not fail to see treated them all with open coolness.

He took her in to dinner presently, but not until soup had been removed

Was she really as worthless as she declared herself to be? Could those handsome, cold blue eyes and faultless features never soften into tenderness and womanly feeling?

He quite forgot how earnestly he was gazing until Miss Trevanion raised her eyes, and meeting his steady stare, blushed warmly—angrily. He recollected himself then, and the admiration his look must have conveyed, and colored almost as deeply as she had.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly; "do not think me rude, but I am strangely forgetful at times, and was just then wondering whether you really meant all you said."

"Do not wonder any longer then," she retorted, still resenting the expression of his eyes, "as I did perfectly mean what I said. I detest with all my heart boors and ill-bred people, and parvenus, and want of birth generally."

And then Lady Caroline made the usual mysterious sign, and they all rose to leave the room, and Miss Trevanion became conscious that she had made a cruelly rude speech.

She felt rather guilty and disinclined for conversation when she had reached the drawing room; so she sat down and tried to find excuses for her conduct in the remembrance of that last unwarrantable glance he had bestowed upon her. A man should be taught manners if he did not possess them; and the idea of his turning deliberately to stare at her—Mildred Trevanion—publicly, was more than any woman could endure. So she argued, endeavoring to persuade her conscience—but unsuccessfully—that her unbecoming remark had been justly provoked, and then Mabel came over and sat down beside her.

"I liked your man at dinner very much," she said; "at least what I could see of him."

"He seemed to like you very much, at all events," Mildred returned; "he watched your retreating figure just now as though he had never before seen a pretty girl or a white-worked grenadier."

"He is awfully handsome," went on Mabel, who always indulged in the strongest terms of speech.

"He is good-looking."

"More than that; he is as rich as Croesus, I am told."

"What a good thing for the young woman who gets him," Miss Trevanion remarked, and smiled down a yawn very happily indeed.

"Look here, Mildred; you may just as well begin by being civil to him," counseled Mabel, wisely, "because, as he is going to inhabit the same house as yourself for the next six weeks or so, it will be better for you to put up with him quietly. You were looking all through dinner as though you were bored to death—and, after all, what good can that do?"

"I rather think you will have the doing of the civility," observed Miss Trevanion, "as he is evidently greatly struck by your numerous charms."

"I shouldn't mind it in the least, if he can talk plenty of nonsense, and look as he looked at dinner," Mabel returned. "There is always something so interesting about a superlatively rich man, don't you think?"

"Not when the rich man owns to cotton."

"Why not? Cotton is a nice clean thing, I should fancy; and money is money, however procured. I am a thoroughly unbiased person, thank heaven, and a warm admirer of honest industry."

"You had better marry Mr. Young, then, and you will be able to admire the fruits of it from this day until your death," Mildred said.

"Not at all a bad idea," returned "the queen"; "thanks for the suggestion. I shall certainly think about it. If I like him sufficiently well on a nearer acquaintance, and if he is good enough to ask me, I will positively go and help him to squander that cotton money."

(To be continued.)

## MAGGIE DARLIN'

A Story of St. Patrick's Day

By Edith Sessions Tupper

"Gee, Tom's in luck!" said Larry Finn, as he watched two of the prettiest girls in the ward sail by the engine house and give Tom Brennan, the handsome fireman of hook and ladder company No. — a perfect fusillade of eye adoration.

"To the devil wid Tom," said Dooley Bryan, shrugging his brawny shoulders in downright disgust. "He don't be human. What ails him Oi dunno. All the gurrils in the parish crazy over his dommed black eyes, an' he not notice 'em. Bedad, Larry, Oi end knock his head off for a stupid, on-feelin', graven image."

"Was he always so?" inquired Larry.

"He was," returned Dooley, "ever since Maggie Harrigan tuk the veil."

"Oho!" said Larry.

"They were engaged," said Dooley, enraptured with himself as a gossip, "whin Maggie got the vocation. It was near killin' Tom. But av course he couldn't do nothin'."

"He couldn't?" said Larry. "Why didn't he carry her off?"

"Murder! fot do ye be sayin'?" "Tis white-robed novices. He smelted the incense, he heard the roll of the organ, the solemn voice of the priest. He shivered and, turning, buried his face in his pillow.

Suddenly the alarm roused him. He listened. He sprang from his bunk, and a moment later was down the pole and in his place on the truck. His face was like the face of the dead. As in a dream he heard the cry: "Where is it?" and the answer from a dozen lusty throats: "The convent!"

The convent and the Orphans' Home adjoining were ablaze. It was evident at a glance that the buildings were doomed. The main business was to save the sisters and the children.

The bravery of the nuns and their proteges was only second to that of the magnificent fellows who fought for the lives of these helpless people. Everyone recalls the amazing fortitude and courage displayed at this frightful hour. The children had been drilled for just such a moment of peril, and nobly did they now obey their instructors. Such deeds of heroism as were done that bitter morning are never lost. Their memory remains as an eternal inspiration.

"Tom" Brennan thrust a ladder up to a window of the dormitory just beneath the huge gilded cross that surmounted the roof of the convent.

In this window, serene, calm, her lips moving in prayer, stood a sweet-faced sister, holding in her arms a tiny crippled boy. So symbolic was the attitude of this holy woman that not one heart in the vast crowd below failed to respond.

"It is Sister Mary Beatrice!" moaned the mother superior. She knelt upon the bare ground and crossed herself.

When Tom Brennan, his face blackened with smoke and his eyes blazing with heroic excitement, reached the window, Sister Mary Beatrice looked steadfastly at him with her old sweet smile.

He held out his arms.

"The child first, Tom," she said, as she laid the little boy on the broad breast of the fireman.

A mighty shout went up from the crowd below. All had seen that sublime act. All realized what it meant.

A dozen hands received the child and Tom Brennan turned back up the ladder.

He lifted Sister Mary Beatrice from the window.

For one instant he held her on his heart.

Then as the frenzied spectators groaned and cursed and prayed the convent walls swayed in.

And at the foot of the cross Tom Brennan died for his "Maggie darlin'."



THE CHILD FIRST, TOM.

It's ashamed of you Oi am, ye baste. No, poor Tom had to submit, but he's niver been the same. Oi suppose now," concluded Mr. Bryan, meditatively, "if one of them members av the Four Hundreded were to come by and give Tom the glad eye he'd niver encourage her. 'Tis strange that the nuts allus fall to the toothless divils."

With which sage observation Mr. Bryan betook himself to the burnishing of a hose cart as a relief to his overcharged emotions.

All was true. Since the day "Tom" Brennan tore his manly heart out in bidding an eternal farewell to the beautiful girl who renounced him for her vocation the big fellow had never been the same.

All women were like shadows to him. He had loved one truly, devotedly, and he had been forced to give her up to heaven. He could never love another. In vain were appealing and languishing glances sent in the direction of this superb young specimen of Irish-American manhood.

"Tom" never noticed women. He simply went about his business of saving lives and property as if there were nothing else in the universe for a big, handsome, athletic fellow.

Often, as he lay in his bunk at the engine house, as he rode tempestuously through the crowded streets, as he fought the flames, he repeated to himself the last words he had said to his beloved: "I love you, Maggie, darlin'. I would live for you or I would die for you, and since you bid me tear out my heart, I must do it."

St. Patrick's anniversary morning dawned—the very one on which "Tom" had hoped to lead his sweetheart to the altar. He thought of her as he roused from his dreams of her sweet face. Life was over for him, he said. He saw again the crowded church, the

## A Famous Irish Shrine

Away up in the north of Ireland, in County Donegal, is Lough Derg which contains by far the oldest and most famous shrine of all the land of Erin. For centuries untold it has been the resort of pilgrims, and every year, from June 1 to August 15, it is thronged with penitents.

The lough, or lake, is six miles in length and four in breadth. It contains several small islands, two of which are known respectively as Saints' Island and Station Island. The scenery for many miles around is neither beautiful nor is it forbidding. It is simply dreary—inexpressibly dreary. There are no trees, no broken or graceful hills, but only slopes of desolate, unrelieved moorland.

This unpromising spot attracted the attention of the British world in the middle of the twelfth century, when one Henry, a Benedictine monk of the Abbey of Salsbury, in Huntingdonshire, wrote a marvelous book describing

the penitence and punishment of a certain knight of King Stephen of England. This knight, Sir Owain (the name is spelled in many ways), seems to have been one of the most appallingly wicked men that ever lived. According to the story of Henry, he entered a cave in the tiny island of Lough, and there passed through the experiences of purgatory. The critics of folklore may deem the experiences of Sir Owain as being only the work of a vivid imagination or a vision of fever, which wrought a deep impression upon his soul. The circumstantial nature of the descriptions, however, impressed the religious world profoundly, and the narrative of the knight's vision of purgatory passed into other lands. One hundred and twelve years after the appearance of Henry's narrative Dante was born. In his "Inferno" his descriptions of purgatory are much the same as Henry's. In fact, it is impossible to believe that the great Italian poem was not inspired largely by the strange, unearthly narrative of the monk of Salsbury.



RUINS OF THE OLD MONASTERY.

Eight years before a book entitled "The Life and Purgatory of St. Patrick" had been printed in Spain, and this is what gave the dramatist his materials.

In this day of Spanish study in America there is the beginning of a revival of Spanish literature and doubtless Calderon will become more familiar to American readers. No other drama from his pen will prove so interesting to American readers. The author perpetrates an anachronism by making Sir Owain (whom he calls "Enlo") a contemporary of the Irish saint. Otherwise he adheres closely to the accepted accounts of the lives of both. In the drama Patrick and Enlo are both wrecked upon the Irish coast and brought before the king—the former receives only contempt, while the latter is favored by the monarch. Enlo elopes with and murders the king's daughter, while Patrick converts his hearers to the Christian faith. The impious king demands an ocular demonstration of heaven, hell and purgatory, and enters the cave in the islet of Lough Derg, from which he never emerges. Enlo, returning to Ireland (after his flight therefrom) to commit a murder, is prevented and tormented night after night by a mysterious figure, heavily cloaked and muffled, with whom the wicked knight proposes, at last, to fight. The latter finds, however, that his sword only cuts the air. He pursues the figure, and tears off its cloak, only to find a skeleton, while a spectral voice exclaims: "I, alas, am Enlo. How dost thou fail to recognize thine own self?"

After this the unique adventure, so suggestive of the later known Rubaiyat of Khayyam, Enlo is penitent, and seeks the saints in the cavern. On his way he meets the king's daughter, restored to life. He enters the cavern, from which the impenitent never returned. But to the joy of all he again comes forth purified from all crime, and relates the strange scenes through which he has passed in the nether world.

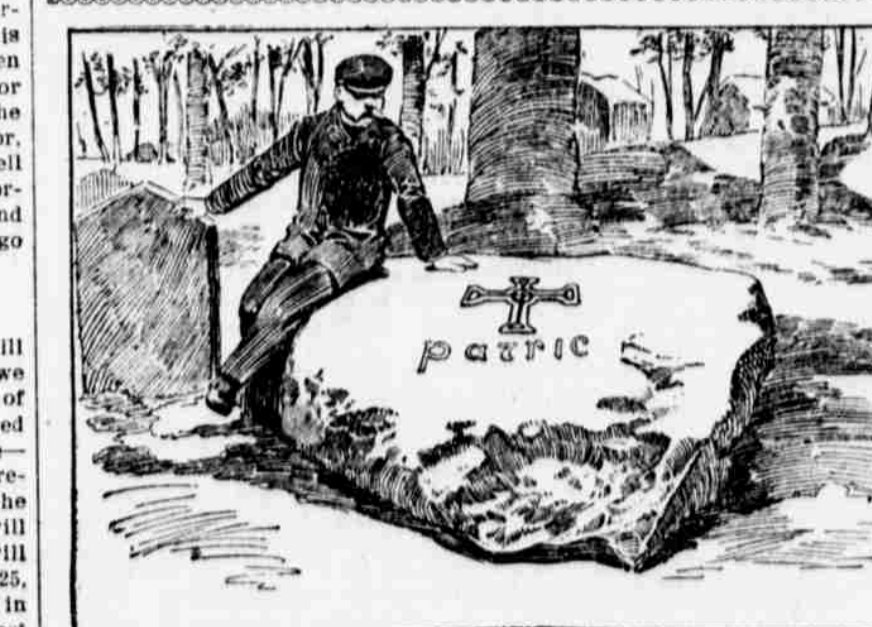
The drama is one of great power and of absorbing interest. It will repay a perusal, even in the imperfect translations now to be found in the market.

It is claimed that the original monastery on Saints' Island was erected by St. Daveog, a disciple of St. Patrick. This was destroyed by the Danes in the ninth century. In the thirteenth century the island was already very famous. In 1497 the place was devastated by order of Pope Alexander VI., but it was restored by order of Pope Pius III. Twice has the sanctuary been suppressed by law—once in 1632 and again in 1704. However, no law has been able to lessen the interest in this singularly fascinating spot, with its strange history and associations. At the present time about 4,000 people visit Station Island annually. It is but 130 yards long and sixty broad, but it contains two chapels, a bell tower, a presbytery, a hotel or "hospice" of sixty bedrooms, and six lodging houses. Saints' Island, near by, contains the ruins of the old, old monastery, destroyed in 1622. The cavern, likewise, was destroyed.

Women Preponderate in Norway.

In consequence of emigration there is a greater preponderance of women in Norway than in almost any other country in Europe. The census of 1891 showed that there was an excess of women over men of almost 70,000, while in 1876 this excess only amounted to 43,000.

## Grave of St. Patrick



After ages of neglect the traditional resting place of the remains of Ireland's patron saint in the cathedral graveyard in Downpatrick has been covered with a memorial stone, a rough, weather beaten boulder of granite, weighing about seven tons, from the mountain side of Slieve-na-Largie, where it rested at a height of 900 feet. Upon the upper surface of this boulder is cut an Irish cross, faithfully reproduced from one cut on an equally rough, unheaven stone found on the island of Inishclothran, one of the islands of Lough Ree, where St. Dairmid founded his famous ecclesiastical settlement about the middle of the sixth century. Under the cross the name "Patric" is cut in Irish characters copied from the earliest known Celtic manuscripts. This simple treatment is considered to be the nearest approach to the form of monument which would have been constructed about the year 469, the supposed date of St. Patrick's death.

## Picturesque Old Castle.

Tourists who wish to see the castle which Victor Cherbuliez, the famous French academicien, has pictured in one of the most popular novels, "Paule Mere," ought to visit Fossard. An electric train runs from Geneva to Chene. Thence it is only a few minutes' walk through a shady lane to the Chateau des Terreaux, situated on the border of the little river which separates Switzerland from France. The old building is highly picturesque. Nothing has been changed since the celebrated author wrote the description. At sunset the mountain is a mass of changing color, and visitors are subject to a spell which will prevent them from ever forgetting the little hamlet of Fossard and its castle.—Philip Jamin in Chicago Record.

## Easter in the New Century.

In the century just begun there will be 5,217 Sundays. In that which we have hardly yet learned to speak of as last Easter Sunday has occurred once on its earliest possible date—March 22, 1818—but this will not recur till the twenty-third century. The earliest Easter in the new century will be March 23, 1913. Easter Sunday will fall once on its latest day—April 25, in 1943. This also occurred once in May, but on three occasions in the past century it occurred in June, and in the new century this will happen four times.

## How Niagara is Receding.

The falls of Niagara eat back the cliff at the rate of about one foot a year. In this way a deep cleft has been cut right back from Queenstown for a distance of seven miles to the place where the falls now are. At this rate it has taken more than 35,000 years for the seven-mile channel to be made.