

CHAPTER III.

ter and heiress of Lionel Sylverton, too, they cannot be up to all my intimate friend that the Trevanions just yet, you know; and so I dare say height, and was not altogether unlike that young lady in respect of features. though differing widely from her both in expression and general demcanor. She had handsome eyes and fair brown shrug of her preity, uncivil shoulders, hair, a good-humored mouth, and a beautiful manner of holding herself. there was not. She was guick-witted, elever and affectionate, could talk a good deal of slang without appearing in the least vulgar, me," chattered on Miss Sylverton; and was rather fast and independent. according to the usual rules laid down over ears in love with one of you two for the proper guidance of young wom-

She was a stanch friend to all the Trevanions, from sir George down, ex- ship, "he has been here only a week cept, indeed, Charles, between whom and herself there seemed to exist a perpetual warfare, a guerrilla sort of entertainment that smoldered occa- Mildred at dinner time, and talks to sionally only to break out again with redoubled energy. Just now the coutest was at its height, and Charles Trevanion had left home the last time to join his regiment without so much as riding over to Sylverton to touch his enemy's hand before his departure. This was an unheard-of plece of incivility, and proved clearly that some-

though what that something was his-

tory reported not. Eddle was a prime favorite of Miss suited her rather excitable temperament, and so they argued, and quarreled, and abused, and liked each othor persistently from year to year.

She had gone, a week before in an adjoining county and so was not -specied back for some time-a great source of regret to the Trevanlons.

Younges' advent:

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

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

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

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what is due to 'birth and position,' as Miss Frances Sylverton, only daugh- Dame Deverill has it. Being strangers, Beg., of Sylverton Park, was the most frightful crimes and misdemeanors possessed. She was about Mildred's they will be gracious to me until I frighten the daughter and young they were talking of examining some Younge-there is a 'young Younge,' isn't there?"

> "Oh, yes," Mildred answered, with a which showed plainly that she wished

"Oh, well-who knows?-perhaps he will condescend to fall in love with "only I forgot-of course he is head girls long before this. Which of them is it?"--- appealing to Ludy Caroline.

"My dear Frances," said her ladyor so and is it a necessity that he must lose his heart in that space of time? He shoots all day with Eddie, and sees Mabel for half an hour before bedtime-and that is the extent of his love-making. So, you see, the field is quite open to you."

"I see," Miss Sylverton rejoined, turning her clear violet eyes first on Lady Caroline and then on Mildred; "he talks to Mabel-which means that Mildred will not look at him, in spite thing more even than common had of his unlimited thousands. Well, I occurred between the belligerents, thank heaven I was not born with aristocratic tendencies; and I think Mabel is right. Is he handsome?"

"Very," answered Lady Caroline, see-Sylverton's; his affected insolence just ing that Mildred would not open her lips on the subject.

"Rich, handsome and young, in every sense of the word," cried Frances, gayly-"why, what more is wanting? With your permission, Lady Younges' arrival at King's Abbott, to Caroline, and without Mabel's, I shall spend a month with an uncle of her's certainly marry this young man," and then the door opened, and Eddie came into the room.

"Frank!" he exclaimed, with undis-Said Lady Caroline to her daughter guised delight; "my dear fellow, is it Mildred about a week after the indeed you? I never anticipated such a happy surprise when I came here to hunt my pipe. Why, what has brought you home so soon? Is it indeed your very self in the flesh?"

"Rather," said Miss Sylverton, "It came to this you see, that, as usual I couldn't see the old boy's line of conduct, and so I bolted, quite as much to his relief as my own."

"I can readily believe that," put in Eddle innocently.

Besides, the country down there was stupid, and I was getting bored to

"Can't you say out boldly and honestly that you couldn't do without me?" said Eddie mischievously; and Miss Sylverton instantly rose to the combat.

"You shall have your cars soundly for that piece of unwarrant-

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

"Certainly. 1 will even put in two for you on this occasion -- it is such an important one," Miss Trevanion returaed, smining on him her sweet stild smile, which somehow had the effect of sending the blood throbbing back into his heart; and then the conversation changed.

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

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

"I think she went with Rachael into the garden," Denzil said, "at least flowers when I last saw them."

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

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

'She is unbearable," Miss Sylverton assured herself upon the spot, and then told Mabel all about her unexpected return. "And now that I have succeeded so fortunately," she added, "in getting out of the llon's clutches without suffering any severe damage, I think the county ought to celebrate tny escape by some public rejolicing. Don't youthink so, Mildred? Anddon't you think it is high time old Dick Blount gave us a ball?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not today, thank you," Miss Trevanion returned, blushing faintly.

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

Mildred prepared to follow. "Miss Trevanion, I wish you would

# THE GILBERT ISLANDS

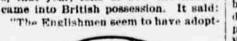
According to the latest advices from | see what you want, ask for it," is the tion for life and property, the English Apamama, there is more trouble in injunction to sojourners in those captain responded with a volley of the Gilbert Islands. This group is to- rough-and-ready hostelries. "If you cated on the Pacific commercial high- see what you want, take it." Is the way, latitude 6, longitude 175. The dictum of her majesty's officials. The slands belong to Great Britain, having seizure is generally regarded in diplobeen annexed in 1892. The British oc- matic circles as a consequence of the king's assistance were A. Rick, the upation has been confined to an offi- Butaritari's recent visit to San Fran-



RAIDING THE BRITISH FLAG 1N 1892.

cial resident governor and staff, who collected the revenues and import tariff. The natives continually protested against this interference and when recently the warship left the islands the people suggested that the departure of all British officials would be welcome. In this they were seconded by American, French and German firms doing business at the capital of the islands.

The natives of the Gilbert islands are probably of Japanese origin. They are intelligent and have a representative council to advise the king. All seemed peace before the British occupation in 1892. The Illustrated American of Oct. s, that year, tells of how the islands

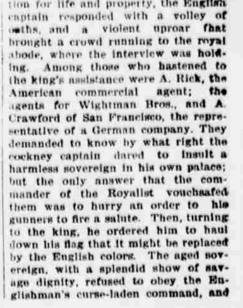




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a paraphrase of the motto that hangs over the dining-table of rude inns of the west, in the conduct of their tented, and that the foreigners resischemes of acquisition. "If you don't dent in the islands had every profec-

Has Sued an English Duke.



ROYAL PALACE AT APAMAMA.

claco, undertaken, it was presumed, he further binted that if his flag were by the rapacious Englishmen, to in- touched, he would not be responsible

"The commander of the Royalist, after a parley with his drunken colleagues, decided that it would answer every purpose to raise the English fing on some other island than that presidcording to the latest correspondence ed over by the king of Butaritari; so re-entering their launch they steamed to the island of Apamama, which is brutal in the extreme. About the mid- governed by a 10-year-old boy named Paul. Here, where the population all told is only 700 persons, the invaders met with no terrifying threats of punishment, and in short order had erected a pole from whose top flew the flag of Great Britain. During the ceremony the youthful monarch appeared quite at his case, except as regards his shoes. which he preferred to carry in his hands, in spite of the remonstrances the protests of the king, who insisted of some thirty or forty aunts who stood about him. Paul is now almost that his subjects were happy and cona full-grown man, and is said to be at the head of the present revolt."

> be inflicted in Russia or elsewhere. The social ostracism that once followed the victim of such a decree hardly exists, and it is not likely that Count Tolstoi will be severely shunned by the peasants to whom he has devoted so much of his life and his money. For the favors of the society world he

duce the United States to extend a for the consequences. protectorate over the Gilbert islands. While in San Francisco the king talked

of going to Washington, but he received no encouragement, and illhealth forced him to return home. Acfrom the islands, the manner of the 'annexation" by the English was dle of June, the British man-of-war Royalist suddenly appeared in the harbor. Her captain, accompanied by several officers, all of whom were considerably the worse for liquor, swaggered into the presence of the king and informed the astonished ruler that her majesty, the queen of the United Kingdom, etc., etc., had assumed a protectorate over the Gilbert islands. To

"So do 1," said Mildred, "with all my heart. But where is the use of wishing? We all know Frances is worth half a dozen of them put together: but saying that won't bring her."

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

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

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

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

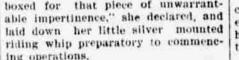
"Oh, we quarreled, as usual," explained Miss Sylverton, airily-"all but came to blows, you know, and separated by mutual consent, which was a great relief for all parties concerned. I cannot think why he asks me down there to his musty old Grange-as he persists in doing once a year regularly-as it always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

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

them," said Frances; and then she stopped.

old "They are cotton merchants. and, though she neither blashed nor musical voice. For the life of him he looked confused, Miss Sylverton could never could refrain from softening his see plainly that it was a sore sub- tone when addressing a pretty wo-L fect.

"What a comfort," said she, briskam, and feel quite gay and festive at cision." the mere idea of being in company of "In the meantime, Miss Trevanion, I anybody who cannot remind me of hope you will put in a good word for



Having chased Eddle successfully into a corner presently, Miss Sylvestoun laid her pretty hands about his ears with great rapidity, until he had cried peccavi several times, when she desisted, and they both looked up to see Denzil Younge standing in the doorway, laughing heartily at the whole encounter. He looked so extremely handsome, and the entire scene was so out of keeping with all propriety, that for once in her life Miss Sylverton blushed crimson.

"You there-and you never came to my rescue!" said Edde when he had recovered his breath, looking reproachfully at Denzil as he spoke. "Well, I would not have believed it of you. However, the longer we live, the more we learn, and I suppose it is the way of the world. Miss Sylverton -Mr. Younge."

"Oh, Mr. Younge, indeed I did not know you were there," Miss Sylverton murmured, demurely, looking as if she could not hurt a fly to save her life; "and, besides, Eddie and I are such old friends." Here she made the discovery that she was excusing her conduct to a strange young man-a thing Miss \_yiverton had never before been guilty

of. "Well, wonders will never cease. I declare she is actually ashamed of Vogue. herself," exclaimed Eddle, who was enjoying her unwonted confusion im-"I verily believe she 18 mensely.

"No, I am not," returned Miss Sylverton, promptly, quite ready now for a war of words- ar from it.'

'if that is how you treat your friends," broke in Danzil, "I should like very much indeed to put my name upon your list, Miss Sylverton."

Would you?" she said coquettish-"Are you not frightened? Well 17. your mind to ensure a good deal of "Oh, yes-papa was telling me of ill-treatment, I dare say I shall be able to make room for you. But I must have time to judge of you first."

"Ihanks, and for how long am I friends of papa's, and of no family to be put on trial? Don't make it too whatever," Mildred explained, calmly: long," pleaded Denzil, in his lazy, man.

"For just one week," answered ly. "I are seasick of all this cold, good Frances. "I could understand Machiablood that surrounds us. You need velli himself in a week, so next Frinot look shocked, Mildred, because I day you may come to me for my de-

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

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

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

Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and looked full at him.

(To be continued.)

#### "Waterfalls" Are Threatened.

A few attempts are being made to lower the chignon, to bring the back hair into a low coil. In full evening tollette certain types of women, those who are tall, wide of shoulder, and having well formed, but small heads, look their best coiffe in this manner. And with a single large rose worn low on the left, this style of hair dressing is fairly ideal in grace. But folly would it be for every woman to follow this lead, as the majority of them lose all cachet with their hair worn low on the neck. Surely for day wear nothing could be devised so unbecoming. as it is not difficult to recall the Langtry days, and the untidy coils of hair resting upon the necks of bodices,-

## Frech Air for Consamptives.

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

#### Air the Closets.

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

Empty compliments and senseless abuse are on equal footing.



Forthet Margat, the American act- | with E. H. Sothern in a small part, ress who has sued the duke of Manand a third with the Kendall-Weston chester for breach of protaise, was born Stock company. in Salem, Ore., and is a daughter of Col. N. B. Knight, a lawyer, well Solstoi Excommunicated.

known there for many years, but now The Greek church has carried out its a resident of Baker City. Gen. John threat to excommunicate Count Leo Miller, who died at Salem a short Tolstoi. The organ of the Holy Synod time ago, is her grandfather. Miss has published the official notice plac-Knight visited in Salem in June, two ing on record the novelist's apostasy years ago, leaving for London by way and casting him into outer darkness of New York in the early part of July following. In her girlhood days she so far as the orthodox church is condisplayed considerable talent as an elo- cerned. The sentence of spiritual death thus pronounced upon him is cutionist and developed a strong denot likely to trouble Count Tolstoi to sire to enter "stage" life. She was any great extent. As the circular of educated at the Academy of the Sacexcommunication says, he has "by red Heart at Salem, as was also her mother, who died when Miss Knight speech and writing unceasingly strivwas just entering her 'teens. She stud- en to separate himself from all comled elocution in San Francisco and munication with the orthodox church." New York. She was last in Salem a His whole intellectual life has been lived outside the forms and creed of year ago and when she left it was reported the had an engagement with that church, so he will not feel the Frohman to play in London. She owns excommunication as others might. Happily the physical and material sufconsiderable property in this country. ferings that once accompanied the She played one season with Frederick Warde as leading lady, another season displeasure of a church can no longer

cares nothing. So long as an excommunication does not carry with it any torture or imprisonment, a man like Tolstoi can afford to smile at it. In the eyes of the world he is a larger figure than all the members of the Greek hierarchy combined.

### Mud as a Life Saver.

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

# Headless and Tailess Fish.

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

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