Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Don't be alarmed," said the newcomer, "it's only me, and not the long-expected come at last in the shape of the 'midnight marauder'—I like my grammar, don't you, Mildred? How are you old boy? Glad to see you. Had no idea I should first come upon you spooning with my sister in the moonlight, but accidents will happen. Are they all quite well, Milly?"

"Quite well," Miss Trevanion answered, feeling rather disgusted and sore about the moonlight innuendo, and indignant that Denzil should stand there silent and allow it to pass for granted; "but you need not accuse me of flirting so soon, Charlie. I am not given that way, as you know, and Mr. Younge came out merely because he felt the night warm."

"Just so," said Charlie. "Odd how one always does feel the night warm when there's a girl on the balcony! And so," glancing through the bright red curtains that concealed the room, "you have been going in heavily for society tonight. I can see Mrs. Deverill, and a fat young man, and your father, Younge, and 'my pretty Jane,' and Sir George eloquent on Southdowns, and here, to excite my curiosity, the end of a blue silk dress, and there—I say, Mildred—come here. Who is the young person in tights?"

"That's young Mason of the 10th," said Miss Trevanion, "and though he doesn't intend it, his slothes always seem too small for him. The blue dress you see belongs to Frances Slyverton."

"Oh, does it!" exclaimed Charlie, turning away abruptly.

"Come in and show yourself" suggested Denzil. "You can't think how awfully glad they will be to see you. It was only yesterday your mother was complaining about the short leaves of absence you get, and your coming now so unexpectedly, will enhance your value doubly."

"My dear fellow, consider—I'm in morning costume," protested Charles, gayly. "Would you have me throw discredit on the house of my father? Why, these Deverills are so nice they would not know exactly how to treat a fellow who could so far discard appearances as to turn up at half-past nine in a gray tweed. Mildred, I will bid you a fond good-night, and be visible again some time tomorrow, when you have gently broken the news of my arrival. Is my old room appropriated by anyone? Can I have it?

"Never mind your room yet," said Mildred, "do you think I can let you go again so easily? No, come in this moment when I desire you, and show yourself to the company in general. I would not miss mamma's look of surprise and delight for anything; so I must insist on your obeying me—and, besides, you look charming in gray. Come, darling—do."

"Well, on your head be it, if Mrs. Deverill retires in confusion," Charles murmured, and followed his sister obediently into the warm, handsomely furnished drawing-room.

Miss Sylverton, sitting just inside the window, looked up with a sudden start as he passed her, and, crossing the room to where his mother sat, laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

He was not a handsome young man—was, in fact, the plainest Trevanion of them all—but the action he used toward his mother was full of such tender, beautiful grace as might have belonged to the most polished courtier of the olden days.

Lady Caroline turned, and half cried aloud in her intense surprise and joy. He was her eldest-born, the beloved of her heart, and she welcomed him accordingly; indeed, every one seemed only too glad to see once more Charles Trevanion's fair, sunburnt face, and hear his honest, happy voice, unless perhaps Miss Sylverton, who, once her astonishment at his sudden appearance was at an end, appeared to lose all interest in his presence, and went back to the rather one-sided flirtation she was holding with "the man in tights."

"How d'ye do, Miss Sylverton?" Charles said presently, and Frances put her hand coldly into his. "Have you been getting on pretty well? You cannot think how happy it makes a fellow to be heartily welcomed after a long absence, as I have been welcomed by you."

"I cannot say how long or how short your absence has been," Frances retorted, "as I have had no means of remembering when it was when you went."

"Whose fault was that?" he said, gently.

"Was it mine?" There was just a suspicion of tears under the long dark lashes. "I don't think I ever forbid you to come and say good-by at Slyverton, did I?"

"No, not exactly, perhaps; but there are more ways of forbidding than those expressed in words. I have a dim recollection, a faint idea, that somebody told me, a few months ago that she hated me."

"And I dare say she will tell you so again before she dies," returned Frances, with a little, low, happy laugh; "meantime I am very, very glad indeed, Charlie to see you home again."

"Are you, Frances?" said Charles, softly.

After that, the young man in close fitting raiment got very little of Miss Sylverton's society.

CHAPTER V.

It was just at this period that Miss Trevanion became aware of a certain failing of Eddie's about which she had hitherto been ignorant. It came to her knowledge in this wise: One hunting morning during the chilly early breakfast, at which she always presided, her father having a prejudice in favor of the coffee administered by her fair hands, it so happened that the post arrived rather more than twenty minutes before the usual hour, and consequently the various letters were handed to the assembled men to peruse at their pleasure, while getting through the agreeable task of devouring cold game-pie.

"Two for you," said Sir George, and he flung Eddie a brace of missives that fell a little short of his coffee-cup, and lay with the black sides turned uppermost. One had a large square envelope, and a crimson splashing crest and coronet, singularly unfeminine, which attracted general attention for a moment.

Mildred, idly toying with a teaspoon, looked up a minute later and noticed that the lad's face had grown wonderfully dull and pale for him, and that he was staring at the now open letter with a pained gravity unusual in his case.

"Has she bowled you out, Trevanion?" asked young Cairns, with a gay, thoughtless laugh, from the far end of the table, where he sat near two other men of his regiment staying at King's Abbott for a few day's hunting. "Regularly knocked over, eh? You look like it."

"Not quite so bad as that," Eddie answered, the dejected expression disappearing altogether from his countenance with such rapidity that Miss Trevanion, still watching, concluded her fears had been groundless and dismissed the incident, as meaning nothing, from her mind.

Later on, toward the evening, however, wandering leisurely up-stairs to dress for dinner, and having occasion to pass through the picture gallery, beyond which lay many of the bedrooms, her own amongst the number, she beheld Eddie at a distant window, his head pressed against the painted glass, his entire attitude suggestive of despair. Even as she looked there arose before her a vision of broken bread and half-cut pasties, with much plate and china, and a gaudily-crested envelope lying in their midst.

She went up to him and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Anything the matter?" she asked, lightly enough, not anticipating any real trouble.

He turned and faced her, thereby displaying a countenance betokening anything but that inward peacefulness commonly supposed to come from the possession of a quiet conscience.

"Why, Eddie," Miss Trevanion exclaimed, "what is it? What has happened? Why are you standing here alone?"

"Nothing has happened," returned Eddie, in a voice that perfectly suited his face, and so was lugubrious in the extreme; after which he most ungratefully turned his back to her.

"Surely you will tell me," she expostulated. "It can be nothing so dreadful as your manner seems to imply. Come, Eddie, speak to me; perhaps—who knows?—I shall be able to help you."

"Nobody can help me," said Eddie.

"Nonsense! It isn't like you to be so down-hearted—is it? and I can generally assist everybody, you know; so let me try with you. You will confide in me, dearest, will you not? Indeed I cannot be happy while you look so miserable."

"Just so," broke out Eddie at last, with the reckless scorn people generally indulge in when conversing with their best friends—that is when their best friends have succeeded in driving them into a corner—"and of course you will have no difficulty in putting your hand in your pocket now this moment and giving me three hundred pounds on the spot."

"Oh, Eddie, what is it you mean?" Miss Trevanion asked, now thoroughly frightened, ready money being an article very scarce and difficult of attainment in the Trevanion household, and Sir George's private affairs and general "hard-uppishness" being well known to the elder members of the family.

"I mean that I have been gambling and have lost three hundred pounds," Eddie said.

And then Miss Trevanion felt that the trouble was a very real trouble, indeed. She could not speak to him for a moment, and so kept silence. Presently he spoke again.

"There is nothing to be done, Mildred, that I can see," he went on—nothing. I have no means of paying this money, and so I suppose the sooner I proclaim myself a blackguard and get out of the country the better for you all."

"Do not say that," Mildred said, in a low voice. "Is there no way of managing it? Let us think well before we give up in despair."

"There is no way," he said—"none." I have long overdrawn my years allowance, and the governor is too hard up to advance, even if he would, another fifty—to say nothing of what I want. Besides, Mildred, I—I could not bear to tell him of it; he has so often warned me against gambling on account of that wretched old story about Willoughby Trevanion. I think it would almost break his heart if he fancied the family curse had broken out again in me, and—oh, Milly, I swear to you I never meant it; it all came about so suddenly, so miserably. I had always been proverbial for my luck, until that evening at the viscount's rooms, and then I lost my head, I think; and the worst of it is Poyntz is just now so deucedly used up himself that he can't afford to wait."

"For how long has this—this gambling been going on?" Miss Trevanion asked.

"About a year and a half."

"And how have you managed to pay your debts during all that time?"

"I never lost much before, and, when I did, was always sure to win it back again the following night. That was the evil of the thing, you see; it drew me on, encouraged me, until I felt I couldn't lose, and then in the end, as I have told you, my luck deserted me, and left me as I am now, hopelessly in debt, and dishonored, and so on," wound up the poor boy with a miserable choking sensation in his throat.

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" sung bonny Mabel, at the top of her clear, sweet voice, the words, singularly appropriate, albeit unmeant as they were, echoing merrily through the chamber as she came swiftly toward them through the gathering gloom.

Her advent, unexpected as it was, left Eddie and Miss Trevanion speechless.

"Why, you two," she said—"are you struck dumb that you both stand there so silent in the twilight? Has the 'holy friar' of our establishment appeared unto you and deprived you of the organs of speech? Mildred, you remind me of some stricken saint, leaning in that position, with the painted light of that window falling full upon you in such a dim religious ghostly sort of manner; while Eddie—Good gracious, Eddie, what's the matter with you?"

Miss Trevanion glanced at her brother, and he said:

"Oh, tell her—there is little good in keeping it secret now, when every one will know it soon," and so "the queen" was enlightened forthwith and, contrary to all expectations—as she was generally the most easy-going of the Trevanions—was supremely indignant on the spot.

"Well, I have never heard anything so disgraceful," declared that august young personage, when the recital was finished to the last word—"never!" And, if anyone but you had told me of it, Mildred, I should not have believed them. I think"—to Eddie—"you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, when you know poor papa is in such difficulties, and no earthly way of getting out of them. No, Mildred, I won't stop; it is useless to shake your head at me behind his back; I mean to say just what is on my mind—and I think too much could never be said on such a subject. You may spend your life glossing over other people's faults, but I am not an angel, and cannot; besides what is to be done? How the money is to be paid I cannot imagine, I'm sure; and, in fact, I have no patience with him!" concluded Mabel, slightly out of breath, but with a finishing touch of scorn that would have done credit to a parliamentarian.

(To be Continued.)

Farms Can Be Made to Pay.

A professor in Cornell university has been discussing in print the question whether a farm can be made to pay. He thinks it can, but with some mental reservations on the subject of what it means to have a farm "pay." He says of one of his early experiences with his farm: "Half of country life is in the living. It is in the point of view. It is in the way in which we look at things. Thoreau rejoiced when it rained because he knew that his beans were happy. One day my man was agitated because the woodchucks were eating the beans. He would go to town at once and buy a gun. I asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of $3 or $4. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. If he had a gun he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the beans would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the woodchucks, and at daylight morning after morning I had watched the animals as they stole from the bushes, sniffed the soft morning air and nibbled the crisp young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice $4 for much less entertainment. My neighbor thought that I ought to cut out the briers in the fence corner. I told him that I liked to see the briers there. He remarked that some folks are fools. I replied that it is fun to be a fool."

Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it; overpay them if you will, but let them get some idea of the equivalents; if they get distorted notions of values at the start they will never be righted.—Talmage.

The tooth often bites the tongue, and yet they keep together.

Despise not a small wound, a poor kinsman or an humble enemy.

OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone!
The unknown are better than ill known:
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.
—Abraham Cowley.

Martha-Mother.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

Author "Two Points of View," etc.

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Although she made no complaint, her heart was slowly breaking, for she had lost her husband's affections. All the thought, all the care, all the tenderness which should have been hers, he lavished on a black hole in the ground which he called the "Emily K."

Not that mine operating was his occupation. He was only a very excellent and well-paid bookkeeper for Smith & Smith, dealers in mining supplies; but every penny of his ample salary that was not needed by his family for the barest necessities was absorbed by the Emily K., or some other of that insatiable sisterhood.

"James," his wife said to him one night, "I wish Louise could begin her music now. The teacher that boards across the street says she has wonderful talent; and she'll give her lessons for half price and let her practice over there."

"Half price!" said the man, sharply. "I can pay full price, and I will as soon as I make a big strike. We're gettin' the finest kind o' shines. See here!" And he drew from his pocket a handful of glittering specimens. "Louise shall have her lessons. She shall go to Boston to study. Just wait a little."

A week later he came home with a haggard face.

"Drowned out!" he said, huskily. "The water has beat us in spite of all we could do. Curse the luck! If we only had capital enough for a steam pump. We were nearly there."

"But you might not have struck it anyway, James."

"Couldn't 'a' helped it, Martha," he replied, impatiently. "Haven't I told ye the mining experts all say the rich vein they're workin' in the 'Wild Goose,' runs straight into our lot?"

He walked the floor with hasty, irregular strides; and there was a feverish glare in his eyes.

"We'll have to go back to the 'Little Letty,'" he said at last, with a sigh that was half a sob. "It ain't near as good a prospect. Some fellows were talking today about a new prospect down on the tract where the Republic Zinc Co. made their big strike. I must go back down and see 'em about it. I don't want any supper."

As he left the house a tall, handsome girl came into the room.

"Did you ask pa about my new dress?" she inquired, anxiously.

"I just couldn't, honey," said the mother, deprecatingly. "He's all worked up over the Emily K. The water has got in. And he's talkin' about a new prospect."

The girl's face paled with disappointment. "I won't go to the party then," she said, passionately. "It's—

• • • and kissed him right in the court,

the first time Harry ever asked me; but I won't go with him in that old, faded dress. The girls at school all laugh at it; and he's so particular. And the house is so shabby I'm ashamed to ask him here. I hate the Emily K. and all the rest of 'em."

"You can't hate 'em worse than I do, but I can't do anything. 'Tain't like your pa was ugly about it. He never refuses a thing—jest says wait a little; an' he's so kind about it. If he ever should strike it, he'd spend his money like water. I hate to see you children going without things; but the worst of all to me is the way it's changed your pa. You don't know what he was before he got this mining fever—the best—the kindest—"

"O mother, don't cry," wailed the girl. "I know it's worse for you than us; but oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?"

Many times during the sorrowful years that followed did the heart-sick woman echo her daughter's despairing words. Day by day she saw her husband grow more infatuated, more indifferent to her welfare, more oblivious to every earthly happening not in some way connected with mining.

The boys ran away from home to escape the pinching and dreariness, and all came to grief; the girls, for the same reason, married hastily and unhappily.

At last she was left alone, utterly alone; for her husband had no thought for anything but the shifting will o' the wisp that he had chased for so many years. When disaster overtook his children, he seemed more startled than grieved; and the shock he might have felt when a telegram announced his eldest daughter's mortal illness was neutralized by his frantic anxiety over water in the "Bessie B."

The lonely woman was sitting one evening in the dark little parlor her

"You don't say! A little girl! My!"

daughters had hated so when her husband stumbled up the steps. For one horrified moment she thought he was intoxicated; and so he was—but not with wine.

"Mother!" he cried, with a hysterical sob. "We've struck it at last—struck it rich—an immense vein of solid jack—same one 'at runs through the 'Big Four.' What'd I tell ye, Martha? I told ye ye'd die a rich woman, mother. Rich! Rich Louise can have her lessons now; and Teddy—"

He stopped with a jerk. His jaw dropped and his hand went unsteadily to his head. The light that had been blinding him for years had suddenly gone out.

"Teddy—" he faltered again, swaying until he felt the support of the wall behind him.

Teddy was the boy who had been shot by the Indians. And Louise—Louise was lying under the sod in far away Dakota with her day old baby in her arms. She died calling for the mother who could not come to her because it had taken a month's salary in advance to fight the water in the "Bessie B."

The old man looked at his wife with scared eyes, but their was no response to his appeal. The fire of love had gone out long before for lack of fuel; and after the first stare of amazement at his wild speech, she had ceased to look at him or heed him. Her aching heart was in Dakota beside a grave that she had never seen.

The desolate man tottered out on the little porch. It was a quiet street; but the few passers-by gazed curiously at his bowed head. The big strike was the talk of the town, and they wondered at his attitude. As the shadows deepened, he rose and crept into the house with tears streaming down his face.

"Martha! Mother! Where air ye? I'm afraid," he sobbed.

The woman turned in the darkness with a glad light in her eyes. This was a sound that she knew and loved.

"Here I am, Jamie!" she cried, in a thrilling voice, holding out her arms.

"I've wronged ye, Martha—you and the children; but I meant it for the best," he wailed, as she laid his trembling head on her arm. "I meant to do right by ye, mother."

"Never mind, Jamie lad. Never mind, honey. I know you thought it was best. I knew it all the time," she crooned, stroking his gray hair and smiling happily. For out of the wreck of her ruined life, sweetheart, husband and child in one had come back to her empty arms.

REFUSE CONSOLATION.

Dogs, Horses and Birds Sometimes Become Broken-Hearted.

There have been many cases on record of animals dying of "broken hearts," usually dogs and horses, and sometimes birds. Not long ago a young lady living in London who owned a Gordon setter that was very fond of her, was married, and moved to the country, says Golden Penny. The dog was left behind, and at once became inconsolable. He would eat nothing, and stood looking out of the window for hours at a time, whining and moaning pitifully. The dog was wasting away from exhaustion. Those who knew him said he was dying of a broken heart. When it was seen that he would die if he could not see his mistress he was taken to her. His joy at seeing her was extravagant, and he at once got better. His mistress soon after came to town for a two weeks' visit, and left the dog with the servants in the country. When she returned she found him dead, lying on one of her garments. The poor brute, thinking himself again deserted, lay down to die, and could not be driven or coaxed from his place, neither would he eat nor drink. A horse belonging to a brewery had been driven for years by a man to whom he had become much attached. One day the driver failed to appear at the stable, and another man was put on the wagon. The horse, however, refused to be driven by any one except his old friend, and after many trials he was put back in the stable and another horse took his place. The horse continually watched the stable door for his master to enter. He refused to eat the hay and oats placed before him. Day by day he grew thinner and weaker. At last he fell down and could not rise, and died before his friend and driver returned to duty. The veterinary surgeon who attended him said he died of a "broken heart."

ARTIFICIAL STONES.

Ingredients Used in Making Them That Deceive the Elect.

To meet the growing demand for artificial jewelry the process of making "precious stones" has been greatly improved within the last few years, and its further development has enlisted the services of some of the most skillful chemists. The material chiefly used is glass, but it is not the ordinary glass of commerce. This glass can be made from absolutely pure quartz, or, better still, from rock crystal, as quartz frequently contains minute veins of iron, which would impair the clearness and color of the glass. The bicarbonate of potash and the oxide of lead which are mixed with it must also be chemically pure. Other ingredients of less importance are borax, which promotes the flux; and a small quantity of arsenic. The best glass for imitation gems consists of rock crystal, 32 per cent; bicarbonate of potash, 17 per cent; oxide of lead, 50 per cent; borax, 1 per cent, and a trace of arsenic. Carefully prepared by competent hands, this mixture produces a grade of glass which in brilliancy and iridescence yields little to the genuine diamond itself, and these qualities may be further enhanced by the substitution of potassium for the bicarbonate of potash and an increase of the quantity of oxide of lead used. Stones carefully made by this process can only be distinguished from the genuine by experts. This is true, however, only so long as they are new, for the imitation gems wear off, become blind and lose their fire with age, and it is to remedy these defects that the efforts of chemists are now directed. Opaque gems, like the turquoise and the opal, are made from glass whose transparency is destroyed by the addition of oxide of zinc after pulverization. The color of the turquoise is produced by means of oxide of copper and cobalt.—Pennsylvania Grit.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

To Be One's Own Manicure Is Not a Difficult Matter.

To be one's own manicure is not at all a difficult matter, and requires only patience and a certain deftness. As a matter of first importance, it is necessary that the hands should be kept soft and the skin pliant. To do this, the easiest way is to rub them well in cucumber cream at night, and to wear a pair of comfortable large gloves. The hands then in the morning should be washed with almond meal of fine quality, or a bag of fine oat meal. The nails should be polished every day to keep them bright, and ten minutes is ample time to devote to this process. All acids except, perhaps, lemon juice, should be avoided, as they will probably do more harm than good, it being necessary to use all strong acids with the greatest care. Very attractive hands are very easily kept if one is systematic about it, and it must be confessed that no greater personal attraction can a lady possess than beautiful, well-kept hands. Even if they are not beautiful, if they are perfectly cared for they cannot fail to be attractive. Very pointed nails are not considered quite as elegant as those more moderate in shape.

Baby's Picture.

The trials that beset the amateur photographer are many, but the pure joy of obtaining a good picture now and then compensates him for frequent failures. "I've got the baby's photograph. I took it all myself, and it came out splendidly," said a ten-year-old enthusiast, presenting for grandmother's inspection a picture of a bed on which lay a small bundle covered with mosquito-netting. "Yes, dear, that's the baby on her mother's bed, sure enough," said grandmother, after a careful study of this "still-life" subject through her spectacles. "Yes'm," said the young photographer with pardonable pride. "Mother said I'd never be able to take her when she's awake 'cause she squirms so, but getting her asleep that way, and under the mosquito-netting, it was just as easy! And aren't the legs of the bed splendid and clear?"—Youths' Companion.

Simple Life of Holland's Queen.

No wealthy American girl could in her home live more simply than Queen Wilhelmina, and her regime is a model which any young women of humbler birth might follow with advantage. In the morning she is up with the lark, and after a light breakfast of chocolate and rolls or coffee and rolls she devotes an hour to study, and another to affairs of state. Then she goes for a drive, unless some state business requires her presence. At noon the regular Dutch breakfast is served, with simple, healthy food, and without the parade and ceremony which many private families affect.

After breakfast the Queen devotes more time to study and state business, and then again takes an hour of exercise, returning for tea. Dinner, which is more ceremonious than the noon repast, usually passes en famille, and the evening which follows, as in many ordinary home circles, is spent in conversation, music and amusements.