

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"A little, I confess. A strange acknowledgment, you will say for a man who has spent his seasons regularly in London for a number of years; but so it is. Circumstances alter cases, you know, and I have a fancy to see Miss Mabel and Miss Sylverton, and—

"You cannot imagine anyone half so charming as I look in mine," said Miss Trevanion, with gay audacity; "in fact the other two you mentioned are nowhere, when I appear. And, if you don't believe this statement, you may judge for yourself the night after next. So that is why you are thinking a little about it—eh?"

"I would think a great deal about it if I dared. For instance, I would never cease dreaming of it from the moment until then, if you would only promise me the first waltz."

"But, at that rate, consider how stupidly insipid you would be for the next two days. I would not have it on my conscience to be the means of reducing you to such a state of imbecility. And, beside, you don't deserve anything at my hands, as you have not told me the 'something else' you spoke of when we first met at the cottage."

"Perhaps if I told you you would be angry," he said.

"What should there be in your thoughts to cause me anger?" she answered—and just a degree of the light buoyancy that had been animating her voice ever since they began their walk faded out of it, and did not return.

"Well, then, as I stood at the cottage door before entering I heard Mrs. Dempsey tell you of a report she had heard—a report that gave you in marriage to Lord Lyndon. I was thinking of that when you first spoke to me, and wondering—" He stopped abruptly, and, turning looked at her with eyes full of wild entreaty. "Tell me," he said, almost fiercely, "is it true?"

They were inside the gates of King's Abbott by this time and were rapidly nearing the house. Already the grand, beautiful old mansion appeared at intervals, gray and stately, through the intersecting branches of the lime trees beneath which they walked. Miss Trevanion's face had subsided from its expression of gay insouciance into its usual settled look of haughty impenetrability and, gazing at her, Denzil felt his heart grow cold and dead within his breast, as hope fled and dull despair crept into all its vacant place.

"By what right do you dare to question me on such a subject?" she asked, her voice low but quick with anger.

And he answered, with sad truthfulness—"By none. I have no right."

After which they continued their walk in utter silence until the hall door was reached, when, drawing back to allow her free entrance, he said, with a faint trembling in his tones:

"And about that waltz, Miss Trevanion—may I have it?"

"No," she answered with cold distinctness—"I have almost promised it to another," and went past him into the house without further look or word.

CHAPTER VII.

The ball was over and Mabel had gone to her sister's room to discuss the events of the evening.

"It was a delicious evening, wasn't it?" began Mabel, enthusiastically settling herself comfortably opposite her sister's fire.

"Very like all balls, I think," Miss Trevanion answered—"a mixture of bad dancing, unhealthy eating, and time-worn compliments—a little sweetness and no end of bitterness."

"Then you didn't enjoy yourself?" said Mabel, with disappointment in her tone.

"Oh, yes, I did, immensely. Can anything be pleasanter, more heart-stirring, than to hear your own praises sounded until long after midnight, all in the same drowsy tone?"

"Of course, you refer to Lord Lyndon. Then why did you dance so much with him?"

"To see how much of him I could endure—to see how much wretched dancing and idiotic nonsense I could put up with during one evening, I suppose. Besides—with a mocking laugh—"have you forgotten, my dear Mabel, what an excellent thing it would be if Lord Lyndon should be graciously pleased to bestow upon me his hand and—ah!—fortune? Just fancy what a blessing it would be to the family—a real live lord as son-in-law, brother-in-law and husband!"

"Nonsense, Mildred; don't talk like that. I hate to hear such speeches. A title is all very well, but it doesn't make up for everything; and you would be the last girl in the world to sell yourself to any man."

"The very last perhaps; but who can say what may happen?" Miss Trevanion said, dreamily.

"Of course you would be," Mabel acquiesced, cheerily. "And now, talking of dancing, it is most unfair of you to stigmatize all the dancing to-night as bad. Why, Denzil Young is an excellent dancer."

"I didn't dance with him," Mildred said, coldly; and then, after a slight pause, "He is not in love with you then, after all, Mabel?"

"In love with me?" echoed Mabel. "Well, that's the calmest thing I have ever heard! Surely, my dear Mildred, you would not require any poor man

to be in love with two sisters at once!"

"I don't understand you," said Mildred.

"Don't you? I should have thought his infatuation for another member of this household was pretty apparent by this time."

"I hope he is not in love with me, if that is what you mean," Mildred exclaimed, with some show of irritation.

"Why?" demanded Mabel.

"Because, should he ask me to marry him—which is a most unlikely thing to occur," said Mildred in a low voice—"I should refuse."

"Well, I think you might do a great deal worse than marry him," "the queen" declared, emphatically. "And how you could compare him for one moment with that insipid earl I cannot imagine—a creature who dreams of nothing, I do believe, from morning to night beyond his horses and the correct treatment of his pug. Now Denzil, on the contrary, though quite as much up in horseflesh as my lord is, has the good breeding to suppress his knowledge—in the drawing-room at all events."

"There, there—if it has come to 'breeding,' we won't follow up the subject," interrupted Miss Trevanion, impatiently. "I don't find it sufficiently interesting to care to watch for daylight over it. Are you going to sit up until dawn, Mabel? Because I am not; and so I should advise you to get to bed at once, unless you wish to look like a ghost in the morning. By the bye, that good-looking new admirer of yours, Mr. Roy Blount, said something to mamma about calling to-morrow, did he not?"

"Yes—I don't know. It is cruel of me to keep you up like this," stammered Mabel, with a faint blush, starting to her feet as she spoke; "you are looking quite pale and wan. I am afraid, after all, Milly, you found the ball a bore; and here have I been teasing you about it. Good-night."

"Good-night, my darling," returned Miss Trevanion, suddenly, kissing her with rapid, unexpected warmth.

After this they separated for the night and got to bed, and dreamed their several dreams of joy or sorrow, as the case might be.

Sir George and his wife, in their room, at about the same time as the foregoing conversation had been held, were having a few words together on the same subject.

"Well, Carry," said Sir George, "you were wrong, I think, my love; I don't believe Denzil Young is as much taken with Mabel as you gave me to understand, eh?"

"No, but he is dreadfully in love with Mildred," his wife said.

"Well, nothing could be better."

"Nothing could be worse, you mean."

"Why?"

"Because she will refuse him."

"In the name of patience, for what?" demanded Sir George, explosively. "Is it because he is rich, handsome, and prosperous?"

"No; but simply because his father has sold cotton."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed Sir George, with great exasperation, and he strode up and down the room twice with rapid, hasty footsteps. "Look here, Carry," he then said, "something must be done. My affairs altogether are in a very critical state; Bolton told me so in as many words the other day. He said that I could not weather the storm much longer—that I had not, in fact, a leg to stand on (these were his own words, I assure you)—that money must be got somehow, and so on. And where the deuce am I to get ready money, do you suppose? Every method of procuring it that I know of has been used up long ago. I see nothing but absolute ruin staring me in the face. And here is this willful girl actually throwing away fifty thousand pounds a year—every penny of it!"

By this time Sir George was greatly excited, and was pacing up the carpet and down again. Lady Caroline had subsided into silent weeping.

"Well, well, there is no use in anticipating evils," continued her husband, presently; "perhaps—who knows?—affairs may brighten."

"If she would even encourage Lord Lyndon," said Lady Caroline.

"Ay, just so," returned Sir George; "but how she could throw over Young for such a heavy substitute as Lyndon passes my comprehension. Besides, Lyndon's rent-roll is barely twenty thousand a year—not even half the other's."

"Still, I think that would do very nicely," put in Lady Caroline, meekly. "If she could only be induced to look kindly on any one, I should be satisfied."

"So should I, so long as the 'some one' had Denzil's money," observed Sir George, and went back to his dressing-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Youngs' visit was drawing to a close. Nearly a month had elapsed since their arrival, and Mrs. Young began to speak seriously of the day that should see them depart. This she mentioned with regret—a regret audibly shared in by most of the young Trevanions, with whom the elder pair and Denzil were immense favorites. Sir George, too, seemed sorry at the prospect of so soon losing his old schoolfellow, while Lady Caroline,

glancing at the son-in-law whom she would so gladly have welcomed, sighed a disappointed sigh with all sincerity. "We must give a ball, or something, before their departure," whispered Sir George to his wife; and, after much arguing, the "something," in the shape of tableaux vivants, with a dance afterward, won the day.

When at length the night arrived, King's Abbott was in a state of confusion impossible and hopeless to describe, the most remarkable feature in the whole case being that nobody seemed in a proper frame of mind, the spirits of all being either too high or too low to suit the part allotted them, so that a sensation of mingled terror and delight prevailed through every dressing room in the house.

There had been numerous meetings and rehearsals, for the most part pleasurable, although here and there disputes had arisen about trifles light as air, and everything had been arranged on the most approved principles.

The guests were assembled in the drawing-room, facing the folding-doors, behind which, in a small back apartment, the stage had been erected. Already were the younger members of the audience showing evident signs of impatience, when the doors were thrown open, the curtain rose, and in the center of the stage Mildred Trevanion as Marguerite stood revealed.

Denzil—who begged hard to be allowed to withdraw from the entire thing, but whose petition had been scoffed at by Mabel and Miss Sylverton—as Faust, and Lord Lyndon as Mephistopheles, enlivened the background. Mildred herself, with her long fair hair, plaited and falling far below her waist, with the inevitable flower in her hand with which she vainly seeks to learn her fate, and with a soft innocent smile of expectation on her lips, formed a picture at once tender and perfect in every detail. At least so thought the spectators, who, as the curtain fell, concealing her from their view, applauded long and heartily.

After this followed Miss Sylverton and Charlie in the "Black Brunswick," and Mabel and Roy Blount as Lancelot and Elaine, which also were much admired and applauded.

Then came "The United Kingdom," when Frances Sylverton, as "Ireland," undoubtedly carried off the crown of victory. Perhaps altogether Miss Sylverton might have been termed the great success of the evening.

The tableau terminated with a scene from the court of Louis XIV, the dresses for which, as for most of the others, were sent from London.

After the tableaux followed a ball, to effect a change of raiment for which soon caused the rapid emptying of the impromptu theater.

Denzil, who scarcely felt in humor for balls or any other sort of amusement just then, passed through the library door which opened off the late scene of merriment, and sunk wearily into an arm-chair.

He was feeling sadly dispirited and out of place amidst all the gayety surrounding him; a sense of miserable depression was weighing him down. His one thought was Mildred; his one deep abiding pain, the fear of hearing her engagement to Lyndon openly acknowledged.

For the past week this pain had been growing almost past endurance, as he witnessed the apparently satisfied manner in which she accepted his lordship's marked attentions. He hated himself for this fatuity—this meanness, as it appeared to him—that compelled him to love and long for a woman who showed him plainly every hour of the day how little she valued either him or his devotion. Still he could not conquer it.

As these thoughts rose once more unbidden to his mind and took possession of him, he roused himself determinedly, and getting up from his chair threw out his arms with a quick impulse from him, as though resolved upon the moment to be free.

(To be continued.)

FUTURE SEAS SPEED.

Efficiency of Steam Power Afforded by the Turbine System.

Prof. Thurston, the greatest living authority on the steam engine, has recently given it forth as his opinion that the steam turbine of the Parsons or De Laval type combines within itself the greatest simplicity and the highest thermal efficiency of any form of steam power. Such a statement as this from an authority of the weight of Prof. Thurston must be somewhat disconcerting to Mr. Thornycroft and others, who have staked their reputation on the inherent superiority of the reciprocating engine. When we add to Prof. Thurston's declaration the fact that the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine company has contracted for a river steamer 250 feet long for Clyde service, and that they are contemplating the construction of a large deep-sea boat, the prospect of the new means of marine propulsion exemplified in the Turbinia and the Viper would seem to have a brilliant future. But there is another side of the picture. Supposing that, in face of a multitude of current predictions, an oceanic turbine vessel would be so economical as to have room for cargo during her voyage, as well as coal, and be able to thrash her way across the Atlantic at the speed threatened us in the near future, would the rivets of the vessel stand the strain of the concussive force implied in forcing a vessel through seas at the rate of even thirty knots an hour? Experienced marine sages say that no vessel could be built that would hold together under such conditions.—London Express.

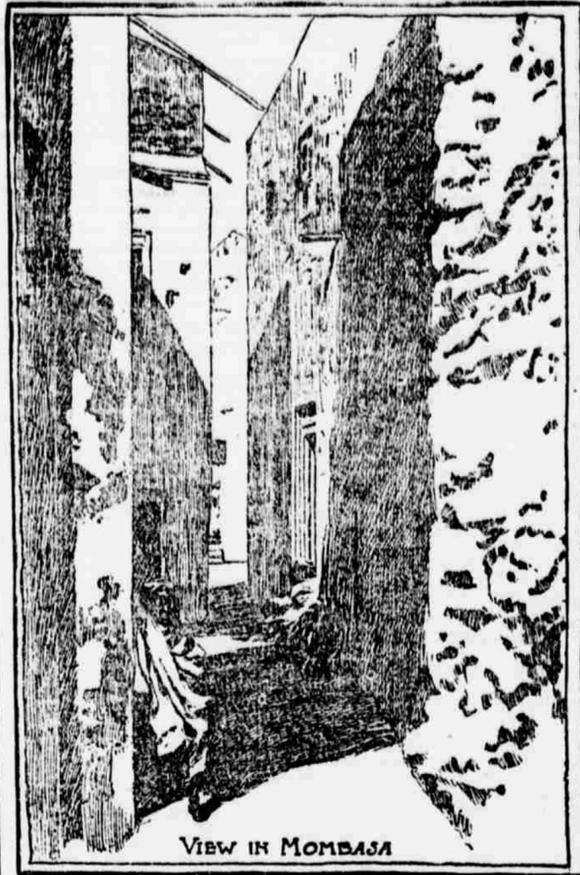
Laziness begins with cobwebs and ends in chains.

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BEINGS.

The Slave Raids Into Africa Are Still Recognized as Proper

A new crusade against the selling of human beings is needed. The work of the philanthropists was far from ended when, by constant agitation and education, slavery was done away with in a few Western countries. The clanking of the bondman's fetters can still be heard in Asia and Africa, and the islands of the Eastern seas. In all Mahometan countries slavery is a recognized institution, and Africa is still the great source of supply for the trade. Arab slave dhows con-

stantly engage in the traffic, and caravans from the interior of Africa supply Morocco. In the various native Kingdoms of Africa also slavery is a recognized institution, and it exists in China and in some of the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, writes H. Irving King in the New York Daily Press.



VIEW IN MOMBASA

British government in certain sections over which it exercises a protectorate. Who would expect in this age of the world a British official to address missionaries in a country governed by English in the following words:

"You are aware of the recent inquiry made at Mombasa regarding the reception of runaway slaves at the various missionary stations in the neighborhood. The inquiry brought to light the very significant fact that over 1,400 runaway slaves were found to be

them. There is a railroad in Mombasa and the British are "opening up the country to civilization." Mombasa is a flourishing seaport and the slave traders see the British flag flying over their heads and look out across the harbor where fly the white ensigns of British men-of-war. But their trade in human beings must not be interfered with.

Sir A. Hardinge, in closing a report to Lord Salisbury, seems to be slightly pro-slavery. He says in writing from the shadow of the British flag at Mombasa:

"Great suffering and hardship, especially to old and infirm persons and minors, are often caused by the careless liberation of legal slaves, who in this country are still often the only property of their owners, and I have urged upon Mr. Rogers the necessity of making absolutely certain of illegal ownership before actually issuing papers of freedom."

The slave trade and slavery is as much of an "institution" out there as ever it was in our South before the war. From the interior of Africa come long caravans, bringing the slaves to the coast towns, and the waters of the Indian ocean and the Red sea are dotted with Arab dhows bearing the captives to the slave marts of Asia. Many of the missionaries have given pledges that they will not harbor runaway slaves at their missions, and some openly have expressed pro-slavery views. Sir A. Hardinge, that high British official of the East African Protectorate, quotes with approval an Arab as saying to a missionary:

"I buy my slaves with my own hard cash, or I risk my life and fight for them, and then my missionaries steal them from me and make them your own slaves without purchase."

Sir Hardinge seems to think the Arab is in a legitimate business, and the missionary really should not interfere—and he doesn't very often. When he does the government brings him up with a round turn.

The Peopling of America.

In a paper read before the Anthropological society at Washington recently, Mr. W. H. Holmes dealt with the apparent position of the American people among the races of the world. He concludes that the human stem, taking root in the tertiary period, sent out four or more branches during glacial and post-glacial times, the latter period probably witnessing the specialization of the present American branch. Preference was given to the view that the eastern, rather than the western continent, was the original home of man, and that the American branch crossed over the Bering strait,

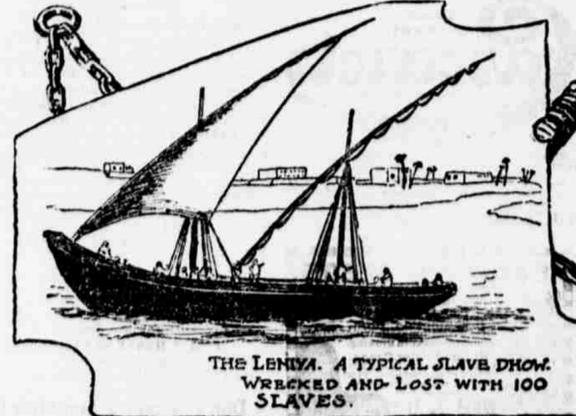


SHAMBA SLAVES AT WORK IN EAST AFRICAN PROTECTORATE

harbored therein, of which the large majority were found in the church mission station at Rabat. Almost two-thirds of the fugitive slaves were slaves who had escaped from their Arab masters at Mombasa or other coast ports.

"I would earnestly request your cooperation on the three following points: That no slaves are allowed to remain within the limits or under the protection of your mission; that careful watch be kept, and, if possible, no

and was thus necessarily of Mongolian stock. A discussion on the paper brought out the belief on the part of several members that the cultural development of the races was toward integration, and not toward differentiation. The diversity of language among the aboriginal Americans was thus adduced as evidence of a very low culture status on the part of the original stock entering America, and the opinion was expressed that the change from divergence toward integration



THE LENYA. A TYPICAL SLAVE DHOW. WRECKED AND LOST WITH 100 SLAVES.

runaway slaves be received in the native huts of the mission; that in case of any runaway slave being received within the settlement, either on account of ill treatment or because of his having entered without the knowledge of the mission authorities, he be sent back to the Wall of Mombasa."

Such is the circular sent out to the missionaries in the neighborhood of Mombasa by Colonel Euan-Smith, and he urges as a reason for compliance with his suggestion that the Arab slave dealers feel hurt because their runaway slaves are not returned to

probably began well down in the glacial period. In accordance with this integration tendency, the races of men, instead of being represented by a series of lines radiating from a common center, should be represented by lines converging toward unity.—New York Post.

Prof. Lloyd Morgan, in a recent address, stated that he had found that young chickens, taken straight from the incubator, could swim very well, the power of swimming being perfectly instinctive.