

# Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I don't suppose you have," said the scapegoat, very submissively, being so far "down on his luck" just now as to render him patient toward any indignity, even when administered by a younger sister. So he took his scolding with meekness, and made no open show of resistance or disapproval, though in his inmost soul he resented the treatment hotly; only he turned away from Mabel, and addressed himself once more to his first confessor. "Why don't you abuse me, Mildred?" he said. "Am I beyond even your censure, that you refuse to say anything harsh to me? Have you given me up altogether? If you have, I know it is only what I deserve."

Miss Trevanion moved abruptly away from the side of the oaken window frame, against which she had been leaning, and went up to where he was standing, rather apart. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Poor old fellow!" she said, softly; whereupon Eddie Trevanion, in spite of his twenty years, fairly broke down, and buried his face on his arms, and burst out crying.

This was too much even for "the queen's" stoicism; she repented her righteous anger immediately, and, putting her arms around his neck, proceeded to press her lips lovingly to the only portion of his ear at all visible, while Mildred, with tears in her soft, blue eyes, told him to cheer up and have courage, and "maybe they'd manage it somehow, you know," with a good deal more to the same purpose.

As the girls hung round him in this fashion, and patted the stinging Eddie, until a looker-on would have deemed him a suffering angel at least, Denzil Younge sauntered upstairs in his mud-stained, scarlet coat. Entering the picture gallery on his way toward his dressing room, and not seeing very clearly, in consequence of the fast-approaching darkness, he came upon the tableau at the end of the apartment almost before he had time to collect his senses.

The three figures looked gray and ghost-like to his bewildered eyes, but one thing was distinctly evident, and that was Eddie Trevanion's unmistakable distress.

"I beg your pardon," Denzil said hastily. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Trevanion, to have intruded in this rough manner, but unfortunately I did not perceive you until I was quite close. However, as I have committed my blunder, can I—may I—I try to be of some assistance?"

Mabel looked up eagerly. Here was a golden opportunity. Here was a rich young man with nothing on earth to do with his money, and unquestionably good-natured!

"Could he be of some assistance?" Of course he could—the greatest—if Mildred would only look up and answer him. Mildred did look up and answered him—answered him very distinctly indeed, though scarcely in the spirit that Mabel had hoped for, having intercepted "the queen's" glance and interpreted it correctly.

"You are very kind," she said, steadily—"very kind indeed; but this is a matter in which, I fear, you can be of no help to us."

"Let me try," he implored, eagerly. "Impossible," she returned, coldly; "you do not understand; it is a case in which no stranger can take part. Thanks very much all the same."

When Miss Trevanion said that, of course there was nothing left for the young man to do but to bow and go on his way, which he accordingly did, with a bitterly hurt feeling in his breast, engendered by that one word "stranger."

"What a stress she laid on it! How obnoxiously it had sounded as applied by her to him. How coldly distinct had been her voice when speaking it! Well, it wasn't her fault, he supposed, she was gifted with neither heart nor gracious manner, nor anything else tender and womanly—only with a glorious face and figure, which of course did no good to any one and only made one—Where the deuce had Connor put his brushes? That fellow was growing more confoundedly careless every day; and how abominably that brute of a horse he had given one hundred and fifty pounds for last week, had taken that last water jump this morning, just when the entire field was looking on, too! On the whole, it hadn't been so very pleasant a day, as he had fancied in the first heat of the moment, when it was all over and he was discussing it during the homeward ride with old Appleby. Hanged old nuisance that old Appleby was, by the bye!" And so on and on indefinitely sped Denzil's reflections, while the cause of them all stood still in the gallery where he had left her, with her kind little white hand on Eddie's shoulder.

"Haden't you better go and get yourself ready for dinner, dear?" Mildred suggested, tenderly.

And then Eddie told her that it was of little use for him to go and clothe himself in broadcloth and fine linen when he knew that the first bit he ate would infallibly choke him.

This seemed dreadful to Miss Trevanion. He must be far gone, indeed, in his misery when he could refuse to accept the goods the gods down stairs were preparing for his delectation, and she was just beginning to argue with

him on the subject of that presupposed strangulation, when Mabel broke in suddenly.

"Mildred," she said, "I have an idea." And Mildred appearing sufficiently struck with the novelty of this announcement, Mabel went on: "I have a plan to say nothing further either of you about this matter to any one until tomorrow evening, and leave everything in the meantime to me."

"But won't you tell us your plan, whatever it is?" Miss Trevanion asked anxiously, rather taken aback by this unexpected prospect of rescue from their slough of despond. "I think it will be wiser of you to let us hear it." Upon which "the queen" said: "No, I won't very emphatically, indeed, and marched out of the room with colors flying."

CHAPTER VI.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Mabel Trevanion said to Wilmot, the footman:

"Tell Jenkins to bring my horse round."

And Wilmot the footman, having scrupulously and on the instant delivered that message to Jenkins the groom, it so happened that ten minutes later "the queen" of King's Abbott was riding away on the high road to Blount Grange, with her sister's little nondescript, black-coated dog at her heels.

When at length she had reached the wished-for massive iron gates, and had traveled all down the long line of stately elms that in the summer time proved the glory and comfort of the Grange avenue, and had evoked a servant in answer to her impatient summons, she asked, eagerly:

"Is Mr. Blount at home?"

Yes—the master was at home just then, the man told her; whereupon Mabel jumped from her horse, desired a groom, summoned by the butler, to take her horse round to the stables, and gathering up her skirts, entered the spacious hall, her little bright-eyed follower close behind her.

Dick Blount, or "old Dick," as he was more commonly called by his friends and acquaintances—whose name was legion—was a man somewhere in the "fifties," tall, strong athletic, and the master of an income close upon six or eight thousand a year. The Grange was one of the loveliest estates in the county, situated about two miles or so from King's Abbott, and why the owner of it had never taken to himself a wife was a question often asked in Clifton, but never satisfactorily answered. No woman's name had ever been connected with his—in the matrimonial line at least—since on his uncle's death he had come to take possession of his property. How and where he had lived previously was little known to anyone, beyond the certainty that he had spent much of his time abroad, wandering in a desultory pleasure-seeking fashion from city to city, with probably no ulterior designs, except those of enjoying the present hour to the uttermost.

Far and near there was no man more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial advice, always so gently given, and his ready assistance, while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick Blount.

"Mr. Blount," said Mabel, as the old gentleman advanced to meet her, "I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I am going to ask something dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had felt her courage oozing rapidly away—"something that I feel sure no woman should ask, but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all that."

"I promise you."

"Well, then,"—desperately—"I want you to give me three hundred pounds."

Blount laughed.

"Is that all?" he said. "Why I thought you were about to confess to half a dozen murders at least. Sit down, Miss Mabel, and tell me all that is on your mind."

And Mabel, sitting down, told him all her trouble—all about Eddie's evil behavior, and her father's ignorance of it, together with his inability to pay so much ready money just then, and her own determination to come over to him, as the only person she could think of likely to help her in her calamity. When she had finished she looked up at him wistfully out of her beautiful hazel eyes.

"I know I have done a very wrong thing," she said, with quivering lips—"a hateful, unfeminine thing that will make you despise me forever. But what could I do? You were the only one I could think of to help me, and so I came."

"I consider you have done me a very great honor," answered old Dick, promptly, "and I feel proud and glad of it. To whom indeed should you come, if not to your oldest friend? I'll tell you what, Miss Mabel—I'll write you out the check now on the spot, and you can take it at once to your naughty brother with your love; and we will never tell any one—you and I—one word about it."

Mabel's eyes filled with tears. She

stooped suddenly, and kissed the kindly large brown hand that lay on the table near her.

"Nonsense, child," said Blount, hastily; "what did you do that for? Why, the money is lying idle at my bankers, not doing the slightest good to any one and I am only too pleased to be able to oblige you so easily."

"Thank you," returned Mabel, "thank you again, Mr. Blount, for all your goodness to me."

"I have done nothing for you," protested old Dick, "and I shall be seriously angry, Miss Mabel, if you ever mention my 'goodness' to me again."

They were crossing the hall at this time, and presently gained the outer porch, where he put her on her horse and gathered up the reins for her hand.

"Well, good-by, and take care of yourself; and be sure you look your very loveliest on Thursday evening."

"Good-by," Mabel cried, and rode on beneath the elms once more to the high road on her way home to King's Abbott.

When she reached it she found the house deserted—the two elder ladies, accompanied by Miss Younge, having gone a distance of five miles to return some visits, while the gentlemen had been shooting since early dawn.

"And Miss Mildred—where is she?" "Miss Trevanion has just gone down by the copse way, toward Grant's farm, to see Kate Dempsey, whose 'man' has been in trouble," Jenkins, the footman, informed her.

And so there was nothing left for Mabel but to wait patiently until such time as any of the members of the household should take it into their heads to return.

Mildred at that moment was returning from Mrs. Dempsey's dwelling house, and Denzil Younge was at her side.

Slight and tall though she was, she scarcely reached her companion's shoulder as they walked along side by side, very silently at first. The chill breeze sent a bright warm glow to her cheeks, and played with and flung about her hair, until she seemed transfigured into one of the ancient sirens, come back once more to break the hearts of men. The heart of the man beside her was very fairly on the way to breaking just at present, so sweet she seemed to him, so fair past all expression, so hopelessly beyond his power to reach.

"And of what are you thinking, Jenny?"

Mildred hummed gayly, glancing up at Denzil with laughing violet eyes.

"Of you," he answered simply, "and of something else."

"Very explanatory," said Miss Trevanion—"only I want very much to know what the 'something else' is. I hold it as my duty to tell me, because I am your Bradshaw just now, and you certainly owe me a return for my services."

"If I told you, it would not interest you in the least."

"I can quite believe that—few things do; but we have a good long walk before us, with no earthly subject to discuss, as I conclude you hardly feel equal to the weather. Do you?"

"Of course I do; surely you cannot suppose that this little gust of wind possesses the power to upset me?"

"I don't mean in that way—how stupid you are! I spoke of being 'equal to,' or as you would say, 'up to' discussing the weather."

"Oh, that indeed! I beg your pardon; the cobwebs thicken on my brain of late, I fancy. I only hope this lively breeze will blow them all away before Mr. Blount's ball, or I shall find no one there to take pity on me."

"Remove your hat, then, and give your head a chance; the result will probably be a severe cold in it—but that doesn't matter compared with the clearness of intellect. Are you thinking much about the ball?"

(To be continued.)

SCOTS TOAST THE QUEEN.

Audience Was in Doubt Whether Cow or Sovereign Was Meant.

About five months ago I clipped the following from the Glasgow Weekly Mail. It occurred in the report of an agricultural show dinner. The chairman spoke thus: "No, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I am about to bring forrit 'the Queen.' Our queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae Whigmaleeries or faldersals about her, but a douce descent lady. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' well faured lads and lasses, her oldest son being a credit to any mither, and they're a' weel married. One daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. Gentlemen, ye'll may no no' believe it, but I ance saw the queen. I did. It was when I took my auld broon coat to Perth show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair!"

Interruption and cries of "Is it the cow or the queen ye're proposing?"

"The queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talkin' about the cow. However, as to the queen. Somebody pointed her out to me at the Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like, and says I to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa', ye need na remain a widow another hour langer.' No, gentlemen, the whusky's good, the night is lang, the weather is wet and the roads are soft and will harm naeboddy that comes to grief. So aff wi' yer drink to the bottom? 'The Queen?'"

The number of saloons in Ohio last year was 10,348, an increase of 476 over 1899. The license receipts were \$1,864,642.

## GLAD TO BE PRISONER

### Aguineldo Never Dreamed Americans Would Be so Fair and Liberal.

## TAKES OATH WHEN ENLIGHTENED

### Chief Justice Arellano Finds in Him Ready Convert—Complete Surrender Possible Soon—Probably Quit by April 15th.

MANILA, April 4.—Chief Justice Arellano, who administered to Emilio Aguinaldo the oath of allegiance to the United States government, described today to a reporter of the Associated Press the conditions leading up to and attending the ceremony, which was semi-private.

Aguinaldo, still detained in an apartment of the Malacanan palace and awaiting orders from Washington, had expressed himself as anxious to learn more regarding the American system of government and had asked Chief Justice Arellano to enlighten him. The chief justice carefully explained the various measures passed by the Philippine commission, headed by Judge Taft, and showed him what provisions were made for education and progress and for municipal and provincial self-government.

Listening with deep interest, Aguinaldo finally exclaimed: "I never dreamed the Americans would be so fair and liberal."

Before the conversation had ended he had agreed to take the oath of allegiance and this was immediately administered.

Senor Arellano says:

"Aguinaldo's action will induce all the insurgents to surrender and I predict that the islands will be completely pacified by June."

"Aguinaldo is eager to visit the United States, but when I questioned him on the subject of holding office he replied that he had no desires in that direction and intended to retire to private life after a trip to America."

"It is rumored that President McKinley has invited Aguinaldo to visit the United States and that the former insurgent leader may sail from Manila on April 15. General MacArthur, when questioned regarding the rumor, said he had absolutely nothing to communicate."

WASHINGTON, April 4.—After a consultation with the president Secretary Root tonight sent a cable message to General MacArthur giving him instructions regarding Aguinaldo and the views of the administration on some recommendations as to Philippine affairs made by General MacArthur. The contents of the cablegram will not be made public for the present.

It is stated at the War department today that General MacArthur had made no communication relative to Aguinaldo today and that the attitude of this government toward the insurgent chief had not changed. He is yet held as a prisoner, and while he will be treated with kindness, there is no disposition to allow him liberty unless it is demonstrated that he intends to comply fully with the amnesty terms and his oath of allegiance. The cable message sent tonight was of considerable length and was quite specific as to the policy of the government. It is understood that Aguinaldo would like certain assurances or promises from the government and the message informed General MacArthur just what the government would do.

Leaves Peking for Good.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Although no official notice has reached here of the reported departure of Prince Li Hung Chang from Peking for Shanghai, the officials are inclined to believe it is true, and that Li Hung Chang is really leaving Peking for good and because the emperor is displeased with his conduct. It was known here that when Li Hung Chang was made one of the peace envoys that he was pro-Russian.

Commission Calls on President.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Ex-Senators Thurston, McBride and Lindsay, ex-Representatives Allen of Mississippi and John F. Miller of Indiana, five members of the recently appointed St. Louis exposition commission, called upon the president today. Mr. Allen remarked humorously after the interview that the commission had simply called to thank the president on behalf of the country for the wise selections he had made.

Miles Will See the Tests.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Lieutenant General Miles will leave here tomorrow morning for Atlantic City, where he will remain until Saturday, when he will go to Sandy Hook to attend a meeting of the board of ordnance and fortifications. This meeting is held at Sandy Hook for the purpose of making tests of some guns that have been there for several weeks. The important test of field guns will not take place.

## THURSTON FAVORS CARTER.

### Does Not Wish to Be Permanent Chairman for St. Louis.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—It is expected that the newly appointed St. Louis World's fair commission will meet in St. Louis Monday, April 15, or within a day or two of that date. Senator Thurston, who is acting as temporary chairman until the board selects its president and secretary, said today that in all probability Secretary Hay of the state department would call a meeting for April 15, although ex-Senator Lindsay had said it would be impossible for him to leave New York before April 20, but as the people of St. Louis are clamoring for the government commission to get together there is every reason to believe that the board will be convened speedily.

Ex-Senator Thurston was considerably put out today when he read reports in morning papers to the effect that he had been selected as chairman of the commission.

"There has been no chairman selected," said the Nebraskan. "I was asked to look after a few preliminary matters by the secretary of state pending a formal meeting of the board in St. Louis. I have never been a candidate for president of the commission and I am for Senator Carter for that place. There is too much work attached to the chairmanship for me, and realizing this I cannot understand why the report was sent out that I had been made chairman. My name was first of those mentioned as appointees for the reason, I presume, that President McKinley tendered me the place first. I know of no other reason. I have, as I said before, no desire to be president of the commission. I realize the responsibilities and my only desire is to help St. Louis make the greatest exposition the world has ever seen."

George D. Meiklejohn, ex-assistant secretary of war, is to be given, it is understood, a loving cup on behalf of the army officers, bureau chiefs and clerks connected with the war department. The cup is to be a massive silver piece and if it cannot be made in time for its presentation to Mr. Meiklejohn before he leaves for the west, it will be sent to him.

## DENIES STORY OF VISIT.

### Hay Says There is No Truth in Report of Aguinaldo's Coming.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The president and Secretary Hay were in conference for almost an hour this morning. Secretary Root was present a portion of the time. The subject of the consultation was not disclosed, although it was surmised that it related to the Chinese situation. Secretary Hay stated that the government had no official advices confirming the press reports that China had definitely refused to sign the Manchurian agreement with Russia.

Secretary Root pronounced the stories that Aguinaldo had been invited to come or that he was coming to the United States in the immediate future to be baseless. After the secretary of state and secretary of war departed Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador, called at the White House and was received by the president in the blue parlor. The official explanation of the British ambassador's visit, given out at the White House, was that he called to impart the acknowledgment of the British government for the expressions of regret on the death of Queen Victoria.

## WASHINGTON CREDITS IT.

### Believes Spain Has Ratified Treaty of Friendship.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5.—Although so far without official confirmation, the report that the Spanish council has approved the draft of the new treaty of commercial friendship between the United States and Spain finds credence here. Minister Storer has been working negotiating a whole fabric of treaties to take the place of those wiped out by the Spanish war. His first work was the proposition of an extradition treaty and this is now practically complete.

Great difficulty was found in arriving at a common basis for the negotiations for the treaty of commerce and friendship. But it is believed that Mr. Storer has succeeded and that American imports to Spain, which since the war have paid almost prohibitory maximum duties, will secure substantial reductions that will result in enlarged trade.

### Two Deaths From Plague.

CAPETOWN, April 5.—Two deaths from bubonic plague and one suspected case were officially reported today the lowest record since the outbreak of the disease in Capetown.

### May Settle Fishery Dispute.

LONDON, April 5.—Mr. Robert Bogle, the premier and colonial secretary of Newfoundland, confirms the statement of E. P. Morris, the Newfoundland delegate on the French shore question, who sailed from Liverpool for New York yesterday, that an understanding had been reached on the French shore question, satisfactory to Newfoundland and Great Britain, and which it is hoped will prove satisfactory to France.

## AGUINALDO IS SWORN IN.

### Takes Oath of Allegiance to the United States Government.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Secretary Root has just made public the following cablegram, received at the War department this morning at 8 o'clock: "MANILA. — Adjutant General, Washington: Since arrival at Manila Aguinaldo has been at Malacanan, investigating conditions in archipelago. He has relied almost entirely upon the instructive advice of Chief Justice Arellano. As a result today he subscribed and swore to the declaration on page 11 of my annual report."

"MACARTHUR."

The oath referred to is as follows: "I hereby renounce all allegiance to any and all so-called revolutionary governments in the Philippine islands and recognize and accept the supreme authority of the United States of America therein. I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to that government; that I will at all times conduct myself as a faithful and law-abiding citizen of the said island, and will not, either directly or indirectly, hold correspondence with or give intelligence to an enemy of the United States, nor will I abet, harbor or protect such enemy; that I impose upon myself these voluntary obligations without any mental reservations or purpose of evasion, so help me God."

Four asterisks in the cablegram mark a passage withheld from publication, about which the officials will say nothing now.

## UNITED STATES ATTORNEY SHOT

### Wounded in St. Louis Election Row by a Bullet Meant For Another.

ST. LOUIS, April 3.—It is just reported that United States District Attorney Rosier was shot in the arm at a polling place near Vandeventer and Manchester avenue. A row was in progress and Mr. Rosier received a shot that was intended for another. The wound is not serious.

While Mr. Rosier was standing at the polls in the Twenty-fifth ward, John Banks, one of a crowd of twenty or more negroes, attempted to vote. His vote was challenged by Mr. Rosier who said the negro had already voted elsewhere. He requested the police officer there to arrest Banks. This was done, and while the officer was telephoning for the patrol wagon, the crowd of negroes surrounded him and his prisoner whom they rescued. Between forty and fifty shots were fired by the negroes, more with the purpose of intimidation than to hit anybody. After the negroes had escaped, it was found that Mr. Rosier had stopped one of the balls. His wound is not serious, however.

## HARRISON REMAINS MAYOR.

### Chicago Re-Elects Him, But Cuts His Plurality to 28,475.

CHICAGO, April 3.—Carter H. Harrison has been re-elected mayor of Chicago for the second time and will next week commence his third term as the chief executive of the city. His official plurality over Judge Elbridge Haney, the republican nominee, is 28,257. The total vote of the city is: Harrison, 156,952; Haney, 128,695.

In the last mayoralty election the vote was: Harrison, democrat, 148,496; Carter, republican, 107,437; Harrison's plurality, 41,059. In the presidential campaign last fall the city vote for president was: McKinley, 184,786; Bryan, 177,165; McKinley's plurality, 7,621.

Out of the thirty-five wards of the city Harrison today carried twenty-six and Haney nine. The city wards were redistributed after the presidential election and the regular majorities in some of the wards were turned squarely around from what they have always been.

## FORTS ARE TO BE DISMANTLED.

### Foreign Generals Unanimous on the Proposition.

PEKIN, April 3.—Regarding the destruction of the forts the generals are practically agreed that those at Taku, Shan Hai Kuan and Tien Tsin must at least be rendered useless, while the north fort at the entrance of the river Taku must be destroyed entirely on account of the fact that ever since it was built it has caused lower water on the bar, having diverted the course of the stream. The merchants have frequently complained to the consuls, but no government has liked to ask China to destroy a fort at the entrance to an important river. This, however, can now be done as a matter of military necessity, and will give foreign merchants intense satisfaction as in consequence of its being done the river will in a short time again be navigable as far as Tien Tsin.

### Train Reaches McDonald.

MCDONALD, Kan., April 3.—A Burlington train arrived at McDonald tonight at 7:25, the first train here since March 23. The snowplow is digging east from Bird City, Kan., through a drift three and a half miles long. The drifts will be cleared by 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. There were eight days' mail, express and merchandise on the train for McDonald. Snow on the range is two to three feet deep. Hard weather prevails.