

Mildred A 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—and you in ball costume."

"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 impetuosity 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 setting 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

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 Brunswicker," 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.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE UPLIFTING POWER OF RELIGION" THE THEME.

"Her Ways Are Ways of Pleasantness"—From the Book of Proverbs, Chapter III, Verse 17—The Sunshine of the Christian Life—Self Denial.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, April 14.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth religion as an exhilaration and urges all people to try its uplifting power; text, Proverbs III, 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

You have all heard of God's only begotten Son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes produced. Every year I tear out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left—in other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man I knew everything. When I got to be 35 years of age, in my creed I had only a hundred doctrines of religion. When I got to be 40 years of age, I had only 50 doctrines of religion. When I got to be 60 years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion, and now I am dying at 75 years of age, and there is only one thing I know and that is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's word and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief and that part of my belief as being non-essential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that man is a sinner and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Savior.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that in the first place and dominant above all others is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room, I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion and to close the shutters and to pull down the blinds that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the fairest and brightest and the most radiant being of all the universe comes in. God's Son has left the world but God's daughter is here! Give her room. Hail princess of heaven! Hail, daughter of the Lord God Almighty! Come in and make this house thy throne-room.

In setting forth this idea the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine and with a spoon in her hand. She said, "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I am getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that today I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting gospel sunshine!

Sunshine of Christianity.

First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere funmakers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Charles Mathewses of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography or biography, you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific quietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard, dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at you on exchange or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason it was so dull, so inane and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better. I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology, but they had this supernatural vivacity of the gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive.

The Question of Self Denial.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self denial the man of the world has a thousand self denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping.

But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ? He denies himself pardon for sin, he denies himself peace of conscience, he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost, he denies himself a comfortable death—pillow, he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again, I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine explanation. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and consecrated woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man, with \$30,000 of income. There is a good man with \$800 of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to 75 years of age, and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at 35 years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh, there is no sentence that oftener drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. I cannot understand it."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were 20 carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all, and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

All Is for the Best.

There are hundreds of people who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What! Is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be. A man passed down the street without any shoes and said: "I have no shoes. Isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes. No shoes, no shoes!" until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what he does instead of grumbling for what he does not. God arranges all the weather in this world—the spiritual weather, the moral weather, as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be today?" said someone to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh, the sunshine, the sunshine of Christian explanation! Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh, no. The services read at the grave? Oh, no. The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! Resurrection sunshine!

A Place for Study.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a school girl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone, but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make the tour yet, during one musical pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities, those people to whom life is humdrum, who toil and work and toil and work and aspire after knowledge, but have no time to get it and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged, my friends. You are going to the university yet. Death will only mutilate you into the royal college of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands, it expands!" Or as Mr. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," in his last moment or during his last hours looked up and said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Light!" and then as he came on nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance, as he cried,

"Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

The Celestial Profession.

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children, with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pageantry—a long procession, but no black tasseled vehicle, no mourning group, and I say: "How strange it is! Where is your Greenwood? Where is your Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster abbey?" And they shall cry, "There are no graves here." And then listen for the tolling of the old belfries of heaven, the old belfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead. They only strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Oh, unglue your hand, and give it to me in congratulation on that scene! I feel as if I could shout. I will shout. Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God, and heaven and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the doorbell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mason; come, Isaac Watts. Give us your best hymn about joy celestial."

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now, and whosoever hath a harp, let her thrum it, and whosoever hath a trumpet, let him blow it, and whosoever hath an organ, let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blessed, moving in calvacade of triumph, their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come! Halt, armies of God! Halt, until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die!

Oh, my friends, it would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sunny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the world a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where kings are the actors and burning words the footlights and thrones the spectacular. Arise, ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The joys of heaven submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In Thy presence there is a fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Blest are the saints beloved of God; Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine, Their glories splendid and sublime!

My soul anticipates the day, Would stretch her wing and soar away; To aid the song, the palm to bear, And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

Oh, the sunshine, the glorious sunshine!

Photographing Jewelry.

Photographing jewelry as a means of its protection is likely to become popular now that the picture of a valuable diamond brooch led to its recognition and recovery. But it is doubtful if there is one woman among ten who owns costly jewelry that ever thought of taking this precaution. One photographer who takes many pictures of women of wealth in New York said the other day that few of them ever had themselves photographed wearing their jewelry, since it had become the style to wear less jewelry than formerly. He looked at random over half a dozen portraits made recently, and there was scarcely on any of their originals jewelry that amounted to more than a few hundred dollars in value. Yet the majority of these women own jewels worth thousands of dollars. In England the custom of wearing jewelry in photographs is much more prevalent than it is in New York. Pictures of English women of wealth and position usually display the entire contents of their jewelry boxes, and their tiaras, stomachers and necklaces are frequently conspicuous enough to be serviceable as a means of identification were they stolen, although thieves rarely dare to keep such things intact for even the briefest time. American women owning valuable jewelry are not likely to possess any photographs of it, unless they were especially taken. And that precaution has so far been observed in few cases.—New York Sun.

A Judge as an Inventor.

Judge Walter of Wapakoneta, O., has distinguished himself by inventing a hydraulic disappearing safe operated on the principle of the disappearing gun. The safe, controlled by hydraulic power, is lowered into a fifteen-foot well at night. When it touches bottom clockwork mechanism starts it toward the top, which is reached about the time it is wanted for business the next morning. Judge Walter does not think robbers could accomplish anything by tunneling to the safe. The judge has applied for a patent, but what if the machinery should be deftanged some night and the safe left at the bottom of the well?

A new military law of Peru makes every citizen liable to compulsory service from 19 to 50 years. The army has five classes, the regular, supernumerary, first reserve, second reserve and the national guard.