

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Eagleton rejoiced exceedingly at Roy's departure, while Mabel mourned, and Mildred with her mother expressed trust sympathy. But, as there comes to every grief some grain of comfort, so the third morning there came to Mabel a letter directed in an unknown handwriting, which she took with falsely assumed indifference that tallied but badly with her brightened eyes, and carried away to her own room, there to read and re-read it.

Her grand-aunt, who seldom came down to breakfast, and who on this particular occasion had been prompted by somem evil genius so to do, had witnessed the arrival of the post-bag, the distribution of the letters, and Mabel's conscious smile and blush as she received hers. As her ladyship never forgot an injury—always making it a point to repay it, if possible four-fold—and as the late skirmish in the drawing-room was still fresh in her mind, she felt this was an opportunity not to be neglected, so she spoke as follows:

"I did not imagine it possible, Caroline, that you would allow your daughters to receive and open letters from gentlemen without first handing them to you for inspection."

"My dear Aunt Harriet, what do you mean?" asked her niece anxiously who knew her meaning well enough, but was afraid to say so.

"I may have been mistaken," said her ladyship, with heavy accentuation, and considerable severity; "but I certainly did think I saw Mabel receive a letter just now, addressed in the handwriting of a gentleman."

Hearing this Lady Caroline grew suddenly unhappy, and, half believing her aunt to be in the right, and half fearing she herself was acting with imprudence toward her daughters, asked Mildred privately to find out from her sister whether the letter in question was everything it ought to be.

"Not that I wish to force myself into her confidence," Lady Caroline said—"you understand that, Mildred—I have the fullest faith in Mabel, and I know the dear child would show me her letter sooner or later—but merely to satisfy your grandaunt; she is so hard on Mabel—that I want her to see how dutiful in reality she can be."

"I understand," said Mildred, who never despised her mother's weakness, however strong she might feel herself to be, and went up-stairs to Mabel's room, which she found locked against all intruders.

"Mabel, open the door, dearest," she said, knocking gently on the outside; whereupon, after a minute's interval, Mabel did open the door, and stood on the threshold slightly defiant in appearance.

"Oh, it is you, Mildred!" she said, with an assumption of surprise.

"May I not come in darling?" inquired Miss Trevanion, reproachfully.

"Of course you can come in," the queen answered ungraciously moving a little to one side.

Mildred went a few steps into the room, and closed the door.

"Mabel, will you not show it to me?" she said.

"So that is it!" cried Mabel. "I thought so. Aunt Harriet's revengeful expression when the post came in was not thrown away upon me. She has been dictating to mamma, and saying of me all sorts of things as unjust as they are untrue; and mamma, in turn, has been dictating to you. Now there is no use in your trying to gloss over matters, Mildred; I can understand it all as distinctly as though I had been present. I have never before been asked to deliver up my letters for public inspection, and I don't intend to do so now. It is easy in such case to draw conclusions, and, if Aunt Harriet imagines she can control my actions, she makes a very great mistake—and so you may tell her. He did not write for her eyes—he wrote solely for mine."

She had worked herself into a high state of indignation by this time.

"Of course he did," said Mildred; "do you think I cannot understand that? Mamma said distinctly you were not to be asked to show your letter even to her, until you wished to do so of your own accord." Then, sympathetically—"Is it a love letter, Mabel?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," acknowledged "the queen," demurely, her whole pretty, angry face breaking into smiles of inexpressible happiness, as she thought of all the love the letter contained.

Then there came the unconquerable longing to share her secret with somebody—to let some other eyes besides her own see how dearly she was beloved—to her some other voice declare how sweet and true and perfect a letter was.

"If—if you will promise faithfully, Mildred, not to tell any one, I will let you see it."

"I promise faithfully," said Mildred.

And then Mabel went over to her drawer, and, having opened it, slowly and tenderly drew from it the harmless letter that had caused all the disturbance down-stairs.

"Now read," she said; and, Mildred taking it, she drew back behind her sister, lest by any chance the flush that brightened her cheeks during the reading might be seen.

"My darling queen," it began, and, after the usual run of information relative to the passage, reception, climate, and suchlike uninteresting matters

strained, stiff tone that Eddie looked up amazed, and, catching sight of his mother's despairing, and Mabel's dismayed expression, discovered for the first time that he had been the cause of much disturbance in the bosom of his family for the past five minutes.

Lady Eagleton maintained a studied, not to say ominous, silence during the remainder of the meal, giving no vent to her outraged feelings until the ladies rose to return to the drawing-room, leaving the happier sex to discuss their wine in peace.

When the former were seated round the fire—for it was more than ordinarily cold even for November—and the old lady had comfortably ensconced herself in the snug arm-chair specially brought down from the upper regions to meet her wants, she began:

"Caroline, is this thing true that I have been hearing?" she said, solemnly.

"What thing, Aunt Harriet?" asked her niece, faintly.

"Don't prevaricate," said Lady Eagleton. "I warn you it is best to be open and above-board with me. Speak the truth—it is possible that you have had a cotton merchant's family on terms of intimacy at King's Abbot, enjoying free association with your affectionate Roy Blount."

It is ended. Miss Trevanion, as she folded it, felt a sensation of sudden tightening at her throat. How good a thing it seemed to her just then to be loved—to have tender words on paper folded up and sent to one with the certain knowledge in one's breast that somebody was waiting with impatient heart for other tender words in return.

Meanwhile "the queen" was standing gazing into her face with eager, longing eyes.

"Is it not the very sweetest letter?" she said, innocently.

"The very sweetest letter I ever read," returned her sister, kissing the upturned lips.

Then she went back to the cherished production, and read it again with a fresh warm interest that went straight to Mabel's heart.

"Well, perhaps you had better take it down and show it to mamma," she said, relenting; "but do not let Aunt Harriet see you, Mildred."

So Mildred, having given the desired assurance, carried the letter away with her to Lady Caroline, who read it with eyes tenderly suffused. Sir George, coming in at the moment with the companion epistle in his hand, containing a manly straightforward proposal for Mabel, read it also, and signified his intense satisfaction in and approbation of the entire affair. But the engagement must of necessity be a long one, so he decided, the young man—though with great expectations on all sides—having little at the present time beyond his pay. They were both only just as the commencement of their lives, so could afford to wait until a year or two had gone over their heads; and when once Roy could sign himself "Captain" they might begin to look at things in a nearer light.

It was arranged, to the delight of all concerned, except Lady Eagleton, who objected to every argument that could be produced in their favor, protesting obstinately to the very last that the girl was throwing herself away.

It so happened that by mutual consent they had all maintained strict taciturnity on the subject of the Younges—their antecedents as merchants pur et simple not being considered such as would meet the views of Lady Eagleton. She had wonderfully relieved their minds by letting them know of her intention to spend Christmas with some more fortunate relatives farther south, and indeed had named a day in the ensuing week as that on which she would deprive them of her society.

The whole house instantly brightened up, and began to look more like itself, while it was thought with confidence that the Younges' visit might now indeed forever be kept in the dark, so far as their grand-aunt was concerned. But Eddie, unluckily, as it appeared afterward, had been the only one not warned on the matter, and therefore it was he who, on the Sunday before her departure, brought down her ladyship's wrath upon the family.

Lord Lyndon was a great favorite with her, he having a certain placid deferential way with him that never failed to propitiate even the most obdurate of old ladies. She characterized him as well-bred, courteous and gentlemanly, looking upon him as a young man who had happily escaped all the contaminations of the period.

I consider it a most fortunate thing, in this out-of-the-way place, your having as a constant visitor a young man so distinguished," she said; and then she asked again, for about the hundredth time, "And where did you first become acquainted with him?"

"Well, just about the time the Younges were here as well as I can recollect," answered Eddie promptly, who was unhappily present.

"The Younges? Who are they that have never heard their names mentioned?"

"Old Younge went in for cotton some years ago," answered Eddie, frankly, and without a moment's hesitation—"a mode of making money that I fear your ladyship will scarcely appreciate; but it paid uncommonly well in his case, if we are to believe all the accounts we hear. Strange to say, too, the trade mark is not so apparent on them as it might have been. The son, Denzil Younge, is one of the nicest fellows you could possibly meet, while the daughter—you should just ask the girls about her, Aunt Harriet—what a 'perfect treasure' she is."

Her ladyship was above understanding "chaff."

"Oh, indeed," said she, in such a con-

NATURAL PRODUCTS.

SHALL WE LIMIT OURSELVES TO THESE ONLY.

If So, Which Ones Shall We Abandon, and How Shall We Fare if We Follow the Free Traders' Prescription for the Increase of Our Foreign Trade.

One of the first canons of free trade is that each country should produce only that commodity in which it excels in quality and cheapness, buying from abroad everything that can be made cheaper there. In other words, we should not strive to establish and maintain an industry that is not a natural one, but devote our whole energy to one with the product of which we can beat all other nations.

On the other hand, protectionists maintain that we should diversify our industries to the largest degree possible, making and producing everything that the soil and climate will allow and that genius and diligence encourage. The best theoretical exposition of this question is given by Sir Edward Sullivan in his "Protection to Native Industry," but the best exposition of this, as of any other question, is the practical one of experience.

There is no country on earth where industry is so diversified as in the United States. In fact, one of the principal objects of our first and every succeeding protective tariff was to create and maintain new industries, and today we can make everything that can be made anywhere, and we can raise everything needed by man, except tea and coffee and a few minor products.

This is what has given us so much employment, such high wages and such an unparalleled home market.

In spite of all this, however, the free traders of today are again urging that we open our ports to the cheaper products of other countries and devote ourselves to gaining other markets, by centering our energies on a few "natural" productions. In other words, we are urged to abandon a sure market of many times the value of any that we could have if we were to gain all there is to be gained.

But for the sake of argument, let us suppose the free trader to be right, for the further one examines a free trade theory the more absurd it appears. Let us cease producing some things and buy them abroad, paying for them with increased productions of other things. The questions now confront us: Where shall we begin? What shall we give up? Surely not any of the staple agricultural products. If our farmers should abandon their land and go to the factory and make plows, for instance, who would use the plows? We raise and shall sell more grain and provisions than any other people, so perhaps it would be better to close the factory and for all to go on the farm. But there is a surplus of farm products now, and where could we sell double or treble the present production? This again is absurd. Shall our miners leave the mines and make picks and shovels, with which the market is already fully supplied? Could a million iron and steel workers turn to making boots and shoes? No; it is all ridiculous, turn which way we will.

Lady Eagleton was struck dumb. She was astounded. She had so entirely depended upon Mildred for support; and now she found herself with no language ready in which to express her just indignation.

"You have made me acquainted with a new phase in your character," she said to Mildred, in what was meant to be a withering tone—"one with which I have been hitherto totally unacquainted. And, as I have not an idea in common with anybody in this house—now that you have declared yourself—I think the sooner I leave it the better. I shall therefore hasten my departure even more than I have done, and beg you all to understand that I depart on Wednesday."

(To be continued.)

WHERE COFFEE CAME FROM.

Legend Gives the Lethem Berry a Romantic Origin and History.

There is extant a tale of the discovery of coffee, a story which might have suggested to Charles Lamb the idea for his "Dissertation on Roast Pig." This is the legend: Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree, which happened to be full of dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. Collecting number of these and crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma had increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained a scant supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Arden, in Arabia, he informed the mulfati of his discovery. This worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the effects of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that, in gratitude to the tree he called it cabah, which in Arabic signifies force.—Chicago Chronicle.

Great American Cargoes.

The steamer Colenso pulled out from New York a week ago loaded with 8,000 tons of American agricultural machinery, bound for Southern Russia. The ship was loaded with reapers, binders, thrashers, cleaners, stackers, binding twine and everything else used on the modern farm. There was not a thing else in her cargo except Ameri-

can manufactured goods. Two other ships almost equally as large as the Colenso preceded her, loaded with similar freight. The state register at Des Moines calls attention to the fact that these three ships were all foreign ships and that the freight money will all be paid to foreign ship owners.

But that is the rule with our country. Any reference to any means which might stop that \$180,000 drain annually paid to foreign ships in fares and freights is at once responded to by the senseless gibbering of "a steal."

The cargo of the Colenso was the largest and most valuable cargo of manufactured goods ever shipped out of the United States, the next being the Castillo, which preceded the Colenso a week, and carried 7,000 tons of like freight. The aggregate value of the three cargoes of 20,000 tons was \$1,250,000.

The cargoes are to be unloaded at Novorossisk, on the Black sea, and will be carried thence to Central Asia. Some will be carried to places only accessible by mules or camels. There are 80,000 packages in all, and each is marked, "Made in U. S. A."—Salt Lake City Tribune.

ONLY ONE.



The only business that does not thrive under protective tariff laws.

UNCLE HORACE ONCE MORE.

His Plan to Annihilate Trusts and Their Independent Competitors.

The latest syndicated tirade against Protection sent out by the New England Free Trade League is from the pen of our old-time friend, Uncle Horace Boies. One searches in vain for a single figure or fact to be applied to argument and comparison, for a single truth on which to base a conclusion. The ex-governor is mad clear through because there are American as well as foreign trusts, and in order that the foreign trusts may thrive the more he would destroy the American industries so that the products of the foreign trusts could come, and come free of duty, to flood our markets.

Uncle Horace would not be satisfied with removing the duties from the so-called raw material used in trust made goods, for he says:

"No tariff whatever, for revenue or otherwise, should be levied upon foreign articles competing with American trust-made goods. The makers of these have destroyed competition at home. They should be made to meet the competition of the outside world until they are dissolved and assume their original component parts. Then, and not till then, give them the Protection a wisely framed revenue tariff will afford."

And when they are "dissolved and assume their original and component parts," then—there will be no industries left to give Protection to, even for revenue. Just why our Free Traders love the foreign trusts so much is not apparent. And if Protection is the real cause of trusts, how is it that Free Trade England is plastered over with them? The good or evil of trusts, so-called, at home or abroad, is a question in no way connected with the Tariff, and the forced connection made by Free Traders shows to what extremes their hatred of American industry and prosperity drives them.

It is the so-called trusts that do not fear Free Trade; it is the thousand and one small competitors that do. That is why we shall not promote monopoly by taking away the only chance for continued competition. Free Trade would first destroy our weaker and smaller industries, then our larger ones, because of the destruction of the home market.

Can ex-Governor Boies or any other member of the New England Free Trade League show that they are any worse off because of so-called trusts? That is the question to answer.

A Incentive to Theft.

A Free Trade tariff always proves an incentive to theft by robbing bread winners of work and wages; then they may be either humiliated by becoming objects of charity or go to the poor house. Never were our prisons so crowded with men forced to starve, beg or steal as under the infernal robber Wilson tariff. Nevertheless, it was hard work under the Wilson tariff swindle to find anything to steal.

Double Our Commerce.

Since the Spanish war and the blessings which have come thereby and through annexation, our commerce with Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines has been doubled. When Uncle Sam does any job it is always a splendid success, provided Free Traders are not allowed to spoil the work.

MANAGER BALDWIN TESTIFIES.

Money Paid Captain James C. Reed Was for Shortage of Beef.

MANILA May 1.—The trial of Captain James C. Reed, ex-depot commissary at Manila, charged with soliciting and receiving bribes and with other official misconduct, which began here yesterday, was continued today and was fiercely contested.

Thomas Harries, a bookkeeper of the firm of Robinson and Macondray, testified that Mr. Robinson paid Captain Reed \$881. The firm's books contained entries to that effect.

Fred Macondray testified that he arranged to give Captain Reed per cent commission on the sales of vegetables furnished to troops.

Before testifying, Barry Baldwin, formerly United States marshal for California and now manager of the Macondray company, shipping merchants, tendered a statement to the court. He said attempts had been made to intimidate him and he asked for the protection of the court, but the latter declined to receive it and returned it to Mr. Baldwin unread. Mr. Baldwin testified to having a \$200,000 beef contract. Captain Reed came to his office and claimed there were slight shortages in the beef deliveries on account of which Mr. Baldwin gave Captain Reed \$345.

Adjutant General Arlington testified that Captain Reed said Major Servis was short 1,500 pounds of beef. He admitted receiving money from Mr. Baldwin, but said the sum