

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XVI.

In but few minutes' time after the accident Mildred was beside Denzil, and down upon her knees, her horse idly wandering away. She stooped and placed her hand upon his heart, but failed to detect the faintest beat. She drew her fingers across his forehead—cold and damp with the chilling wintry wind—but to her it seemed touched by the cold hand of Death.

A terrible feeling took possession of her. Was he dead? Was he speechless, deaf, blind, beyond love, life, hope, for evermore?

Lifting his head onto her lap and pushing back the hair from his beautiful forehead, she murmured to him tenderly, almost reproachfully, half believing the cruel voice he had loved so well on earth would recall him even from the grave. But there was no answer.

She looked up wildly. Would nobody ever come? How long they were—how long! And, when they did come, would it, perchance, be only to tell her that help was needless—that he was indeed dead, as he appeared—lifeless within her very arms.

Oh, to speak with him once more, if only for a moment—just for so long as it would take to let him know how well she loved him, and to beg on her knees for his forgiveness!

Why did he lie so silent at her feet? Surely that calm, half smile had no sympathy with death. Was she never to hear his voice again—never to see the loving tenderness that grew in his eyes for her alone?

Was all the world dead or insensible that none would come to her call, while perhaps each precious moment was stealing another chance from his life? This thought was maddening; she glanced all round her, but as yet no one was in sight. And then she began to cry and wring her hands.

"Denzil, speak to me!" she sobbed. "Denzil—darling—darling!"

Lord Lyndon, shortly after the accident had occurred, turning round in his saddle to discover whether Miss Trevanion was coming up with them, and not seeing her, raised himself in his stirrups to survey the ground behind, and beheld two horses riderless, and something he could not discern clearly upon the grass.

"Sir George, look!" he called to his companion. "What is it—what has happened? Can you see Mildred?"

He waited for nothing more, but putting spurs to the astonished animal under him, rode furiously back, leaving Sir George to follow him almost as swiftly.

And this was what they saw.

Lying apparently lifeless, with one arm twisted under him, in that horrible, formless way a broken limb will sometimes take, lay Denzil Younge, with Miss Trevanion holding his head upon her lap and smoothing back his hair, while she moaned over him words and entreaties that made Lyndon's heart grow cold.

"Mildred!" he cried sharply, putting his hand on her arm with the intention of raising her from the ground; but she shook him off roughly.

"Let me alone," she said; "what have you to do with us? I loved him. Oh, Denzil, my darling speak to me—speak to me."

"What is the meaning of this?" Lyndon asked hoarsely. "Trevanion, you should know."

Sir George, who was bending over the prostrate man, raised his eyes for a moment.

"I suppose, as she says it, it is true," he answered simply. "But I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, I was unaware of it. All I know is that she refused him long before you proposed for her—for what reason I am as ignorant as yourself. It has been her own secret from first to last."

As Sir George spoke, Mildred looked up for the first time.

"Is he dead?" she asked with terrible calmness.

"No, no—I hope not; a broken arm seldom kills," answered her father, hurriedly, drawing the broken limb from beneath the wounded man with great gentleness. "Lyndon, the brandy."

Lyndon, who was almost as white as Denzil at the moment, resolutely putting his own grievances behind him for the time being, knelt down beside Sir George, and, giving him his flask, began to help in the task of resuscitation.

"How will it be?" he asked in a whisper.

"I cannot tell," answered Sir George; "we can only hope for the best. But I don't like the look on the poor lad's face. I have seen such a look before. Do you remember Little Polly Stuart of the Guards? I was on the ground when he was killed very much in the same manner and saw him lying there with just that sort of strange, calm, half smile upon his face as though defying death. But he was stone dead at the time, poor boy."

"How shall we get him home?" asked Lyndon. "I wish some doctor could be found to see him. Was not Stubber on the field this morning?"

"Yes, but was called off early in the day, I think."

"His heart!" cried Miss Trevanion, suddenly. "His heart! It's beating!"

She raised her eyes to her father's as she gave utterance to the sweet words, and Lyndon saw all the glorious light of the hope that had kindled in them. Her white fingers were pressed closely against Denzil's chest; her breath was coming and going rapturously at quick, short intervals; her whole face was full of passionate, glad expectation.

"So it is," said Sir George, excitedly. "Lyndon, more brandy."

So life, struggling slowly back into Denzil's frame, began its swift course once more for him; while for Lyndon, turning away sick at heart and miserable, his joys and promises were but as rotten fruit, ending in bitterness and mockery.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was late the same evening, and Mildred sitting in her mother's room, with one hand clasped in Lady Caroline's, was gazing idly into the fire, seeming pale and dejected in the red light of the flame, that ever and anon blazed up and sunk, and almost died, and brightened up again. Yet in her heart there was a great well of thankfulness, of joy unutterable—for had not the doctor, fully an hour before, declared Denzil out of any immediate danger?

Up to that moment Miss Trevanion had remained in her own apartment, not caring to encounter the gaze of curious observers—now walking feverishly backward and forward with unspoken prayers within her breast, now sitting stunned and wretched, waiting for the tidings she yet dreaded to hear.

But, when Lady Caroline came to tell her all was well for the present, she could say nothing; she only followed her mother back to her own room where she fell upon her knees and cried as if her heart would break.

Suddenly the door opened and a servant stood revealed.

"Lord Lyndon's compliments to Miss Trevanion, and he would be glad to see her for a few minutes in the north drawing room," he said, and lingered for a reply.

"I will be down directly," Mildred answered tremulously, and when he had withdrawn turned nervously toward Lady Caroline. "Oh, mother," she said, "what can I say to him? What must he think of me?"

"Have courage, my darling," whispered Lady Caroline, "and own the truth—plain speaking is ever the best and wisest. Afterward he will forgive you. Remember how impatiently I shall be waiting here for your return."

"Of course he will understand that it is now all over between us?" Mildred asked, half anxiously, as she reached the door.

"Of course he will," said Lady Caroline, with a suppressed sigh. How could she help regretting this good thing that was passing away from her daughter. "Now go, and do not keep him in suspense any longer."

So Mildred went; but, as she passed the threshold of the room that contained Lord Lyndon, a sudden rush of memory almost overpowered her, carrying her back, as it did, to that other night, a few short weeks ago, when she had similarly stood, but in how different a position in the sight of the man now standing opposite to her. Then she had come to offer him all that was dearest to him on earth, now she was come to deprive him of that boon—was standing before him, judged and condemned as having given away that which in nowise belonged to her.

She scarcely dared to raise her head, but waited, shame-stricken, for him to accuse her, with eyes bent sorrowfully downward.

"I have very little to say to you," said Lyndon, hoarsely, in a voice that was strange and cold, all the youth being gone out of it, "but I thought it better to get it over at once—to end this farce that has been playing so long."

No answer from Miss Trevanion—no movement—no sound even, beyond a slight catching of the breath.

"Why you should have treated me as you have is altogether beyond my fathoming," he went on. "Surely I could never have deserved it at your hands. When I gave you that paltry money a few weeks ago, I little thought it was accepted as the price of your affection. Affection! Nay, rather toleration. Had I known it I would have flung it into the sea before it should have so degraded both yourself and me. Had you no compassion—no thought of the dreary future you were so coldly planning out for us both—I ever striving to gain a love that was not to be gained—you perpetually remembering past days that contained all the sweetness of your life? There—it is of small use my reproaching you now; the thing is done, and cannot be undone. You have only acted as hundreds of women have acted before you—ruined one man's happiness completely, and very nearly wrecked another's, all for the want of a little honesty."

He made a few steps forward, as though to pass her, but she arrested him by laying both her hands on his arm.

"Oh, Henry, forgive me!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion. "You can not leave me like this. I know I have been bad, wicked, deceitful, in every

way, but, oh, forgive me! No—do not mistake me. I know well you would never marry me now; and" lowering her voice—"neither could I ever marry you, having once shown you my heart; so there can be no misconception about that. But if you knew everything—how wretched I was, how hopeless, how essentially it was that the money should be procured, how terrible it was to me to have to borrow it, and how just and right a thing it seemed to give you myself in exchange, having no other means of repayment—you might perhaps pity me. Could you only have seen into my heart, you would have read there how real was my determination to be true to you, to make you a good wife, and love you eventually as well as I loved—that other."

She broke down here and covered her face with her hands. And Lyndon who had never learned the art of being consistently unkind to anything, felt his wrath and wrongs melt away altogether, while a choking sensation arose in his throat.

He forgot all his own deep injuries, and, taking the pretty golden head between his hands, he drew it down upon his breast, where she began to cry right heartily.

"Mildred, how could you do it?" he whispered, presently, in a broken voice. "Had you hated me you could have done nothing more cruel. Child, did you never think of the consequences?"

"I know I have behaved basely to you," sobbed Mildred. "But I never thought that this would be the end. All might have turned out so differently, had—had this day never been."

"I shall never cease to be thankful that this day did come," he answered, earnestly. "Better to wake from a happy dream in time than rest unconscious until the waking is too late. Bitter as it is to lose you now, and no one but myself can guess how bitter that is, would it not be far worse to discover that my wife had no sympathy with me, no thought akin to mine?" He paused for a moment and then he said, sadly, "It seems a hard thing for me to say, but yet—oh, Mildred, I wish we had never met!"

"Is there nothing I can do to make it up to you?" she asked, despairingly.

"No, there is nothing," he answered, regretfully; "all that could be said or done would not obliterate the past. You are crying still, Mildred," raising her face, and regarding it mournfully; "are you so very sorry then, for your work? And yet a few plain words would have prevented all this. Tell me—when returning the money, which you insisted on doing after your grand-aunt's death, why did you not then honestly speak the truth? Was not that a good opportunity?"

"Oh, how could I do it then?" she asked, turning away her head, with a little shiver of distaste; "that would have appeared so detestable in your eyes. What!" she exclaimed, "accept your kindness gratefully when I was in sore need of it, and then when I had no further want of it, throw you off without the slightest compunction? Surely you would have thought that a very unworthy action?"

"Still it would have been better than this," he answered, gloomily, beginning to walk slowly up and down the room, while she stood weaving her fingers restlessly in and out, watching him.

Poor Mildred, the bitterness of her remorse just then made half atonement for her sin. With a heart at once affectionate and deeply feeling, it was to her the intensest agony to see Lyndon so crushed and heart-broken, and know it was her own handiwork.

For a few minutes there was silence except for the faint sound of Lyndon's footsteps as he paced heavily to and fro on the thick carpet. At length she could bear it no longer.

(To be continued.)

Preaches for Her Husband.

Wearied and almost ready to collapse from overwork, Rev. Mr. Clegg of Tannersville, Pa., on a recent Sunday evening permitted his wife to occupy his pulpit, and the congregation that listened to the discourse was greatly pleased. "Sin came into the world by my sex, and it is my duty to get all the sin out of the world I can," said Mrs. Clegg in her sermon. She conducted her entire service for her husband and her sermon was interesting from beginning to end. The announcement that the minister's wife was to preach brought out a very large congregation and late comers stood two deep in the corridor. Rev. D. W. Leckrone, the Lutheran pastor of the village, dismissed his evening service in order to hear Mrs. Clegg. He was invited to a seat on the platform and accepted. Pastor Clegg, who is an Englishman, introduced his wife to the congregation.

Limits of the Audibility of Sound.

An interesting matter, from a scientific point of view, in connection with the death of Queen Victoria, is the distance at which the sound of firing was heard when the fleet saluted as the body was conveyed from Cowes to Portsmouth. Letters in the English journals of science show that the sounds of the guns were heard in several places at a distance of eighty-four miles, and that at a distance of sixty miles the concussions were sufficiently intense to shake windows and to set cock pheasants to crowing as they do during a thunderstorm. There appears to have been but little wind to interfere with the propagation of the sound.—New York Post.

Of 555 Japanese university students who were questioned as to their religious beliefs no fewer than 472 called themselves atheists.

IS NOT RECIPROCAL.

DEFECTS OF THE SPECIAL TRADE TREATY PLAN.

Convincing Reasons Why the Proposed Scheme of Unrestricted Reciprocity Would Not Operate to the Advantage of the United States.

In the concluding portion of the second lecture on "Economic Aspects of Reciprocity," delivered by Mr. John P. Young of the San Francisco Chronicle, before the College of Commerce of the University of California, various phases of the practical workings of the reciprocity plan in the United States are presented with marked clearness and force. The lack of certainty in the matter of revenue production which attends the operation of special trade treaties is urged as an important objection to that process of enlarging our trade with foreign countries. The question of revenue is held constantly in view by congress when engaged in the enactment of a tariff law, and the schedules are so adjusted as to insure with reasonable accuracy an amount of revenue which, added to that derived from internal sources, will meet the requirements of the government. Not so in the case of schedules altered in miscellaneous fashion through special commercial conventions. If, under these treaty arrangements, the duties on certain articles are materially diminished, so must be the revenues. Moreover, the consequences of this kind of tariff tinkering may prove to be mischievous, for as Mr. Young points out, if we reduce the duties on Russian beet sugar to please the exporters of American machinery, how shall we deny similar reduction of duties to other sugar producing countries without exciting jealousies and retaliation? If, in order to escape this kind of friction, we make the reduction of sugar duties uniform with all countries, as we must in the long run, what then becomes of the revenue from sugar duties?

Another point of the utmost importance is emphasized by Mr. Young in this connection—namely, that while tariff laws may easily be repealed or amended at any session of any congress, commercial conventions constitute contracts and obligations very difficult to retract from and which often continue in force long after their workings are recognized to be injurious. At best the process of abrogating commercial treaties is a slow and tedious one, and the effect is to create rigidity in a direction where flexibility is highly desirable.

A reciprocity treaty is not necessarily reciprocal. It may prove to be quite the reverse. Mr. Young cites the supposititious case of wine producers and prune growers who were promised protection for their industry and are as much entitled to it as are the makers of machinery. We enter into an arrangement with a foreign country which contemplates an increased purchase on our part of foreign wines and prunes and an increased sale on our part of machinery. This may or may not prove to be the outcome under the arrangement. It is quite possible that the foreigner will send us an additional quantity of wines and prunes without in turn taking from us an additional quantity of machines. The practical workings of reciprocal trade arrangements may thus prove to be far from reciprocal. Mr. Young raises the question whether it is not an economic blunder to assist our overgrown iron concerns by means of special trade treaties to market their surplus product in foreign countries, and thus prevent the creation in undeveloped lands of facilities which would enable the peoples of those lands to supply themselves with articles of iron, and at the same time compel the domestic consumer in our own country to assist in this work of spoliation by charging him more for what he uses of the product thus forced out than the foreigner is compelled to pay. Herein is suggested an aspect of the reciprocity idea which the trust smashers have certainly overlooked.

Of course, so thorough and deep searching a student of cause and effect in economics as Mr. Young has shown himself to be would not pass by the pertinent point concerning the true definition of reciprocity as expounded in the national Republican platform. He directs attention to the fact that in their platforms the Republicans have always insisted that true reciprocity consists in the exchange of non-competing products. This fact is ignored by the advocates of tariff tinkering by trade treaties with a persistency that carries it out of the domain of accident and places it in the category of intentional suppression.

The favorite theory of British Cobdenites and Free Traders that if we wish to trade with foreigners we can only hope to do so by buying from them as well as selling to them is disposed of by Mr. Young as scarcely worthy of serious consideration in view of the facts of commerce as disclosed in the statistics of our foreign trade in the last four years of adequate protection. "Such a contention," says Mr. Young, "scarcely deserves a serious answer. Individuals and aggregations of individuals known as nations do not buy things to please the persons purchased from; they buy because they need the things bought. To buy for any other purpose would be absurd; to buy merely to make trade brisk would be uneconomic and therefore silly." Emphasizing this point, Mr. Young brings his lecture to a close by an illustration borrowed from an article which appeared some months ago in the American Economist, and which he quotes, as he says, "in the full confidence that the apologetics and humor of it will do more to suggest the fallacies of the

advocates of reciprocity treaties than any arguments I have been able to produce." The story quoted is that of a merchant in a small New England town who kept a little store whose chief patrons were children. The shopkeeper, wishing to stimulate business and to establish reciprocal relations with his little customers, proceeded to distribute gratuitously among them one hundred pennies. The result was a marked increase in business activity. He distributed another dollar in the same way. Result, more briskness. When, however, he came to take stock and count the money in his till, he found that the money had not increased perceptibly, while his stock of candy and trinkets had materially diminished. As he glanced at his depleted shelves and thoughtfully rubbed his head, he remarked: "Gee whiz! There wasn't much profit in it; but there ain't no denying that it made trade mighty brisk while it lasted." That little anecdote might furnish food for thought on the part of those who so strenuously advocate the employment of artificial means for the extension of foreign trade.

THE PUZZLE OF ECONOMISTS.

Free Traders Would Reduce Trade Balances by Importations.

The newest puzzle for those who are called economists is the outcome of the Republican policy which, in three years, has enabled us to sell the rest of the world \$1,819,825,819 more than we purchased during the three years which ended June 30, 1900, to which must be added \$750,000,000 for the fiscal year which will end with next June. After they have accounted for all of this cash debt which the rest of the world owes or has owed us, they find that a large portion of it has not been paid, but has been loaned abroad. Economists, as they are called, often arrive at peculiar conclusions, but thus far no one of them has expressed the opinion that Americans are giving foreigners the world over hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The puzzle is, how is Europe to liquidate the indeterminate amount of money standing to our credit? One of them, who is a Free-Trader, suggests that the only way the volume of our exports can be maintained is to so adjust our Tariff that Europe can liquidate a much larger portion of the favorable trade balance by selling us merchandise which we are now manufacturing at home in sufficient quantities to abundantly supply the home market. This means that we must close our factories of certain lines of merchandise and turn their employees to idleness and their families to want in order to enable foreign nations to pay the trade balance in merchandise. That would be economics with a vengeance.

There is reason to believe that there is no present cause for fear about the inability of Europe to pay us what it owes. During nearly a hundred years the trade balance of the world was against the United States. It was not a large amount each year, but it was from \$15,000,000 to \$50,000,000 annually—enough to drain all the bullion the country produced and much of the cotton. For years this drain upon the contribution of this country to the world's stock of precious metals made money scarce and the rates of interest much higher than those of Europe. For years we purchased most of our iron, woollens, glass, crockery, etc., in Europe, and paid them out of the money, stock and materials that should have been kept at home. Now the situation has changed. Under the Republican policy the country came to produce in abundance the articles we used to make an adverse balance of trade by buying. For years we paid high rates of interest on this amount of our indebtedness for goods purchased abroad over the value of those we sold. Then we were a debt or nation and paid the penalty of such disadvantage, and would be paying it now if the self-styled economists could have their way. Now we have become the world's creditor nation. If our debtors cannot pay at once let them pay interest, as did the United States.—Indianapolis Journal.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.



Miss Free-Trade—It is perfectly disgusting to see how that child persists in getting fat on the wrong kind of nourishment.

Sun Didn't Shine.

In 1897 Grover Cleveland officially informed congress that there could be no speedy return of prosperity. Poor old Grover, he had been afflicted with a congress of incompetents and there was no silver lining to his cloud. The sky lacked the sun of Protection.—Clinton (Mo.) Republican.

The South Does Not Weep.

No regrets are being expressed in the South over the defeat of Bryan. The prudent men of the South are satisfied to get double the money for their cotton that they would have received under a Populist administration.—Camden (N. J.) Post-Telegram.

What Affects Clover Seeding?

From the Farmers' Review: In the mind of thoughtful, intelligent farmers very interesting problems are continually presenting themselves for solution. The amount of general knowledge possessed by them is not usually sufficient for their guidance in seeking answers to the questions arising. For this reason they are apt to ascribe incorrect causes for effects which they observe. An illustration of this is found in the popular theory that the season, more than the time of cutting the first crop of clover, affects the yield of seed on the second crop. To understand this problem we must draw upon a knowledge of agricultural chemistry and plant feeding and the elaboration of elementary food in the plant. Seeding is the effort of the plant to reproduce itself when it has reached a certain period of growth. As the elaboration of seed depends upon the presence and action of phosphoric acid in the plant, the movement of phosphorus in it furnishes the key to the solution of the problem.

Take the plant in four stages of growth. As a young plant in full health about 6 to 8 inches tall, from 22 per cent to 25 per cent of the total phosphoric acid necessary for full development of the matured crop has been taken up from the root, and about 50 per cent of this amount is found in the upper leaves. After it has obtained about one-third more growth, over 40 per cent of the phosphoric acid has been brought up, of which from 60 per cent to 65 per cent is found in the heads and stems and leaves close up to the heads. When the plant has grown still larger and reached full bloom, 70 per cent to 75 per cent of the required phosphoric acid has been received from beneath the ground, and 80 per cent of this has found its way into the head and blossoms. Finally, when the seed has been perfected, fully 90 per cent of the total phosphoric acid taken by the plant has passed from the structure to the seed. If the crop is cut when 40 per cent and upwards of the phosphorus needed for full development and reproduction has been taken up and from 60 per cent to 80 per cent of this reached the upper parts of the plants it will require a very rich feeding of phosphate to enable it to repair damage, and, besides building a new plant provide nourishment for seed. Few soils are equal to such a strain, but as farmers like to get as much maturity as possible in the hay crop so as to provide a good article of fodder, they must be careful to look well to the phosphatic feeding of clover fields. This will be more fully appreciated if we bear in mind that two tons of clover hay on a meadow calls for 40 per cent more phosphorus than thirty bushels of wheat, sixty-five bushels of corn or fifty bushels of oats.

Any effect of the season on the seed development of the second crop must, generally be ascribed to the rapid growth of the first crop deceiving the farmer into the belief that the large growth had attained corresponding maturity. In such cases a chemical examination of the hay of the first crop would show it to be lacking in feeding value in full proportion to its bulk and weight.

While on this question it is interesting to observe that the researches of Dr. Wagner emphasize most decidedly the necessity of the phosphate and potash manures for clovers grown for manurial purposes. Ordinarily eighty pounds of nitrogen supplied to the soil from an acre of two tons of clover is good work, but it is found that over 250 pounds of nitrogen can be obtained on an acre from the atmosphere by supplying abundant phosphoric acid in addition to potash. On heavy soils the potash has not generally to be supplied as manure, but on said soil deficient in potash we are called upon to supply it as well as the phosphate.—Thomas Wallace.

Some Orange-Growing Localities.

It is stated on good authority that the orange orchard area at Riverside, California, covers thirty square miles, or 19,200 acres, on which are growing 1,536,000 orange trees. The money value of the crop approximates \$6,000,000 annually, or about \$70 for each man, woman, and child in the district.

It has been calculated that there are in Italy 5,400,000 orange trees which yield on an average 1,600,000 oranges per year, or 300 oranges per tree. In the province of Seville, in Spain, where the largest quantity of oranges is grown in Europe, the average annual yield per tree is estimated at 600 oranges. The island of St. Michael, in the Azores, produces on an area of 265 acres 350,000 oranges, which are almost entirely shipped to England. In 1899 the total export of oranges from Spain exceeded 1,000,000,000. Greece exported in 1899 some 50,000,000 oranges.

Some years ago the mantis, an insect-eating insect, was brought to New York state from abroad, presumably in a shipment of nursery stock. It has become a popular ally of farmers and horticulturists, as it kills all kinds of insects except ants. It is found commonly in France and Germany, where it is prized as the foe of destructive pests.

The common practice of plowing up, or digging up at random, the young plants from a strawberry bed is not conducive to improvement of the varieties. The most successful growers are learning that it pays to select from the best individuals each generation. In fact it is advisable to keep a patch on purpose for breeding.

River Jordan water is now exported regularly for baptismal purposes.

London is said to be richer in trees than any other European city.