

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

"Do, doctor," he implored, earnestly; "I feel I shall never progress toward recovery so long as you compel me to remain in this room."

"And where, may I ask, do you want to go?" demanded Dr. Stubber, irritably.

He had grown wonderfully fond of his patient during the past few weeks, and could not bear to deny him anything but what was impossible.

"To the library," said Denzil; "they can wheel the sofa up to the fire, and I promise you faithfully I will not try to walk. Give me your permission, and then my mother and Lady Caroline can say nothing. I want to go down to-morrow."

"Well, well, we will see about it," answered the doctor.

This reply, Denzil knew, was equivalent to a promise. And accordingly the following day saw him installed in state in the library, with books and early spring flowers around him and all the family at his beck and call.

It so fell out that about three o'clock he was alone, Mrs. Younge having been called off for some reason by Mabel, with an assurance that she would let her go back again in less than five minutes.

Almost as they closed the one door in making their exit the other, situated at the top of the room, opened, and Mildred Trevanion came in. Seeing Denzil so unexpectedly alone, she hesitated slightly for a moment, and then came forward, looking rather shy and conscious, he thought.

She was remembering her last interview with him in his own room, and was feeling terribly embarrassed in consequence, while he was dwelling upon the same scene, but was viewing it very differently—not as a reality, but merely in the light of a happy dream.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, rather awkwardly, standing beside his lounge, and looking down upon him.

"You might have seen me long ago if you had cared to do so," he rejoined, reproachfully. "You are the only one of all the household who never came near me during my illness."

Mildred glanced at him suspiciously. Had he really forgotten all about it? His face was supremely innocent, and she drew a deep breath of relief, which yet was mingled with a little pain that he should so entirely have let her visit slip his memory.

"You had so many to see after you—I was scarcely wanted," she said; "and of course all day I heard reports of your well being."

"Still you might have come, if only for a few minutes," he persisted. "Not that I expected you would. There was no reason why you, of all people, should trouble yourself about me."

"If I had thought you wished me—"

"Mildred!" he exclaimed, angrily, and then she ceased speaking altogether, knowing she had vexed him by the open hypocrisy of her last remark.

"If she had thought!"—when she knew, in her inmost heart, how he had been waiting, hoping, longing for some sign of her presence.

"So you have broken off your engagement with Lyndon?" he said, presently, regarding her attentively.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "or, rather, he broke it off with me."

"He!" repeated Denzil, with amazement. "Then it was his doing—not yours? How could that be?" Then, jealously—"And you would perhaps have wished it to continue? You have been unhappy and miserable ever since?"

"I have not been unhappy exactly, or miserable; but I certainly would not have been the one to end it."

"What was the reason?" he asked, unthinkingly; then—"I beg your pardon. Of course I should not have asked that."

"There were many reasons," returned she, calmly. "Perhaps"—with a little bitter laugh—"you were right after all. Do you remember telling me that you thought no good man would ever care to marry me? Well, your words are coming true, I think."

"Will you never forget that I said that?" Denzil's voice was full of pain as he spoke. "You know I did not mean it. How could I, when I think you far above all women? You know what I think of you—how I have loved you and always shall love you until my death."

"Oh, hush!" implored Mildred, tremulously, suddenly growing very pale. Then, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, she asked him hurriedly—"Are you getting stronger now—really better? I should like to hear that from yourself."

"Would you?" he said, looking pleased and radiant, and possessing himself of one of the small slender hands that fell at her side. "Do you really care to know? Have you any interest at all in me? Say you will come and see me, then, here to-morrow at this hour. Think how lonely it is to lie still all day." He pressed her hand entreatingly and kissed it.

"If nothing prevents me," promised Miss Trevanion, with faint hesitation; and then the door opened and Mrs. Younge, Lady Caroline and old Blount came in.

"Ah, Mildred, good child," cried Mrs. Younge, innocently, "you have been

taking care of him while I was fearing that he was alone all this time. Denzil, you are a spoiled boy from all the attention you receive. I hope the time did not seem too long, Mildred, dear. I meant to be back directly."

Miss Trevanion blushed, and, making some pretty, graceful answer, escaped from the room, while Lady Caroline glanced covertly at Denzil, who appeared totally unconscious of any undercurrent in the conversation, and old Blount looked mischievous.

"Well," said he, when he had shaken hands with Denzil and wished him joy in his kind hearty way at having recovered his freedom, "I have just been with Sir George, Lady Caroline, and he tells me you are determined to marry off all your family at once, like a sensible mother."

"I don't know about that," returned Lady Caroline, laughing. "One at a time, if you please, will suit us well enough. We do not want to be left without any solace in our old age. But you mean Charlie and Frances, I suppose?"

"Yes," said he, "they have come to a proper understanding at last I hear."

"I think they came to that before Christmas," observed Lady Caroline; "but the question of late has been when to name the wedding day. Frances was very refractory in the beginning, but at last she has given in, and it is actually arranged to take place on the thirteenth of next month; always provided the day is fine—as she says nothing on earth would induce her to be married in rain."

Old Dick laughed.

"She has been such a spoiled pet all her life," he commented, "that I think she will give Charlie something to do to manage her."

"I agree with you," said Lady Caroline; "but she is such a dear girl with it all that one can not help loving her and forgiving her the very trifling faults she possesses."

"And then true love is such a smotherer of all difficulties," put in Mrs. Younge, softly, raising her eyes from her knitting.

"It is time for us to be thinking of wedding presents," said Denzil. "I wonder what she would like, Lady Caroline."

"Well, I hardly know," answered her ladyship; "but I can easily find out by putting a few adroit questions. I suppose jewelry is about the best thing a young man can offer."

"And how about Mabel's affair?" asked Blount.

"Oh, the child!" cried Lady Caroline—"surely she can afford to wait; and, besides, she must, as George has decided nothing must be said about it until Roy is in a better position."

"I have just been talking to Sir George about that," said old Blount; "and I think it a pity the young people should be sighing for each other when they might be together. I am an old man now, with more money than I know how to spend; so I have decided that they shall have half, and set up housekeeping without further lay."

"My dear Richard," cried Lady Caroline, greatly touched, "this is too generous. Why should they not wait? Why should you deprive yourself of anything at your years?"

"My dear creature," returned old Blount, "I am not thinking of doing anything of the kind. I am far too selfish to deprive myself of any luxuries to which I have been accustomed. But I literally can not get rid of the money; so they may just as well have it as let it be idle."

"There never was anybody like you, Dick," said Lady Caroline, with tears in her eyes.

"Except Sir George," returned old Blount, mischievously, at which they all laughed.

"And still we have Mildred to dispose of," he said presently, with a sidelong glance at Denzil, who gazed stolidly out of the window.

"Dear, dear—will you leave me no daughter?" expostulated Lady Caroline; and Mrs. Younge, who had grown very intimate with them all during her son's illness, looked up plaintively to say:

"There is really no understanding young people in these days. Now how she could object to that nice Lord Lyndon is beyond my comprehension—quite. He seemed in every way so suited to her."

"And he seemed to me in every way unsuited to her," put in Denzil, impulsively and rather crossly.

"Did he indeed, my dear?" said his mother, with mild surprise. "Well, see how differently people judge."

"Differently, indeed," coincided old Blount. "And now tell us, Denzil, what sort of a person do you think would make her happy?"

There was a sly laugh in the old man's eyes as he asked the question, and Denzil, looking up, caught it; so that presently he laughed too, though rather against his will.

(To be continued.)

RECIPROCITY PERILS.

LIKELY TO LEAD TO INTERNATIONAL CONTROVERSY.

Patching Up the Tariff by Special Trade Treaties Gives to Favored Nations Advantages to Which Other Nations Are Certain to Claim Themselves.

The Philadelphia Record, an ardent advocate of free trade, has something really sensible to say on the subject of tinkering with tariffs by the negotiation of special trade treaties. It does not believe in this method of "whipping the devil round a stump," and its reasons for opposing that scheme of altering duty schedules are worthy of the thoughtful consideration of that class of protectionists who are shouting for reciprocity on general principles and without a thought that may be involved in the seductive program of buying more from, in order that we may sell more to, foreign countries. Speaking of the French and Argentine treaties, which failed of ratification by the Forty-sixth congress, the Record says:

"In these treaties the protectionists clearly saw an opening for the admission of the knit goods of England and Germany and of the wool of Australia on the same terms. At the same time they could not discern much compensation in the proposed reductions of the tariffs of France and Argentina on American imports, the reductions being of much more concern to the consumers in those countries than to American producers."

"Such is, in fact, the case with all tariffs on reciprocity arrangements. To the American people, consumers and producers alike, a fair and square reduction of excessive rates of duty is infinitely preferable to bargaining for privileges and preferences in reciprocity treaties. Nearly every one of these treaties contained the germ of international controversy. If reductions of duty had been made on French knit goods in a reciprocity treaty, how could the same reduction have been reasonably refused upon the same classes of goods from England and Germany? The duties on the wool of Argentina could not be reduced without making a like reduction on the wools of all other Andean countries, or without inviting reprisals upon American trade."

Of the two propositions—wholesale tariff reduction and free trade in spots by means of special trade treaties—the plan of tariff reduction is by far the fairer. Under that plan the producing interests of the United States at least know "where they are at"; they have ample notice of the proposed tariff changes and are allowed the opportunity of being heard before final action is taken. Under the plan of reciprocity treaties secretly negotiated, secretly considered and secretly ratified by a single branch of the law-making power, the domestic producer discovers too late for effective protest that a game of selfish advantages has been secretly played to his injury and very likely to his ruin. Then follow, perforce, other special treaties with other countries anxious to break into the great American market, and by the time we have run the whole gamut of reciprocity it will be found that we have played such fantastic tricks with our protective duties as to make our tariff system unrecognizable for the purposes of a coroner's inquest. We have parted with the control of the home market and taken bread from the mouths of domestic wage earners and their families, for there can be no increase of importation of foreign manufactured commodities without a correspondingly decreased use and consumption of domestic manufactured commodities.

For once a free trade argument is sound. If we are going into the business of tariff revision, by all means let it be done openly and above board, and not in dark corners and by the roundabout, uncertain, unfair, and most likely futile device of so-called "reciprocity"; or, if we are to have a try at reciprocal trade treaties, let it be on sound, safe and strictly orthodox lines laid down in the Republican national platform of 1900—namely, by tariff concessions on articles which "we do not ourselves produce." In any case, let the issue be presented fairly and squarely. If the country is tired of protection and is ready for another experiment of "tariff reform" it will have the opportunity of saying so next year at the congressional elections. Then, if the voters so elect, the way will be opened for the installation of a free trade congress and a free trade administration on the 4th of March, 1905. The American Economist does not think that the voters of the country will so elect if the issue of protection or free trade is submitted to them on its merits and stripped of the delusive sham of reciprocity which is not reciprocal.

paign for the party and the policy to which all her prosperity is due, she is sharing with the rest of the country in the good times which Dingley law protection has brought to the American people. There is time yet for a change of heart; and perhaps four more years of such prosperity as Missouri is having will bring the state into line in support of the policy which looks out for and gives protection to American interests.

A MONOPOLY SMASHED BY PROTECTION.

Now it is announced from London that "the Welsh tin plate industry, which has already been stricken by American competition, is menaced by early extinction, owing to the failure of the employers to agree on a scale of wages."

When these Welsh makers monopolized the market, as they did before the McKinley tariff, they had a hard and fast trust of their own which dictated prices to the helpless Yankees, and wages to the helpless workmen. But American rivalry has changed all this. Our mills, with improved machinery and better paid labor, have not only gained the American market, but are cutting into the markets of the Welsh "combine" abroad.

The comic side of it all is that the protective duty of the McKinley tariff was vociferously opposed by the professional foes of monopoly. As a practical result it has smashed monopoly, and in the long run it is certain to give the mastery in one more branch of the great iron and steel trade to the United States, where it legitimately belongs.—Boston Journal.

PROSPERITY AT THE BANKS.



Owing to the great increase of deposits, extra help is required at the windows of the receiving tellers.

A HINT TO MR. BABCOCK.

The advocates of the proposition to remove the duties now levied on iron and steel must advance some other argument besides the democratic wail, "The tariff breeds trusts!" There is neither logic nor common sense in such a statement. The principle of a protective tariff advocated by the republican party is as sound today as it was in 1896, and its maintenance as an essential factor of the administrative policy is as necessary now as it was then. However rapidly changes may come in the experience of governments they do not tread upon each other's heels at such a rate as to call for a complete revolution, or the utter abandonment of an economic policy the adoption of which has resulted in such a marvelous improvement in our industrial condition during the past four years.

No doubt Mr. Babcock will keep these facts in mind while preparing his program for the next session of congress. Protection, and not free trade, was endorsed by the voters at the elections of 1896 and 1900.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

IT MEANS BUSINESS.

Two thousand freight cars ordered during the space of two weeks is the record made by the railroads of the country. That means business, both now and in the future. It presents evidence of the fact that not only are the railroads crowded with business beyond their capacity to handle, but also that the officials of the railroads are confident that the rush of business is going to continue. They are looking to the future in their extension of the equipment of their roads, and are getting ready for the continual increase in the demand for transportation facilities which the ever-growing business prosperity of the country will bring about. The demand for freight cars is the other end of the industrial chain, which has its beginning in the crowded order books of the commercial travelers, all of whom report that business was never so active or orders so numerous and so heavy as now.

Make Haste Slowly.

The Telegram would suggest that if there is to be any tinkering with the tariff it be done by the friends of protection, not its enemies. It will be best to make haste slowly. We have had some experiences with democratic revision of tariffs and we are hardly prepared to repeat them.—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

Knew How He Felt.

Reuben Hay—I kin apprehyate what a bitter blow Bryan's presidential defeat wuz 't him now.

Jonathan Straw—How kin y'?

Reuben Hay—Waal, I know how bad I felt when I wuz defeated for town marshal las' Monday.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.



A Naughty Boy.

He was a naughty little boy
Who always teased the girls;
He speedily broke each new toy—
He pulled the baby's curls;
He threw stones at the poor old dog;
He pulled the pussy's tail;
He tore the fringe from mamma's rug
And salted the milk pail.

He ate up all his ma's fruit cake
She put away to cool;
He broke his father's brand-new rake
And many other tool;
He broke his sister's loveliest doll
And hid her Sunday hat;
He in the creek tossed his best ball—
What do you think of that?

Who, think you is this naughty boy,
Who makes his parents sad?
But still is his fond mamma's joy,
Although he is so bad?
His mother can't send him to school,
He is too young, you know;
I think—this little boy is you—
Don't you think it is so?

—Markell C. Baer.

How Spiders Clean House.

"Strange that I have been so blind to form and feature,
I think a spider now a comely creature."

—Purdar's Susan.

Mrs. Spider lived in a fine new house just outside the screens of the little window in the bathroom, where for once she was out of the reach of brooms. Brooms! How she dreaded the thought of them! They had ruined more than one beautiful home of hers. One day she went to a spider meeting, where one of her cousins made a speech on the "Rights of Spiders." This cousin of hers was one of the family who build their homes in the grass and whose dainty webs are so pretty in the early morning, when the dancing dewdrop on them are glistening in the sunshine.

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Spider, "there are no brooms where he lives. If I could make up my mind to live in the grass." But she could not; so after the meeting, she told her cousin all her troubles.

"My dear madam," said she, "did you ever stop to think that you have no right to live in any one's house, and that you ought to build your home where you will not be a nuisance to anybody?"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Spider, "that I never intended to be a nuisance to anybody, and I eat all the mosquitoes and flies I can catch. Folks do act so queer about spiders. I have known young ladies to scream at the mere sight of me, and yet, I am glad to say, they would not kill me because they think it would bring them bad luck."

"Young ladies always act silly about us," answered the grass spider, smiling.

"Everyone does, I think," said Mrs. Spider, "or they would let my home alone. It is so discouraging to build a new house and expect to have a broom tear it down any minute."

"It must give one an unsettled feeling," agreed her cousin; then, after telling her to build her home out of the reach of brooms, he hurried away to the field where he lived. That is how Mrs. Spider happened to make her new home outside of the screen of the little window in the bathroom. One day when the North Wind was out on a frolic he gathered a quantity of dandelion down and tossed it about for amusement. The big girl and the little boy, who told me this story were out in the yard and they laughed with the North Wind when they saw the down dancing about in the air. Poor Mrs. Spider did not laugh, but looked anxiously out of the window, hoping that the North Wind would not blow the down near her home. Now the North Wind knew that Mrs. Spider was a very neat housekeeper, but he sent the down flying right into her house. For a few seconds Mrs. Spider felt like shaking the North Wind; but instead of trying to do so, she went busily to work cleaning house. When the North Wind saw the mischief he had done, he gave a low whistle. Then he felt so ashamed of his rudeness that he quietly floated over to Mrs. Spider, told her he was sorry he had made her so much trouble and offered to help her clean house. While they were working merrily together the big girl and the little boy went softly into the bathroom and climbed up so they could look out of the window and watch Mrs. Spider clean house. The book of spiders says that these little creatures have eight legs, and it does not say a word about arms; but the big girl and the little boy saw Mrs. Spider gather up a big ball of down in her four long arms and push it through her parlor window. The little boy was so delighted that he laughed aloud. The minute Mrs. Spider heard him she rolled herself into the queerest little ball and kept still as a mouse for ever so long, but after a while she went to work again. Every time the little boy made the least noise, Mrs. Spider doubled herself up until he was quiet again. The big girl and the little boy watched the busy worker until the last bit of light was gone. Then they found the spider book and the big girl read stories about spiders. The next morning, when they looked out of the little window in the bathroom, Mrs. Spider's home was in perfect order—not a speck of dust or a bit of down to be seen and Mrs. Spider perfectly happy.

—The Household.

Big I and Little You.

"Well, Joe, how are you?"
"O, I did have such a good time at Sea Bright this summer; you know the roads there are so smooth as can be; every dusty day they're watered early; by nine o'clock or so there isn't better wheeling any place. Then wasn't it fun to go crabbing in the Shrewsbury river when the tide was running out. One day I stepped on a slippery stone right under the swinging bridge, and bang I went into the water. Maybe I wasn't wet! Maybe I didn't catch it when I went home! And you just ought to see the fishermen start out about five every morning after bluefish. I went out in one of their little boats once, and as we got away from the beach we were almost washed out by the big surf. I guess I wanted no more of that—it's wetter business than crabbing."

Dick Bowles was a rapid talker and he took breath for a moment. His friend, Joe Leeds, who had also just returned to New York from his summer outing, took occasion to say: "I'm glad you had such a jolly time. I was at Madison until a week ago, and Pa was saying that if I—"

"You've heard me tell of Uncle Pike of Chicago. Well he came to see us, and he gave me the bulleest gold watch you ever saw. It's at home today. Father doesn't let me wear it except on Sundays; isn't he real mean? Do you know I think I'm going into the School of Mines at Columbia College year after next. Uncle Pike has a big copper mine in Arizona, away out west, and if I get through all right he'll give me a place in his office. Why lots of his men make forty dollars a week, and thirty isn't considered much out there—"

Dick once more paused for breath, and Joe remarked: "I'm glad you are going in for mining. Pa was saying last week that if I—"

But Dick continued: "You remember that English pocket-knife, the four-blader, mother gave me last Christmas? Didn't I drop it out of the buggy one day when we were driving to Red Bank. We turned back to look for it, but I guess the sand swallowed it up; wasn't that too bad? I haven't any knife now, but this old thing with a blade and a half. Don't you suppose that I could get a pretty good knife at All cash's for fifty cents? It wouldn't match the four-blader though—"

While Dick again strove to catch breath he fumbled with a rufel face a little bit of a black-handled knife; revealing as he opened and shut it a face decidedly saw-like and jagged.

Quoth Joe: "I'll go to All cash's with you next Saturday, if you like and look at his knives. Pa was saying last week that if I—"

But what Pa said last week Joe never had a chance to tell. Dick was so completely wrapped up in his own doings, his own possessions, his own prospects, that those of Joe or of anybody else, for that matter, were nothing to him, and on he talked. There are a good many boys and girls just like Dick Bowles. They seek, and indeed often secure, the interest of others in their work and their plans, but never for a moment care to interest themselves in the work and plans of their acquaintances and friends. They miss the high pleasure of sympathy, the joy which comes of entering into the joys of others. Even their most generous friends tire at last of being constantly called upon for attention, praise, or aid. The painful result is that the selfish boy or girl grows up into the selfish man or woman, who sees what is gained by the thing very dear is lost by it. In the chill of disappointment or grief, in the glow of triumph at the end of a difficult task, they find eyes of indifference turned upon them. At such times kindly and generous souls are taken to the hearts of their friends, and consoled or congratulated in a fashion that divides sorrow and multiplies joy.

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Comfortable Hermitage.

Near Marquette, Wisconsin, according to a Wisconsin paper, an old man has lived for several years in a tree. He is a first-class cabinet-maker, and when he came to Marquette from Detroit, he took up his residence in the hollow trunk of a tree near town. The tree is a huge linden, sawed off about fifteen feet from the ground, and in it the occupant has brought to bear his accomplishments as a workman. He has cut a door and window. The inner walls of his home are celled and papered. A circular seat extends round the room from door to window, and there is a comfortable pile of furs that makes a luxurious bed. The place is warmed, when warmth is needed, with an oil stove. The man plays fifteen different musical instruments and with these and books entertains himself and his visitors. Some people will perhaps be ready to say that a man who plays fifteen instruments ought to live in a hermitage.

Old Bridg Unearthed.

While digging for pier foundation for a bridge over the Wansbeck, at Sheepwash, Northumberland, England, the arch of a very old bridge was discovered 12 feet below the bed of the river. The old structure was strongly built and intact. Nobody knows when this bridge was built.