

Mildred A Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I suppose it must be that I do not care to do so," she answered coldly, almost insolently, with an intonation that cut him to the quick; and then he stepped aside and she passed through. As the last of her dress disappeared through an opposite door, the young man turned away, clenched his hands, and muttered to himself:

"What a fool I am—what a mad fool—to walk all my life up to this, only to fall in love with a woman who scarcely cares to remember my existence!"

With this self-congratulatory address, he strode down the steps and into the pony carriage, in which shortly afterward he drove his sister and "the queen" to the Grange.

All things considered, the poor ones would have preferred any other driver that day, and the girls a more lively companion; but she, sara, said so all parties had to put up with Denzil. Once applying the whip too sharply to the well-cared-for back of GIB, the far-off pony, she thought proper to make a bolt of it for half a mile or so, and persuaded Jack to accompany her, until a steep hill and Denzil's firm hand had once more reduced them to a kindly frame of mind. During this rather trying half mile, Miss Younge, as loudly as she well could, had taken particular pains to express her consternation at and her disapproval of her brother's mode of driving, until Denzil, provoked beyond bounds by more than one cause that day, turned and advised her, in no very tender terms, to restrain her excitement; after which Rachael set her thin lips tightly together, and determined to have her revenge as speedily as possible; so when the Grange had been reached, and they all stood round the phaeton, waiting for Eddie's knock at the door to be answered, she said, sweetly:

"What is the matter with you today, Denzil, dear? You are a little out of sorts, are you not?"

"Am I?" asked Denzil. "I don't know—most people are at times, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for nothing, dearest"—if possible, spoken more sweetly still—"I was only anxious; and, by the bye, your persuasive powers failed to bring Miss Trevanion with us, did they not?"

"Oh, you serpent!" thought Frances Sylverton, indignantly, as she saw Denzil's handsome face contract and flush painfully; but all she said was, "Mr. Younge, will you come here and see what Eddie has done to my stirrup? The boy grows more intolerably stupid every day. What—is there nothing really the matter with it?"

"Well, I wonder then what makes it feel so queer?" and then the door was opened, and Denzil helping her from her saddle, they all went into the house.

Here they spent a long half hour with the master of the Grange—a half hour that worked wonders, as Frances obtained her request, and a ball was promised within a fortnight to celebrate her delivery from Uncle Carden's grasp—"strictly on the condition," said old Dick Blount, "that you give me the first quadrille, Miss Frank;" and she having promised the desired dance willingly enough, they all turned once more homeward.

Frances Sylverton discovered two things during her ride that morning. One was, that the chestnut thoroughbred she rode that day went easier in its stride than the little gray mare, her more constant companion; the other, that Denzil Younge was, without doubt, very desperately in love with beautiful Mildred Trevanion.

CHAPTER IV.

When the Deverills made their appearance at King's Abbott on Monday evening, just ten minutes before the dinner-bell rang, they brought in their train, uninvited, a cousin of their own, a certain Lord Lyndon, who had most unexpectedly arrived at their place that morning.

"I knew you would make him welcome, my dear," the honorable Mrs. Deverill whispered to her old friend, Lady Caroline, as they seated themselves on the soft cushions of a lounge; "and really we did not know for the least what to do with him."

After which little introduction the young lord was made welcome and civilly entreated forthwith. He was a middle-sized young man of from twenty-six to thirty, rather stout than otherwise, with nondescript features, and hair slightly inclined toward the "celestial rose." His mouth, too, was an inch, more or less, too large for his face, and his eyes might have been a degree bluer, but, for all that, they had a pleasant, genial expression lurking in their light depths, while his smile alone would have redeemed an uglier man.

He was a general favorite with most of his acquaintances, and a particular one with his cousins, the Deverills, who looked upon him fondly even in the light of a brotherly relation, time having convinced them that their chances were not of that order that would change his position from friend to husband. The elder Miss Deverill was a tall girl, gawky inclined, possessed of a very pronounced nose, a talent for listening, and a bright, clever expression, while her sister was particularly ugly. There were no two opinions on the latter point, either in Clifton or elsewhere; and indeed char-

night is somewhat chilly for such romantic nonsense. However, you have shown me my folly, so there is little danger of my repeating it. Shall we return to the drawing-room?"

"In one moment," he answered, hurriedly; whereupon Miss Trevanion turned back once more, and, pausing with wondering eyes, laid her hand again on the balustrade.

Denzil appeared a little pale—a little nervous perhaps—in the moonlight, but that was all; and his voice, when he spoke, though low, was quite distinct.

"Why will you not be friends with me?" he asked.

"Friends with you!" Mildred repeated, with calmest, most open-eyed astonishment, raising her face to his.

"Why, what can you mean? Have I offended you in any way? If so, I am sorry, and, believe me, I did not mean to do so. I fancied I was treating you as I treat all my other acquaintances."

"No, you do not," he rejoined, with an odd repressed vehemence asserting itself in his tone; "you treat me very differently, as it seems to me. Why, on all others you bestow a few smiles, a few kind words at least, while on me—Miss Trevanion, I wonder—I wonder, if you could only guess how much your simplest words are to me, would the revelation make you a little less chary of them?"

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly, closing and unclosing her hand with angry rapidity; "and I believe you yourself do not know of what you are speaking."

"Yes, I do," he affirmed, passionately. "I know I would rather have your most careless friendship than the love of any other woman. I would almost rather have your hatred than what I now fear—your indifference."

The moon had disappeared behind a sullen dark gray cloud, and for a few moments they were left in comparative darkness. Miss Trevanion's heart was beating loud and fast; the cloudy drapery that partially concealed, but scarcely hid her delicate neck and shoulders was strangely agitated. She could not see her companion's face, but felt that he was trying to pierce the momentary gloom to gain some insight into her soul.

He should read no thoughts of hers, she told herself, with proud reliance on her own strength; he should not learn from her face how deeply his words had vexed her.

When once more the moon asserted herself and shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, Denzil gazed only on a calm stately figure and haughty unmovable features that gave no index to the heart beneath. She seemed a beautiful being, a piece of nature's most perfect work—but a being hard, unsympathetic, incapable of any divine feeling.

He gazed at her in silence, wondering how so fair a creature could be so devoid of all tender characteristics, and, as he gazed, a man's step sounded lightly on the gravel beneath them. As she heard it, Miss Trevanion's whole expression changed, her face was lit up with sudden animation, and took an eager expectant look that rendered her ten times more lovely than he had ever seen her. She moved lightly to the top of the stone steps that led to the grounds, and watched with pretty impatience until a gray-colored figure emerged from the darkness, and, seeing her, took her gladly in his arms.

"Charlie!" she said, rapturously, and, when he had half pushed her from his embrace, she put up her hands and smoothed back his sunny brown hair from his forehead, and kissed him three times fondly; after which she suddenly recollected Denzil's presence, and, drawing back, pushed Charlie gently toward him.

(To be Continued.)

Business Before Pleasure.

An English commercial traveler, for whose pushing Americanism a Liverpool paper vouches with great enthusiasm, started out after a country order. Happening to arrive at the village on the day of a festival, he found the shop of his customer closed, and learned that the man himself was at the celebration a mile out of town. At once he set out for the spot, and reached the ground just in time to see his shopkeeper climb into a balloon procured for special ascensions. The man of trade was equal to the occasion. He stepped forward, paid his fare and climbed into the car. Away went the balloon, and was hardly above the tree-tops when the commercial traveler turned to his astonished victim, and said persuasively but triumphantly: "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"—Youth's Companion.

Ricciotti Garibaldi.

Ricciotti Garibaldi, who will attend the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument in Chicago on September 20, is a Lieutenant in the Italian navy. In 1866, when his father commanded a body of volunteers, Ricciotti had a minor commission. He marched against Rome with the soldiers who won the battle of Monterotondo, took part in the battle of Mentona, and was captured. He fought with France against Germany in 1870 and after that war made his home in Rome, where he has been a member of the Italian parliament.—Chicago Tribune.

Vast Industries at the "Soo."

Vast industries are rapidly developing at Sault Ste. Marie. Millions have already been invested, and the projects already under way will, it is said, cost \$20,000,000 to complete. These include blast furnaces, pulp mills, rolling mills, etc. But not the least of the great undertakings at this point is the construction of a railroad from the Soo to Hudson bay, a distance of 500 miles north. The road is already chartered and subsidized, and 150 miles will be completed next year.

OYSTERS IN WEST INDIES.

Visitors Find Some Half Out of Their Shells.

"In the West Indies," says a man who has traveled much in out-of-the-way places, "the fish is the most delicious in the world. It has a flavor infinitely superior to that caught in northern waters, or, at least, to the fish which finds its way to city tables. But there is lacking one good bit, and sometimes the stranger thinks that the deficiency counterbalances all the advantages. There are no oysters to be had, except as they come to some large towns in the New York steamer. My business took me far away from civilization on one of my journeys to the islands, and I was thoroughly sick of fish and canned food, when one of the negroes remarked that there was a lot of oysters in a creek not far away. I went after them with all haste, picturing the treat in store for me. The negro explained that as an experiment the government had stocked the creek with oysters several years before—he could not say how many, but I gathered it must have been at least twenty. We got to the creek and found a very quantity of oysters. But they were of a sort never dreamed of at after-theater supper places in New York. One could recognize the fact that they were oysters, or had been, but they had acquired a peculiar and unpleasant flavor, while their outward appearance was curiously changed. The shells had grown flat and the oysters were nearly squeezed out. They were plentiful enough and seemed to multiply, so that they are not likely to cease changing, and I have often wondered if, in the course of a few more years, the oyster would not be squeezed entirely out of the shell, affording a parallel to the American cherry, which had squeezed out the stone so that it is now on the outside. An oyster with the shell on its back would be a sight to open the eyes of a Waldorf chef; but if the thing has happened in the case of a cherry why not in the case of the oyster also? And I am certain that I saw the beginning of the process."—New York Tribune.

NEARLY GONE.

Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan, of Owosso, Mich., Has a Very Narrow Escape—The Doctor Had Little Hope.

Owosso, Mich., March 25.—(Special.)—Elite Robekah Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F. of this town, came very nearly losing their esteemed and capable secretary, Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan. Mrs. Mallahan caught a severe cold last winter, and like many others, failed to recognize the dangerous possibilities until it had settled in her kidneys, and left her with very severe bearing down pains and almost constant backache. It almost carried her off. Mrs. Mallahan tells the story this way:

"I caught a cold last winter, which I neglected until it settled in my kidneys, causing severe bearing down pains and almost constant backache. My health had previously been so good that I paid little attention to these symptoms, until the disease had gone so far that my doctor entertained but a slight hope of my recovery.

"Fortunately one of our Lodge Members mentioned Dodd's Kidney Pills. Her description of the cures they had effected sounded like a fairy tale, but I sent for a box, deciding to give them a trial. I soon found that she had but half told the story of what they could do. A blessing the day I first tried them, and have nothing but the highest praise for them."

Many very valuable lives have been saved by the timely use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and not a few of those have been in Owosso and other neighboring Michigan towns. There seems to be no case of kidney trouble or back-ache that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

They are 50c. a box, six boxes for \$3.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he cannot supply you, send to the Dodd's Medicine Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Bird That Makes the Greatest Noise is Said to be the Bell-Bird, or Campanero, which is found in South America and also in Africa. Water-ton, the famous traveler and naturalist states that it can be heard a distance of three miles. Its note is like the tolling of a distant church bell, and is uttered during the heat of the day, when every other bird has ceased to sing and nature is hushed in silence. How the bell-bird utters this deep note is not known, though it is supposed that a fleshy protuberance on its head, which, when inflated with air, stands up like a horn, in some way is the cause of it. The horn-bill, a bird which is widely distributed in India, the Malay archipelago and Africa, has also a very loud note. Its call has been described as "between the shriek of a locomotive and the bray of a donkey," and can be heard a distance of a couple of miles. The barking bird also utters a very loud note; indeed, it is impossible to distinguish it from the bark of a dog. Its English name, says Darwin, is well given, "for I defy any one at first to feel certain that a small dog is not yelping somewhere in the forest."

Propose to Set-Back Boulevard.

James Parsons, a Philadelphia lawyer, who died about a year ago, owned an estate extending for a mile and a quarter along the ocean-front of New Hampshire. Following out his death-bed wish, his children have given to the State a strip of this land, 100 yards wide, along the shore, to further the project of a boulevard along the coastline of the State.

The begging church is a libel on the giving Christ.

The man is over odd who can't be overawed.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Chastly Truths Revealed on the Disappearance of Winter's White Mantle.

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground left bare by the departing snow. All winter long there have been accumulating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now, with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst.

It is therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly ills.

Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb. There is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the spring months than at any other time of the year.

There is but one way to ward off such dangers, and that is to fortify the human body so that it will become impregnable to the germs of invading disease.

To do this take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will build you up quickly, it will re-establish your vanishing appetite, it will give you restful nights of sleep, it will give you vigor and to the nerves, and it will dispel all existing poisons that have accumulated in the body besides counteracting the effects of others that may accumulate.

Following is an instance that will illustrate the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

Sheriff Jonas T. Stevens, who is sheriff of Hyde Park, Vt., says:—"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy especially as a blood purifier. I had a very severe humor on my arms, accompanied by a very bad itching, so severe that I could not sleep nights, causing me great inconvenience by the loss of sleep by the itching. A friend advised me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which I did with the most satisfactory results, for the trouble has entirely disappeared, and I can now rest comfortably nights and have none of my former misery from the burning, itching sensations."

Remember Dr. Greene's advice will be given to any one desiring same absolutely free if they will write or call upon him at his office, 35 W. 14th St., New York City.



Pimples, Blackheads, Red Rough and Oily Skin

PREVENTED BY



MILLIONS of Women Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz.: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humilitating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.

Cuticura THE SET, \$1.25