

Mildred A Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

As for Mildred, no sooner had the words crossed her lips than she disdained herself for the utterance of them, and wished them back unsaid.

Ever since that fatal night in the library Denzil and she had lived seemingly unseen and unheard by each other, as distinctly remote as though spheres had separated them, instead of so many rooms or feet, as the case might be. Now she felt that, by this one rash, uncalculated act, she had done away with all the good so many silent days had helped to accomplish.

Nevertheless, having once given her word Mildred felt that she must abide by it, and appeared at the breakfast table next morning, to all outward seeming as imperturbable as usual.

Eddie had also risen betimes to see his friend depart, and rattle on in his style all through the dismal meal, leaving no space for the other two to express their opinions, had they been so inclined. At length, a footman entering to announce the arrival of the dog-cart at the hall door, Eddie rose to see to Denzil's further comforts, and so left him and Mildred at last alone.

He came toward her, and, taking both her hands, held them with a clasp that amounted almost to pain.

"Think of me kindly," she said, in a low tone full of acute meaning.

"I will," she said.

"Is it quite hopeless, Mildred?"

"You will be late for your train," murmured Miss Trevanion, very gently.

So it fell out that King's Abbott was more bereft of guests; and still the Trevanions were unhappy, because the very train that carried away—

snuggly ensconced among its cushions—the unhappy Denzil, brought to Lady Caroline a letter that filled her gentle bosom with dire alarm.

"The letter began, 'Mr. Dear Niece,' and ended, 'Your attached aunt, Harriet Disney,' its contents being to the effect that Lady Eggleton—Lady Caroline's aunt by the father's side—had generously made up her mind to sacrifice her pleasures, inclination, habits, and self generally for the purpose of bestowing her society upon her 'dear niece' aforesaid. This was indeed a heavy blow, her ladyship—having attained the troublesome age of eighty-two—being one of those people whom to entertain is a kind of martyrdom.

As misfortunes never come single, it was just about this time also that Lady Caroline heard for the first time of Mildred's refusal of Denzil Young. The girl had hitherto kept it nervous; to herself, thinking of it now and then with mingled feelings of pain and something akin to pleasure, but outwardly suppressing all sign until this day, when Lady Caroline timidly and without preface touched on the subject of his evident admiration of her.

"It seems a pity you could not care for him, Mildred," she said, interrogatively, as though it were by no means a certainty that Mildred did not care for him; "we should all like it so much, and your father says—"

Mildred rose hastily and threw down her work, while two red spots appeared on her cheeks.

"Mamma," she said, "perhaps it will be better, and will put a stop to all further mention of this matter, if I tell you the truth. Mr. Young did propose to me, and I refused him."

"Mildred, is it possible?" exclaimed Lady Caroline.

"Oh, Mamma," cried Mildred, who was also present, with lively reproach and disapproval in her tone.

"Is it such a crime then? Has nothing of the kind ever been done before?" demanded Mildred, passionately; and then she went out, and left them to their wonderings and censures on her conduct.

When eventually Sir George was told the unlucky news, it rendered him at first furious, and then despairing. Things were becoming more embarrassed and entangled day by day, the immediate possession of a large sum of money being the only hope his lawyer could hold out to him of ultimately saving the estate; and, as affairs were, it would be a difficult if not impossible task to procure it. Denzil, with his immense wealth, was out of his great love for Mildred, would have thought little of lending twice the amount required. But now all that was changed, and Mildred's had been the hand to dash the hope aside.

Both he and Lady Caroline were strangely distant and unsympathetic to her in these days; her father irritably so, her mother with a sort of mournful gravity that touched her far more.

Lord Lyndon, who at this period showed a tact and an address that would have reflected honor on a cleverer man, managed to be perpetually at her side. His attentions were open and unmistakable, while he declared his inability to withdraw from her presence even for a time by the fact of his taking a shooting-box quite close to King's Abbott for the season.

All the little world of Clifton were beginning to look upon it as a settled matter, there being no mistake as to whom his devotion was given, as Roy Blount's wooing, and Mabel's acceptance of it, were very transparent things indeed; besides, just now, "the queen" was too much taken up with sorrowful misgivings and tender reflections to admit of any division of

her favors, young Blount having received orders to join his regiment, which was stationed in Ireland, without further delay; so that scarcely a week remained to them before "Farewell"—that saddest of all words—would have to be uttered.

This news had been communicated to Mabel in a doleful whisper, and had been received as dolefully. For once all coquetry was laid aside, and she confessed herself as miserable at the idea of his going as he could be to go.

CHAPTER X.
Lady Eggleton and her "train" arrived at King's Abbott, the "train" consisting of one long-suffering maid, one ditto man, one lapdog, and one dilapidated canary.

"The canary always means three months, does it not?" asked Eddie, tragically, as the cortege swept up the stairs.

Mildred burst into an unrestrained laugh.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she gasped. "What is to become of us? A little of Lady Eggleton goes such a very long way. Mr. Blount—to Roy, who had walked over as usual, and who, having seen the procession, was enjoying the whole thing as much as any of them—"

"I will give you anything I possess, if you will show me some method of getting rid of her before Christmas time."

"And I will give you anything, if you will just take her out and tie her to a tree and deliberately shoot her," said Eddie, gloomily.

"Edward, how can you speak so disrespectfully of your grand-aunt?" put in Lady Caroline, reprovingly, walking away, her face covered with smiles.

For a week everything had gone on smoothly, or rather there had been no actual outbreaks on the part of Lady Eggleton, though smothered hints and comments had been numerous. In a covert manner she inveighed against actions, habits, acquaintances, and all that came beneath her notice, but carefully subdued any open demonstrations of disapproval until the day before Roy's departure, when she chose to be particularly offensive.

Blount had come over rather earlier than usual, it being his last day, and he and Mabel had gone for a farewell walk among the shrubberies and through the winter gardens where they had loved to linger all through their hurried courtship. As he was not to leave until a late train the following day, he parted from her with the assurance that he would be down the next morning.

Slightly flushed and wholly miserable, Mabel entered the small drawing room, where she found her mother, Mildred, and Lady Eggleton assembled.

"How heated you look, child! What have you been doing with yourself?" demanded the old lady, the moment she came within her view.

"Walking," returned Mabel, shortly.

"With that young man again, I presume?" granted her grand-aunt, ominously; whereupon Lady Caroline began to look uneasy.

"I was walking with Mr. Blount," said "the queen," defiantly. She was sore at heart, and longing for sympathy, so that the old woman's words and manner grated cruelly on her overwrought feelings.

"I really think all decency and order have gone from the world," went on Lady Eggleton. "Society nowadays is widely different from what it once was. Even common propriety is a thing of the past. In my time a young woman would scarcely be allowed, under any circumstances, to walk alone with a young man for hours together—certainly not unless they were formally betrothed, having the consent of all parties concerned—and probably not even then. I presume he has made you an offer of marriage?"

Mildred rose, as if to interfere; but Mabel spoke again.

"People in your time must have been very depraved people indeed, Aunt Harriet," she said, with ill-suppressed indignation. "If they could make mischief out of a simple walk with one's friend. At all events, I am very glad I live in the days I do; and, if you are particularly anxious to know, I will tell you that Mr. Blount has not made me an offer of marriage, as you call it."

Her ladyship was triumphant.

"Has he not?" she said. "Then, if I were you, my dear, I would have as little more to say to him as possible. Young men who dilly-dally, and put off the evil hour, as he appears to be doing, seldom or never mean anything. I dare say he is only agreeably willing away his time down here, and will think no more of you once his back is turned."

Mabel was choking with rage, but could think of nothing to say. Lady Caroline, who sat a little behind her aunt, put out her hand to her daughter with a gesture of sympathetic affection, but she was nervously afraid of this terrible old woman, and knew not how to interfere effectually.

"Young men now are not what young men were," continued Lady Eggleton, impressively, "and I think Mr. Blount one of the worst specimens I have yet seen. His manners are so cool; and he is so insolently self-possessed; and he has none of the well-bred diffidence, the courtly elegance that distinguished the men of my generation. He is not half good enough for you, my dear, even were he in

earnest, which I am pleased to consider extremely doubtful. I will receive you for a month or two, Mabel," declared her ladyship, magnificently, "and introduce you to those with whom you ought to associate. You shall return with me to my home, and gain those advantages that this secluded country place can never afford."

"Your ladyship is wonderfully kind," returned Mabel, "but I find 'this secluded country place' quite good enough for my tastes. Besides, I could not dream of accepting your invitation."

"May I ask why not?" demanded her grand-aunt, majestically.

"Because there is nothing in the world to which I should more strenuously object than to spend two months in your ladyship's society," answered Mabel.

"You wicked girl!" almost screamed Lady Eggleton, rising and supporting herself on her gold-headed stick while she quivered with anger. "How dare you presume so to speak to me! Caroline, why do you not order her to leave the room? Am I, at my age, and after all the sacrifices I have made for my family, to submit to the impertinence of a child of a girl like that?"

"Poor Lady Caroline was terrified."

"Dear Aunt Harriet, she did not mean it," she said—"she did not, indeed—did you, Mabel? Speak, darling, and tell her it was all a mistake."

"She shall apologize to me, or I will leave this house, never to enter it again," protested Aunt Harriet, still raging.

"So she will, I am sure. Mabel, my dearest, tell your grand-aunt how sorry you are for having used the language you did," said Lady Caroline, imploringly—"apologize to her."

"Apologize for what?" demanded Mabel. "She asked me to pay her a visit, and I declined. She then inquired my reasons, and I gave them. I do not see that any apology is necessary. However," she went on, turning toward the old lady, and executing an magnificent little courtesy, "if it will in any way gratify you, I will beg your pardon, and admit that I am extremely sorry to think I was the cause of putting you in such a dreadful temper."

Lady Caroline, after considerable difficulty, having managed to smooth down the old lady's ruffled plumage, she consented to forgive and forget, and once more peace was restored.

But Mabel, when the terrible "last hour" came the following day, though she never for a moment doubted Roy's, yet felt somehow shy and constrained, remembering vividly that one little biting question of Lady Eggleton's, as to whether he had ever made her the requisite offer of marriage.

Meantime Roy's sorrow had swelled up all nervousness and every other sentiment, leaving him only able to hold her hands and entreat that she would never forget him.

"I shall be back soon," he said—"so soon that you will scarcely have time to miss me; and meanwhile I shall write by every post, and you will do likewise, will you not?"

To which she had returned a sad, half-reluctant "Yes."

Had he been less wrapped up in sad thoughts about the coming parting, he might perhaps have fancied his love somewhat cold and cruel; but, as it was, he saw nothing. Presently he spoke the words that, had they been uttered yesterday, would have caused his "queen" to stand in such a different light before her tormentor.

"Shall I write to your father?" he asked. "You know, Mabel, it is time there was some decided understanding between us. Shall I ask your father's consent to a regular engagement, darling?"

"Yes," Mabel answered, partly comforted—"I suppose it will be best; but, sadly breaking down, "Oh, Roy, what shall I do without you?"

After this there ensued fond words and lingering caresses, and warm assurances of never-dying love; and then they kissed their last fond kiss and parted.

(To be continued.)

CITY PEOPLE CURIOUS
Colored Man's Song Nearly Blocks Traffic in New York.

It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway cable line the other day. The singer was as black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chariot from Broadway into Cortlandt street he raised his voice, sang the New York Mall and Express. Then the trouble began. When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic expressions of blank amazement overspread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks were craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds collected and gazed vacantly into the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window. Teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended into Cortlandt street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried: "Ah, rubber! Don'tcher see it's only de nigger a-singin'?" The crowd laughed. The darky, now lustily holding forth on "The Swamee River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused. The crowd then dispersed, and the long line of wagons began to move once more. "Well!" exclaimed a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious, but—" He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

Train the waitress to hold a dish with her hand underneath.

A COUNTRY ROAD.



A dusty, stone way, whose bordering soil is thick with blackberries and goldenrod. Abrupt, bare hills on one side looking down, and from the other you can see the town.

Follow the river's course through meadows green, O'er which thick woods and marble ledges lean.

A little further, where the road descends, A brook's soft twinkle with some bird song blends, (Gone from its edge the dear old dame's small cot.

Half hidden by quaint flowers) lush bergamot. Makes sweet its banks, its depths the boys still swim, Or watch the minnows from some willow limb.

Upon its bridge how often I have stood, Watching the west, whose glory seemed to flood.

With tenderest light the poorhouse and the graves Beside it—turn to gold the brooklet's waves. 'Till from the hill, oh, dearest sight of all, I saw my father and I heard him call.

He came with steady stride and swinging gait— My hand in his—told my day's whole tale Of joys that "neath his bright smile seemed to grow, While listened was my every childish woe.

As his sweet words fell on my soul like rain, While we walked homeward through the fragrant calm.

—Mary M. McCarthy.

Novel Horseshoeing Rack.

Shoeing a fractious horse is not a task to be envied by any one, and there is always danger of accident to the man who performs the work in the ordinary manner, as the animal seems possessed of the idea that the hoofs were made to defend itself with instead of to be shod. In addition to the danger to the shooer, the animal is liable to injure itself in the argument and especially in this case in shoeing coils for the first time, when fright is generally the chief cause of trouble. To overcome these difficulties John Coe of Iowa has designed the horseshoeing rack shown in the illustration, the inventor claiming that the mechanism will hold all parts of the animal securely in any desired position, at the same time relieving the horse of all strain and depriving it of the power of injuring itself or the blacksmith.

Good never fails to him who never fails to seek it.

Nothing is so much plagiarized as original sin.

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Prices 25 and 50c.

War is sweet to him who does not go to it.

Do You COUGH? DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

PREVENTS INJURY TO SHOER. It will be seen that numerous straps and windlasses are provided, which will not only firmly hold each foot, but will lift the animal bodily from the floor and keep him suspended while the labor is going on. It is also probable that after a few applications of the machine to a fractious horse he could be induced to stand quietly while being shod without the use of the appliances.

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Henry George's Modesty.

Once, when an enthusiastic young chairman at a large meeting in Harlem, N. Y., was making an earnest and sincere but very flattering speech in introducing the late Henry George, the latter wriggled and writhed as though his character was being asspersed instead of praised. Unable to bear it longer, he suddenly leaned forward and poked the chairman in the back with a walking-stick he had found beside him. The chairman, in a flood of belauding eloquence, chopped off in the middle of a word, looked behind him, had a whispered conference with the philosopher, turned back to the audience, and said, quietly: "Mr. George don't want me to get the rest of that off," which tickled the assemblage into spasms of laughter.

Largest of All Towboats. The Iowa Iron works of Dubuque has been awarded the contract to build the largest towboat in the world for the Monongahela Coal Company, Pittsburgh. The boat will be able to tow fifty steel barges. It will cost \$250,000.

PRONOUNCE IT. Sigridur Jonsdottir, Kirmarstodum, Reykholasveit, Barastrandarsyulu, Iceland, Europe.

This is the address given in an order for Dodd's Kidney Pills received and filled by the Dodd's Medicine Company of Buffalo, on April 16th. This unique direction means that to reach the sick people of Iceland, the parcel must travel to New York, then to London, Eng., then northwest to Greenland, to be landed finally on the lonely island at the edge of the Arctic Circle. This is a pointed illustration of how United States goods find their way to the remotest corners of the earth. America today produces better medicines, as well as better manufactured articles than any other country in the world, and this fact accounts for the demand for Dodd's Kidney Pills from every part of the known universe.

Accidents Caused by Horses. Statistics are at hand showing that in the first month of the last quarter in France horses caused 967 accidents, with 88 fatalities. The railways in the same length of time caused 145, of which eight were fatal. The automobile was the cause of 38, with two fatalities, and the bicycle was responsible for 119, with six deaths.

FROM DEATH'S DOOR. Hillsdale, Ill., April 29th.—Much interest has been aroused here over the case of William Marks, who has been in a dying condition for several months with an apparently incurable Kidney Disease.

The leading physicians of this place had pronounced his case a hopeless one, and others from Port Byron, Geneseo, and Davenport, Ia., had attended him, and in a consultation decided that he could not live.

In desperation, his nephew inquired of Mr. L. F. Giles, a local druggist, as to a last resort. Mr. Giles suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which had just been introduced here.

The results were marvelous. Mr. Marks immediately began to improve, and within a few weeks was able to be up and about, completely cured.

His cure is the talk of the neighborhood, and is considered nothing short of a miracle.

There appears to be no doubt that this new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, will cure any case of Kidney Disease, for the more malignant forms, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and Dropsy, yield readily to its remarkable influence. These forms of Chronic Kidney Disease have hitherto been considered incurable, and have baffled all medical skill, and yet this new remedy has cured every single case in which it has been used, in this neighborhood. The doctors themselves are amazed at the wonderful work Dodd's Kidney Pills are accomplishing in Rock Island County.

A theatre in Philadelphia has girl ushers.

When your liver is out of order do not dose yourself with poisonous drugs that harm and never cure, but take Garfield Tea, the HERB remedy that CURES.

Too many friends often spoil a bank account.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

Borrowing is but one step above begging.

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People expect much from Garfield Tea and they are never disappointed; it purifies the blood and cures stomach, liver, kidney and bowel disorders.

Duty is necessarily an affair of promptness.

Foolish and obstinate people alone suffer from neuralgia or rheumatism. For they can always secure Wizard Oil and cure themselves.

In times of war the number of individual homicides always increases.

PAY FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS COBURN Buy Blue bands in S. E. Texas and S. W. La. at 10 to 15 per acre. Nets \$20 per acre. Write E. L. Mills, Houston, Tex.; Cameron & Moore, Liberty, Tex.; Geo. J. McManis, Beaumont, Tex.; E. J. Johnson, Jennings, La.; Hiram G. Wheeler, Galveston, Tex. Go south via Santa Fe, Ill. Cons. S. No. 34 rates.

The closer we get to our ideals the less their appearance seems to suit us.

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