

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
"Can't my dear fellow; don't you see how engaged I am?" answered Eddie, casting an expressive glance at Silvia Lisle, who blushed and simpered, and lowered her white lids in acknowledgment in the most bewildering manner. "Denzil, you are doing nothing—go and succor the lost damsel, and restore her to the bosom of her bereaved family."

"Yes, do go, and explain things to her, Younge," implored the unsuspecting Lyndon, "and just say how it was I was put in for my cousin. It is an awful bore," confided his lordship in a heartbroken whisper, "but what can a man do when a girl comes crying to him about some miserable boy's stupidity? You bring Mildred home safely, there's a good fellow; remember, I leave her to you," and, without waiting for a reply, Lyndon hustled off, greatly to his cousin's relief, who dreaded lest some inopportune chance should again consign her to young Summerton's care.

Both Lady Caroline and Mabel, who alone there knew his secret, had gone long since, so Denzil was left with no one to assist him in this hour of perplexity—with no one to aid him in escaping the tete-a-tete drive that apparently lay before him. Ever since his arrival at King's Abbott he and Mildred had scarcely spoken to each other—had shown, indeed, a mutual, though unspoken determination to avoid each other in every possible way.

Then came the thought that she—knowing nothing of the circumstances—would perhaps imagine that he had connived at this arrangement, and had made the most of the opportunity offered to gain undisputed possession of her society for the long homeward drive.

Mildred was in a sadder plight than Denzil dreamed. Having wandered rather far than she had had any intention of doing on first setting out, and discovering that a wood in January is by no means the same thing that it is in July, she began to retrace her steps with the design of returning home with her mother. Dreading that she might be late, and feeling besides intensely cold she commenced to run, and as she ran her foot came upon a frozen pool, slipping upon which she came heavily to the ground.

Raising herself up again directly and thinking nothing of it she hurried on once more, but presently an intense pain in her foot started her, which in a few minutes increased to such a degree that she was obliged to seat herself on the trunk of a fallen tree and acknowledge herself disabled, consider how best to acquaint her friends with her mishap.

Fully half an hour passed thus, and she was almost upon the verge of despair, when footsteps coming hurriedly toward her from a side direction roused her, and raising her eyes, she beheld Denzil. She blushed crimson.

"What has brought him?" she wondered. "Surely Lyndon—"

"At last I have found you," said Denzil in his coldest tone, and as though he were politely bored at having been put to so much inconvenience. "I have come to tell you that the others are all gone."

"Gone!" echoed Mildred, with astonishment. "Then where is Lord Lyndon?"

"His cousin, Miss Deverill, was so nervous that she insisted on his driving her home, so he commissioned me to find you, and bear you his apologies," returned Denzil, repeating his lesson with prompt decision.

"I do not understand his treating me in such a manner," said Miss Trevanion, very pale and proud; "and where were Eddie and Charlie?"

"They also were fully occupied," Denzil said bitterly; "but your sister, preferring to return home with Lady Caroline, unfortunately left me free."

"I regret very much that you should have given yourself this trouble," she said slowly—"I am sorry you have come."

"And so am I," returned Denzil, haughtily; "but it is not my doing. I beg you to believe, Miss Trevanion that if I could have avoided it I would have done so." Then, seeing she made no attempt to move, he added, "Had you better not come? It is getting very late."

She made no answer, but, putting her hand against the side of the tree, raised herself to a standing position. As the injured foot, however, was brought more firmly to the ground a spasm of pain contracted her face.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" he asked, in a somewhat softer tone.

"I have strained my foot in some awkward way—it is nothing," she answered.

"Perhaps you had better take my arm," said he, still coldly; and she returned.

"No, thank you; I think I can manage to get on," and she did manage for a few yards or so, when she faltered, uttering a faint moan.

"What is the use of your persisting in this folly?" exclaimed Denzil, angrily. "Do you wish to be laid up for a month? Take my arm directly or—"

ungraciously—"shall I carry you? I think it would be better. I dare say

I could do it without breaking down, as it is not very far."

"No," she answered indignantly—"certainly not. I can walk quite well." But she took his arm for all that, and for a while hobbled along, miserably, beside him, her face white with pain.

"This is madness!" cried Denzil, and forthwith, not asking any further leave, took her up in his arms, and walked on again, so burdened, with a frowning brow and a set, unpleased expression about his lips.

Miss Trevanion was so taken by surprise and so utterly prostrated with pain, that at first she made no protest, but presently began to cry quietly in a broken, wretched sort of way. Denzil stopped.

"Shall I put you down?" he asked, sternly.

The situation, being unsuspected by him, and extremely distasteful—with his heart beating passionately, as if to warn him how insufficiently under control it was—compelled him to assume an ill-temper he was very far from really feeling. Miss Trevanion sobbed on, but made no reply, knowing she had none to make, and so wisely refraining from speech of any kind; whereupon Denzil marched on as before not addressing another word to her.

He was a strong man; but a full-grown, healthy young woman was no light weight—so it was no disgrace to his manhood to confess that when at length he had her safely deposited in the carriage, he was rather glad than regretful. Taking the reins from the boy and throwing him some silver, he drove away without a single glance at his companion, as she lay back exhausted among the cushions he had carefully, but sulkily arranged for her.

Mildred's foot having been examined and pronounced "likely to be tedious but not serious," she was comfortably ensconced on a sofa in her mother's sitting-room, whence, after dinner, she sent word that she would be very glad to see them all if they would come and sit with her. So consequently about nine o'clock, considerable noise and laughter might have been heard issuing from the boudoir, where they had all assembled obedient to her commands—all, that is, save Eddie, Miss Lisle and Denzil Younge, with one or two others who had lingered in the billiard-room. Lord Lyndon had, of course, been the first to approach Mildred to inquire how she was and express his tender, loving regrets that she should have no injured herself; but finding her, though sweet and gracious as usual, somewhat disinclined for conversation, he had left her presently with the entreaty that she would try to sleep, and so subdue all feverish symptoms. But she was flushed and restless, and could not compose herself, so lay open-eyed, though silent, with her gaze fixed upon the door.

CHAPTER XV.

"Mildred," said Sir George, one night about a fortnight later on, "if you really mean hunting tomorrow, you will have to be up betimes, as we shall have to start more than usually early on account of the distance we have to go."

"I shall be ready," answered Mildred. Accordingly, the next morning, true to her word, she was down-stairs equipped, even to the dainty little whip she carried in her hand, before any one but Denzil had put in an appearance.

Lyndon arriving shortly afterward in time for breakfast, they hastily dispatched that meal, and started directly after for the meet, which was at some considerable distance—Miss Trevanion and the acknowledged lover in front, Sir George with the discarded in the background.

On their way they fell in with Frances Sylverton, attended only by a groom—Charlie having gone to rejoin his regiment some days before—who called out gayly that she had come this route on the mere chance of meeting them, and was therefore, for once in her life, unfeignedly glad to see them.

"And what has happened to you, O knight of the rueful countenance?" she asked, merrily, of Denzil, reining in her horse beside his.

"I had no idea I was looking so lugubrious," he said laughing, "and I don't believe I am either. It is the morning mist that has got into your eyes."

"No, it is not," persisted Miss Sylverton, emphatically, shaking her head; "the signs of woe upon your face are unmistakable. I suppose you have a presentiment that you will be slain today, and naturally don't relish it."

"You are wrong," said he—"entirely wrong. If I felt the shadow of such a feeling upon me, I should go straight home again and wait for the drawing of some luckier day."

And then immediately afterward they came within full view of the hounds, as they stood clustered together in the hollow, for the most part seeming one mass of spotted skin and waving, restless tails.

Three hours later, and Miss Trevanion, with heightened color and warmed blood, was riding excitedly

along to the occasional music of the forward hounds. A little in front, Sir George and Lyndon gave her the lead, while behind there were none; for of all those who had met that morning but few now remained to be in at the "death." Some finding the pace to hot in the beginning had wisely drawn rein and solemnly plodded home again; others, more adventurously but scarcely so well judging, trusting to fickle fortune to favor the brave, had come to a violent end and now sat or stood lamenting their fate and abusing their goddess in no very measured terms; while of those who still held on—among whom was Frances Sylverton—most of them rode to Mildred's left, down deep in the hollow of Hart's Chase, leaving to her right but one, and that was Denzil.

A passionate lover of riding and devoted to sport, Younge's keenest enjoyment was to feel a good horse under him, with the certainty of a hard day's run in view; and today, his mount being undeniable, he was growing almost happy again.

Having made a false move about half an hour before he was now crashing through or over everything that came in his way, to make up for lost time, and gain on Sir George and Lyndon, who—clever and wary sportsmen both—had sailed along from the beginning straight in the line of victory, without a moment's swerve.

Just as Denzil at last caught sight of them and knew himself to be once more in the right way, he found he was on the same ground with Mildred Trevanion, only considerably higher up. It was a lengthy meadow, straggling and untidy in form, and Mildred, entering at the lower end, could scarcely distinguish her companion above, but succeeded in making a shrewd conjecture nevertheless.

From where she was it was easy enough to get into the adjoining field, but with Denzil it was far different. A short ugly wall rose before him, surmounted by a hedge of some sort, thick and prickly, which effectually concealed from view the heavy fall on the other side. Still, it was not exactly an impossible thing to take, though decidedly a "facer," and Denzil, understanding the danger and trusting to his horse to carry him through, determined to risk it, come what might.

Miss Trevanion, slightly ahead of him now—having managed her last jump saddly to see how it would end. She wondered breathlessly whether—whoever he was—no knew of the—

And then she saw the horse rise, land at the other side, stagger, and then, plunging helplessly forward, bring it up and its rider heavily to the ground.

Mildred shut her eyes and pressed her teeth cruelly on her under lip to suppress the scream that rose so naturally from her heart, and when she summoned courage to look up she found the horse had risen and stood trembling at some little distance off, while on the grass lay motionless a mass of brilliant scarlet cloth and a gleam of golden hair.

(To be continued.)

Poll Taxes in A. D. 122.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow, vice-president of the Egypt exploration fund, says that in addition to the papyri recently presented by the society to several universities there is a valuable lot of forty-three papyri which have been received for distribution, largely treating of business and civil matters in the first centuries of our era. Among the seven papyri for Columbia university is a tax collector's return showing items and how the collectors made returns in A. D. 122. There were poll taxes in A. D. 122. The rise of the Nile was the greatest annual event, and upon it taxes were calculated. Hence one of the six papyri sent to Johns Hopkins, treating of the unwatershed land filled by Ptolemaeus, A. D. 163, is peculiarly interesting. She declares that her field at Euhemeria did not get the water. Her plea, in a word, is: "No crops, no taxes."

How London Could Be Defended.

If the Dutch ever sail up the Thames again, or a Norman force land, London will not be unprepared. In the archives of Pall Mall repose stupor schemes for the defense of the metropolis which it was thought would be undisturbed until the war department commenced to move into its new palace. But there are busy men about and as a result new schemes will be forthcoming for the defense of London. Something like 60 batteries of artillery will be allotted to the defense, including guns of heavy caliber, 4.7 and 6 inches, which will be mounted in commanding positions, covering a wide, sweeping arc. The mobile force for defense will include nearly 100 15-pounder field guns, and an army corps of three divisions of regular infantry and 100 volunteers.—London Express.

Beating Gladstone in Argument.

Mr. Eden Eddis, a famous English portrait painter in his day, who was once nearly elected an R. A., has just died within a few days of his 89th birthday. He once was discussing with Mr. Gladstone what was the brightest color in nature. The statesman claimed that red was; the artist said that even in the dark you could see the blue flowers in a garden. Mr. Eddis showed Mr. Gladstone a photograph where the red flowers remained dead, undetached from the leaves, but the blue flowers were light and visible in all their forms. Then the controversy terminated abruptly with "Good-night, Mr. Eddis!"

Artificial Silk Is Valuable.

Artificial silk apparently can be made, but it answers to the real thing as oleomargarine answers to butter. Going the rounds of the papers of Continental Europe is an item that three factories for the production of artificial silk are in operation; that one, in Wolston, England, produces 6,600 pounds a week; one in Besancon, France, 12,000 pounds, and one in Spreitenbach, Germany, 3,500 pounds. It is stated, furthermore, that other factories will soon be built in Belgium and in Germany. Before the Frankfurt Society of Natural Philosophy Dr. Freund, in a recent lecture on the subject, said that though artificial silk can compete with natural silk, it is not as valuable. Artificial silk has been used as a covering for cables and as a substitute for horsehair, but it has a tendency to break if wetted, and, therefore, it must usually be mixed with natural silk and cotton. The artificial silk is cheaper than the natural, and more brilliant effects can be produced with it. This industry, which is said to be purely chemical, is expected to be developed to its fullest extent in a few years.—New York Press.

Verdict Meant Death.

Aldrich, Mo., May 27th.—Four of the best doctors in the vicinity have been in attendance on Mrs. Mollie Moore of this place, who has been suffering with a severe case of nervousness and kidney disease. Each of them told her that she would die.

Hearing of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she began to use them, and instantly noticed a change for the better. Her improvement has been continuous since then. She says that the disease first manifested itself by the appearance of dark spots floating before her eyes. Her nerves were so bad that many times they would collapse completely, and she would fall down as if shot.

The fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved her after four doctors had given her up, has caused no end of talk in this neighborhood, and all are loud in their praises of this new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—which is curing so many hitherto incurable cases, in this state and elsewhere.

Intoxicating Criticisms of Two Men.

Writing in the Critic of certain qualities of Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck, "A Professor of Latin" says: "Professor Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck possess all the properties of a high-grade intellectual intoxicant. One reads them to the points of dizziness, gets quarrelsome as the draughts go down, and suffers the inevitable headache after it is all over; nor has any Keeley yet appeared with an effective remedy. And so when these two authorities fall upon one another, one feels an immediate desire to have a hand in the scrimmage, in favor of one or the other, both or neither, as the case may be."

Millions Invested in Texas Oil.

Since the big Lucas oil geyser was struck in the Texas oil fields last January nearly 100 companies have been organized to sink wells, with aggregate capital of nearly \$30,000,000. Six of the companies are capitalized at \$1,000,000 each.

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.

Electroton might be appropriately called a capital climax.

Woman is a conundrum that man never seems to give up.

For weakness, stiffness and soreness in aged people use Wizard Oil.

Your druggist knows this and sells the oil.

The stock ticker is always bundled up in red tape.

HIS MATRIMONIAL RECORD.

Seventeenth Wife Shook Anderson When She Counted Her Predecessors.

George Washington Anderson, the confessed husband of seventeen wives, most of whom are still living, has just been sent by the seventeenth to the Pleasants county poorhouse, West Virginia, while she attempts to recover a little of the wealth that she gave up to marry him, and sues for a divorce. Anderson was 68 years old and his bride 74 when they eloped to Parkersburg last month and were married there. They had known each other only two days, but in that time he had learned the lesson he had so often and so easily learned before, and she, seeing in him, no doubt, the realization of a lifetime's longing, accepted him as soon as he proposed. He represented that he was drawing a pension, but as he was receiving a pension, but as he was drawing support from the government she willingly gave up hers for him. After the honeymoon was over the old man fell ill, and the wife's devotion to him was remarkable. But as time wore on she began to suspect that he was not all he represented himself to be. The time to fill out vouchers for his pension came and went and he neglected to attend to his. She began a search through his pockets after the papers, and the first thing she found was his written confession that he had been married 16 times before he saw her. That took all the glamor of the married life which she had hoped would bring her happiness, and when he added that nearly all of the preceding 16 are alive and well she bundled him bodily out of the house and had him taken to the poorhouse, where she would no longer have to support him. She then instructed her lawyer to bring suit for divorce.—Chicago Journal.

The Government Building at the Pan-American Exposition is rapidly being filled and many most interesting exhibits have come in.

The light house exhibit is being put up. It will contain a first-order flashlight, giving twenty-four flashes at each revolution, a flash every five seconds. A prismatic lens will reflect rainbow colors. The light is similar to the one on Fire Island and at Great West Bay.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. If the price of coffee, 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Learn to do your own duty before you start out to teach other persons to follow the same course.

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Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

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FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

Send for FREE 62-PAGE BROS. AND TREATISE. DR. R. H. KLINE, 1531, 921 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 50c a bottle.

Military engineers are agreed that no material for fortification is superior to earth.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1901.

Last year the number of boys and girls educated free in Berlin was 397,510.

Some articles must be described. White's Russian needs no description; it's the real thing.

No woman really enjoys wealth unless she feels that she is inspiring envy.

"I followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well!"



A woman is sick—some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds back something, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and this completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it a wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. This is the reason why hundreds of thousands of women are now in correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can give every symptom, so that when she is ready to advise them she is in possession of more facts from her correspondence with the patient than the physician can possibly obtain through a personal interview.

Following we publish a letter from a woman showing the result of a correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham. All such letters are considered absolutely confidential by Mrs. Pinkham, and are never published in any way or manner without the consent in writing of the patient; but hundreds of women are so grateful for the health which Mrs. Pinkham and her medicine have been able to restore to them that they not only consent to publishing their letters, but write asking that this be done in order that other women who suffer may be benefited by their experience.

Mrs. Ella Rice, Chelsea, Wis., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with falling and inflammation of the womb. I suffered very much with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and I was not able to do anything. What I endured no one knows but those who have suffered as I did. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I doctored with the physicians of this town for three months and grew worse instead of better. My husband and friends wished me to write to you, but I had no faith in patent medicines. At last I became so bad that I concluded to ask your advice. I received an answer at once advising me to take your Vegetable Compound, and I did so. Before I had taken two bottles I felt better, and after I had taken five bottles there was no happier woman on earth, for I was well again. I know that your Vegetable Compound cured me, and I wish to advise every woman who suffers as I did to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Believe me always grateful for the recovery of my health."—MRS. ELLA RICE, Chelsea, Wis.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Four Sisters Aged 21 Years.

Four sisters, according to the Salina (Kas.) Union, registered from one ward at the city clerk's office, presenting themselves separately. Each gave her age as twenty-one.

W.N.U.—DETROIT—NO. 22—1901

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It cures through the pores of the skin. Address Dr. O. P. Brown, 62 E. Wabash, Newburgh, N. Y.

Piles Cured While You Sleep

You are constive, and nature is under a constant strain to relieve the condition. This causes a rush of blood to the rectum, and before long congested piles appear, itching, painful, bleeding. Then you have piles. There are many kinds and many cures, but piles are not curable unless you assist nature in removing the cause. CASCARETS make effort easy, regulate and soften the stools, relieving the tension, and giving nature a chance to use her healing power. Piles, hemorrhoids, fistula, and other rectal troubles yield to the treatment, and Cascarets quickly and surely remove them forever. Don't be persuaded to experiment with anything else!

Atchison wife.

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Nowell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
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