

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Why do you not reproach me?" she cried, passionately. "Abuse me, speak harshly to me—do anything but act toward me as you are doing; your kindness is killing me. Not all the epithets you could heap upon me would punish me sufficiently for all I have made you suffer. Have you forgotten that I actually thrust myself upon you—that it was I who offered myself to you that fatal night, not you who asked for me? Why do you not taunt me with all this? Have I to put these cruel thoughts into your head, or is it that you are too noble to use them against a woman? If you would only be unkind to me, I think I should not feel quite so wretched."

Lyndon smiled, though rather sadly. "I am afraid you will have to go on being unkind forever if you are waiting for me to be unkind to you," he said. "Do you know, strange as it may seem all the displeasure I felt in my heart against you has somehow disappeared, leaving only love and forgiveness in its place. I am not angry with you now, my darling; I am only sad, and a little lonely perhaps," he concluded, turning abruptly away.

After a short interval he came back to her side again, and went on with a forced cheerfulness that in nowise deceived her.

"However," he said, "of course this state of affairs will not last forever. Time, they say, cures all things. In the meantime I will get through a little traveling, I think, and refresh my memory about certain foreign cities, so good-bye for a while, and do not quite forget me during my absence. And"—in a low tone—"remember, Mildred, that whatever you do, or whomsoever you marry, I wish you all the happiness that can possibly befall you."

"Are you sure you forgive me?" whispered Mildred, tremulously. "Think of all that has happened."

"I do, indeed," he said.

"Will you not kiss me then?" whispered Mildred.

So he kissed her once again, for the last time, upon her lips; and it was thus they parted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Denzil did not appear to recover quite so rapidly as had been at first confidently expected, the inward injuries he had received—though slight—telling on him more seriously than the doctors had anticipated.

Mrs. Younge had been telegraphed for on the evening of the accident, and had arrived at King's Abbott early the following morning, having elected to travel all night rather than endure the agonies of suspense, though the telegram had been very reassuring.

The third day showed her patient apparently better than on the preceding one. There had been more decided symptoms of amendment, and he had gone through the dressing of his wounds with wonderful composure and stoicism. But toward evening he grew depressed and irritable, and evinced a faint inclination to wander; whereupon the doctor looked grave, shook his head and made certain changes in his medicine—but all to no purpose. The next day he was in a raging fever.

The fifth day after the fever first declared itself Lady Caroline, having insisted on the poor mother's lying down for an hour or two, was sitting in Denzil's room as the time wore on toward evening. Bending over his bed, she noticed a certain change in his face.

"What is it?" she asked, tenderly.

"Mildred," he whispered, with deep entreaty in his tone, and holding out his hand.

"I am not Mildred, dear Denzil," said Lady Caroline, thinking that he still raved; but he said:

"I know you are not," quite distinctly; and then again, "I want her—why does she never come to me?"

Poor Lady Caroline was greatly perplexed; she knew not what to do. Had things been different she would have followed the dictates of her own kind heart and sent for Mildred on the spot; but, as it was, she remembered former scenes and Lyndon's recent sad departure and did not care to take the responsibility on herself of bringing her daughter and Denzil together.

"Mildred, Mildred!" called the sick man, impatiently; and then the little ray of reason that had come to him in connection with her face vanished, and he wandered off once more into the terrible feverland, bearing with him the name of her he loved.

For two hours he lay thus, calling, sometimes wildly, sometimes feebly, but always for her, until his loving nurse's heart was smitten to the core.

At length came Stubber, the family doctor, and, seeing Denzil in this state, he regarded him silently for several minutes.

"Lady Caroline," said he, with decision, "Miss Trevanion must be sent for, be it right or wrong."

For which Lady Caroline blessed him secretly, and sent for Mildred forthwith.

She came without a moment's delay, and, even as her foot crossed the threshold of the door, a sudden silence fell on Denzil. He turned—the fever for a time sank conquered—while his beautiful eyes lit up with passionate expectation and fond hope.

Slowly and with hesitation Mildred advanced to the side of the bed, and then Lady Caroline went over to the

are talking too much," she went on, hurriedly; "you are looking very pale. Your mother will say it is all my fault when she comes in. Lie back amongst your cushions comfortably, and I will go on with my reading."

"No," interrupted Denzil, putting his hand hastily over the open page. "I am tired of reading." Then, with a short laugh—"I am afraid you think me a savage—do you?—and are wondering whether I have sadly deteriorated during this illness, or whether I am now, for the first time, showing myself in my real character. The fact is, I like talking to you better than listening to the most perfect poetry that could be written. Now you cannot call that uncomplimentary, at all events, can you? I feel as though I had left the world for years, and, having come unexpectedly back to it, am now hearing all the strange things that have happened during my absence—a sort of Rip Van Winkish feeling, I suppose; so I want you to educate me before I make my way down-tairs. Miss Sylverton was with me yesterday, and told me of Charlie's promotion. She said nothing of her marriage, however; but no doubt that will follow, as a matter of course."

"It is almost arranged to take place next month," observed Mabel.

"Queenie," said Denzil, in a low voice, "tell me this—when did I last see Mildred?"

"It was she that saw you fall and went to your assistance, you know," returned "the queen" evasively.

"I know that," said Denzil—"your mother told me the whole story. But have I never seen her since—in any way?"

"Oh, where could you have seen her?" asked Mabel, jestingly, and with considerable confusion, turning to arrange some flowers on the small table near her.

"It was only a dream then," murmured Denzil, disappointedly, and said no more on the subject to his companion's great relief. But the next day he tormented little Stubber to allow him to go down-tairs.

(To be continued.)

DISTANT 30,000,000 MILES.

Eros Is That Far From Us Most of the Time.

Late last December the asteroid Eros, which was discovered about three years ago, came within 30,000,000 miles of the earth. This is not the nearest it gets to us, for at one point in its orbit it is, or would be if the earth was in the corresponding position in its orbit, within about 13,000,000 miles, but unfortunately this only occurs once in about forty-five years. Consequently the astronomers took advantage of the conditions prevailing in December to take innumerable photographs of it and a few stars in its vicinity in connection with the sun from all points possible, with the object of using them as a basis for the computation of the sun's distance from the earth, which, though known approximately, has never been determined with precision. As the earth and the star are now speeding away from each other and further photographing, therefore, of no avail for the purpose, the astronomers have begun the task of measuring the photographs some 5,000 or 6,000 in number, to ascertain the distance in minutes and seconds of an arc between Eros and the neighboring stars. After this is done the intricate mathematical calculations will be entered into. These will occupy many months, or perhaps a year or more, before anything like a definite result can be reached.

Children's Friendships.

From about the fifth or sixth year children are apt to make firm friendships with their small contemporaries. This should be a watchful period for mothers, for these early friendships have a marked influence on the mind, morals and manners of a child. Nearly every character is moulded very largely by early companionship and surroundings. Every mother should take care to be her children's companion as far as possible, for she may be quite sure that if they are left to the care of servants they will at the best only attain the ideal manners and customs of the nursery or servants' hall, which are not quite those of the cultured classes, says the Evening Star. Children require the companionship of little folks their own age, and a mother should be so much her children's friend that she knows all their associates and is able to nip in the bud any acquaintance which she thinks undesirable. The mother who, to save herself fatigue, lets her children seek companions among their schoolmates and neighbors without troubling herself to find out whether their influence is likely to be good has only herself to blame if the manners and morals of her offspring are corrupted.

Women as City Treasurers.

An interesting fact brought out by the recent elections in Colorado is the marked tendency of Colorado men to elect women as city treasurers. Mrs. Margaret Robins was unanimously chosen city treasurer of Idaho Springs. At Aspen Mrs. E. A. Kenney was re-elected to the same office by a large majority. Mrs. Jennie Gale was elected city treasurer at New Castle, Mrs. Emma C. Palmer in Greeley, Mrs. Clara A. Clark at Alma, Mrs. Mary Shanks at Ouray, Miss Nellie E. Donahue at Victor and Mrs. A. N. Frowine at Manitou.—Chicago Chronicle.

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King Edward much prefers congenial society to solitary state and so has introduced the custom of having a good-sized dinner party every evening at the royal table. The members of his own family, all guests and several members of the suite are always in attendance.

SKILLFUL SURGERY.

ARTIFICIAL ARTERIES THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

A Russian Surgeon Performs an Operation Heretofore Regarded as Flatly Impossible—Dr. Kaintsky Cuts Away About Four Inches of an Artery.

Surgery has reached a point at which almost any marvel may be expected, but it has remained for a Russian surgeon to attempt—and succeed—in performing an operation hitherto regarded as flatly impossible. He has repaired the great femoral artery, has spliced on to it an artificial length, just as a plumber might solder a piece of leaden pipe to a brass one. The better to comprehend exactly how radical and difficult a thing Dr. Kaintsky accomplished it is necessary to explain something of the nature and functions of arteries. In the first place an artery differs entirely from a vein. If a vein is cut the blood escapes for a while and after a little the vessel lies flat and collapsed. An artery does not. Its inner coat is so arranged that a series of stiff fibrous rings surround it and prevent it from collapsing. That is one of the reasons why when an artery is severed blood continues to flow from it. These were only some of the problems which confronted Dr. Kaintsky when they brought to his hospital in St. Petersburg a very rich farmer and cattle raiser named Ivan Politkosh. This man, while driving in a sleigh, had collided with a stump. Politkosh was hurled out violently and in falling was practically impaled upon a broken branch. The jagged piece of wood struck him just below the hip joint and ranged down for about four inches. The wound produced was an exceedingly ugly and ragged one. It was directly over and in line with the femoral artery, which supplies the entire leg with blood; but, although this great vessel was entirely laid bare and badly bruised it fortunately escaped puncture. The injured man was not brought to the hospital until three days after the accident, and it was at once evident to Dr. Kaintsky that only heroic measures would save either life or leg to his patient. It appeared to Dr. Kaintsky that gangrene was threatened. As nearly as the surgeon could estimate he had just three days before an operation became absolutely imperative. He had already determined upon the heroic operation of removing the injured part of the femoral artery and replacing it with an artificial substitute. Dr. Kaintsky wanted to make a tube six inches long which so closely resembled the actual tissue of a human artery that it would be borne without protest by the organism in which it was to be placed. At the end of those three days Dr. Kaintsky, tired but triumphant, emerged from his laboratory. Politkosh was anesthetized and carried to the operating table. Dr. Kaintsky pointed out to the watching surgeons and students the signs along the foot of the patient that marked the onset of gangrene, and then he told them that he intended to remove part of the injured artery and replace it with an artificial substitute. Under the best conditions the dissection of the femoral artery is a dangerous piece of work, and here was a case where the vessel was almost concealed by injured tissues. At last the artery was freed and the surgeon showed his wondering assistants that nearly four inches of the vessel was ready to disintegrate. All eyes watched Dr. Kaintsky as he himself placed clamps upon the big artery. The artery clamp having been fixed, Dr. Kaintsky cut away about four inches of the artery. From the pocket in front of his operating gown Dr. Kaintsky drew a silver aseptic case. This he opened and from it drew a small, hollow, elastic, almost colorless tube about five inches long. Almost immediately Dr. Kaintsky began to place the artificial artery in position. He drew it between his fingers so as to expel all air and placed a pair of artery forceps upon one end. Then he slipped one end of the artery into the tube and stitched it into place. Quickly the same procedure was carried on at the other end, and then Dr. Kaintsky removed the clamp which was holding back the blood from the mended artery. The blood rushed through its new channel, pumping out the collapsed tube, and it was actually difficult to tell the artificial artery from the real one. At the same instant, too, a good healthy pulsation could be felt in the patient's ankle.—Philadelphia Times.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Dignity consists not in possessing honors but in the consciousness that we deserve them.

When a woman denies an accusation and wants to prove her innocence she cries:

FITS Permanently Cured. Not to be over-looked after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, L.D.S., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we may fall.

The less reverence a man has of his own more he admires it in other people.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

The older we get the more difficult we are to please and the less trouble people take to please us.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 232 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 6, 1909.

Every time an argument gains you a new friend it loses you two old ones.

Baseball players' Club players: all players chew White's Yucatan whist playing.

Isn't the timber of a voice burning in its range that gives it warmth.

WOMEN AS CITY TREASURERS.

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Dixie's Land Again.

The familiar controversy never languishes. What is the origin of Dixie's Land or Dixie Land, or Dixie? On, on, it goes. I believe it was right here on Manhattan Island, and that the fellow who wrote about it being a "land of cotton," "simmon seed," and "sandy bottom" was a chump. Old Man Dixie was a slaveholder on Manhattan Island, who removed his slaves to the Southern states, where they had to work harder and fare worse; so they were always sighing for their old home, which they called "Dixie Land." The "nigger" imagination soon advanced this island into a sort of Delectable Country, or Land of Beulah.—New York Press.

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New York's Death Rate.

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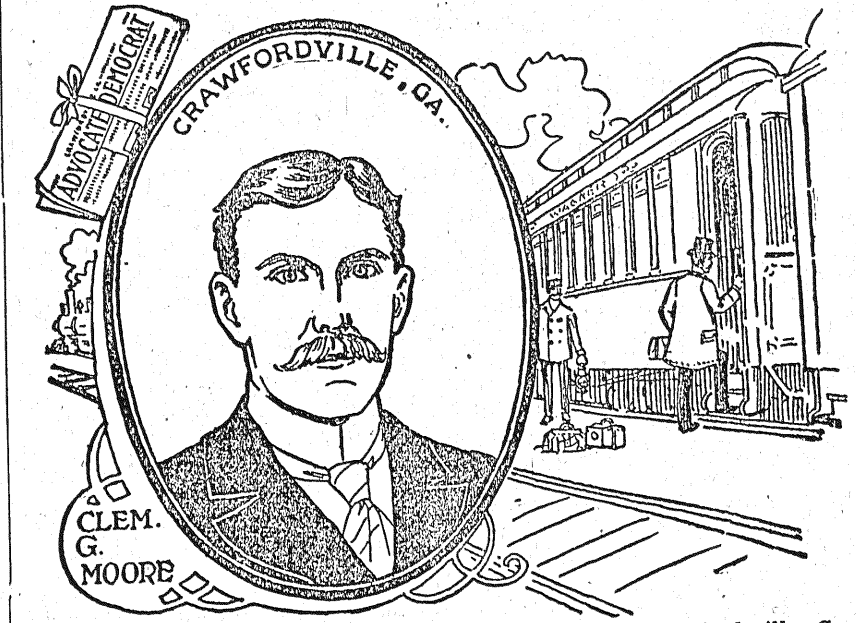
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Captain Percy W. Moss, Paragould, Ark., says: "I think Peruna is undoubtedly the finest and surest catarrh cure ever prepared, and it has taken but two bottles to convince me of this fact."

Judge Wm. T. Zenor, of Washington, D. C., writes from 213 N. Capital Street, Washington, D. C.:

It gives me pleasure in saying that I can cheerfully recommend the use of Peruna as a remedy for catarrhal trouble and a most excellent tonic for general conditions.—Wm. T. Zenor.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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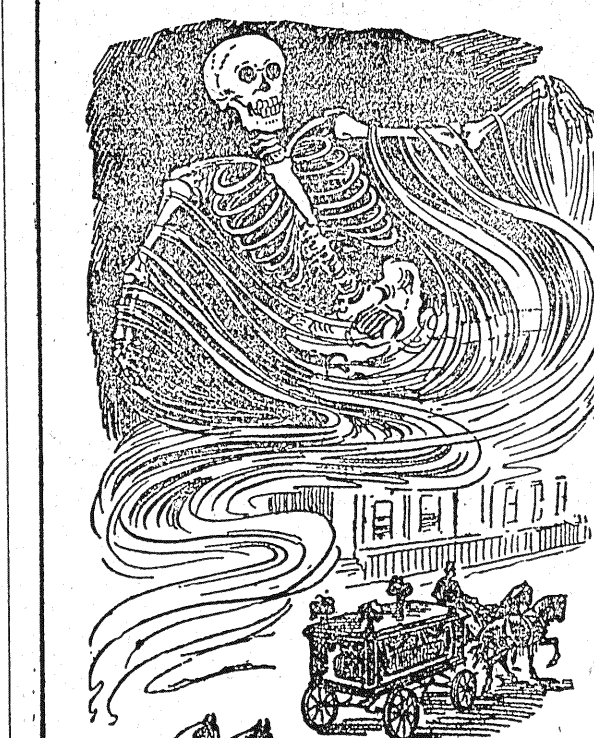
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