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 wih 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, unthinkly; 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 smoother 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 side-glance at Denzil, who gazed stolidly out of the window.

"Dear, dear—will you leave me no daughter?" expostulated Lady [illegible] line; and Mrs. Younge, who had very intimate with them all [illegible] her son's illness, looked up plai[illegible]ly to say:

"There is really no understa[illegible] young people in these days. No[illegible] she could object to that nice [illegible] Lyndon is beyond my compreh[illegible] —quite. He seemed in every w[illegible] suited to her."

"And he seemed to me in ever[illegible] unsuited to her," put in Denzi[illegible] pulsively and rather crossly.

"Did he indeed, my dear?" sa[illegible] mother, with mild surprise. "We[illegible] how differently people judge."

"Differently, indeed," coincide[illegible] Blount. "And now tell us, I[illegible] what sort of a person do you[illegible] would make her happy?"

There was a sly laugh in t[illegible] man's eyes as he asked the qu[illegible] and Denzil, looking up, caught[illegible] that presently he laughed too, [illegible] rather against his will.

(To be continued.)

Cottage Hospitals for Canada.

Countess Minto, the wife of the governor general of Canada, has offered to become the head of a movement to establish cottage hospitals throughout Canada.

The less we have the more the recording angels places to our credit when we give.

Romance of a Box of Tools.

The sign in the window, "Furniture Neatly Repaired," was all that distinguished Max Hombach's home and place of business from the other narrow fronted tenement houses in the row.

While Mr. Hombach's shop on the ground floor was full of odds and ends suggesting his occupation, books, newspapers and certain of the magazines indicated that the man of the glue pot and hammer was a man of some mental culture.

Mr. Hombach's appearance was a little startling. His thick, bushy black hair, and the gleam in his eyes impressed one with associations of high tragedy, which feeling would be heightened if he chanced to be talking about anything that particularly interested him.

Evidently the magnetic influence of Mr. Hombach was considerable; many were the friends and admirers that called to see him in order to hear his "views" on the questions of the day. In summer time the talk was carried on at the front door steps; but during the cold weather the little meetings took place in the workroom, where Mr. Hombach's ringing voice not unfrequently kept the tenants of the house, as well as those in the houses adjoining, awake until midnight.

Of course Mr. Hombach was a nuisance, but his neighbors bore with him on account of the little boy whom he had adopted. "Max must have a good heart," they reasoned, "to take in a strange child and be so kind to him."

Little Randolph Hombach was the waif of a steamboat disaster of some ten years ago. Max, then about thirty years of age, had been one of the passengers. In the panic a baby was handed him to save. The mother never reached shore. Failing to find any relatives for the child, the man, who had no relatives of his own, concluded to keep it.

At present Mr. Hombach was at work mending a broken table. The fierce frown on his forehead indicated that he was also occupied with some mental problem. When presently he heard the sound of light footsteps in the hall the frown disappeared.

The boy was coming home from school. He stopped a few moments to talk to a woman in the entry; then he came into the workroom with his customary "Hillo father," adding: Miss Elizabeth Bradley wants the loan of your chisel. May I take it up to her now?"

Mr. Hombach started as if he had been struck, his countenance changing with the quickness of lightning. Although generous to a fault, in principle as well as in practice, he had drawn the line of generosity and neighborness at his tool box, the contents of which were almost sacred in his eyes.

"Lend my chisel—to a woman! A woman! As if a woman could touch a tool without spoiling it! My gracious, Randolph, do you think I am mad?"

"Haven't you an old chisel somewhere, father?" asked the boy, with a serenity of manner that was in striking contrast to the fiery one of Mr. Hombach. "I don't like to tell Miss Elizabeth that you won't lend her a tool because she's a woman. She can't help that."

Mr. Hombach threw back his bushy head, while a smile that he tried to hide shot out of his eyes. His thoughts and emotions moved quickly. Nervous and tempestuous in manner himself, of all things he admired calmness in others. Randolph's quiet dignity quite delighted him.

"The boy is a diplomat," he thought to himself. "What a cool head! Doesn't lose confidence! A Bismarck! A Gladstone! Ah, some day he will sit with the great men of the world." Mr. Hombach was very proud of his adopted son, and moreover he was something of a dreamer. "Well, I guess you may take that chisel to Miss Bradley," he said presently, and began to work.

Miss Elizabeth Bradley, who was a dressmaker in a small way, lived in the back wing of the second floor of the house. She might have been 30 or 35. She did not look old, but was still not what would be called "a young lady." Randolph felt that he would not have [illegible] fitted [illegible]ng the [illegible]t. She [illegible]t, but [illegible]ols to [illegible]y box. [illegible]th in[illegible]ng. [illegible]dley's [illegible] much [illegible]h talk [illegible]arried [illegible]s still [illegible]at the [illegible]glibly [illegible] liked [illegible], and [illegible]ought [illegible]pts of [illegible]ed as [illegible]lation [illegible]egard

Miss Elizabeth herself did not know what the term meant, but she had some excellent ideas about making gingerbread. She had a fragrant loaf of it on hand, and she stopped working to cut a large slice, which she brought to Randolph on one of her prettiest china plates.

There was a tidy, homelike air in the room that was very pleasing to the boy. He noticed that the little stove was nicely polished, the carpet well swept, and the furniture spotlessly clean. There were blooming plants in the window, a few simple ornaments looked down from the mantelpiece, and a sweet-throated canary trilled a melodious accompaniment to the sound of Miss Bradley's industry.

The thought returned to the boy's mind that Miss Elizabeth was very much nicer than any young lady. One could be quite comfortable beside her; she had no "airs;" she wasn't "giddy;" she didn't tease and make fun of boys as young girls did. If fate had provided him with a mother instead of a father he felt he would have liked a mother like Miss Elizabeth Bradley.

Here, however, the object of his thoughts interrupted.

"I doubt I'll have to trouble you again, Randolph," she said. "Please take the chisel back to your pa with my compliments, and bring up a little saw. Mine is so big and clumsy that I can't manage it."

"Certainly, Miss Elizabeth, I'll—ask him," responded Randolph with some misgivings as to what would be the outcome of this second appeal for the loan of a tool.

It did not promise well for the success of his errand that, going downstairs, he heard his father arguing vehemently with a man in the workshop. He waited outside until the man had gone. But Mr. Hombach, pursuing a habit he sometimes indulged in, continued to demolish the argument of his vanished opponent.

"You are wrong!" he vociferated; "the present need of the country——"

"Father," interrupted a clear, beseeching voice, "Miss Elizabeth Bradley——"

But Mr. Hombach was too deeply stirred to heed, or even to notice the boy. "Your argument is based on an exploded theory! You don't know——"

"Father, Miss Elizabeth——"

"I tell you Fritz you don't know what the opposition newspapers are printing!" thundered Mr. Hombach, bringing his clinched hand heavily on the work bench, while the tenants of the upper floors of the house rushed to the banisters to peer cautiously down.

Randolph was obliged to wait until the argument was concluded. Then he said, speaking very earnestly, in his clear, boyish tones: "Miss Elizabeth thanks you for the chisel, father. Here it is. See, it isn't spoiled. She's a very nice, careful lady, Miss Elizabeth is. She needs a little saw very badly; hers is an old rusty one, and it won't work."

"What! What's that!" exclaimed Mr. Hombach, raising his black brows with a fresh start of horror. "Does the woman want a saw now? I was a fool!—a fool! I might have known I was only making trouble for myself! Bah!" His disgust turned to severe irony. "Maybe the woman would like the tool box!"

"Miss Elizabeth is going to give me a slip off her pink geranium," said Randolph.

Mr. Hombach grunted unwillingly, and the frown deepened between his eyes.

"Will you not lend the saw, father?" pleaded the boy.

"No," said Mr. Hombach.

The tool box stood on the work bench in sight of both. On top was just such a saw as Miss Bradley wanted. Randolph looked at the narrow, gleaming blade anxiously, then at his father. "How's Miss Elizabeth to finish her work?" he asked.

Mr. Hombach shook his bushy hair impatiently. "I cannot lend tools! No, no! The woman has no sense! My tools are my friends! Who ever heard of lending a friend?"

Randolph's countenance fell, but in a moment he brightened with a new thought. "Oh, father!" he gasped out with breathless eagerness to test the availability of his idea "couldn't you take the saw upstairs yourself and do the work for Miss Elizabeth—for the sake of the saw, you know?"

Mr. Hombach's brows went up again, and he ran his fingers through his thick, upstanding hair, as if the idea was difficult of comprehension. Presently an innocent smile broke over his face.

"Sure enough, Randolph!" he said, in an altered tone, his combative spirit all gone. "How absurd of me not to have thought of that at first! Yes, yes, of course, that is the only sensible thing to do, and it will take only a few moments.

To himself he continued as he went upstairs with his tool box: "That little Randolph of mine is no common boy. Whoever he is, there is the blood of a statesman in his veins. He'll make his mark in the world."

Miss Elizabeth Bradley did not ask for the loan of any more tools. As the weeks passed Randolph noticed that his father went upstairs to chat with her now and then, to the great disappointment of the men who called every evening to discuss politics and to the relief of the neighbors who wanted to sleep.

"I guess there's something in the wind," gossiped Mrs. Marary of the second floor front to her neighbor of the hall room.

"Oh, it's all settled; she's makin' the weddin' dress," came the reply; "and I'm right glad it's so suitable all 'round. It ain't right for a man and a boy to be eatin' at a rest'rant day in and day out. The only wonder is they didn't make a match of it long ago.—Jane Ellis Joy in Record-Herald.

The demand for improved poultry has never been better than now. This is an age of progress, and he who would keep up with the times must improve his fowls.

Not every love is generous or noble, or merits high encomium, but that love which prompts and impels man to live generously and to act nobly.—Plato.

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What We Contribute to Royalty Amounts to Vast Sum.

The United States contributes a vast sum of money regularly to the support of foreign sovereigns. The money is not paid as a tribute, but in the form of interest upon many millions of dollars invested by these potentates. It is generally supposed that several royal personages own real estate in New York. As a matter of fact their holdings consist of railroad and industrial stocks and United States bonds. Queen Victoria is believed to have derived an income of $700,000 annually from her American investments. She has been generally credited with owning a large interest in the Bowling Green building, though as a matter of fact her money was nearly all invested in stocks. Her holdings included American sugar, American Steel and Wire, Tennessee Coal and Iron and one or two railroad stocks unknown.

King Edward, when Prince of Wales, enjoyed a considerable income from American railroad holdings. The property has since been transferred to his son George. The emperor of Germany has holdings in the Union and Southern Pacific, Illinois Central and Atchison railroad bonds. His wife has, beside, about half a million in American railroad holdings, and it is believed that several other members of the royal family are interested to considerable amounts. The czar of All the Russias is said to be the best informed of all European sovereigns on American railroad interests. The czar's investments are very conservative.

A Pike County Miracle.

Velpen, Ind., June 17.—Wm. O. B. Sullivan, a farmer of this place, and who is a brother of ex-Representative Sullivan of Pike and Dubois counties, has had a remarkable experience recently.

Mr. Sullivan is 49 years of age, and has been a citizen of Pike County for 30 years. For two years, he has suffered much with kidney trouble and rheumatism. His shoulders and side were very sore and stiff, and his back was so bad he could hardly straighten up at all. He had palpitation of the heart, and a smothering which was very distressing. He used three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and is as strong and well as ever he was. He pronounces his cure a miracle. Mr. Sullivan's statement of his case is startling.

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Japanese Eager to Learn.

A characteristic which has been potent in the modernizing of Japan is that of insatiable curiosity, an intense desire to see and understand anything new. While the present day Chinese attitude is that of contempt for any beings or institutions not evolved in China, the Japanese are eager to know of everything connected with our form of civilization and to adopt it if it is good. A perusal of Japanese history shows that the people have ever progressed by impulses, by action and reaction, and that in the end good judgment seems to become supreme.

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Building Churches in Chicago.

There is an unprecedented activity in the building of churches in Chicago, at the present time, and, in spite of the labor difficulties which extended far into the fall of last year, twenty-one churches have been built since then or are still building. Among the buildings in course of construction or already finished, are some rather pretentious structures of brick and stone, costing from $25,000 to $75,000. One-third of the number are Roman Catholic churches, and the rest are almost evenly divided among the Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Evangelical and Jewish denominations.

Pie hunters are usually not particular about the pastry.

Turn the Rascals Out

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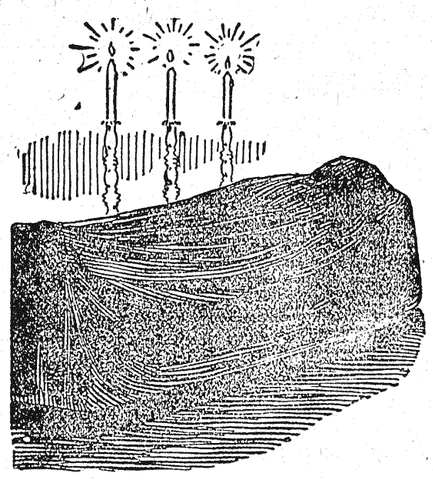

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begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, or any other of the dreadful diseases that desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS. Perfect disinfectant and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are

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