

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER II.

The eventful Friday at length arrived, and with it the unwelcome Younges. They came by the late train, which enabled them to reach King's Abbott just one hour before the dinner bell rang, and so gave them sufficient time to dress. Sir George met them warmly, feeling some old, half-forgotten sensations cropping up within his heart as he grasped between his own hands the hard, brown one of his clever school friend. The old man he now met, however, was widely different from the fair-haired boy and light active youth he could just barely remember both at Eton and Oxford. Indeed, Mr. Young, oddly enough, did strangely resemble the fanciful picture drawn of him by Miss Trevanion, being fat, "pussy," jolly, and altogether decidedly after the style of the farming gentry.

But, however right about him, Miss Trevanion's prognostications with regard to the others were entirely wrong. Mrs. Young, far from being fat, red and cookish, was remarkably slight, fragile, and very lady-like in appearance. Her daughter, Miss Rachel, resembled her mother strongly, though lacking her mother's expression and the quiet air of self-possession that sat so pleasantly on her.

But in her description of Denzil Miss Trevanion had been very much at fault indeed. Any one more unlike a "boor" could not be well imagined. Denzil Young was a very handsome young man. Tall, fair and distinguished looking, with just the faintest resemblance to his mother, he might have taken his place with honor in any society in Christendom. He wore neither beard nor whiskers, simply a heavy, golden mustache, which covered, but scarcely concealed, the almost feminine sweetness of his mouth.

Miss Trevanion, having made up her mind that there would be plenty of time just before dinner to get through the introductions, stayed in her own room until exactly five minutes to seven o'clock, the usual hour for dining at King's Abbott, when she swept downstairs and into the drawing room in her beautiful, graceful fashion, clad in pure white from head to foot, with the exception of a single scarlet rose, fresh from the conservatory. In the middle of her golden hair. And certainly Mildred looked as exquisite a creature that evening, as she walked up the long drawing room to where her father was standing, as any one could wish to see.

"This is my eldest daughter—unmarried," said Sir George, evidently with great pride, taking the girl's hand and presenting her to his guest, who had been gazing at her with open, honest admiration ever since her entrance.

"Is it indeed?" the old man answered; and then he met her with both hands extended, and, looking kindly at her, declared out loud, for the benefit of the assembled company, "She is the bonniest lass I have seen for many a day."

At this Mabel laughed out loud, merrily, without even an attempt at the concealment of her amusement, to Lady Caroline's intense horror and old Young's intense delight. He turned to Mabel instantly.

"You like to hear your sister admired?" he said.

And Mabel answered:

"Yes, always, when the admiration is sincere—as in your case—because I, too, think she is the bonniest lass in all the world."

"Right, right!" cried old Young, approvingly; and these two became friends on the spot, the girl chattering to him pleasantly the greater part of the evening afterward, although the old man's eyes followed Mildred's rather haughty movements with more earnest attention than he bestowed upon those of her more light-hearted sister.

Miss Trevanion, when Mr. Young had called her a "bonny lass," merely flushed a little and flashed a quick glance toward her mother which said plainly, "There, did I not tell you so—Yorkshire farmer, pure and simple, and all that?" and moved on to be introduced to the other members of the unwelcome family. She could not forget, even for a moment, how intrusive their visit was, and how unpleasant in every sense of the word. She was only three or four years Mabel's senior, but in mind and feeling she might, so to speak, have been her mother. When she remembered how Eddie always required money, and how difficult they found it to send Charles regularly his allowance and still to keep up the old respectable appearance in the county, she almost hated the newcomers for the expenses their coming would entail.

Miss Trevanion raised her head half an inch higher, and went through her inclinations to the others with a mixture of grace and extreme hauteur that made her appear even more than commonly lovely, and caused Denzil Young to lose his place in the languid conversation he had been holding with Eddie Trevanion. She had not so much as deigned to raise her eyes when bowing to him, so he had been fully at liberty to make free use of his own, and he decided, without hesitation, that nothing in the wide earth could be more exquisite than this girl who he could not fail to see treated them all with open coolness.

He took her in to dinner presently, but not until soup had been removed

did Miss Trevanion think it worth her while to look up and discover what style of man sat beside her. Glancing then suddenly and superciliously at him, she found that he was the very handsomest fellow she had ever seen—well-bred looking, too, and, in appearance at least, just such a one as she had been accustomed to go down to dinner with even in the very best houses.

He was staring across the table now to where Mabel sat, laughing and conversing merrily with old Young, and seemed slightly amused with the girl's gawgity. Was he going to fall in love with Mabel? Very likely, she thought. It would be just the very thing for an aspiring cotton man to do—to go and lose his heart ambitiously to their beautiful "queen."

Then Denzil turned to her and said: "You were not in town this season, Miss Trevanion?"

"No; mamma did not care to go," she answered, reddening a little at the pious fib.

"I do not think you missed much," Denzil went on, pleasantly; "it was the slowest thing imaginable; and the operas were very poor. You are fond of music, of course? I need hardly ask you that."

"I like good music, when I hear it," Miss Trevanion said; "but I would rather be deaf to all sweet sounds than to have to listen to the usual run of so-called singers—private singers, I mean."

"One does now and then hear a good private singer, though," Denzil returned. "There were several in town last year."

"Lady Constance Dingwall was greatly spoken of," Mildred said; "I have heard her sing several times."

"So have I, and admire her voice immensely; her pet song this season was Sullivan's 'Looking Back,' and it suited her wonderfully. Lots of fellows raved about her, and old Douglas of the Blues was said to have proposed to her on the strength of it. She refused him, however. Odd man, Douglas; you know him, of course—every body does. He is slightly crazy, I fancy. By the bye, you have not told me what you think of Lady Constance's singing."

"I would quite as soon listen to a barrel-organ, I think," Miss Trevanion answered, ungraciously; "there is just as much expression in one as in the other. She has good notes, I grant you, but she does not know in the very least how to use them."

"Poor Lady Constance," he said; "well, I am not a judge of music, I confess, but for my part I would go any distance to hear her sing. Her brother has managed about that appointment—I suppose you know?"

"Has he? I am glad of that. No, I have not heard. But what a disagreeable man he is! What a comfort it must be to his friends—or relatives, rather—to get him out of the country!"

"Is not that a little severe?" asked Denzil. "Poor James has an unfortunate way of not getting on with people, but I put that down more to the wretchedness of his early training than to his natural disposition, which I believe to be good, though warped and injured by his peculiar position when a boy. It was lucky for Lady Constance that the countess adopted her. May I give you some of these?"

"No, thank you," Mildred answered, and then fell to wondering by what right this cotton merchant's son called Lord James Dingwall by his Christian name—"James." She again recollected that "this sort of person" generally boasted outrageously about any intimacy with the aristocracy. Miss Trevanion's "hearings" upon this subject had been numerous and profound.

"I think Lord James a very unpleasant man," she said, feeling curious to learn how much more Denzil Young had to say about him.

"Most ladies do," her companion answered, coolly; "but then I do not consider ladies always the best judges. They form their ideas from the outward man generally, which in many cases prevents fairness. Unless the person on trial be a lover or a relative, they seldom do him the justice to look within. You think Dingwall very obnoxious because he has red hair and rough manners, and yet I have known him to do acts of kindness which most men would have shrunk from performing. In the same way you would consider a fellow down near us the greatest boor you ever met in your life, I dare say, because he has nothing to recommend him but his innate goodness of heart."

"I dare say," responded Miss Trevanion.

"But would you not be civil to a man whom you knew to be beyond expression estimable, if only for the sake of his goodness, no matter how rough a diamond he might be?" asked Denzil Young, feeling somewhat eager in his argument, and turning slightly, so as more to face his adversary.

"Surely you would; any woman—most women would, I fancy. One could not fail to appreciate the man I speak of."

"I might appreciate him—at a distance," Miss Trevanion returned, obstinately, "but I would not be civil to him; and I should think him a boor just the same, whether he were a black sheep or a white."

"Oh!" exclaimed Denzil, and stared curiously at her beautiful, now rather bored face.

Was she really as worthless as she declared herself to be? Could those handsome, cold blue eyes and faultless features never soften into tenderness and womanly feeling?

He quite forgot how earnestly he was gazing until Miss Trevanion raised her eyes, and meeting his steady stare, blushed warmly—angrily. He recollected himself then, and the admiration his look must have conveyed, and colored almost as deeply as she had.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly; "do not think me rude, but I am strangely forgetful at times, and was just then wondering whether you really meant all you said."

"Do not wonder any longer then," she retorted, still resenting the expression of his eyes, "as I did perfectly mean what I said. I detest with all my heart boors and ill-bred people, and parvenus, and want of birth generally."

And then Lady Caroline made the usual mysterious sign, and they all rose to leave the room, and Miss Trevanion became conscious that she had made a cruelly rude speech.

She felt rather guilty and disinclined for conversation when she had reached the drawing room; so she sat down and tried to find excuses for her conduct in the remembrance of that last unwarrantable glance he had bestowed upon her. A man should be taught manners if he did not possess them; and the idea of his turning deliberately to stare at her—Mildred Trevanion—publicly, was more than any woman could endure. So she argued, endeavoring to persuade her conscience—but unsuccessfully—that her uncourteous remark had been justly provoked, and then Mabel came over and sat down beside her.

"I liked your man at dinner very much," she said; "at least what I could see of him."

"He seemed to like you very much, at all events," Mildred returned; "he watched your retreating figure just now as though he had never before seen a pretty girl or a white-worked grenadine."

"He is awfully handsome," went on Mabel, who always indulged in the strongest terms of speech.

"He is good-looking."

"More than that; he is as rich as Croesus, I am told."

"What a good thing for the young woman who gets him," Miss Trevanion remarked, and smiled down a yawn very happily indeed.

"Look here, Mildred; you may just as well begin by being civil to him," counseled Mabel, wisely, "because, as he is going to inhabit the same house as yourself for the next six weeks or so, it will be better for you to put up with him quietly. You were looking all through dinner as though you were bored to death—and, after all, what good can that do?"

"I rather think you will have the doing of the civility," observed Miss Trevanion, "as he is evidently greatly struck by your numerous charms."

"I shouldn't mind it in the least, if he can talk plenty of nonsense, and look as he looked at dinner," Mabel returned. "There is always something so interesting about a superlatively rich man, don't you think?"

"Not when the rich man owns to cotton."

"Why not? Cotton is a nice clean thing, I should fancy; and money is money, however procured. I am a thoroughly unbiased person, thank heaven, and a warm admirer of honest industry."

"You had better marry Mr. Young, then, and you will be able to admire the fruits of it from this day until your death," Mildred said.

"Not at all a bad idea," returned "the queen," "thanks for the suggestion. I shall certainly think about it. If I like him sufficiently well on a nearer acquaintance, and if he is good enough to ask me, I will positively go and help him to squander that cotton money."

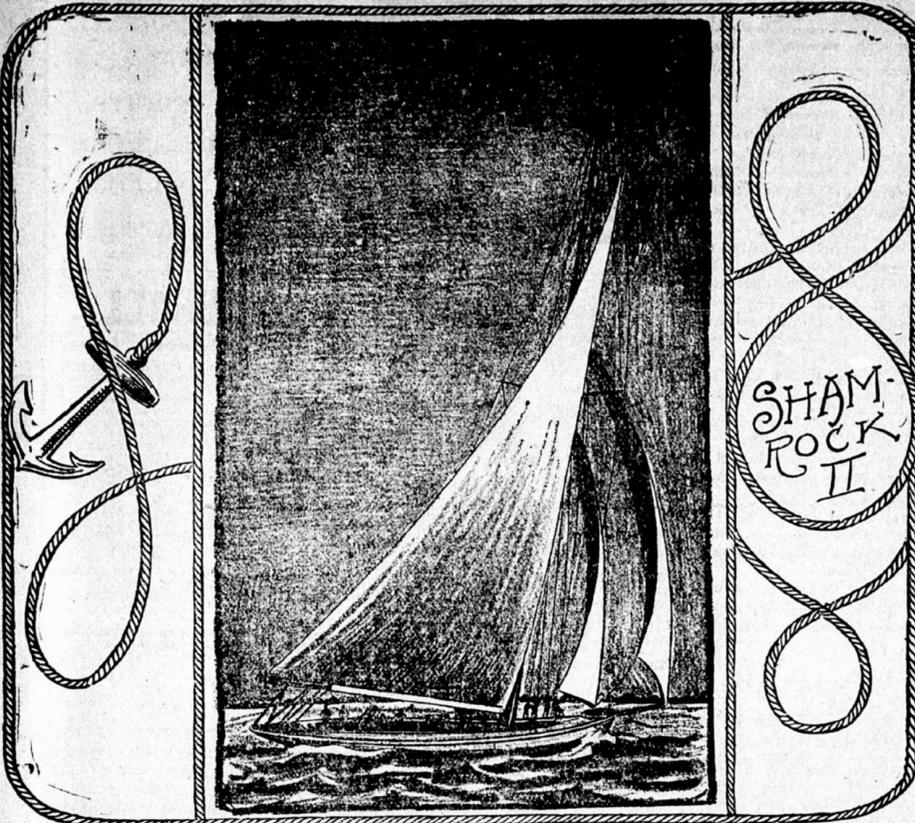
(To be continued.)

Picturesque Old Castle.
Tourists who wish to see the castle which Victor Cherbuliez, the famous French academician, has pictured in one of the most popular novels, "Paule Mere," ought to visit Fossard. An electric train runs from Geneva to Chene. Thence it is only a few minutes' walk through a shady lane to the Chateau des Terreaux, situated on the border of the little river which separates Switzerland from France. The old building is highly picturesque. Nothing has been changed since the celebrated author wrote the description. At sunset the mountain is a mass of changing color, and visitors are subject to a spell which will prevent them from ever forgetting the little hamlet of Fossard and its castle.—Philip Jamin in Chicago Record.

Easter in the New Century.
In the century just begun there will be 5,217 Sundays. In that which we have hardly yet learned to speak of as last Easter Sunday has occurred once on its earliest possible date—March 22, 1818—but this will not recur till the twenty-third century. The earliest Easter in the new century will be March 23, 1913. Easter Sunday will fall once on its latest day—April 25, in 1943. This also occurred once in May, but on three occasions in the past century it occurred in June, and in the new century this will happen four times.

How Niagara is Receding.
The falls of Niagara eat back the cliff at the rate of about one foot a year. In this way a deep cleft has been cut right back from Queenstown for a distance of seven miles to the place where the falls now are. At this rate it has taken more than 35,000 years for the seven-mile channel to be made.

IF SHAMROCK WINS.



THE SHAMROCK UNDER FULL SAIL PREVIOUS TO DISMASTING ACCIDENT.

The New York Yacht Club has refused to permit Lawson's Independence to contest for the honor of defending the America's cup. The point at issue between the Boston man and the New York Yacht Club is not clear but it is supposed to be in some way related to personal advertising. It is believed that the objections may be eliminated, especially as Sir Thomas Lipton, the Irish challenger, is not coming over on the Shamrock for his health. It is being asserted by the partisans of Mr. Lawson that the Irishman's tea trade has almost doubled since he became a contestant for the America's cup three years ago. Now if the international race pays Lipton for his outlay in advertising, why deny Lawson the same privilege? The New York Yacht Club should change its tactics. Suppose it persists in barring Lawson and the Shamrock should win? What would all American yachtsmen and the American people generally say to the New York Yacht Club? They would say, in effect: "Your attempt to monopolize the credit of a possible victory has subjected your country to defeat. The Independence might have beaten the Shamrock. You, in your selfish greed,

refused to give her a chance. Your snobbery has lost us the cup." The New York Yacht Club could neither deny nor evade that accusation.

The America's cup became the absolute property of its winners at Cowes. They could have sold it as old silver had they desired. Its surviving owner, rightly thinking that a trophy so won should be preserved as a perpetual emblem of the highest skill in shipbuilding and sailing for speed, endeavored so to provide. He selected the New York Yacht Club as his trustee and drew up a deed of gift providing: "Any yacht of a foreign country, etc., shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for the cup against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country holding the cup."

Mr. Schuyler's intention evidently was, since he offered the cup as a prize to be sought by "any yacht of a foreign country" that its possession should be defended by the best yacht the country holding it could produce. He wanted to bring together the very best vessels of the two countries. He was a real sportsman, but his trustees have shown a most lamentable lack of his spirit. Because she is not owned

by one of their own number, they refuse to permit the cup to be defended by what might prove the best yacht.

The insinuations that Mr. Lawson built the Independence "for advertising purposes," etc., simply demonstrate the snobbishness of those making them. They are un-sportsmanly, ungentlemanly, and un-American. They invite the inference that the New York Yacht Club is dominated by a set of cads. They indicate that that organization is thinking of petty personal glory rather than of its country's honor. They exhibit that hog-spirit, that dog-in-the-manger policy which has made so many New Yorkers the objects of derision and contempt in other parts of the nation.

If the New York Yacht Club shall persist in its course, if it shall insist upon excluding what might easily be the best yacht, and thus sacrifice victory to its own selfish desire for personal renown, its name will rightly become a by-word and a scoffing. The American people demand that our very best yacht be put forward to meet the British challenger, and if the Shamrock wins they will never be convinced that victory was not thrown away by the New York club.—Ex.

Ideal Political Courtesy.
The forward movement in courtesy which began in journalism has spread into politics, and, if the case of Becker vs. Becker may be taken as a sample, with results that will inevitably be productive of universal brotherhood. The facts brought out in this case are well worthy of the attention of all those who believe that harmony should take the place of discord in all the relations of life. John Becker and William Becker, neighbors, though unrelated, were opposing candidates for highway commissioner of Sugar Loaf, St. Clair county, Ill., at a recent election. Neither had sought the office, and each accepted the nomination as a public duty, but proceeded at once to do campaign work for the other. On election day each stood at the polls and urged voters to cast their ballots for his opponent. Each received 132 votes, with one ballot doubtful. A lawsuit was the result, each of the contestants filing a petition for a recount, in the hope that the other would be declared elected. Contrary to the prevailing method, each endeavored to make the contest as agreeable and inexpensive as possible to the other, John Becker going so far as to serve the papers personally upon William, while William served them upon John. This cut off the baliff's fees, and William treated John to a dinner from his savings, while John set up for William the choicest refreshments to be had in Sugar Loaf township. When all the testimony was heard the doubtful ballot was given to John, which broke the tie, and he was declared legally elected, much to his disappointment and the joy of William. The latter insisted on paying half the costs of the case, and also the railroad fare of John to and from the county seat. It developed in the trial that each had employed a lawyer to show that the other had been elected. Journalism has not as yet reached this point in its advance toward the ideals of courtesy, but it is certain that the politicians will not be permitted to carry off the palm without a contest. As an evidence of the trend of newspaper thought in the direction of the amenities, it may be mentioned that the editor of the esteemed Canton Semi-Weekly Gazette, in its current issue, alludes to the editor of a contemporary as "a base and shameless scoundrel," showing that the good influence is at work, and that the forward movement is unchecked.

the question of what a young girl shall do "to win success." Formerly it was the boy that occupied the attention and study of moralists and teachers. But the girl problem—not the one in the kitchen—is looming up as one of the most important questions of the times and threatens to completely overshadow the discussion of what to do with the boys. It is interesting to note the opinions of some of the brightest women upon this question as disclosed in a recent symposium. "No matter how wrapped up a girl may be in her ambitions, let her by all means marry anyway," says Dr. Julia Holmes Smith. Mrs. Le Grand W. Perce declares she is unable to "see how a young woman can consistently give her life to a husband and to a business at the same time."

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse declares that a girl "cannot succeed in business while married." Mrs. Lucy Page Gaston says that "girls should make their choice between the home life and the active business or professional life." It is very clear from all this expert opinion that it is the plain duty of girls to get married. At least they cannot hope to manage a husband and a business successfully at the same time. Matrimony and business are incompatible. There must be a choice between the store or the office and the home.

The present lady mayoress of London is quite young and girlish looking, with a wealth of soft fair hair. Her verse is among the best written by women for the contemporary English magazines.

American Heiress Ill in Paris.



Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of William Waldorf Astor, is ill with the grip in Paris. French and American aristocracy alike are anxious for her

speedy recovery, as the young woman has been a prominent figure in the brilliant social season at the French capital.

The Problem of the Girls.
Present industrial and social conditions invite much serious thought on