

Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Frances Sylverton, only daughter and heiress of Lionel Sylverton, Esq., of Sylverton Park, was the most intimate friend that the Trevanions possessed. She was about Mildred's height, and was not altogether unlike that young lady in respect of features, though differing widely from her both in expression and general demeanor. She had handsome eyes and fair brown hair, a good-humored mouth, and a beautiful manner of holding herself. She was quick-witted, clever and affectionate, could talk a good deal of slang without appearing in the least vulgar, and was rather fast and independent, according to the usual rules laid down for the proper guidance of young women.

She was a staunch friend to all the Trevanions, from Sir George down, except, indeed, Charles, between whom and herself there seemed to exist a perpetual warfare, a guerrilla sort of entertainment that smoldered occasionally only to break out again with redoubled energy. Just now the contest was at his height, and Charles Trevanion had left home the last time to join his regiment without so much as riding over to Sylverton to touch his enemy's hand before his departure. This was an unheard-of piece of incivility, and proved clearly that something more even than common had occurred between the belligerents, though what that something was history reported not.

Eddie was a prime favorite of Miss Sylverton's; his affected insolence just suited her rather excitable temperament, and so they argued, and quarreled, and abused, and liked each other persistently from year to year. She had gone, a week before Young's arrival at King's Abbott, to spend a month with an uncle of her's in an adjoining county and so was not expected back for some time—a great source of regret to the Trevanions.

Said Lady Caroline to her daughter Mildred about a week after the Youngs' advent:

"Mildred, my dear, whom shall we ask to meet them the day after tomorrow?"

"You mean Monday," said Mildred—"well, let me see. We have shown them to the Grants and the Blounts, so I suppose we had better say the Deverills, and perhaps the Stanleys, and—oh, two or three of those men from the barracks, and that will be enough."

"Yes, quite enough," her mother returned, though rather dejectedly. "The only thing is, Mildred, those Deverill girls are so provokingly stupid. Mary is well enough if her mother would let her alone; but Jane is—Oh, how I do wish Frances Sylverton was at home!"

"So do I," said Mildred, "with all my heart. But where is the use of wishing? We all know Frances is worth half a dozen of them put together; but saying that won't bring her."

"Won't it?" cried Frances Sylverton's own voice gayly; and then the door was pushed farther open, and Frances herself entered joyously, dressed in blue cloth from shoulder to foot, with the faintest riding-hat imaginable, and proceeded to kiss them both immediately.

"So I am worth half a dozen of them," she exclaimed. "Poor creatures! How I do wonder who they are!"

"Good gracious, Frances," cried Mildred, "who could have expected you?"

"My dear," said Lady Caroline, "I am so very glad to see you. You have come just at the very time we most wanted you, and were beginning to feel your loss most severely. But how is it that you are here? I fancied your uncle had you safely for a month to come."

"Oh, we quarreled, as usual," explained Miss Sylverton, airily—"all but came to blows, you know, and separated by mutual consent, which was a great relief for all parties concerned. I cannot think why he asks me down there to his musty old Grange—as he persists in doing once a year regularly—as it always ends in the same way. We are at daggers-drawn now, but, bless you, I shall get a long, affectionate invitation from him, if he is alive, this time next year precisely. I suppose he feels that a downright good 'blowing-up,' such as he gets from me, is beneficial to his constitution—something like a tonic, or a douche bath—and that is why he continues his obstinate hospitality."

"I am afraid you are a terrible child," laughed Lady Caroline; "but I am sufficiently interested in your return to make all manner of excuses for you, as I want your help next Monday night to entertain some friends we have staying with us."

"Oh, yes—papa was telling me of them," said Frances; and then she stopped.

"They are cotton merchants, old friends of papa's, and of no family whatever," Mildred explained, calmly; and, though she neither blushed nor looked confused, Miss Sylverton could see plainly that it was a sore subject.

what is due to 'birth and position,' as Dame Deverill has it. Being strangers, too, they cannot be up to all my frightful crimes and misdemeanors just yet, you know; and so I dare say they will be gracious to me until I frighten the daughter and young Youngs—there is a 'young Young,' isn't there?"

"Oh, yes," Mildred answered, with a shrug of her pretty, uncivil shoulders, which showed plainly that she wished there was not.

"Oh, well—who knows?—perhaps he will condescend to fall in love with me," chattered on Miss Sylverton; "only I forgot—of course he is head over ears in love with one of you two girls long before this! Which of them is it?"—appealing to Lady Caroline.

"My dear Frances," said her ladyship, "he has been here only a week or so and is it a necessity that he must lose his heart in that space of time? He shoots all day with Eddie, and sees Mildred at dinner time, and talks to Mabel for half an hour before bedtime—and that is the extent of his love-making. So, you see, the field is quite open to you."

"I see," Miss Sylverton rejoined, turning her clear violet eyes first on Lady Caroline and then on Mildred; "he talks to Mabel—which means that Mildred will not look at him, in spite of his unlimited thousands. Well, I thank heaven I was not born with aristocratic tendencies; and I think Mabel is right. Is he handsome?"

"Very," answered Lady Caroline, seeing that Mildred would not open her lips on the subject.

"Rich, handsome and young, in every sense of the word," cried Frances, gayly—"why, what more is wanting? With your permission, Lady Caroline, and without Mabel's, I shall certainly marry this young man," and then the door opened, and Eddie came into the room.

"Frank!" he exclaimed, with undisguised delight; "my dear fellow, is it indeed you? I never anticipated such a happy surprise when I came here to hunt my pipe. Why, what has brought you home so soon? Is it indeed your very self in the flesh?"

"Rather," said Miss Sylverton. "It came to this you see, that, as usual I couldn't see the old boy's line of conduct, and so I bolted, quite as much to his relief as my own."

"I can readily believe that," put in Eddie innocently.

"Besides, the country down there was stupid, and I was getting bored to death," went on Frances.

"Can't you say out boldly and honestly that you couldn't do without me?" said Eddie mischievously; and Miss Sylverton instantly rose to the combat.

"You shall have your ears soundly boxed for that piece of unwarrantable impertinence," she declared, and laid down her little silver mounted riding whip preparatory to commencing operations.

Having chased Eddie successfully into a corner presently, Miss Sylverton laid her pretty hands about his ears with great rapidity, until he had cried peccavi several times, when she desisted, and they both looked up to see Denzil Young standing in the doorway, laughing heartily at the whole encounter. He looked so extremely handsome, and the entire scene was so out of keeping with all propriety, that for once in her life Miss Sylverton blushed crimson.

"You there—and you never came to my rescue!" said Eddie when he had recovered his breath, looking reproachfully at Denzil as he spoke.

"Well, I would not have believed it of you. However, the longer we live, the more we learn, and I suppose it is the way of the world. Miss Sylverton—Mr. Young."

"Oh, Mr. Young, indeed I did not know you were there," Miss Sylverton murmured, demurely, looking as if she could not hurt a fly to save her life; "and, besides, Eddie and I are such old friends." Here she made the discovery that she was excusing her conduct to a strange young man—a thing Miss Sylverton had never before been guilty of.

"Well, wonders will never cease. I declare she is actually ashamed of herself," exclaimed Eddie, who was enjoying her unwonted confusion immensely. "I verily believe she is blushing."

me," Denzil said, turning to where Mildred was standing.

"Certainly. I will even put in two for you on this occasion—it is such an important one," Miss Trevanion returned, smiling on him her sweet calm smile, which somehow had the effect of sending the blood throbbing back into his heart; and then the conversation changed.

"Where is Mabel?" Frances asked presently. "I have seen nothing of either her or Sir George."

"Papa went to Pinchley Common an hour ago," Mildred answered; "but I cannot imagine where Mabel has hidden herself so effectually."

"I think she went with Rachael into the garden," Denzil said, "at least they were talking of examining some flowers when I last saw them."

She came in a few moments later with Rachael Young, and, seeing Frances, dropped all her flowers upon the floor.

"Frances!" she exclaimed, and ran forward and kissed her friend with honest, undisguised delight; after which Miss Young was introduced, and made the faintest, stiffest little inclination in return for Frances, careless, graceful bow.

"She is unbearable," Miss Sylverton assured herself upon the spot, and then told Mabel all about her unexpected return. "And now that I have succeeded so fortunately," she added, "in getting out of the lion's clutches without suffering any severe damage, I think the county ought to celebrate my escape by some public rejoicing. Don't you think so, Mildred? And don't you think it is high time old Dick Blount gave us a ball?"

"It does seem a long time since last he gave one," Miss Trevanion answered, assentingly.

"A dreadful time," declared Frances, who was in the habit of adorning her conversation with innumerable notes of admiration, mingled with startling adjectives—"so long a time that I have quite forgotten what I wore at the last! I say, Eddie, have you finished the rumination of that desk? Because, if so, I should like you to get a horse and ride over with me to the Grange, when we will find old Dick, and make him give us a dance before next week is ended. What do you say to my plan?"

"I am willing," Eddie said, and left the room to order his horse.

"I vote that we all go," exclaimed Mabel. Why not order the pony phaeton and accompany them? It is a charming drive."

"Charming—and so is your idea," Mildred said; "only I don't think I will go. Mab, my dear."

"Oh, why not, Mildred, when there will be plenty of room?" cried Mabel. "You and Mr. Young can sit in front, and Rachael and I behind. Do come, my dearest."

"Not today, thank you," Miss Trevanion returned, blushing faintly.

"An' if she won't she won't," quoted Mabel. "Mr. Young, I have failed, so I leave you to try the power of your persuasions while we go and dress—I dare say you will be more successful. Come Rachael!"—and then she and Miss Young went out of the room.

Mildred prepared to follow.

"Miss Trevanion, I wish you would come with us," Denzil said, softly, eagerly, as he held the door open for her. "The drive will not be the same thing without you. Will you come?"

"It is very good of you to wish it," she answered, bestowing upon him for the second time that morning, her beautiful, indifferent smile, "but I do not think I will—thanks."

"Why not?" he asked, impatiently, still standing before her, and gazing almost angrily down into her calm, unutterably lovely face. "Why not? Tell me."

Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and looked full at him.

GEN. CHAFFEE'S CRITICISM

Says Allies Have Forfeited Right to Reproach Chinese.

SHOW LACK OF DISCRETION.

Natives Are Inflamed by the Unnecessary Expeditions—Protracted Stay of the Foreign Forces Decried to Have Been an Unwise Move.

Manila, June 7.—General Chaffee has arrived here from China, and is the guest of General MacArthur. General Chaffee, in talking of the Chinese question, said he believed that the allies had lost all their gains by their protracted stay. They had forfeited every right to reproach the Chinese by their persevering aggressiveness, unnecessary expeditions, and their insistence upon executions, all of which had placed foreigners in a more unfavorable light in Chinese eyes than before the Boxer troubles. Russia's strong influence at the court has been improved by her moderation. General Chaffee went on to say that a settlement of the Chinese question hinges on a satisfactory allotment of the indemnity. He does not expect definite developments until this matter assumes tangibility. The entire attention of the Chinese, the General said, is directed to obtaining the evacuation of the province of Chihli by the foreign troops, and hence they are willing to accede to all reasonable demands. They earnestly desire to resume their government, but the question of guaranties for indemnities is a serious one which will require much patience and forbearance to settle. Meantime lawlessness is spreading in the province, as no imperial troops are allowed there. After the evacuation by the allies the return of normal conditions will be gradual. Until then China will have no opportunity to prove her sincerity. It is manifestly impossible for her to do so before normal conditions are re-established.

In conclusion, General Chaffee said that the Chinese problem was not yet solved. He believes that Russia intends to maintain her present influence in North China, but does not intend to extend it, except in Manchuria.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

Mrs. Maybrick's Mother Refutes Rumor. London, June 6.—The correspondent of the American has received the following dispatch from the Baroness de Roques, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, who is at Reven, France: "The report that my daughter was released is entirely untrue. These rumors are doing her great harm."

BARONESS DE ROQUES.

Royalist Deputy Cast Into Prison. Paris, June 6.—The Marquis de Lur-Sajoux, the royalist and former member of the Chamber of Deputies who unexpectedly returned from banishment to Paris about the middle of last month, has been arrested and will have to stand trial before the Senate, which will meet as the High Court of Justice June 24.

Lost in Iceland Waters. St. Brieux, France, June 6.—Five fishing boats which went on a fishing cruise in Iceland waters have been missing for two months, and are now believed to have foundered in a gale April 6. Their entire crews, numbered 117 men, are supposed to have perished. There is general mourning here and in the neighboring villages.

Americans Injured Abroad. Geneva, Switzerland, July 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Guild of Boston, with their guide and porter, were carried away by an avalanche under the glacier Grand Mulets on Mont Blanc. Mrs. Guild had her leg broken, Mrs. Guild a fractured shoulder, and the guide and porter were wounded. All are doing nicely.

Russian Nuncio Wanted by Pope. St. Petersburg, June 6.—The report that a special mission from the Vatican is expected to reopen the negotiations for the establishment of a nunciature at St. Petersburg is confirmed.

Pope Has Fainting Spell. Rome, June 7.—The pope had a bad fainting spell today. Dr. Lapponi, his physician, states that his weakness was a temporary effect of the intense heat prevailing here.

Portuguese Cortes Dissolves. Lisbon, June 6.—The cortes dissolved to-day by royal decree. Elections will be held in October, and the cortes will reassemble January 2, 1902.

German Emperor Writing a Play. Berlin, June 6.—All Germany is interested in the announcement that Emperor William is engaged in writing a new play.

Students in Disgrace. Madison, Wis., June 6.—Undue hilarity among some of the students of the University of Wisconsin late last night resulted in the arrest of four boys caught carrying away part of a building to be used in a bonfire. It also caused Acting President E. A. Birge to pursue a number of the disturbers several blocks.

Convicts Hired Out. Tallahassee, Fla., June 7.—The board of state institutions has awarded all state convicts to the Florida Naval Stores and Commission company of this city at \$151.50 per annum. They are to work in turpentine camps.

Tragedy of a Farm. Aurora, Mo., June 7.—Walter Standell, farmer, murdered his wife by cutting her throat. He then attempted suicide by cutting his own throat. He is still alive but cannot recover.

BASEBALL GAMES.

American League.
At Chicago—Rain broke up the game in third inning.
At Detroit—
Detroit 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1—3
Athletics 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—2
At Milwaukee—
Milwaukee 0 1 1 0 2 0 0 0—1
Boston 0 0 1 0 3 1 0 0 2—7
At Cleveland—Game was stopped by rain in the third inning.

National League.
At Chicago—Darkness stopped game first inning.
At Cincinnati—
Cincinnati 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—1
Brooklyn 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1
At St. Louis—
St. Louis 0 0 0 0 2 2 0 0—4
New York 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—3
At Pittsburgh—
Pittsburg 1 2 0 1 0 1 0 0—5
Philadelphia 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—3

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

American League.
Won. Lost. Per.
Chicago 25 12 .673
Detroit 22 15 .593
Washington 17 12 .586
Baltimore 15 13 .536
Boston 14 16 .467
Philadelphia 16 19 .457
Milwaukee 14 21 .400
Cleveland 9 23 .281

National League.
Won. Lost. Per.
New York 18 10 .643
Pittsburg 20 15 .571
Cincinnati 18 14 .563
Philadelphia 18 16 .523
Brooklyn 15 17 .469
St. Louis 12 16 .429
Boston 15 20 .429
Chicago 13 23 .361

VALET JONES WILL NOT TALK.

Three Attempts to Get Testimony on the Rice Willis Fall.

New York, June 6.—Another fruitless attempt has been made by the lawyers interested in the wills purported to have been drawn by William Marsh Rice to take the testimony of the valet Jones, who is now in a private hospital at Forty-fourth street. Jones, who is said to be suffering from ulceration of the stomach and in a very nervous condition, has been in the hospital for about six weeks under guard. On the application of Messrs. Hornblower, Byrne, Miller & Potter, attorneys for Capt. Baker of Texas, who is an executor under both wills, Surrogate Thomas granted an order for taking his testimony before Edward B. Whitney as referee in case he should not be able to appear before the surrogate. Three attempts have been made to examine Jones, but he had caused them to be postponed on the plea that he was not strong enough to answer questions.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Edward Kimball Dead. Chicago, June 6.—Edward Kimball, whose long service in the work of lifting church debts has made his name prominent in all parts of the country, and to whom credit is given for the conversion of the late Dwight L. Moody, died at 11:30 a. m., today, at the home of his son, Dr. R. H. Kimball, 453 Kenilworth Ave., Oak Park.

Died on His Mother's Grave. New York, June 6.—Superintendent of the Union Fields cemetery, Brooklyn, found a young man dead yesterday on the grave of Jeannette Steady. He had shot himself. Papers in his pocket indicated that he was Adolph Strauss of 412 Broadway, Manhattan, and he had committed suicide on his mother's grave.

Judge J. R. Bobs Drops Dead. Decatur, Ind., June 7.—Judge James R. Bobs of this city died suddenly of heart failure on his birthday. He served as state senator six years. He was 62 years old.

Banker Covert Drops Dead. Newman, Ill., June 7.—N. Covert, a retired banker, dropped dead of apoplexy.

Texas Congressman Dies. Dallas, Texas, June 6.—Congressman Burke died at 1:50 this morning.

Form Trust in Zinc. Joplin, Mo., June 6.—A zinc mining deal involving \$8,000,000 worth of property has been consummated in London. The deal, promoted by J. D. Cameron, of Joplin, embraces many rich producing zinc mines, mills and leases, and several thousand acres of undeveloped mineral lands. Its consummation is announced in a cablegram. The English syndicate will secure other mines and seek to control enough of the output to dictate prices. The entire \$8,000,000 bond issued to pay for the property has been placed in London.

Constitution Leaves for Bristol. Newport, R. I., June 6.—The yacht Constitution, in tow, left the harbor early today for the Herreshoff's works at Bristol, to undergo repairs of the damage wrought by the collapse of her steel mast while on a trial spin outside the harbor yesterday. Considerable rigging trailed along over the port rail as the Constitution started up the bay today, and the big steel boom gave her a decided list to port.

Lightning Strikes School. Independence, Iowa, June 7.—Lightning struck the school house at Littleton, injuring all the school children within, many of them seriously. During the same storm lightning struck a Methodist church at Hazleton while a county Sunday school convention was being held. Several were injured, and all badly shocked.

Tornado in Wisconsin Town. Prentice, Wis., June 6.—A tornado struck this place last night. The wind tore up fences and telegraph poles and destroyed the Swedish church and tore out the front of S. W. Pierson's store. Many dwellings were damaged and the property loss will be very heavy.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Round Entrance Halls.

Round entrance halls are a novelty that is taking quite well for more pretentious houses.

Summer Upholstery.

Reversible armures are among the most recently exhibited stuffs for summer upholstery. Old-time glazed chintzes and French cottons are great favorites also.

An Ideal Parlor.

The concentration of interests in a room is by no means an unworthy study. Many rooms are spoiled without it. It has been successfully accomplished in a parlor overlooking a square. One side of the room is taken up with a large bay-window. The other side, at right angles to it, is taken up by the fireplace sunk in a recess, and so carrying out the line of the window. The study of the mistress has been to make two centres to her room, one around the window, which is always charming by day, and one around the fireplace for the night. Her table therefore, with its writing materials and its reading lamps, has been placed in front of the fireplace, with two easy-chairs before it, where she and her husband can read when the logs are lighted. On the left of the table there is a sofa facing the window with its pretty view, while grouped before it are more chairs. Here she takes her afternoon tea—Harper's Bazar.

Freezing Furs—and Moths.

Once upon a time a woman who had cedar chests in which to store her winter belongings was considered a fortunate being indeed and looked upon with envy by her sister housewives. Now cedar chests, camphor and moth-balls are all scorned as old-fashioned and inadequate by the patrons of cold storage warehouses, where furs are taken care of and costly draperies, rugs, etc., are sent for protection from the moths. The expert furriers say that heat and not moths is the chief danger that threatens furs. A month's wear in warm weather is harder on fine furs than years of use with the thermometer at freezing point. Heat takes the life out of fur and pales the color, leaving it limp, dull and faded. In the modern storage house the furs are kept in rooms where the air is dry as a bone and the temperature many degrees below freezing point. Any daring moth that found its way into this room would be at once frozen stiff. Sealskins, skunk and other furs which have a furry odor, however faint, are not as apt to attract the moth as are sable, chinchilla and ermine. Great attention is paid to the way the fur is smoothed when garments are laid away by fur-packers. Each hair has to be in its proper place or a rough, rubbed appearance will be the result when the garment is taken out for use. One of the biggest furriers in town believes in heroic treatment as a preventive of moths. All the furs in his establishment are kept hanging in cedar closets, and once a week all year round each garment is taken out and well beaten and examined. New York Commercial Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Gooseberry Pie—Stew three cups of gooseberries slowly without water on back of range, add one and a half cups of sugar mixed with one tablespoonful flour. Bake between two crusts in brisk oven. Do not fail to cut an opening in upper crust to allow escape of steam.

Coffee Ice Cream—One quart of rich cream, one-half pint of strong Mocha coffee, fourteen ounces white pulverized sugar, yolks of eight eggs. Mix these ingredients in a porcelain-lined dish, place over the fire to thicken, rub through hair sieve into the dish and freeze as usual.

Potato Turnovers—Mix one pint of hot mashed potatoes with one egg, season with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Make into balls, and press out thin; put a tablespoonful of meat minced and seasoned on one-half, fold over and press the edges together and brown on both sides in butter or sausage fat.

Mock Bisque Soup—Season nicely one pint of tomatoes, stewed and strained, with one teaspoonful of onion juice, a little pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of mace. Thicken a quart of milk in a double boiler with two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter rubbed together. When ready to serve, turn the tomatoes into a tureen, add a scant quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, pour in the milk, mix and serve at once with squares of toasted bread.

Poulette Sauce—Take a pint of white sauce made with chicken or veal stock instead of milk, beat four yolks with a half a cupful of cream, remove the sauce from the fire and add it slowly to the eggs and cream, stirring all the time. Put it again on the fire a moment to thicken, but do not let it boil or it will curdle. Add one tablespoonful of butter slowly, a small piece of thyme, the juice of half a lemon, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a dash of nutmeg. Serve at once. The sauce should not be put together until it is time to serve, as it is likely to curdle after the egg and lemon juice are in it. Stir constantly for a moment after removing from the fire.