

# KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

.....BY MAJOR ALLAN.....

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

That night she would not consent to forsake his couch.

A new strength—the strength of despair—had come to her, and the doctor and nurse alike marveled at the courage and promptitude with which she assumed the duties of her position when the sleepless night was over at last and the good ship steamed slowly into Southampton docks.

There she indited telegrams, arranged for Don's removal to the little steamer for the Isle of Wight, and gave orders about their luggage, all with a fortitude and forethought that had never been called upon till now. The sympathy of the whole ship went with her, for the calamity which had befallen her and her great endurance beneath it had won her golden opinions from all.

The captain stepped forward and grasped the little hand she proffered in silent gratitude for his condolence when the moment of farewell came at last. He had a letter to deliver into her keeping which, owing to Don's illness, he had refrained from doing before. He explained that the letter had been found upon the dead body of the Indian when recovered from the sea; and as Captain Gordon's name was mentioned in it, he thought Captain Gordon's wife should have it.

Lillie took it and put it in her pocket, with a wan little smile of thanks. Vivid as was her remembrance still of that ghastly scene the night of the storm, her thoughts had seldom dwelt on the swarthy seaman's dastardly deed which had added this twofold agony of Don's illness to her sorrow-laden soul. Indian life had inured her to the deep-rooted thirst for revenge of the native if he believed himself wronged; but Don was ever so universal a favorite she could not fathom the seaman's attack. She had neither time nor heart to read the letter now.

Yet it was not till the channel packet moored alongside the Cowes pier, and she saw Roddy and Di, in response to her telegram, hurrying forward to greet her, the unnatural strain upon her endurance and calm gave way, and she fell on Diana's neck with the bitter, broken cry which meant the whole world to her.

"He is dying."

All that night Don's life was despaired of. His feeble pulse went down to the lowest ebb; and, as if that brief period of consciousness had sapped the last spark of vitality, his exhaustion was so great that at times they scarcely could tell if the breath of life had not gone out forever. There was no question of proceeding to Shamkln, where Roddy and Di had fondly expected to welcome bride and bridegroom to their cottage home.

To the big hotel overlooking the azure sea they carried Don to die. True, the fever had left him now, but it had left him prostrate, helpless as an infant. He slept continuously, knowing not the difference between night and day, sometimes dimly conscious of a loving hand ever ready to minister to his wants, but too weak, too far out on that limitless gulf that flows between the worlds to dream of what awaited him on either shore.

And Lillie? She must have suffered even if she had not loved him, and her love during those long weeks of nursing had become to her both life and food.

She sat by him while night waned and dawn broke. "Why seek rest when sleep was impossible?" she argued. And so they let her have her way, passing in and out of the sick room, always to find her sitting there, with her blue eyes fixed upon Don's face, motionless, almost breathless in her piteous despair. But just as the sun was rising and bathing the fair world without in a blaze of golden light Diana stole to her with some refreshment, to find her sitting up in her chair, a hectic flush on her face, her eyes aflame with mingled excitement and grief. A letter lay open on her lap. It was the letter the captain of the troopship had given her, and which had lain in her pocket forgotten until now, when a chance thought recalled it.

It was written in Hindostanee, and bore the straggling signature of one who had so ruthlessly wrecked "the White Lily's" peace. The signature was Sing, and was it wonder, as Lillie laboriously waded through its brief contents, passion and pain and remorse overwhelmed her bleeding heart?

"I command you to remove the despicable Feringhee (Englishman) Captain Gordon out of my path," ran the Prince's scroll. "Dotard! poltroon! that you were to take Captain Derwent's life in his stead! Your excuse that the darkness of the night and Captain Gordon's conduct led to your failure avail you nothing. You have robbed me of a friend, and let my foe go free. Expect neither reward nor mercy from me."

She understood it all now. The Indian whose knife had pierced Don's breast was no other than the sepoy who, in the secret service of the

Prince, had followed Don into Tirah. His orders had been to shoot Don, but in the gathering dusk of the nullah he had mistaken Captain Derwent for his intended victim. He had thereupon graphically reported Don's every word and action to try to account for the excitement which led to the misdirection of his own rifle; but the excuse had weighed not at all with the haughty potentate, whose imperious will had thus been frustrated.

And the sepoy, with that blind devotion to his master which is the Indian's truest point, had willingly faced death, disguised as a seaman, again to make attempt to carry out the Prince's desire.

She realized with a shudder the awful strength of her royal lover's deep-rooted jealousy. She felt anew the agony of remorse doublefold.

In vain Diana, with her larger faith and greater endurance, tried to solace her. She knew intuitively that Di, in her noble abandonment of self, would have sacrificed her grief for the father who was dead in order to teach the comfort of repentance at the foot of the cross to the living husband's suffering soul.

And now Don was dying—dying! and that supreme privilege would never be hers. She might never hold his hand and say: "If we confess our sins, and be faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." She had told Don she forgave him, yet she had bidden him go and work out his own repentance and salvation, bereft of earthly comfort and companionship—Don, whose nature she knew was so weak to resist temptation or endure hardship, who knew nothing of the strength of self-reliance or the trust in a redeemer.

Ah! what was her forgiveness worth? Colonel Gordon from Gadie arrived at West Cowes on the second day following Roddy's message of Don's condition. Though his son undoubtedly held the first place in the old laird's heart, his nephew Don had ever received a large share of his affectionate solicitude, and he was profoundly moved by the young officer's illness.

Yet it was he who resolutely drew Lillie from the sick room, leaving Roddy and Diana to watch with the nurse through that time of dread crisis. He saw the strength of the girl wife was all but sapping beneath the awful strain, both physical and mental; and it was in those short, calm converses by the wide seashore at the brave old soldier's side that Lillie learned the greatest of faith's secrets—"He doeth all things well."

And it was then—then, when her heavy-laden heart had found relief in submission to that Higher Will than her own, the vital wave of Don's life, having ebbed to its furthest limit, began to flow back. The doctor's verdict went forth that it was possible Don might live.

Oh, the agony then of those nights and days! those alternate hours when life and death struggled for supremacy, and each hung in the balance! Once more Lillie hovered almost incessantly by Don's pillow, living only in that hope of the first look, the first word of recognition. She hungered for it with an eager intensity that had no thought of self in it now.

She longed to pour out in his ears the comfort of that proof of the Prince's guilt and his own innocence. She told herself not even death could appal her now if but that brief communion of souls might be theirs, for suffering had taught her even resignation's wondrous hope.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

The sun was setting over the green, sloping hills and gilded on the fleets of yachts and little boats in the harbor and on the castle at its mouth. Away beyond the dividing River Medina rose Norris castle, with its fair parks extending to the shore, and still further were just visible the two square turrets of the little island home of the sovereign lady, Queen Victoria.

It was a fair, fair scene, and as Lillie stood at Don's window looking out upon it, her heart swelled with mingled patriotism and emotion. Ah, surely God, who was so merciful, would grant that Don, too, might yet revel in the fairness she now looked on?

Then suddenly, as she turned, she saw Don's eyes were open, and he was gazing upon her with the rapture of full consciousness which once before lit his face on board the great steamer. She went to him and fell on her knees beside his bed.

"My darling," he said faintly, and his weak arms went out to her and gathered her nearer and drew her head down to her breast. "Where are we?" he asked then, after a moment of silence that was too full for speech.

"We are home," she answered, in a voice of joy.

Through the near bay-window his eyes fell on the distant towers of Osborne, and suddenly, at that touch of

memory, he kissed her passionately, with all the ardor of hope and life.

"My queen is here," he murmured.

Yes, like the Israelites of old, these two had needed to pass through the wide red sea of suffering ere they gained the promised land.

But "King Don" had come into his kingdom at last.

(The End.)

## LIFE IN SAMOA.

Description of the Island People by Mrs. Strong.

Mrs. Isabel Strong, step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, lived with the Stevenson family during most of their life in Samoa, and she was closely associated with Mr. Stevenson in his literary work. She told recently of the beauty of the island, and said it could really be called the "Emerald Isle," on account of the luxuriance of its tropical vegetation. Orchids grow there like buttercups and daisies in an English meadow. Stevenson had a great love for the place, and he considered it restful and full of inspiration. The natives looked upon him with veneration, and his mother, who always wore a white cap, they called an exiled princess, confounding the cap and the crown as symbols of royalty. Mr. Stevenson became friendly with many of the natives and one of his pleasures was to see the effect upon them of highly civilized customs, as for instance, inviting twelve or more of the warriors to a course dinner, served with great formality. The warriors would come in native costume and never appeared ill at ease, always waiting for Mr. Stevenson to begin a course and then imitating exactly. Contrary to the view of most savage people, the women of Samoa do not do the heavy work, and under the teaching of Mr. Stevenson they became still more exempt from unnecessary burdens, and lived much the same domestic life as civilized women. In their dress they still retained, however, many savage traits, and it was not an unusual thing to see the children going to church attired only in a hat and a wreath of smilax. When Mr. Stevenson died, the natives built a coral road from his home to his grave, and this they call "the road of loving hearts." They have also built a hospital in his memory, and Mrs. Stevenson partly supports it, sending a yearly contribution. The natives have always been afraid of the body would be removed from Samoa, and they guard the grave with great care.

## A CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

It Has Been Invented by a Full Blooded Member of the Tribe.

The new hieroglyphic alphabet is a novelty. It is the invention of a full blooded Cherokee Indian, by name Sequoyah. He has for a long time sought some method of writing the Cherokee language, hitherto only spoken. He found that the English letters would not express the sounds of that tongue, nor would his fellow Cherokees take up the white man's letters. To overcome this difficulty he decided to invent a new alphabet, easy to learn and at the same time expressive of the sounds of the Cherokee language. The Indian will not easily come down to mere lines, so he used pictures of things to indicate the letters or sounds of letters. He succeeded at last in forming an alphabet of sixty-eight signs by which he could express all of the sounds of his native tongue. At the same time the letters are so large and distinct from each other as not to be easily confused. He first tried his new alphabet on his wife, and found that she could easily remember the sounds and learn to read. Then he called in half a dozen of the Cherokee warriors and tried his letters on them. Here again he succeeded. He wrote a few sentences in Cherokee, and they read them after a little training.

## About Frightening Children.

If a child is constitutionally nervous, says the American Journal of Health, it is no use to think that it can be made different by force. Argument, too, in many cases only intensifies the terror which children often feel if left alone in the dark, and gives definite expression to fears which are purely imaginary. Many people argue that a child who is afraid to be left alone or to go into a dark room ought to be made to do either of these things in order to find out that no harm will come to him. Now, children are seldom really afraid unless they have been made so, and it is a curious fact that the most timid child shrinks from disclosing his fears to anyone. In such a case someone has certainly warned him that worse things will happen if he dares to disclose the reason of his alarm. Very often it is the simplest thing which has been made to appear so terrible under certain conditions.

## Says Genius Should Not Marry.

Possibly the best known unmarried man of letters is Henry James, the novelist. He maintains stoutly that the artist, no matter what the medium of his expression, should remain single, on the ground that the petty cares and carpings of domestic life tend to wear on delicately-adjusted nerves and exhaust the mental fiber of genius, whether its possessor be a painter of pictures, worker in words, a modeler of statues, a composer of music, a singer or one who amuses the people from the stage.

Some men never realize how mean they have been until they run for office.

## TWO LETTERS.

The picture was a decidedly pretty one—there was a sloping lawn leading down to the river Thames. An old-fashioned house, with gabled roof and French windows were all open, for the day was a hot one in July. By one of them a girl stood in a white dress, with a crimson rose fastened in her belt. Her eyes were lowered; she was reading a letter.

"It's awful to think of the two letters coming the same day," she said to herself. "Of course, I know what this letter contains." Here she looked down at an unopened envelope which she was holding firmly clasped in her right hand. She hesitated as she glanced at it, and with an effort she took the second letter out of its cover and read the following words:

"Dear Margot—For God's sake, don't give yourself to that other fellow because he is rich. You know perfectly well that I love you to distraction. Yours,

"ROBERT CECIL."

"Margot, Margot," shouted a gay voice. Some little steps were heard on the gravel, and a girl of eleven or twelve years of age, with a quantity of hair falling over her shoulders, ran around the house and up to Margot's side.

"Sir Peter Ansell is coming down the avenue, Margot—he is driving his mail phaeton tandem, and it's perfectly splendid to see him. Why, how funny you look, and what is that letter which Gip is worrying? Oh, Margot, it's in Sir Peter's handwriting."

"Pick up all the bits, Polly, do, do," exclaimed the elder girl. "Oh, you wicked Gip, what a nuisance you are. Why, I had scarcely read the letter, and—"

"Was it very important?" asked Polly, who was down on her knees helping to collect the scattered fragments.

"Oh, I suppose so; well, it does not matter. Is Sir Peter coming around here, Polly? Do I look all right?"

"You look splendid," said Polly, with emphasis. "Of course, he's coming round here. It's your he has come to visit—we all know what he wants. Oh, Margot, do say yes to him. I do



want to drive a tandem so dreadfully, and Bob said this morning he was going to get a pony first thing out of that old beggar of an Ansell, see if he wasn't. You have got to say yes, and see that you do. Oh, what letter is that you are crushing up in your hand?"

"Nothing—nobody's letter," said Margot, incoherently. "How do you do, Sir Peter?" She held out her hand to a stout, florid-looking man who now approached.

"Well, Margot," he said, "you have read my letter, and, of course, it's to be yes, isn't it—you do love me a little bit, don't you?"

"Yes, I like you," said Margot, making a desperate effort.

"Well, that's pleasant to hear—you can easily change like into love now, can't you?"

Margot thought of Bob, who wanted good schooling; of Polly, who was running wild, without any chance of growing up as a young lady should; of her father who was over head and heels in debt, and of her mother, who had been worried straight out of this world by money cares.

She shut away the picture of the man who had sent her the other letter. "After all," she said to herself, "what does one girl's life matter? Sir Peter is a millionaire, and he can save us all. Yes, I'll marry him."

She turned her face toward the burly countenance of her lover, and said bravely:

"You are very kind to me, and I suppose I'll love you in time."

"Yes; that you shall, and pretty soon, too," he answered. "Now, give me a kiss, Margot."

Margot held up her cheek—Sir Peter put his arm around her and kissed her several times.

The rest of the day passed in a sort of a dream. There was excitement and delight in the Forrester household. Margot was kissed, blessed and congratulated by every soul in the place. Sir Peter had a long and eminently satisfactory interview with Mr. Forrester. Margot wondered how she was ever to go through with it. The other letter seemed to burn a hole in her pocket. She felt it wherever she went.

"You know perfectly well that I love you to distraction."

She went down to the bank of the river, and, seating herself under a tree, took out the letter.

She had scarcely done so before a manly voice shouted her name. There was the dip of oars and the gentle swish of a boat being propelled rapidly forward. Cecil, in boating costume, pulled up under the tree where Margot was sitting. In a moment he had jumped out.

"Now, this is luck," he exclaimed. "To think that I should find you here, and absolutely reading my letter. Oh, I say, Margot, is it—is it all right?" His bronzed face was pale as he asked the question, his voice shook.

"No; it's all wrong," said Margot, with a sudden passion. "Oh, Robert, I'm not strong enough—I could not withstand them all. We are so fearfully poor—and—father's debts. Robert, I could not help myself—some one had to be sacrificed."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Cecil, interrupting her, and grasping her arm with such force that she cried out with pain, "you don't mean to tell me, Margot, that after my letter you have gone and given yourself to that fellow?"

"Yes, I have," said Margot, bursting into a passion of tears. "I have, and he's coming back to dinner, and I must go."

"Look at me, Margot," said the young man. "You don't love him?"

"No."

"And do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you think you're doing a very wicked thing, a very unfair thing to Sir Peter?"

"I am marrying him because he is rich," said Margot, "and to help all the others. When a girl has a father and brothers and sisters, she must sacrifice herself sometimes. I never told him that I loved him."

"Did you tell him that you loved me?"

"No."

"I repeat that you are doing wrong, Margot, and no good will come of it." Cecil sprang down the bank once more and jumped into the boat. Margot returned to the house.

In the hall she was met by Polly.

"Margot," she exclaimed, "I don't know what can be going on, but Sir Peter arrived here about a quarter of an hour ago, and he was not dressed for dinner, and he seemed to be in a most awful rage about something. He is with father in the study. I was listening at the door and I heard his voice getting louder and louder, and father trying to soothe him. Oh, there, I hear the door opening and father is calling you. Run, Margot, do run, and find out what is the matter. Oh, dear, dear!" continued Polly, "your eyes are red and your face all turned with crying. Are things going to turn out wrong after all?"

"Margot," called the father, "come here at once."

She obeyed him immediately. He took her hand, drew her into the study and locked the door.

Sir Peter, whose face was alarming red, was standing on the hearth rug. He came straight up to Margot when she entered the room.

"Now young lady," he said, "I want to ask you a plain question. Is that my letter that I wrote to you this morning, or is it not?"

Here he held up a much chewed and disfigured morsel of paper.

"Is that my letter?" he repeated; "is that my signature?"

"Yes," said Margot, looking at it. "I'm really very sorry," she exclaimed, "Gip has been chewing it."

"You hear her," exclaimed Sir Peter, turning to Forrester. "You see, she confesses the whole thing. Now, what excuse have you to make for such conduct, Miss Forrester?"

"Margot could have known nothing about it," began Mr. Forrester.

"Yes, I did," said Margot. "I saw him doing it, but the fact is I was so busy reading another letter that I did not wait to stop him. Sir Peter," she continued, "I made a mistake when I said 'yes' this morning—I can't go on with my engagement. I find that I— I don't love you—that I shall never love you, and that I do love some one else."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Peter, "isn't that a nice confession to make?"

I write you a proposal of marriage and you allow your dog to chew up my letter. You accept me in the morning, and you reject me in the evening, and finally you tell me that you love another man better than me. Don't you think you have behaved very badly?"

"I do," answered Margot. "I have behaved dreadfully both to you and to the other man."

She left the room without another word and went up to her bedroom.

The day had begun badly, and now it was going to end badly. Margot did not dare to return to the bosom of her justly aggrieved family again that night. She cried a great deal; finally she took Cecil's letter and read it carefully over—not once, but many times. Then she raised it to her lips and kissed it passionately, and she got into bed, and, holding it open in her palm, she went to sleep with it pressed against her cheek.

When she awoke the next morning she felt less unhappy; in short, things seemed to have cleared themselves a little in her brain.

She no longer felt that it was her duty to sacrifice herself to her family. It so happened that Cecil, who had called early at the house that morning, was able to confirm her in this opinion.

Thoughts that disturb men most never enter a woman's head.

## BARB WIRE TELEPHONE LINE.

Two Indiana Towns, Fifteen Miles Apart, Successfully Connected.

An Anderson, Ind., correspondent writes: One of the most novel telephone systems in the world is the "barbwire" line, which connects the towns of Anderson, Pendleton and Ingalls. It is fifteen miles in length. Its inventor, builder and sole owner, Cassius Alley of Pendleton, Ind., now has six subscribers at \$50 a year each.

The time is not far distant when there will be ten-fold this number. One clothing company at Anderson with branch stores at Pendleton, and the Wagner Glass Works, with offices at Anderson and factory at Ingalls, are using this barb-wire system in their business affairs exclusively. They use the line frequently. They can convert it into a private line by plugs so arranged that when one party is using the line he can cut out all others except in Mr. Alley's residence, which is used as a central station. It is no exaggeration to say that this barb-wire telephone system is quite as satisfactory as the copper circuit of the Bell.

Ordinary phones are used with no special strength of battery and there is very little trouble with the line. In constructing the line Mr. Alley used the top strand of the barb-wire fence of the Big Four railway, making the connections with the offices of his subscribers with ordinary telephone wire. In some instances where the posts had rotted it was necessary to paint the wire and posts with rubber paint to insulate the wire. The whole line of fifteen miles was built at a cost of about \$100, and the outfit for each house, consisting of receiver, transmitter, battery, call, etc., costs not over \$10. The line has been in operation since December 22, and has not been out of order except for a few hours when a fast train on the railway track struck a cow, threw her body against the fence and broke the wire.

## MEN OF GENIUS.

First-Born Sons Do Not Monopolize Greatness.

Professor Axenfeld, an eminent European physiologist, has brought about an interesting discussion by the statement of his belief that men of genius are always the oldest of families.

"Second or third sons, may be eminent men," he adds, "and sons born later may be men of talent, but they can never be great." Dr. Cyrus Edson, a physiologist of New York, undertakes to controvert these statements, and furnishes the following names of men of genius who were not the first-born: Benjamin Franklin, fifteenth; Sir R. Arkwright, thirteenth; Joseph Butler, eighth; Sir Joseph Reynolds, seventh; Alfred the Great, fifth; Sir Charles Bell, fifth; Prince Bismarck, fourth; Gladstone, fourth; Cecil Rhodes, fourth; Wellington, third; Charles James Fox, third; Sir Robert Walpole, third; Shakespeare, third; Beaumont, third; Fletcher, third; Lord Lytton, third; Philip of Macedon third; Tennyson, third; Simon de Montfort, third; Napoleon Bonaparte, second; Turenne, second; Solomon, second; Sir William Wallace, second; John Wesley, second; Sir F. Baring, second; Montaigne, second; Carlyle, second; Brian Boru, second; Christopher Huggens, second; R. B. Sheridan, second.

## Winter Ocean Baths.

The fad of taking a plunge in the waters of the ocean and bay during the winter has, it seems, taken a firm hold on some of the residents in the suburban sections of Brooklyn, especially those along the shores of Gravesend Bay, at Bath Beach and Bensonhurst. These two hamlets now boast of three residents who never fail to take a cool dip in the bay every day in the year. All those who would doubt it can go down to Bensonhurst and make inquiries for John Richmond, a good natured Englishman, who owns a little place on Bath avenue, near Thirty-fifth street, where he conducts a florist's business. His wife prides herself on being the only woman in the city who takes the icy plunge. It has been said that a mysterious woman die make her appearance a short time ago at Bath Beach, and, after promenade the beach for a time, she plunged into the water. The woman, however, was apparently satisfied with that one dip and has not been seen along the shore since, while Mrs. Richmond is there every day.

## Pensioned Widows of Officers.

Among the widows of volunteer officers of the civil war to whom pensions have been granted are Mrs. F. P. Blair, \$2,000 a year; Mrs. John M. Corse, \$1,200; Mrs. Nathaniel P. Banks, \$1,200; Mrs. Walter Q. Gresham, \$1,200; Mrs. John F. Hartranft, \$1,200; Mrs. John A. Logan, \$1,200; Mrs. Fletcher Webster, whose husband was the son of Daniel Webster, \$1,200. Among the widows of the regular establishment pensions have been granted as follows: Mrs. P. H. Sheridan, \$2,500; Mrs. G. H. Thomas, \$2,000; Mrs. G. B. McClellan, \$2,000; Mrs. John C. Fremont, \$2,000; Mrs. Grant, \$5,000; Mrs. Hancock, \$2,000; Mrs. Crook, \$2,000, besides a large number of less known persons at \$40 and \$50 a month.

## Women's Unequal Rights.

In thirty-seven of these United States a married mother has no legal right to her child. In sixteen states a wife has no legal right to her own earnings outside of the home. In eight states a woman has no right to her own property after marriage. In seven states there is no law compelling a man to support his own family.