

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

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

CHAPTER I.

Don Gordon came out of the mess-room of the regiment at Rawal Pindi and, vaulting the horse his native servant held in readiness for him, took his way through the balmy Indian spring evening toward the pretty bungalow of Capt. Derwent of the Gordon Highlanders.

Don's pale cheek was flushed, and he carried his slim young figure, in its khaki uniform, with more of its old majestic swagger than had characterized it for many weeks, for he had been twice in hospital since he had volunteered from home for active service on the frontier with the first battalion of the Sherwood Foresters.

He had only now just recovered from a severe gunshot wound from an Afridi rifle, received whilst leading a score of his brave Derbyshire company on a foraging expedition.

But the exhilaration of hope more than of renewed health was accountable for his springing step and the light in his large brown eyes.

The British mail had brought him a letter from his cousin Roddy, which afforded him much satisfaction, for it contained the announcement of Roddy's engagement to Don's sister, Diana, thereby setting at rest forever a lurking fear in Don's heart that Roddy's thoughts were centered on Capt. Derwent's fair daughter, Lillie.

The "White Lily," she was not inaptly called in the cantonment, whither she had accompanied her father from Aldershot some months gone by.

Don rode at a brisk canter through the lines toward the green compound, where teak and peepul trees rose darkly against the clear blue sky, and the red freckles flashed in and out among the slender shafts of the graceful bamboo.

But in the mind's eye of the soldier it was another scene which suddenly rose before him.

He seemed to see a beloved and lovely landscape in fair Aberdeenshire. He heard the murmur of a river and the song of thrushes from the privet hedges. He looked upon the lordly Scottish home of Gadie Ha, to which he had grown up from infancy to believe himself the heir, and his grip on his mare's rein tightened, and the still unconquered bitterness of fierce disappointment swept his heart anew.

His mother's deathbed confession had proved his foster-brother, Roddy, to be the heir; but it was not against Roddy that Don felt any personal grievance—Roddy, one of the gay Gordon Highlanders with whom he had fought side by side through the recent campaign of the Tirah field force, and who had heroically saved Don's life in the deadly thick of battle.

No; it was against the cruelty of circumstances which had robbed him at one fell blow of rank and wealth and that natural ease so dear to his inmost soul.

For "King Don," as his brother officers jokingly termed him, was born to rule with a high-handed self-righteousness, and to his proud spirit disinclination had well-nigh been more bitter than death.

His uncle, the present Laird of Gadie, might still allow him ample means out of the Gadie revenues; but to Don it were small compensation for his forfeited rights of heirship.

He might yet succeed in winning the peerless, heiress, Lillie Derwent, for his bride; but as Don knew in his secret heart, it was only when Lillie Derwent had unexpectedly become an heiress his thoughts had ever turned to her with anything akin to love, and once already he had well merited her rejection of his proposal.

Alas! and alas! for it was love's acutest suffering alone was to prove to Don at last.

Not to understand a treasure's worth! Till time has stolen away the slightest good.

Is cause for half the poverty we feel, And makes world the wilderness it is. As Don neared his destination he rode forward more slowly, for he was now conscious of a little quickening of his pulse.

In the circle of home society, an already disappointed man would scarcely return to his fair one, like a moth to a candle, after a lapse of months; but circumstanced as he and Lillie were, now cast for the time being together in a foreign land, matters seemed very different.

Capt. Derwent was absent with the field force; Lillie was alone in a strange country, at present sharing her bungalow with the young widow and baby boy of an officer recently killed on the front, and to whom Lillie's heart had gone out in deepest sympathy.

Don was subtly conscious that the Lillie Derwent of to-day was a very different Lillie from the coquette who had toyed in the past with his Cousin Roddy's boyish love, or even the Lillie who had repudiated his own offer of marriage with such scorn. For he realized now that Lillie had come to know the solace of reliance upon that Divine Anchor, whose storm-tossed souls are never shipwrecked.

Don knew himself to be but a rudderless barque, drifting on a shoreless sea; but though faith awoke no responsive echo in his own heart, he admired Lillie none the less for the change which had made her a truer

and nobler woman than the thoughtless, somewhat heartless maiden of the past.

The interest she had manifested in his—Don's—convalescence, and his career altogether, lent impetus to the thought that she would not refuse him her hand a second time.

Marriage with Lillie would mean to him affluence equal to the rent rolls of Gadie, and—well, he admired Lillie as much as Don felt it incumbent upon him to admire any one, to the exclusion of the overruling idol of his life, and that was self.

But it was almost with the air of an ardent lover Don drew rein before the spacious white house surrounded by a cool veranda, between whose slender columns green blinds of split bamboo excluded the heat of the sun by day.

"Yes, the memsahib was at home," he was informed by the durwan—door-keeper—who hurried to his summons.

A gong was banged to announce a visitor, and thereupon another native, red-turbaned and white-caftaned, appeared on the threshold and salaamed Don Gordon through the white vestibule toward a delightful apartment, which proved to be untenanted. It was a veritable lady's boudoir, furnished with European taste and Oriental splendor combined.

On the walls were dotted valuable prints in English frames, which Don remembered to have adorned Capt. Derwent's private quarters at home. They had a touch of pathos as seen in conjunction with the great gilded punkah which hung overhead.

About the room were scattered the books and thousand and one knick-knacks which betrayed that even in far northeastern India an English lady must have her drawing-room. It is her own especial kingdom, where she can gather together and enshrine in constant remembrance all the pretty trifles which make up the larger comforts of the mother country.

Don Gordon, standing in the center of the room for an instant irresolute, took in all the details at a glance. Then he walked to the large window opening into a garden. It was still light enough for the lamps to be used, and the scent of the orange blossoms and the tuberoses stole softly in on the air.

He was usually self-governed to a fault; but the sight of this English room had stirred anew deep thoughts of that distant Scottish home he told himself he could never bear to look upon again.

A silk curtain which draped the door suddenly rustled, and, turning quickly, Don found the girl he had come to see advancing to meet him.

Lillie Derwent wore a simple gown of washing silk, which came close about her slender throat; but it was of spotless white, and the fine mold of her sloping shoulders and rounded arms showed dazzlingly through its delicate texture, and her abundant golden hair formed a coronet with which no jewels could have vied.

As he looked at her Don felt his heart stirred with admiration, for she was a vision of loveliness of which any man might be proud, much more a would-be lover.

And Lillie, who shall say what were her swift thoughts of the tall, slim soldier, looking doubly handsome at that moment in his khaki uniform, one hand holding his helmet, the other resting lightly on the hilt of his sword.

The next instant the helmet was laid on the floor, and he was taking both her hands and retaining them, with an unmistakable emotion.

"I hope you don't mind me coming so awfully late, Miss Derwent; but I was on duty and on till mess, and then some fellows detained me so long till I had simply to rush away and ride here post haste."

She smiled as she seated herself on a divan and motioned him to a chair near her.

"But, indeed, it is not at all late, and I am very pleased to see you, Capt. Gordon." Then she added, with a spice of her old coquetry: "And what urgent necessity that could not wait another day brought you here post haste?"

Don felt his breath come quicker, for, despite those visits and presents of fruit and invalid dainties with which she had honored him in hospital, he was not at all sure how high in her esteem he had reached.

"I fear I made it a point of necessity," he answered bluntly; "but I had a letter from home today, Miss Derwent, and—and the fact is I couldn't sleep till I'd had five minutes' private conversation with you. You won't refuse me it?" he broke off, with a look in his dark eyes she could not mistake.

She flushed and looked down before that ardent gaze.

"Mrs. Franklin is always engaged with Cecil and his ayah just now," she said softly. "We shall not be disturbed."

Don rose and drew his chair nearer hers; but the tete-a-tete was disturbed in a very commonplace way neither had thought of at that tense moment.

ing served Lillie broke the somewhat awkward silence which had fallen upon her visitor and herself by saying sotto voce:

"I think one thing that makes one appreciate Indian life is to have one's comforts attended to as these natives do it. Really, we cannot rely upon such faithful service from our own countrymen."

It was the keynote for Don's waiting eloquence. "That's rather rough on present company, is it not?" he objected. "You know, or you ought to know, Miss Derwent, I am ready to serve you anywhere in the wide world."

She blushed crimson. "Oh, but you misconstrue my meaning altogether, Capt. Gordon. I was only talking of hired service, not—"

She stopped in some confusion and hurriedly added: "Not friendship," whilst she blushed deeper than ever.

Don put up his right hand with a little gesture of languid benevolence as he poised his tiny cup of coffee in his left palm and leaned back restfully in his softly cushioned chair, for that bright blush, which made his hostess look so bewitching, had added much to his composure and confidence.

Yes, she was really very pretty, and he was not sure but that he loved her very deeply indeed.

"Don't throw the devotion of your slave back in his face by calling it friendship," he said. "Lillie!" He laid down his cup now, and leaned toward her to get a glimpse of the fair face behind the fan she had opened and was fluttering nervously.

"Lillie, won't you believe me? You hold my happiness in your hands; my life is yours to do what you will with; but I want my wages as much as any one of your natives—I want the gift of this hand and the heart that owns it!"

He had risen now, and standing over her, had imprisoned the white fingers that bespoke all the ardor of a determined lover. Did Lillie's thoughts fly back to another night in the far past, when thus another Gordon had stood over her and claimed the love he believed to be his?

But this was not the same Lillie who had allowed Roddy Gordon to think her heart won to his keeping who looked up now in the eyes of Roddy's kinsman.

Love had taught her its mystic lesson, and she knew now that it was to Don Gordon alone her heart must be surrendered for all time.

CHAPTER II.

And Don must have read that unspoken confession, for suddenly he sank down on the divan beside her, and his arm went round her and drew her golden head to his shoulder.

"You will promise to be my wife, Lillie?" he whispered.

Despite its tenderness, the question lacked the passion for which her own great love clamored, and she answered it with another, of shy hesitation:

"Don, do you really, truly love me?"

Don bent his lips to hers with an ardor that carried conviction with it, for the moment was full of intoxicating sweetness, and till now he had cherished his freedom too dearly to know anything of the rapture of "love's young dream."

"My darling," he spoke, reproachfully, "don't shame me with the remembrance of that day when I asked you to be the future mistress of Gadie Ha!"

The ignominy of that hour, when Don knew he justly deserved her repudiation, was too indelibly branded upon his memory to be ever altogether effaced. Lillie's eyes filled with quick tears for having caused her lover that momentary pang.

"Oh, indeed, I never meant to do that, Don!" she cried, generously, "only—"

"Only?" he repeated, with a jealous note of inquiry. "Don't tell me, Lillie, for pity's sake, that you care a scrap for that happy fellow, Roddy?"

(To be Continued.)

BASELESS FABRIC OF A DREAM.

Convict's Illusion of Freedom and Wealth Ruthlessly Dispelled.

The day of my discharge has come. How happy I am. How proud I feel as I stand with my face to the wall near the cellhouse door, awaiting the summons to go to the storeroom to change my clothes. It seems that the men will never cease their tramp, tramp, as they file from the cellhouse on the way to the shops. But the last of them finally goes out the door and I am hustled to the storeroom. I array myself in my "store" clothes, then make my way, eager and trembling with excitement, to the front office. There, after a few preliminaries, I am handed my discharge and my money and joyfully go forth to battle once more with the world. How brightly the sun shines. How fresh and invigorating the air. It actually smelled better than the air behind those ugly frowning walls. And now that I am once again free where will I go and what will I do? Ah! a thought strikes me. I have not yet breakfasted. Where is there a good restaurant? Right down the street. I enter and give an order that makes the waiter stare in astonishment. Ha, ha! He will stare harder than that when he sees me get outside of that breakfast. Beefsteak, fried potatoes, eggs, ham, hot rolls, butter, coffee, and—

But while the cook is hustling around making ready the feast I will take a drink. Is there a saloon near? Yes. Just two doors below. Thither I go and feeling rich enough (for haven't I twenty-five big American dollars in my pocket?) I ask everybody up to drink. All accept. The drinks are placed on the bar. The barkeeper is making change for a ten, we raise the glasses to our lips, and—Clang! Clang! Clang!!! I ask the gong, and I rise and dress, and, as usual, go to my daily grind.—Minnesota Prison Mirror.

COBDENITE DIATRIBE

FREE-TRADERS OBJECT TO EXISTING CONDITIONS.

They Demand "a Sweeping Tariff Enactment That Shall Drive Every Vestige of Protection Out of Our Fiscal System."

The Boston Herald finds in the pending reciprocity treaties and in the proposition to bring Porto Rico into the American tariff system a convenient occasion for venting its free-trade spleen. Lapsing into Cobdenite diatribe, this irreconcilable protestant against the facts of history and the logic of events savagely assails the whole system of protection to American labor and industry as the product of logrolling and lobbying. Thus:

"A used his influence to secure favors of B, C, D and E, on the understanding that these latter were to use their influence to help him pull certain chestnuts out of the congressional fire, but under these reciprocal trade treaties A and B think that they are likely to lose a part of their ill-gotten spoils, and hence they call upon C, D and E, and the whole remaining alphabet of interests as well, to assist them in defending themselves against this invasion." As there has to be loyalty between logrollers as well as honor among thieves, the others are likely to respond to this appeal by doing what they can to defeat the objectionable proposition.

There you have the typical free trade conception of an economic system whose results are the marvel of the civilized world. The men who supplied the information which enabled congress to frame successful tariff laws are characterized as selfish conspirators against the general good, and by indirection are stamped as "thieves." Of course the Boston Herald has a remedy to propose. It is to abolish protection absolutely and get back to the platform of free trade pure and simple.

"We are thus in our policy, both international and national, the slaves of these industrial tyrants which the Protective system has built up. Apparently, the only way that we are to relieve ourselves of these 'old men of the sea' is to hurl them from our shoulders by a sweeping Tariff enactment which shall drive every vestige of Protection out of our fiscal system, and impose taxes only upon those commodities from which we hope to obtain a revenue, and on those at such a point, high or low, as seems best calculated to bring about the desired result."

Congressman Hopkins was right in contending in his Forum article that the Tariff is still a live issue. It is true that there are not at present a very large number of Free Trade propagandists who are so frank and so foolhardy as the Boston Herald writer above quoted. There are, however, many who believe as he does, but are restrained by considerations of prudence from saying so in plain words.

Fulfillment Exceeds Promise.

The country's experience with the unfulfilled promises of the Free-Traders and with the unpromised fulfillment of the Protectionists affords a modern exemplification of the Scriptural parable of the two sons, one of whom said, "I go, sir," and went not; the other, of whom said, "I go not," and went. The Wilson law supporters promised to give us the markets of the world through their Tariff changes in the direction of Free Trade. Instead they gave our markets to the foreigners and struck a death blow to American industries. The supporters of the Protective Tariff policy have never made many promises in respect to the securing of foreign markets. They have advocated Protection chiefly as a means of preserving to us our home market. They have kept their promises, but they have gone far beyond any promises. Under Protection American manufacturers have kept for themselves the American market, with its marvelous consuming capacity, and they have won much beyond that. They have a large and constantly growing share in the markets of the world.

One of the most recent evidences of the entrance of American manufacturers into foreign fields is the announcement that the Baldwin Locomotive Works has recently had, in addition to many other foreign orders, an order for ten Atlantic type passenger engines for the state railroad of France. It is also reported that the Jackson and Sharpe company have received a large order for tramway cars from Alexandria, Egypt. These things, among thousands of others like them, were neither guaranteed nor promised, but they have come to pass under the benign regime of McKinley and Protection.

Tariff and Trusts.

The Philadelphia Ledger does not believe that Congress can do anything directly to overcome the trusts. It says: "There is one method, however, of coping with monopolistic trusts without attempting specific legislation pronouncing them unlawful. It would effectually cripple the power of oppression exercised by the practical monopolies which are the beneficiaries of an excessive tariff. Should congress lower the rate of duties on all products that are the subjects of monopoly in the home market the competition of Europe would compel extortionate trusts to deal justly by the American consumer. This is an eminently practical plan, which is in complete accord with the protective tariff principle as defined by the last national convention

of the Republican party, which condemned equally foreign control and domestic monopoly."

The next thing, in the evolution favored by the Ledger, would be to remove the tariff altogether from certain articles, and we should soon have, not only the international trust, which could defy tariffs, but the whole tariff and revenue problem would be newly complicated. It is rather surprising that Republican papers should recommend any such course. They prove thereby how really deep-seated the indignation against the trusts is. But let the country honestly try direct and specific penal legislation before invoking free trade as an anti-trust ally.—Pittsburg Press.

BOON TO AMERICAN LABOR.

Foundation of Prosperity That Cannot Be Undermined.

The London Globe, commenting on the present industrial condition in Lancashire, says, as quoted in the cable dispatches: "The high tariff on American manufactures virtually monopolizes the home market and is thus able to reap large profits in spite of labor being comparatively dearer in England."

The wording of the above is a little obscure, but the evident meaning is that by reason of the tariff protection American manufacturers are enabled to monopolize their home markets, thus shutting out the English manufacturers—which enables the American manufacturer to reap large profits, notwithstanding that they pay their workmen higher wages than the English manufacturers pay their workmen. Consequently English industry languishes while American industry flourishes.

We may commiserate the unfortunate condition of the English manufacturers and laborers, but at the same time we must recognize the fact that it is the business of each country to legislate for the interests of its own industries and people. The American Congress looks after the welfare of American industries and may with a good conscience leave the British parliament to look after British industries. If Parliament refuses protection to English manufacturers, that is its own lookout; and if Congress chooses to protect American manufacturers and thereby enables them to pay higher wages to their workmen, it cannot be held responsible if the policy has a paralyzing effect upon British industry.

The Globe's brief acknowledgment is an effective vindication of the American tariff policy as it affects American interests. By securing the American manufacturer his home market, the tariff furnishes him with a foundation of prosperity that cannot be undermined by foreign competitors—and working from this vantage point the American manufacturer is often able to undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own market.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Unusual Cause for Worryment.



Mary—"You look worried, John; what's the trouble?"

John—"Why, you see, it's like this: Four years ago I was troubled about getting a job; now, so many jobs are offered that I don't know which one to take."

Wool Growers Aroused.

At a meeting in Columbus, January 11, the Ohio Wool Growers' association adopted a protest against the proposed treaty of reciprocity with the Argentine Republic, wherein a reduction of 20 per cent in the duty on wool exported to the United States is provided for. The president of the association, Hon. J. H. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture; J. L. Lewis and C. S. Chapman were appointed a committee to go to Washington and work against the ratification of the treaty. A resolution was adopted indorsing United States Senator Warren of Wyoming for president of the National Wool Growers' association.

Forced to Accept Prosperity.

Gen. John B. Golden, commenting upon the wave of Southern prosperity, says that the North and East will have to keep a sharp lookout or else the manufacturing interests of the South will overtake and catch them. That is all right; but isn't it about time for the South to help the North and East? If the South could have her way she would vote her own manufacturing out of existence. Her prosperity has been forced upon her by the voters of the "North and East."—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Conspiracy.

That wages are being raised all over the country is doubtless due to a conspiracy among certain persons who want to give the Republican campaign material in order to defeat Mr. Bryan next year.—Cleveland Leader.

HUNTING FOR GRIEVANCES.

Democrats Unhappy Because of Too Much Prosperity.

The great wave of prosperity that promptly followed the inauguration of a Republican national administration in 1897, a significant contrast with the preceding four years of industrial and financial depression, promoted by Democratic legislative and executive follies, a successful, brilliant and popular war, in the interests of humanity, which has immeasurably exalted the prestige of American arms, added to the domain of the nation some of the fairest and most valuable island areas of the eastern and western seas, secured for the Republic a commanding place among the nations of earth, and won respect for its flag wherever it greets the winds; an administration of public affairs so broad and sagacious that it restored brotherhood to the Union on fields of war, and in its settlements of peace accomplished in a twelvemonth the industrial and commercial work of half a century. For these gratifying results full credit is assuredly due the Republican party. It was Republican legislation that put in motion our existing rusting wheels of industry, thus furnishing employment to millions of idle hands, and while the Democratic rank and file manfully contributed to the successes of our war with Spain, their leaders are now clamoring for a relinquishment of all the fruits of their victories.

In all these triumphs they refuse to see anything but national peril, and even interpret as an omen of evil the glow of prosperity that rests upon the land like a vast benediction. Their last catalogue of minor grievances, recited in the House by Lentz of Ohio, during the recent discussion on the currency bill, was a remarkable exposition of party rancor. He is a blatant anti-expansionist, and, enraged at the certainty of coming defeat, recklessly charged the administration with crimes enough to make the angels weep. Like a rattlesnake in the dog days, he was blinded by his own venom, striking wildly at everything Republican, pointing to every political pain that is racking the Democratic anatomy, and making the exposure all the more amusing to his opponents because of his inability to devise a remedy for any of them. Could he be goaded into another intemperate harangue, we might be able to find out what is the matter with him and his faction besides the old chronic disorder of State rights.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Will Come in Good Time.

The Dingley law seems to have gotten in good work in South Carolina along its specialty of promoting the establishment of new industries. The report of the Secretary of State of South Carolina shows that there were twenty-six new cotton mills chartered and commissioned in that State during the year 1899. Prosperity of this sort speaks for itself. Those twenty-six new mills represent the employment of many thousands of workmen, the payment in wages of many thousands of dollars, and the expenditure by the workmen employed of large sums of money for food and clothing and for all the requirements of life. As a result the South Carolina agriculturist sells more of his food products, and the South Carolina trader sees his sales and his surplus grow. The sale of the products manufactured by the new mills brings money into the state from the other States of the country and from abroad, money which becomes distributed among the people of the State generally, in exchange for what they have to sell, whether it be labor or property. The situation could hardly be improved upon except by having more of the same kind; and the Dingley law will see to it that that comes in good time.

Brave But Injudicious.

History records the existence of a billy goat, dear to the heart of his master, but generally objected to by the community on account of his bucking proclivities. Nothing was exempt from his attack, and success only made him more and more aggressive. One day he felt unusually pugnacious, and in this frame of mind he wandered down on the railroad. Just then an express train came in sight. It was drawn by the most powerful engine in the country, called General Prosperity. Billy saw it and prepared for the battle of his life. As it approached he got himself in position and bucked. The result was disastrous. Billy lay bleeding and dead by the roadside, and General Prosperity, with its train, passed on. Hearing of Billy's death, his owner strolled down to where he lay and thus soliloquized: "Oh, Billy, why did you try it? Billy, you were a nice goat; you were not afraid of anything Billy, you were the bravest goat I ever saw; but, Billy, damn your judgment!"—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

A Slat Too Hard for Bryan.

It has been hinted that even should Mr. Bryan come east, perhaps he could not stem the tide of increases in wages which seems to be affecting all lines of industry like a panic. One of the last advances reported is the announcement that January 1 the cotton manufacturers of Augusta, Ga., will raise the wages of their employees, and it is predicted that other southern manufacturers will follow suit. It is estimated that when the first of January has come, there will be in the northern states about 140,000 cotton mill operatives working under increased wages, and that the advance in the south will bring the total number of employes in that branch of industry who are receiving higher wages up to more than 160,000.—Oswego (N. Y.) Times.