

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY MAJOR ALLAN.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Pardon me," said Don, and now he was so thoroughly in earnest it never occurred to him the accusation might justly have been brought against him not so very long ago—"I love Lillie too much to have dreamed of taking her from luxuries to which she is accustomed. She loves me, and I repeat my right to claim her."

He tossed away the stump of his cigar and turned to look at his companion with haughty defiance—that proud air of majesty which had put fear and trembling into the heart of many a raw recruit.

But Captain Derwent was no raw recruit, but a very veteran in affairs of love and war, and he could afford to meet Don's calm nonchalance with an equally calm smile.

"My dear chap, I'm extremely sorry; but the child is under age just yet, and as I happen to have mapped out a more brilliant career for her, I'm afraid I must emphatically veto that claim of yours."

"A more brilliant career?" repeated Don, with young indignation. "Even if you are callous to my feelings, Captain Derwent, have you no care for Lillie's happiness? For I tell you she loves me," attested the lover proudly.

"And, as frequently occurs, it's a lady's privilege to change her mind," rejoined Lillie's father, smiling. "As, for example, my little Lillie's short-lived affair with your Cousin Roddy, not so many years since."

"It is sufficiently long since to have completely changed the Lillie of those days to the Lillie of to-day," said Don, who, however skeptical himself of that faith whose belief had so transformed the thoughtless Lillie of the past, was sincere enough to acknowledge its charm in her.

"She loves me as she never loved Roddy," affirmed Don, in his imperious way; "and," he added, meeting Captain Derwent's eyes with a look that was like the flashing of crossed swords, "I mean to win her."

"Don't be too sure, my friend," said the Captain, laughing. "I give you the hint, you'll have Prince Clement Sing to reckon with as well as myself."

Don stopped and wheeled round upon his companion, fierce words bursting through his set teeth, an oath all the more vehement because Don's lips were not given to the utterance of them.

"What do you mean, sir?" he demanded.

"That you are by no means the only fellow who has set his heart on possessing the white Lily," said Captain Derwent, uttering the pet name with airy jocularity.

But Don was in no humor for joking. "I think," he said, in a proud scorn, "it is somewhat unfair to bracket me with Prince Clement Sing. I am in deadly earnest about my desire to marry your daughter."

"And so is he—my good fellow—so much in earnest, in fact, that he has my permission to pay his addresses to her—may be doing so this very minute, indeed," broke off Captain Derwent lightly.

For an instant Don glared at the speaker in speechless amazement. "You cannot mean it!" was the hoarse exclamation which at last came from his white lips.

"And wherefore?" queried the other, with aggravating coolness. "Though an Indian, he is by no means a pariah. Truth is, he has Irish blue blood in him, and could hold his own with the best of us as far as classics go. Moreover, he is as rich as Croesus, has immense influence at Court; he worships the very ground she treads on, and would make her a princess."

Again Don stopped short in his walk, and now his face showed pale as death. "I would kill him and you too before that should ever happen!" he cried.

CHAPTER IV.

Strange to say, it was almost at that self-same moment Lillie Derwent at Rawal Pindi, was listening to Prince Clement Sing's suit. The afternoon siesta, so general and necessary an indulgence throughout India, was over, and some hour and a half later Lillie was returning from a ride, attended by her native groom, when she was joined at the gate of the compound by the Prince, who was also on horseback, and escorted by two native troopers.

The fierce heats and moist seasons of India had not as yet robbed Lillie's cheeks of their English roses, and she was looking particularly fair in her plain brown holland habit, beautifully cut and braided with white, pleasantly suggestive of comfort and coolness.

Her hat was a large white straw, with a long, white ostrich feather, which suited to perfection her clear-cut profile and the thick coils of her fair hair. Her light riding gauntlets were of white deerskin, and the Prince's admiration of the hand so covered was only too evident by the pressure he bestowed upon it.

He himself wore white dress uniform and a sun hat, so like a mushroom that it would have been trying in the extreme to an ordinary wearer, but seemed to set off his dark, good-looking features with an air of distinction.

Indeed, Prince Clement Sing was an

acquisition to society, both in personal appearance and high intellectual standing; and Lillie would gladly have welcomed the diversion of his company but that she was consumed by the fear that his visit portended to matters concerning herself.

And she was not long in discovering such to be the case.

"You did not honor the course, today, Miss Derwent. I looked for you in vain," he said.

"No, I was in a mood for a solitary ride," she answered.

"I trust that does not mean my presence is inopportune, dear lady?" She smiled, blushing slightly.

"By no means, Prince; for now my ride is over," was her polite reply.

"Then I may venture to invite myself indoors, I hope," he queried.

"I am not quite sure if you will find Mrs. Franklin at home," she began.

But Prince Clement Sing looked straight at her, with a glance from his black eyes that brought the color flooding to her face.

"Your presence is all-sufficient," he said, bowing low, as he swerved his horse aside to allow her to pass through the gate before him.

Arrived at the bungalow, he waved the attendant back and himself assisted her to alight, a condescension which embarrassed her all the more, as the prince took occasion to command that Mrs. Franklin should not be summoned for the next quarter of an hour, as it was with Lillie herself he desired a private interview.

Lillie passed into the drawing room, alarmed at what she instinctively knew was to be the subject of that interview; but fearful to give offense by refusing it.

And when the prince joined her it was apparent he meant to waste no time in going straight to her mission.

He had left his sword and belt in the vestibule and removed his gloves, and now he took his hostess' hand and led her to a seat, with a deferential ceremony.

"Ah, there is the evening gun!" she exclaimed, for the desperate sake of saying something to break the strain.

"In ten minutes more it will be dark." "Ah, yes; we have no entrancing twilight as you have in England, Miss Derwent," he answered softly, and with a tone of regret meant to be covertly flattering to her nationality. "Well, no matter, ten minutes will suffice me to say what—ah, what I would have said to you long before today, but that I feared to be precipitate."

"Then I am sure, prince, it is best left unsaid still," she answered, with great earnestness.

"Surely you do not forbid me to speak?" He regarded her haughtily.

"I should not presume to do that," she hastily rejoined, "I merely entreat—"

"What?" he asked, with cold displeasure, for she had stopped short, flushing.

"I feel sure your highness means to be kind and friendly and flattering; but—"

—but— Again she hesitated.

Prince Clement Sing looked down, frowning, and a dark flush swept his copper-tinted face.

"But you do not esteem it an honor, I presume, that I should love you?" There was asperity in his voice.

"Too great an honor," she averred. His frown and flush passed. He bent towards her and took her hand.

"The honor is divided," he said gallantly. "If I give you the crown of a princess, you give me the fairest flower of English maidenhood—a flower that all the jewels in India could not buy."

She tried to withdraw her hand.

"Your highness flatters me too much; but what you ask is impossible," she said, very low.

He rose with an air of impatience. "Impossible, you say, and to me?" She rose also.

"I venture to hope to retain your friendship, prince, as I trust you will not reject mine?"

"Friendship?" he repeated.

He dropped her hand almost roughly and strode to the window.

At last he turned. "This is insufferable!" he said, and now there was passion in his voice. "I have your father's permission to address you, and I demand a hearing!"

"But you have already addressed me, and I have listened," she said, trembling, but outwardly calm. "I am overcome by your highness' condescension, but I could never be your wife. I do not love you. And besides—"

—she looked down, blushing at the gold band encircling the third finger of her left hand—"and besides, since my father left Pindi, I have become engaged to Capt. Gordon of the Derbys."

The instant her lover's name had left her lips she regretted it.

How might not a baffled suitor like the prince wield his high authority to wreak vengeance on another aspirant to her hand?

But Prince Clement Sing was regarding her with a look more akin to pity than anger in his piercing eyes.

"And you would relinquish the splendor I lay at your feet for Capt. Gordon?" he said, in tones of incredulity.

"Because I love him," she answered bravely, looking up into his face, while a wave of crimson color made her own fair features for the moment even more bewitchingly fair to look upon.

Prince Clement Sing was having hard work with himself to keep his admiration within bounds, and the sight of that blush all but overcame his self-control. But his English education had done much to subdue his naturally fiery spirit, and he knew success lay, not in passion, but perseverance.

"But, Miss Derwent, much as I admire your constancy—and, of course, so long as you consider yourself engaged to Capt. Gordon my lips are practically closed—still, I am driven to remind you love is not everything. Position and rank are something. A lady is privileged to change her mind."

He stopped, and she seized the opportunity of speaking.

"I shall never change, Prince Clement. After my God, there is nothing ranks higher with me than love."

He took her hand, smiling a little to hide his chagrin.

"Then my only hope must be that love will yet take pity and yield your heart to my prayers."

"Again I repeat it is impossible; but I thank you for the great compliment you have paid me," she said. "I trust, Prince Clement, you will forgive and forget me."

"No, I cannot promise to forget you," was all his reply. He stood for an instant then, looking half away, half mortified, almost as if uncertain if he should part with her in this seeming friendliness or in open rupture.

The former course evidently prevailed, for he bent over the hand he held, and his thick, black moustache brushed its snowy whiteness.

"If I can ever be of service to you, you may rely on me," he said, and bowing low again in response to Lillie's farewell, he passed from the room with steady steps and head erect. But hidden deep down in his breast was the gathering fury of a maelstrom.

Within the drawing room, Lillie went to the window overlooking the terrace, and, screened by the bamboo and silk curtains, watched him mount and ride away.

Her heart was beating wildly, not with exultation at the honor the prince had done her, and which, not so many years ago, would have filled her with vanity and delight;—no, but with strange feelings of unrest, with regret, and with presentiment of evil.

She fell on her knees in the gathering darkness, and a great yearning came over her for the fair English home of her youth, and her father and Don by her side in its beloved sanctity. And, all unconsciously, whilst she prayed for their speedy return, hot tears welled up into her eyes and fell on her clasped hands. Alas! for she knew not how great was yet to be her need of those prayers and tears!

(To be continued.)

ONLY A YELLOW DOG.

Faithful Canine Friend Whose Death Caused Sorrow.

"I lost a faithful friend and helper a few days ago," said a letter carrier, whose route lies below Canal street, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "He was a yellow dog, and I must confess his appearance was not exactly—er—prepossessing. His hide was the color of cheap soap, and he had the disreputable, skulking, trampish bearing peculiar to yellow dogs generally, but for all that he was a gentleman at heart. We met in the way of business. His owner was what letter carriers call a 'throw-out' in other words, he lived two extra long squares from his nearest neighbor and to deliver the mail he received every day involved a four square walk for each batch. Four squares means a good deal to a tired carrier, and as a rule 'throw-outs' are anything but popular with the craft; but soon after I took the route the yellow dog got to know my whistle, and would come rushing to the corner to get the mail. He kept that up steadily, rain or shine, for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that were really half human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late and find me on the way to the house when he got out of the yard. Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street, every hair bristling, and saying as plainly as he could, 'Stop, hold on! I'm here! Don't budge another inch! On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail matter. You can judge whether I became attached to him. Often he would be waiting for me, cocking his head to one side and feeling his importance from his yellow stump of a tail to his yellow stump of a nose. If I had nothing for him he showed his dejection and disappointment as plainly as a man, but as soon as he saw me sort a few letters he would give a sharp, joyous bark that sounded enough like a laugh to be the real thing. When his owner met me the other day and told me he was dead I couldn't say a word to save my life. I turned around and walked off, and before I knew it I was blubbering like a fool."

Route of Lost Treasure.

It is computed that there is \$1,000,000,000 worth of gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

A double-faced man can see in only one direction.

SELECT THE RIGHT MEN

Good and Strong Words that Republicans Ought to Heed.

RESPONSIBILITIES TO BE FACED.

Ringed Words on True Republicanism—Experiences of the Past Should Be a Guide for the Future—Only Honest and Capable Men Should Be Honored With Place.

(From the Nebraska State Journal.)

The decision for an early convention for nominating all candidates for state and county officers, including members of the legislature, brings the republicans of this county face to face with important responsibilities that must be dealt with within the next thirty days.

The experiences of the last session of the legislature have taught the people of Lancaster county the absolute necessity of sending some strong men and trustworthy men to represent them in the legislature. In the last legislature adequate leadership was lacking to a painful degree on the republican side of the house.

A sufficient number of republicans, some of them from Lancaster county, got into the habit of bolting the decision of the republican caucus and joining with the fusion minority for personal or political ends to prevent wholesome action by the majority party and to endanger for a time republican success in the election of a United States senator.

This sort of thing cannot be submitted to and it behooves the republicans of Lancaster county to make no more mistakes in candidacies. Whether the republicans of Nebraska will succeed in electing again a majority of the legislature, thereby securing with ordinary good faith and party allegiance two republicans in the United States senate in place of Senators Thurston and Allen, remains to be seen, and there will undoubtedly be a lively campaign in the senatorial and representative districts of the state.

Every precaution should be taken by the republican organization to guard against accidents and failure, in case the republicans have a majority, when the votes are polled.

The majority will be a slender one in any event, probably, and that makes it exceedingly desirable, first of all that there shall be strong men elected in the republican districts, and second, men concerning whose fealty to the republican party there shall be no shadow of doubt.

No man should be nominated for the legislature weak enough and personally greedy enough to sign any sort of contract with the members of the fusion majority, binding themselves to act with the fusionists either in matters of legislation or in the matters of the selection of a senator.

The republicans of this county especially cannot afford to forget for a moment the occurrences of a year ago, nor can they afford to nominate or elect any man to the legislature who has been recreant in the past to a republican caucus, and who has beaten a republican caucus, and who has beaten a republican caucus, and who has beaten a republican caucus.

Only by living up to this rule can the Lancaster county republicans hope to preserve their organization. It is a sine qua non this year.

To retain her proper influence in the legislature it may be necessary to call upon gentlemen of Lancaster county who seek no office, legislative or otherwise, to make the sacrifice of allowing themselves to stand for a legislative nomination. The interests of the county and state often demand such sacrifices, and the Journal most earnestly appeals to the patriotism of our leading citizens to bring about an improvement in the material of a legislative ticket this year. Lancaster county demands for the emergency men of the highest character and of acknowledged ability and force on the republican ticket for both houses.

World's Export Trade.

The export business of the United States is now almost as great as that of Great Britain, the figures for 1899 being \$1,253,488,000, or within thirty-four million dollars of the total from the United Kingdom. In 1875, however, the figures were: United States, \$497,263,737; Great Britain, \$1,087,497,000. The protective tariff has done wonders.

High Figures for Bonds.

The outstanding 2 per cent currency coupon bonds of the United States are quoted at 103. The 2 per cent thirty-year gold bonds, which will be issued under the new currency bill, it is expected will sell at 105. These high prices are complimentary, indeed, to the stability of the financial system of the country. The bonds of no other country command such high figures.—St. Louis Star.

Big Profits in the South.

Down where Bryan is certain that the country will vote for free trade, some of the new mills built up under the protective tariff are making immense profits. One cotton mill built at Clover, S. C., eight years ago, had on June 30, 1899, net earnings amounting to \$36,340, or 41 per cent for the year, on the capital stock of \$89,000. Previous to that time the stockholders had already got out of the mill in dividends more than their total investment.

Waterson Denounces the Goebel Law.

In its issue of a few days ago the Louisville Courier-Journal contained the following editorial: "It may be taken for granted that the present Goebel election law will be radically amended, or replaced by one very different from it."

"No party will care to go before the people as the champion of the existing law. It has been fully tried and the gravest fears for it have proved well founded. It is doomed, and those who hoped most from it now recognize that it is a failure and will cooperate with or lead a movement for a satisfactory substitute."

"Certainly those who a few months

ago were the most sanguine advocates of the law are its champions no longer. It is they who have suffered most through its failure. The democrats know that at last fall's election they lost thousands of votes through the handicap of this law, and that since the election it has been used at almost every turn to further cripple them. They have had enough of it."

Money in the South.

The south is at last getting on a self-sustaining basis, and is able to move the cotton crop with southern capital. The general development of the industries there, on account of the protective tariff, has led to a great increase in the banking facilities so that the southern banks are now able to furnish the money needed to handle the crop.

In spite of this great improvement in conditions, the south will be expected to vote for free trade, free silver and expansion of any other dose which the leaders of the democratic party sees fit to concoct.

Repudiates Goebelism.

John A. Yates, chairman of the democratic committee of Metcalfe county, Kentucky, has resigned his position. In his letter to Chairman Young of the democratic state committee he says:

"Seeing that the democratic legislature of Kentucky is determined to decide the contests for governor and lieutenant governor in favor of persons who were not elected, and that said legislature (a majority of whom are democrats) has no intention of repealing the Goebel election law, and inasmuch as my mind is made up never again to vote the so-called democratic ticket while the said law is on the statute books, and while Goebelism is in control of the party, I hereby tender my resignation as chairman of the democratic county central committee of Metcalfe county, and ask that the same be accepted at once."

Savings Bank Depositors.

In the state of New York alone the increase in savings bank deposits have amounted to \$169,303,762 since McKinley's election. There are in the state now over 2,000,000 depositors, having to their credit \$887,480,650.

Jones is an Octopus.

Chairman Jones of the democratic party is connected with one of the greatest trusts in the country, the round bale cotton trust, and has been a director and stockholder in the American Cotton company for years. These trusts are incorporated in New Jersey, the state which Bryan recently spoke of as the "robber's roost."

Increased Money Circulation.

The monthly statement of the comptroller of the currency for February shows that the total circulation of national bank notes at the close of business on the 28th was \$249,434,878, an increase for the year of \$6,532,511, and an increase for the month of \$2,447,685.

Trusts in a Free Trade Country.

The official report comes to the state department at Washington that there is a wholesale movement in Austria toward the formation of trusts. Some of the combinations noted in the report are among the hat makers, paper factories, sugar makers, shoe factories, knit goods and gas plants.

And Austria is a free trade country, where the protective tariff could not by any possibility be the "mother of the trusts." The only tariff there is in the nature of an internal revenue on cigars, tobaccos and a few other articles.

Paying the National Debt.

The monthly statement of the receipts and expenditures of the United States shows that the total receipts for the month of February were \$45,631,265, and the expenditures \$37,738,472, leaving a surplus for the month of \$7,892,793.

In the last eight months the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by \$37,763,000, representing a reduction of the national debt by about that same amount.

When the democratic party was in full control the government failed to pay expenses, although it was a time of profound peace. It makes a great difference who is running the machine.

Crocodiles Tears for Puerto Rico.

The democrats of congress bewailed the fact that the United States was robbing Puerto Rico by the tariff. But when the proposition came up to devote all the collections from the tariff at both ends of the line to the relief of the people of Puerto Rico, the democrats voted solidly against it. For the sake of an additional plank in their platform they were willing to let the islanders starve.

The system of evolution obtains in the politics of Nebraska. A few years ago the independents resolutely against the lawyers, decided not to nominate a vote for them, and blacklisted them so far as the organization was concerned. Since then by a gradual process the lawyers have gained full control of the whole organization, and none but lawyers are elected to congress and to other important places.

A Southern Expansionist.

Senator McLauren of South Carolina is an out-and-out expansionist, and he voiced the sentiments of a large constituency in the south when he said in the course of a speech a few days ago in congress:

"Our southern manufacturers have already reached out to the markets of the Orient and discovered their advantages. The southern farmer needs such markets for his raw cotton to make its production remunerative. By the acquisition of the Philippines we hold the key of the eastern situation. We need not rely solely upon treaty rights to secure the 'open door,' but can demand equal commercial opportunity with other nations, and if necessary, with the vantage ground we have assert that demand. Will the United States throw away the golden opportunity by giving up the Philippines? I am in favor of holding them, and believe the southern farmers and manufacturers will sustain me in my position. I believe further that the presence of the United States and of its flag, the emblem of human freedom, progress and civilization, will carry to

the millions in the Orient unnumbered blessings which, in the coming years, will be for their betterment and amelioration and will conduce to the perpetuity and glory of our free institutions and the commercial supremacy of the nation."

A table printed by Bradstreet's shows that 3,553 New York business houses, which had on their rolls 299,957 employes in 1896, have increased the number to 356,278, while the increase in wages in 1899 as compared with 1896 was over \$20,000,000.

During the first seven months of the current fiscal year the exports of American manufactures show an increase of \$52,000,000 over the similar period in the fiscal year 1899, in spite of the fact that 1899 beat all previous records.

The per capita circulation of the United States has increased from \$4.99 in 1890, and \$13.85 in 1896, to \$25.098 in 1900.

During the past five years the agricultural exports from this country have amounted to \$3,100,000,000, and of this 95 per cent was sold to European gold standard countries.

The Gold Standard in Japan.

The "Report on the Adoption of the Gold Standard in Japan," by Count Maysayoshi, minister of finance for Japan, has been received in a translated form at Washington, and contains some interesting information on a subject which is receiving considerable attention in this country. It discusses in detail the history of the currency in Japan, and closes with a chapter entitled: "Effect of Coinage Reform upon the Economic Condition of Our Country." The following is a quotation from the report:

"Since the adoption of the gold standard (in 1897) our currency has been freed from constant fluctuations in its exchange rate, to which it was subject before. Owing to this latter fact, moreover, the relations between the claims of the creditor and the liabilities of the debtor become less subject to sudden and unexpected changes; business transactions are made safe; an improvement in credit took place in the community at large; prices became more constant; in a word, the way was now opened for the steady and orderly growth of our commerce and industry."

The minister of finance refers to the great expansion in the commerce and industries, and especially to the large increase in number and amount of checks and bills passing through the clearing houses. He says that since the adoption of the law capitalists from the gold standard countries have been investing freely in the country, and there is a growing tendency toward lower interest rates, the investors being no longer afraid of the loss subsequent to the fluctuations in the price of silver. A great increase in the commerce with gold standard countries is also noted. Another quotation from the report is as follows:

"Since our coinage reform enabled us to avoid all the evil effects of fluctuations in the price of silver, we stand now no longer, as was formerly the case, under the necessity of making plans for financial matters with the currency constantly changing in value, and sometimes suffering unexpected losses and evils in times when those evils are unusually violent. All those fears of miscalculation and losses have now become a thing of the past. Most particularly in the last few years when national expenditures for things bought abroad, such as war ships, etc., have greatly increased in amount, we have doubtless been able to avoid, on account of our coinage reform, great losses on the part of the national treasury. Besides, since our adoption of the gold standard, our government bonds have been sold in no small amount in the European market, so that their names appear regularly in the price list of the London Stock Exchange. This fact at once converted our bonds into an international commodity, and will no doubt lead to a closer relationship between our home and the foreign money markets."

This glowing report of the improvement of conditions in Japan will be cold comfort to the silver men of this country who have repeatedly declared that the adoption of the gold standard by any country could bring nothing but distress and disaster.

Justifying the President.

Senator Lodge: In the long process of the patient years those who now assail the president with epithet and imputation will shrink down beyond the ken of even the antiquarian's microscope; but the name of the president who took the Philippines and planted our flag at the portals of the east will stand out bright and clear upon the pages of history, where all men may read it, and he will have a monument better than any reared by hands in fair and fertile lands blooming after long neglect and in a race redeemed from tyranny and lifted up to broadening freedom and to larger hopes.

Seven shillings a day has been adopted by the New South Wales government as a minimum wage to railway laborers.

Thomas Darragh, of Granite Mountain, Texas, claims to be the oldest republican voter living. He is 98 years old.

A woman suffrage amendment received 54 votes, against 48, in the Ohio house, but failed in not receiving a constitutional majority of 66.

Australia raises tarantulas for the sake of their webs, the filaments of which are made into thread for balloons. They are lighter than silk and, when woven, lighter than canvas. Each tarantula yields from twenty to forty yards of filament, of which eight twisted together form a single thread.

One of the features of the drawing room at Gen. Baden-Powell's home in London is the apary. Two large beehives, with glass slides, stand on ornamental pedestals close to a large organ which occupies one wall of the large room overlooking Hyde park. The bees escape through a window which leads out of the window.