## KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

....BY MAVOR ALLAN....

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And every thought and deed control.

Roddy quoted gally. Then, with tender

"What was that line you repeated a

" "The waters swell before a boister-

as they slowly made their way along

the esplanade homeward, the news-

had just arrived from Ryde by the last

mail for the night, and Roddy called

his car: "Rebel firing into Bara Camp.

British officer killed; orderly wound-

... He hastily opened the gheet and

stood still under a gas lamp to scan

its columns; whilst Diana, with

anxious eyes, looked over his shoulder,

dian frontier for some months now,

her thoughts were ever quick to fly

to Don and Lillie's father, of whom

any hour might bring disastrous news.

A hoarse exclamation burst from the

Hps of both as, simultaneously, hus-

band and wife caught sight of the fatal

The name of the officer was Capt.

And far, far away the red Afghan

sun had set amid somber clouds above

the snow-clad summits of Tirah and

the white tents of the British camp in

There had been rain and thunder all

day, and the clouds had gathered in

dense-masses, edged by the radiance of

the hidden moon. And athwart the

clouds now and then shot gleams of

vivid lightning, falling with weird sol-

emnity upon a coffin, draped with the

Union Jack, carried shoulder high by

the cortege was preceded by pipers

playing the low and waffing dirge of

Lochaber no more," and followed by

a string of officers and soldiers wear-

walking with slow steps and heads

lonely nullah, "In sure and certain

hope of the resurrection of eternal

No farewell shots were fired: but

the captain's own detachment present-

ed arms, and the pipers awoke the dim

valley once more with their pibroch;

but it was "The Land o' the Leal" now

And as Don Gordon turned from that

one wild moment he felt he would

face the anguish of Lillie's pure eyes;

words, like the cry of a lost soul:

while in his heart rang the chaplain's

"Deliver us not into the pains of

CHAPTER VI.

It had been a morning of languorous

heat, and now noon-the long, breath-

less Indian noon-was at its meridian,

when, on a day in May, Don Gordon

The durwan met him with evident

surprise and the intimation that "the

gates were closed" (polite Hindostani

for "not at home"), and for an instant

Don's heart stood still, with a vague

Then suddenly he remembered it was

the hour of slesta, a time when visits

are never paid in India; and, reas-

sured, he dismounted from his horse,

and, presenting his card with the ob-

servation that "the memsahib would

be sure to see him on receipt of that,"

he passed through the vestibule with

masterful step, and went unannounced

into the drawing room to await Lillie's

How long he waited he knew not.

He walked to the window and noted,

as the mind will note the veriest triffes

at moments of tense excitement, that

the great adjutant birds were still doz-

ing-in the sunshine, and the peacocks

were spreading their gorgeous plumes

on the terrace, as when last he looked

The oleander, with its clusters of

bells of gold; the jasmine and acacia,

luxuriant in their wild beauty; the

voiceless air-all was unchanged, only

beyond this warm young world of bud-

A sharp grean fell from his lips.

stified even as it escaped them; for

the portiere had rustled, and he turned

quickly to find he was no longer alone.

Lillie had come to him just as she

had risen from her siesta. Her golden

master never more.

ding beauty.

ou, upon it from this same window,

fear of he knew not what.

the Bara Strath.

stalwart Highlanders,

downbent.

Hfe."

that they played.

eternal death."

went's house.

Derwent of the Gordon Highlanders!

common and all body that

ous storm; but leave it all to God."

moment ago, DI?"

CHAPTER V.

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The fair Isle of Wight was looking at its fairest on a glorious evening at passion, he clasped the hand he held the end of April, when the mail pack- still tighter, and spake more gravely, et from Portsmouth steamed across the Solent towards Ryde Pier.

The green verdure of budding summer lay thickly on the far-stretching landscape and the tall trees dotted through the island town, rising so picturesquely upward from the sea, and paper boys were calling the evening capped by the lofty spire of the parish edition of the London papers, which church.

The long promenade pler was gay with holiday makers, and castward, an urchin to his side, his check paking the esplanade was bright with patches a involuntarily as the lusty shout caught of spring flowers; while the soft melody of a brass band floated fitfully out over the azure sea.

There were two travelers on board the steamer who regarded the fair scene before them with enraptured eyes, for they were bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour-Roddy For, peaceful as it had been on the Inand Diana Gordon-and the veriest desert must have seemed a paradise to them in the all satisfying happiness which union had brought to both, But the fashionable Ryde was not to be their destination.

Their young love as yet demanded the charm of solace of solitude; and it paragraph. was southward, towards the great bluff white cliffs and the silver strands of Shanklin the island train was soon swiftly bearing them, to the rose-covered cottage which was to hold for them the first mystic name of home.

Home! What a talisman lay in that simple word! And as the young soldier led his happy bride across the threshold his heart swelled with gratitude to the God who had shielded him through perils of pain and bitter bloodshed in far India, to bring him to this haven of peace and perfect love

And presently, as they lingered over dinner, reluctant to bring to an end that first delicious repast shared in their Eden together, they spoke of Don over whose welfare they yearned with all the tender sympathy born of their own happiness and large-hearted love.

Roddy had brought round his dessert plate and sat down, by Diana's side, ostensibly to invite her to peet his walnuts, a task of which Roddy lant comrade was committed to that she checked her tears and laid her himself had no aptitude; but another diversion occurred by the arrival of the post, the last mail for the night.

One letter was from Don, which had been posted to Gadie Ha' and now forwarded by Roddy's father. And as Roddy tore it open and scanned its contents an exclamation of pleasure

passed his lips. "There, little wife, didn't I predict this?" he said triumphantly. And forthwith he read aloud a few hasty lines Don had penned to Roddy on the night of his betrothal to Lillie Derwent, previous to his departure for the

camp of the Tirah force. It was a wonderfully bright letter for Don, full of congratulation on Roddy's forthcoming marriage and calm satisfaction in his own engagement; and it ended with a postscript that stirred botn Di and Roddy to the heart.

"I begin to think, old fellow, perhaps you are right, and life is worth living after all."

Happy tears had sprung to Diana's dark eyes, and, seeing them, Roddy's under a burning sun to Lillie Derarm stole round her waist, and he drew her head to his shoulder and lightly touched its auburn locks with his lips. "You are satisfied now, little woman, that Lillie has met her real 'hero' at last?"

She looked up in his laughing eyes with a tender smile, for she knew he was thinking of a time when she believed Lillie to be his own only love, and she answered with contrite sweet-

"Ah, Roddy, how good God is, if we would only trust Him to shape our lives as He knows best!'

The silence of a deep content fell upon them, and by and by they strolled out to where the great chalk cliffs coming. rose in dazzling whiteness up from the sea into the blue sky, over which the silvery stars of night were coming out one by one, twinkling like tiny globes of fire.

Behind them reared the rugged stretch of undercliff, down the wooded precipice of which the murmuring stream meandered from village to shore, and by whose side ran a series of gigantic steps-a mighty precipice that savored almost of Alpine sub-

limity. The lovers-for they were lovers still-stood hand-in-hand and drank in the beauty of it all with that rapture which only comes when viewing some scene in the presence of one we love.

Even Gadle, lovely Gadle, with ita silvery, shining waters was forgotten. They were here together, and it was the paradise of the world.

Yet ever and anon, as they gazed out on the deep ocean, the thoughts of each would turn to Don; and once Diana spoke, with a wistful little break in her voice.

Surely, Roddy, you will forgive and forget the past now, and Lillie will bring him back to us once more?"

. Sold "Ah, surely, for the "My ladye fair can rule my soul,

over her white muslin robe, and round her waist was a broad sash of black ribbon, the sight of which sent a fresh pang to her lover's heart.

"A great sorrow nobly borne is a great dignity." As Don looked at her he realized, almost with a feeling of awe, that such dignity had fallen upon Lillie now. The dire calamity she had so dreaded had come to pass, yet she had not sunk beneath the blow.

The passion of her grief was spent and resignation had come. Angulsh had left its pallor on her cheek, but the hopelessness of despair was not past.

Don looked at her, marveling at her fortitude and calm; then the next instant his arms were clesing round her like a vise and straining her to his beating heart, for her calm had given way, and she had flown to the shelter of his embrace, with a tender, sobbing cry.

"Oh, Don, Don, my all on earth now!" she cried.

He held her tight, and kissed her again and again. It was as if he dreaded the moment might come when any doubt on that point. It costs only he should never hold her thus any more, and he was drinking to the full this embittered cup of bliss. Presently she withdrew herself, for there was something almost fierce in the fervor of his caresses. She sank on a divan, and put out her hand to him to alt by her.

"Tell me," she said faintly, "all

about It." And Don told her, with low voice and averted eyes that story which the press paragraphs, so comprehensive, yet so cruel in their brevity, had already burnt like a searing iron into heart and brain.

It was shortly before the mess-hour. Several successive shots had been heard in the valley, and two had penetrated one of the mess tents and wounded an orderly whilst in the act of laying a table. Captain Derwent and himself were returning from a stroll along the banks of the nullah. when a bullet whizzed between them which struck Captain Derwent, and he dropped instantly at the narrator's feet, shot through the heart.

Every effort was being made to track the perpetrator of the crime and avenge the captain's death; but so far the rebels had escaped.

"And you yourself were the only one near when he died?" she said, through the tears which were now streaming silently down her pallid, lovely face.

"Yes. And owing to the dense undergrowth, it was impossible for me to follow the direction the shot came from. Directly he fell I did my utmost to stop the bleeding; but I saw at once it was useless. Death had been instantaneous. I got help from the ing long, spectral-like cloaks, and camp then, and we carried him down to his tent. Next night we buried him close to where he fell." Don's voice Soon-ah, how soon!-it was all was husky and strained, and suddenly, over, and all that was left of their gal- at sight of his ill-concealed emotion, golden head upon his shoulder with a trustful tenderness that went to his

> "My poor Don! how you, too, must have suffered!"

He caught her to him with a passionate caress, all the more passionate because the thought assailed him how once not love, but mere ambition, had urged him to lay siege to this confidlonely grave, and pictured the image ing heart.

of her who held the dead so dear, for "I have suffered," he said, very low, 'more than I can say, Lillie." sconer, far sconer lie there, too, than

She looked up in his face and saw that he spoke truly.

His brow was lined and his cheek pale: his brown eyes had a haggard look she had never seen in them; and, remembering with a great rush of joy, he, too, might have never come back from that wild pass which had made her fatherless she returned his embrace with all the sweet naivete of a child who clung now to her sole protector.

(To be continued.)

## arrived at Rawal Pindi and rode out JOSEPHINE LIVED FOR DRESS. Her Love of Adornment and Extravagance in Gratifying It.

The love of the Empress Josephine for dress, and her extravagance in gratifying it, are matters of history, Her annual allowance of 600,000 francs was not sufficient to pay for the gratification of her vanity, and year after year her debts increased in the most alarming fashion. Dress with her was the absorbing object and interest in life, and she was unwearied in her efforts to preserve and enhance her beauty. Three times a day she changed her linen, and she never wore stockings that were not absolutely new. Huge baskets were brought to her every morning containing a selection of gowns, shawls and hats, and from these she chose what she would wear during the day. She possessed beween 200 and 400 shawls, one of which she wore in the morning, draped about her beautiful shoulders with wonderful grace. Her evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning; then her hair was adorned with flowpink; the baubel, with its perfumed ers, pearls or precious stones. The smallest assembly was always the oceasion for buying a new costume, and blue jays and the crested yellow sparthat in spite of having almost incredirows, ditting from shrub to shrub; the ble stores of dresses at the various brilliant butterflies, sailing through the palaces. For shawls the empress had such a penchant that she bought all the fair Indian home would know its that were brought to her, utterly regardless of the cost. The emperor, ex-Never more! There was something asperated at his wife's extravagance, terrible in the conviction, something often became angry, and rated her appalling to Don to remember that soundly, with the result that she wept death, chill and stern and awful, lay and promised amendment, and then went on just as hefore. Her love of dress never wore liself out, and she died decked out in ribbone and a robe of pale rose-colored sattn.

A 110-ton gun, though it can fire only eighty full charges, can fire 190 three-quarter charges, and 320 halfhair, let loose for coolness, streamed | charges,

Profit in the Orchard.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review Stenographic Report of Illinois Farmers' Institute Roundup.)

H. A. Aldrich said in part: Whenever an orchard overbears it is injured for a long time. After an orchard comes into bearing, no plow should be put into it. It is better to cultivate it by means of a cut away harrow, and follow that by a smoothing harrow. Young trees not in bearing should be plowed deep, 6 or 7 inches. That will compel the roots to strike deeper. Trees so treated get so well rooted that they can't be blown over. We should not grow hay in an orchard, as the grass will always take the cream of the land and the trees will get nothing but the skim milk. Trees in sod suffer from drouth, and the sod is a harbor for all kinds of insects, borers especially. When an orchard comes into bearing, give it the whole ground. If your orchard is not profitable do not lay all the blame on it. The question is asked, "Does spraying pay?" There is no longer 7 to 15 cents a tree to spray.

Q .- At what time should we spray's Mr. Aldrich.-Three times; just before the blossoms open; just after the petals have fallen; and two weeks

later. Q .- Do you spray your trees before they come into bearing?

Mr. Aldrich.-The sooner you begin to spray the better. Begin the same year, you set them, and keep it up, so that when they commence to bear you won't have any scab to fight.

Q.-When the limbs of the trees of an orchard hang too low to permit of cultivation to what extent should we prune, to make it possible to cultivate?

Mr. Aldrich.-I cut my trees back so I can get near the trees or under them, but I never cut off large limbs. Wherever you cut off a limb that is more than an inch and a half in diameier be sure to paint the cut to prevent bacteria from getting in. Prune n summer for fruit and in winter for wood.

Q .- What do you think about cutting off of great limbs sometimes six inches in diameter?

Mr. Aldrich.-I would not do that; call that butchery.

Q.—Is not the rubbing of the hogs igainst the trees very injurious?

Mr. Aldrich.-Well, that question is brought up again and again, by men that had hogs in their orchard and lost some of their trees, but I do not believe that the hogs rubbing against the trees is what did the damage. I went into some of these orchards, and In every case I found the ground packed hard, and that is, I believe, what killed the trees.

Q .- Is it a good idea to make a chicken yard out of the orchard? Mr. Aldrich.-Yes, sir; if you cultivate it.

Missouri Fruit Prospects.

Under date of Feb. 15 the secretary of the Missouri State Horticultural Society sends us the following: From reports from ninety three counties of the state, we call the following:

Apple orchards, where well cared for, are in very fair condition and promise a good crop. Old and neglected orchards are not in good condition and prospects are not good. Injury of trees by freeze of February, 1899, still shows in many places to be serious.

Peach orchards, where properly cut back last spring, have most of them made a fine growth and will hold a fair crop of peaches. Trees not cut back and those cut back too severely, and old trees have many of them died. The very rapid growth on the cutback trees has prevented the formation of very many fruit buls, and hence we cannot expect a full crop. Some of the buds have already been killed, but there are left, on most trees, all the buds that the trees should have.

Pear, plum and cherry trees, although badly injured in some localities, have formed a good lot of fruit bud; and the prospect is good for all of these fruits.

Strawberries have not made a good stand and the prospect is that the crop will be very much shorter than for years.

Raspberries and blackberries have

generally recovered from the freeze of '99 and we may expect nearly a full

Grapes are in good condition and

promise well. Taking it all in all we can now safely say that there will be nearly a

full erop of apples, a half crop of peaches, a two-thirds crop of pears. plums and cherries, a half crop of strawberries and raspberries, and a full crop of blackberries and grapes. But we still have the most dangerous part of the season to pass.-L. A. Goodman, Secretary.

Some people wonder why more squabs are not raised for market, and say that when pigeons are so very prolific there should be no reason for the squabs selling at from 25 cents to 50 cents each even in winter. The reason why more squabs are not produced is doubtless due to the fact that the men that attempt to raise pigeons do not confine them in covered yards, that is, yards with wire sides and tops. The result is that all kinds of enemies prey on the pigeons and the constant loss from this is large and discouraging. If doves are to be kept for the squabs they produce it is evident that the work to be successful must be scientifically carried on.

The Bite of a Pig.-It is a rather remarkable fact that the bite of the pig is more dangerous than that of any of our farm animals. Why this is so is not easily accounted for; but the fact remains that injuries inflicted by pigs usually take a much longer time to heal than those inflicted by, say, horsea or dogs. However, wounds inflicted by swine are of rather rare occurrence.

Mis. Sewey's Ambit's n.

There is stal much gossip in Mashagton regarding the presidential aspiations of Admiral Dewey-or rather of Mis. Lewey, for she is credited with being much more desirous of such advancement than her sailor busband. It is said to be the desire of John R. McLean, Mrs. Dewey's brother, to keep the admiral in the public eye until the campaign four years hence. According to report the sister and brother are entirely at one in this matter.

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The recent pronunciamento of the ameer of Afghanistan to the British government, avowing cternal hatred to Russia and undying fealty to the British empire, had the peculiar glitter of Orietnal duplicity in it. Such, at least, is the opinion of Henry Savage Landor, the English Orietal traveler, who regards the ameer's words "as dust thrown into our eyes to blind us."

He who has a high standard of living and thinking will certainly do better than he who has none at all.

He who seeks after what is imposdble ought, in justice, to be denied what is possible.

There is more Catarrit in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years declors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to curs with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Selence has proven catarrit to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrit Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it falls to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 76c. There is more Catarrh in this section of the

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