

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY MAJOR ALLAN...

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

They sat thus for a long time, speaking in broken tones of that time which had been fraught with such bitterness to both. She loved him for the perils he had passed through, and he loved her that she did pity them.

"My dearest," said Don at last, "there is only one thing I can ask you to do now to insure your happiness and your safety. Give me the right at once to shield you from harm, and to care for you as only your husband can."

"You mean—?" She faltered, while a faint color fluttered to her white cheek.

"I mean let us be married without delay, darling." Don flushed the sentence for her. "I cannot bear to think of your going home to England when Mrs. Franklin goes, nor yet of your being left here alone; and I may have orders to leave Pindi at any moment."

"Oh, Don, I could not marry you just yet," she said, her voice breaking in a tremulous sob. "It would be too cruel to my poor father!"

"Would it not be more cruel to me than to the dead, to live in constant fear of—of someone annoying you, or something happening to you, when I was not at hand to protect you?" he asked. And his voice quivered.

"Yes, yes!" she sighed. And involuntarily a memory of Prince Clement Sing flashed through her overwrought brain. How might not she take opportunity of harassing her now her father was gone, especially as he claimed to have the dead man's sanction to address her. And impulsively she told Don of the Prince's visit.

"But he went away in quite a friendly mood, saying if I ever wanted help I might count on him. It was a great relief. I was terribly afraid he might go away angry. He is so passionate and so powerful, I imagined all sorts of harm he might do."

Yet her tender heart recoiled from thinking of her own welfare, whilst her father's grave lay so freshly dug.

"Dear Don," she said, putting her little hand tenderly in his, "perhaps you cannot understand my feeling; but I seem to feel his presence still, as if his spirit stood quite near me now, and I think it would hurt him to know I wanted to be happy without him so soon."

The hand she touched trembled.

"No, I don't understand that," he said, almost roughly. "I am afraid I can only think of the dead as dead and buried in their graves."

"No, no! don't say that!" she said, and she drew his hand to her lips and her hot tears fell upon it. "You who have proved so strong and true through all your trials, won't you take the solace of my belief that there is eternity to reward us for all our grief and parting? Dear Don, how else could we say, 'O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?'"

He arose and paced the length of the room twice before he came back and stood once more by her side.

"Lillie," he said, and she knew by the tone of his voice he had been struggling with some strong emotion. "Come to me now, and teach me how to believe these things, while my heart is still fresh to your sorrow. Promise me, Lillie!"

He resumed his seat by her side and put out his hand to her appealingly.

She met his eyes, her own all shinning with unshed tears.

"Don, dearest, if I went home to England with Mrs. Franklin for a few months, wouldn't you come and fetch me there? But to marry you now—oh, Don, I cannot!"

"Then heaven help me!" he answered bitterly.

Again he rose, and she saw by the workings of his face how the indomitable will of the strong man, which had never before brooked rebuff, struggled for supremacy, even over his love.

He came back to her, and when he spoke his voice was low and tense.

"Then it's all been in vain, Lillie. You love me, you say; but you cannot love me so much as I love you, for if you had asked me to do what I have asked you I would not have forsaken you."

She rose and flung herself in his arms.

"Oh, Don, my love, why do you speak so? What makes you so wild and strange? Don, Don, I have not forsaken you! You are all I now have in the whole world!"

His jealousy could not be but stayed by her passionate fervor; and, suddenly, at touch of those clinging arms, some of the old calm imperiousness of the Don of old came to his aid.

"My darling," he answered, drawing her nearer, "I want you, I need you—you do not know how much! Why would you defraud me of what is mine? If we part now, God knows how next we may ever meet."

Fateful words to haunt her in the long, long days to come.

But now, overcome by his mastery and pleading, she resisted no longer; and as she spoke the words of yielding he sought, he kissed the lips which had uttered them with a fierce, consuming joy.

a very simple, very quiet affair. Indeed, it had quite taken the little community of the garrison station by surprise, for Don's disposition was so naturally reserved. He had spoken little of his engagement, and only a few brother officers and a small number of Lillie's personal friends were in the secret.

The bridegroom had obtained "long leave," and with great reluctance had at last yielded to Lillie's appeal to spend the honeymoon in England.

He had given in on the one stipulation that Gladie Ha' should not be included in the program; and Lillie, with that touch of sympathy which makes the whole world kin, understood the jealous pain it must bring to remember that Scottish home of his childhood which he had looked some day to call his own.

The winding up of her father's affairs, and the disposal of some of her own property, was indeed her only incentive for the homeward journey at all; for, with the bond of ever-deepening love, her life henceforth would be lived for Don alone.

It seemed a strange, commonplace ending to that gay existence of coquetry and ambition and almost heartless worldliness which once had constituted the sum total of her thoughts and actions.

As Lillie Gordon stood in her pretty bedroom, watching her maid pack away the simple white silk gown she had worn for the marriage ceremony, her thoughts leaped back to those days of long ago, and it seemed scarcely possible she could be the same Lillie who had held love so lightly in that bygone time.

The wedding had taken place at 5 o'clock, with no reception afterwards, owing to the bride's deep mourning.

The previous night Don had partaken of his farewell dinner as a bachelor with his jolly comrades of the Berwickshire mess, and now was absent making some last necessary arrangements at his quarters, as he and his bride were to leave by the night train for Bombay, where they would catch a hired troopship homeward bound.

There was a knock at the bedroom door, and Mrs. Franklin's sweet voice sought admittance.

The young widow was to stay on at the bungalow for a few weeks longer, as her child's health was in too precarious a state to undergo the long sea journey home, and she had gladly accepted Lillie's invitation to remain.

Lillie answered the knock herself. Despite the black crepe gown she now wore, the young bride looked radiant, with a subdued happiness that made all else forgotten but the joyous beauty of her blue eyes and love-lit face. The other woman, who had lost her dearest on earth, looked at her with a momentary pang of jealous grief. She little knew she was coming to chase the joy from those blue eyes forever.

"My love," Mrs. Franklin spoke apologetically, "I am so sorry to trouble you, but Prince Clement Sing has just arrived from Simla, and demands to see you. I explained to him you were busy, and asked if I could not deliver a message; but he insists on seeing you alone."

"Has he heard of our—our marriage?" queried Lillie, while a deeper color tinted her cheek.

"Yes. He evidently knew of it, for he spoke of you as Mrs. Gordon," answered the other lady, smiling. "I think, dear, perhaps it would be more diplomatic of you to go to him. To tell the truth, he was so emphatic about seeing you he quite frightened me."

"He will not frighten me," said Lillie, lightly. "Really, he is a very tiresome individual, and I hope I shall get rid of him before Don comes back, for I know Don cordially dislikes him."

She picked up an ivory fan from her dressing table and went, with a proud, firm step, down the broad staircase.

Her dignity as Don's wife seemed to have already added a subtle increase of matronly power to her slim, young figure.

Prince Clement Sing was standing in the middle of the big drawing-room; and the look on his face made her step falter in spite of herself—it was dark and almost lowering with suppressed fury. Then she recovered her self-possession with an effort, and went forward with a pretty obsequious and outstretched hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Prince; and had you come a little later you would not have found me here. My husband and I start for Bombay tonight."

"I fear you will not count it a pleasure when you hear on what errand I have come," he answered grimly. "I only regret for your sake that I have come too late."

"May I ask what you mean?" she said, somewhat haughtily.

"I mean, madam, I know you sufficiently well to feel sure you would have hesitated to ally yourself to one whom you would feel it not worthy to breathe the same air with you if you knew what I know concerning him."

Lillie drew up her small person to its full height, and in her indignation, laid aside the air of deference which usually marked her demeanor towards her royal visitor.

"Nothing you can say for or against

Captain Gordon can have the slightest weight with me!" she said, with proud scorn.

She still stood, because the Prince also remained unseated; and as she spoke she put out her little hand to the chair-back and stayed herself by it, for she was trembling between annoyances and alarm.

"It is unchivalrous to contradict a lady," said Prince Clement, with a slow, cruel smile; "yet I find myself in that unfortunate position—obliged to repeat my statement, that I have in my power to tell you what I know would entirely after your sentiments towards the man you have unfortunately married."

"Then tell me nothing!" she cried, with a little burst of passion. "I decline to listen to you!"

She made a movement as if to sweep a proud eunuch and pass from the room; but, with a quick stride, the Prince covered the distance between them and laid a commanding hand on her arm.

"You shall listen to me! I heard of it too late to prevent this unholy marriage; but at least I will not be cheated of my revenge. I loved you—you flouted me; and now I can make you suffer, and you shall suffer!"

"She shrank beneath his iron touch, for, despite her calm exterior, her heart beat high with unknown terror in the clutch of this fanatic, with whom revenge was virtue."

"Then I ask your highness to say what you intend to say quickly, and allow me to retire," she said, with a brave coolness she was far from feeling. "I beg to remind you again that we are leaving Pindi in two hours' time, and I expect my husband to join me here every moment."

"Let him come!" returned the Prince—and he laughed a scathing little laugh. "Let him come and deny, if he can, the reason why your father's murderer has never been found!"

Her hands clung convulsively to the chair, and she staggered; but only for an instant. She lifted her blue eyes to his, full of imperious scorn.

"Will you kindly speak more plainly, Prince? If you compel me to listen to you, I at least deny your right to speak in riddles."

It was open warfare between them now; but, in the tortured excitement, she was growing reckless of conventionalities. If Don were only by her side to protect her! She felt she would have given the world to summon her kinsman—native footman—and drive Prince Clement Sing from her presence there and then.

"I will speak all too plainly," he answered, bowing low. "It was Captain Gordon himself who shot Captain Dement."

"You dare say this to me?"

The words came in panting breaths through her parched lips, her bosom heaved, and she stood like a lioness at bay.

"I dare, because it is the truth!" he hissed. "Ask himself. He is here to answer."

For the portiers had been driven aside, and within the threshold of the door stood Don, in all the bravery of full-dress uniform he had worn for his wedding, and which he had not yet had time to change.

In one hand he held by the silken drapery, the other hand was clutching the hilt of his sword, and on his face the smile of joyous welcome had frozen and left it ghastly pale.

(To be continued.)

PUERTO RICO TARIFF.

VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF COMMON SENSE.

The People of the Island Would Not Suffer Through the Temporary Imposition of Low Tariff Duties—A Convincing Statement.

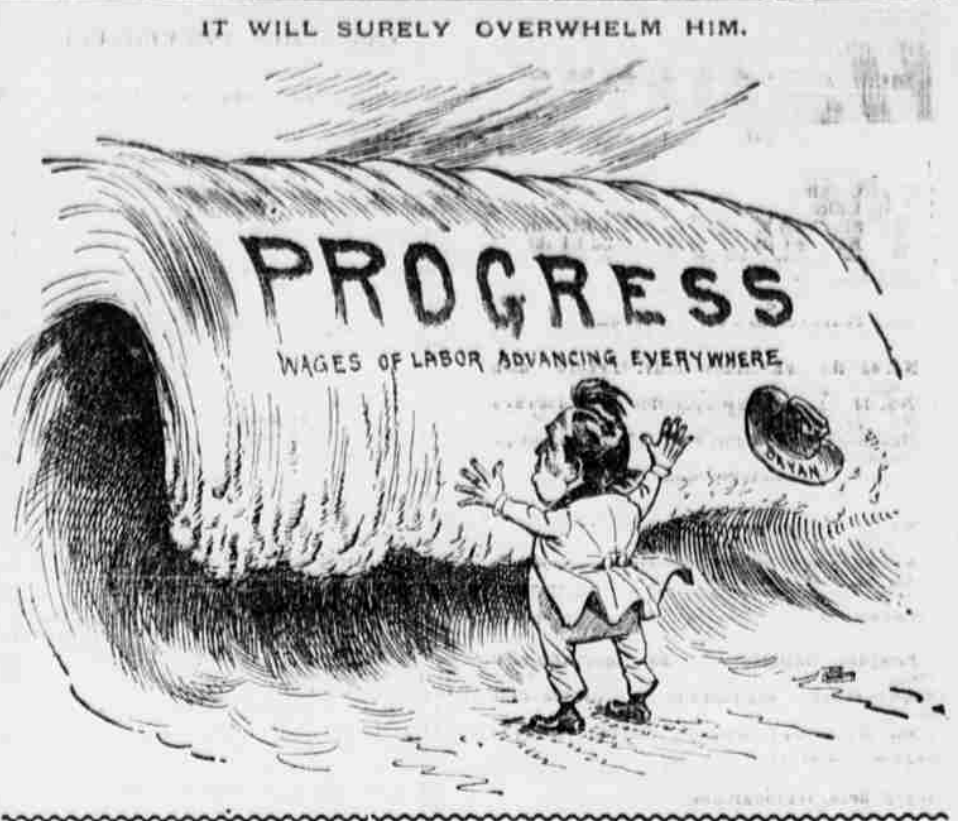
The Journal has seen no reason for emitting shrill cries of anguish over this matter. We have not expected that the world would fold together as a scroll if the Puerto Ricans did not have free trade with the United States. We cannot go so far as to say, with yet another contemporary, that a low tariff against Puerto Rico means that "we might as well turn our soldiers loose in the island to butcher the inhabitants." Even a high tariff would perhaps be more humane than that. What the Journal believes is that Puerto Rico is part of the United States, and that a tariff should no more be imposed against imports from there than on Michigan butter sold in New York city. But we are prepared to wait without showing signs of hysteria till the Supreme court of the United States makes a decision that confirms our belief.

In the meantime if the Puerto Ricans are compelled by congress to charge a low tariff against us at their custom houses and we against them for the sake of enough revenue to support the government of the island, what of it? A raving contemporary says that a duty of 2 cents the pound on rice will compel the Puerto Ricans to pay \$389,000 annually. That is a little over 10 cents for each Puerto Rican, and there are five other articles on which the increase may be as much as about \$2 the year per capita. We regret that it is anything, but until the Supreme court says this is illegal, abuse of congress for what we regard as a mistake will effect nothing.

Now as to exports from Puerto Rico on which it is proposed to charge a duty here. The current understanding has been that Puerto Rico was not selling a dollar's worth of its products elsewhere than in the United States, and not much here; that it once had free trade with Spain, and lost that market when the island was ceded to us. But the fact is that Puerto Rico did not have free trade with Spain. Coffee shipped from Puerto Rico to Spain paid a duty of \$5.70 the hundred pounds, and as to her other products the Spanish tariff was relatively as high, or more than twice what is suggested to be imposed in the United States on imports from the island. Puerto Rican coffee, in fact, is in any event to be admitted free into our markets. Moreover, of the duties collected in Puerto Rico when it was a Spanish province about 10 per cent went for the support of the government of Spain; under the United States both the revenue from duties on exports from Puerto Rico, collected in our custom houses, and the revenue from duties collected at the island will be expended in the island.

Nor is it true that the markets of Spain have been closed to Puerto Rico since the cession. The figures furnished by our government to cover the first thirteen months of our occupancy show that Puerto Rican exports to Spain (\$969,729 worth), Italy, France, the United States, Germany and to other countries amounted in value to over six millions of dollars yearly, above the average of the period from 1887 to 1891, thought somewhat less than the total for the one other year for which the figures are available. Besides, general exports to the United States from the island are rapidly increasing.

It is not accurate therefore to state that the Puerto Ricans are standing starving in the midst of a mass of unexportable and unsalable products because we do not give them free trade with this country. We ought to give them free trade if the island is decided to be an integral part of this country, and we ought to give them some form of government at once, for uncertainty tends to prevent the highest prosperity and development, and because the people deserve at least that much at our hands of right. But it is unnecessary that our local free trade contemporary should beat its breast and mix ashes in its flowing locks as might become a sincere mourner. It is not sincere, and there is no funeral.—Detroit Journal.



that will turn out these goods so successfully as to seriously diminish the amounts purchased abroad. It would seem that there is no end to the ravages wrought by the Dingley tariff in that portion of our foreign trade which is included in the imports. Not so the exports. They keep right on growing year by year. The tariff is a two-edged sword which cuts both ways for our prosperity.

AMERICAN TRADE TRUST.

English Wall Paper Manufacturers Organize a Combine.

The following bit of news, contained in a special cablegram from London, will be interesting to those that contend that free trade is the proper remedy for the trust evil.

"The English wall paper trust, forming since last September, is now complete, with a capital of \$30,000,000. Practically every manufacturer in the United Kingdom is in the combination."

As England already has free trade, and has had it for many years, the theorists there cannot throw the responsibility for the formation of the wall paper trust upon the tariff. We may properly ask how it is, if it is the tariff protection that enables trusts to thrive in this country, that a number of them can thrive in the British isles, where there is no tariff protection?

The wall paper trust, which is described as embracing practically every manufacturer in the United Kingdom, is a more comprehensive trust than any that has yet been formed in this country, with the exception of the Standard Oil trust, and the Standard Oil trust has no protection upon its product. The great Rockefeller trust has been organized and maintained without any aid from the protective tariff.

In England the wall paper manufacturers are not protected against importations from abroad by duties on wall paper, and yet it seems that they can combine every manufacturer into a trust and fix their own prices for what they sell.

There must, then, be something besides the tariff that is responsible for the trusts, and if that is the case, the introduction of free trade would not prove to be an effective remedy. On the contrary, free trade would probably serve to extend the operations of the trusts. With the duties abolished we should see international instead of merely national combinations to control the output and price of many articles.

The protective tariff operates to keep the foreign trusts out of the United States, leaving us with only our own creations to deal with—and the way will be discovered to curb and control them effectually.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Bad for the Calamity Party.

Prosperity stories have taken the place of calamity croakings in Kansas, and Mr. Bryan is wondering what he can do to regain his former hold upon the ears of those who no longer find him interesting. The story is told of an old farmer who, at the point of a shotgun, compelled a creditor to accept payment of a note before it fell due. "Why did he do that?" some one asked the narrator. "Oh, he wanted to stop the interest," was the reply. John W. Breidenthal, the state bank commissioner, tells of a banker out in the short grass country who wrote a letter asking if there was any law that would compel him to receive money for deposit in his bank. "I wrote him," said Breidenthal, "that if he had more money than he knew what to do with, I knew of no law in Kansas that would compel him to take more. You see, they are paying their taxes, and the county treasurer wanted to make a depository out of his bank, but he would be mandamus before he would submit to it."

All this looks bad for the political party and candidate who hope to win by reviving the free-trade and free-silver issues of the Chicago platform.

Opposed to All Reciprocity Treaties.

The way to fight these treaties is not to spend all our strength in exposing the gross injustice done to this state in these particular cases, but to attack the principle involved. It is utterly vicious. No reciprocity treaty can be negotiated whose effect is not to directly and without compensation take money from one class of our citizens and bestow it elsewhere at the caprice of the negotiator of the treaty. It is a relic of medievalism; it should have no place on the statute books of any civilized nation. Fight not merely these treaties, but all reciprocity treaties. Let us end the whole business once for all.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CHAPTER VII.

The wedding was over. It had been

nothing you can say for or against

BRADFORD'S WOES.

Caused by the Fact That Americans Are Wearing Clothes Made in America.

Prospects in the American trade generally are not encouraging, for the exports of cotton goods are likely to fall away, America having got machinery by which they can produce special effects themselves.

Such is the dismal forecast of the Bradford correspondent of the Financial Times of London. For the year 1899 cotton goods formed the principal part of Bradford's trade with the United States, the gross value amounting to nearly \$3,000,000, but the export of woollen goods fell off from about \$2,200,000 in 1898 to only about \$500,000 in 1899. Five years ago Bradford's exports in one year over \$8,000,000 worth of worsted coatings, while the amount for last year was a trifle over \$500,000. The Dingley tariff is to blame for it. Through its operations the demand for domestic fabrics has increased, and the trade losses lamented by Bradford and other European woolen centers are represented by the immense gain for American labor and material through the purchase and use of cloths made in our own country.

Now it appears that by reason of the tariff on fine cotton American mills are being equipped with machinery

Love's Deception.

"After all," said the thoughtful man, "the perpetuation of the human race is founded on falsehood." "How so?" demanded the prosaic man. "What would courtship be without it?" asked the thoughtful man, and instantly to the mind of the prosaic man came recollection of assertions that "she was the only girl he ever loved as he loved her," that "he couldn't live without her," and that "he faintly worshipped her footprints in the snow."