

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY MAJOR ALLAN.

CHAPTER VII.

"He is here to answer," said the Prince, and Lillie, who had been looking at Don with a face of horror in them, as if they gazed in reality upon that ghastly scene the Prince had painted—her husband's revolver pointed at her father's breast. The silence and the anguish of it all grew more than Don could bear.

"Lillie!" he cried.

"She made no movement. It was as if she had become unconscious of his presence or even life itself.

"Lillie! For mercy's sake, Lillie, look at me! Lillie! Lillie!"

He had gone to her side now and touched her cold hand, and at the touch she swayed a little and would have fallen senseless, but he caught her in his arms and laid her on the low divan. He threw himself on his knees beside her, and looked at her with his breath coming in hard, quick gasps.

Despair and shame overwhelmed him to suffocation, and paramount through it all came the proud fear for that self which had hitherto ever been first with him all his life long—the self for which he had often sacrificed the happiness of others or well-nigh forfeited honor, for which at last in a moment of frenzy he had even sold his soul.

He saw himself in that awful moment for what he was, and even with Captain Derwent's dead body at his feet he had failed to see himself.

Scorned and shamed before men, it brought near to him another tribunal, higher and all-powerful, at whose portals he must needs stand at the last day, and he bowed his head in his first real prayer that had ever rent his bleeding heart.

"My God, my God, be merciful!"

How would she for whom he had sinned look at him when those closed eyes opened? Would she not shrink from his touch as from some unclean thing? Would her love not fall before this blow he had dealt it, or was it that love possessed of a divine pity which would not turn even from the hand that struck it? He took the ivory fan which had dropped from her nerveless fingers and waited it softly over her pallid face.

Her long, thick lashes quivered, the white eyelids opened at last, and her blue eyes were looking into his.

He covered his face with his hands and bowed his head on the cushion beside her, for he could not dare to look at her now. She put out a trembling hand and touched his thick brown hair.

"Don," she whispered faintly, "tell me it is not true!"

"I cannot!" The hoarse reply pierced her very soul. Her hand dropped. She burst into sudden and passionate weeping. With a strong effort Don recovered his self-control, and spoke with labored intensity.

"It was not my shot that killed him—as God is my judge, I swear to you it was not; but, in a fit of anger, I fired, and it might have killed him. He insisted you were to marry that dark fellow, and he would not listen to me, and I lost my head. Lillie, Lillie! don't look like that! Don't! I cannot bear it!"

She had stayed her convulsive sobs, and her blue eyes were regarding him in a way that made his proud lips quiver.

"You did that, yet you came back to me and told me nothing of it, and you made me marry you!" The words broke from her in low, halting sentences, as if they choked her to utter them.

"Lillie, be merciful! It was my love for you that made me reckless. What good would it have done to tell you of our quarrel? For I never dreamt you would come to know of it."

"Oh, why did you make me marry you?" she wailed. And now she broke down once more and wept bitterly.

"Lillie!" he cried, beside himself with remorse and suffering, "you don't believe me guilty of his death? Don't tell me you doubt me!"

"I do not doubt you," she spoke at last; "but you have deceived me, and oh, Don, it has broken my heart!"

He looked at her wildly, and seemed to realize, with a new sense of desolation, that it was indeed true. He had shattered alike her faith in him and her love.

"Oh!" he cried out, "if you had loved me as I love you, you would understand and be pitiful!"

"I do love you," she answered brokenly—"you as you should be, as God meant you to be, not what you are."

"Don't!" he cried again. "Oh, if you only knew what a purgatory remorse has made my life ever since that fatal night, you would pity me and forgive me!"

"I do forgive you," she said, after a silence that seemed an eternity to the man who hung upon her words; "but life can never be the same again—never, never!"

She staggered to her feet and flung back the long strands of her flexing hair from her face with a despairing gesture. With a wild rush of memory it had dawned upon her that this was her wedding day, and that in an hour's time she was expected to leave her maiden home a happy bride.

Her wedding day! Was it indeed only a few hours since she laid her hand in Don's and vowed that him she would love and cherish and obey till death they did part?

"She turned now and looked at him, with the misery of that remembrance writ large upon her face, and Don winced beneath that look as if she had struck him a blow.

"Oh, that we could undo this day!" she said.

He knew then the thing he dreaded had come upon him. He had lost her love, and he was yet to lose herself. And a fierce despair fell upon him. He strode towards her and took her in a passionate embrace.

"No, I will not let you say it!" he cried hoarsely, "for I could not live without you, Lillie!"

CHAPTER IX.

Bombay at last!

"Oh, the terrible strain of those nights and days since the garrison of Rawal Pindi had bidden the newly married pair 'God speed,' and that journey had begun which should have been one all-too-swiftly-passing stream of happiness, and held nothing but the long-drawn-out agony of tortured hours—hours spent together in closest companionship, yet in which they were kept apart by the widest gulfs.

Don thought there could well be nothing bitter than that stage of the journey which was over. The forced inaction on board the trains, the fierce satisfaction of arranging every little detail for his wife's comfort, always with the knowledge that that right to do so would all too soon cease to be his; the constant strain to keep up appearances before servants and officials, the utter inability to break down the barrier of pain when they were alone.

Sometimes he told himself it had been better to speak that last goodbye at Bombay and prolong the agony no longer; but as a drowning man clings to the rope of succor, he had not the courage to be the one to cut the cord which bound them. She had consented he should take her home, and he would go through with it to the bitter end. His thoughts never went beyond that end. After their farewell had been spoken, what mattered it whether he went?

And now they were on board the big steamer at last, and the May day was dying in a golden haze over land and sea. The pilot had long since gone ashore in the tug steamer, and the great Indian land of glory and death was sinking fast astern into the world of waters.

Lillie stood on the poop and looked her last upon it with a bursting heart. She had come hither a gay and happy girl, she was going hence a broken-hearted woman, a wife in name alone.

Don was below, conferring with the steward about their luggage and cabins. She was free to let fall those salt tears she hid from him with proud, Spartanlike fortitude. If she suffered, she suffered in silence, and perhaps Don never guessed how deep that suffering was. He came up by and by, and found her still standing by the taffrail alone. She had checked her tears and recovered her habitual calm; but though she had drawn her veil down, through its thin texture Don saw how pale and worn her lovely face looked.

"You are tired," he said, compassionately. "Shall you go below at once?"

"I would rather stay here a while, I am not in the least sleepy."

(To be continued.)

COUNTED BY BILLIONS.

ANTI-PROTECTION THEORIES UPSET BY FACTS.

This Country Has Passed the Two Billion Dollar Mark—Alike in Its Foreign Commerce and in the Amount of Money in Circulation.

The United States has reached the two billion dollar mark alike as to its foreign commerce and its volume of money in circulation. This is an unpleasant fact for two classes of theorists, because the development of our trade with foreign nations up to and beyond the two billion dollar mark knocks the life out of a cherished free-trade belief and shows that the free-trader was hopelessly, absurdly at fault in his contention that a protective tariff was fatal to foreign trade expansion. Equally unpleasant, indeed actually distressing, is the fact of a two billion dollar volume of money in circulation to those who have based all their political hopes and ambitions upon the effort to show that "16 to 1" was the only thing that could make money plenty and cheap.

Curiously enough, the facts that make both the Cobdenites and the Bryanites look silly are the product of a single month in the history of the United States under "McKinley and Prosperity." On the 14th of January of this year it was announced by the treasury bureau of statistics that in the year 1899 our foreign commerce had crossed the two billion dollar line while on the 1st of February the treasury bureau of loans and currency made known the fact that the total money in circulation had also crossed the two billion dollar line, while gold and gold certificates alone had crossed the 800 million dollar line. The total foreign commerce for the year 1899 was \$2,074,345,242, while the total money in circulation on February 1 was \$2,003,149,355. The use of ten figures with which to show the business conditions of the country is indeed becoming surprisingly frequent. The tables of the December summary of commerce and finance show, for instance, the total resources of national banks at \$4,475,343,924; the latest report of the comptroller of the currency shows the deposits in savings banks to be \$2,230,266,554; the total resources of all banks in the United States are given by the same report as \$5,196,177,381, and the latest number of the summary of commerce and finance shows the December clearing house returns of all cities outside of New York at \$3,012,896,144, and those of the city of New York at \$5,348,285,867.

The announcement that the money in circulation in the United States has for the first time crossed the two billion dollar line also calls attention to the fact that the amount of money for each individual is greater today than ever before. The treasury bureau of loans and currency publishes each month a statement of the amount of money in circulation, and by combining with this the actuary's estimate of population, presents a monthly statement of the amount of money in circulation per capita. The statement puts the population on February 1, 1900, at 77,116,000, the money in circulation at \$2,003,149,355, and the circulation per capita at \$25.98. This gives a larger per capita than in any earlier month in the history of the country. On February 1, 1899, it was \$25.42, on February 1, 1898, \$23.42; on February 1, 1897, \$23.05, and on February 1, 1896, \$22.47.

No period in our financial history has shown a more rapid growth in the amount of money in circulation than that covered by the past three or four years. The total money in circulation today is 33 per cent greater than at the beginning of the fiscal year 1897, and the gold and gold certificates in circulation 61 per cent greater than at that time, the actual increase in money in circulation during that period being \$493,424,155, and of gold and gold certificates \$305,886,000, practically two-thirds of the increase, therefore, having been in gold.

The following table shows the amount of gold and total money in circulation at the beginning of each quarter of the fiscal year, from July 1, 1896, to date:

Date.	Gold (coin and certificates) in circulation. Dollars.	Total money in circulation. Dollars.
1896—July 1.	498,449,242	1,509,725,200
Oct. 1.	517,508,129	1,582,302,289
1897—Jan. 1.	555,630,678	1,650,225,400
April 1.	554,382,096	1,669,000,694
July 1.	556,482,594	1,646,028,246
Oct. 1.	564,997,312	1,678,840,538
1898—Jan. 1.	584,126,049	1,721,100,649
April 1.	618,448,941	1,756,058,645
July 1.	696,780,519	1,843,435,749
Oct. 1.	658,043,721	1,816,596,292
1899—Jan. 1.	727,980,132	1,897,301,412
April 1.	727,748,591	1,927,846,942
July 1.	734,716,728	1,932,484,239
Oct. 1.	745,234,744	1,948,703,186
1900—Jan. 1.	779,100,627	1,980,398,170
Feb. 1.	804,330,065	2,003,149,355

THE LABOR VOTE.

Always an Uncertain Quantity When the Country is in a Prosperous Condition.

The Republican party naturally expects a large increase in its voting strength this year as a result of the great prosperity which the country has enjoyed under the present Republican administration. When the people have passed from a condition of depression and extreme hard times under one party to a condition of unparalleled activity and good times under another party, the reasonable conclusion must

THOSE RECIPROcity TREATIES

Absurdity of Creating a Tariff by Law Only to Smash by Means of Treaties.

We are not at all surprised to hear that Germany finds fault with our Italian treaty, nor shall we wonder if Italy finds fault with the French treaty and so on throughout the list. No other result was to have been expected from such a system. To construct a tariff adapted to the country's interests and needs—a tariff which treats all foreign nations on a basis of absolute equality, and which can be understood and reckoned with by our producers and exporters on a basis of simplicity and accuracy—and then to set about the amendment and modification of that tariff in a dozen different and bewildering directions strikes us as the most notable modern instance of the opening of Pandora's box. It introduces into our financial equation the factor of a mischievous confusion. It lays us open to the charge of favoritism and discrimination. It sets in motion the machinery of an interminable and pestiferous complication, at home and abroad. It can give satisfaction, content and security nowhere.

The very idea of setting up a tariff law only to honeycomb and dismantle and emasculate it afterwards through the medium of a swarm of special treaties strikes us as objectionable in the last degree. If the tariff is imperfect, unsuited to our necessities and policies, why not modify it in congress? Why amend this schedule to satisfy Germany, and that schedule to placate France, and so on to the end of the catalogue, and conclude by satisfying no one, not even ourselves? Section 7 of Article 1 of the Constitution of the United States provides that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the house of representatives." It goes on to say, however, "but the senate may propose or concur with amendments as in other bills." Section 2, article 11, provides that the president shall have the power, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, to make treaties. The question, then, is whether we can, by calling these tariff arrangements with foreign countries "treaties," use article 2 of the constitution to nullify article 1 of the same instrument. Apparently the arrangements under discussion did not "originate in the house of representatives." Apparently their purpose is to "raise revenue." Thus we have, under the operation of the reciprocity clause of the Dingley act, a set of laws which refer solely to the raising of revenue, but which have not originated in the house of representatives, nor been submitted to that body's judgment and authority.

It is no part of our purpose, however, to make free with the constitution. We recognize the monopoly of the members from Podunk, Wayback and Possum Fork in that respect. But it seems to us a very grotesque, not to say ridiculous, situation, which puts the house of representatives in the predicament of formulating a tariff which somebody else can tear into tatters and which subjects American producers and exporters to the bewildering uncertainties of laws that reduce the chapman to a dull, neutral and unchangeable complexion.

In our opinion it would be well for the senate to reject the whole lot of these absurd "treaties," and for congress to abolish the High Thingabob Plenipotentiary Nonsense under which they have been bred. We have a congress to make tariffs for us, and foreign nations should be left to approve them or not, according to their fancy and caprice.—Washington Post.

Work Instead of Mischief.

A recent dispatch from Louisville, Ky., reports that the jeans clothing business in that section is booming. Shipments last month showed a gain of 25 per cent over those of January, 1899, and manufacturers have more orders for spring shipments than they ever had before. There are eight or ten jean mills in the vicinity of Louisville, and all are sharing in the general prosperity.

There is very little doubt that the present trouble in Kentucky would have taken on a very much uglier aspect if there had been as many idle discontented men hanging about to swell the mob on the one side or the other, as there would have been when Wilson law free trade had closed our factories, put business at a standstill and thrown men out of work. Men with work to do haven't time to hang around looking for trouble, and our policy of a protective tariff sees to it that men have work to do—all they want of it. It sees to it in Kentucky as well as in the rest of the country. The result is peace and quiet, instead of discontent and mob violence. Work instead of mischief is only another way of saying protection instead of free trade.

Intelligent in All Save Politics.

The price of cotton is higher by 12 a bale than it was before Republican prosperity came to visit us. The south is in favor of expansion, and opposed to the Bryan theory of contraction and free silver. And yet, when the south comes to vote, it will be sold for free silver, anti-expansion and cheap cotton solely and only because those things will have the Democratic label on them. And yet the voting part of the south is intelligent—in all things save politics.—Lawrence (Kan.) Journal.

If They Will Only Think So.

Shakespeare or somebody else said that a man "who is robbed and doesn't know it, is not robbed at all." Bryan's continuous calamity yelps would indicate that he thinks that if he can make the people believe that they are being robbed, it's just as good as if they were really robbed.—Republican.

READY FOR ALL COMERS.



Firm Basis of a Protected Market.

The United States by the growth of its foreign trade has passed completely from the ranks of the debtor to those of the creditor nations. And this in the face of the free trade theorists who predicted that so long as this country maintained the protective system it could never build up foreign trade, and would always remain a debtor. Our agricultural exports will rise or fall with the seasons in other parts of the world, and as other nations are able or unable to raise their own food, this is inevitable, and no legislation can anticipate or remedy these fluctuations. But legislation can assist and has assisted manufacturing industry by preserving for it the home market and encouraging it from that firm foundation to seek foreign markets for its surplus products. Our exports of manufactures are expected to reach \$400,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30 next, as against \$380,000,000 for the calendar year 1899. With the firm basis of a protected home market, American manufacturers are reaching out all over the world, and already the total of our foreign trade is only a little behind Great Britain's, and is gaining by leaps and bounds.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Right Sort of Reciprocity.

It is true that as the chairman of the Ways and Means committee and the author of the "McKinley bill" of 1890, Major McKinley did at that time report and doubtless favor a "reciprocity" clause, but the reciprocity which he favored in 1890 was a very different article from that incorporated in the present law. The "reciprocity" of 1890 was a manly notice to all nations that if they did not treat us fairly we would raise the duties on certain of their products. There was no proposal to lower our duties in any case. By the McKinley bill raw sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides were upon the free list, our sugar growers being compensated by a bounty on production, but the President was empowered, whenever satisfied that countries exporting those articles were imposing on United States products duties which under the circumstances were unfair, to promptly impose a "reciprocal" duty on those articles imported from such a country. That is not a bad kind of reciprocity, and it is the only kind which Mr. McKinley advocated when in Congress.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Survival of the Unfittest.

Instances in Nature Where Good Gives Way to Seemingly Evil.

A matter that has attracted the attention of all outdoor students for ages, and which still remains unsettled, is the fact that, although the farmer wages a constant warfare on weeds in order that his crops may grow, the food-bearing plants often fall to seed fruition, but the weeds never. The more noxious the plant the more certain it is to flourish, says a New England writer. What is true of the plant world is true of bird and mammal life. The English sparrows, which nearly every one hates, increase at the rate of millions yearly, in spite of rigid winters and bounty laws, while the birds which add the beauty of color and song to outdoor life are tending toward extinction. The frost that imprisons the grouse, by forming a crust over the snowbank where he has sought shelter, at the same time protects the field mouse pest from his natural enemies. The same crust bears up the wolf, while it practically imprisons the deer. Insect parasites kill the game birds, while the owl seems to enjoy their companionship and cares not how thickly they swarm within the cover of his plumage. The crows fly over morning and evening from roosting to feeding place and return in flocks as ducks and geese return from the south spring after spring with constantly thinning ranks. As the eastern writer puts it, the chances are that a hundred years hence, in the death of game, the leading sportsmen will be wrangling over the merits of their bags of crows and sparrows.

She Used Snooketes Powder.

He—That's a peculiar ring you are wearing. Has it a history? She—Yes, it's a war relic. He—Indeed! Tell me about it, pray. She—Oh, there isn't much to tell. I won it in my first engagement.—Chicago News.