

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

...BY MAJOR ALLAN...

CHAPTER IX (Continued.)
The Indian now, with a savage grasp on Don's throat, had plied him against the gunwale, and Don, unable to utter a sound, was fighting desperately with his hands for dear life. Then, as though a thick mist, he saw Lillie's sweet face near him, convulsed with anguish, and terrified officers rushing forward. A great lurch of the vessel blotted out the rest. Locked in his antagonist's ruthless embrace, he felt himself whirling backwards into the boiling sea and the waters closing over him.

Instantly the captain's voice came ringing out in quick command:
"Sentry, let go the lifeboat! Boan's mate, call away the lifeboat crew!"

Quick as the order, it was obeyed. The great ship was swiftly hoisted to. But what agony of heart was every second of delay to the paralyzed young bride!

Officers and men had now gathered on the scene, scanning the choppy sea with telescopes and speaking in tense, awed tones as they watched the gallant cutter straining might and main to reach those black specks which rose so often to the surface only to disappear. Lillie stood apart, speechless, almost sightless, in that wild endeavor to peer through the gloom of night, while the remorseless deep was lit up with a spectral terror by the lurid light with which the lifeboat was charged. Once the ship's surgeon went to her side and begged to take her below. She only shook her head. She was past speaking now.

At last! At last! A thrill of excitement passed from lip to lip. The look-out man on the mizen-mast had descried the rescue of both the drowning men—alive or dead, who could tell?

Impatience to know the worst was checked as the boat came alongside. In deference to the young wife, who stood in their midst waiting—waiting for what?

She followed blindly as they bore Don's prostrate form to his cabin and laid him on his couch. The seaman was dead. Had Don, too, passed away across the mystic ocean, whence the voyager no more returns?

In the weird lamplight that still, unconscious face looked indeed as if it already bore the stamp of death; and, with a despair terrible in its calmness, she turned from doctor to steward while they unfastened coat and vest and laid bare the ghastly wound and its streaming blood.

"Tell me," she said, "is he dead?"
Oh, what a whole history of pain and pathos lay in that brief question!

The doctor looked the sympathy he felt. He was a bluff, stolid Scotchman, inured to scenes of sorrow and suffering, but there was something in that pathetic picture of the strong young man struck down in his prime, and the lovely girl wife in her uncomplaining strength of endurance that touched him infinitely.

"He is not dead," he answered. "Be assured I will do everything that is possible to save him," he added cheerily, as his busy fingers sped at his work.

She stood aside in breathless excitement.

"This is a nasty wound," he spoke at last; "but fortunately the salt water has stanching the bleeding. It is after effects I am more afraid of. I should like to get two trained nurses, who happen to be on board, to undertake the case. They are very clever. I could thoroughly rely on them."

For an instance there was tense silence.

"Could you not rely on myself for one?" was the answer which faltered through her parched lips.

"Are you strong enough?" he queried kindly. "If it is a matter of expense, I think you will find I will arrange—"

She interrupted him with a little gesture almost of scorn. All her life she had known nothing of the bitterness of poverty, and now it seemed like a mockery to her to mention expense in conjunction with her love and Don's life.

"Spare nothing—nothing that money can buy!" she spoke breathlessly.

The doctor paused to take her slim wrist between his finger and thumb and calmly count her throbbing pulse.

"We'll make a compromise," said he soothingly. "You shall relieve my nurses from duty now and then; but you must remember his life depends on constant care night and day."

That settled the question definitely, and Lillie allowed herself to be led away to partake of a strong cup of tea and some refreshment to fit her for the long hours of watching which lay before her, for she insisted on the nurse not being summoned at least till morning, as the doctor himself meant to be in close attendance on his patient at night. In his heart he deeply pitied the fair young bride, who evidently loved so deeply the stalwart bridegroom stricken down to the very gates of death.

Yes, Lillie loved Don, even as she had never loved him till now. It was not until he lay before her thus, in the extremity of helplessness, till, pride

and pity both forgotten, and nothing but infinite tenderness filling her soul, she realized the depth of that love, "strong as death," which could forgive, even as Christ forgave, and rest on the atonement of the Redeemer alone. She watched by his pillow while the long night dragged on, and he still lay unconscious, motionless, almost breathless.

She shed no tears, but now and then she prayed—prayed as perhaps she had never prayed before. Sometimes she put her fingers on his pulse to feel if it still beat; and so she waited, waited, while the doctor came in and out, expecting every moment that change which did not come, but which must come at last.

It came when the wild night was waning towards daybreak, with a quickening of the languid pulse and the faintest tinge of color to the pallid cheek. She stooped over him, believing, with all a novice's delightful hope, that these signs were signs of improvement; but the color mounted to a hectic flush, the pulse throbbed faster and faster, and suddenly he started up and looked at her with strange wildness in his eyes.

"I will go! I will go!" he cried. "But you will believe me?"

She sprang up and threw her arms about his neck, uttering incoherent words of love and passion; but he had fallen back on his pillow, painfully flushed now, and his breath came in hot gasps.

"She will not kiss me! My darling will not kiss me! Never again!" he moaned. "What was it she said? 'All that is over now. How can I ever forget what has broken my heart?'"

The words died away in a sobbing whisper, and the doctor, coming back at that moment, found him thus, tossing restlessly from side to side, unconscious still, but actively unconscious, with the frenzy racking his brain.

CHAPTER X.

Days, many days, went by, and still Don lay in the same state. Sometimes shivering, sometimes burning with fiery heat, sometimes slumbering in the deepest torpor; often wakefully alert with the activity of a distraught mind, wandering back to scenes and times of which his watchers knew nothing—even back to days of early boyhood, when he and Roddy had fished together in Gadie's silvery stream, and never dreamed of jealousy or severance in years to come.

By and by, as the days lengthened into weeks, there came lucid intervals, and when he awoke weak and well-nigh speechless, but perfectly conscious of his surroundings. And if at those times Lillie chanced to be his nurse he would lie and gaze upon her with a look of dog-like devotion in his great brown eyes, often even try to utter some feeble words of gratitude or contrition for her being there. Whilst even as he strove to speak that deadly oblivion would return and blot out past and present alike.

And meanwhile Lillie watched by him and waited upon him with a jealous steadfastness that scarce could brook to share her vigils with his other nurses—they who could minister to the sufferer's wants perhaps more efficiently than Lillie's self, but could experience none of the young wife's bitter joy which made every little duty an act of devotion.

For she saw his strength ebbing hour by hour as the fever worked out its course. She saw his wanderings become more frequent, those fatal torments more prolonged, and those moments of weak consciousness grow fewer and fewer. And gradually, but all too surely, the awful fear began to dawn upon her that Don and she were to be called upon to part by a decree more relentless than hers. Yet, oh, it could not be that he should die—die and leave her thus, without knowing she had come to realize her life was bound up in his for time and for eternity! That his sin must be her sin, and its atonement hers also as well as his!

Who shall gauge the bitterness of those pleadings which burst from her aching heart through those long vigils of waiting? For it was known to her God alone. There came a night at last, as they neared the white cliffs of England, that after continuous hours of fitful slumber Don opened his eyes and fixed them upon her face. It was approaching the hour when she usually relinquished her post to the nurse, and she was kneeling by his side in silent prayer, her cheek resting upon his pillow, her locked hands leaning gently on his breast.

A strange reluctance to leave him had fallen upon her, and more than once she had passionately pressed her lips to the short, silky brown curls about his temples.

"Lillie," he spoke wistfully. It was barely above a whisper, but she heard it with a great bound of her beating heart, for she knew this was real consciousness at last.

"Lillie," he repeated faintly, so faintly that she had to stoop close to his lips to catch the words, "where are we now?"

"We are very nearly home. In a few hours we shall be in the Solent."

She was astonished that he manifested no surprise. It was as if his active brain had been speeding onward with the ship's throbbing engines; as if he, too, while his fragile barque drifted towards the unknown shore, had been dimly conscious of the great sea of time and space.

"Lillie," he spoke again, with labored difficulty, "when we reach Southampton will you wire to Roddy and Di to come to me?"

Hot tears welled up into her eyes and fell upon the wasted hand he strove to lift and lay on hers.

"We will go over to the Isle of Wight to them. Wouldn't that be better, Don?"

"If you will not mind the trouble," he said, with all the trustful dependence of a little child. And then suddenly, with fluttering breath, he spoke again, so faintly she could scarcely hear. "I dreamt just now you kissed me, Lillie, would you promise not to leave till the end?"

She broke down then, and flung herself upon his breast.

"Oh, Don! Don! Don't you understand? I will never leave you—never, never!" she cried.

His fingers closed upon hers with a feeble pressure and a look almost of rapture swept his face. Then, still holding her hand, he fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

RICH IN MEMORIES.

The Long-Neglected Harrison Mansion Finds a New Owner.

The long-neglected Harrison mansion at North Bend, O., has been purchased recently by Mrs. O. H. Hall of Cincinnati, for the sum of \$15,000, and is to be preserved in commemoration of the illustrious men who have been sheltered within its walls. It was built in 1814 by Gen. William Henry Harrison, who presented it to his bride. There he dwelt until he went to the White House, and where his nine children and his illustrious grandson, Benjamin Harrison, were born. At the time the house was built Harrison was governor of the Northwestern Territory, and as the conqueror of Tecumseh was a national hero. Those were exciting days, times of great personal danger, and no conveniences, and the Harrison mansion, simple as it was, was regarded then as aristocratic and stately. The hospitality of its halls was famous. Not a day passed that it did not afford entertainment for many guests. It is said that on occasions no less than sixty guests sat down together at the long mahogany tables in the great sun-lit dining hall. It is said that the bride was not content unless her cook served three kinds of meat on the festive board at times when cattle were scarce, when settlements were hundreds of miles apart. But wild duck and the fish in the rivers were plentiful, and no group of strangers or guests ever passed the gate in their day's journey who were not begged to remain and share the prodigal generosity of their host and hostess. In those days the estate, now sadly dwindled to seven acres, was composed of 600 acres. From Gen. Harrison the estate passed to his son, John Scott Harrison, a gentle, amiable man, with no financial ability. He lived there until his death in 1878, his property gradually diminishing until at his death he was actually a dependent. Benjamin Harrison was born there and it was his home until his marriage, when he moved to Indianapolis. For years the old house has been vacant. The gardens have been overrun with wild, insolent weeds, the fields deserted, the great rooms and halls lonely and dead. Not even the ghost of former laughter and hospitality has echoed for years along its spiral staircases. The spider, pitiful tenant, has swung his tent ropes from rafter to rafter. The lofty heads of the old oaks sigh among their lofty crests at the saddened picture.

MAGIC OF FIGURES.

Trick in Simple Subtraction That Will Puzzle Every One.

You can never tell what figures will do. Of course they are truthful, if properly handled, but some of them are capable of the most bewildering antics. Here is a method by which figures may be made to tell secrets in a way that will astonish those who are not informed about how to do the "figuring." Ask some person to put down unknown to you a number composed of three figures (say 762). Tell him to transpose the figures (making 267) and to subtract the lesser from the greater. Then ask him to tell you the first figure of the result, and you can tell him the entire number. For instance, your first number in the present example is 762, which transposed makes 267. Subtract 267 from 762 and you have 495. The only figure that you are told is 4, the first of the result. All you have to do is to subtract 4 from 9, which will give you 5, the last figure, and the central figure is always 9. So your number will be 495. This is true in all cases where only three figures are used in making up a number. The central figure will always be 9 when the transposed number is subtracted from the original number, and the two end figures when added together will make 9. So, knowing either the first or last figure of the result, you can give the entire number.

Story of Rapid Growth.

Some time ago an Iowa man contracted to make a plat of the town. Since then there have been fifteen additions to the city, and the new ones are coming in so rapidly that he hasn't been able to figure when he will finish his task. The growth of a gas town is like unto that of a sunflower when the sign is right.

THE BIGGER QUESTION

GRAVE ISSUE INVOLVED IN THE PUERTO RICAN PROBLEM.

It is Whether Our Newly Acquired Possessions Are or Are Not Already Integral Parts of the Republic—Republicans Are Right.

Keep the real issue in sight, and let the president and the party be judged by that." Is the wise conclusion of a very able article in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer on the Puerto Rican question. Obviously this excellent editorial treatment of a much discussed subject is the product of some knowledge and some thinking. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of a vast volume of matter that has found its way into print relative to the Puerto Rican topic. No writer has stated the issue more clearly or more intelligently than it is stated by the Post-Intelligencer this:

"It is not a question whether we ought to impose a duty of 25 per cent or one of 15 per cent or none at all upon commerce between that island and the United States. It is whether this government has constitutional power to levy such a tax under any circumstances; whether Puerto Rico is territory to be governed as all other territory added has been, by the disposition of congress, or whether its people, acquired by the treaty of Paris, constitutional rights within the United States that compel recognition by us and leave us no choice but to acknowledge the new possessions as an integral part of the nation under the constitution, and finally to admit them as states."

Rightly the Post-Intelligencer insists that the contest is not waged on the question whether Puerto Rican trade should be free or untaxed. The opposition to the pending bill is based upon no such consideration. It cares nothing about the question either of tariff or revenue. Engineered by clever free-trade and anti-imperialist strategists, the movement, intended solely to "put the administration in a hole," has secured the adhesion of a considerable number of Republicans who seem to be unable to discover the use that is being made of them. They are apparently blind to the fact, so clearly pointed out by the Post-Intelligencer, that—

"The constitutional question is the real bone of contention. The Republican party cannot abandon its position upon that without reversing all our precedents and destroying the practical possibility of building up a mighty commerce in the far east by exchanging for the open door in the Philippines the open door in the vast portion of Asia under European control."

"We believe that those who have differed honestly from the party's policy in this particular will agree with it when they come to see what is involved; and how cunningly the advocates of retirement from the Philippines have sought to make that necessary by a pretended fight over the Puerto Rican tariff."

If only the army of dissenters from the policy of the Republican administration and the Republican party could once grasp the idea that a much bigger and more pretentious question than that of 25 per cent, 15 per cent, or no tariff at all is involved in the Puerto Rican proposition, it would mightily help to clear up the situation.

MUST STAND BY PROTECTION.

Wanted, a Ringing Declaration in Favor of the American Policy.

A danger signal which may well be heeded by thoughtful Republicans, in contemplating the approaching presidential campaign, is the unfaithfulness of many Republicans to the protective principle. There are many Republican papers and not a few prominent men who seem to seize every opportunity to discredit the policy which has carried the party to victory in the past and which lifted the country out of the slough of despond of business depression as the result of the Republican triumphs of 1894 and 1896.

"Speak well of the bridge that carries you safe over," saith the old adage; but the Republicans to whom we refer, while, as a rule, supporting the tariff plan of the Republican platform in national elections, do and say everything in their power between times to undermine protection to American industries.

How eagerly, for instance, they seize upon the complaints against the trusts to demand the abolition of the tariff upon trust manufactured goods—overlooking the fact that there are trusts in free trade England as well as in the United States. And then in the Puerto Rican discussion they have given unlimited aid and comfort to the political enemy demanding the defeat of the policy recommended by the vast majority of the Republican members of congress.

If the Republican party deserves well of the country as a business party it is largely because of its consistent record upon the tariff. In showing a division of sentiment now upon that issue it is playing into the hands of the Democrats. If the Republican party is to cease to be a consistent protectionist party it will lose its hold upon the element which has heretofore given it its chief strength.

It is time to draw the lines. The next Republican national convention must make a clear and ringing declaration upon the subject of protection to American industry, and those who cannot indorse the principle should cease to be active in the party's affairs. For every vote lost by such a declaration we believe two would be gained from men whose experience of the benefits of protection during the past

three or four years has convinced them that it is the only policy upon which the general prosperity of this country can be maintained.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A DIRECT RESULT.

Why Wages Have Increased So Enormously in the United States.

In the current news of the day occur two announcements of more than ordinary significance. In a dispatch from Charleston, S. C., of March 25, we are told that—

"The York cotton mills of Yorkville, this state, yesterday announced that they would on next pay day chip 3 per cent from the annual dividend and add it to the wages of operatives. The wages of some of the employees had recently been increased 33 per cent. These were not included in the increase yesterday. President Ashe says:—

"We cannot help foresee that there must be an end of the present boom some day, and if we ever get back to the depression of a few years ago, just as we voluntarily increase wages now we will be compelled to reduce them then."

On the same date the following statement is made in a telegram from Philadelphia:

"In accordance with their notice posted shortly after Jan. 1, 1900, promising an advance to their employees, to take effect April 1, 1900, the Berwind-White Coal Mining company today notified all their miners of a general average advance of 20 per cent. The miners are now placed upon a basis of 60 cents per gross ton, and all day labor increased accordingly. This advance will make the wages paid the highest during the past thirty years, and in some instances the highest that have ever existed by nearly 7 per cent."

This is what is aimed at in the system of protection to American labor and industry—namely, that those who work for wages shall be the gainers through the profits accruing to their employers. As a direct result of the great prosperity which has come to the country since the election of William McKinley, and the consequent re-instatement of the thoroughly American policy of first taking good care of Americans and of regarding the fortunes of foreigners as a secondary consideration, wages and employment have increased enormously in the United States, and the general rate of wages is in nearly all lines of industry the highest ever known.

THE RISING TIDE.



A Fatuous Policy.

That something is needed for the rehabilitation of our merchant marine has been evident for a long time, and grows more alarmingly evident as our needs of commercial expansion become more pressing. In 1873-4 our merchant marine, though ridiculously small, represented a little more than 11 per cent of the steam tonnage of the seas; last year it represented a very little more than 4 per cent. In the same space of time the steam tonnage of Germany has risen from about 4 per cent to more than 8 per cent. Within the last century the steam tonnage of Europe has increased in these proportions: Norway, 1,410 per cent; Germany, 693; Italy, 395; Great Britain, 311; France, 290; Spain, 275; Russia, 430; Holland, 399. The increase of the steam tonnage of the United States in the same period has been but 65 per cent, though our increase of exports and imports has been phenomenal. The United States now pays more money for the transit of goods across the seas than any other nation, Great Britain alone excepted, and is pressing hard upon that country in the race for commercial supremacy. But we alone, of all trading countries, have been negligent of the obvious economy of paying our own countrymen for the shipment of our own goods. The fatuous policy should be reversed at once, and the bill under contemplation provides for its reversal.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Folly of It.

We can understand an American tariff, but neither we nor our lawmakers can predict the effect of the intricate system of individual treaties which, if ratified, would be a reversion to the commercial methods of the middle ages. The American policy has hitherto been the enactment of plain and uniform laws for the American people to which all doing business with us must conform. We have prospered under this system and it is utterly folly to depart from it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

One of the Essentials.

The manufacturing jewelers of the United States are strongly for protection. This is amply proved by their protests against any lowering of protective rates on their goods. In fact, among nine-tenths of all practical Americans protection is considered one of the essentials of business prosperity.

THE PRESIDENT IS RIGHT.

Common-Sense View of the True Inwardness of the Puerto Rican Matter.

The men who have risen wildly into criticism of the administration and the Republican party because of the Puerto Rican tariff bill, including some Republicans who spoke before the facts were all within their knowledge, are commended to the expression of opinion by President McKinley. It is identical with the editorial view of the question taken by the Post-Intelligencer, and is absolutely unassailable in principle and in fact.

Mr. McKinley prefers, as the Post-Intelligencer prefers, entire free trade between the United States and Puerto Rico. He has not changed his mind on this subject nor have we. We do not regard the difference between our trade with our new possession a duty of 15 per cent of the rates by the Dingley act as vital either. It will make no great difference to the Puerto Ricans, and none to us. But from a national point of view it is the ideal condition.

The party in the house was from this position by the radical, the other side, re-enforced by a few of its own extremists. By the speeches of these men another issue than expediency was introduced. It was contended by them that Puerto Rico must have absolute free trade, not in fairness, but as a legal right. It was held to be the due of those people under the constitution; and acquiescence in this doctrine would have bound us for all time to come with reference to the Philippines as well as to Puerto Rico. It was impossible to ratify this theory. Yet the course of the debate and the attitude of the press were such that there was only a choice left between two extremes. Either we must impose some trifling duty, or we must announce that all territory acquired came within all of the provisions of the constitution as applied to the states of this union, reverse the policy and precedents of a century, and tie our hands in the important work that we have to do in the far east. This is the argument which constrains President McKinley, as it has constrained us, to agree to the imposition of a slight tax to vindicate a general principle rather than to hold free trade with Puerto Rico at the price of conceding the new false and fatal theory of the constitution which the Democratic party have bound up with it.

It is still possible that the senate may find a way out of this choice between evils. It would seem practicable to amend the house bill by abolishing in it a clause denying in the strongest terms any constitutional compulsion, and asserting the unimpaired right of congress to legislate at its will on all matters relating to new territory. Or, if this is not done, a decision of the Supreme court will settle the question presently, and the Puerto Rican tariff may be repealed without danger. As matters stand today, however, the president is right and he is consistent. We suggest that those Republican newspapers in the state of Washington that have complained of his course and the policy of the party before all the facts were clearly stated should study the subject anew in the light of his utterances and of the explanations that have appeared in our columns.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Fault-Finder and Growler.

The Democrats are giving themselves a great deal of unnecessary uneasiness over the alleged Republican differences as to a tariff for Puerto Rico. The Republican party thinks for itself, and usually to some purpose and with the result of settling fairly and satisfactorily the great questions with which it has to deal. When it gets through with Puerto Rico the people of that island will have no reason to complain. The Democratic party, which never yet enacted a piece of constructive legislation, is occupying the usual position of fault finder and growler in general, with not a practical idea to suggest.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Howling Bryanite Free-Traders.

In 1896 Bryanites yowled and screeched that prices were too low, and that if Bryan were elected higher prices would more surely prevail. But if McKinley were elected the prices of everything would fall and business and the nation would be ruined. Yet now that prices are higher, but mostly because higher wages prevail and everybody can have work, the Bryanites are howling like wolves about high prices.

Nothing on earth can ever satisfy Bryanite free traders except low prices of foreign goods for genteel idlers, with one or two million wage earners looking in vain for jobs while our eodfish aristocracy can buy things awful cheap, and everything will be as nice as can be, don't they know?

He Ducked.

While speaking in New York the other night Mr. Bryan said: "A dollar that rises in purchasing power is just as dishonest as the dollar that falls in purchasing power. We want a stable dollar." A gruff voice in the back of the hall asked: "Well, how do you think you're going to get it?" Mr. Bryan failed to answer. He ducked. His gas bag was punctured. The admission that the silver dollar falls in purchasing power was fatal to Bryan's argument.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Senator Pettigrew Ashamed.

Senator Pettigrew declares that he is ashamed that he was born in New England.—Providence News. And New England, by the way of reciprocity, is thoroughly ashamed that Pettigrew was born at all.