

KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

.....BY MAJOR ALLAN.....

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

That night she would not consent to forsake his couch.

A new strength—the strength of despair—had come to her, and the doctor and nurse alike marvelled at the courage and promptitude with which she assumed the duties of her position when the sleepless night was over at last and the good ship steamed slowly into Southampton docks.

There she waited, telegrams arranged for Don's removal to the little steamer for the Isle of Wight, and gave orders about her luggage, all with a fortitude and forethought that had never been called upon till now. The sympathy of the whole ship went with her, for the calamity which had befallen her and her great endurance beneath it had won her golden opinions from all.

The captain stepped forward and grasped the little hand she proffered in silent gratitude for his condolence when the moment of farewell came at last. He had a letter to deliver into her keeping which, owing to Don's illness, he had refrained from doing before. He explained that the letter had been found upon the dead body of the Indian when recovered from the sea; and as Captain Gordon's name was mentioned in it, he thought Captain Gordon's wife should have it.

Lillie took it and put it in her pocket, with a wan little smile of thanks. Vivid as was her remembrance still of that ghastly scene the night of the storm, her thoughts had seldom dwelt on the swarthy seaman's dastardly deed which had added this twofold agony of Don's illness to her sorrow-laden soul. Indian life had inured her to the deep-rooted thirst for revenge of the native if he believed himself wronged; but Don was ever so universal a favorite she could not fathom the seaman's attack. She had neither time nor heart to read the letter now.

Yet it was not till the channel packet moored alongside the Cowes pier, and she saw Roddy and Di in response to her telegram, hurrying forward to greet her, the unnatural strain upon her endurance and calm gave way, and she fell on Diana's neck with the bitter, broken cry which meant the whole world to her.

"He is dying."

All that night Don's life was despaired of. His feeble pulse went down to the lowest ebb; and, as if that brief period of consciousness had sapped the last spark of vitality, his exhaustion was so great that at times he scarcely could tell if the breath of life had not gone out forever. There was no question of proceeding to Shamkin, where Roddy and Di had fondly expected to welcome bride and bridegroom to their cottage home.

To the big hotel overlooking the azure sea they carried Don to die. True, the fever had left him now, but it had left him prostrate, helpless as an infant. He slept continuously, knowing not the difference between night and day, sometimes dimly conscious of a loving hand ever ready to minister to his wants, but too weak, too far out on that limitless gulf that flows between the worlds to dream of what awaited him on either shore.

And Lillie? She must have suffered even if she had not loved him, and her love during those long weeks of nursing had become to her both life and food.

She sat by him while night waned and dawn broke. "Why seek rest when sleep was impossible?" she argued. And so they let her have her way, passing in and out of the sick room, always to find her sitting there, with her blue eyes fixed upon Don's face, motionless, almost breathless in her piteous despair. But just as the sun was rising and bathing the fair world without in a blaze of golden light Diana stole to her with some refreshment, to find her sitting up in her chair, a hectic flush on her face, her eyes aflame with mingled excitement and grief. A letter lay open on her lap. It was the letter the captain of the troopship had given her, and which had lain in her pocket forgotten until now, when a chance thought recalled it.

It was written in Hindostanee, and bore the straggling signature of one who had so ruthlessly wrecked "the White Lily's" peace. The signature was Sing, and was it wonder, as Lillie laboriously waded through its brief contents, passion and pain and remorse overwhelmed her bleeding heart?

"I command you to remove the despicable Feringhee (Englishman) Captain Gordon out of my path," ran the Prince's scroll. "Dotard! poltroon! that you were to take Captain Derwent's life in his stead! Your excuse that the darkness of the night and Captain Gordon's conduct led to your failure avail you nothing. You have robbed me of a friend, and let my foe go free. Expect neither reward nor mercy from me."

She understood it all now. The Indian whose knife had pierced Don's breast was no other than the sepoy who, in the secret service of the

Prince, had followed Don into Tirah. His orders had been to shoot Don, but in the gathering dusk of the nullah he had mistaken Captain Derwent for his intended victim. He had thereupon graphically reported Don's every word and action to try to account for the excitement which led to the misdirection of his own rifle; but the excuse had weighed not at all with the haughty potentate, whose imperious will had thus been frustrated.

And the sepoy, with that blind devotion to his master which is the Indian's truest point, had willingly faced death, disguised as a seaman, again to make attempt to carry out the Prince's desire.

She realized with a shudder the awful strength of her royal lover's deep-rooted jealousy. She felt anew the agony of remorse doublefold.

In vain Diana, with her larger faith and greater endurance, tried to solace her. She knew intuitively that Di, in her noble abandonment of self, would have sacrificed her grief for the father who was dead in order to teach the comfort of repentance at the foot of the cross to the living husband's suffering soul.

And now Don was dying—dying! And that supreme privilege would never be hers. She might never hold his hand and say: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." She had told Don she forgave him, yet she had bidden him go and work out his own repentance and salvation, bereft of earthly comfort and companionship—Don, whose nature she knew was so weak to resist temptation or endure hardship, who knew nothing of the strength of self-reliance or the trust in a redeemer.

Ah! what was her forgiveness worth?

Colonel Gordon from Gadie arrived at West Cowes on the second day following Roddy's message of Don's condition. Though his son undoubtedly held the first place in the old laird's heart, his nephew Don had ever received a large share of his affectionate solicitude, and he was profoundly moved by the young officer's illness.

Yet it was he who resolutely drew Lillie from the sick room, leaving Roddy and Diana to watch with the nurse through that time of dread crisis. He saw the strength of the girl wife was all but sapping beneath the awful strain, both physical and mental; and it was in those short, calm conversations by the wide seashore at the brave old soldier's side that Lillie learned the greatest of faith's secrets—"He doeth all things well."

And it was then—then, when her heavy-laden heart had found relief in submission to that Higher Will than her own, the vital wave of Don's life, having ebbed to its furthest limit, began to flow back. The doctor's verdict went forth that it was possible Don might live.

Oh, the agony then of those nights and days! Those alternate hours when life and death struggled for supremacy, and each hung in the balance!

Once more Lillie hovered almost incessantly by Don's pillow, living only in that hope of the first look, the first word of recognition. She hungered for it with an eager intensity that had no thought of self in it now.

She longed to pour out in his ears the comfort of that proof of the Prince's guilt and his own innocence. She told herself not even death could appal her now if but that brief communion of souls might be theirs, for suffering had taught her even resignation's wondrous hope.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

The sun was setting over the green, sloping hills and glistened on the fleets of yachts and little boats in the harbor and on the castle at its mouth. Away beyond the dividing River Medina rose Norris castle, with its fair parks extending to the shore, and still further were just visible the two square turrets of the little island home of the sovereign lady, Queen Victoria.

It was a fair, fair scene, and as Lillie stood at Don's window looking out upon it, her heart swelled with mingled patriotism and emotion. Ah, surely God, who was so merciful, would grant that Don, too, might yet revel in the fairness she now looked on?

Then suddenly, as she turned, she saw Don's eyes were open, and he was gazing upon her with the rapture of full consciousness which once before lit his face on board the great steamer. She went to him and fell on her knees beside his bed.

"My darling," he said faintly, and his weak arms went out to her and gathered her nearer and drew her head down to her breast. "Where are we?" he asked then, after a moment of silence that was too full for speech.

"We are home," she answered, in a voice of joy.

Through the near bay-window his eyes fell on the distant towers of Osborne, and suddenly, at that touch of

memory, he kissed her passionately, with all the ardor of hope and life.

"My queen is here," he murmured.

Yes, like the Israelites of old, these two had needed to pass through the wide red sea of suffering ere they gained the promised land.

But "King Don" had come into his kingdom at last.

(The End.)

LIFE IN SAMOA.

Description of the Island People by Mrs. Strong.

Mrs. Isabel Strong, step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, lived with the Stevensons during most of their life in Samoa, and she was closely associated with Mr. Stevenson in his literary work. She told recently of the beauty of the island, and said it could really be called the "Emerald Isle," on account of the luxuriance of its tropical vegetation. Orchids grow there like buttercups and daisies in an English meadow. Stevenson had a great love for the place, and he considered it restful and full of inspiration. The natives looked upon him with veneration, and his mother, who always wore a white cap, they called an exiled princess, confusing the cap and the crown as symbolic of royalty. Mr. Stevenson became friendly with many of the natives and one of his pleasures was to see the effect upon them of highly civilized customs, as for instance, inviting twelve or more of the warriors to a course dinner, served with great formality. The warriors would come in native costume and never appeared ill at ease, always waiting for Mr. Stevenson to begin a course and then imitating exactly. Contrary to the life of most savage people, the women of Samoa do not do the heavy work, and under the teaching of Mr. Stevenson they became still more exempt from unnecessary burdens, and lived much the same domestic life as civilized women. In their dress they still retained, however, many savage traits, and it was not an unusual thing to see the children going to church attired only in a hat and a wreath of smilax. When Mr. Stevenson died, the natives built a coral road from his home to his grave, and this they call "the road of loving hearts." They have also built a hospital in his memory, and Mrs. Stevenson partly supports it, sending a yearly contribution. The natives have always been afraid the body would be removed from Samoa, and they guard the grave with great care.

A CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

It Has Been Invented by a Full Blooded Member of the Tribe.

The new hieroglyphic alphabet is a novelty. It is the invention of a full blooded Cherokee Indian, by name Sequoyah. He has for a long time sought some method of writing the Cherokee language, hitherto only spoken. He found that the English letters would not express the sounds of that tongue, nor would his fellow Cherokees take up the white man's letters. To overcome this difficulty he decided to invent a new alphabet, easy to learn and at the same time expressive of the sounds of the Cherokee language. The Indian eye will not easily come down to mere lines, so he used pictures of things to indicate the letters or sounds of letters. He succeeded at last in forming an alphabet of sixty-eight signs by which he could express all of the sounds of his native tongue. At the same time the letters are so large and distinct from each other as not to be easily confused. He first tried his new alphabet on his wife, and found that she could easily remember the sounds and learn to read. Then he called in half a dozen of the Cherokee warriors and tried his letters on them. Here again he succeeded. He wrote a few sentences in Cherokee, and they read them after a little training.

About Frightening Children.

If a child is constitutionally nervous, says the American Journal of Health, it is no use to think that it can be made different by force. Argument, too, in many cases only intensifies the terror which children often feel if left alone in the dark, and gives definite expression to fears which are purely imaginary. Many people argue that a child who is afraid to be left alone or to go into a dark room ought to be made to do either of these things in order to find out that no harm will come to him. Now, children are seldom really afraid unless they have been made so, and it is a curious fact that the most timid child shrinks from disclosing his fears to anyone. In such a case someone has certainly warned him that worse things will happen if he dares to disclose the reason of his alarm. Very often it is the simplest thing which has been made to appear so terrible under certain conditions.

Says Genius Should Not Marry.

Possibly the best known unmarried man of letters is Henry James, the novelist. He maintains stoutly that the artist, no matter what the medium of his expression, should remain single, on the ground that the petty cares and carplings of domestic life tend to wear on delicately-adjusted nerves and exhaust the mental fiber of genius, whether its possessor be a painter of pictures, worker in words, a modeler of statues, a composer of music, a singer or one who amuses the people from the stage.

Some men never realize how mean they have been until they run for office.

IT CONCERNS LABOR.

VITAL ASPECT OF THE PUERTO RICAN QUESTION.

How American Wage Earners Would Be Affected by the Competition of Low Paid and Half-Civilized Workers from Our New Possessions.

Although occupying in the columns of the Congressional Record scarcely more than one-tenth of the space commonly taken up by statesmen desirous of disseminating their views through the medium of the government printing office, the speech of Congressman Grosvenor of Ohio on the Puerto Rican question, delivered in the National House of Representatives on the 28th of February, 1900, is among the most important of all the speeches made on this subject in either branch of Congress—more important than all the rest of the speeches put together, we had almost said. The strength of Mr. Grosvenor's presentation of the real factors of the Puerto Rican problem lies in its brevity, its directness, its simplicity of statement, and above all its truth, solid, vital truth.

"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," began Mr. Grosvenor, aptly taking from Holy Writ a quotation that should put to shame a considerable number of Republican speakers and writers who have deliberately walked into the net spread out in plain sight before their open eyes and have been awkwardly flopping around in it now some two months. It was a net spread by the enemies of American liberty and American labor; a net spread by prototypes of those who in 1850 forced upon the country the dangerous issue of intrinsically human slavery into the territories on the principle that "the constitution of its own force carries slavery into any or all of the territories of the United States," a net spread by free traders with the design of advancing their favorite dogma of cheapening American labor and American manhood; a net spread to embarrass and defeat the Republican party at the polls this year.

It is strange indeed that in the minds of those Republican writers and speakers who enlarge upon the cruelty of the 15 per cent tariff proposition and who discourse so eloquently upon what they designate the right of the people of all our new possessions to instantly enter upon the enjoyment of all the rights enjoyed by the people of the states of the union, the real purpose of the net spread in their plain sight had not been more apparent; strange that they should not see, what Mr. Grosvenor so forcibly points out, "that behind it all is simply the stalking of the Democratic purpose, manifested at the very outset, to drive the Republicans of this country into a position where they could destroy them at the polls."

The telling points which bristle in the speech of Mr. Grosvenor may thus be briefly stated:

1. The question whether "the constitution followed the flag" into Puerto Rico, and if into Puerto Rico then of necessity into the Philippines, for you cannot separate the two propositions.

2. If the affirmative of these propositions be true, the cheap, degraded labor of the Sulus, the Tagals, the Filipinos and the horde of Asiatics which we took unto ourselves when we took the Philippine islands will come into competition with American labor in our mines and mills, for you cannot legally prevent a full fledged American citizen from offering his labor where he will and at what price he will.

3. That the entire volume of Puerto Rican sugar and tobacco now awaiting transport to the American market has long since passed out of the hands of the native producers and into the hands of trusts and speculators who alone would profit by the removal of all tariffs on these commodities.

"That is all there is of it," says Congressman Grosvenor, "and in order to bring that about the whole Democratic party of the United States and all their coadjutors and co-operators have launched their boat in support of a principle that will bring to the labor sections of the United States millions upon millions of half-dressed vagabonds to cut down the price of wages." Truly and well it is urged by Mr. Grosvenor that if the question had stood alone, and had not carried with it a much bigger, broader and more portentous question, nobody would have been seriously or permanently disgruntled if absolute free trade had been granted to Puerto Rico and the people of that island would have been granted, without much opposition, the boon of unrestricted commercial intercourse through legislative enactment by a Republican Congress; but not, mark you, in pursuance of the false and dangerous doctrine that "the constitution follows the flag."

It was in the interest of American labor that Mr. Grosvenor made his powerful speech of February 28. No one has yet answered that speech; no one has yet shown, and no one can show, how the Republican party could have squared itself with the labor interests of the United States if it had walked into the Bourbon free trade net so artfully spread for the purposes of the campaign of 1900.

Only Stoolpigeons.

The most significant statement of the trust question in relation to the Puerto Rican tariff bill was made by Congressman Cannon of Illinois, on the floor of the House. He charged

that both the tobacco and sugar stored in Puerto Rico are owned by the sugar and tobacco trusts. They have put forward some natives as stoolpigeons to beg for free trade, so that, while the Democrats cried out against the trusts, they would be voted for them.

In other words, while the Democrats are shouting out at the tops of their voices for free trade with Puerto Rico they are but acting directly in the interests of the tobacco and sugar trusts, who hope and pray for such free trade since they own the sugar and tobacco that have been stored up in Puerto Rican warehouses. There is something for all intelligent men to ponder over, and Mr. Bryan would do well to give it more than a passing glance. The Democratic party, which, by the way, scatered and honored the greatest trust maker of the age, ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower of New York, acting as the stoolpigeon of the abominable sugar and tobacco trusts! Shades of Thomas Jefferson!—Youngstown (Ohio) Telegram.

A PREDICTION.

Free-Traders Will Accept Bryanism for the Sake of Overthrowing Protection.

The Philadelphia Record is one among the few Democratic newspapers which indulge in the vain delusion that it is yet possible to prevent the nomination of Mr. Bryan as the Democratic presidential candidate this year. Reviewing the platform just adopted by the Nebraska Democracy in state convention—a platform which undoubtedly was submitted to and approved by Mr. Bryan prior to its adoption—the Record says:

"The Democrats have before them an opportunity and a problem which require a statesman of high ability and courage, capable of leading the government in constitutional paths. By his Populist platform and his speech menacing the people with a new greenback agitation just when the specter of free silver has been laid Mr. Bryan has shown even to his most zealous adherents in the past that he is not the man for the hour. No matter how sound may be his views upon the great issue which a Republican administration and a Republican congress are forcing upon the nation, his identification with the worst monetary heresies and humbugs, including greenbackery, has inspired a distrust of him which cannot be overcome in the pivotal states that will decide the contest."

And yet William Jennings Bryan will be the Democratic nominee at Kansas City next July; nothing is surer than that. Will the Philadelphia Record refuse to support him in the campaign? Probably not. Its hatred of Republican doctrines and policies is too strong for that. Rather than abate one jot of its unreasoning hostility to what it calls "the pernicious policy of protection" the Record will most likely accept Bryanism and all the rest of the Democratic free-trade predilection of the United States. Mark the prediction.

WILL NOT BE FOOLED AGAIN.



INTERNATIONAL TRADE.

Exports of Manufactures This Year Will Amount to More Than \$400,000,000.

The fact that there was an increase of more than \$10,000,000 worth in the exports of manufactured commodities from the United States in February, compared with the exports of like commodities in February of last year, is the most striking fact in connection with the international trade in which this country was interested during that month. The February exports of manufactures this year aggregated more than \$34,000,000 worth, and it is estimated that according to the present outlook our total sales of manufactured goods for the current year will amount to more than \$400,000,000 worth. These are striking figures, and must be impressive to every student of our industrial enterprises, and of the remarkable success that attends the effort to extend sales into foreign countries. It is only necessary to remark, in this connection, that four years ago our total annual exports of manufactured commodities amounted to less than \$200,000,000 worth. By far the greater percentage of increase in our foreign sales of manufactures has taken place since the Dingley protective act gave such encouragement to American industries, as not only to enable them to hold the domestic market, but to so reduce the cost of production on many lines as to make them competitors in the markets of the world. Export of manufactures in 1899 were more than double those of 1890.

Will Charge It to Protection.

A Scotch linen manufacturer writes to this country that linen yarns have advanced fifty per cent., coal 200 per cent and bleaching and wages fifteen per cent. And yet when linens are advanced about thirty-three per cent, some of the Democratic papers will be charging it up to the trusts or protection.—Hamilton (Mo.) Hamiltonian.

FAULT FINDING MERELY.

Unworthy Attitude of Democrats in the Puerto Rican Matter.

Observe the nature of the Democratic assaults upon the proposed action of congress relative to Puerto Rico.

How keenly and with what wrathfulness they jump upon the tariff provision of the bill passed by the house of representatives. With what an assumption of righteous indignation they seek to tear to tatters the legislation which is engaging the attention of congress, and how painstaking in their efforts to worry the majority.

When you have waded through the bitter denunciations with which they have made the circumambient atmosphere look blue, do you not recognize the familiar and ever-scolding voice?

It is the old, wrangling, vituperative objector, who is always pulling down and never building up. The democratic wail is that a tariff should not be imposed upon Puerto Rico. Where in all the denunciation of that measure is there a suggestion of anything constructive in its place?

Grant that there should be no permanent tariff wall between Puerto Rico and the United States, and no Republican claims that there should be, what do these Democratic saviors of their country offer in its place? There is crying necessity for provision of some sort for the relief of the storm-swept, Spain-ridden islanders, but the only idea that has secured absolute possession of our Democratic circles is that a tariff restriction is horrible.

They have only traveled one segment of the circle and imagine that they have been clear around.

The party that seeks to feel its way toward constructive legislation for our new island possession, the party that has the courage to march along untrodden paths and blaze away, is denounced by a party that is paralyzed with fear over the necessity for positive action.

Grant that the Republican party is meeting with difficulty in all at once striking upon the absolutely correct policy to pursue, in view of the new questions that confront us, in heaven's name where would we be if the solution of these questions were in the hands of the party that objects but does not suggest, of the party that looks down and does not look up, of the party that fears to go forward and dares not go back?—Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

If Only We Had the Yankee Ships to Take Advantage of It.

The cheerful condition of a foreign commerce carried almost exclusively under foreign flags is emphasized by England's last move in the Transvaal war.

Dispatches have been received at the State Department from Ambassador Choate which state that British vessels are not permitted to take goods for the enemy's territory, and there are no other vessels running between East London and Lourenzo Marquez.

The representation of the American merchant marine in those waters is confined to one or two sailing vessels that occasionally appear there. Ambassador Choate, it is to be noted, says there are no vessels other than British plying between East London and Lourenzo Marquez, so that, even if goods could be sent to East London and discharged there, it would be difficult to transport them to Lourenzo Marquez.

England has done a very sensible thing. No one will blame her in time of war for harassing her antagonists in every possible manner. She builds her own ships, subsidizes them and controls not only the vessels for transports or auxiliary cruisers in time of war, but can put an embargo if she likes, upon their cargoes.

Of course, such action hurts the United States. Of course it hurts any nation that has to do business under a foreign flag. The fanatic who are opposing Senator Freer's shipping bill, as they opposed the making of steel rails, as they opposed the building of the navy, as they opposed resistance to Secession, would do well to paste this incident in their hats.

They will not, of course, because, heaven help them, they are either in the pay of foreign steamship lines or else members of that sincere but melancholy group who were born with the belief that their country is something of which to be ashamed.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Would Retain the Principle.

The decision of the Senate Republican Steering Committee to further amend the Puerto Rican tariff bill by striking out entirely the provision requiring the payment of duties upon American goods imported into this country to a merely nominal rate, much smaller than the fifteen per cent of the Dingley duties provided for in the House bill, brings the whole question back very close to the president's original proposition for free trade with the island. Such a tariff arrangement would be practically equivalent to free trade and yet would retain the vital principle for which the Republican party contends, that the constitution does not apply to the new territory without specific action of congress.—Denver Times.

Our Level-Headed Country.

Excitable editors who are retiring President McKinley because of the little Puerto Rican muddle forget that the country loves prosperity.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Wise is the man who acts as if he expected to live a hundred years, but is prepared to shuffle off tomorrow.