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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**A Satisfactory Compromise.**  
He (half-past 10 p. m.)—I wish you would sing that old song, "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Your Flight." It is my favorite. She—I would dearly love to favor you, but I am afraid my singing would wake father. Suppose, instead of singing, I turn the clock back an hour?

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet and Sore Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Nothing is more surprising than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few.—Hume.

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Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.—Franklin.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottles.

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Spuff is one of the things that are apt to get pinched.

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is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

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Pretension isn't natural; nature never pretends.

**Brown's Teething Cordial** is the babies' best friend, so say the mothers.

Economy is the poor man's mit.

# KING DON:

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

—BY MAJOR ALLAN—

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She looked up in his face with a little smile that would have appeased a very martinet in love.

"I am very sure that Roddy does not care a scrap nowadays for me," she said demurely, adding, with sweet contrition, "and I am not surprised, after the way I treated him. But I was only a thoughtless girl in those days, and I know he has forgiven me."

"How long ago is it since 'those days'?" queried Don, toying with a golden strand of her hair. Her words had restored his reassurance and calm.

"I try to think it is a long, long time, Don," she answered gravely, "for then I never thought of right or wrong, or how beautiful it makes life if we try to serve God rather than self. Oh," she broke off, with a thrill of emotion in her voice, "sometimes I pray I may live to be an old woman, just to try to make up for all those wasted years."

"And so I, too, pray that you may, though it were only to solace the declining years of a 'st sinner like myself, sweet saint," he rejoined, lightly. "And now, my darling, since I know your heart is mine, beyond retraction, I can risk to tell you my news from home today. That faithless Roddy is about to be espoused to my sister, Di."

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad!" she exclaimed, and there was no mistaking the genuine warmth of her words. "You will tell him that when you write, won't you, Don? And I myself will write to Di. Oh, Don, I think Di is one of the noblest women in the whole world. But for her example I should never have learned to remember our lives are not our own."

Don rose from her side with a momentary flush on his cheek.

"You were not always such a little Puritan, Lillie," he rallied her, "or, don't you know, 'pon my word, I should have been afraid to think it possible you would ever look at such a reprobate as me, for—you know I am not a hypocrite, Lillie—I'm not a good fellow by any means, and, to tell the truth, I don't want to be one."

It was a bold thing for him to say in the face of her guileless professions of faith; but love made Lillie blind to everything but the bliss of knowing he had claimed her heart forever, and that into his hands had been put the wondrous power of making his chequered life blessed.

She rose, too, and put her hands out to him with a sweetness that banished all thought of alien opinion.

"Some day, Don, perhaps you will come to know, as I do now, that this world is not everything; and so long as you love me I am content to wait for I know that God will make it plain to you in His own good time."

Don's arms closed around her with more demonstrative tenderness than he had yet shown.

"My white Lily, I am perfectly certain we shall prove a model Darby and Joan, for, since you will have me, what do I care for anything else?"

And then he kissed her again, and murmured "sweet nothings" in her ear that brought the color flitting happily to her lovely cheek. Lastly he drew from his little finger a gold band, bearing a diamond ivy leaf, and inscribed inside with the single word "Byland"—steadfast—the Gordon badge and motto.

And when he had placed it on the third finger of Lillie's fair hand, she repaid him by throwing her arms about his neck and giving him the first shy kiss of love.

"Oh, Don, may we be like the ivy, and always cling close to each other. May nothing ever come between us two!" she cried.

Those words of deepest love might mayhap have fallen more fitly from the man's lips than the girl's; but Don read in their sweet solemnity the hidden meaning of a hoped-for higher bond of union, and he only smiled considerably as he held her close and returned her kiss with liberal interest.

"I hope," he said playfully, "that means you never, never would be so cruel as to jilt me as you did old Roddy. There! forgive me, sweet, I'm a brute to have reminded you of those days when you were such a dear little coquette. Are you quite sure you are not afraid of giving yourself to such a jealous beggar as I am, Lillie? For you know I am jealous."

"Do you know why I didn't tell you of Roddy's engagement till I knew that I had won your dear heart? Because I didn't want to be taken out of pity."

"You need never be jealous of me any more, Don," she said, with sweet earnestness.

"What of His Highness Prince Clement Sing, who your father told me sent you lately a present of a certain cashmere shawl, and a champac necklace?" he queried, laughing.

But the question turned Lillie's blushing face for the instant pale. It had suddenly reminded her of Captain Derwent's favor of 'this would-be suit' for her hand. Prince Clement Sing, though a native of the Punjab, had European blood in his veins, and had lived from boyhood in England, and graduated at one of the English universities.

"I would have returned the presents, but father explained to me it would give serious offense," she said depressingly. "It was unpleasant to have

trembling girl in a lingering embrace. "What message shall I take to the father, little one?"

"That I love you," she answered simply, "and that I only live for you both to come back to me."

He sealed the confession with a passionate kiss, and tore himself away, to spring lightly to the saddle.

For an instant he paused on his prancing steed with bared head, his brown eyes bent upon her, and a smile on his moustached lips.

"Till we meet again." He spoke softly then, as kissing his hand to her, he resumed his helmet and galloped away into the moonlit night.

"Till we meet again!"

She lifted her tear-dimmed eyes to the star-spangled heavens in a mute supplication that the Father of all would watch between him and her till that day came.

Ah! she little knew what the interval held in store.

CHAPTER III.

"Impossible, my dear sir—impossible!"

It was Captain Derwent who spoke in that decidedly aggressive tone of decision, and he whom he addressed was Don Gordon, as they strolled in company along a narrow track by the side of a winding nullah, on their way back to mess at the Tirah camp.

It was nearly three weeks since the lover had bidden Lillie farewell, and she it was who was under discussion now.

Don's cheek was flushed, and his dark eyes glowed ominously as their glances followed the clouds of pale smoke from the cheroot he puffed for several minutes in proud silence.

That he had never contemplated Captain Derwent's blunt refusal of his suit was very certain, by the easy assurance with which he had courted and won Lillie's own consent.

"You say it is impossible your daughter should ever be my wife?" Don spoke at last, with painful distinctness.

It was characteristic of Don's nature that he was rarely roused to passion; but, once roused, it was deep and lasting; and by the pallor that had replaced the flush upon his face it was too evident he was moved to passion now.

"Perfectly impossible, my dear fellow, though I hate telling you so, don't you know?"

"Since you have told me so much, I should like that you will tell me more," said Don, in that calm voice that little betrayed the fire at his heart. "May I ask why it is perfectly impossible?"

"My dear sir," exclaimed the elder officer, somewhat sharply, "if your own common sense does not tell you my chief reasons, then you must pardon my being outspoken. You've said yourself you haven't a rupee beyond your pay and what your uncle, Colonel Gordon, chooses to allow you yearly. Now, honestly, do you consider you are at all a suitable match for my little girl, who, you must remember, is now an heiress. Had you been heir of Gaidie—"

"Thanks," said Don curtly. "I do not need to be reminded of my reversed fortunes, and, I will confess, I should never have asked Lillie to share my poverty. It is only the fact of her being an heiress makes it possible she could ever become my wife."

"Pon my word, sir, you're frank!" exclaimed Captain Derwent, irritated by what he deemed effrontery on Don's part. "My daughter should be honored to know that, had she been a 'cherless lass,' as we say in the north, you would have had none of her."

He laughed, as if to pass the matter off as a joke; but he was genuinely annoyed.

(To be continued.)

**DOCTOR AND PREACHER.**  
A Noted Ante-Bellum Character Who Could Also Put Up a Stiff Fight.

"One of the noted ante-bellum characters of the south," says a Georgian, "was Dr. McKane, who lived between Washington and Augusta. He was a physician of the old school, and being also a man of strong religious views, he was in the habit of occasionally preaching in the rural churches. Physically McKane was a giant, and if he failed to convert a sinner by word of mouth he was not averse to finishing the argument with his fists; so, needless to say, his proselyting was singularly successful. One Sunday, as the story goes, he drove to a neighboring village for the purpose of holding services, and was met as he descended from his buggy by the local blacksmith, who was the bully of the community. The blacksmith had heard of the doctor's prowess, and, regarding his presence as a menace to his own prestige, decided not to let him preach. 'Well, stranger, who be y', anyhow?' he asked as a starter, planting himself in the visitor's path. 'My name is McKane,' replied the doctor, 'and I've come to hold a meeting in the church yonder.' 'My name is Bill Williams,' said the blacksmith, 'and I'm here to tell y' that y' can't hold no meetin' in this town today.' 'That's something we'd best settle immediately,' said McKane, with perfect coolness, and proceeded to pull off his coat. The blacksmith had the advantage of brute strength, but McKane was a skillful boxer, and after a few swift passes he saw an opening and knocked his man down. The bully got up raving and was promptly floored again. The third time McKane stretched his adversary out he jumped on his chest and began slugging him about the face. 'Hold on,' bellowed the blacksmith, splitting out a couple of teeth, 'I've gotter 'nuff!' 'Do I preach here today?' asked McKane, landing a stiff punch on his nose. 'Yes! yes!' yelled the other; 'preach all y' want to!' 'And will you come and hear me?' continued the doctor, hitting him a terrific lick in the eye. 'Yes! I'll come!' 'All right, brother,' said the fighting parson, rising and wiping his hands; 'the services will begin at 10 sharp.' The blacksmith kept his word and was on the front bench. They say he afterward became a class leader."

### COAL FAMINE

In France Affords a Market for American Products.

The coal famine imminent in France affords an opportunity for American coal of all grades in these markets. The coal famine that has existed in France and a large part of Europe during the present winter and the consequent high price of all kinds of fuel have called very general attention to the coal supply of the world. The situation is supposed to be due to the war in the Transvaal and the strikes in the French coal districts. It could also be attributed to the unexampled activity in the channels of manufacture, which one and all rest upon coal as their foundation and have been steadily increasing their consumption for the last decade. The governments of several European nations have been asked to take prompt action in the direction of protecting their mines. The annual coal output of France is about two-thirds of the consumption. The railroads in France consume annually about 4,500,000 tons; the metallurgical establishments, 6,000,000 tons; the mining industry, 3,000,000 tons—over half the output. It is asserted, but not authoritatively, that France can greatly augment her output of coal. The more general opinion is that the country will have to look for her coal supply to the United States and other lands, where there are rich mines yet untouched.

### The Rhine of Ireland.

The Blackwater, which has been styled the Irish Rhine, has been included in many tourist programmes. Wicklow, a run of only an hour or two from Dublin, with its lakes and hills, has been made easily accessible to the ordinary tourist by good services of public cars and coaches. The up-to-date character of tourist enterprise in developing our tourist industry is evidenced by the fact that a service of automobiles is at present being organized to run from Dublin to the Dargle. The beautiful Lough Gill, in Sligo, and the winding banks of Erne, in Fermanagh, are now visited by hundreds for the one—generally a stray fisherman—who used to stroll along their shores.

### Edmund Barton's Work.

Mr. Edmund Barton, who goes to London to represent New South Wales during the passage of the commonwealth bill, of which he is part author, is a personal friend as well as a colleague in many fights for the national idea of Mr. Deakin, who represents Victoria, so that the twin will speak with one voice. Mr. Barton is a protectionist, an incisive speaker, a skillful lawyer, an excellent conversationalist. As an instance of his scrupulous sense of honor it may be mentioned that before leaving Sydney he resigned his seat in parliament, thinking that the £1,000 he receives for his delegation constitutes him a paid servant of the colony.

### Drop.

"The colonel's been getting the drop on somebody, I guess."

"Yes; he evident has a drop too much, and nobody ever knew him to buy any liquor himself!"—Detroit Journal.

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